FORCES OF DESTINY
AND OTHER ADDRESSES

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Gentlemen:

Your professional skill has meant much to me, and your fine friendship has meant even more. You have exercised a generous and understanding spirit such as I have seldom found in men outside of your profession. I am glad our paths paralleled each other for awhile in our common journey toward the sunset. Many of you have heard me deliver these addresses which I now dedicate to you. They are still imperfect, like myself, so be as charitable to them as you have been to me.

You have seen the dreary road I came,
With its jagged rocks and tortuous ways;
Hence you can understand my missteps,
And sometimes praise.

You have known the heartaches I have felt,
The longing for the things which never came;
Hence you are generous to my many faults,
And seldom blame.

THE AUTHOR

FOREWORD

THE generosity of the press in reporting my public utterances is responsible for the preservation of the addresses contained in this volume. For many years I erroneously destroyed the manuscripts of my sermons and lectures as soon as they were uttered from pulpit and platform. I regret it now. Not because they merited preservation, but because I should like to have the story of my mental pilgrimage which the manuscripts alone could have told. By reference to the destroyed material I might have measured and evaluated such progress as I have made in the realm of thought. If this Foreword shall save any young minister or public speaker from the error I have here confessed, it will amply justify its place in this volume.

M. W.

The Gregsonia,
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CONTENTS

I

FORCES OF DESTINY *

WHAT forces have made us what we are? What powers will continue to make our destinies? By our destinies I do not mean unalterable doom, unadvoidable fate, or blind necessity. These are dictionary definitions of destiny. By our destinies I mean the totality of character and fortune which time will ultimately bring.

Any adequate survey of the forces which have been, or may now be, regarded as destiny-making, must first consider that oldest of all philosophies called fatalism. The fatalistic interpretation of life holds that Fate, or the gods, irrevocably mark out the path for mortals. Destinies are arbitrarily and inexorably fixed. It is not for man to question, argue, evade or to ask that the path be changed or that anything in it be removed. It is his to take the path with what courage he can muster and go bravely down it uncomplaining. It is his destiny!

The most classic illustration of this view of life is found in Sophocles' well-known tragedy, Œdipus Rex. A son was born into the royal family. Even before the birth of this child, the oracle said he was destined to murder his father and to marry his own mother. In order to defeat the decree revealed by the oracle, the king ordered the child destroyed by exposure on the mountainside. The

* The substance of this chapter was delivered as a sermon in the Presbyterian Church, Skagway, Alaska, on July 15, 1928. At the suggestion of my father-in-law, Mr. J. C. Gregson, who heard me on that occasion, it is now made the title chapter of this volume.

servant entrusted with the execution of the king's command was a tender-hearted man. He sought to temper obedience with mercy, and so gave the child to some pilgrims passing through the land. These travelers carried the baby into a far country. The child was eventually adopted as a prince of the royal household. When grown to man's estate he learned of the fate declared by the oracle. Believing his foster parents were his real parents, and wishing to escape the infamy of parricide and incest, he fled from the palace and into a strange and distant kingdom, which turned out to be the land of his birth. There he met the king and queen, his true parents. Finding the queen to be a beautiful woman, though several years his senior, he took her to wife, after murdering the king. After a child was born he discovered, to his horror, that an inexorable unwinding of the thread of fate had brought him to that doom which the oracle foretold, though he and all concerned had struggled to prevent the tragedy.

A more modern writer has echoed the thought of Sophocles in the following well-known and widely-quoted verse:

> All that is was ever bound to be;
> Since grim, eternal laws our beings bind;
> And both the riddle and the answer find,
> Both the pain and the peace decree.
> For, plain within the Book of Destiny,
> Is written all the journey of mankind
> Inexorably to the end; and blind
> And helpless puppets playing parts are we.

It has been said that the fatalist must be something of a humorist lest, in the logical following of his philosophy, he be led to suicide. The recollection of the contents of the papers published by the American Expeditionary

Forces during the World War, and other papers issued from the war zone, sheds much light on this statement. There was a tendency to a fatalistic philosophy among the soldiers of the World War, as there has ever been among soldiers of all wars. A classic and well-known illustration of this fact is found in the following bit of "encouragement" for the men going up to the front:

"Remember, Fate has decreed that one of two things will happen: you will either be hit or missed. If you are missed there is no cause for worry. If you are hit Fate has decreed one of two things: you will be slightly injured or wounded seriously. If you are slightly injured it will be Blighty for you, without cause for worry. If you are seriously wounded Fate has decreed one of two things will happen to you: you will either die or recover. If you recover there is no cause for worry. If you die you can't worry."

In the face of such uncertainty and anxiety as existed on the eve of battle, it was quite natural for men to seek relief in anything that seemed to offer it. No doubt many did find some satisfaction in a fatalistic viewpoint. But the normal man, under normal conditions, does not like to believe that:

> We are no other than a moving row
> Of visionary Shapes that come and go
> Round with this Sun-illumin'd lantern held
> In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

Fatalism proclaims that all is in the lap of the gods. Man is but a puppet on a string or, to change the figure, a sort of windmill at the mercy of the cosmical weather. All of man's boasted freedom is but a pathetic delusion. We are "Villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves by spherical predominance, liars by planetary influence, and all that we are of evil or good by a divine thrusting on." The Laocoön is the creed of fatalism done

in stone. The younger son struggles but is powerless. The efforts of the father are ineffective. The older son is helpless and his horror is unavailing. The serpent is relentless and victorious.

Primitive man, reflecting on his status in the world, came to believe himself the sport of arbitrary and malevolent powers. Wind and sky, earth and sea were arrayed against him. All animate objects (and all were animate to primitive man) were filled with hatred and bent on his destruction. Fear ruled his days and nights. Like children who strike inanimate objects against which they bump themselves, primitive man probably smote the seemingly hostile objects that hurt him until he discovered that violence availed nothing. Then man resorted to spells and charms and magic. He began to obey mysterious orders and to perform strange rites, to utter strange syllables and offer strange sacrifices. He had to appease the wrath of the angry gods who were bent on his ruin. This age of fear is strikingly set forth in the earliest art and literature. At first man dully acquiesced in his untoward lot. Then he arrived at a mental state in which he was able to bewail his plight. And finally he developed to that point where he had courage to pronounce judgment on the cruelty of the gods, regarding himself in many instances as superior to them.

A dawning sense of freedom caused man to wonder why he had not examined the shackles of fear to which he had so long submitted. He no longer conceived of the forces of destiny as external gods dwelling on some far-off Olympus. These forces were conceived as internal, as residing within man himself. There came a sense of ability to dictate his own course of life rather than move, puppet-like, at the end of strings held by capricious and malevolent gods.

This sense of freedom was not to have an easy course, for man began to conceive of powers and tendencies within himself as capricious and as inexorable as the erstwhile gods he had defied. He had escaped the clutches of an external fatality only to find himself gripped by the internal fatality of his own passions, ideas and nature. He was "totally depraved," to put it in the language of theology. There was inborn and inherited sin. Under the reign of the old and stupid fatalism he at least had the liberty of protesting against the hatred and violence of the gods, but under the new fatality or the rule of his own nature, to believe himself free was to be his own dupe. To protest against the new bondage were as foolish as to protest against his eye for seeing or his ear for hearing. His dawning sense of dominion over the external world mattered little so long as he was conscious of fatality within himself. The gods frowning from the heights of Olympus were no more depressing than the fatality of his own nature. Both enslaved him. In relation to the former he was a plaything, a puppet. In relation to the latter he was helpless clay in the hands of an inward and arbitrary potter. No power could set him free from the clutches of his own nature save perchance, a great god conceived of in terms of an oriental despot, a supreme monarch.

With the rise of Christianity this philosophy began to express itself as a phase of that religion. Or, to be more accurate, there was an attempt to put Christianity in the moulds of fatalistic philosophy. Predestination, foreordination and election became theological passwords. John Calvin was the foremost prophet of this interpretation of Christianity. The classic expression of Calvanism is to the effect that "God from all eternity, did, by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably

ordain whatsoever comes to pass. By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life and others foreordained unto everlasting death . . . and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

It has been suggested by historians that Calvanism is monarchy stated in terms of theology. In a monarchy there is a king on his throne with lords, nobles and patricians surrounding him. There are peasants also, but so far removed from the throne as to lend a contrast, thus accentuating the power and the glory of the crown. State despotism in terms of theology and we have for king, a Calvinistic god, for nobles and patricians we have the elect, and for peasants, we have those who "for the manifestation of His glory" have been foreordained to everlasting death.

One wonders if the ultra-Calvinistic preachers of the last century did not smile when, in the privacy of their libraries, they remembered how they had told the people they could do nothing to further their salvation, that God must first touch their hearts with the power of His irresistible grace, and then had followed up this statement with a warning of everlasting damnation for all who failed to persist in good works until death translated them. A story illustrating the inconsistency of the Calvinists comes to mind; an intensely Calvinistic missionary, who labored in America in those days when hostile Indians filled the land, was accustomed to carrying his rifle as he rode his circuit. His wife remonstrated with him on one occasion and assured him that no Indian could kill until his time had come. Whereupon the good parson reminded his wife that he was carrying the gun because he might meet an Indian whose time had come.

The predestinarian theology which developed from the teachings of Calvin is closely related to the fatalism of the Persian poet of the eleventh century, who sipped his wine and sang:

> With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
> And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
> And the first Morning of Creation wrote
> What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

It seems equally of a piece with the fatalism of Mohammedanism whose great Prophet declared that, "When God creates a servant for heaven, He causes him to go in the way of heaven until he dies, after which He takes him to heaven; and when he creates a servant for the fires of hell, then He causes him to go in the way of those destined for hell, until he dies, after which He takes him to hell."

Many adherents of Calvinistic theology would repudiate these words of Mahomet, forgetting, as Dr. Henry van Dyke says, that:

> "The chain of fatalism is no less heavy by fastening the end of it to the distant throne of an orthodox God. If our sense of freedom is false, and comes from a Being who is himself free, then it is all the more cruel and puzzling. If a sense of moral responsibility has been imposed upon us by a Being who has bound us to a fixed destiny, it is a crushing and miserable mockery. To baptise fatalism with a Christian name does not change its nature. To hold the metaphysical conception of God while saying heredity and environment are his only prophets, is to add a new ethical horror to the dismal delusion of life and to fall back into the pessimism of Omar Khayyam."

It is admitted, of course, that many good and great men have seemed to espouse the views here repudiated by Dr. van Dyke. Even so wise a man as the famous Count Tolstoi claimed that Napoleon's whole disastrous Russian campaign was made against his will: he wanted to invade

England but a Will higher than his own pushed him on toward Moscow. If this be true as regards the Russian campaign, why may we not also say that it was a Will higher than Napoleon's that battered down Toulon, that decreed the outcome in the shadow of the Pyramids, that climbed the Alps, that ordained the results on the bloody field of Austerlitz? Is it not more in keeping with the facts of history and human nature to say that it was Napoleon's own will, motivated by intoxicated ambition, that raised him from the obscurity of Corsica to the eminence of a throne? And was it not the imperious will of Napoleon that dared the Russian snows, that dared the world, that paved the way to St. Helena where his sun went down in a red cloud of despair and baffled ambition?

The impartial student of history and religion will readily grant that in fatalism lies both the strength and the weakness of Calvinist and Moslem.

In all the weird and wonderful history of religion there are no greater stories of heroism and utter devotion than one finds among the chronicles of the followers of Mahomet. Shelley wrote more than poetry when he said, "The moon of Mahomet shall set, while blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon, the cross shall lead countless generations on." Yet we must not forget the time when the tremendous courage and conviction behind the star and crescent engaged the cross in an awful struggle. In the long and bloody annals of war, there is no record of more indomitable courage than that which characterised the followers of the camel driver. Their onslaughts were well-nigh irresistible. They braved every danger, believing themselves immune to death until their Allah-appointed time. Likewise, religious history cannot point to a more heroic page than that which records the endurance and perserverance of the followers of John Calvin. Although a

strong adherent to the teachings of Arminius, I must here record the fact that his followers who believe in the freedom of the will have not exhibited any greater fervour, heroism and achievement than the followers of Calvin.

The philosophy of Omar Khayyam, Mahomet, and Calvin, which has tinctured the Christian religion, has an even wider acceptance in the academic field. Of course when we pass from the sanctuary to the schoolroom we find a different terminology or nomenclature. Fatalism, predestination and foreordination are exchanged for necessitarianism, determinism and behaviourism. The whole range of choice is declared lost in necessity. Man is declared to be the victim of his own biological equipment. His conduct and character are limited by his biological inheritance. He does not grow as a result of purposeful, conscious, deliberate, goal-seeking action. He rather unfolds in such a fashion that if one gets hold of the beginning of the thread and starts to unwind it he can know assuredly what the final outcome is bound to be. There are no plastic attitudes: there are only predetermined tendencies. An ancient Hebrew poet said "Out of the heart are the issues of life," but behaviourism declares that the issues of life are from the uncertain depths of stimulus and response. Reflexes and conditioned reflexes are the basic concepts of behaviourism. Man is the sum total of the antecedents which obtain in the causal nexus of which he is a part. To the behaviourist, the herbage which springs out of the earth is no more predetermined by soil and climate than man is pre-determined by his biological equipment. A man may say that an act is his only as he says the fragrance is the blossom's, remembering that the blossom is the converging point of sun, air, soil and shower, and that the fragrance is the product of all the agencies which have encompassed the

flower. Human conduct is the product of all the agencies which have encompassed our personality. Conduct being a definite reaction to external stimuli, we may provide such stimuli as will produce beneficent deeds and an unselfish society. Or we may provide such stimuli as will provoke that anti-social conduct which we mistakenly call sin! Stimuli is made omnipotent. Conscious, end-seeking action is denied. The moral nature of man is made an illusion. The words ought, wish, like, try, duty, obligation, responsibility were minted in error. Our acts are mere responses to stimuli. This too in the face of the fact that men leave good company and good food to keep an appointment with a boresome individual knowing that no profit can possibly come from keeping the engagement save the preservation of moral integrity, the keeping of a promise given. Machines never *try* to do anything, though we sometimes speak of them as if they do.

Behaviourism denies purpose even while the objectively observable truth of it is before us. Stimuli pulls the strings attached to these human puppets, instead of the gods of Olympus. And like the gods of Olympus, stimuli hears no prayers and has no pity. Like the prince in Oedipus Rex, we sit at the loom of life and send the shuttle to and fro, only to find on the morrow that the pattern in the tapestry is not of our own weaving. We are in the grip of the gods of stimuli while bravely hugging to our bosoms the delusions of freedom.

Behaviourism is not new. Democritus, who lived four hundred years before Christ, held that human behaviour is mechanically explicable. Descartes held that the behaviour of animals is purely mechanistic though he did not apply this interpretation in such a thorough-going way to human conduct. Herbert Spencer explained human behaviour on the basis of compound reflexes. Jacques

Loeb and Bechterew held similar views. The behaviourism of John B. Watson appears to be the old, traditional, mechanistic view of human conduct under a new name.

Behaviourism, strictly speaking, is not a psychology. It is more of a physiology. It deals with receptors, effectors and neural conductors instead of considering instincts, thoughts and emotions. The receptors we are told are cutaneous, kinesthetic, gustatory, olfactory, auditory, visual, equilibristic and organic. The conductors are neural, embracing the brain, cranial nerves, the spinal cord, the spinal nerves and the sympathetic system. The effectors are the striped muscles, the smooth muscles and the glands. All instincts, emotions and thoughts are inseparably bound up with these physical and material receptors, effectors and conductors. It reads like physiology. The biological equipment secretes emotion and thought just as the liver secretes bile!

Behaviourism is not likely to endure as an explanation of conduct. It is a passing fad, a cheap and easy way to account for behaviour. It fits into a machine age as a hand fits a glove. It is easy to live in a machine age as if the mechanistic interpretation of life were true. It is pleasant to cast off the old man of the sea, called moral responsibility, by uttering the magic formula, stimulus-response. Likewise it is easy to avoid a real explanation of behaviour by uttering these magic words. There is a classic story lingering about the campus of every college, of a lazy student who came to quiz in psychology unprepared. Noting that his fellows often answered with the magic word "SARBON," to the complete satisfaction of the instructor, he adopted the formula and passed. On leaving the classroom he asked what a "SARBON" might be, and learned that it was the colloquial form of a potent formula which solves all problems in behaviouristic psychology,

namely, stimulus response bonds (S-R bonds) conceived as a nervous path connecting some sensory point of the body with the muscles.

Behaviourism is not likely to elevate the morals of the race. When those ancient behaviourists, the Sophists, taught the youth of Athens that the individual is a law unto himself, Socrates protested on the ground that social confusion would arise and overthrow Athenian civilisation. The behaviourists or expressionists who counsel our youth to avoid repressing impulses, instincts and tendencies may have to answer for the prevalence of nervous and mental disorders and the moral deterioration with which we are increasingly afflicted. It may be that we need a Socrates to call us to a truer philosophy. It is beginning to appear that we are more than behaviourism makes us out to be. We see that when men turn themselves loose, following their own inclinations, giving expression to all their desires, casting off all regulations of living, they come at last, with enfeebled wills and saddened lives, to the point where life does not seem worth living. A state of mind prevails similar to Byron's when he pathetically declared that, "Neither the music of the shepherds, the clashing of the avalanche, not the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud can for one moment lighten the weight upon my heart, nor enable me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty and glory around and above and beneath me."

This is indeed moral confusion. It is safe to say that Byron has a more numerous group of spiritual descendants than any other poet of his century. A great multitude of students, experimenting with guinea pigs and rats, muscles and glands, come to the conclusion that the whole universe can be comprehended within the stimulus-response formula, never realising that there is a vast area of conduct

which does not fit into any such formula, nor into any known law. Watson, discovering that rats could be investigated on the grounds of their behaviour, seems to have applied the same methods to man, as if rats and men are identical. There is confusion, a confusion aptly described in the following lines of some unknown writer:

> Rats in a maze are Watson's data
> That's why Watson in a maze observing rats
> Strikes me as mildly comic. Not that he
> Confesses to bewilderment like me,
> Though we are trapped in the same mystery!
> No, Watson solves all mysteries with ease,
> And in the face of God's infinities
> Finds life—a reflex sniffing 'round for cheese.
> To which there's but one reply, and that's Rats!

In the foregoing pages I have given but a bare outline of the mechanistic view of life called behaviourism. Fairness to Mr. Watson, and to his opponents, requires some elaboration. In amplification and interpretation of the two positions I can do no better than to include here such recollections as I have of a debate between Mr. Clarence Darrow, a mechanist, and Dr. Will Durant, a believer in freedom. According to Mr. Darrow man is a machine. Like a locomotive he converts one form of energy into another. Like the locomotive, he must have fuel, water and oxygen for the production of energy, and a circulatory system for the distribution of the energy produced. The mental and emotional energies are products of our mechanism just as steam and electricity are products of the machines which generate them. There is nothing in man's conduct which is not performed in the same way as the machine. Every attempt to solve his conduct must proceed on a mechanistic basis. All that can be correlated in his behaviour confirms the idea of a machine which

converts one form of energy into another. Even thought and emotion, we were told, causes a waste of human tissue which may be weighed as easily as one weighs that which a locomotive spends to produce steam.

If, in rebuttal to this statement of the mechanistic viewpoint, one should argue that freedom is that action which is determined not by the past but by the future, not by one's biological equipment but by reason and conscience, then Mr. Darrow would require an answer as to the sources of reason and conscience. Reason and conscience, he would tell us, are not separate and tangible entities, like an arm or a leg. Reason has its seat in the memory from which we have reflection. It is related to the brain in much the same way that saliva is related to the salivary glands. It is determined by the size and character of the brain, hence a difference in brain structure will cause two men to reason differently on the same question. Determine the kind of brain a man has and you determine how he will reason. Now man, Mr. Darrow seems to argue, is not morally responsible for his acts because he did not make his brain. That came before he had any consciousness. For its size and structure he is in no wise responsible. Few men reason alike because few men have the same grasp of things from which to reason, and few men have the same grasp because few have the same brain structure.

Now as to conscience, Mr. Darrow would remind us that it is the most unsatisfactory of all guides, since conscience depends so largely on environment. The conscience of a woman of the far East would permit her to go down the streets barefoot but not unveiled, while the Western woman's conscience would permit her to go unveiled but not without shoes. We are not responsible for our consciences, because our environment fashions them.

Hence no act is to be evaluated by conscience. And though a man insists on measuring his acts by conscience, he does not thereby prove moral responsibility, since he did not fashion his conscience. He is to be blamed for what we mistakenly call a "fall" about as much as one would blame a tree for falling when it is blown down by the wind. His life and position are cut out for him by the universe of which he is a very insignificant part. He is born without his volition and dies against his will. All of the great events of his life are beyond his control. Like all animal life he is born from a cell. One cell is built upon another, not according to the will or wish of the individual animal, but according to the pattern of the cell. Man has nothing to do with his sex, color, size or height. He cannot choose his parents or his early environment. If he is born foolish he cannot make himself wise. The brain with which he was born imposes certain inexorable limits. It is written in the book of Doom that if the egg is to develop into a woman it cannot develop into a man. All the possibilities of life are in the beginning, when the egg is fertilised. Then the die is cast for all eternity. So argues Mr. Darrow the mechanist.

But can man's behaviour be explained wholly on a mechanical basis? Is human conduct governed by principles which apply in physics and chemistry? Is it of the same order as the tides and the winds? May it not be, as Mr. Durant suggests, that the industrial revolution revived the ancient notion that man is a machine? May it not be that the congested cities, made by industrialism, helped to bring about this view by robbing men of their individuality and reducing them to seeming insignificance?

Is parental solicitude and youthful aspiration merely the mechanical redistribution of physical energy? Is the human yearning for beauty and perfection only blind and

fatal compulsion? Or is it true, as Haldane of Oxford says, that the mechanistic interpretation of life must break down and be abandoned in biology, physiology and even in physics itself? Which is the more reasonable, the mechanistic or the dynamic view of life? Can the former explain the nature of the forces which produce life? And if the mechanistic theory is abandoned may we not believe that psychology will be driven to re-examine the basis on which behaviourism rests?

These are the questions which Mr. Durant would ask Mr. Darrow. And over against the mechanistic view he would set the unmechanical spontaneity, purposiveness and selectivity of life as seen in locomotion, digestion, growth, regeneration, reproduction, consciousness and creativity. It is pointed out that a toy automobile, if wound and placed on the floor, will always plunge against the wall, while, in the biological laboratory, the lowliest organism, when placed in a bowl of water and separated from its natural food by a transparent glass partition, will strike the obstruction, just as the toy, but afterward will continue to veer until an opening is found through which it may pass to its food.

The vital is distinguished from the mechanical by its ability to reject anything that cannot serve for its nourishment. There are certain plants which will absorb any of its natural food if placed upon its leaves. But if unnatural food be placed on its leaves they do not respond by closing up for the digestive work. The cells of the human intestine show the same spontaneity and selectivity in their action, each group of cells acting on just one class of food and no other. Every cell in the human body selects from the blood stream just such material as it needs.

The vital is distinguished from the mechanical, Mr.

Durant points out, by growth and regeneration. A machine cannot grow. When injured it cannot repair itself. The healing of the slightest wound in any organism is utterly foreign to the nature of a machine.

The vital is distinguished from the mechanical by the power of reproduction. It would require a vigorous imagination to conceive of a machine composed of millions of parts most of them with the ability to reproduce themselves and many of them with the power to reproduce the whole machine. Nor can we imagine a machine possessed of consciousness. The motor makes no conscious effort to pull the hill, though we speak as if it does. But the lowest form of life seems to act consciously in finding a way through the glass partition which separates it from its food. The machine dashes against the wall forever.

The vital is distinguished from the mechanical in that it has creative power. In man it invents and operates machines! It aspires to beauty, seeks truth, creates social order, remoulds the environment in which it grew, and rises to the lofty heights of morality and love. Is it reasonable to suppose that the philosophy of Plato, the poetry of Tennyson, the music of Beethoven and the paintings of Millet were naught but the results of mechanical processes? Is genius the product of a machine? These questions of Mr. Durant have not yet been answered by Mr. Darrow.

The mechanical theory of life confines its technique to objective methods and ignores all others. It neglects experience which is more than mere muscular habit. Experience is both objective and subjective. We experience all we know but we do not know all we experience. This theory of life speaks as if reflexes and conditioned reflexes are entities, or mechanical parts, with distinct physical existences, rather than "correlative functional con-

cepts related to unified, flowing experience." One may be able to buy the chemical elements of a man at the corner drug store but the druggist cannot sell that life potency which operates on these materials and changes their value, as in the case of some men, from ninety cents to wealth inestimable. That something which operates on these chemical substances and makes a man *is* the man. A machine may change one form of energy to another, even as Mr. Darrow claims, but only when a living being lends assistance. Even the locomotive cannot provide its own fuel. The digestive, circulatory and respiratory organs cannot function without the vitality in the heart and in the living tissues of the body. Take vitality away and what boots all the fuel and oxygen? The vital spark, which no machine can possess, gives man self-propulsion, self-direction and self-determination.

It is this Something Else that makes the Self, the personality, free. It is this vitality which moulds and creates, that adjust itself to its environment, and its environment to itself. A mechanistic view of life does not aid a man in fitting his environment to his purposes and desires. Only a dynamic philosophy can do that.

A mechanical organism is capable of only one reaction to a given stimuli. The stimuli which sends the motor forward cannot send it backward. But it is not so with man. The death of a loved one drives some men to cynicism and unbelief and others to a deeper trust in God. Man is not a machine. He marks out a certain course of action, in his mind, and visualizes what would happen if that course were pursued. Then he pictures other possibilities and other solutions of his problems and imagines the results of each. Then he chooses or selects that solution which he imagines will produce the most pleasing and successful results. Such choice is ample

proof of consciousness. It is also sufficient to discredit any mechanistic view of life. It was with some such arguments, as I recall, that Mr. Durant answered Mr. Darrow.

Belief in the freedom of personality may be the relic of an unscientific past, as the behaviourists assure us it is. It may belong to an age that believed in devils and witches, magic and miracles, in divine intervention and special providence. Nevertheless such a belief has something in it which is elevating and ennobling to the nature of man. To say in faith and sincerity with the poet,

> There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will.

robs every human act of its moral quality and degrades the panorama of human history to the level of a Punch-and-Judy show. On the other hand there is something ennobling in believing that,

> One ship drives east and another west,
> While the self-same breezes blow:
> It is the set of the sails, not of the gales,
> Which bids them the way to go.

There are those who repudiate the fatalistic and mechanistic views of life of Omar Khayyam and John B. Watson, but who hold an extreme view of the power of heredity, which is equally deadening. To say that our ancestors have made us what we are is about as cheerless as to say that the gods have made us what we are. William Deam Howells voices this extreme view of heredity in the following lines:

> That swollen paunch you are doomed to bear,
> Your gluttonous grandsire used to wear;
> That tongue at once so light and dull,
> Wagged in your granddam's empty skull;

That leering of the sensual eye,
Your father when he came to die
Left yours alone; and that cheap flirt
Your mother gave you from the dirt.
That simper which she used upon
So many men, ere he was won,
Your vanity and greed and lust
Are each your portion from the dust
Of those that died, and from the tomb
Made you what you must needs become.
For sin at second-hand and shame;
Evil could but from evil spring;
And yet, away, you charnel thing.

Centuries ago, Israel adopted the philosophy of these lines and coined the proverb, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the childrens teeth are set on edge." This proverb is modern enough to express much of our twentieth century thought. And may it not be that America needs another Prophet Ezekiel to rise up and cry out as did the ancient prophet, "Ye shall not use this proverb in Israel any more?" There are many eminent teachers who declare that man is shaped almost entirely by hereditary forces and that as the tree is dependent upon the air and the soil, so are we upon the ancestral soil out of which we have sprung. Even so good and wise a philosopher as Emerson asked despairingly if it were possible for a man to escape from his ancestors or to draw off the black drop which he drew from his father's and mother's life. If life comes to glory and to crowning, the credit belongs to our ancestors, of whom we are but an echo. The criminal is only the helpless victim of emotional insanity or hereditary brainstorms. Alienists will save him from the electric chair and from prison by delving back into his ancestry and declaring that he could not have been other than he is.

In Mr. Albert Wiggam's interesting book, "The Fruit of the Family Tree," is a striking paragraph illustrative of this increasingly popular view of heredity:

"Finally, then we see, actually and literally, that from dogs to kings, from rats to college presidents, blood always tells. The one central problem of progress, the endless task of statesmanship and education is, therefore, to bring about those economic conditions, those social, political, educational ideals and opportunities which will encourage those of good blood to mate with their own kind and produce good families of children, at least more than are produced by stocks of mediocre blood: and to institute stern measures which will insure that those of positively bad blood shall produce no children at all. Such a race of people can easily run on through the vicissitudes of time, creating ideals, building institutions of worth and grandeur, and developing a culture, all of which are simply the outward expression of the ceaseless energy of noble blood. Such a people and only such, can build great civilisations that will continue amid happiness and achievement—

'Until the stars grow old, and the earth grows cold,
And the leaves of the Judgement Book unfold.'"

That the past is in our blood, and that heredity does affect us all, is a scientific fact which no reasonable man would care to dispute. The whole evolutionary process is based upon the functioning of hereditary forces. It is even conceded by many of our leading thinkers that our acquired characteristics may be transmitted to posterity, as well as those which are native to our blood. Physical peculiarties may be passed on from generation to generation. Longevity of forefathers is always seriously considered by insurance companies in making up their calculations. Features, facial and physical, complexion, height, gait, and tone of voice may be reproduced through many generations. It has even been claimed by some that marks of physical accidents have been reproduced.

On this known law of heredity, as it pertains to the physical, the business of the world is built. Horticulture, arboculture and agriculture rely on this law. The breeders of horses, cattle and sheep confidently rely on the law that the qualities of sire and dam will be passed on to their offspring.

Heredity may predispose certain mental characteristics in human beings. Thus it is that we have families of judges, clergymen, painters, poets whose genius may be partially explained by ties of blood. For many years eugenists and clergymen have held up the Edwards family and the Jukes family as illustrations of the power of heredity. Mr. Wiggam brings into his book this classic story, familiar to every student of eugenics, and says: "Elizabeth Tuttle was a marvellous girl. Nearly three hundred years ago, at Hartford, Connecticut she married Richard Edwards, Grandfather of Jonathan, and a great lawyer. They had one son and four daughters and they have all left their mark upon American blood. And when anything marks a nation's blood it is for weal or woe to its ideals, institutions and history."

It is quite evident that Mr. Wiggam was not familiar with a volume written by Charles Benedict Davenport about thirteen years prior to his own volume, and entitled, "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics." Mr. Davenport was a member of the Carnegie Institute of Washington and his standing gives weight to his words when he says:

"Elizabeth Tuttle on November 19, 1667 married Richard Edwards of Hartford Connecticut, a lawyer of high repute and great erudition. Like his wife he was very tall and as they walked the Hartford streets their appearance invited the eyes and admiration of all. Mr. Edwards later divorced her on the grounds of adultery and other immoralities. The evil

trait was in the blood, for one of her sisters murdered her son, and a brother murdered his own sister."

I quote this from Mr. Davenport's book for the reason that so many advocates of the philosophy of heredity and of the law of eugenics hold that the Edwards family amounted to but little prior to the infusion of the superior blood of Elizabeth Tuttle. And yet, if we may believe Mr. Davenport, it seems that the inheritance from Elizabeth Tuttle could not have been of the best. If the Edwards family escaped this ancestress, and drew off the "black drop" which they drew from her life, is it not reasonable to suppose that the Jukes family could have escaped from their ancestral heritage? Is it not possible that too much reliance has been placed on Dugdale's little classic on the Jukes family?

It is not argued that heredity cannot predispose certain moral tendencies. There seem to be vices as peculiar to certain families as their physical and mental characteristics. It staggers the imagination to consider the wrongs men and women inflict on posterity by bequeathing to their offspring predispositions to walk in wrong ways. The hereditary quality is ever present to help or hurt, and there is some truth at least, in the ancient proverb about the sour grapes and the childrens' teeth. But let us remember that the sour grape philosophy does not exhaust the moral possibilities of life. If it did the children of the same parents would be the same sort of children. But Jacob and Esau may follow different roads.

> From the same cradle side,
> And from the same mother's knee;
> One drifts to darkness and frozen tide
> And one to peaceful sea.

There is an interesting illustration in Brewer's "Case Studies in Educational and Vocational Guidance," of how two brothers may react, not to hereditary influences, but to actual parental care. Carl and Herbert were sent away to college. Carl followed the advice of his mother and was graduated with honours. Herbert didn't and was expelled. Upon graduation Carl went abroad, with his mother, for graduate study. Herbert had his allowance cut off and went to work in a store. He had no interest in his work and soon lost his job. He then secured a job in a machine shop. His love for machinery led to success and in a few years he owned the shop, a beautiful home and other property. He also had an attractive wife and several well-behaved children and was regarded as a leading citizen. Carl returned from his travels and post-graduate studies, but his lack of initiative, due in part no doubt to his mother's over-careful guidance, unfitted him for professional life. When Herbert was a prosperous citizen Carl was serving discontentedly as a bookkeeper at thirty dollars per week, and wondering why he didn't prepare himself for some special vocation. His mother wondered why wilful Herbert should have the good things of life instead of Carl. There are many questions that suggest themselves out of this interesting story. How far should parental guidance go? Which was better, Carl's submission to his mother or Herbert's rebellion? Did the mother do right in cutting off Herbert's allowance? Was it morally commendable in Herbert to be discontent and to switch from one job to another? Was Carl's lack of initiative *his* delinquency or his *mother's?* If owning a shop and home and having a respected and prosperous family are commendable accomplishments then there were many factors contributory to that end which we ordinarily denounce. All of these are interesting queries but

the chief question, and the one most pertinent to this thesis, is why did these two boys with the same heredity and environment, follow different paths?

Heredity need not dominate one's will to the extent of destroying freedom of choice. Mightier than the force of heredity is the force of the human will. It is frequently claimed in extenuation of some man's misdeeds, that he was not responsible for his shortcomings, that he was the victim of heredity. This has served as a shield for many delinquencies. A man may give way to intemperance and excuse himself on the ground that the tendency to strong drink has been in the family for generations. The author of the Pentateuch said that God would visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, but that mercy would extend to a thousand generations of the righteous. This side of the shield, setting forth the heredity of the good, is conveniently forgotten when men refer to an unfortunate heredity as an excuse for their failures. The heredity of the good is as true as the persistence of the evil. The power to will, to choose, and to select may transcend both. Twins are born of evil parentage. Heredity decrees that both shall fall into the ditch of failure. One yields to his innate tendencies and comes to defeat. The other modifies, or transcends, inherited tendencies by the exercise of his will or the power of choice and comes to greatness. There is the case of the biblical twins, Jacob and Esau, whose paths lay in different directions. If the laws of heredity could not be modified or transcended, if they were inexorable and inescapable, Lincoln would have died in obscurity, and Shakespeare and Virgil as well.

To conceive of one's self as bound hand and foot by heredity would be as depressing as to be a believer in the

fatalism of Omar Khayyam, who conceived of man as the toy of God and out of this conception sang:

> Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays
> Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days:
> Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
> And one by one back in the Closet lays.

Environment is another force of destiny which is well-nigh infinite in its range. The question, "Which is the stronger force, heredity or environment?" was a fruitful theme of debate in my earlier school days. Being a member of a family which set much store by "good blood" my sympathies were altogether with and on the side of heredity. Had I been asked then as to the greatest force of destiny, I should have answered "heredity"; that is if I had been able to understand what the questioner meant by "forces of destiny." But now I am not so sure of it! I might even go so far as to place environment first. I recall clearly the arguments with which my opponents, the environmentalists, would shatter the walls of the fortress I had built around heredity. They were, in effect, as follows: environment determines occupation, occupation determines associates, associates determine education, education determines ideals, ideals determine actions, actions determine habits, habits determine character and character determines destiny. Though many years removed from school days, I should find it difficult to improve upon the logic against which I once so valiantly fought.

There are numerous instances of children of evil heredity—"as much damned into the world as born"—who have been received into cultured homes and into refined environment with the result that they developed into noble men and women. This alone would seem to prove that environment is, at least, as strong as heredity.

But even environment is limited by the power of choice, or the power of the will. No mere change of environment will ever cause men to gather the grapes of nobility from the thorns of a weak will, or the figs of strength from the thistles of a low purpose. Those who, by will power, have transcended an evil environment, and those who, through lack of will, have gone down in the midst of a good environment, constitute conclusive evidence that man is not necessarily the creature of his surroundings.

It would seem that environment decreed Martin Luther for a miner, and Moses for a licentious, oriental despot, but both found within themselves something which transcended environment, and that something was purpose, determination, will.

That man may transcend or modify his environment is nowhere better illustrated than in a small volume entitled, "Little Dorritt." Two men are in a vile prison at Marseilles. One has some water and a crust of bread; and the other has an ample meal. "How do you find your bread?" asked the well-provisioned man. "A little dry," he replied, "but I have my old sauce here." "Sauce?" "Yes, I can cut my bread so—like a melon; or so—like an omelet; or so—like a roast." When we read this story we are reminded that "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," for one like Cavaletto, who has the happy magic of transforming dry bread into melons and roasts.

There have ever been strong souls who simply declined to identify themselves with their environment. Try to make life disagreeable for them, by giving them an evil environment, and they detach themselves from it, somewhat as a trapped animal will gnaw off the foot caught in a steel trap and so free itself.

The poetic souled Tasmanian essayist, F. W. Boreham,

tells us of a bishop whom the Maoris tried to insult by offering him a pig-sty when he asked for a night's lodging. The bishop accepted it, drove out the pigs, filled it with ferns and boughs and occupied the lowly place with such charm and dignity that the Maoris exclaimed, "You cannot degrade a man like that!" The bishop did what all may do; he declined to identify himself with his environment. The noble soul cannot be degraded. He makes a palace of a sty. On the other hand, the ignoble soul makes a sty of a palace. If a felon dwell in a kingly palace it becomes as gloomy as a prison. We get from life what we bring to it. If Plato walks abroad he meets Plato. If Judas walks abroad he meets Judas. An old adage says truly that "He who takes no gods with him meets none." If one climb the mountain or go down the valley he shall meet none but himself on the highway of destiny. The Persian Omar has aptly and beautifully phrased the thought in verse:

> I sent my Soul through the Invisible
> Some letter of this after-life to spell:
> And by and by my Soul returned to me,
> And answered, "I myself am Heaven and Hell."

To the careful student of Christianity the most amazing phenomena that presents itself is the manner in which the early Christians refused to recognise their environment. Pliny was sorely puzzled as he wrote to Trajan, the Emperor, saying that all his punishments held no terror for them. They sang in their prison cells and greeted the unseen with a cheer. When threatened with banishment they replied, "You cannot: the world is our Father's house." When threatened with confiscation of their treasures they replied, "You cannot: for our treasures are in heaven." When threatened with separation from the

face of every friend, they replied, "You cannot: for we have a friend in heaven who will never desert." When threatened with death they replied, "You cannot: for our lives are hid with Christ in God. Pliny, bewildered, writes, "The more they are punished the more the superstition spreads."

The secret is this: they had detached themselves from their environment. They were in the world but not of the world. They had, by that magical something which cannot be accounted for by any chemical formulæ, reached the heights where no humiliation can degrade, no banishment exile, no loss of property impoverish and no death destroy.

Those who deny the freedom of the human will declare that our sense of freedom is just one of our many illusions. Man only imagines he is free, as a child imagines he drives a car when he is permitted to sit in the driver's lap and hold the steering wheel. All of man's doings are prompted by a higher will than his own, except, of course, when he achieves success, and then the credit belongs to man! Which reminds us that Shakespeare has said, "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars; but, 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills."

The poet joins Shakespeare in this sentiment and declares:

> You will ever be what you *will to* be,
> Let failure find its false content—
> In the words "heredity" and environment,
> But the will scorns them and is free.

It masters time, it conquers space;
It cows that boastful trickster, Chance,
And bids the tyrant, Circumstance
Uncrown, and fill a servant's place.

The human Will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless soul,
Can hew a way to any goal
Though walls of granite intervene.

Be not impatient in delay,
But wait as one who understands;
When the Will rises and commands
The gods are ready to obey.

Why may we not believe that man is created a free moral agent, and has within himself the powers of self-direction, self-propulsion and self-control? Do not our very powers of observation convince us that he is free, that he can act, set his stamp on matter, use the laws of nature to create works that transcend nature, intervene in the acts of his life and change their course, strengthen his acquired tendencies or modify them, rule over other beings and mould them by his ideas and ideals?

The main difference between a steamboat and a barge is that the boat has engines, propellers, rudder, wheel and pilot; while the barge is only a raft or scow for freight, and is built to be towed at the end of a line. Man appears to be supplied with all the machinery of self-propulsion, self-direction, and self-control. Would ordinary intelligence place all this equipment in a barge which is to be towed at the end of a cable? Even fatalists agree there is orderly intelligence back of the universe. Upon this fact science erects its structure. Astronomers can calculate eclipses a century away with absolute certainty. Now, admitting that an orderly intelligence pervades the universe, is it reasonable that this intelligence would put

all the machinery of self-control into the human soul if it was meant that man was to be moved only by some power outside of himself? What is the purpose of reason? Of judgement? Of the moral sense? Of the faculty of volition? Of conscience? Man can think, desire, choose, decide and will and act. Was he not supplied with this equipment for self-mastery? Does not this prove that Personality is free? To answer no, is to charge the Intelligence that pervades the universe with wasting machinery on a barge which would be sufficient to propel and direct a ship. Moreover, it is a scientific and demonstrable fact that in all the universe there is no hint of waste.

But it would hardly seem necessary to make this argument. We see the practice of freedom in operation every day. We see one man sowing wild oats while another sows goodly grain. After a while we see the one reaping regret and remorse and the other reaping satisfaction. Did some will outside of, and superior to, their own wills decree the harvest? Was the orderly intelligence of the universe responsible for the brambles and the sheaves? Who is to account for the shattered hopes of men? Who for the shambles of war? Who for the human wrecks that, like derelicts, dot the sea of time? Who but man himself?

The race acts, ordinarily, as though it believed in freedom. But yesterday the earth was drenched with blood and the sky furious with storm. Why? For freedom, we were told. But if man himself is not free what boots it to strive for a free earth, a free society, a free race or a free government?

And if the freedom of the will is but a pathetic delusion, why not abolish our courts and eliminate the words praise and blame from our vocabulary? Why blame men

for that which heredity, environment or the gods decreed they must do? Why should we feel another's mistakes any more than we feel his sickness or his poverty? Why retain ideals of conduct, to which we call on men to conform? Why is a destructive course of conduct in a man any more reprehensible than it is in a brute? Why should a man be punished any more than a horse which kicks us, a bee which stings us, a dog which bites us, or a rat which gnaws our shoes?

The very structure of society rests on the foundations of praise and blame. To destroy this foundation would necessitate a complete reconstruction of the social order. Law punishes the criminal, holding that he was capable of doing better; that he had the ability to choose the better and he chose the worse. We do not punish animals, believing that no such possibilities are open to them. It is only in the case of our fellow-man that we feel sure of having a proper subject for blame.

If freedom of the will is a delusion then anarchy is the only humane social system. There can be no such thing as guilt, hence all human laws are founded on folly and cruelty. It were monstrous to punish a man for an act done through his puppet human agency but decreed by an invisible, arbitrary power, or by heredity or environment.

Praise and blame are not limited only to our fellowmen. Conscience applies them to ourselves. This praise of conscience we call dignity, pride, self-respect, self-approval. This blame of conscience we call shame, remorse, regret. If fate, heredity and environment are the sole forces of destiny why should there be regret, remorse, or self-approval? Why the conscience with its mighty imperatives of must and ought? Why the stern chidings of conscience that rob of peace and sleep? Does the horse suffer from regret when it kicks us? Or the dog when

it bites us? Or the bee when it stings us? Or the rat when it gnaws our shoes? Why should it not be with us as it is with them? To the fatalist regret can only be the consciousness of unavoidable damage. To the believer in freedom, regret is the consciousness that the harm need not have been done, that the opportunity might have been used, that the help might have been extended. The predestinarian says that one should not feel regretful, for nothing else can happen than that which does happen. In this statement the fatalist falls into contradiction. He blames regret, assuming in this instance at least, that another possibility existed than that which became actual. If fatalism or determinism be true, our vocabulary is in error. We speak of a fallen woman but never of a fallen sheep. We speak of right and wrong, of obligation and responsibility. Why should we strive to give ethical content to predetermined human action? If man be only a victim our ethical vocabulary is made up of idle words.

Without freedom of the will, or personality, all moral responsibility is cancelled and man becomes a mere puppet on a wire, a bubble on life's stream. That which makes him say "I ought" becomes inexplainable. All the stately and storied heroisms are cancelled. There can be no heroism where there is no power to choose. Even history itself is gone, for the history of mankind is naught but the story of his choices. Eliminate freedom of will and the whole human story is degraded to the level of a puppet show.

The great force of destiny is not the will of the gods, nor the force of heredity, nor the force of environment. It is the force of human will. Too many are prone to blame their failings on the shadowy shapes of their ancestors who haunt the house of life, even denying that they have the ability to bar the stairway up which these ghostly

shadows troop, like the ghost of old Marley. It is tragic when men seek to account for their failings and misfortunes in external things and to trust to lucky stars for their good fortune. I well remember the superstition that prevailed among a goodly number of the people of my native community. They would not plant potatoes at the new of the moon, nor begin a journey or a task on Friday unless the journey or the task could be finished on that day. Certain remnants of belief in astrology remained unshaken. Their failures were traceable to unlucky stars. It is in such a rôle that Schiller portrays Wallenstein. When urged to take some heroic step he would reply that his favouring star was not in the ascendancy, that the time was not propitious. Finally, tiring of such excuses for delay, General Illo said to Wallenstein:

> You will wait upon your stars and on their hours
> Till the earthly hour escapes you;
> O believe me, in your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
> Confidence in yourself, promptness in resolution—
> These are your favouring stars.

Wallenstein has many successors who look to some distant stars for their fortune, unconscious of the truth that the stars of destiny rise and set in their own bosoms. History is made glorious by the record of men and women who, recognising this truth, have overcome the hard circumstances of life by the force of their high resolves and indomitable wills.

Who is not thrilled with new courage and hope at the story of Demosthenes conquering his stammering tongue; of Disraeli challenging the House of Commons; of Huber, the blind scientist; of Lincoln the backwoodsman; of Garfield the canal boy; of Bunyan in Bedford jail, and of

a great host, of whom time would fail me to tell. Thrice worthy are these who came up out of great tribulation! If I were asked to suggest a method of instilling courage and fortitude in the next generation, I should unhesitatingly recommend that every child be required to commit to memory Henley's great, iron-noted poem "Invictus." It challenges like a trumpet. If made a part of the learning of every child, the next generation would not be so sorely tempted to lie down supinely in the presence of hindering circumstances. It would help to create that self-confidence which is so necessary to the conquest of opposing obstacles and for the long climb to places of usefulness and power in a needy world.

Two men stood on an eminence and looked at a ship. One said it was small and far away. The other said it was large and near at hand. Each correctly reported what he saw. They were looking through different ends of the telescope. Two schools of thought, fatalists and believers in freedom, look at man. One proclaims him to be as great as the universe. The other declares he is as insignificant as an atom. Both are correctly reporting what they see. The trouble is they are looking through different ends of the telescope. Through one end man is seen *limited by* the universe. Water drowns him. Fire consumes him. Cold blasts him. Distance handicaps him. Disease slaughters him. Old age robs him of his vigour. Seeing him from this end of the telescope we exclaim "how pitifully insignificant!" And then we gaze from the other end of the glass and behold him *limiting* the universe. He harnesses the lightning, fire, and flood. He curbs the ravages of pestilence and disease. He bridges oceans of space with his inventions and oceans of time with his written records. He sends his voice through the ether to lands and peoples he has never seen. He rides on the earth, on

the deep, and on the wings of wind and storm. He is the lord of the nethermost sea and of the upper air. Seeing him as he limits the universe we exclaim: "He is but little lower than the angels! he is crowned with power and glory!" Truly he is crowned with glory—the glory of an unconquerable will! I will not argue that this freedom was an endowment. It was possibly an achievement—a creation by man instead of a donation to man. But let this be said: if it is an achievement instead of an endowment, it is the greatest of all man's achievements since time began. And it is an incomplete achievement. The great freedom is yet to be attained. The liberation yet to come will make our present freedom seem insignificant. And because this is so, the prayer of John Drinkwater's haunting poem should be the prayer of us all:

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know:
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge thou hast lent,
But, Lord the will, there lies the bitter need.
Give us to build above the deep intent,
The deed! the deed!

II

JEWISH CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN CIVILISATION *

AMERICA has witnessed, during the past decade, a recrudescence of that anti-Semitism which made its last appearance in Europe during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The American campaign of agitation and attack was prosecuted with persistent thoroughness. The Bible of the campaign was "THE INTERNATIONAL JEW," published at Dearborn, Michigan. The four volumes bearing this title were quoted by the Ku Klux Klan speakers and organizers, during the days when

* Delivered before the Jewish citizens of Newport News, Virginia, March 7, 1926, and before the Cincinnati Chapter of Hadassah on December 29, 1926, and reported in *The Times-Star* of Cincinnati on December 30, 1926, and in *The Times-Herald* of Newport News on March 8, 1926. The latter paper commented editorially as follows: "The lecture delivered last night by the Rev. Marshall Wingfield on 'Jewish Contributions to American Civilisation' was a wonderful tribute from a Christian minister to the Jewish people. And the occasion was made notable by the attendance in a Christian church of a large number of the leading Jewish citizens of the city. *The Times-Herald* is well pleased, not only that a Christian minister should have paid this just tribute to the Jewish Americans, but because the occasion was an expression of the friendly relationship existing between the Hebrews and Christians of this city.

"Mr. Wingfield's address was broad and comprehensive. It showed patient study and research, and a liberal spirit which cannot be too highly commended. The address is a valuable contribution to American literature, and *The Times-Herald* thinks so highly of it that we are carrying it in full in this issue."

this movement swept the country, as though they had been the flaming words of Deity. A great host of shallow-minded men and women became panic stricken. Their distorted vision of the future frightened them into absurd and cruel behaviour. A terrible menace was seen in "The International Jew" which led to unhappy political and economic discriminations. And more detestable than these political and economic prejudices, were the social discriminations practiced. This particular form of discrimination antedated the publication of "The International Jew," and continues in an unhappy degree even now, after the Ku Klux Klan mania has died out, and after the chief supporter of this defamatory publication has repented and abandoned his persecution.

From the very settlement of this country there have been groups of ultra-Nordics who, while ignorant and crude themselves, would bar their clubs, their hotels and their watering places to the Jews on the specious plea that Jews are inelegant and uncouth. This ostracism is extending also to the professions, making it more difficult for the Jew to advance or to earn a living. The Jew who does not happen to be American born, and who settles outside of those cities which have large groups of his own people, has a rather discouraging environment. Notwithstanding his effort to understand the old-stock American, and to assimulate his habits, manners and ideas, his neighbours will often remain cold and aloof, and sometimes openly hostile. The Jew who prospers in business and removes to a better section of the city, is sometimes regarded as an intruder, not because of any economic or political resentment, but because in the eyes of the ultra-Nordic he is regarded as socially inferior. The resentment is on the haughty ground that "the Jew should know his

place." The prejudice from which the Jew suffers when it comes to buying a home in these "exclusive" sections is extending to summer hotels, golf clubs and other social groups. The professions in the larger American cities are crowded. Within a few years Jewish teachers, lawyers, and physicians will, in large numbers, remove to smaller and less Jewish cities for the practice of their professions. There is a real danger that their opportunities will be limited by anti-Jewish attitudes in hospital staffs, courts of law and college faculties.

And the opportunities of our Jewish citizens are not all that is endangered. A fundamental principle of American Government is in danger of nullification. It should be remembered that Judaism is a religious and not a racial matter. There are Jews of nearly every race, even including it is claimed, a black tribe from the heart of Abyssinia. Our national attitude, as expressed in the Constitution of the United States, is that "Congress shall make no laws respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This principle has been continuously stressed by the representatives of our Government in their contracts with those countries in which Jews have been oppressed. This is strikingly set forth by Dr. Cyrus Adler in his "Jews in the Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States," and in his article on "The American Passport in Russia."

Upon the inauguration of George Washington, as first President of this Republic, letters of congratulation were addressed to him by Jewish congregations in Richmond, Charleston, Philadelphia, New York and Newport. In responding to these letters the Father of His Country said, "The liberality of sentiment toward each other, which marks every religious denomination in this country, stands unparalleled in the history of nations. I rejoice

that this spirit is becoming more prevalent among all the enlightened nations of the earth, and that your brethren will benefit thereby in proportion as it shall become still more extensive."

The attitude of Lincoln, the "Preserver of the Union," was identical with that of the Founder of the Union. When General Grant issued his infamous Order No. 11, commanding the expulsion of Jews from his department, Lincoln revoked it immediately. Hay and Nicolai, biographers of Lincoln, report the incident as follows: "Lincoln had a profound respect for every form of sincere religious belief. He steadily refused to show any favour to any particular denomination of Christians, and when General Grant issued an unjust and injurious order against the Jews expelling them from his department, the President ordered it to be revoked the moment it was brought to his notice." The Jews loved Lincoln from the beginning of his public career. His passion for liberty captured their hearts. As he left Springfield for his inauguration Abraham Kohn gave him an American flag, made by his own hands and inscribed in Hebrew with the cheering words from the first chapter of Joshua: "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; only be thou strong and very courageous."

During President Taft's administration, Colonel Joseph Garrard refused to approve the application of Frank Bloom, a Jewish candidate for a commission, on the ground that there are "few communities where Jews are received as desirable social associates." Upon receipt of information respecting this matter President Taft issued the following reprimand: "The President directs the Secretary of War to inform Colonel Garrard that his attitude in this matter is strongly disapproved as contrary to the ideals and principles of this country. Colonel Garrard has

been told that he has not the moral right to exert influence in his official position to bar the advancement of a courageous and efficient young man simply because that man was of the Jewish religion; that such procedure indicates not only prejudice that should not be found in an officer of his position and experience, but amounts to a failure to justly and fairly consider the merits and claims of the applicant as shown by his efficient service and excellent standing in the mental examinations. Colonel Garrard has been admonished to avoid a repetition of the action taken in this case."

At the time of the consecration of the Mill Street Synagogue, New York City, in 1818, there were three ex-Presidents living, *viz*: Adams, Jefferson and Madison. Each of them wrote Major Mordecai M. Noah, chief speaker at the consecration, recounting the sufferings of the Jews from religious intolerance, indicating how American laws had applied the only antidote to this vice, and expressing the faith that Jews would never be discriminated against in this country where religious rights are on an equal footing with civil rights.

Quotations from our Presidents might be extended for several pages and all of them would be of a character and spirit similar to the foregoing. Dr. David Philipson of Cincinnati has collected these expressions of American Presidents touching the Jew and published them in a very remarkable tract entitled "The Jew in America." It is commended to those who are making an exhaustive study of the attitude of the American Government toward the Jew.

It is a matter of deep regret to every liberty-loving citizen of the United States that the Ku Klux Klan and kindred organisations ever arose among us. The Jew has not been alone in his embarrassment under this revival of

religious and racial prejudices. These same forces which discriminated against the Jew have also digged chasms between other groups of American citizens. Those who believe in a coming kingdom of brotherhood and good-will have faith that this intolerable spirit is but a passing phase in the history of American culture, and that it is doomed to go the way of other crudities which have afflicted our civilisation. And it is enough glory for any man if he shall be so fortunate as to have fellowship in promoting that inter-religious and inter-racial understanding through which this kingdom of universal brotherhood shall come. It is with the hope of making some contribution to such understanding that I offer this study of Jewish contributions to civilisation, with special reference to the contributions made to American life.

When the clear light of history is focused upon the contributions of the Jewish people to our American life, any prejudice which may linger against this ancient people must vanish from every patriotic American heart even as the darkness flees before the coming of the sun. This prejudice is the offspring of ignorance. When enlightenment comes a sense of gratitude will follow, and this gratitude will break down all barriers of hatred and distrust and discrimination.

Now if we are to throw a clear light upon the activities of the Jew in American history, we must focus our glass for magnificent distances; for the history of the Jew in American is coeval with the history of America itself. Indeed the Jewish people were instrumental in making the voyage of Columbus possible. When his negotiations with Ferdinand and Isabella had been suspended, Louis de Santangel, a Jew, Chancellor of the royal household, induced the crown to lend further consideration to the appeal of the great navigator. Santangel himself advanced

17,000 ducats, without interest, toward fitting out the first expedition.

Some ancient documents translated a few years ago by a distinguished Harvard professor, explodes the old legend that Queen Isabella pawned her jewels to help equip the expedition of Columbus. Most of her jewels had already been sold or pawned to help prosecute the wars in which the country had been engaged. This discovery led Professor Herbert B. Adams of Johns Hopkins University to remark that "Jews, not jewels financed the first expedition of Columbus."

On his homeward voyage Columbus stopped at the Azores from which point he addressed a letter to Santangel, under date of February 15, 1493, giving him the first detailed account of the voyage. This letter was no doubt prompted by his gratitude for Santangel's assistance.

Gabriel Sanchez, a kinsman (cousin) of Louis de Santangel, also participated in financing this first voyage, and to him Columbus addressed a letter from Lisbon, descriptive of the voyage and the discoveries. This letter was published in Barcelona, by Sanchez.

Rodrigo Sanchez, a nephew of Gabriel, accompanied Columbus on his epoch-making voyage, and also Alonzo de la Calle, Maestro Bernal Rodrigo de Triana and Luis de Torres. The last named was the interpreter of the expedition and was first sent ashore by Columbus "to converse with the ruler of India," whose country the navigator supposed he had reached by a new route. Thus de Torres was the first European to set foot on American soil. He was also the first European to discover the use of tobacco. He settled in Cuba and died there. Maestro Bernal was the ship's surgeon, and de Triana was the man in the lookout of the *Nina* who sighted land on Friday morning, October 12, 1492. The maps used by Columbus

were drawn by a Portuguese Jew and his astronomical tables were made by a Jew, one Abraham Zacuto. The Spanish translation of the tables was made by a Jew, Joseph Vecincho, a pupil of Zacuto. These facts are amply sustained in Dr. M. Kayserling's book, "Christopher Columbus and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries." This volume should be in the possession of every American.

The Jews are also indirectly connected with the second expedition of Columbus. In the Diary of the great explorer we find this entry: "After the Spanish monarchs had expelled all the Jews from all their kingdoms and lands in August, in that same month they commissioned me to undertake the voyage to India with a properly equipped fleet." The connection of the Jews with this expedition lies in the fact that the property of the exiles was confiscated by the government, sold, and the proceeds devoted to the purchase of equipment for this second voyage.

One of the most infamous deeds in history, and the most disastrous event in Jewish experience, since the destruction of Jerusalem, was the expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492. The exiles sailed from Barcelona on the second of August, going they knew not to what fate, and on the next day the ships of Columbus sailed from the same port. The departing exiles probably saw the crews of the *Nina, Pinta,* and *Santa Maria* making ready to sail. There is quite a coincidence in the time of the departure of these two groups; the homeless exiles going out, like Abraham, not knowing whither, and Columbus going out on the voyage which was destined to give the Jews a happier home than the Canaan toward which Abraham turned his face.

In that long period which intervened between the dis-

covery of America and the Revolutionary War, known as the Colonial period, the Jew played an important part. The future historian who takes up the period of our colonial life, and examines it with special reference to the activities of the Jews, will make a worthy contribution to American history.

Thirty-four years after the landing of the *Mayflower* at Plymouth Rock, the *St. Caterina* arrived at New Amsterdam, as New York was then called, with twenty-three Jews on board. They had come from Brazil which had passed from the possession of the Dutch. Shortly before their arrival, two other Jews, Jacob Barsimon and Jacob Aboab, arrived on the ship *Pear Tree*. So far as can be determined these two were the first Jews to arrive in New Amsterdam. It is possible that a few Jewish individuals found their way to other portions of the new country prior to the coming of the *Pear Tree*.

Peter Stuyvesant petitioned the West India Company in Amsterdam that "None of the Jewish people be permitted to infest the New Netherlands." The Company replied that such a request was "inconsistent with reason and justice" and authorised the Jews to reside and trade in the New Netherlands "so long as they do not permit any of their number to become a charge on the public funds." Governor Stuyvesant, however, denied the Jews the privilege of holding real estate, even so much as a burying ground. He also restricted their trade and otherwise harassed them until he received a letter from Amsterdam, in 1656, defining Jewish rights and forbidding him to further harass them.

In this struggle against Governor Stuyvesant, the Jews found an able champion in one of their own number, a fellow-settler by the name of Asser Levy. An ordinance was passed in 1655 that no Jew should serve in the New

Amsterdam militia, but that in lieu of service each Jewish settler should be taxed sixty-five stivers per month. Asser Levy refused to pay the tax and petitioned the Council for the rights of citizenship which included the right to perform military duty. His petition was rejected. He then appealed to the authorities in Holland, with whom he had been in correspondence concerning the oppressive attitude of Governor Stuyvesant, and his petition was granted. The early records of the colony show that he performed military service. Levy continued to fight for equal rights for the Jews until the Council eventually granted all that he asked.

When New Amsterdam was taken by the English in 1664, and the name changed to New York, the old restrictions began to be revived, culminating after twenty years in an act denying to the Jews religious freedom. They petitioned the Governor for liberty to exercise their religious faith, but without success. They were persistent however, and their petition was granted about 1690, at which time a synagogue was erected.

A number of Jewish families from Holland settled at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1658. The Jewish cemetery at Newport, made famous by one of Longfellow's poems bearing that title, was established in 1677. The Newport synagogue was built in 1763, and is still standing. The congregation was disorganised during the American Revolution, when many of the Jews, being sympathisers with the colonists, left the city upon its capture by the British. Aaron Lopez with seventy others settled in Leicester, Mass., where Lopez founded the Leicester Academy. Lopez is buried in Newport cemetery and the epitaph on his grave stone was written by Dr. Ezra Stiles, then President of Yale College. Doctor Stiles' diary contains many references to the Jews of New England.

George Washington visited Newport in 1790, and was the guest of his friend Moses Isaacs, who had given great help in the struggle for independence. The synagogue at Newport addressed a letter to Washington after his visit there, to which "The Father of His Country" replied in the most cordial terms.

Maryland was the only colony without Jews in the 17th and 18th centuries. Despite the boast, often heard, that Maryland was the first colony to grant religious freedom, the sad fact remains that this freedom was confined to those of Christian belief. If one denied the dogma of the trinity the law of the colony declared that he might be punished with death. For nearly fifty years after the Revolution no one could hold office in Maryland without making a declaration of his faith in the Christian religion. So far as I have been able to discover, there is only one Jew mentioned in the early records of Maryland. The Maryland Archives show that in 1657, one Jacob Lombrozo, "Ye Jew doctor," resided on Naugemy Creek in Charles county. He owned a plantation and was given letters patent admitting him to the rights of citizenship.

Jews are mentioned in Pennsylvania prior to the coming of William Penn, though in no large numbers until the following century. The first Jewish resident of record in Philadelphia was one Jonas Aaron who lived there in 1703. The first Jewish religious service held in Philadelphia was in 1745. There was an early Jewish settlement in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, which began with Joseph Simon in 1740. There was also a Jewish settlement in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, in 1760. One of the settlers, Aaron Levy, became a large land-holder. The town of Aaronsburg was named for him.

The colonial records of Connecticut mention a Jewish resident as early as 1659. An entry in 1661, includes

these words: "The same day ye Jews which at present live in John March his house have liberty to sojourn in ye town seven month." Why the period of residence was restricted to seven months remains for the patient historian to discover. There are references to Jews in Connecticut as early as the seventeenth century.

In Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas, the Jews were early settlers, and, while the laws of these colonies seemed to discriminate against them in some points, yet these discriminations were not so rigorous as in Maryland and the colonies farther north.

So far as is known, the first Jewish settler in Virginia was Elias Legardo who was resident in the colony in 1624. He came to the colony on the good ship *Abigail* in the year 1621. Others are mentioned in York County Records as early as 1658.

Jews were among the orginal settlers of Georgia. A company of forty came to the colony the year (1733) of its establishment. The first child born in the colony was Philip Minis, a child of Jewish parents. In the general conveyance of town lots, gardens, and farms, executed December 21, 1733, the names of seven Jewish settlers appear as grantees. One of these original settlers, Dr. Samuel N. Ribero, served the colony so well in the capacity of physician that the trustees of the colony requested Governor Oglethorpe to offer him a gratuity for his services. Abraham de Lyon a Jewish pioneer of Georgia, was the first to introduce the culture of vineyards in the American colonies. The culture of silk was introduced in the colonies by Joseph Ottolenghi who served in the Georgia Assembly from 1761 to 1765. An annuity of 100 pounds was granted him by the colony, in 1774, for his services in connection with silk culture.

There is in Georgia a charitable organisation known

as "The Union Society" which was founded in 1750. Three of the founders were Benjamin Sheftall, Peter Tondee and Richard Milledge. The first named was a Jew. The others were Catholic and Episcopalian respectively. They agreed to ignore sectarian platforms and to stand together on the broad platform of humanity. The Jew has ever been noted for his charity and philanthropy. The story of Jewish philanthropic life is told in their hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, homes for the incurable, educational institutions, religious schools, colonisation associations and settlement work. Reverting to the place of the Jews in the early settlement of Georgia, it is not inappropriate to add that Charles J. Jones, in his authoritative "History of Georgia" says: "In the record of the Jews of the Colony of Georgia, there is no stain." This is also the testimony of historians of other colonies.

There is occasional mention made of Jews in South Carolina from the close of the seventeenth century. The first Jew of record in that colony was one Simon Valentine, who dwelt there as early as 1695. There were few Jewish settlers however until after 1740. History gives considerable information concerning one Moses Lindo who came to the colony from London in 1756. He promoted the manufacture of indigo to such an extent that he was officially appointed "Surveyor and Inspector of Indigo, Drugs, and Dyes for the Province." The first congregation in South Carolina dates from 1750.

One of the very first citizens of South Carolina during the Revolutionary period was Francis Salvador, a member of the Provincial Congress which met at Charleston, January 11, 1775. He signed for South Carolina patriots a compact between the Patriots and Tories. He served as a member of the second Provincial Congress which met in Charleston in November, 1775, and was killed in an

expedition against the Tories and Indians, August 1, 1776.

It is quite apparent, from the foregoing references to our colonial history, that the Jews came early to the new world, and also that they prospered. Lord Bellemont, writing to the British authorities in 1700, stated that he could not have paid his soldiers had it not been for a Jew who loaned him money for that purpose.

When one considers the early American antipathies for the Jews, and the ancient hatreds and prejudices of the European, and then turns to our early American history and notes how the Jews early won recognition and prosperity, one is reminded that Lord Beaconsfield spoke truly when he said: "The world has discovered that it is impossible to destroy the Jews. The attempt has been made under the most favourable circumstances and on the largest scale. Egyptian pharaohs, Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, Scandinavian crusaders, Gothic princes and holy inquisitors have alike devoted their energies to this common purpose. Expatriation, exile, captivity, confiscation, ingenious torture, extensive massacre, degrading customs and debasing laws, which would have broken the heart of another people, have been tried in vain. The Jews, after all this havoc, are more numerous than in the days of Solomon the Wise, are found in every land and prospering in most. All of which proves that it is in vain for men to baffle the inexorable laws of Nature which decrees that a superior race shall never be destroyed or absorbed by an inferior."

There were thousands of American citizens who, during the days of Kluxophobia, paraded their so-called "one-hundred percent Americanism" by discriminating against and defaming the Jew. In several instances I have discovered, beyond doubt, that these "one hundred percenters" were the offspring of ancestors who were dwelling beyond

the seas while the ancestors of many of the Jews they were traducing were pouring out their blood and their wealth that the cause of American independence might not go down in defeat.

The Jews of America have taken a prominent part in all of the wars in which our country has engaged. This fact has been made clear and indisputable by Mr. Simon Wolf in his book, "The American Jew as Patriot, Citizen, and Soldier." The first organised movement for American independence took shape in 1765 in the signing of the Non-Importation Resolution. The names of nine Jewish patriots were affixed to that historic document, which was the expression of the first movement toward freedom. The old document is still preserved as a memento of the beginning of that long struggle.

When the citizens of Georgia protested against the blockade of Boston Harbor, and against taxation without representation, their protest bore the signatures of several Jewish settlers.

Then came the Revolution with its varying fortunes. There was a period of the desperate struggle when the soldiers of freedom were without food and clothing. The cloud of discouragement hovered low over the cause of the colonies. An appeal was sent out for the sinews of war. In response to this appeal, Haym Saloman, a Jew of Philadelphia, laid down two hundred thousand dollars on the altar of American independence. Before the conflict came to an end he contributed so largely that he was regarded as the chief supporter of the cause by Robert Morris, the Government's Superintendent of Finance.

Saloman's money also enabled some of the leading statesmen of the period to devote their energies more completely to the cause of independence. James Madison wrote from the Colonial Congress in Philadelphia, of

which body he was a member, saying: "I have for some time past been a pensioner on the favour of Haym Saloman, a Jew broker." One of Pennsylvania's most noted patriots, James Wilson, wrote that he would have been forced to leave the public service "had it not been for the aid of Haym Saloman, administered with equal generosity and delicacy."

Saloman's heirs made an attempt to secure from the Government a settlement of claims for the money so generously loaned, and committees of both Senate and House made reports favourable to the heirs, but no appropriation was ever made. The heirs finally agreed to relinquish all claims if Congress would have a medal struck in recognition of Saloman's services. The Committee to whom this was referred reported favourably, but the House failed to adopt the report.

Moses Isaacs devoted three thousand pounds to the cause of independence; Philip Minis advanced seven thousand dollars toward paying the troops of Virginia and North Carolina; Manuel Mordecai Noah, of South Carolina, not only served as an officer on Washington's staff, but also donated one hundred thousand dollars to the cause to which he had already given himself. There were a number of Jews in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, who signed Bills of Credit for the Continental Congress, thus making possible the prosecution of the campaign for independence.

The list of Jewish Revolutionary soldiers is incomplete. There were twenty-seven Jewish officers during that period whose service is of record. If the number of private soldiers was in proportion to the officers, there must have been a goodly number. Among the officers may be mentioned Captain Richard Lushington, who commanded a company of South Carolina militia in which there were

many Jews; Col. Isaac Franks, of Washington's staff; Major Benjamin Nones, who served on the staffs of both Washington and LaFayette; Col. Solomon Bush; Col. David S. Franks, who was sent to Europe with important messages for John Hay and Benjamin Franklin; Capt. Jacob de la Motta; Lieut. Abraham Seixas; Lieut. David Sarzedas; Surgeon Philip Moses Russell, who served in the Second Virginia Regiment and received a letter from Washington commending him for his services at Valley Forge; and there were the Jewish officers who helped to bear the gallant de Kalb from the field when he was mortally wounded. There are others of whom time would fail me to tell, but whose services shall not be forgotten as long as the history of the American Revolution endures.

In the year 1824, an infamous bill, popularly known as "the Jew Bill" was before the Maryland Legislature for deliberation. A gallant gentleman, Col. J. W. D. Worthington, opposed this bill which discriminated against the Jews and referred to their services in the Revolution in the following words: "There were many valuable Jewish soldiers in the Revolution, from the South chiefly, and these were ever at their post and always foremost in hazardous enterprises."

In the War of 1812, there were a number of Jewish officers, ranking from lieutenants up to General Joseph Bloomfield. General David de Leon was twice thanked by Congress for his gallantry in the Mexican War. Lieut. Henry Seeligson was complimented by General Taylor for his bravery at Monterey. Surgeon-General Moses A. Levy and Col. Leon Dyer are other names of gallant Jewish officers in the Mexican War. The latter served as Quarter Master General under General Winfield Scott. Major Alfred Mordecai, of Mexican War fame, became

a famous authority on military matters and his son became an instructor at West Point. Commodore Uriah Phillips Levy was the highest ranking officer in the United States Navy at the time of his death. Commodore Levy and his descendents owned "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, for many years.

An article in the *North American Review* of December, 1891, claimed there were no Jews in the Civil War. This article called forth a volume from the able pen of Mr. Simon Wolf, entitled "The American Jew as Patriot, Citizen, and Soldier." Mr. Wolf shows that there were 7,884 soldiers in Northern and Southern armies, serving in all stations from high officers to soldiers in the ranks. United States Senator Benjamin F. Jonas, of South Carolina, had four brothers in the Civil War, one in the Federal army and three in the Confederacy. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State in the Southern Confederacy, is the only figure in history, so far as I can recall, who ever achieved great success in two different fields of endeavour and in two different countries. According to Mr. Wolf, there were 2,451 Jewish soldiers in the American army at the time of the Spanish-American War. The number of Jews who served in the World War will probably never be ascertained.

It is sometimes charged by "Jew baiters" that Jews are not public spirited. I would like to point out, in refutation, the fact that there has not been a public spirited movement in America in which Jews have not had a large place. When the scars of the Revolutionary War began to heal, and men began to consider the marking of battle grounds with suitable monuments, the Jewish citizens were at the forefront with their generosity. Judah Touro, who fought with Andrew Jackson against Pakenham at New Orleans, donated ten thousand dollars for the com-

pletion of the Bunker Hill monument. And, in this connection, it may be pointed out that the first statue to belong to the United States (that of Thomas Jefferson) was presented by a Jew, Commodore Uriah P. Levy, and accepted by Congress on motion of Charles Sumner. It is the only statue in the Capitol at Washington which is the gift of one individual. All others were presented by State Legislatures or paid for by Congress.

The splendid group entitled "Religious Liberty" which stands in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was presented to the city by its Jewish citizens. This piece of statuary is the work of the celebrated sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel, whom I regard as the greatest artist in stone the new world has produced.

I have dealt at length with the participation of the Jews in the several wars in which America has engaged, not because I would glorify war, but because I would refute the ancient slander, retailed from the days of Apion until now, that Jews are cowards, lacking in patriotism and public spirit.

Turning from the realm of war to that of industry, commerce, and finance, we again find the Jew occupying a place of leadership. Indeed it is this very leadership which arouses that envy out of which springs the antagonism so often attributed to racial, social, political, and religious causes. A close study of the charges commonly made against the Jew will reveal the fact that most of them have economic roots. It is in the field of economics that the interests of all men meet, and that nearly all conflicts rise. Some day the historian will arise who will write the story of the wars that have grown out of economic conflicts. When Jews, by their skill, sobriety, frugality and industry, prosper signally, there are always a great number who rise up to impugn their motives and methods at every

point. That unhappy publication, *The International Jew* scented economic disaster in Jewish prosperity and proceeded to spread fear over the whole land.

It has been charged that the Jew is lazy and wishes to live by his wits and by the sweat of another's brow. The fact that he is preëminently a trader has been held up in support of this aspersion. The truth is that religious wars and persecutions have made the Jew a trader. When Christianity and Mohammedanism were at war neither could enter the other's territory. The Jews, being of a neutral faith, were in demand as messengers and interpreters between the two groups, and also as mediums of trade and exchange.

During the Middle Ages the laws of most countries prohibited the Jew from practising the professions and from engaging in many of the trades. Religious intolerance was such that Jews had no safe tenure anywhere. If they purchased lands, and other inmovable property, they did so knowing not when they might be exiled and their property confiscated. It is not to be wondered at that they turned the fruits of their labours into such a form of wealth as was easily and readily removed from land to land. In the light of the persecutions suffered by the Jews, and of their uncertain tenure in various countries, the wonder is that the Jews have contributed so largely to so many departments of human activity.

In 1450, when movable steel type was proven practicable, the Jews were the first to promote the discovery, by investing their money and intelligence in perfecting it. The Soncini family, descendents of German Jews who fled to Italy from persecution, made Italy famous for its fine printing. They printed the Hebrew Bible as well as many Italian works. By the year 1500, Gerson Soncini had sown Italy with printing shops. Printing estab-

lishments also sprang up in England, Holland, France and Spain. To this day the Typesetters Union has in its membership many Jews. The same may be said of the clothing makers union.

The sperm oil industry was introduced into the United States by a Jew, Jacob R. Riviera, who settled at Newport, Rhode Island, in the early days of the Republic.

John Jacob Astor received his knowledge of the fur trade as an employee of Haym Levy, a wealthy Jewish fur trader; and Ephraim Hart, a rich Jewish merchant, was one of the twenty men who organised the New York Stock Exchange.

The Jews are often pictured as the most mercenary people in the world. All sorts of illustrations are given by the anti-Semites, ranging from Jacob to Shylock. But similar illustrations of greed may be found in the story of all peoples. Greed is not racial or religious; it is universal. Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" is a more disagreeable character than Shylock. If the Jews are sharp traders let us remember they have had ample opportunity to learn it from the Babylonians, Greeks, Romans, Phœnicians, Arabs, Persians, Tyrians, Turks, Spaniards, Venetians, Englishmen, Hollanders, Britishers and Americans among whom they have sojourned.

It is admitted that the Jew excels in the commerce of intangibles. Or, otherwise stated, the Jew is an expert banker and broker. Men like Hillaire Belloc, H. S. Chamberlain and Henry Ford tell us that they have designs on the money market of the world. It was rather humorous to see Mr. Ford, America's richest man, launching his four-volumed attack against the Jews of America, whose richest man was rated at about one-tenth of his own wealth.

There is nothing more picturesque in fiction, nothing

more inspiring to the poor, than the life stories of thousands of American Jews who have risen from poverty and squalor to affluence and power. Linked with their quest for wealth is a great, mournful love for the down trodden which expresses itself in a fine philanthropy.

There is no story in the history of benevolence more wonderful than that of Baron de Hirch who originated the Jewish Colonisation Society and thus enabled thousands of Jews to escape persecution in Russia, and to emigrate to America, during the latter part of the nineteenth century. His liberality enabled multitudes of the immigrants to escape suffering after reaching America, and to establish themselves so as to earn a livelihood.

The name of Sir Moses Montefiore stands out prominently in the history of English banking, and in connection with the development of public utilities in the larger cities of Europe. But he is better known to history as a great philanthropist—the greatest philanthropist of his period. He is remembered also for his participation in "The Damascus Affair" in which he and the celebrated French lawyer, Cremieux, defended several Jews who were being held upon the charge of "Ritual murder." The zeal of Sir Moses in behalf of these prisoners awakened more sympathy for the Jewish people, and more understanding, than the world had known since the beginning of the Christian era.

It was a great Jewish banker, Osiris of Bordeaux, who endowed the Pasteur Institute with forty million francs, thus enabling it to carry on its work on a larger scale than ever before. By this gift he became one of the greatest benefactors of his age.

The Jew does not confine his philanthropy to the people of his own religion. In America he contributes liberally to all charitable and benevolent objects even when they are

sponsored wholly by those of different faiths, but he asks nothing from them for the objects which particularly appeal to those of his own faith. Hospitals supported by Jewish funds make no discrimination in regard to the patients they admit, and Jewish schools and libraries are open to all who can derive benefit from them. To go beyond the borders of America for another illustration of their broad humanity, it may be pointed out that one of the de Pintos of Amsterdam left a great fortune to the needy of his city, and also for the support of non-Jewish orphanages operated by both church and state.

America can point to no finer examples of benevolence than that of Adolph Sutro of California, and Julius Rosenwald of Chicago. The latter has probably given more in philanthropic enterprises than any living American, with the exception of Mr. Rockefeller. The Negroes in the southern part of the United States are indebted to Mr. Rosenwald for many of their schools, libraries, and other public institutions.

In the early days of our Republic, Judah Tuoro not only gave great sums to the American needy, he left fifty thousand dollars for the needy Jews of the old world. On his tombstone in Newport, R. I. is inscribed this epitaph: "The last of his race, he is inscribed in the book of philanthropy, to be remembered forever." More recently Nathan Straus, Adolph Lewisohn, Simon Guggenheim, Felix Warburg, Jacob Schiff, Henry A. Dix, Dr. Joseph Krauskopf and a multitude of others are making life in America easier for the unfortunate.

The Jews have a large place in the literature of America and of the world. From the days of the bards of ancient Israel until now, they have enriched the poetry and drama of mankind, often singing in a midnight of woes which would have crushed the spirit of any other people. Charles

W. Eliot of Harvard said: "The ancient Hebrew poetry is full of the aptest, sweetest and most impressive descriptions of nature and all her works, and of the influence of nature on the spirit of men. 'Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades?' 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.' 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.' 'No people have ever surpassed the Jewish descriptions of either the beauties or the terrors of the nature which environs man.'" Mr. E. C. Stedman has said:

"In the Hebrew language every word is a poem. There are books of the Old Testament, neither lyrical nor prophetic, so exquisite in kind that I call them models of impersonal art. In the narrative books of the Bible, the good and the bad are set forth without disguise and with a frankness that made the heart of the Hebrew tent-dweller the heart of the world thereafter."

Lyman Abbott said: "The American people owe more to the ancient Hebrews than to either Greeks or Romans or any other ancient peoples. I hope the time will come when it will be universally recognised that no man, ignorant of Hebrew literature is a well educated man."

And aside from the Bible, we find among the Jewish people great literary figures like Baruch, Philo, Josephus, Saadiah and others, who kept the light of letters glowing in the ancient world. In later literature are figures like Spinoza, Disraeli, Heine (called Byron's successor), Leon Gordon (who put the history of the Jews in verse), Max Nordau, Georges Brandes, Israel Zangwill, Fanny Lewald, Anzie Yezierska, Olivia Levison, Ludwig Lewisohn and others equally important.

Among the most prominent of early American dramatists was Mordecai Noah, editor of the *Gazette* of Charleston, S. C., who, when barely twenty-one, was author of

a dozen plays, many of them notable in their day. Other American dramatists who have made rich contributions are Samuel B. Judah, Jonas B. Phillips, H. B. Sommer, David Belasco and Sydney Rosenfeld, to name but a few. The names of present day Jewish playwrights would make a long roll.

And when we come to the enchanted circle of music, we find the Jews far from the periphery. We are told in the Book of Genesis that "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." He lived nearly four thousand years before the Christian Era. The Jews may not be the natural descendants of Jubal, but if music belongs to the realm of the spirit, as the poet claims, then the Jews are spiritual descendants of this ancient musician. The Jew was among the first to recognise the healing power of music. When Saul was mentally sick "David took an harp and played with his hand, and Saul was refreshed, and the evil spirit departed from him." There is a tradition that the tunes used by the Jews to-day in their orthodox services, have come down in their original state from the days of the Dispersion. Christianity has borrowed much of its best music from Judaism, so much indeed that if all the music of Jewish composers should be removed from church organs and orchestra racks, the church would be woefully impoverished. It would lose Mendelssohn, Halevy, Strauss, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Goldmarck, Josephson, Aronson, Wolfsohn, Rosenwald and a host of others of whom time would fail me to tell.

Not only have the Jews been great composers, they have been great performers. Rubenstein, Rosenthal and Hoffman, mastered the piano to a degree never surpassed by any other men. Joseph Joachim was such a violinist that men said of him "When he plays the heavens rain gold." There is a well-known story to the effect that Wagner, a

Jew baiter, once wrote an opera to show the superiority of German over Jewish composers. When his opera was produced he was astounded, on the opening night, to see all of the first violins in the hands of Jewish musicians.

The Jew has made for himself an immortal place in the realm of art. The fruits of his genius, in marble and on canvass, fill the niches and adorn the walls of the most renowned galleries of the world. Lovers of art around the world point with pride to Israel Mengs of Denmark, to Karl Bloch, Ernest Meyer, Edouard Bendemann Moritz, Oppenheim, Malheim, Peixotto, Max Rosenthal, Albert Sterner, Henry Mosler Melziner, Hyneman, Sir Moses Ezekiel and a multitude of others.

It has long been a conviction with me that Sir Moses Ezekiel's art surpasses that of all other sculptors ever born in the new world. Not least among the honours claimed by Richmond, Virginia, is the fact that it was the birthplace, and for many years the home, of Sir Moses.

The Jews rank high in scientific achievements. From the days of him who said "The heavens declare the glory of God," to the present day of Einstein, Jews have contributed richly to astronomy. The astronomical tables carried by Columbus on his immortal voyage were made by Zacuto, a Portuguese Jew. Their accuracy commended them to Alphonso "the Wise" to such an extent that he employed them in the construction of his celebrated astronomical tables. Others who have enriched the world in science are David Gans, William Herschell (discoverer of the planet Uranus), Ricardo Sylvester, Jacobi, Lillienthal, Bergson, Gabriel Lippman and A. A. Michelson, to name but a few.

It would require many volumes to record the activities of the Jews in the statesmanship and jurisprudence of the world. They have served as legal and diplomatic advisers

at many capitols, from the days of Daniel until now. They have served as ambassadors at many courts. For many years they were the intermediaries between the Christian and the Mohammedan. They were the confidential advisors of Portuguese and Spanish monarchs. The late Andrew D. White, in his "Seven Great Statesmen" says that Edward Lasker, a Jew, was one of the greatest statesmen Germany ever knew. Lasker died in America during his visit in connection with the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The House of Representatives cabled sympathy to Germany, much to Bismarck's displeasure, he being Lasker's bitter enemy.

Disraeli holds a secure place in British history, both as a statesman and as a literary figure. Cremieux, Fould and Raynal rank high in the statesmanship of France. Wollenberg and Luzatti are shining names in Italy's history. America can point to Solomon Hirsch and Oscar Straus, ministers to Turkey; Franklin J. Moses, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina; Ira N. Morris, Ambassador to Sweden; D. S. Kauffman, Speaker of the Texas House of Delegates; Louis Brandeis, justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Moses Alexander, Governor of Idaho; Senators B. F. Jonas of Louisiana and D. L. Yulee of Florida; Judah P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State and later a famous barrister in England and Queen's Counsel; and Salmon O. Levinson whose efforts in behalf of world peace have thrust his name up among the stars, to shine there forever and forever.

And if we enter the realms of medicine, philosophy, and law, we find Jewish names, like the name of Abou Ben Adhem, leading all the rest. It may truly be said with Besant: "There is not a branch of learning, art or science in which the Jew is not at the front rank. The

centuries of oppression have left no blight upon his mighty spirit. He steps from the lowest depths, where all the world flings mud upon him, straight to the front and stands there saying, 'Behold! thus and thus have I done. Give me, too, a place among the immortal.'"

But it is in the realm of religion that the Jewish peoples have made their greatest contribution to the life of the world. Religion has been the very genius of the Jews, even as beauty was the very genius of the Greeks and government the genius of the Romans. The highest conception of man, the most glorious conception of God, and the noblest conception of nature, have had their rise and origin in Jewish hearts. For the Jew, milleniums ago, there was only one God, a pure spirit, infinite in knowledge and power, the source of justice and mercy. From the Jew we have received our Christian Bible. In all its parts it is a Jewish production. And the influence of this volume of sacred literature on the life of the world is too marvellous to be described within the limits of this lecture. Suffice it to say that its laws form the basis of the world's jurisprudence; its moral and spiritual ideals constitute the light of the nations; its passion for freedom is the palladium of our liberties; its optimism is the anchor of our hopes. Let this Jewish book speak for itself. Compare the temper, intelligence and progress of the peoples who know it with the peoples who know it not. Then render your verdict.

And Jesus of Nazareth, who is loved and adored by millions, whose supposed birthday is an occasion of rejoicing around the world, whose life is an inspiration to all the weary and oppressed, whose teachings are enunciated every week in a million sanctuaries, whose ideals of peace and everlasting good-will are fast being woven into the very fabric of humanity, whose very name casts a

spell of high aspiration over the human heart—this Jesus was a Jew! The common people of his own religion who were bent beneath the yoke of Rome, heard him gladly. Little children left their mother's arms to climb upon his knee. The repudiated and the despairing found in him a sympathetic friend. The ignorant found in him the source of wisdom, the whole race found in him the cumulative wisdom, pity and righteousness of the centuries. But there were a few of the religious leaders of his day who feared his teachings of equality, liberty and fraternity. They thought more of their own place and power than of the common weal. These played upon the fears of the people and connived with the Roman authorities for his suppression. The rest of the story, the Roman arrest, the Roman trial, and the Roman crucifixion, is well known. And for nearly two thousand years the Jewish people have been persecuted and driven from land to land by those who claim to be the disciples of this gentle Jew! All because of a deed for which a few religious leaders were to blame! In contemplation of this the strangest spectacle in Christian history, one is tempted to cry out with Antony,

> O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
> And men have lost their reason.

The trial of Jesus, as described in the four gospels and elsewhere, was not according to Jewish procedure in any point. It is strange that this truth has been overlooked by those who through the ages have blamed the Jews with the tragedy. The trial was illegal from a Jewish point of view because it was held in the house of the high priest when, by law, it could only have been held in the court room of the temple. It was illegal because of the hour it was held, for no Jewish trial was permitted to be held at night. It was illegal, from a Jewish point of view, because

the sentence was executed on the day the verdict was rendered. Jewish law provided that a verdict involving death must be reviewed by the Sanhedrin on the day following its pronouncement. It was illegal because the sentence was executed on the eve of the Passover, when Jewish law did not permit an execution on the eve of a festival. It was illegal, from a Jewish standpoint, because the method of execution was not Jewish but Roman. The Jewish law recognised but four methods of capital punishment and crucifixion was not one of them. It is a sad fact, forever to be deplored, that this act of the Romans, instigated by Jewish religious leaders, has been made the act of the whole Jewish people.

The Christian Jews who planted Christianity in Asia and Europe never forsook their ancient faith, but rather considered Christianity a part of their religion, its complement so to speak. In later years when the Jews, dispersed throughout the world, came in contact with Christianity, it seemed to them a Gentile religion, full of idolatrous practices, the chief mission of which was to avenge the murder of a person unknown to them, committed by their unknown ancestors in an unknown land. It was good news, according to its propagators, to all men except the men of Israel who, for an act of which they were ignorant, must be plundered and massacred in the name of Christ!

When we consider the story of the blood-thirsty and fanatical tyrants who called themselves Christians, but who never had the faintest conception of the gentle life which Christ invited men to share, we do not wonder that Jews have never had a very kindly feeling for this religion, which is stained with some of the most diabolical crimes against humanity in all history.

Disraeli, one of the greatest Jews of modern times, imagined a Christianity divested of all the encumbrances

and trappings with which theologians had loaded it, and called it "the most glorious offspring of the Jewish faith." He also predicted that the time would ultimately come, "When all the world will find music in the songs of Zion and solace in the parables of Gallilee."

Finally, let us consider the Jew as a moral force in the life of America. No Jew was convicted of a felony during the first hundred years of American history. The moral code of the Jews was a part of their religion, and their conduct was associated with their God. Law and Peace are the great recurring words of Judaism. Conformity to the standards which grew out of these two great words, has carried them through slavery, pogroms, revilings, and contumely, and made them a great moral force in the life of the world. The American prison sees but little of the Jew. In this he sets an example which his Christian neighbour might well follow. Several years ago, upon the election of a Jew as Sheriff of New York City, he was taunted with the remark, "It is a shame that now Christians will have to be hanged by a Jew," to which the Sheriff replied, "Sir, it is a shame that Christians have to be hanged at all."

The wholesome family life of the Jew is a valuable influence in the life of the nation. The average Jewish child still honours his father and mother. In the home he first learns respect for authority. Temperance and thrift are taught in the home, with the result that sanitariums for alcoholics, and the potters field, seldom receive Jews. The Jewish heart is sensitive to distress. He cares for his own but does not limit his charity to those of his own faith. One of the Jewish definitions of religion is "The fellowship of the strong in the service of the weak." And this definition comes close to the heart of all true religion.

Taken all in all, the Jew is the strong man of history.

No other people can approach him in the marvellous influence he has exerted over the whole human family. In his history we find the history of the world that was, and in his faith we find the grounds of hope for the world that is to come. He has been the world's priest and prophet, and bids fair to be a leader in the things of the spirit to the end of time.

The late Governor Zebulon Vance of North Carolina, once said:

"The Gulf Stream in the ocean finds its analogy in the Jew, who is a lonely river in the midst of the ocean of mankind. The mightiest floods of temptation have never caused it to overflow, and the fiercest fires of cruelty and religious bigotry have never caused it to dry up. Its waves have rolled crimson with the blood of martyrs for two thousand years. Its fountain is in the grey dawn of history, and its mouth somewhere in the sombre shadows of eternity. Like the Gulf Stream, it mingles not with the surrounding waves, and the line which divides its billows from the common waters of humanity, is plainly visible to the naked eye."

I have endeavoured in this lecture to paint a faithful picture of the Jew. I have not overdrawn it. The Jew does not desire to be thought better than he is. He realises, in humility, that he is but a human creature, with all the frailities of our common humanity. He does not covet undue commendation. Possibly he will deprecate the praise I have here accorded him. But this I know; the Jew, like all men, protests against defamation and slander. Let the so-called Christian world speak of the Jew as it would have the Jew speak if positions were reversed. In the spirit of the greatest Jew, whom all Christians profess to love, let Christians do unto Jews as they would have Jews do unto them. Speak fairly and justly, extenuating nothing in his character or his conduct,

and imputing nothing of evil through prejudice and suspicion.

When the world, with unprejudiced eyes, studies the history of the Jewish people, history so commonplace and yet so marvellous, so full of change and yet so changeless, so full of reality and yet so airy with dreams, there shall dawn a conviction that, in spite of his sins and his sorrows, the Power that broods above all the worlds shall work out through the Jew, as the ages unfold, still further blessings for all the sons of men.

III

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS *

IN a world organised along national lines, disputes between nations are inevitable. When such differences arise how are they to be settled? Two methods plead for adoption. We cannot adopt both. One is violent, the other is non-violent. One is based on suspicion, the other is based on trust. One is the way of might, the other is the way of right. One is the way of the mailed fist, the other is the way of the outstretched hand. One has been tested through the centuries and found wanting, the other has never been tried.

But the world is surely, though slowly, passing from faith in force to faith in conference and cooperation. Let us not be too impatient at the stubbornness with which violence yields to arbitration and justice. Let us remember that the habit of depending on force of arms is so deep rooted in the human mind that it must needs yield slowly. A mentality made by centuries of reliance on destructive weapons cannot be discarded over night. Those who believe in the settlement of international disputes by just and pacific means have many reasons to rejoice.

The anti-war sentiment is stronger to-day than in 1919.

* Delivered before the Rotary Club of Aberdeen, Mississippi, at the celebration of International Day, December 15, 1930, and published in full in *The Aberdeen Examiner* of December 17, 1930. Also before the Forty-eighth Annual State Convention of Disciples of Christ in Mississippi, at West Point, on Armistice Day, 1931.

This is a reversal of all post-war history. Peace movements have followed in the wake of all wars, but never before have peace sentiments so crystallised into tangible methods for outlawing war. Heretofore the world has been content with condemning war while the memories of its horrors were still keen and stinging. But memories of its ghastliness were soon softened by the passing years and only the glamour, the glitter, and the glory remained. The peace gains of the immediate post-war years have, heretofore, been lost.

Now men are proposing to organise the world against war, so as to provide an international structure in which all nations shall cooperate, and under which all nations shall have security. The League of Nations, the World Court, and the Pact of Paris are definite steps in organising the world for peace. The World Court is juridical; the League of Nations and the Pact of Paris are political. But each is vital and valuable to world peace. To illustrate; in 1914 an international crisis occurred at Serajevo in the murder of an Austrian archduke. No conference was held and war began. In 1923 an international crisis occurred at Corfu, when the Italians occupied that island after bombarding it and killing several people. The next day, upon the appeal of the Greek government to the League of Nations, the representatives of Greece, Italy and nine other nations went into conference and found a way out of the difficulty.

Much has been written in disparagement of the Hague, Geneva, Locarno, Washington, and London Conferences. It is true that none of these conferences accomplished all that peace lovers had hoped for, yet there were definite and vital gains made toward world peace. The most vital achievements of these conferences were in the realm of the spirit. They helped to establish and confirm among

nations the habit of round-table discussion of international matters. Out of such conferring will eventually come enlarged sympathies, heightened esteem of each nation for the other, better understanding and a more enduring international friendship. Individuals no longer settle personal disputes by pistols and swords. Nations must likewise turn from violence to conference and to judicial processes if civilisation is to survive.

The London Conference held early this year (1930) for the purpose of securing a five-power treaty on reduction of naval armaments, was a great disappointment to multitudes. Its very purpose seemed strangely at odds with the Pact of Paris which renounced recourse to armaments in settling international disputes. The Conference failed to secure the signatures of the five nations which signed the Washington treaty in 1922. The United States, Great Britain and Japan did succeed in achieving a three power treaty. It failed to reduce cruiser tonnage, but it did reduce the battleships of the three nations by nine. It failed to reduce the number of aircraft carriers but it reduced the tonnage of destroyers, and in this there may be some cause for thanksgiving. The London Conference refused to abolish the submarine, but it did reduce submarine tonnage. It failed to take steps toward the complete abolition of the battleship, but it did extend the so-called naval holiday, a period during which no additional battleships may be built. The Washington Conference fixed a ten-year holiday and the London Conference added five years. This is not a long extension but it is heartening to all lovers of peace. And it is encouraging to recall that Great Britain and Italy wanted to abolish the battleship entirely. The chief reason why it was not done was because the United States objected.

The London Conference was not a failure in what it

did. The real failure was in what it proposed to do. That proposal was a denial of the Pact of Paris. Be it remembered that all the nations present had signed the Pact of Paris which specifically states that, "The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another. The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or origin, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means." All of the nations had signed that before the London Conference. How then could they refuse to sign a five-power treaty? Why did they talk about parity in arms? Why did the nations which had renounced war spend the period of the London Conference in discussing parity or equality in the instruments of war? It all seemed so contradictory to the Pact of Paris which, if taken seriously, lays the ax at the root of the war tree, and changes the status of the institution of war from a sovereign national right to a national crime. If the Pact of Paris had been taken seriously, there could have been no conference on the limitation of armaments because the Pact of Paris renounces armaments.

Since August 27, 1928, America has had a new patriot. By the signing of the Pact of Paris the man who would resort to force in the settlement of international disputes, was made the disloyal citizen. The American who was reproached in 1917-18 as a "pacifist" is no longer unpatriotic and treasonable. Patriotism and loyalty can at last walk hand in hand with intelligence and good-will. Patriotism now becomes identified with devotion not alone to the highest welfare of the nation, but to the well-being

of the world. Patriotism may now be concerned with all nations, seeing that in all the higher interests the world is one. The new patriotism can no longer lie and call it diplomacy, steal and call it annexation, or kill and call it war. The new patriot must now subordinate national rights to elemental human rights. The new patriotism may now walk hand in hand with religion, seeking first not its own selfish interests, but the will of God and the universal good of mankind. Germany considered Karl Liebknecht traitorous when, in 1914 he refused to support his government in what it proposed to do. Many Americans were considered traitorous in 1917 on similar grounds. The Pact of Paris has put patriotism on a new basis. The jingoist and chauvinist have become the traitors to both nation and race. The new patriot is the pacifist.

In the light of the Pact of Paris, how inconsistent we are in promoting citizens military training camps and in spending millions of dollars in their upkeep. Even our postal department promotes attendance on these summer military activities by cancelling the postage stamps on our letters with a device reading "Citizens Military Training Camp, Let's Go."

And how inconsistent with the spirit and the letter of the Pact of Paris are our spectacular war games, played by both the army and the navy, on land and sea and in air. The chief purpose of these games seems to be to demonstrate our need of stronger national defense. They cost millions of dollars. The press delights in describing these imposing exhibitions in picture and in story, thus giving these spectacles a stage as wide as the nation itself. No such publicity attends the activity of any other phase of our national life. The money spent on these exhibitions would build and endow a score of colleges and finance an army of scientists in their research toward a healthier and

happier citizenry. But the net result of the expenditures for this military show-off is the building up of a war complex which minimizes any protest against huge army and navy appropriations.

In the light of the Pact of Paris, why should military training be compulsory in so many American colleges and high schools? When we renounced war as an instrument of national policy, and pledged our nation never to resort to arms in settling international disputes, did we mean what we promised? If so, why do we continue to lead the world in these militarizing processes which take place on the American campus? In this "land of the free," to which many have come to escape the evils of military training, we have the spectacle of military training in 125 colleges and 193 high schools, and in 159 of these schools it is compulsory. It was our emphasis on this type of training which led Japan to introduce military instruction in her schools in 1926.

In 1910 we had 57 schools giving military training or instruction under the war department. Now we have 318 such schools, 193 of which are of high school grade. In 1910 there were 85 army men assigned to duty in schools. Now there are nearly 1,800. In 1910 our government spent $725,168 for this type of military training. In 1925 this expenditure had increased to $10,696,504. In 1927 the cost of such instruction had exceeded, by $700,000, the total cost of operating the home and foreign service of the Department of State. The present (1930) annual cost of such instruction is approximately twelve million dollars.

In 1910 our schools had 29,000 students enrolled in their military courses. Now there are over 125,000. Of these 125,000 scarcely 3,000 become reserve officers. Thus the nation is paying $4,000 for each reserve officer pro-

duced by this system. What inexcusable waste! New Zealand, Australia, and Great Britain have largely withdrawn financial aid from boys being trained as cadets. Why should we not make similar economies?

In addition to this student military training, there are nearly a quarter of a million young men in attendance every summer at citizens military training camps. All of these are being trained to think war. They have fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives, sweethearts, who are also being trained to think war. The whole nation is being given a war complex. And we cannot think war and have peace. President Morgan of Antioch College in Ohio says, "Military training in our schools has as its chief result, not increased efficiency in the technique of warfare, but rather a change in the mental outlook of our young people, so they look upon war as a normal part of life, and expect to take part in it. The battle for war or peace is being fought to-day in our schools and colleges."

The patriotism fostered by military training is of the narrow and vain-glorious sort. It is utterly out of place in an interdependent world where each nation must cooperate with all if any is to be secure. Security has never been reached by military training. This is the verdict of history. It is a sort of defense which does not defend. It provokes the very thing it professes to avoid. It creates a sense of insecurity and fear on the part of the other nations which makes war inevitable. One man like Mr. Herrick, our late ambassador to France, or like Mr. Morrow, our recent embassador to Mexico, is worth more as national defense than all of our military training and all of our battleships.

Compulsory military training often violates the conscience of the individual. Why should any one who resents being made a cog in a military machine, be compelled

to submit to the militarizing process on pain of being denied entrance into, or expelled from State institutions supported by public taxation? It is not only a violation of the conscience of the individual, it is a denial of a fundamental right of citizenship.

The appeal of the military phase of school life is not always from a patriotic standpoint. There is the lure of free uniforms, subsistence allowances, free use of the cavalry horses for riding and polo, and the hope of "getting by" with a poor grade of class room work. Even members of the opposite sex are used as an enticement. The most attractive co-eds are made honourary "majors" and "colonels" in many colleges, and given uniforms befitting their positions, so as to make military activities more attractive.

The champions of military training in our schools claim that such training is good physical education. But this is denied by the American Physical Education Association, the National Education Association, the World Federation of Education Associations, the founder of the West Point System of Physical Training, and by Dr. Jesse F. Williams of the Department of Physical Education at Columbia University. All of the best physical directors condemn it as of far less physical value than systematic athletics and well organised sports. It was not originally meant for physical training, but for military discipline. The United States Army has no college of physical education to train teachers of physical education, hence military instructors are handicapped. Military drill is so restricted that it is cramping. It is so monotonous that it kills enthusiasm, enjoyment and initiative. It takes no account of individual differences and needs. It develops no sports or skill that can be continued beyond the campus. The habits inculcated by military discipline are

not transferable to civil life, for civil life is different. Military drill is a discipline of compulsion. In training citizens for a democracy there must be that freedom of choice which is essential to growth. Military training is something worked out and handed down from superiors. A fundamental principle in character training is that one shall face each new situation for himself and learn to solve his own problems. Modern education does not attempt to hand down to students correct answers to life questions. The best commentary on military training is in the conduct of army men when off duty. One might learn perfect obedience to a drill master, but this would not bring with it obedience to the laws of our country.

Military training is poor training in American citizenship. Education for democracy must be education in democracy. Military codes and instructors are prepared to serve in wars, conducted by a military despotism. Unquestioning obedience is the first virtue of a soldier.

> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die.

In a democracy the right to question and reply is fundamental. Thus one of the highest duties of a citizen in a democracy is treason for the soldier. Military courses teach that service to one's country means military service and that military service is the highest form of service. The military instructor knows little of the problems of civilians in a democracy. He lives in another world. He is unfitted to lead men in ways of peace, for his thinking is not along lines of peaceful attitudes and methods.

Honest army officers do not contend for military training on such grounds. They are frank enough to say just what such training is for. An army officer writing in *The Army and Navy Journal,* of July 25, 1925 says:

"Good citizenship is an excellent thing, and so are religion, filial affection and brotherly love. But they are not the ends of the army. An army exist to kill men, when ordered, in the nation's quarrel, irrespective of justice. It should train its men to that single end. I do not mean that its members should insult women or steal chickens; I am not advocating riotous 'hard guys.' But if it is a choice between praising God and going to bayonet drill, God should wait. If we object to any of our citizens thus specializing on murderous and unchristian activities we should abolish the army. If we want an army we should recognise it for what it is. We should not tell lies about it being a school for citizenship or manual training; nor clutter up the drill ground with disciples of these irrelevant arts."

The chief danger of all this training in C. M. T. C., and on the campus is not that it makes actual soldiers of our boys. In case of war they would have to be retrained. The real danger is that when the world is striving for a peace viewpoint it increases the number of those who have the military point of view, and whose habits of thought suggest no other way for the settlement of international disputes than the force of arms. Wars always arise out of such habits of thought and feeiing, and military training keeps these habits alive.

We have short memories indeed if we do not recall how Americans felt about Germany's excessive military training, and military appropriations, in those years before the outbreak of the World War. And yet we have become Germany's successor! We spend more money on our army and navy than any other nation under the stars. We are training more civilians in the arts of war than any other land. Does it ever occur to us that the same charge of militarism we made against Germany may now be levelled at us?

How shall America escape from militarism? How shall we make effective the Pact of Paris? How shall we

make our contribution to the peace and cooperation of the nations? First of all we must renounce that philosophy which says, in effect, "We are a peaceful people, but we cannot trust the other nations. Therefore we must build an army and navy of which the rest of the world will be afraid and then we will have peace." If America turns to a program of naval expansion, in order to build up to the limits of the London Treaty, she will affront England and Japan who are opposed to building up to the limits, and a naval race may ensue which will likely end in war.

As good citizens we must protest against any increase in appropriations for the army and navy. Our government officials are limited by the sentiments of the people who elect them to office. They cannot do as they please. Our President must keep his eye on Congress and Congress must keep its eye on the people. Any widespread protest on the part of the people against huge army and navy appropriations will register in Washington. Thus the common people may reduce the present international friction which is being caused by our tendency toward militarism.

As good citizens we must protest against military training in our tax supported schools as being subversive of the fundamental rights of conscience and citizenship. Our protest will register with the "powers" who depend on our suffrage. By our protest we will protect our youth against that hideous philosophy which says "there is nothing so cooling to a nation's hot temper as a piece of cold steel." We must get rid of that drama enacted daily on hundreds of campuses which says in effect "if disputes arise between our nation and any other this is the way to settle it." And in the place of this picture we must put adequate emphasis on international acquaintance and cooperation. We must educate a generation to think peace. And we must not

be discouraged at the appalling difficulty of changing the thought habits of centuries. The New York *Times* recently listed ten "hot spots" from which wars might come, but omitted the fact that the hottest spot of all lies in the great number of people who have the militaristic point of view.

As good citizens we must emphasise by our ballots the importance of America's entrance into the World Court. In no other way can we make the Pact of Paris effective. If we enter the World Court, as all Presidents and Secretaries of State for three decades have advocated, we will take our place by the side of the nations which are learning to substitute law and reason for force and violence in all of their relations with one another.

And, last but not least, as good citizens we must, in the language of the army officer I have just quoted, recognise war for what it is. We must not forget that it is the supreme waste of all that is worth saving. The Carnegie Foundation says the World War destroyed three hundred and thirty-seven billion dollars worth of the world's wealth. It cost $33,700 to kill each man who died, and ten millions were killed at that rate!

War must be recognised for what it is. Then we shall see that the sword of its authority is naught but the club of Cain, stained with fratricidal blood; that its crown is made from the thorns with which civilisation has been mocked; that its jewels are the crystallised tears of grief shed over the slain; that its dazzling robe has been dyed crimson in the blood of those most fit to live; and that its throne rests on a pyramid of skulls.

War must be recognised for what it is. We shall then see that it bestows curses but no blessings; that it prostitutes man's heroism and intelligence to the most brutal and destructive ends; that it seduce art, causing poets, painters and sculptors to take their inspiration and their themes

from scenes of strife; that it is the arch-destroyer, laying cities in waste and leaving behind only pathetic ruins to be the mute historians of vanished greatness; that it is the great Ananias of the universe, creating under its false lights the illusion that war is glorious, and so giving to arms a stolen splendour.

War must be recognised for what it is. Then we shall see that at its coming the tools of honest and constructive effort are stricken from the hands of men; that it takes the toilers in happy and gainful industry and desecrates them by gas and guns and leaves them dead or writhing in horrible agony on fields of ghastliness; that it converts solemn contracts into scraps of paper; that it acknowledges no superior; reveres no personality; obeys no law; reduces religion to a sham; scorns the creed of love as the doctrine of weaklings; makes brutality the foundation of a nation's glory and armaments the custodian of a nation's honour.

War must be recognised for what it is. And then we shall not promote the sword-rattlers to places of national leadership nor lay heavy burdens on our citizenry in order to continue making human sacrifices on the altar of the great god Mars. Instead we shall hear voices of condemnation from lips that long ago were dust, ghostly voices, like that of Abel, crying from out the ground, beseeching us to avenge them. We shall see that the glory of war is as cold and cheerless as a day without the sun, as black as night without a star. And we shall understand why its praises are chiefly sung by tongues of greed and cruel lips of hate. And, when war is seen for what it is, it will be destroyed and left by the pathway of progress, just as the race has left slavery and duelling by the wayside in its slow toiling toward the city of its dreams.

IV

THE OLD SOUTH *

I INVITE you to accompany me for a little while on a pilgrimage over the road of yesterday to the Old South—that romantic land of sunshine and shadow, bravery and beauty, graves and garlands, monuments and memories. I promise that as we journey back to "the Land of the Bonnie Blue Flag" and talk of—

> Old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles of long ago,

I will not attempt to stir your minds with sectional animosities. It is far too late to argue the virtues or vices of those issues which were argued long ago by bullet and bayonet, by shrapnel and the sword. Criminations and recriminations are poor balm for the healing of national wounds.

I would stir up your minds, by way of remembrance, to a keener appreciation of one of the most brilliant civilisations in the history of our planet. I would lift the veil of the yesterdays for a moment and give you a glimpse of the beauty and chivalry of the vanished years.

There is a tendency to-day to belittle the manners, customs and characteristics of the civilisation which existed before our Athens fell. A multitude of orators and

* Delivered before the Peninsula Shrine Club of Virginia on January 26, 1926, and published in full, on the following day, in *The Daily Press* of Newport News, Virginia.

authors seem to be joined in a conspiracy to cast a shadow over the fair fame of the Old South. The New South is an overworked phrase. It is to be deplored that Henry W. Grady gave the coinage such popularity. It has been avidly seized upon by a great company of writers and orators from various sections. Indeed some of the South's own sons and daughters have yielded to the seduction and "fawning upon the stranger they have cast reproach upon the friend." As if we were ashamed of the Old South! We never hear of a New East or a New North! When I hear the phrase "New South" it suggests to my mind something old and wrong made into something new and good. God forbid that any son of the Southland shall ever be ashamed of the ancient culture of his fathers. As a lover of peace I regret there was a Manassas, Gettysburg or Chancellorsville, but I am not ashamed of the manner in which our fathers acquitted themselves on those gory fields. Palsied be the hand that is raised to pull down the emblems of our father's glory. Dumb be the tongue which speaks disparagingly of the ancient chivalry and valour which made an age immortal!

Because of the tendency to forget, it is fitting that I call you to witness that the standards of the Old South, set up and zealously guarded by our fathers, were as high as any subsequent age has been able to raise. The so-called New South has not produced any higher type of womanhood than the lady of the Old South whose face looms out of the mists of the years like some rare and precious cameo. She had the elegance of a princess and the sympathy and understanding of a saint. In her heart faith was an ever-blooming flower, and for her, the "tree of romance never shed its leaves nor bade the spring adieu." She was the ideal companion, the most tactful comforter and the most genial philosopher. She exacted

little and gave much. Her love was a mantle that not only covered a multitude of faults, but shielded life from many hurts as well. She is one of the fairest pictures that rises out of the Old South; she is the tenderest grace of a day that is dead.

And as one unconsciously pays homage to the gentlewoman of the Old South, he feels no less the impulse to follow, like some ancient knight, after the heroism and devotion of the Southern gentleman. The Southerner of to-day is no marked improvement on his grandfather. Sometimes indeed he lacks that idefinable something his grandfather had. He may lack it unconsciously, or, if consciously, he may laugh at the lack of it. There have always been a few able to laugh at tragedy. The gentlemen of the Old South were hardly the grandees they have been painted by those who would discredit them. They were not fussy or haughty like many would-be grandees to-day, who strive to proclaim by the ringing of bells that they are gentlemen. The Old Southerner had the simple bearing of one who knows he is the peer of any living man, and knowing it, does not feel the necessity of forever asserting the fact.

The glory of the future does not lie in an attempt to break away from the past, but it lies rather in an effort to preserve inviolate the ideals of the Old South, and to transmit her characteristics unimpaired to future generations. Business and professional circles of to-day need the chivalric standard of yesterday with an urgency that cries to heaven. The honour of most business houses of the Old South was as sacredly guarded as the personal honour of the owners. Itinerant promoters and blatant schemers seeking to inaugurate enterprises for their own personal interests regardless of how the public was duped and shamed, were visited with the vengeance that only out-

raged honour could muster. Is it any sign that our day is an improvement on the former age when the very practices which once put a man beyond the pale of a gentleman are now winked at and condoned? In the commercial turn which the present age has taken, and in the questionable methods which many are practicing to outstrip men of integrity, there is a lowering of the fine moral tone which once marked Southern civilisation.

The highest test of manhood is its behaviour in disaster. It is in this dark realm that the example of the Old South shines as a beacon light on a wild and storm-tossed sea. When the "Bonnie Blue Flag" went down at Appomattox, its followers accepted the issue of war in good faith and returned to the wrecks and ruins of once prosperous and happy homes, to build them up anew. Kneeling amid the desolation they pledged to the memory of their dead comrades all their powers to the rebuilding of the walls of their Jerusalem. Hands that had so bravely wielded the weapons of war constructed another splendid civilisation on the ashes of the old. Where thousands of men, inflamed with the lust of war, once met and clinched and rolled in the gory mire, new cities have sprung up like beautiful flowers blossoming in the huge foot-prints of the god of battle. When the fierce spirit of the hour glass and scythe has measured off another millenium, the world will still remember the heroism of those men and women whose victories in peace were more renowned than their victories of war. In the hour that tried men's souls they made defeat glorious.

Southern chivalry is frequently alluded to by the stranger with derision and reproach. But it was more than a mere name. It was a spirit, the spirit of those gentler humanities of charity, courtesy, generosity, and hospitality, without which no man can rightly lay claim

to the exalted title of gentleman. Some one has said: "chivalry is written large in the history of this Republic. It was chivalry which faced the unknown West with fearless heart and carved an empire out of the heritage of the Montezumas; it stayed the heart of Taylor and Bragg on the blazing heights of Beuna Vista; it buoyed the spirit of Scott and Lee before the walls of Mexico; it kept the faith at Valley Forge and Yorktown; it met undismayed the red storm of fire and blood at Chancellorsville and the Wilderness; it marched up the stony ridge at Gettysburg as if on a holiday excursion; it did not draw back from the mortal trenches at Petersburg."

There are those who admit the chivalry of the stirring deeds of Valley Forge, Yorktown, Buena Vista, and the Alamo, but who deny it to those stirring deeds of the Civil War, on the grounds, that the latter were performed in a base cause. Meaning, of course, that these deeds were done in order to hold a people in bondage. How long will supposedly enlightened men believe that the Civil War was fought on the issue of slavery? If there had been no war the institution of slavery would soon have been outlawed by the growing conscience of mankind. Hundreds who, from conscientious scruples, had liberated their slaves long before the outbreak of the war, were just as ardent champions of the Southern Cause as any slaveholder. Let men who profess to be intelligent have done with the error that the War between the States was a slaveholders' war.

Every true Southern man deplores the fact that the barbarous practice of slavery was ever fastened on the South. He thinks of it along with other vices which the race has outgrown on its march upward. Every man who is willing to abide by the verdict of impartial history will admit that the great underlying cause of the Civil War

was the question of States Rights. It was a conflict between the Federal and the State governments, between the tyranny of centralisation and the democracy of sovereign States. It was solely and simply a contest for power. Nor was the Civil War the first contest between these two opposing forces. We must not forget that these two ideas strove together from the time the nation was born and once, at least, with almost fatal results. I refer to those vexing questions which the Convention of 1787 was called on to face. The great problem of establishing an equilibrium of power between the North and the South, and of reconciling the differences between the Federalists and the Democrats. The failure to adjust the balance of power and to reconcile the Nationalists and the States Rights advocates were the greatest defects of the Constitution of 1787. It was in this Constitution that the seeds of the Civil War were sown. Gaillard Hunt, in his "Disunion Sentiment in Congress in 1794" says that two New England Senators—King and Ellsworth—knowing the opposition in the South to Washington's Federalist views, invited several eminent men to a conference to consider the matter of a quiet and peaceable dissolution of the Union—the East from the South—with a boundary line to be drawn between the Potomac and the Hudson rivers. The findings of that conference were not given to the world until Gaillard Hunt published the documents in 1905.

There was never a time from 1787 to 1860 when the strife between the Union and the States was quiescent. This strife, which began at the birth of the nation, and which was intensified by the formation and adoption of the Constitution of 1787, was further aggravated by the struggle of 1820, relative to the admission of Missouri into the Union. The fierce contest regarding the Tariff

in 1832, the Mexican War, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, added still further fuel to the fire. The last named really gave rise to the Republican Party. The question of slavery was also seized upon by those who were already irritated, and thus a multitude of converging currents formed the mighty torrent which swept away the voluntary union of the States.

From the dread maelstrom of civil war we shall soon have naught but written story. Those who fought its battles will have folded their tents and departed. But not to oblivion! The bards of earth have ever loved lost causes. Hence, so long as time endures, there will be those whose lips will be touched with live coals from the high altar of the muses. The glory and grandeur of the Old South will be enshrined by them in song and story. Already the sons and daughters of the men who made the South famous by their swords are making it glorious by their pens.

But the chief glory of the Southland will not issue from sword or pen. Her real exaltation will come from such exalted living as will convince the world that the chivalric blood of the old Cavalier still flows in the veins of Southerners, and that the knightly spirit of old still animates the sons and daughters of illustrious forbears. Thus mankind will be convinced that we have not a new South but the old South resurrected and glorious, though with the nail-prints and spear-wounds of war still visible. High thinking and noble living will add still further glory to the fame of noble sires. For the glory of the father is ever enhanced by the glory ot the son. The fame of all great men is made more secure by the achievements of their successors. By failure to follow the voice of a noble past, men may shroud their forefathers with the graveclothes of death. By fidelity to and perpetuation of their ideals,

their names may be kept bright and shining on the scroll of the immortals.

It has not been my purpose to say any word in this lecture derogatory to the glory of the great of other sections of our common country. As the victories of Pompey and of Cæsar were the common renown of Rome, so the achievements of both North and South are the common renown of America. The red rose and the white are now entwined in the crown of British history. Likewise the Blue and Grey are forever blended in the garment of American history. We are told that both Athenians and Spartans erected monuments of perishable wood to celebrate victories over their own fellow-countrymen. But they built monuments of enduring stone to commemorate their triumphs over foreign foes. The Romans never permitted a triumph to any victor in their civil wars. If those ancient nations, which we call heathen, refused to perpetuate the memories of civil strife, shall we who call ourselves Christians be less magnanimous?

We must recognise, of course, that we have sectional lines and sectional differences, but these are only landmarks of that diversity which is the law of the universe. I have heard of an American politician who so wanted the votes of all the people in his somewhat cosmopolitan audience that he shouted, "I know no North or South, I know no East or West." Whereupon an urchin in the gallery piped out, "Mister, you better go home and study your goggerfy." The man who cannot recognise the four great sections of our country should heed the boy's advice to the politician. I do not even contend that it is possible for any man to love all sections alike, any more than it is possible for one to love all persons alike. And I am not so sure but that the highest patriotism is the patriotism which loves one's own section best. I do not expect to

have my Americanism challenged when I say that I am a Virginian first and an American afterward. My protest here is against thinking of the four sections of our country as antagonistic. Let us rather think of them as the four herculean pillars in the temple of our common country.

The South is busy pressing forward to political and economic greatness. And this is well. But let not the Southerner become so engrossed in material things as to forget the chivalry of his heroic forbears. Let him pause awhile and consider! Let him encore the spirits of the illustrious dead from the dusk of the vanished years that they speak again of virtues which should not die.

Why should it be thought treason if the Southerner pauses now and then and reverently uncovers before the Stars and Bars? Was not this banner bravely borne by loved hands that are now mouldering in the earth? Was it not blest by lips that are dust? Was it not loved by hearts that are still? Did not their fathers wave it gallantly above dread fields of destiny? Did they not see it furled at Appomattox? Did they not consecrate it by a baptism of blood and tears? Shall it be thought treason if we let it live in song and story now that its folds are in the dust? God forbid! It has been sanctified by the noblest blood of the Anglo-Saxon race. "It is hallowed with recollections as touching as a soldier's parting tear on the white bosom of his manhood's bride—as tender as his last farewell." Let the "Bonnie Blue Flag" remain as a memorial of one of the most brilliant civilisations in all the tide of time.

V

MY PARISH IN THE BATTLEFIELDS*

THE early years of a ministerial career are often burdensome to both clergyman and congregation. I will not here attempt to say just how taxing upon the patience and endurance of the churches my own first efforts were, as I tried my clerical wings. I will say however that the first eight years made a heavy drain on my own vitality. Probably the strain was increased in the very first years by the effort to preach every Sunday while attending college and seminary. At any rate the physical collapse came seven years after my ordination. I was only twenty-six at the time, having been ordained at the age of nineteen, and was serving a church of six hundred members in the capitol city of my native state.

Upon the advice of my physician, I began to cast about for some quiet spot in which I might serve a parish of a less exacting nature, and, at the same time, do some literary work which I had long contemplated. At this juncture, a dear friend, the late Captain Luther Wright of Richmond (to whose memory my "History of Caroline," published in 1924, is dedicated), suggested that I consider locating in Caroline, his native county, and an early American home of my own maternal ancestors. Captain Wright's suggestion was followed up, with the result that

* The substance of this address has been delivered on numerous occasions. It was first published by *The Caroline Progress*, a weekly newspaper, at Bowling Green, Virginia.

I was soon settled in the sleepy little village of Bowling Green, the county seat of Caroline, and the centre of a parish then consisting of five churches located in four counties.

The financial remuneration from this parish was but a fraction of that to which I had become accustomed. But I was not dismayed at the prospect of this reduction in income. I was joyously recalling that two of my predecessors had come to this parish exhausted and worn from the labors of city pastorates, and here had regained health and vigour.

The first of the Churches constituting this parish was established in Bowling Green in 1832, and named Antioch, for that city mentioned in New Testament records as the place where the disciples of the Gallilean were first called Christians. This congregation, organised in 1832, resolved to wear the name Christian only. Also it was "Resolved, That, discarding all creeds and confessions of faith, save those found in the New Testament, we will bind ourselves to each other and to God, to live together as brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus, to love each other, and, as far as possible, to do and perform all the duties required of us as disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ." The story of this Church, as written by my dear friend, the late A. B. Chandler, Sr., is a heart-warming document.

The second Church of the parish, claimed by many to be the first in date of organisation, was called Emmaus, after the place toward which two heartbroken disciples of Jesus were journeying when they were joined by another Pilgrim who turned out to be the risen Lord. This Church is rich in history and tradition and has been the scene of many notable assemblies. It is said that the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railway used to run special trains to bring out the city-dwellers for the

annual Sunday dinner, which was spread under the great oaks that surrounded the "Meeting house." Everything was free to all and the congregation was disappointed if it did not have the privilege of feeding at least a thousand people on their great day. Revival meetings were usually in progress at the time of this midsummer festival.

The third Church of the parish was established in King William county nearly a century ago, and named Corinth for a city in which Saint Paul established a congregation nearly 1,900 years ago. I have been unable to find in the New Testament story of that Church a sufficient record of grace and goodness to warrant any modern Church in appropriating its name. It appears that this Church gave St. Paul more concern than any other congregation which he established. This Virginia Corinth was an improvement on the original and my monthly visits to it are bright spots in memory.

The fourth Church of the parish was established at Spotsylvania Court House in 1836, and named Berea, for that ancient Church whose members were called "more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily." This Church owned a good brick structure, which still bears the marks of cannon balls hurled during the Civil War. The members of this Virginia Berea were just as noble as the ancient Bereans. I shall not expect to find closer followers of the Gallilean on this side of the veil.

The fifth Church of this parish was situated in Orange county, sixty miles west of Bowling Green, and called Unionville, because of the union of two groups—Baptists and Disciples—which formed the congregation. The village which subsequently sprang up around the Church also bears the name Unionville. The only unity or union

I was ever able to find in this Church was in its name. Strife and bitter feuds had prevailed for years in this congregation. This spirit ruled when I began my ministry there. It prevailed when I bade the Church farewell, despite all my efforts to heal the wounds.

And yet there came from this quarrelsome Church a very rare spirit. He is now serving as the minister of the parish of which I am writing, though the parish has long since disassociated itself from this particular Church. I can still see him as he trudged off to school, a lad in knee trousers; I can see him as his face shone on that day I spoke to him of dedicating his life to the Christian ministry; I can see him as he was on the day when he had journeyed across the State so that I could formally ordain him to the ministry of the Gospel. When I think of him and the unfavourable spiritual atmosphere out of which he came, I am reminded of the beautiful water-lilies I have seen growing up out of the mud and slime of the lake bottom.

O star on the breast of the river,
O marvel of beauty and grace;
Did you drop right down from heaven
Out of the sweetest place?

Nay, nay, said the lily, I fell not from heaven,
None gave me my saintly white;
But I silently grew up from the darkness
And up from the dreary night.

From the ooze and slime of the river,
I won my glory and grace;
White souls fall not, oh my poet,
They rise to the sweetest place.

It will readily appear that the pastor of such a parish as this had to spend much time on the open road, in God's

great out of doors. And of all the tonics for the tired and sick, none can equal this. It is all the better, of course, if one can have the out of doors to brace the body and at the same time an historical atmosphere to stimulate the imagination. The fact that the roads to the various Churches traversed the most historic ground in Virginia, assured a bracing atmosphere to any one possessed of an imagination. And no unimaginative soul could serve long in this parish, for a lively and good-working imagination was just as essential in making the stipend meet the needs of life as in making one fit to fully appreciate the hallowed and historic spots which lay between the Churches of the parish.

The first Sunday of each month was given to the Church in Orange. This required an early departure from Bowling Green, if one would reach the Church in time for the eleven o'clock service. On leaving Bowling Green for Orange one comes to two historic spots even before passing from the confines of the village. The first of these is the tavern which stands on the site of an old stage-coach tavern of pre-Revolutionary days. The other is a monument with a bronze tablet thereon, marking the spot where six Baptist preachers were imprisoned in 1771, "For teaching and preaching the Gospel, without having Episcopal ordination, or a license from the General Court." We must bear in mind that this occurred before the disestablishment in Virginia.

Just beyond the confines of the village, to the north, is the old Howitzers Camping Ground, where the Richmond Howitzers had winter quarters during the Civil War. Passing by this spot I was always reminded of the story of Old Hines which my grandfather, Pinckney Greene Wingfield, a Civil War Veteran, delighted to relate. It was his version of the tale which was published in some

papers of the Southern Historical Society. To give the gist of the story as I had it from my grandfather may not be inappropriate in this sketch of my parish in these old battlefields.

Old Hines was evidently too old for the Army at the outbreak of the Civil War, but by some method as mysterious as himself, he became a member of the famous Richmond Howitzers, Second Company. In person he was low of stature, stoop-shouldered, bow-legged, had a large aquiline nose, a cocked eye, and a face over which a smile played almost constantly. He was a giant for strength, was quite deaf and uncommunicative. He never fought or acknowledged the command of his officers. But he was a source of joy to those who did fight. And cheerfulness is as essential in war as cannon and sword.

Old Hines went barefooted winter and summer, in consequence of which his feet were as horny and as tough as leather. When the soldiers wanted a little fun they would give him a bit of flour or "hard tack" to dance out the fire of his mess. Rolling his trousers to his knees and giving a "wild-cat yell" he would jump with bare feet into the camp fire, scattering embers in all directions. This was great fun to all except the cook who had to rebuild the fire.

This comical character was never known to perform any useful duty in camp or on the field. If he were placed on guard duty he would walk back to his mess. Remonstrances were useless for he could not hear. To question him was futile, for he would not talk. If placed in the guard house he was happy. If released he was equally content.

He was a great plunderer. Apparently he never slept. Much of the night he spent in roasting the pig or fowl that had fallen in his way, or to gathering roasting ears

from some nearby cornfield. The clothing and camp equipment of friend and foe had an equal attraction for him. When the fighting began he would begin to hunt for plunder. He collected the booty it seemed for the sheer love of collecting and mending. He had a mania for mending garments and sewing on buttons. He sang as he sewed and the burden of his song was, "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me." This he was constantly humming, in camp and on the field.

He seemed insensible to danger. Gathering his booty he would seat himself on the ground, in an exposed situation, like as not, and, oblivious to all around him, proceed with his sewing, quietly humming "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me." The rattle of musketry and the thunder of artillery had no terrors for him. If caissons were blown up, or if a shell burst near him, the only notice he gave it was to sing a little louder as he put on another button, or sewed on another patch.

Christmas day dawned upon the Howitzers Camp with Old Hines missing. No one could tell where he had gone. Some said his messmates had chased him off for dancing out the fire or for washing his face in their bread tray. Others said he had deserted. After a day or two there came tidings that he had rented a room in the hotel at Bowling Green and was living there in great style. A guard was sent for him. He was found seated before a roaring fire, with a bottle of brandy and a box of cigars. This was more than a half-fed Confederate soldier could bear—even from Old Hines—so he was marched back to camp under guard. In a few days he was brought to trial. When charges were preferred and he was given an opportunity to speak for himself, he arose and said, "Gemmen, I don't make no practice of leaving camp, but I allus keeps Christmas, I allus does." This was the longest

speech he had ever been known to make and it amazed the court. He was sentenced to remain in camp one week and to wear suspended from his neck a board on which was written, "Absent from camp without leave." On the day his sentence became effective the battery received marching orders, and Old Hines was forgotten. After marching about five miles he was seen trudging along in the rear, under a pyramid of plunder and a bit later one heard him remark, "Well, I'll be durned, if I ain't forgot that thing them gemmen give me!" He returned to camp for his board, which he wore about his neck for some time, apparently considering himself highly decorated.

Nearing Fredericksburg one comes upon a small stone by the highway, bearing the inscription, "Stuart and Pelham, Battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862." This stone marks the furthest gun to front in the artillery battle of Hamilton's Crossing, which point was reached by Stuart and Pelham about 3 P. M. of December 13th, with one gun belonging to the Richmond Howitzers and another belonging to Stuart's Horse Artillery. On reaching this spot, Stuart sent Pelham, his chief of artillery, back for all the artillery of Jackson's corps, and in a short time over sixty guns came up and dressed on the East of this marker. Mr. Vivian Minor Fleming, who gave me the story of this engagement, is now (1924) the only living man who helped to man these guns.

Passing through Fredericksburg, and thence along Sunken Road, the most active imagination is overwhelmed by the pictures conjured up. Along this old road was staged one of the greatest battle-scenes ever witnessed on the American continent. The broad, level field, stretching from the river to the position held by Lee, and extending several miles to the right and left, was literally covered by the advancing battle line of Burnside's army. In front

of the Confederate positions, and covering the left flank of the advancing Federal infantry, were massed the field batteries of the Federals. Long lines of cavalry protected the Federal left flank, while Stuart's cavalry hovered in their front and protected the Confederate right. As far as one could see to the left of the Confederate positions in the direction of Fredericksburg, the Federals were advancing to the attack. The sun glancing from flashing swords and glittering bayonets made a stirring scene. A detachment of Confederates halted down Sunken Road a few feet and saw Old Hines seated on the ground, with his pack beside him roasting some corn he had "foraged" and peacefully humming, "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me."

The famous charge began. Cannoneers with lash and spur thundered across the field and took position within pistol range of the Federal batteries. The longest sustained artillery duel of the Civil War was on. The heavy artillery of the Federals, posted across the river, on Stafford Heights, let down a barrage over the heads of their advancing troops. The Confederate batteries immediately joined in the awful orchestra of battle. Cannon spoke to cannon, roar answered roar, thunder reverberated to thunder. Shot and shell belched from every quarter with terrific fury. Trees were shattered as if in some mighty tempest. Horses maimed and mangled beyond description struggled in their dumb agony over dead and dying men. Caissons were disabled, guns dismounted, and the earth itself seemed to tremble at the awful roar of the artillery. On the Confederate left the long, rolling volleys of musketry told that Burnside was grappling with Lee's matchless infantry, only to be hurled back again and again in defeat and death. In the midst of this awful panorama of battle, and on top of a mountain of overcoats, blankets, knapsacks, and frying pans, Old Hines was seated, tailor

fashion, sewing away unconcernedly within the range of a dozen batteries. A shot from a Federal battery passed through two horses hitched to a caisson near where he sat, but all the notice he gave it was to cock up his eye and sing a little louder, "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me."

That night when the batteries had been silenced, and the curtain had fallen on the pitiful tragedy of war, Hines was seen trudging across the field with his plunder. Some reckless cavalryman rode him down, bag and baggage. Scrambling to his feet, all he said was, "Well I'll be durned."

Soon after passing over the battlefields of Fredericksburg one comes to the two beautiful monuments at Salem Church. One of these was erected to the Fifteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and the other to the Twenty-third New Jersey Regiment, which grappled with Wilcox's Alabama Regiment on May 3, 1862.

Not far from Salem Church is Chancellorsville. Standing by the roadside is the old Chancellor House in which the officers of the Federal Army were quartered during the Chancellorsville engagement. In passing this house I was always reminded of the story told me by Mrs. Mary Chancellor Frazer of Spotsylvania, whose home it was in those awful days. She and her brothers and sisters, were forced to flee across the open field where bullets were whistling in a veritable hailstorm of death. Mrs. Frazer was a very remarkable woman. I buried her after she had nearly reached the century mark. My heart has always been strangely stirred by her story. The story of Southern women during the Civil War is a stirring story, taken as a whole. They bore sufferings and hardships equal to if not surpassing those borne by the men in the field. Their courage and sacrifice make a page which glorifies the race. The years have rusted the hostile guns. The

battle flags have long since been furled. But, despite all disintegration and change, the lustre and glory of Southern womanhood remains undimmed. And when Father Time has measured off a millennium the world will still cherish the remembrance of those brave and heroic women who placed their all in the keeping of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and lost all save honour.

Leaving Chancellorsville, the historic spots appear in rapid succession. We are now approaching the heart of the New World's greatest battlefield. Passing the Chancellor House, we come to the stone which marks the bivouac of Lee and Jackson on the night of May 1, 1863. The late Dr. James Power Smith once told me at this spot he was awakened by the chill during the night of May 1st, and saw these two great generals seated on cracker boxes in earnest conversation, as they warmed their hands over a scant fire of twigs. And not very far from the stone which marks this bivouac is the spot where, on the next day, Doctor Smith saw General Jackson, seated on a stump, writing what proved to be his last message to his commander-in-chief. A part of this old stump had an honoured place in Doctor Smith's home, and the message written from the stump is now preserved in the Virginia State Library at Richmond.

Standing by the roadside, and not far from the spot where Jackson's last message was written, is a monument marking the spot where he fell. Within a few feet of this stone is a boulder set up by some contentious soul who insisted that the official monument was not placed on the exact spot, as if a few feet made a great difference!

Leaving this monument we come into "The Wilderness." It is appropriately named. It is a wilderness to this day. Over the now quiet scene once hovered the dark and destructive archangel of war under whose fell wings

thousands of men made in the image of God, grappled and rolled and fought and died in the wild red rage of battle. Passing through "The Wilderness" the sensitive soul may hear with the ears of imagination, the shrieks and cries of wounded and dying men as their voices mingle with the crackling and roar of the forest flames which once swept by, leaving charred bodies as a burnt offering on the altar of the god of war.

Passing out of "The Wilderness," and over the old Mine Run road, one recalls events of a much earlier day than those of the Civil War. Over this very road passed Spottiswood and his merry men on their way to the mountains. This road parallels for a short distance a narrow gauge railroad. A few feet from the road is a station called LaFayette, in honour of that chivalrous Frenchman who encamped there for a night. He made his tent under a great oak tree and on a branch of the tree he suspended his sword. This tree was blown down by a wind storm long after that storm we call death had swept the noble Frenchman into the realm beyond the veil. The tree was converted into cross ties. Several of them were purchased by the Rev. Dr. Howison, the noted historian of Fredericksburg, who converted them into walking sticks as gifts for his friends. And now after passing through these fields once presided over by the great god Mars, we come to the little white Church in a grove of oaks, where many of the descendants of those who struggled in the wild red rage of war are waiting to hear the message of the Prince of Peace.

VI

THE STRENGTH OF A NATION *

IS the boasted strength of America an illusion? Are our institutions permanent? May not their greatness depart like "the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome?" Does history show us any reason for the continuance of the American Republic that did not exist in the republics of the past? Is the fate of extinct republics prophetic of the end of existing and future republics? These are questions which we as patriots and thoughtful students of history must ponder.

The vastness of our domain is in itself dangerous. It makes possible sectional differences, oppositions, jealousies, and strife. The amazing growth of American industrialism constantly threatens us with a conflict between capital and labour. The influx of people from other lands is slowly but steadily changing our national thought, habit, and tradition. The tendency to desert the land for the already congested cities is thought to be unfavourable to our national prosperity. If we may believe the historian, this was the first step in the downfall of the Greek and Roman Republics. Our rival political parties may become (some say they have already become) so callous of conscience in their treatment of each other as to bring about that condition against which Washington warned in his Farewell Address. The thirst for forbidden drink and the

* Delivered before The Forum of Hopewell, Virginia, October 2, 1918, and reported in *The Bulletin* of that organization.

greed for gain have brought disregard for constitutional law. The law's delay and the growing idea that there is one code of justice for the rich and another for the poor, threaten to undermine the chief corner stone of the republic. Our present economic and educational systems jeopardise the morals of the country by making marriage almost impossible at that period of life when the sex tension is most pronounced. Religious intolerance still stalks abroad, creating strife between citizens who would otherwise dwell together in peace and harmony. Militarism still parades its blustering form, intimidating those who would labour for peace. These are some of the dangers which beset our republic. And some of these things were the foes which sapped the life of past republics and brought them to the dust.

America is committing the tragic blunder of measuring her national strength by her imports, exports and trade returns. That nation is blind indeed which interprets its strength in terms of material wealth. No country can be strong so long as human life is held cheaply, so long as great numbers exist in poverty and sordidness, with never a vision higher than that of the dumb brutes which perish.

Because John Ruskin lived a century ago we are prone to think his words out of date and to call for a more modern authority. Nevertheless it is my conviction that we will do well to turn back to the writings of this great English prophet who never tired of emphasizing the superiority of human wealth to material possessions. His economic writings, as a whole, are protests against the materialistic creed in which we Americans are coming to believe so implicitly. He insisted that:

"The true veins of a nation's strength are purple and not yellow gold; imbedded in flesh and not in rock. And to be

strong, indeed to survive, a nation must cast all thought of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose and, at least, attain to the virtues of that Roman mother who led forth her sons, saying, 'These are my jewels!'"

Woodrow Wilson rose to the stature of a prophet when he insisted that before a nation can be saved materially it must be saved spiritually. When a lofty idealism possesses the soul of a people that nation is strong, regardless of the state of the national exchequer. Legislation is unable to make a nation strong save as it is undergirded and upheld by great moral sanctions. Moral force is ever stronger than physical force and, in the long run, human rights must win over property rights. All of earth's Alexanders, Cæsars, Pharaohs and Napoleons have not been able to withstand a great moral idealism whose hour had come.

A nation to be strong must have a strong social conscience, not regarding prudence and expedience as the chief virtues, nor acting from that fear which robs all action of its moral content. It is too much to expect that this social conscience will be expressed in a perfect code of laws. But it will, at least, find expression in a working scheme with a standard sufficiently high to safeguard the interests of the humblest citizen. A nation's life need not necessarily be ruled by the conventional, nor by the manner in which other nations appraise its actions, but a nation should rather direct its energies to remedying those unhappy conditions which may appear within its borders regardless of the moral climate which may, at the time, enshroud the world. No nation may lay claim to strength unless its judgments and decisions are made independent of, and often in opposition to the siren voices of policy and immediate gain. The moral order which enfolds us

does not require a nation to blindly obey a "rule of thumb," but it does require a nation to respond readily and willingly to the cry of the least and the last of its citizens. And the nation which recognises this moral order of the universe and labours in harmony with it, will perpetuate its own life and enrich the life of the world at large.

The strength of a nation lies in the impartial administration of justice to all of its citizens. There is a growing discontent in America over what is termed the double standard of justice. Many are coming to believe that there is one code for the strong and the rich and another for the poor and the weak. The law's delay, of which Shakespeare makes his Hamlet complain, is still with us. And the greater the wealth arrayed against the administration of justice the greater the delay. The result is a growing disrespect for all law which stuns and amazes, while the sinister forms of anarchy and rebellion loom above the horizon.

The story is told of a juryman who retired temporarily from the court room during the trial of an important case, whereupon his faithful dog took possession of his chair. The near-sighted judge hearing the door open and thinking the juryman had returned to his seat, told the lawyer to proceed. The lawyer responded saying "that fellow may do for a witness but not for a juryman." Our present manner of administering justice may do for a monarchy but not for a republic.

The strength of a nation lies in the proper education of its citizens. By proper education I mean an education which will give men a consciousness of their power to live above and superior to hard circumstances; an education which will produce a race of men and women who will regard themselves as victors rather than victims. Men

and women educated to this consciousness of power will not so readily accept the so-called "ruling ideas" of the nation which are frequently not ideas at all, but rather survivals of strange notions that somebody once believed, and others assented to, without thinking very much about them. When properly educated, men and women are delivered from the worst tyranny that has ever existed—the fear of that collective judgment of their fellows which so often overcomes the sense of righteousness and justice. This education will deliver men from despair when they see something fail which they know ought to succeed. They will not question the measure which failed without questioning at the same time the wisdom or ignorance of the masses who were not ready for its adoption. The strength of a nation will lie in an army of school teachers dedicated to the dissemination of the sort of education which will make a people easy to lead and govern but difficult to drive or enslave. A people so educated may be entrusted with the ballot, the most potent weapon in the life of any republic. It is a trite observation to say that no people can be safe so long as great numbers possess the right of suffrage without possessing the intelligence to properly use this highest privilege of citizenship. Ignorance may be the foundation of a throne but intelligence is the chief pillar of any republic.

The strength of a nation lies in the mutual good-will of its citizens. Sectionalism and partisanship have been the curse of all the republics of history. Probably the first of the world's republics might be appropriately called "The United States of Israel." The twelve tribes established this nation on the principle of universal suffrage. They had such organic and constitutional laws as provided a very humane form of government. They safeguarded against such hoarding of wealth on the part of

the individual as would give rise to class conflict. The feudal and manorial systems, such as later flourished on the Continent and in England, were unknown. The very character and genius of the Hebrew people seemed to be foreign to such institutions. Monopoly was non-existent. Usury was prohibited. Prosperity reigned to such a degree that we are told "every man dwelt under his own vine and fig tree." But after awhile love for this commonwealth burned low, party strife arose between the twelve units and disintegration began. Samuel sought to stay this disintegration, and succeeded for awhile, but his sons failed to adhere to his wise policy, the people became discontent and asked for a king and so perished a republic, at least as much a republic as a theocracy, after four centuries of splendid history.

Babylon is a striking illustration of the truth that no nation can long endure which places material wealth above human personality. Goldsmith has well said:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Babylon put her trust in material possessions and disregarded human rights and human values. This policy exacted its inevitable price. Her riches served to attract her enemies. Her slaves and discontented subject peoples weakened her arm and made her an easy prey to her enemies when they came upon her, and then Babylon learned the truth, that Bacon expressed centuries afterward, that "Money is not the strength of a nation where the sinews of men are failing." When the Medes came upon her, Babylon discovered that with all her wealth she was powerless to bribe such an enemy, for they regarded not silver nor delighted in gold. These savage hordes were no more to be bought off than were the Goths

and Vandals who overran Rome. In the hour of distress Babylon needed men more than money and a man was "more precious then than gold, even than the pure gold of Ophir."

Carthage was founded, most historians believe about 800 B.C., by the liberty-loving Phœnician refugees who had suffered persecution in Tyre. Almost from the beginning Carthage was a plutocratic republic. Aristotle, writing about 330 B.C., emphasises the importance of wealth in Carthaginian politics. There was an aristocratic party, however, which was represented by the Suffetes and the Senate; the plutocratic party was represented by the popular assembly. The Suffetes presided in the Senate and controlled the civil administration. The office was annual but there was no limit to re-election. Hannibal was re-elected for 22 years. The Senate was like that of Tyre, from which the Carthaginians had come. It was composed of 300 members of the aristocratic party who exercised control over all public affairs, decided on war or peace, nominated the Commission of Ten, which Commission aided and controlled the Suffetes. The Popular Assembly was composed of all the citizens who possessed certain property qualifications. The election of the Suffetes had to be ratified by this Assembly. These two bodies were almost always in opposition and this opposition was one of the chief causes of the fall of the republic.

Carthage flourished, despite the Sicilian and Punic wars, until destroyed by Rome in 146 B.C. When the conflict with Rome began, Carthage seemed to have every advantage. She controlled the seas with her navy and her vessels of commerce. She had become rich from her trade with the East. But her wealth and luxurious living had softened her citizens. Her soldiers were, for the

most part, criminals and hired foreigners, wholly unlike the soldiers of Hannibal. The strife between the aristocratic and plutocratic parties waxed furious. Patriotism became but a name. The vices of the idle and the rich were smiled at and condoned. And these things sounded the death knell of Carthage.

After her downfall a commission was sent from Rome to decide the fate of the province. Then the city was levelled to the ground and the site itself dedicated to the infernal gods and all human occupancy of the vast ruined area was forbidden.

The thick bed of cinders, blackened stones, fragments of twisted metal and half-calcined bones found to-day at a depth of 15 feet under the remains of Roman Carthage all bear grim witness to the terrible fate which overtook this once glorious city.

By the beginning of the Peloponnesian War the Greek states had adopted democratic constitutions. And in many respects the Greek Republic was the most brilliant of antiquity. It is also generally conceded that in Greece we find the first attempt to establish a common system of democratic institutions administered by a sovereign people. Athens in the age of Thucydides was the centre of Greece and the capital of her finest culture. But in the midst of her pride and boasting the republic fell and "The Great Age" (480-338 B.C.) came to an end. Luxurious living ennervated the rich and extreme poverty crushed the spirit of the poor. Political corruption beclouded the sense of liberty and prepared the way for a change of government. It was an age of the professional soldier and the professional politician. And when patriotism, charity, religion and morality become professionalized their usefulness draws quickly to an end, Miltiades defeated the Persians at Marathon and "saved his country" and Themistocles

was so envious of his success that he could not sleep. He would have preferred the defeat of his country rather than the success of his rival. Aristides, "The Just," preferred the defeat of his country rather than its victory at the hands of his rival, Themistocles, whose naval programme he despised. Even the matchless eloquence of Demosthenes failed to rouse his countrymen to see that the future of their country was of more importance than all the petty ambitions of rival generals. He failed to open their blind eyes to the ambitious designs of the Macedonians and so doom came.

> Thus states are shorn and nations weep
> For crimes committed while they sleep.

The Roman Republic (509-265 B.C.) emerged from the monarchy with but little disturbance. The title of king was retained, though only as a sort of priestly officer (rex sacrorum) to whom some of the religious functions of the former kings were transferred. The two annually elected consuls were chosen by the landholders. Government was to a great degree of, for and by the people. During the first days of the republic, Rome made great strides in every phase of her national life. Her women were domestic and her sons were strong and lovers of the soil. They believed their government eternal and inscribed this belief over their gates. And then decay set in. Roman women, once noted for their domestic virtues, spent their time in frivolities and lavished upon dumb animals the affections which were meant for mankind. Agriculture was abandoned to slaves as a thing beneath free men. Even Virgil's songs failed to restore toil to its place of honour. The fields were abandoned and grain was brought in from other lands. The games and gladitorial combats were crowded with spectators. Great wealth

and luxury ennervated the people. Society became corrupt. Shakespeare, by the mouth of Coriolanus, describes it as a "reek of rotten fens." The republic fell under the weight of its own corruption after centuries of glory.

> Great Rome is dead and her glory gone!
> But her murderers still go marching on.

The Italian Republics further illustrate the thesis. The Republic of Florence extended its domain over the Tuscan cities and gained access to the sea. Many wars were fought between 1453 and 1492 to check the growing power of Venice, but in vain. She was successful abroad and defended herself against the combined powers that tried to crush her. The republic of Venice took her place in the 14th century as one of the great powers. The constitution of the commonwealth had slowly matured itself through a series of revolutions which confirmed and defined a singular type of stability. Venice successfully contested the supremacy of the Mediterranean. Pisa's maritime power having been extinguished in the battle of Meloria, in 1284, the Republics of Venice and Genoa had no rivals.

The Venetians then defeated the Genoese, after which they also added Verona, Vicenza and Padua to their territory. Their career of conquest, and their new policy of forming Italian alliances made the Venetians the chief founders of confederated Italy. But the time came when their chief citizens thought more of their private fortunes than of the common good. The soldiers were largely foreigners who fought for money and were ready when personal interests required to desert their posts. The Turkish wars exhausted the Venetian Treasury. The discovery of the Cape route to the Indies cut the tap root of her commercial prosperity by diverting the stream of

traffic from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. The French Revolution burst over Europe. Napoleon while engaged in the Austrian campaign seized Venice on the pretext that it was hostile to him and a menace to his line of retreat. And thus the oldest republic in the world, the republic which had held out against the combined armies of Europe and which had humbled Barbarossa, came to an end.

The story of the Republic of the United Netherlands, as told by John Lothrop Motley, should give pause to all students of American government. One of the most thrilling pages of history is that which records the struggle of the United Provinces for liberty. Spain determined to subdue them to the Roman See, but on January 30, 1648, a treaty was signed at Munster which was dictated by the Dutch and involved a complete surrender of everything for which Spain so long had fought. The United Provinces were recognised as free and independent and Spain dropped all her claims. Thus with triumph for the provinces, the eighty years war came to an end.

The long struggle had made The Netherlands resourceful and for a century there was such prosperity as has hardly been equalled by any other state. She subdued the Spaniards, helped to humble Louis XIV and made the English nation tremble. She swept the English channel of all opposers, blockaded the Port of London and was being hailed as mistress of the seas. In the arts and sciences she attracted the admiration of the world. But her glory began to wane. The great wealth amassed by a few created a conflict between capital and labour and the question was carried into the government. Social and political corruption created general discontent. And it came to pass that William of Orange-Nassau, called "The Silent," become the Stadtholder of six of the seven states

which formed the once proud Republic of the United Netherlands, and over the gate of the republic was written the word Ichabod.

But why rehearse further pages of history? There it stands recorded, the whole tragic story of the rise and fall of republics. There it stands recorded how the power and the glory of the great republics of the past became a "vast shattered dream" through the same corrupting forces which gnaw at the vitals of the American Republic to-day. Wise is he who, through the dusk of the vanished years, can discern that fierce spirit of the hour glass and scythe writing the epitaphs of dead nations.

These are not myths which come to us out of the dim twilight of the past, but true stories of the winds of greed and corruption blowing out the lamps of life and power, stories of sinister forces poisoning the well-springs of the nations. And still, this fierce spirit of the Destroying Angel of the Nations, flies on from age to age, as sleepless as the stars, hurrying, as of old, other nations to their doom. Evermore this spirit goads its legions to combat the policies and principles of just government. The battle is joined. And when the din has died down to silence, will the lifting smoke clouds reveal the writhing and dying forms of human rights and the more pitiful heaps of dead hopes and shattered dreams? This fierce witch of nations evokes from her seething cauldron of frenzied politics and frenzied finance other baneful spirits which cause honour and reason to be forgotten in the mad rush for position, power and pelf. Can no dyke stay the corrupting flood and keep it in its channel? Can no system of laws prevent the glittering waves from finally drowning the life of the republic?

The science of free government is reduced to machine politics and the wealth of the nation is filched with dia-

bolical art, while she sleeps. This fierce spirit whispers the magic word "money," and positions and opinions on great principles and policies of government are forthwith reversed, and humble men who labour in field, forest, shop and deep down in perilous mines are forgotten. The calloused hands that hold hammer, axe, pick and spade are spurned, and the erstwhile enthusiastic multitudes who yesterday, entwined a laurel wreath about the honest brow of labour, now blinded by the god of mammon, press down a crown of thorns.

I would not be pessimistic, and yet I often wonder if the shadow of our own republic is not lengthening toward the East. Our constitution has been well-nigh interpreted to death. The American giant of suffrage has been shorn of his locks and his power while slumbering with the ballot in his hand. The ballot box, that great American Ark of the Covenant, has been woven over with cob-webs while the average citizen, drunk from indifference, has gone into a Rip Van Winkle sleep.

But, changing the figure, may we not hope that there is enough manhood and virtue to keep our ship of state at a fairly even keel and true to her course so that she may not be dashed to pieces by the hidden rocks that have sent other nations to their doom? Rocks of class legislation, rocks of extravagance, of bloated wealth, of imperialism, of militarism, of political and social corruption and of indifference.

Is it not even possible that America may give the world an example of the permanency of free and democratic institutions? Partisans may be using our institutions and demagogues may be using our laws for selfish ends, but, even so, these are not problems beyond correction. Our fathers' watchwords, intelligence, liberty, equality and

justice may yet be restored to their old places of honour in this our fathers' house.

Renouncing all temptations to class rights, aristocracies and hereditary privileges, let us maintain that every youth, whether the child of hut or mansion, shall have the right to join any rank of goodness and greatness for which he or she may qualify.

VII

SHALL WE SHUN GENEALOGY?*

SAINT PAUL advised both Timothy and Titus (I. Tim. 1:4 and Titus 3:9) to shun genealogy. Many and varied have been the interpretations of his advice. With the views of commentators and theologians this thesis shall have nothing to do, further than to state that St. Paul had no reference whatsoever to the civil genealogies of the Jews, whereby they traced their descent from the patriarchs. The Apostle referred to that interest in genealogies of spirits and œons which finally flowered into Gnosticism.

It is impossible to "shun genealogies." Interest in ancestry has been deep-rooted in man's mind for centuries. Gibbon the historian says that "A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the person of our forefathers. The knowledge of our own family from a remote period will always be esteemed as an abstract preëminence, since it can never be promiscuously enjoyed. If we read of some illustrious line, so ancient that it has no beginning and so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathise in its various fortunes."

Among nearly all races of men there seems to be an instinctive feeling that a long line of honourable ancestry

* Delivered before numerous hereditary societies and published in *The Magazine of American Genealogy.*

is a matter for legitimate pride. The admonition of St. Paul, to shun genealogies, would, if taken literally, be a contradiction of the Fifth Commandment to "Honour thy father and thy mother." Devotion to genealogy is nothing more or less than an extension of that commandment.

To those who would, by a mole-eyed literalism of interpretation, make St. Paul say what he would have repudiated, it may be pointed out that the Bible is a book of genealogy. The Old Testament glories in it and the New Testament begins with it. No man can understand the sacred volume who shuns genealogy. No one can understand any history, sacred or profane, who fails to give due regard to the descent of those who played the important rôles therein. Without genealogy the study of history becomes comparatively lifeless.

The most cursory reading of the Old Testament will convince anyone of the great care with which the Jews kept the records of the generation of their families. This characteristic of the Hebrews is illustrated in the opening chapters of the New Testament. The Gospel of St. Matthew traces the lineage of the family of Jesus back to David. And the Gospel of St. Luke does not let the genealogical record of the Christ stop with the king of Israel, but traces it back to Adam.

Nehemiah declares that, when he had rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem, his God put it in his heart to gather all the nobles, rulers and people so that they might be reckoned by genealogy. He found a register of the genealogy of those who had come up from Babylon. He also tells us that certain priests of mixed blood, descendants of the Gileadites, sought their register among those who were reckoned by genealogy and, failing to find it, they were put from the priesthood as polluted (Nehemiah, chapter 7).

It is recorded in the Book of Numbers (ch. 1) that Moses was commanded to take the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel, after their families, by the house of their fathers, and with the number of their names. Having assembled all the congregation together on the first day of the second month, he had them declare their pedigree, after their families, and by the house of their fathers. Following this declaration of pedigrees, the Israelites were commanded to pitch their tents, each by his own standard and with the ensign of his father's house. It is often contended that the beginnings of heraldry are traceable to these standards and ensigns mentioned in the first and second chapters of the Book of Numbers.

There are many references in both Old and New Testaments concerning the origin of names of individuals and tribes. Indeed such origins are leading features of Bible genealogies. And the matter of why we are named as we are is an interesting phase of all genealogy. It is fascinating to trace a name through the various changes wrought by time, and by migration from country to country, back to the land of its origin and back to its original form; to discover its affinities with other names in kindred languages, or even in widely differing tongues.

Surnames are full of significance, though the meaning of many of them has been obscured or lost under the accumulated lumber of time. These obscured meanings, if brought to light, would make clear a vast field of family history. Ancestral habitats, traits, honours, heroisms, struggles and nobilities would appear. The names of men and families were not wholly given as we name streets and number houses, simply as a matter of distinction. They often grew out of mental characteristics, such as bright, dull, quick, smart, sharp, able, wolf, bear, lion; or they were derived from physical characteristics, such as

short, long, strong; or from occupations, such as smith, weaver, baker, fisher; or from colours, such as black, blue, red, white and so forth. Armorial bearings are often but a pictorial representation of, or a play upon, the surname of the family. In some cases it may be as truly said that the name has become but a play upon the device in the coat of arms. Genealogy and heraldry are closely related.

It is sometimes claimed, though erroneously, that surnames were not used in England until the eleventh century. It is true that such names did not become common as family names until the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and even later. But the use of surnames is more ancient than English history. Egyptologists inform us that the old kings of Egypt bore surnames. The Hebrews were designated by the names of their fathers as well as by the names of their tribes. We read in St. Matthew on one Lebbaeus "whose surname was Thaddeus." St. Mark refers to one "Simon the Canaanite," and St. Luke refers to the same man as "Simon Zelotes." St. Peter's name was Simon Bar-Jona, meaning Simon son of Jona. In Wales surnames were used at an early period, and in Rome also. The Britons bore surnames as early as the third and fourth centuries. Angus McFergus and Kenneth McAlpine lived in Scotland in 730 and 836 A.D. respectively.

There are many names which are quite unmusical to the ear. One ancient family bore the name Villian. The well-known Roger, constable of Chester, England, bore the surname Hell. There are other families who bear the name Devil. Not only are there unmusical names, there are names of unhappy origin, the original meanings of which have happily been lost. For example, the name Bassett originally meant fat fellow; Percy meant a gross man; Trollope meant a slattern, and Maunder originally

meant a beggar. Many families bearing names whose origins were of unhappy significance have taken the necessary legal steps to change them. Such action in America has been by court and legislature. In England a change in surname is more difficult than in the United States, as British law does not look with much favour on such changes. In this connection I am reminded of a story heard in boyhood concerning a family in my native State. This family bore the unenviable name of Hogg. It was changed by law to Hoge. Whereupon some enemy of the family composed the following doggerel:

They are Hog by name,
And Hog by nature;
Though they be Hoge
By legislature.

No apology is offered for this seeming digression from the main point of this thesis, for, as has been pointed out, the matter of the origin of our names is pertinent in any discussion of genealogy. But, to return now to the main point, let us observe that no civilised man will affect to despise genealogy, since by it we are made aware of our ancestral heritage. And whether that heritage be good or ill it is well to be aware of it. If the heritage be unfortunate, a knowledge of it will put one on guard against hereditary weakness. A very true adage has it that "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." If the heritage be rich, a knowledge of it will spur one on to live up to the high standards of his ancestors. Yet, despite these truths, there are many who feel that this matter of ancestry, like Ulysses' bag of winds, should be left securely closed. John G. Saxe gave expression to this sentiment in the following lines from his "The Proud Miss McBride":

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

But if some "worthy relation" went to his long home by way of the "loop of a stronger twine" is it not well to know it? May not a worthy man take as much pride in having escaped from ignoble ancestors as one takes in maintaining the traditions of illustrious forbears? Praiseworthy is the man who, being of noble forefathers, strives to so live that he will bring no discredit upon his good family record. Equally deserving of praise and honour is the man who lifts himself from obscurity or from an evil heritage by his own will, and comes to a place of usefulness in a needy world. It is eternally true that worth makes the man. It is equally true that the record of a long line of honourable ancestors is a mighty incentive to men and women to lead such lives as will support the glory of their forefathers. The responsibility of a worthy ancestral heritage often stimulates and inspires to a chivalric conception and performance of duty. In respecting their forefathers, men are brought to respect themselves. Those who care little for their origins will care little for their goals. Burke was not far afield when he said "A people who never look back to their ancestors are not apt to look forward to posterity." Sir William Draper had the same thought in mind when he recommended that commissions in the British Army be filled "with such gentlemen as have the glory of their ancestors to support." It is quite safe to say that, all other things being equal, one can always feel safer in

choosing for any great responsibility the man who has inherited fine family traditions and the cumulative moralities of several generations. History abounds in the names of men and women who probably would have been content with mediocrity and obscurity had they not been spurred on by a sense of family pride and obligation.

Hereditary rank is repudiated in America, and happily so, but hereditary physical, mental and moral qualities cannot be repudiated or denied. There are certain strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by its physical features. And certainly no one will deny that physical tendencies and characteristics are hereditary. As true as Holy Writ, was the old saying to the effect that "The aquiline nose runs in the family of the Bonapartes, the thick lip in the House of the Hapsburgs and the bald head in the House of Hanover." Grant Allen, in his "Life of Charles Darwin," declares that "The great man springs from an ancestry competent to produce him. He is the final flower and ultimate outcome of those converging hereditary forces which culminate at last in the production of his splendid and exceptional personality." Ralph Waldo Emerson held views in substantial agreement with this quotation from Allen and, on one occasion, exclaimed "How shall a man escape from his ancestors? How shall he draw off from his veins the black drop which he drew from his father's or his mother's life!" Herbert Spencer declared that "When one comes into life the gate of gifts closes behind him for he has then received the ultimate gift of heredity." The very heart of the teaching of the celebrated Ribot is contained in the following words: "Heredity presents itself to us as a biological law that is inherent in every living thing, having no other limits than those of life itself. The law of herditary transmission has its rise in the very sources

of life. All that has been acquired, impressed or altered in the organisation of individuals during the course of their lives is preserved by generation and transmitted to the new individuals which spring from those who have experienced these changes." And other noted authorities might be quoted as supporting this thesis, but these are sufficient to warrant us in giving more consideration to the study of genealogy, even if there were no other reasons.

But nothing in this thesis is to be interpreted as license for boasting on the part of those of proud lineage. Rather let the wisdom of Seneca be remembered: "He who boasts of his descent praises the merit of another." It should also be borne in mind that birth and ancestry are matters over which we had no control and therefore can hardly be placed to our credit. Mere family traditions never made any man great. A man's own thoughts and deeds are his passports to immortality. On the other hand let no man disparage good breeding. Bishop Warburton aptly said, "High birth is a thing I have never known any one to disparage except those who had it not, nor have I ever known any one to boast of it who had anything else worth boasting of." Instead of boasting of illustrious sires let us follow with meekness their worthy examples, knowing that:

> They who on glorious ancestors enlarge,
> Produce their debts, not their discharge.

The study of genealogy is a worthy pursuit. There is sound wisdom in the advice of Bildad the Shuhite (Job 8: 8-10) who counselled Job to "Enquire of the former age and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers . . . and they shall teach thee and utter words out of their heart." Let men cherish their family traditions without

boasting. Let the proud family history be regarded as reveille instead of taps. Let the well-born join with Homer in saying, "Our ancestors we must gladden, never sadden, by our lives."

Bishop H. C. Potter has well said: "If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent,—a character in them that bear rule so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one preëminent distinction,—the royalty of virtue."

Insistent voices call from out the past,
A noble race doth well its own endow.
So pure and fine let all thy actions be,
None can deny of noble race art thou.

VIII

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HERALDRY

HERALDRY has been called "the science of fools with long memories," "the fatuous prop of a falling family," and other things equally ludicrous. That its true origin and objects have often been misunderstood, and its reputation seriously damaged by pedantic attempts to attach fanciful interpretations to various devices and tinctures, there can be no question. Some have attributed its origin to the ancient Greeks and Romans and others have found in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis (where Jacob gives the characteristics of his children and prophecies their future) what they believe to be the beginning of family insignia or coat armour. Enthusiasts declare that the standards borne by the twelve tribes of Israel were nothing more or less than family arms.

It is true that various symbols and devices did exist among the ancient nations, such as Saxons, Norsemen, Greeks, and Romans. These decorations of white horses, ravens, lions, and other animals were not necessarily heraldic in the generally accepted sense of that term. Similar customs prevail to-day among the Japanese and the Indians of the North without any strict family connotation. Also there may be mentioned the lion borne as an ensign of the tribe of Judah, the eagle of the Romans, the two-headed eagle of the East, the white horse of Wodin borne by Hengist when he invaded Britain, (which the shield of Hanover still bears) the raven borne

by the ancient Danes, the star and crescent borne by the followers of Mahomet and still retained by Turkey as its national device.

It is quite safe to say that the real introduction of heraldry was coeval with the use of armour in the Middle Ages, when it was necessary for warriors to be able to recognise each other as friend or foe in the tumult and confusion of battle. Shields were adorned with distinguishing marks and devices and helmets were adorned with crests. After the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of feudalism, the descendants of those families which had achieved distinction in war were granted the privilege, by the various reigning sovereigns, of retaining as family arms those devices which had been borne by their ancestors in battle.

The age being warlike, it is not surprising that coat armour partook of the military characteristics of the period from which it sprang. The surprising feature is that such a large number of the warlike devices were subordinated to more peaceful insignia. These witness to the truth that even in those turbulent days, it was felt that there was something better than strife.

Nor is it surprising that the mottoes of coat armour are invariably written in the Latin tongue. Latin was the language of religion, and the age, despite its militarism, was quite religious. Most of the mottoes of coat armour are of a religious nature. God is constantly referred to as the source of strength and truth, and appealed to for protection and support.

There can be no question that armorial bearings served a useful purpose. In the strictest sense a coat of arms was a family flag. Each had its own interesting history which the bearer was to remember. And even now we may discover something of the meaning of these ancient

symbols, if we will "inquire of the former age and prepare ourselves to the search of their fathers."

Those who inherited the family arms were expected to live up to the standards of their ancestors who had won them, and of their fathers who had maintained the family traditions. And, while it is true that men will be gentlemen without armorial bearings, it cannot be denied that the necessity of maintaining the standards and traditions of a noble family is a mighty incentive to worthy living. Cicero tells us in his "DE OFFICIIS," that there is no disgrace so keenly felt as that which comes "When passers-by exclaim, 'O ancient house! alas, how unlike is thy present master to thy former one!'" Longfellow refers to the salutary influence of family standards in the following lines:

> Proud was he of his name and race,
> Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
> And in the parlour, full in view,
> His coat of arms, well framed and glazed,
> Upon the wall in colours blazed;
> He beareth gules upon his shield,
> A chevron argent in the field,
> With three wolf heads, and for the crest
> A wyvern part per-pale addressed
> Upon a helmet barred; below
> The scroll reads "By the name of Howe."

It is good to know that one's ancestors were worthy men and women. The family flag, instead of making one,

> Stand for fame on his forefathers feet,
> By heraldry proved valiant or discreet,

should be one of the highest incentives to equal or surpass one's ancestors in deeds of virtue, helpfulness and courage. Otherwise the man boasting of his ancestry finds a description of himself in the words of Samuel

Butler: "He is like a potato. The only good pertaining to him is under the ground."

With the establishing of the American Republic its founders decreed there should be no titles of nobility. Such titles were considered a form of special privilege. But this did not necessarily dispense with coat armour, which many Americans were entitled to bear as descendants of families which had an undisputed right to them in previous generations. In the early days of the republic the Washington, Franklin, Jay, Livingstone, Wingfield, Bayard, Pinckney, Cooper and other families daily used their armorial bearings and did not conceal their satisfaction in being able to connect themselves with an honourable past.

The love of heraldry has not prevailed in America as in England and elsewhere. Some claim that this may be accounted for on the ground that it is too intimately connected with the feudal system of the Middle Ages, and with a patrician aristocracy, to have any large place in a democratic age and nation. There may be an element of truth in this claim, but we probably find a more valid reason in the fact that in opening up a vast wilderness continent and harvesting its wealth, the American people have been too busy to give much thought or attention to such family matters. As indicated above, there are multitudes of Americans who are descended from families that for centuries have contributed to the progress of civilisation and whose coat armour witnesses to generations of heroism and nobility of character. And no nation should sever itself from such stimulating traditions and history.

We should rather hope for a revival of the heraldic science in America and for its restitution to the place of interest it held in the minds of those families who helped to found the republic.

At present interest in heraldry in America is almost limited to the scholar, artist, and antiquarian. If the families of America who are entitled to bear arms, were duly acquainted with the significance of heraldry there would be a growing interest in heraldic science. The educational and moral influence with which the literature and symbols of heraldry are so largely imbued, would aid in building up such sentiments as would colour our civilisation with the best things of the age of chivalry.

For ages it has been the practice of most communities to distinguish themselves by certain recognised devices or insignia. There are many references in the Old Testament to the standards which distinguished the various Israelitish tribes. We know of the ox of the Egyptians, the owl of the Athenians, the eagle of the Romans, the white horses of the Saxons, the lion of England, the shamrock of Ireland, the thistle of Scotland, and the maple leaf of Canada. These of course are poetic expressions, but they have the power to stir the heart, and our legacy from the poets would be pitiably impoverished if robbed of such allusions.

America, like the nations of the past and present, has her national coat of arms. Not only so, each of her forty-eight states has its own coat of arms. And some of our cities, like the cities of Europe, claim and exercise the right of using their own special arms. The War Department on June 3, 1920, rescinded certain regulations and substituted therefor the following: "The organisation colours shall be the silk, in the colour of the facings of the corps department of arms, and of the same dimensions as the national colours, having embroidered in the centre, in colours, the official badge or coat of arms of the organisation, with the United States eagle as the supporter. Below the coat of arms will be embroidered the

insignia of the organisation and a scroll bearing the official designation of the organisation. The names of battles for which the organisation has been cited in orders of the War Department for specially meritorious services in action, will be embroidered in suitable places on the colour. The edges to be trimmed with a knotted fringe of silk 2½ inches wide; the cord and tassels to be the same colour as those of the national colours. Both sides of the colours will be alike." (C. A. R. No. 105) Thus every regiment of the United States may have a coat of arms, for the inspiration, presumably, of such pride and such ideals as are thought to be desirable. And, since America encourages and practices the use of coat armour, in the manner indicated in the foregoing, how can she consistently discourage the use of family arms, or contend that such armorial bearings will not stimulate family pride and cultivate those qualities of citizenship which make for the progress and safety of the republic?

Among civilised nations a knowledge of heraldry has often been regarded as a desirable element in the higher refinement and culture. And though such knowledge has been relatively neglected in America, the fact remains that coat armour has always been in use here and has also been recognised as a mark of social distinction. George Washington wrote: "It is far from my design to intimate any opinion that heraldry, coat armour, etc., may not be rendered conducive to public and private uses with us, or that they can have any tendency unfriendly to the purest republicanism. On the contrary, a different conclusion is deducible from the practice of Congress and the States, all of which have established some kind of armorial devices to authenticate their official instruments." In this connection it is interesting to note that the national flag of the United

States had its origin in the stars and stripes of the arms of the Washington family.

Thomas Jefferson has been termed "the Father of Democracy," but Jefferson did not consider coat armour incompatible with democracy. In writing to a friend in England he said:

"One further request and I am done. Pray search the Heralds Office for the Arms of my family. I have what I have been told were the family arms, but on what authority I know not."

Daniel Webster said:

"There is something about armorial bearings which heightens respect for our ancestors and elevates the character and improves, next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling. I hardly know what could bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind than a consciousness of an alliance with departed excellence, and a consciousness, too, that in its conduct, thoughts and sentiments it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it."

This "consciousness of an alliance with departed excellence," of which Webster speaks, is often made possible only by heraldry, for, "Heraldry is," as Planche says, "the short hand of history. In its figures, properly interpreted, we read the chronicle of centuries. If a knowledge of history be a desideratum in the education of youth, surely nothing that tends to facilitate its acquirement and increase its impressions can be considered vain and worthless. For him who can decipher it, heraldry is an algebra, a language. The whole history of the second half of the Middle Ages is written in blazon."

Many indeed are the incidents but faintly written on the pages of history, and which would have remained forever dark and illegible but for the light flashed on them by the torch of heraldry. The sculptured stone or

the emblazoned shield often speaks when the tongue of history is dumb. A grotesque carving in the spandrel of some old church door, or over the portal of a decayed mansion, often points out the family of the otherwise forgotten patron or lord. A shield of arms, a badge, or a rebus, depicted in a window or painted on a wall, or carved on a corbel or monument, will frequently indicate with unerring accuracy the date to which such relics are to be ascribed and the family whose memory they are intended to perpetuate. Hence, to the genealogist, a knowledge of heraldry is indispensable. Coat armour in Church windows, walls, tombs, and seals are of great value. Many persons of the same name can now only be classed with their proper families by an inspection of the arms they bore. In Wales where the number of surnames was limited, families were much better recognised by their arms than by their names.

The identity of many an old portrait rests on no other authority than that of the coat of arms painted thereon. A dim-looking pane in an oriel window, or a coat of arms in the dexter corner of an old Holbein, may identify the benefactor of the window and the subject of the portrait, giving also his relation to the head of the house, and his connections and alliances, when all verbal or written information is lacking. The local historian and antiquarian, as well as the genealogist may often find in heraldry the only key to many of the secrets of the past. This I proved over and over, in writing my "History of Carolina County, Virginia," a volume which attracted much attention because of the great number of armorial bearings therein described and illustrated. Moule says:

"Heraldry is a theme so fraught with pleasure to the imagination, ever ready to indulge in romantic ideas, that a generous mind is unable to resist the rational desire of information

respecting it. Its ultimate design being to give due influence to all classes of society, it becomes at the same time so connected with the institutions and usages of our established constitution that its investigation cannot fail to be considered as a most instructive, entertaining and useful pursuit to everyone whose studies are directed to history and antiquities."

In olden times a love of heraldry prevailed among all classes of people, and a knowledge of it was a part of the ordinary education of every gentleman, because it was a subject with which every gentleman sooner or later had to deal. Armorial bearings were considered the hallmarks of gentility. There can be no doubt that heraldry imparted to the centuries following the Middle Ages a brilliant colouring peculiar to itself, and also exercised a powerful influence upon the habits and manners of the people among whom it was used. To them it was the outward sign of the spirit of chivalry, the index also to a long record of valiant deeds. There is a sense in which it may be truly said that heraldry grew up spontaneously and naturally out of the circumstances and requirements of the times. At first, simply useful to distinguish particular individuals in war and in tournament, it did much more than to fulfil its original purpose, and so became popular and rose rapidly to high honour and dignity. That the tendency of heraldry was toward the elevation of the minds of the people there can be no question. Withdrawing the attention of men from the merely sordid considerations of profit and loss, it bade them employ themselves with such endeavours in the realm of valour, piety, industry and learning, as would assure them of an undying fame, which they might hand down to posterity. If the consideration of exalted and noble things elevates and ennobles the human spirit, then heraldry has a salutary effect. If it had such an effect in the centuries fol-

lowing the Middle Ages, may we not believe that it would serve a useful purpose to-day? And may we not believe that it will likely continue to flourish as long as pride of ancestry forms any part of the nature of man?

Ferne, one of the ancient authorities on the subject of heraldry says:

"Coates of Armes were inuented by our wise auncestors to these three endes; First, to honour and adorne the familye of him that had well deserued towardes his countrye. Seconde, to make him more worthye and famous aboue the rest which had not done merit, that thereby they might be prouoked to doe the like, and, Thirde, to differ out the seuerall lignes and issues from the noble auncestor descending; so that the eldest borne might be known from the seconde and he from the thirde &c."

No finer statement of the purpose of heraldry can be found than this quaintly spelled and nobly phrased quotation. To signalise merit and preserve the memory of the illustrious, and thereby stimulate others to emulation, are certainly purposes sufficiently worthy to forever save the science of heraldry from the contempt and ill-repute into which the thoughtless would bring it. And while the right to armorial bearings adds nothing but stigma to a man of depraved character, it will serve others as an incentive to nobler endeavour. And the fact that one's ancestors were meritorious cannot but add lustre to any worthy act that one may perform.

That thy pedigree may useful be,
Search out the virtues of thy family;
And to be worthy of thy father's name,
Learn out the good he did and do the same;
For if thou bear his arms and not his fame,
These ensigns of his worth will be thy shame.

IX

MIDNIGHT SINGERS*

"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them."—ACTS: 16: 25.

PHILIPPI was the Vanity Fair of Macedonia. Like most Eastern cities of the time, it was steeped in vice and teemed with parasites who flourished by pandering to vice. To this centre of pagan life came Paul and Silas, Evangels of Christianity, in the year 53 A.D.

On the streets of Philippi these two evangelists encountered a slave-girl of abnormal mind. The writer of The Acts records it as a case of demon possession. She was being used by her masters as a fortune-teller or magician. St. Paul restored her to a normal condition and in doing so interfered with her master's sources of income. The owners of the unfortunate girl esteeming their own gains of more importance than the well-being of a fellow-mortal, had Paul and Silas arrested and brought before the magistrates. It was not the first time, nor the last, that human values have been subordinated to material gain. History abounds in stories of men who have been beaten and imprisoned and killed for interfering with the cupidity of those who would exploit their fellows.

After hearing the case, the magistrates ordered the evangelists to be flogged and cast into prison. The jailers

* Delivered during my ministry with Hanover Avenue Christian Church, Richmond, Virginia, and published in *The Christian Evangelist* of June 17, 1920.

carried out the orders with a vengeance, confining the feet of the prisoners in the stocks. And so the day which had opened on their efforts in behalf of the oppressed, closed upon their imprisonment. Their backs are now lacerated from scourging and their feet are in stocks which inflict such torture as makes rest impossible. The incident has been dismissed by those Philippians who participated in it. The night wears on. The city sleeps.

It is midnight—"the witching hour, when Church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out contagion to this world." It is the hour when the wan, worn sufferer turns restlessly on the pillow and longs for the coming of the dawn, when watchful love prays for the respite of another day.

Hark! From the "inner prison" come sounds to which these prison walls have not echoed before. They have resounded to groans and sobs, and sighs and curses, but not to songs of praise and prayer. These two prisoners have found a way to drown their anguish. "At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang songs of praise unto God; and the prisoners heard them." Some men can turn a Church into a prison; others will convert a prison into a sanctuary. Paul and Silas, though in prison, still have the resources of happiness within themselves. They are not dependent on externals. They have doors in their lives which magistrates and jailers cannot shut—doors beyond the reach of men and circumstances.

The sequel is not surprising. The earthquake, opened prison-doors and loosed fetters seem to fit naturally into the picture. Songs have always opened prison doors. The song of John on Patmos opened doors for him which no man could shut and through which he could escape into the highest freedom though physically shut in by the encompassing sea. Sir Richard Lovelace sang in the

midst of his bitter imprisonment and out of his song learned (to use his own words) that,

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet, take
> That for an hermitage.
>
> If I have freedom in my love,
> And in my soul am free;
> Angels alone, that dwell above,
> Enjoy such liberty.

Dante fashioned his deathless song out of the night of imprisonment and exile. Tennyson sang his "In Memoriam" from the prison of a broken heart. Bunyan's immortal dream is a song from his long night of imprisonment in Bedford jail. The sweet-spirited Madame Guyon sang her most inspiring songs from the long night of her incarceration in Vincennes. Who can forget these words of hers from prison: "It sometimes seems to me as if I am a little bird whom the Lord has placed in a cage, and that I have nothing now to do but to sing."

The midnight song of Paul and Silas is evidence that they had caught the spirit of the Master whose disciples they were. It is recorded of Jesus, in St. Matthew, that when He and His disciples had partaken of the Last Supper in the Upper Room, they sang a hymn and went out to the Mount of Olives. Men who can quote no other phrase from the New Testament are familiar with the words "Jesus wept." Artists have impressed upon our minds the sorrowful, sighing, weeping Christ, but they have forgotten the Christ who sang in the Upper Room on that night of all nights. In the night of His betrayal He sang. In the shadow of the bitter tree He sang. And this "singing faith" of Jesus became the faith of His

disciples in the Philippian jail. Here is a succession which is more than apostolic! It is Christian! It is the one unbroken succession we need. The succession of sighing disciples is sufficiently complete. We remember that St. Paul wrote to the Philippians (3:10) of "the fellowship of His sufferings," but we forget his frequent references to the fellowship of His joy. We need to recapture the spirit which caused the early disciples of Jesus to be called "they of the singing heart." In the hour of trial, of betrayal, of heartbreak, remember, O my soul, the Christ who sang!

Cheerfulness eases many wounds. An old adage has it that "troubles, like infants, grow bigger with nursing." The songs of Paul and Silas counteracted the sufferings of the scourging and the stocks. Their unhappy environment did not change their song; their song changed their environment. We often hear it said in the world of barter and trade, "You may have it for a song." But do we remind ourselves that there are many things which can be had on no other terms? It was written of William Blake that,

> He came to the desert of London town,
> Grey miles long;
> He wandered up and he wandered down,
> Singing a quiet song.

And because of the song in his heart the city could no more crush or defeat him than the Philippian jail could defeat Paul and Silas. As snow enlarges the harvest, so trouble may enlarge the soul, but he who has not sung in the midst of his sorrows has not "entered into the treasures of the snow."

Take heart then, O Prisoners! "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which cometh upon you, as

though some strange thing happened unto you"; rather, "count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials"—count it all joy, and sing. "If we suffer with Him we shall be glorified with Him," and "the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." The things which we suffer are temporal; the glory which shall be revealed in us is eternal. Let us therefore pray "that we may know Him and the fellowship of His sufferings," but let us not forget to pray also for the blessing of fellowship in His song.

Cheerfulness brightens the lot of our fellow-prisoners. It is written of the singing of Paul and Silas that "the prisoners heard them." And there are many "prisoners of life" who overhear us when we sigh or sing. Bereavement, disappointed, and regret hold many in fetters more galling than the stocks of a Philippian jail. Blessed indeed is the man who by his song brings hope and courage to his fellow-prisoners. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

Sing, then, O, Prisoners! Ears long accustomed to prison sighs and groans and curses will hear and wonder and remember! And who knows but that the remembrance of the strange prison song may become the highway to faith over which the soul of the wanderer may sometime come to the Father's House?

There is a story in Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott" of a man who was making his way along London streets through a night of fog and darkness. This man was reciting to himself, as he went along, the closing words of that iron-noted poem, "Marmion." He was keeping his heart up with a song. As he reached the words, "Charge, Chester, charge!" a voice answered out of the fog completing the line, "On, Stanley, on!" and another wayfarer emerged from the mist. Under a street

lamp they met, brought together by the fog and the song. They looked into each other's face, grasped hands and passed on, one singing "Charge, Chester, charge!" and the other answering back out of the darkness, "On, Stanley, on!" To sing a song of cheer in the nightime and in the prison is the high function of faith.

X

THE KINGDOM OF GOD*

"And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."—MATT. 11: 12.

THERE are a few terms in every address which should be defined at the outset, in order to avoid confusion. Acting on this undisputed principle, I would define the phrase "Kingdom of God" as the rule of God in individual and social life. In the individual first and afterwards in the whole social structure.

When we pray that God's will may be done on the earth, we are asking for the reign of love and good-will in all human affairs. This reign of God is the dominant note in all the teachings of Jesus. His concept of it is so broad that it is quite difficult for men who think in fractions to grasp His comprehensive ideal. The Kingdom of God is realised in a life motivated by a love like God's and in a society whose relations are controlled by intelligent good-will. Such a society has been described as "a happy and holy fellowship of those who live as brothers, because of their common faith in the universal fatherhood of God and their subjection to His rule of love."

The thought to which I would invite the attention of this convention, does not pertain so much to the nature of

* The Convention Sermon delivered at the twenty-fourth annual Convention of Disciples of Christ of Western Washington, at Vancouver, July 3, 1928.

the Kingdom of heaven as to the manner of the establishment of the Kingdom in the midst of humanity. We see to-day faint beginnings of a social order controlled by love. By faith, we look forward to the time when this leaven shall have permeated every aspect of human life. By faith, we can see a transformed and transfigured humanity with every blemish that mars the image of God in the face of mankind removed. This is our noble dream!

Because of our longing to have fellowship in such a happy consummation, we earnestly enquire as to the manner of the Kingdom's coming. For we know not how to direct our energies and efforts as we ought, until we know by what means the reign of God is to be realised.

Let us then endeavour to arrive at the truth by the process of elimination, observing, first, that the Kingdom of God cometh not by legislation. Yet how many well-meaning and sincere Churchmen strive to produce a righteous society by legal enactment! The very spirit of such legislation is contrary to the spirit of God as revealed through Jesus our Lord. When men enact laws, rules and regulations and require, under penalty, the obedience of their fellows, then the coming of the Kingdom is delayed regardless of how conscientious the legislators may be. When legalism enters the spirit of God departs. When men seek to regulate, by law, the conduct of the lowliest citizen of the Kingdom, the Kingdom suffers violence. It is in this particular more than any other, that the Kingdom of God is not of this world.

Jesus never legislated. He gave principles instead of rules. His so-called commandments were better termed commendments. Even the "new commandment," to love one another, when properly examined, is not a commandment at all. Love is not subject to command. No man

can be made to love or hate another by order of king or prince or court.

Jesus went back of all legislation and gave new motives of conduct, motives potent indeed in amending human lives. Hegel says: "the Chinese religion is that of temperate conduct; Brahmanism is that of dream life; Buddhism is that of self-involvement; the Egyptian is that of enigma; the Grecian is that of beauty; the Hebrew is that of sublimity; Christianity is that of love." Jesus recognised that righteousness does not grow out of legislation, for legislation is an outward force and compels through fear; while Jesus' teaching is that the regenerative forces of society are resident in the human heart. To attempt to produce a Christian social order by legislation were as foolish as to attempt the purification of an impure well by installing a new pump, or to attempt to change the nature of a vicious dog by painting his kennel.

The Kingdom of God cometh not by violence, notwithstanding the fact that from the days of John the Baptist until now men of violence have tried to usher it in by force. In the days of the Baptist, certain groups of Israel banded together in Judea, to restore their particular ideal of the Kingdom by force of arms. Their concept of the Kingdom was wholly material. Jesus sought to give a nobler concept and for all His pains was repudiated by the super-patriots among His own people. Multitudes of His followers have, like their leader, been renounced and thrust out because of their refusal to adopt violent methods to gain desirable ends. The records of religious wars, when the earth was sodden with blood; the history of inquisitions, with their unspeakable tortures; the story of Church councils, with their anathemas and unholy ambitions; all testify eloquently to the violence the Kingdom

has suffered when men have striven to establish it by force.

St. John adopted the violent method when he forbade a man to cast out demons because the wonder-worker was not a member of the apostolic party. James and John counselled violence when they besought Jesus to call down fire from heaven to consume an inhospitable Samaritan village. Men of to-day adopt violent methods when they ask the Church to use political weapons to gain spiritual ends.

The conception that the Kingdom of heaven may be brought to earth by appropriate legislation and shrewd political manœuvring is as mistaken and as materialistic as the conception of those Israelites who sought a kingdom by advocating the overthrow of the power of Rome.

Violence is done to the Kingdom when doctrines and creeds are made the tests of fellowship and brotherhood. Too long men have been accounted good or evil according to their beliefs. But one's doctrines and creeds, or lack of them, should be no bar to brotherhood. I have a dear friend who contends that we have no ground on which to rest our hope of immortality, but I do not permit his unbelief to affect or to limit our fellowship. I have another friend who rejects organised Christianity, or the Church of to-day, but I do not permit our divergent views to mar our brotherhood. Many are the religious doctrines which have estranged men who might otherwise have been friends. And often these very doctrines have been impossible of proof one way or the other!

The Kingdom of God cometh not by organisation, though many seem to believe that it does so come—who indeed can name the very organisation by which it is coming! Such persons remind one of the lad who learned from his father that an eclipse of the sun would occur at a

certain time, and proceeded to sell tickets to all his little neighbours, at ten cents each, permitting them to see the eclipse from his back yard. When it was all over some of the boys were heretical enough to suggest that they might have seen the eclipse from any other back yard equally as well.

It is admitted of course, that a measure of organisation is useful, but when we mistake organisation for inspiration we have sorely blundered. The Kingdom of God is inspirational rather than institutional. There is but slight evidence in the Christian Scriptures, or elsewhere, for believing that the real Kingdom has any external form, constitution or machinery whatsoever. It not infrequently happens that while men are clamouring over methods and are confusing the Kingdom with organisation and machinery, the real Kingdom of God is quietly coming, independently of all forms of institutional religion.

This is not to say that the institutional element should be cast off entirely, at least not in the present state of society, for it is possible that organised or institutional religion may be made to serve a good purpose for awhile longer. But this is to say that when men identify an institution with the Kingdom of God itself, they are mistaking the shadow for the substance, the letter for the spirit. Indeed it is quite possible for institutional religion, with its pomp and pride, power and machinery, to set up a little kingdom of its own and so to hinder the coming of the true Kingdom of God. When the last word in favour of organised religion has been spoken, the fact will still remain that no organisation on earth to-day is any more capable of containing the Kingdom of God than the old wine-skins of Jewish theocracy were capable of containing the Messianic message.

The Kingdom of God cannot be limited or enlarged by

rigid forms and mechanical rules. How lifeless are our organizations and institutions when compared with the spontaneous religious life that grows out of a warm heart! Reliance on organisation is the arch-enemy of the creative life and creative prayer. There is a great temptation in our time to standardise everything, and religion is not exempt. The legal, judicial, commercial, academic, and national realms have been frequently called on to supply the patterns and forms in which men have sought to confine the divine passion which burned in the heart of our Lord. As a result we have frequently seen individuality flattened out, and independent personality crushed, until there was a tendency to live by rote, even as the pagans prayed by rote.

We may, and indeed often do, depersonalise our giving to the poor, by delegating the matter to some cold business organisation which has set itself up to administer the gifts for a certain percentage of the same. Thus it is that our benevolence often becomes, in the language of John Boyle O'Reilly,

> Organised charity, scrimped and iced,
> In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.

To put it bluntly, there is entirely too much professionalism in our so-called charity. The Russell Sage Foundation estimates that more than 25,000 persons are engaged exclusively in the administrative or executive phases of social service to say nothing of visiting nurses, clerical staffs, caretakers, and other workers. Many schools are engaged in training persons for this profession. In the decade following 1915 the number of paid social workers increased by 65 per cent. The annual budget for the salaries of professional social workers exceeds $50,000,000. From the report of Abraham Epstein, in a recent issue of

Current History, we may safely say $750,000,000 is spent annually by social workers on current expenses exclusive of the capital outlay. And to this we might add $10,000,000 spent annually by private hospitals. In Chicago alone, private social agencies have disbursed over $8,000,000 per year. When we take into consideration the generous manner in which American citizens are pouring out their money for their less fortunate fellows, and the humiliations these "less fortunate" must often undergo at the hands of professional social workers before they may share in this well-meant generosity, we are constrained to believe that we have wandered off on a blind trail. Also it might not be amiss to suggest that we need a litany which would include the supplication, "From the professional technician, good Lord deliver us!"

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. If the kingdom of God is human society doing the will of God, as the Lord's Prayer suggests, then the truth of the statement in St. Luke 17:20 becomes apparent. This statement is to the effect that "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It is apparent that humanity will not adopt the way and will of God in a day. Whole cities do not turn to God in a day, save in fable. The parables of the mustard and the leaven were given by the Master Teacher to illustrate and enforce this truth. The keenest vision cannot observe the processes of growth in the mustard plant, nor discern the leavening processes in the meal, but none will deny that these processes are present. The mustard seed growing imperceptibly into a great plant whose branches afford a refuge for the fowls of the air, is typical of the growth of the kingdom of God, in whose beneficent shelter the nations of the earth at length shall rest. The leaven hid in three measures of meal, quietly affecting and changing its very character, is

representative of the kingdom of God as a moral and spiritual power pervading all society with its influence.

Those who declare the world grows worse and worse, do so because they fail to see any great improvement in a single day. To be logical they should declare that the plant makes no growth and the leaven is lifeless because they cannot behold the growth or the working as they pause momentarily beside them. To be logical those who say there is no upward trend in the world, should insist that the plant spring full-grown from the seed, as the mythical Minerva is said to have sprung full-grown from the brain of Jupiter.

Using history as a telescope with which to survey the past, it is not difficult to see numerous iniquities lying by the path over which humanity has come, cast there on the long march from the wilderness. But these evils were not cast off in a day; on the contrary men struggled with them in agony and tears, loosed them thong by thong, and finally with a tremendous effort cast them by the wayside as if unseating some "old man of the sea." The improvements which have already been made by the race did not come "with observation" and yet none can deny that they are here. There is no one day on which one may put his finger and declare that this man became a man at this point of the calender. Likewise it is impossible to point to a single day on the calender pad and declare that summer arrived with that day. But gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the forces of nature did their work and almost before we were aware, the summer season was upon us with all its glory.

And now that we have dealt with the coming of the kingdom by the process of elimination, and have observed certain methods and manners by which it does not come,

let us turn to the positive side and renew our inquiry as to the manner of the kingdom's coming.

Let us observe that the first pre-requisite of the kingdom's coming is a kingdom vision. Our eyes must be opened to see humanity as it was, is and as it may become. No human being can be inspired to labour for a better world until he envisions a better world. Having seen it by faith, afar off, there arises in the heart an irrepressible longing to rise up and smite the customs and conventions which must be overthrown in order to clear the ground for the building of a nobler structure. All efforts toward a better social order rest upon the high vision of the human heart. To see the heights on which the new heaven and the new earth have lingered all too long is to see the need of the valleys below and to feel the need of bringing them down to be the abode of men.

But there is much to make men pessimistic. A thousand wrongs are clamouring for redress. Distress cries from every direction. Ancient evils in new guises continually beset us. Wrongs once righted refuse to stay righted. Indeed it is easy for pessimism to sink into atheism under this strain, causing men to ask "Why does God permit this horror? If He can create He can destroy, and infinitely better the brief agony of destruction than this age-long misery."

It is envisioning humanity as it was, that saves men from this despair. Looking back at the long and thorny way over which the race has come, we see appalling horrors cast off, great wrongs righted, real progress made. Then, looking at humanity as it is, and recapturing our vision of humanity as it may become, we discover that the road forward to a humanity as it may become, is no longer than the road back to humanity as it was; and so pessimism slinks away and hope is born anew. Indeed it is this

vision that gives us a new birth. While this vision tarries we labour for the deliverance of the race, believing that deliverance is possible from all the foes that beset and oppress. This vision-born imperative will not let men rest until the call for deliverance is answered "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," until "from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same" men shall acknowledge the lordship of love. And this vision is more than social; it is intimate and personal. We see ourselves as we were, as we are, and as we may become, and this three-fold vision of ourselves is our salvation.

We stand on the summit of the heart's high hill
  And gaze at the struggles of the past—
See again the swamps and bogs where we fell from low desire;
  Then upward we look to a height unscaled
Where we shall conquer the beast at last,
  And standing on the shells of our bases selves,
We shall glimpse a life that is higher.

Let us be grateful for the vision of what we may become for in that vision lies the yearning without which there can be no salvation. In it also lies the surest proof of our kinship to God. It is like water seeking its own level. In the realm of the spirit may we not believe that this heart hunger for the heights is proof that we came from there? And let us be grateful, for the promise that we shall reach the heights for which we seek, that this hunger for righteousness shall be satisfied. And let us be grateful also for the painful experience of looking back at what we were, for in that vision we discover we have made some progress up the hill of righteousness. And if we have made progress we may make further progress. The ideal self which beckons from the heights is not mocking us. Thus far have we come; we can go on farther. The distance between what we were and what we

are, is not infinitely greater than the distance between what we are and what we would like to be. And our very recognition of the distance between our ideals and our attainments is proof that we have heard the call from the heights. The ability to hear the call argues the ability to answer. As the moon calls to the tides, even so the Spirit of God within us calls, saying "Come up higher."

A kindom-purpose or self-dedication must follow the kingdom vision. It is not enough to see ourselves as we are and to envision ourselves as we may become. The vision must be succeeded by an effort to make the dream come true. The secret of St. Paul's marvellous life is revealed in his statement to King Agrippa that he (St. Paul) "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision" which showed him what he was and what he might become, and what the world through him might become. The secret of St. Peter's spiritual discernment of God as the universal Father, is found in the fact that while he meditated on what the sheet full of beasts should mean he heard the knock of the three men at his gate and arose and accompanied them to the house of Cornelius. In every life that has come to crowning, action has followed the vision and the deed has succeeded the dream. Without the fulfilling deed the dream soon fades leaving not a wrack behind. The world is none the richer for the dream of the painter unless the dream is transferred to canvas, and the vision of the sculptor is as though it had not been unless it results in releasing the angel from the imprisoning marble. To earnestly pray "Thy Kingdom come" means there must be a self-dedication to the Kingdom lest, like Achilles of the wounded heel, our religion be found vulnerable. This self-dedication is to be so complete as to enable one to forego personal pleasure and luxury in the interest of an unselfish ministry.

There are famine-cursed nations, diseased swept cities, isolated leper colonies, militarized peoples and unjust industrial conditions which cry to Christians for relief. And naught less than complete self-dedication can hush the cry. The immanent kingdom of which Christ so often taught, of which the ancient prophets dreamed, and which was dimly portrayed by Aristotle and his fellow-teachers, must ultimately come. The Benevolent Power which permeates and undergirds the universe, as Christians believe, will not mock the visions and hopes of earth's rarest spirits. And as it comes it will revolutionise the kingdoms of Mars and Mammon and selfishness, and lead the race to the Eden of its dreams. When the Kingdom of God is fully come the rule of gold will be supplanted by the Golden Rule, service will suppress selfishness, cooperation will succeed competition, the aristocracy of wealth and hereditary rank will yield place to aristocracy of conduct, and the chief values of earth will be seen as human rather than material. In this kingdom which is to come, men shall enjoy intellectual liberty, equality of opportunity, unrestricted fraternity and justice in every relationship.

> Trumpeter, sound for the Kingdom of God!
> Trumpeter, rally us up to the heights of it!
> Sound for the Kingdom of God.

XI

THE CREDENTIALS OF CHRISTIANITY*

NO religion has a more elaborate system of Apologetics than Christianity. The volumes are almost numberless which defend, on rational and theological grounds, the divine origin, preservation, purpose and destiny of our religion. And while we would not attempt to discredit such rare souls as Justyn Martyr, Tertullian and their successors who have given us the vast body of literature known as Christian Evidences, we must, for the truth's sake, admit that their works constitute a rather prosaic section of Christian literature. We would not call down fire from heaven, or from any other place, to punish men for not reading it. It frequently attempts to prove too much—so much that it becomes silly. It frequently protests too much. Christianity often loses more than it gains from many of its would-be defenders, just as genius suffers when mediocrity attempts to interpret it.

Men who know little of Scholasticism and less of theology—and they are legion—can hardly be expected to pay much attention to Christian Apologetics. Churchmen themselves are not taking this body of writing too seriously. It is beginning to appear that Christianity has truer and more valid credentials than any ever thought

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out by Scholasticism or set forth in any formal system of Apologetics. No religion should be, nor indeed can be, expressed or interpreted by any formal system of logic or theology. Religion is not philosophy, strictly speaking, but rather—

> The story of a City Supernal—
> The whisper of Something Eternal—
> A passion, a hope and a vision
> That peoples the Silence with Powers.

I would bring before this convention some of the credentials of our religion which will, I believe, appeal to the average man and woman. First among these, I would mention its apparent indestructibility and its persistent power. It has about it the atmosphere of deathlessness. Upon its altar there glows a seemingly unquenchable flame. Persecutors have striven to quench this flame with the blood of many martyrdoms, only to find that the blood of the saints served as fuel for the flame.

Christianity has been oft betrayed by the Judas-kisses of its false adherents. Warriors have lifted up their swords against it. Emperors have sent out their decrees against it. Yet it stands! Time, which seems to wither all other things and bring them to senility, has only a revivifying power on the Christian religion. It has seen the disintegration and downfall of many kingdoms. It has brooded sorrowfully as the ravages of famine and the scourge of pestilence have depopulated cities. It has broken the swords of the warriors and scorned the decrees of kings. It has found in the blood of its martyrs the fountain of perpetual youth and, when betrayed by traitors and seemingly done to death, it has, like its Founder, risen triumphant from the tomb.

A second credential of Christianity is found in the

marvellous place this religion has made for itself in the life of the world. It has written the date of its birth on the calenders of the majority of earth's inhabitants. The years are labelled "the years of our Lord." Or, as has been poetically expressed, "The world's date line bends around the manger cradle." Journalism, commerce, courts and legislative bodies adjust their transactions according to its chronology. Humanity, or at least a great part of it, has adopted the starting point of this religion as the starting point of the world's life. There was set up in the Roman Forum a golden milestone from which the distance on all Roman roads was calculated. Likewise there was set up in a manger, in Bethlehem, another Stone, "which the builders rejected," but from which the world now measures how far it has travelled toward the ideals of God.

Christianity is proclaimed in the world's most inspiring architecture. If all its majestic piles and lofty spires and beautiful domes could be brought together we should have a heavenly city surpassing the loveliest dreams of the Seer of Patmos. Its sacred scenes and events have engaged the time and talent of the earth's most renowned painters and sculptors for nearly two millenniums. There are canvases worth more than their weight in gold and precious stones, which are the peculiar treasures of this religion. Likewise the genius of the scribe has been dedicated to Christianity, and the most famous writers of the Christian years have found their chief joy in adorning the brow of the Founder with many crowns, and in making His teachings appealing to men. The beauty and excellence of the life and teachings of the Great Gallilean have been the themes of the chief bards and poets since He came, and the sweetest singers and musicians of many lands have made the air vibrant with their golden notes of redeeming love. And the chief symbol of this religion, the cross, has

been transformed from an instrument of deepest shame into the supreme symbol of redemptive love. It now adorns the bosom of fairest beauty and the banners of knightliest manhood. As the Israelites were guided in their pilgrimage by a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, so the cross guides our thoughts to nobler things, as we see it towering above the dust and babel of city streets by day, and lighted like a star of hope by night. And we have taken this symbol of a love that knows no death, out to our cemeteries and placed it above the granite shaft and the marble slab as a pledge of a more abundant life beyond the tomb.

A third credential of Christianity is found in the fact that it enkindles in the hearts of men and women great aspirations for society as a whole, and for themselves as individuals. The Christian contemplates and aspires to a glorified society, "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." No true disciple of the Gallilean has ever been content with less than this dream. And this vision of a better world is not born merely from repeating the Lord's Prayer, though that Prayer holds the haunting phrase "Thy kingdom come." The aspiration for a kingdom of love was not born of books or creeds, but of that spirit which enabled Jesus to go to the cross. This aspiration for a kingdom of good-will shall know no death until the gentle spirit which brooded over chaos and made it a world shall brood over our industrial, political, domestic, social, economic, educational, and religious chaos and bring them all into harmony, order and peace. Then, and then only, may Christians cease to pray "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done."

The coming of the kingdom of God, and the reign of God among men, was one of the Gallilean's visions which nothing could dim. He insisted on holding to His dream

even when the obtuseness and perfidy of men seemed to make any possibility of its realisation out of the question. Christians should do no less, for it is this vision which makes men strong to endure. The realisation of this dream of the Christ and of His disciples, means that the unrest and bitter anguish of the human heart shall sometime be healed; that the flaming sword which so long has guarded Eden's gate shall be removed; that the long-wandering race shall return and re-enter the paradise of long ago, and shall rest once more in the shade of the Tree of Life by the River that flows from the Throne.

These aspirations, as has been indicated, are not wholly social; they are intimate and personal. Our dreams of a golden age and of a new social order do not altogether satisfy. Our own hearts hunger and thirst after righteousness. We have caught a glimpse of a perfect life. There He stands on the sunlit hills of God, ineffable in the light of His own glory! And in all of our desert-wanderings, and in all of our mirings in the bogs of life, His face, radiant with the beauty of holiness, haunts us, and a voice, more calming than the sound of many waters beckons us to climb the holy hill, where—

We may stand with Him on the summit and gaze at a field in the past,
Where we sank with the body at times in the slough of a low desire;
And hear no yelp of the beast for the heart shall be quiet at last,
As we stand above the life that was, with a glimpse of life that is higher.

What yearnings fill our hearts as we stand gazing upon the heights beyond! What longings for a life nobler than any we have even known! It is a sort of homesickness, like that which came to the fabled fallen gods who wept

when they remembered heaven. It is not of the earth, earthy, this homesickness for the heights. Science has no explanation for it. Before it our human philosophy is dumb. Only the philosophy of religion has an explanation for it, and this is the interpretation: We came from God. As water seeks its own level, so in the realm of the spirit we seek the heights from which we came. As water reaches its own level so shall we reach the heights for which we seek. The haunting face will draw men until their spirits will pant for the heights more than the hart pants after the waterbrook. That hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be satisfied! Humanity shall come once more into its natural environment—God. The harmony broken in Eden shall be restored.

All unhappiness comes from broken harmony, from the lack of adaptation to, or removal from, our environment. God is our environment. Our hearts were made for Him. Because of our lost adaptation to an environment of love (and God is love) we are like a bird with a broken pinion, fluttering piteously on the ground, unable to meet the sun at his coming or to fill the air with song. We are restless and unhappy because we are out of our proper environment. But even our unhappiness and restlessness may be interpreted as pledges of restoration. "They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled."

Our very yearning is the calling of God to our spirits.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings,
Come welling and surging in;
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

Not only our dissatisfaction with what we *are,* but our disappointment with what we *do,* is an eloquent credential of Christianity. Our labours seem so poor in the presence of His precept and example! We work away in our little area of His great harvest field, all too often with our eyes on the ground, and when we look up we see vaster areas of wheat going to waste, and we are sorely tempted to transfer the scene of our labours, or else quit altogether. Then it is, if we are truly His disciples, that we take up His cry, "The harvest is plenteous and the labourers are few," and strive to enlist others as co-labourers with us. This is the secret of all missionary activity. It explains why Christians suffer and sacrifice as they labour to save the harvest "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand."

It explains why Victor Hugo cried out: "Sacrifice to the mob! Sacrifice to that unfortunate, vanquished, vagabond, shoeless, famished, repudiated, despairing mob; give it thy ear, thy hand, thy heart! The mob is the human race in misery." It explains why we hasten to help underprivileged children; why we build hospitals for the sick, and asylums for the orphans and the aged; why we strive to keep from the weak the cup that destroys; why we pour out our thought, our gold, our lives for our less fortunate fellows. It explains why we are labouring and shall continue to labour, in pain and self-denial, if need be, to save the fields that are white. And Christians labour and suffer with their Master, believing that if they suffer with Him they shall also be glorified with Him, and that the suffering of this present time is not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us hereafter.

Christians believe that—

When out of the bliss of some God-lighted clime,
We look back on the clouds and the darkness of time,
We shall find the deep shadows of suffering here
Were but backgrounds for pictures of happiness there.
Heaven's rest will be better for toil-filled years;
Every eye will be brighter for its bathing in tears;
The clear river of life shall be sweeter for those
Who have drunken where Marah in bitterness flows.

The credentials of Christianity are found in the great devotion of its followers. There is something about it which has led countless men and women to renounce all that humanity, by nature, holds dear, and to consecrate themselves to dangerous and unremitting service. There was something about this religion which sent Father Damien to the island of Molokai, Carey to India and Moffat to Africa. Such consecrations as these are written large on every page of Christianity's missionary history. Go to-day, if you will, to the leper colonies of the world, and to the remotest and neediest groups of mankind, and there you will find those who have left home and kindred and friends to minister to earth's sorely afflicted children. Or go to where hands are outstretched appealingly for bread, where poverty crouches in cold and darkness, where children in hunger sob themselves to sleep, where fierce temptations struggle for victims, and there you will find men and women who have renounced the world and its pleasures to become the willing servants of the unfortunate. A great multitude, whose names are unwritten save in "The Lamb's Book of Life," have toiled in plague-stricken cities and famine cursed nations and then have gone down to humble and nameless graves when they might have had the plaudits of the world in life and a grave with the great in death. In them was exemplified the divine pity, passion and love which characterised the

Son of Man in His mission of seeking and saving the lost. Like Him, these have gone up and down the earth knocking at alien gates asking an entrance for the King of Glory.

Naught save the divine fire, could so warm and inspire the heart that one would forsake kindred and friends, ease and honors, riches and power and set sail to some far and unknown clime with scanty equipment, no civil authority, often with no companion, and with no hope of earthly reward. It is so that many missionaries of the cross go out. What sublime faith! It is kin to that faith which enabled Abram to leave Ur of the Chaldees and go out into a strange land not knowing whither he went. The missionary is related to all those heroes of faith whose names are called in the roll of immortals in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. And there is a larger roll than any earthly scroll can contain, men and women who filled the cup of their devotion to their God and to their fellows and poured it out as an offering of a sweet smelling savour. They were and are Christianity's divinest credentials. God was manifest in them as He has been revealed in every messenger of love and unselfishness since time began.

A picket frozen on duty,
  A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
  And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who humble and nameless,
  The straight hard pathway plod,
Some call it consecration,
  And others call it God.

The great transformations wrought by Christianity, constitute one of its most striking credentials. The Founder promised men a mysterious but potent energy to aid them in reclaiming and rebuilding their lives. The great mul-

titude of men and women whose lives have been transformed, are eloquent witnesses of how abundantly His promise has been fulfilled. When John sent to Jesus, from his prison, to inquire if He (Jesus) were the true Messiah, Jesus pointed to His works as sufficient evidence of His Messiahship. So to-day, when the honest enquirer comes asking for the credentials of our religion, we may point to those whose lives have been transformed by its cleansing power and made lovely and lovable. Not only may we find such credentials around us, but we may point to those lands where the ambassador of the cross has wrought the miracle of creating a new moral and social order and a new consciousness among people imbued with centuries of heathen vices. The Christian missionary has gone to savage countries, and, from darkened minds and souls benighted with centuries of anti-social habits, has developed excellent examples of sainthood and heroism. Written languages have been created, the faculty of enjoying literature has been developed, woman has been elevated, homes have been created, cruelty has been transformed into kindness, lust into purity, savagery into civilisation and cannibals into lovers of their fellowmen. The press, science, commerce, powerful as they are, cannot point to any such transformations. Truly it may be said of the herald of the cross that "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." As we consider how they have changed the darkened places of the world it is not hard to understand why Darwin said, "Should the voyager chance to be on the point of shipwreck, on some far and unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have reached the land before him."

The divinest credentials of Christianity are the conso-

lations which it brings us in its assurance of the love of God. If God is love, as the Founder taught, then we may hope for forgiveness. Indeed the whole Christian religion is a religion of forgiveness. The Founder Himself, we are told, was exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to assure men of forgiveness of sin. He promised pardon to the uttermost for all who would show a forgiving spirit toward their fellowmen. "Condemn not," He said, "and ye shall not be condemned. Forgive and ye shall be forgiven." And with many other gracious words did He assure men of forgiveness. And we need nothing else quite so sorely as this assurance. Rightly has it been said, "Tell poor, battered, broken humanity that there remaineth no forgiveness, and a universal shriek would rend the skies, and the earth would put on weeds of mourning, and, like Rachel of old, go down to the judgment weeping."

And if God is love His ears will not be deaf to the cries of His children. If He is love then prayer is more than merely a subjective exercise. Jesus taught that His Father would more eagerly hear and answer the petitions of His children than any human father, and, certainly, no human father would let his child cry for him in the dark without giving assurances of his nearness and his sympathy. The disciples of Jesus in every age since His advent, have proven over and over that somewhere out in the silences is an Unseen Power who hears and heeds. The throne of the universe is not vacant. There is a great cloud of witnesses testifying that something responded to the cries of need, that comfort, strength, guidance and strange deliverances came as they waited in darkness. And these will not be told that such experiences must be rejected as mere illusions. They will declare that if such experiences are tricks of the senses, then no certain knowledge in any

realm remains. And such a contention is well-founded! When we express some need by cable, wire or radio, and a response comes to the need expressed, we do not doubt that some intelligence has spoken. And no more should we doubt an answer that comes to our prayers to the unseen God. Rather let us believe that prayer is the line of communication which penetrates the veil that hangs between us and that purely spiritual realm into which we at length shall pass.

And if God is love, as Jesus taught, immortality is assured. No human father would let his child die, if he had the power to prevent it, knowing that, above all things, the child wanted to live. And Jesus taught that the heavenly Father is more eager than a human father to give good gifts to His children.

On this assurance we may rest our hope of everlasting life, as countless millions have done who have gone before us. Surely of all the comforts which humanity can know or desire, none is more precious than the assurance that we shall not forever die. Tennyson has well said:

Truth for truth and good for good, the good the pure the true
the just,
Take the charm "Forever" from them, and they crumble into
dust.

One of the strongest credentials of Christianity is that it adds to life the charm "Forever."

Christians cannot say and will not say that the absent are dead. They are just away. Christians believe with the poetic-souled Prentiss, that:

"There is a land where the rainbow never fades, where the stars shall be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the bright and beautiful beings which pass before us here like shadows, shall stay in our presence forever."

These are some of the credentials of Christianity.

XII

THE ESSENTIALS OF CHRISTIANITY *

GENIUS is ever doomed to suffer when interpreted by mediocrity. The teachings of Jesus of Nazareth have suffered from the attempts of small minds, corporate interests, and stubborn traditions to formulate them into theological systems. If Jesus should reappear, he would likely be puzzled by many phases of the religion which bears his name. Some of them would no doubt receive his unsparing condemnation.

The human mind has ever found its highest employment in discerning between the trivial and the essential. There is no discharge in this war. The task is always imposed of rescuing ideals from distortion and perversion and from the accretions of the years.

It is quite evident that we must recover the essential elements of Christianity from the trivial, transient, and distorted elements which have well-nigh obscured the beauty of the teachings of Jesus. This work of recovery is not so Herculean as we might be led to suppose. It is a matter of rediscovering the mind of Jesus. Read The Gospels. His words were not intricate or involved. He did not speak to the illuminated few. The humble, poor, forlorn and heretical understood and followed him. Peasants, fishermen, tax-gatherers and soldiers understood

* The Convention Sermon delivered before the Inland Empire Convention of Disciples of Christ at Waitsburg, Washington, June 27, 1928.

him. What prevents a similar understanding of him to-day?

There is a tendency to-day, as in past ages, to make Christianity into a philosophical system. But the intellectual element is not the essential substance of Christianity. We may be Christians without solving the historical and philosophical questions concerning the life and person of Jesus. It is admitted, of course, that theology has a right to claim a place with other sciences in the field of intellectual investigation. But the theological phase of Christianity cannot lay claim to an equal place with that phase which is frequently referred to as "a way of life." However the intellectual aspect of Christianity need not be disassociated from the practical. The religion of the Man who "never learned" is not at variance with the highest wisdom and culture. But the intellectual must not have preëminence over or be substituted for the spiritual.

The genius of Jesus has suffered at the hands of mediocrity. When the intellectuals have laboured to formulate his teachings into creeds and theological statements, they have invariably succeeded in narrowing down and restricting his message so as to make it fit the mould which fashioned their own minds. Each age fashions its own religious, political and philosophic moulds and insists that succeeding ages shall use them. These moulds are commonly called social patterns. The doctrine of the atonement, for example, has been interpreted in all the social patterns which have prevailed for two millenniums. Among these may be named the Messianic pattern, the pattern of sacrifice, the pattern of monarchy, the pattern of feudalism, the pattern of law courts, the pattern of captives of war, the pattern of Roman imperialism, and modifications of all of these and more. None of the

moulds, however, could contain more than a hint of the meaning of the Cross—and hardly a hint, after the coming of a new social pattern.

Were men as generous in bequeathing other gifts as they are in bequeathing patterns and moulds, the story of the world would be a far happier tale. One of the strangest things revealed in the history of religion is how that creedal forms or moulds are retained long after the philosophies they once held have been discarded. It is difficult indeed to teach the race that new wine needs new wineskins.

It is a common error to identify an intellectual statement of Christianity with Christianity itself. Anxiety besets the minds of many on account of this confusion. When creeds, bearing the mould-prints of an outworn and decadent philosophy, are attacked, it is believed that Christianity itself is in peril. As a matter of fact the doctrines under attack may only embody the views of a particular school or age, hence one's attitude toward them cannot be regarded as a test of one's religious life. One may reject the creedal statements of immortality, of the atonement, of Biblical inspiration, of the deity of Jesus and all the rest, without ceasing to be Christian. There is a vast difference between the creedal statements and dogmas of Christianity and Christianity itself. The former is philosophy and the latter is religion. Philosophy may sometimes be accompanied by much devout feeling, but it lacks that irrepressible energy, that aggressive force which goes forth to conquer the earth. Philosophy is content to view the world from afar, in peaceful contemplation; religion cannot be content unless engaged in the inspiring and God-like task of reclaiming the waste places of life.

Christianity is a life, not a philosophy. At the first it was called not after its Founder, but by the name "The

Way"—"The Way which men call heresy," says Paul. It is not a method, as we might say, "the way to learn to read is to learn your letters." It is the path or the road over which people travel. Many teachers of the Christian religion have felt, judging from their activities, that the chief need of Christianity was a good verbal statement of its doctrine and its purpose. The Apostles' Creed, Nicene Creed, Athanasian Creed, Thirty-nine Articles, Westminster Confession and numerous other statements indicate just how prevalent this feeling has been. But all the statements formulated by theologians have been powerless to advance any man one step in the Christian life. Doctrine is busy crying "Lord, Lord," while Christian life is busy doing the things Jesus commended. Christianity is confessed, illustrated and extended by action rather than by theological statements.

When Jesus was parting from his disciples he prayed that unity might exist among them. And he gave them a symbol of the unity he had in mind. It was not to repeat the confession or to answer the same catechism in the same manner. There were no formulas or rituals to remember. They were just to eat and drink together. If they could manage to eat bread together, that would be enough. If they could get close enough together to pass the cup from hand to hand, that would suffice. This sort of communion would bind the fickle Simons and the skeptical Thomases together. They would recognise the mutual dependence of him who gives to his brother a piece of bread and of him who receives a cup of drink. The test of discipleship was action. Jesus did not say to the fisherman or to the tax-collector "learn something," or "believe something" but "Follow." That is, do something. So far as verbal expression is concerned, the rich young ruler and Jesus were at one. He had believed the

written law from his youth up. The one thing he lacked was expression or action. So Jesus said to him, "Follow." This was the test he left to fishermen, noblemen and publicans—the simple test of thorns and thistles, vines and fig-trees. The doctrine was to be judged by the life, and not the life by the doctrine. Multitudes of people will repeat the Apostles Creed next Sunday, and then go out and act as if there were no God and as if Jesus never lived and taught. Such persons are ignorant of God and of Jesus, though they cry "Lord, Lord," and repeat their wordy confessions with all the regularity of a faithful Mussulman.

There is a vast gulf between intellectual heresy and heresy of life. It is strange that, in the history of Christianity, it has nearly always been the former which has held the centre of the stage, erecting the barriers which have set men at enmity with each other. Surely the world will yet come to see that the only heresy which can separate a man from the "communion of the saints" and blight his spirit, is not the skeptical questioning of some ancient creed, but rather the practical denial of a way of life whose fruits are meekness, temperance, gentleness and love.

Having said that the essential element of Christianity is not the intellectual element, I now wish to say that the vital substance of Christianity is not the institutional. It is a common error to identify Christianity with ecclesiastical forms and institutional machinery. One of the most tragic blunders of Christendom has been the assumption that the kingdom of God cometh by institutions. The word assumption is used advisedly, for there is no evidence that the kingdom of which Jesus taught has any external form, constitution or machinery whatsoever. It frequently happens that while men are identifying the kingdom of God with organisation and machinery and

ecclesiasticism, the reign of God is quietly asserting its supremacy regardless of all forms of institutionalism.

This is not to say, however, that we should renounce all institutional religion—at least not at the present stage of human development. It is possible, though not wholly desirable, to make the mechanics of religion serve for awhile longer. But when we identify the mechanics, or the institutional, with the kingdom of God itself, or substitute institutions for inspirations, we grievously blunder. It is to exchange the substance for the shadow, the life-giving spirit for the soul-killing letter.

It is not only possible but easy, for institutional religion with its pomp and pride and power and machinery to set up a little kingdom of its own and in doing so to hinder the coming of the true kingdom of God. When the institutions we call churches fail to see beyond their own gates, when controversy and intolerance prevail, when sects label each other with odious names because of some intellectual difficulty, or because of some variance in thought or creed, then it may be said with truth that such organisations have set themselves in the way of the kingdom, that they will not enter in themselves and are hindering those who would enter.

When all the commendatory words have been said of institutional religion that can be justifiably spoken, the fact will still remain that institutionalism is no more capable of containing the kingdom of God than the old wine-skins of Jewish theocracy were capable of containing the wine of the teachings of Jesus. The bottles will burst and all attempts to patch them will be unavailing. A spiritual religion like that of Jesus cannot be limited by rigid forms and ecclesiastical pronouncements.

The essential element of Christianity is an unselfish attitude of life which brings its possessor into fellowship

and sympathy with all mankind. Such an attitude will recognise the illimitable capacity of the human heart for goodness, despite the blight of sin. Such an attitude will hear

> Down in the muck and scum of things,
> Something that always, always sings.

By such a fellowship of service and sympathy men are brought into contact with the Divine Spirit whose quickening power reveals the deep things of God. To know Christ, and the power of his sufferings, and the glory of his resurrection, it is not necessary to hold any particular phase of doctrinal belief or to subscribe to any dogma or to rely upon any institution. But it is necessary that we shall have the spirit of Christ. The man in harmony with the will of God shall know God. And in proportion as we deny self and serve others we become partners with Christ in reclaiming the world for God.

There is nothing more impracticable than the dogmas, doctrines and creeds of Christendom. There is nothing more practicable than that sympathetic attitude of life which rejoices with the joyful and sorrows with the tearful; which bears the burdens of the weak and cheers the heavy laden. In this attitude of life is the solution for the most vexing problems of our time and of all time to come. This will remain the essential element in the Christian religion when the doctrines and dogmas which divide men have been forgotten.

XIII

THE RETURN TO FAITH *

THE age in which we find ourselves is being labelled "an age of doubt." It is not difficult nor does it require any great wisdom to tag or label (libel would be almost as appropriate) a man or an era. Indeed it seems that most men are uneasy in the presence of anything until they have labeled, catalogued, classified, and pigeon-holed it.

At the very outset of this address I wish to state it as my conviction that this age is no more an age of doubt than was the age of our grandsires. Every age and generation has been beset with its own peculiar doubts and questionings; every generation has had to make its own inquiry concerning Reality. All men, consciously or unconsciously, are, with varying degrees of intelligence and sincerity, seeking after God. All are fellow-pilgrims in the great quest for Reality. Now it frequently happens that these pilgrims of the great quest find themselves in conflict. They pitch their tents over against each other and fling out their challenging banners. These banners have borne many devices and inscriptions of varying degrees of *un*importance. At the present they are inscribed with the words "Fundamentalism" and "Modernism." The banners of the next generation will bear new inscrip-

* Delivered at the annual June Rally of the Christian Churches of Baltimore, held under the auspices of the Baltimore Disciples Union, on June 11, 1920.

tions, but the fundamental causes of conflict will remain the same. One camp will strive to force upon the other an interpretation of Reality in thought-forms which have been outgrown and discarded, or which are unknown. The Idealist will clash with the Realist. The poetic temperament will clash with the scientific, being unable to reconcile itself to the vast and heedless universe of the scientist. The present conflict between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists partakes of these fundamental causes which have been at the roots of nearly all religious controversy. The present conflict will, even as past conflicts, cause much spiritual depression. The only cheer available in the midst of it all is the hope that the controversy may also reveal a wealth of spiritual ideas which might otherwise remain undiscovered.

The camp which has been labelled Fundamentalist seems excited and alarmed over the increasing acceptance of the theory of evolution, and is interpreting this doctrine as one that gets rid of God, gives man an ape for an ancestor, deifies natural law and physical force.

The earth seems to be tired of kings and kingdoms, and this advance in political science threatens to deprive the Fundamentalist of his well-known figures of king and kingdom, and to substitute therefor a Republic of God whose citizens are free beings, with power to defy as well as to obey. On this ground of freedom the Modernist is finding a satisfying answer to his inquiry as to the cause of war and other catastrophes which so often engulf the world. How can a God of infinite power and goodness permit his world to be overwhelmed with a strife which slays the flower of his children? If he can prevent it and does not, he is not infinitely good. If he would prevent it and cannot, he is not infinitely powerful. The Modernist finds his satisfaction in the thought that the loving, intel-

ligent Will, which pervades the universe, does not overrule the free will of free beings thus robbing of the power of choice and the possibility of rebellion. Hence it is the rebellion of the free human spirit against the Benevolent Will of the universe that brings on catastrophe.

The Modernist has united with the scientist in affirming the regularity and uniformity of natural laws, declaring that all representations of their interruption to be fanciful and without foundation. Such interruptions have been eliminated from their accepted Scriptures and their inclusion in the first instance accounted for on the ground of the fallibility of the human element which entered into the writing. The Fundamentalist is sorely perplexed by the Modernist who admonishes his fellows to discount external authority in religion and to accept nothing without the support of "a valid inner evidence."

But even here there is ground for optimism. For, to believe anything on insufficient testimony will ultimately end in doubt, while to be skeptical of matters insufficiently substantiated may lead to a reasonable faith in the things which should be believed. It is said that we are "justified by faith," and may we not believe that we are only justified by that faith which is itself justified by facts?

A great thinker has declared that in order to find the true God one must doubt the traditional doctrine concerning Him. Frequently doubt leads to the examination of evidence, which in turn leads to the finest faith. To believe without evidence is not faith at all, but credulity, and those who look to others for their articles of faith never believe anything very strongly or doubt anything very much. Standardised believers in standardised creeds will never constitute that venturesome Society by which Jesus proposed to remake the world.

There is a very real way in which doubt may minister

to faith. St. Augustine declared that "Thomas doubted that he might not doubt." In other words, his skeptical nature demanded complete evidence before he would believe. But, when convinced, he believed with a power which shamed the nominal believer. There are many whose skeptical natures, like that of Thomas, are slow to believe. But when faith has come they hold it with a tenacity which impulsive and credulous natures can never know.

The doubts of youth and immaturity, and the doubts which spring from cruel experiences, should not be the occasion for very great concern. Such doubts are often but the prelude of a faith that shall endure when the faith of quick-believing souls has fled. Wherever there is doubt there will be faith. Wherever there is action there will be reaction. The spiritual world, like the physical, is a sphere, and though one flee from the way of faith he is destined to return. The very fact that men are passing through an experience we call "loss of faith" is proof that they will return to faith. The prodigal who takes his journey into a far country always finds himself visited by a hunger and restlessness which eventually drive him back to his father's house. The return of the skeptic to faith is never so certain as when he goes away declaring "except I see I will not believe." "My Lord and my God," is the exclamation which inevitably follows that violent statement.

There are many roads over which the skeptic returns to faith, so many that I cannot even hint at all of them in this address. I would, however, name a few. First of all, because I consider it the main highway, I would name the road of service. When John questioned why a Messiah would sit silently and passively by while a wicked tyrant thrust the harbinger of that Messiah into prison, he was

bidden to consider the works of Christ and to find in them the support of his faith, and not to be offended or to find a stumbling block in what Christ failed to do. The best method of answering all questions pertaining to the nature of God, Christ and Christianity is to point to the moral results in human lives that have been touched by their power. It is related of Frederick W. Robertson, that rare and "spiritually fertile" soul of Brighton, that he became troubled with religious doubts which threatened to drive him from his pulpit. But in the midst of his skepticism he was admonished by an understanding friend, who had passed through the same difficulties, to continue his ministry in the hope of a return to faith. Accordingly Robertson threw himself into unselfish service for the needy with even more fervour than that which characterised the beginning of his ministry. Years passed and his friendly counsellor met him again and inquired as to how he had settled his doubts. Replied Robertson: "I went more earnestly to work, and I have been so busy trying to help others that I have not had time to think much of my doubts. Of course my questions were never answered, but they ceased to trouble me. And now if they could be explained I would not even waste the time it would take."

This illustrates the truth that the cure for skepticism lies largely in the pragmatic method suggested by Jesus to the doubting prisoner. The proof of faith lies in its practical results.

Nature is another path by which the skeptic may return to faith. To reason from nature through to God is, according to John Fiske, to follow a stream of thought which empties at last into a boundless ocean beyond man's power to fathom. Whether we study nature through the telescope or through the microscope, we are driven to the conclusion that nature is inexplicable without a supreme

intelligence. We see the marks of that intelligence in the physical universe, in atoms and electrons, in force and energy. We see its imprint in the organic world, in life and its multitudinous manifestations. What is matter? What is energy? Whence comes life? What is the explanation of the solar system? Is chance the answer to all these questions? If not then the answer must be God.

Human personality constitutes another path over which men may return to faith. Great as is the testimony of the organic and inorganic worlds, personality supplies a greater testimony to the existence and character of that Supreme Intelligence we call God. Robert Browning has beautifully said,

> The Truth in God's breast,
> Lies trace upon trace
> On ours impressed;
> Though He is bright
> And we are dim,
> We are made in His image
> To witness him.

If we admit that man was made in the image of God and that he continues in some degree to bear that image, then it is not difficult to reason from man's nature back to the character of God. Man thinks, feels, wills, loves and reasons, therefore back of all these functions there must be a Supreme Being possessed of all these powers, though multiplied to infinity. In that admirable little book, "Through Man to God" Dr. George A. Gordon says there are but two approaches to the character of the infinite; cosmic nature and man. It is true that these two exist together in a sort of sacramental union and it may seem that any attempt to regard them as opposites violates the great law "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Yet they stand to each other as higher and

lower, and they speak a different word concerning the mystery that is within them and behind them. It is possible however to carry this human interpretation of the Divine Being to extremes. Many unworthy conceptions of the Deity have resulted from making God in man's image. The foibles, cruelties and vanities of men have often been read into the character of God. What men would like to do with their enemies, they have imagined God would do to his. What men have thought of themselves in moments of foolish pride, they have imagined God would also think of them. When men have been flattered by fawning servants, they have imagined Deity flattered by their praise. When men approached oriental despots through the medium of viziers, they imagined man must approach God through the medium of a priest.

From man we may argue that God is a spirit, for we recognise that our true ego is spirit and not flesh. We recognise that matter may condition mind but we deny that it causes or creates mind. If, therefore, consciousness reveals the reality and permanence of the spiritual in the finite world, why may we not with equal certainty affirm the reality and preëminence of an Infinite Spirit in the universe? May we not believe that the human conscience, intellect, imagination, emotion, and will are but functions of the finite spirit which have their parallel in the Infinite Spirit which pervades the universe? If man, or human personality is the medium through which we may return to faith in God, may we not believe that God is the medium through which we may return to faith in man—faith in his high origin, infinite possibilities and glorious destiny? May we not believe in the divinty of man because we have noted his incurable homesickness for God? Some one has said that "man cannot think without thinking God," that he can as little choose to be

religious as he can choose to be rational, that he is both by the same necessity of his nature. "The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are children of God."

The first concept most of us have of God comes from our parents and no subsequent conception ever becomes quite so dear as that which sees God in the light of parenthood. This concept of God is the most suggestive and natural. From the parent comes the life of the child, therefore why should not all life come from a divine parent? There are those who go so far as to hold that this concept of God is native to the human spirit, citing the now classical illustration of Helen Keller who, when she had at last been educated so as to communicate with others, spoke first about God. When Phillips Brooks spoke to her of the heavenly father she responded instantly that it was as father or mother that she had always thought of God. Even in the midst of her deafness, dumbness, and blindness, when cut off from communication with her kind, she thought of God in the terms of her parents. Probably no other illustration could be cited more favourable to the view that the father-god idea is innate, than this of Helen Keller. It was probably this idea which caused the poet to sing of God as "our eternal home."

There may be something to the fall of man, of which theologians have written so voluminously. It is even possible that he fell upward, as some of the more advanced theologians claim. We will not argue that. But we do insist, at least, that man in falling, fell on the altar stairs "that slope through the darkness up to God." And we may well believe that he fell facing the heights. And he would not have fallen facing homeward had he not been making his pilgrimage in that direction. And he would not have been journeying to the heights had he not come from the heights. As water seeks its own level so,

in the realm of the spirit, we seek the heights from which we came and, though afar off, we are almost home when we face homeward. It may be that we shall have to climb with bleeding hands, with bruised and burning feet, with broken hearts and bitter tears, but climb we shall until we have attained our hearts desire and are satisfied. They that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled.

If man may return to faith in God over the paths of service, nature, and personality, may he not also arrive at faith in a Divine Society through observing the partnership of the human with the divine? And one does not need to learn from a book that man is a co-worker with God.

This divine society we call the Church (and which our organised religion so often is not) may best be described as "the union of those who love in the service of those who suffer." No society can fill a nobler description than that. This divine society is to be a witness to the goodness of God. It is to be a tie binding the race together, and binding the race to God, thus making us feel at home in the world. The vastness of the universe would stagger us without some such tie to anchor us to the eternal. It is more difficult to feel at home in an infinite universe than on a small island every nook of which we have explored. At best we feel like crying out with the old mariner, "Oh God, have mercy on me; thy ocean is so great, and my boat is so small."

This divine society is composed not of perfect people but of men and women of good will, who have been called out and called together for mutual encouragement and support. It is difficult enough to travel across the desert in a caravan. It would be almost unbearable to cross the desert alone. As desert travellers, shrinking from a silent and solitary journey, unite for mutual pro-

tection and support, so men and women of a common purpose and a common hope, unite for the common good in making a pilgrimage which otherwise would be desolate and lonely.

Nor does the interest and concern of this society end with the members of the caravan. It extends to every pilgrim and every group of pilgrims who may be out in the desert. Some of them may be lost, without food or water, searching desperately for help. For these unfortunate pilgrims this divine society will have a care.

Tolstoi tells us of a peasant home on a bleak and windswept Russian moor from which an only daughter had strayed. In loving unforgetfulness the mother kept a candle burning in the window that faced the lonely moor over which the erring daughter went away. And, after many days, when all was spent and the famine of heart had come, the daughter turned again home, and was guided through the night and storm to shelter and rest by the faithful light. There is another story of a widow whose only son put out to sea from his humble seaside home. There were silent and anxious years but through them all a candle burned in the window that faced the sea —a sort of beacon of welcome from the mother-heart that dreamed of a ship's return. The candle in the window aptly illustrates the supreme purpose of this divine society—to keep a light burning in the window that faces the lonely moor and the stormy sea over which the homesick wanderer at length returns.

XIV

A GLORIOUS CHURCH *

ONE gifted with ordinary imagination may see in the New Testament many striking pictures of the Church. Let us look at some of them. The body of Christ through which His spirit operates, even as the human spirit operates through the body of flesh. The bride of Christ, sharing His life, wearing His name, bearing and nurturing His spiritual children. The family of Christ, in which those who do His will are His mother, brother and sister. A school of Christ in which all who love are recognised as true disciples of the Master. Salt, preserving and seasoning the life of the world. Light, purifying, fructifying and vision-bringing. An ambassador, representing and speaking for Christ. A final arbiter in dissension, placing beyond the pale those who refuse arbitration. A fortress on a rock, under which the enemy cannot dig. A pillar and buttress in the temple of all true values, aims and ideals. A flock whose Chief Shepherd is Christ and whose under-shepherds are those who minister in His name and spirit. And even these do not exhaust the picture-gallery.

From any one of these pictures a minister may develop

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a helpful sermon. It is not my purpose, however, to enlarge any of these pictures, but rather to make a composite sketch from the implications of all the pictures in the gallery. And if I succeed, even in a small measure, the composite picture will represent to some extent what St. Paul called "a glorious Church."

A glorious Church will speak with authority. It must so speak in order to hold the respect of the world. Men turn from a Church or any other institution which fawns upon them like a beggar. They spurn or kick that which whines at their heels. But when a voice speaks with the ringing quality of authority, men pause and listen. It is quite evident that the modern Church is suffering from an inferiority complex. Like the majority of Moses' spies, the Church is too often in its own sight as a grasshopper. In the midst of political, industrial, military and academic greatness the Church is prone to feel somewhat as the spies felt in the presence of the Canaanites. The Church needs to recognise that, though there are giants in the land in great numbers, it is nowhere recorded that moral and spiritual questions were ever settled by a majority ballot or a show of hands.

This is not to say that the Church should be blind to the giants, but it is to say that both obstacles and opportunities should be seen in proper perspective. The Church should not be blind to the power of a righteous minority. The Founder of the Church was quite indifferent to numbers. Many moderns, had they been His contemporaries, with their present attitudes, would have laughed Him to scorn for spending so much of His time on a dozen humble men. But having poured Himself into them for two years, He challenged the pagan world with them. The Church needs more of the venturous spirit of Caleb who declared

in the presence of a craven majority "We are well able to possess the land."

The power available for conquest is the power of Him who said He was posessed of all authority in heaven and on earth. That He spake truly was demonstrated by the self-evidencing quality of His teachings and by the integrity of His life. His words carried their own witness to their truthfulness and His character added weight to His words. The Church may rely on the power of self-evidencing truth. Men will recognise truth because it is truth, just as they recognise light because it is light. Truth has an answering witness in every man's conscience. The teachings of the Church are best authenticated by the moral and spiritual attitudes of those who make up the body.

A glorious Church will be both catholic and protestant. That is to say it will be both inclusive and exclusive. It will recognise every force and agency of benevolence and good-will, regardless of name and method, as a part of itself. There will be no wasting of energy through competition with those agencies which are in deed and in truth its allies. Its energy and power will be reserved for the assault of those agencies which debauch the race and destroy the image of God in the souls of men. All men of good-will and tolerance will be regarded as members of this glorious Church. All self-righteous, intolerant and unbrotherly men will place themselves beyond the pale. Religion will be defined in the terms of the ancient Hebrew prophet who declared the Lord God required nothing of men save that they do justly, love mercy and walk humbly. This glorious Church will hold with its Founder that all religion, as well as the law and the prophets, hangs upon love. It will hold with St. Paul that if a man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His—that is to say

by his very attitude of life he is not a member of the Church. The Church will be catholic in that it will embrace all that enriches life. It will be protestant in that it will protest against all that mars the image of God in the face of man. It will be far more concerned with the heresy of a cold and unfeeling heart than with heresy of theology and doctrine. It will put service above ritual, love above law, and fraternity above finance. And thus it will fit the earth for the development of a nobler race, wherein men shall find it easier to do right than to do wrong.

A glorious Church will be both a reaper and a sower. It will search the earth for treasures with which to enrich humanity. It will lay hold on art, to appeal to the artistic; on science, to appeal to the scientist; on philosophy, to appeal to the wise; on benevolence, to appeal to the gentle. When these treasures have been gathered, the Church will go forth like a sower and scatter them among men.

A glorious Church will both comfort and challenge. It will recognise that life must be lived under certain inescapable circumstances, and that no man is free from sorrow and sin and loss. To all the hurt and sorrowing of earth the Church will come with a sympathetic understanding. In the ministry of consolation the Church will not forget material needs. While assuring men of the Eternal Goodness at the heart of things, of the efficacy of prayer, of the assurance of forgiveness and of everlasting life beyond the shadows of time, the Church will not forget the bitter present. A glorious Church will not stop with the ministry of consolation. It will sound a trumpet to rally Meroz from slumber and sluggishness and the trumpet call will kindle high and holy aspirations in hearts growing cold and callous. Into the spirits of men will come welling great yearnings for a purified and glorified

society, a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, a social order in which God or love shall be preëminent even as He is in the heaven of our dreams. The Church glorious will enkindle in men aspirations intimate and personal. The challenge of the glorious Church will be to a higher and nobler personal life—a life akin to the ideal which beckons from the hill of sacrifice. This challenge will cause the discouraged and defeated of earth to turn once more towards God.

A glorious Church will be both conforming and transforming. It will conform to the customs and usages of the society in which it is placed, when such conformity does not violate its essential spirit. By such conformity the Church will not antagonise unnecessarily, thus opening wider doors of opportunity for its message. It will be on guard, however, lest there be too much conformity to the world and a consequent loss of its message. The Church glorious will recognise that its chief function is the transformation of the world. It will know, too, that men are ever transformed "by the renewing of their minds," rather than by legislation and external force. It is the renewed mind which changes cruelty into kindness, lust into purity, savagery into civilisation and selfishness into love.

A glorious Church will be both organised and spiritualised. But it will not rely on organisation for the achievement of its ends. It will rely on that inspiration which springs from a vision of the cross. It will be more concerned with opening the eyes of men to "the vision splendid" than with hedging them about with rules and regulations. It will give due regard to organisation, but ever with the recognition that organisation is at best but a trellis for the vine of the spirit. The trellis will not be mistaken for the vine. The Church will not permit the

clatter of machinery and organisation to drown the still small voice of God.

A glorious Church will feel the lure of the impossible. Ideals will ever outstrip accomplishments. A divine dissatisfaction will urge on to "the land behind the ranges." As Moses endured by seeing the invisible, so a glorious Church will endure by envisioning the triumphs that are to be. If this generation misses the mark the next will have a better aim. If this generation dies outside the Promised Land the next may enter. The glory of the Church is that it holds ideals that are not cheap and easy of attainment. The vision of what the Church proposes to do and be is not realisable in a day.

A glorious Church will strive to safeguard the future. One of the divinest things about the Church is that it desires to pass on to the next generation blessings to which this generation is a stranger. It is recorded that the Argentines rid themselves of an ant pest by placing poisoned food in the paths of the ants that forage for their young. The food is not sufficiently poisoned to kill the old ants, but it is deadly to the young. When the food-carriers bring it to the young and regurgitate it the rising generation perishes. A glorious Church will ever be mindful that it is in the business of carrying food to the next generation. It will see to it that the food is not poisoned with our ancient evils and prejudices. A glorious Church, like a wise sailor, will stow away extra anchors to cast out in time of storm. Like the wise virgins, the Church will realise that midnights come when oil can be burnt but not bought.

A glorious Church will be both a fraternity and a foe. As a fraternity it will care and comfort and heal. It will be a fellowship of warm hearts, open minds and adventurous spirits. It will be a fraternity without geographi-

cal and social frontiers. It will be as broad as the love of God; as high as the ideals of Jesus and as low as the humblest human. It will be a fraternity which inspires courage for the world that is and hope for the world that is to come. At the same time it will be a foe to all that mars the image of God in men. It will be dangerous to oppressors of the weak. It will stir up the people until it can be said, as it was said of Paul and Silas, that it has turned the world upside down. It will go down into every Egypt of earth crying to the world's Pharaohs in the name of God and saying "Let my people go." "I am come that they may have life and have it more abundantly." It will be dangerous to war-lords and selfish rulers. It will call upon men to live dangerously. Its motto will be "Safety last." Such a Church can lead the world into the Canaan of its noblest dreams.

XV

THE MESSAGE OF THE MANGER *

THE keynote of the angel chorus was "peace on earth." The Church of to-day should commit herself unreservedly to the high enterprise of keeping the birth-music of Christianity in the high key struck by the angels in the beginning.

It is the will of God, whose other name is Love, that peace shall prevail among the nations. Too long mankind has considered international peace as an impossible dream, saying, "war is an inevitable evil." Too long men have delayed the coming of peace by their pessimism and unfaith.

The spirit of Christ is suggesting to our generation some very practical methods of escape from the wilderness into which humanity has wandered. He that hath ears let him hear what the spirit is saying. Upon the Christmas air is borne the voice of God's present-day messengers admonishing us that peace waits upon the recognition of the economic interdependence of mankind, the recognition that no nation liveth unto itself. Hence every effort must be made to break down the barriers between the nations. Our dreams of financial superiority and our economic ambitions have intoxicated us to the point of madness. There must be a sobering. Our national im-

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perialistic ambitions for territorial expansion must be subordinated to the desire for brotherhood. The old policy of armed intervention in the interest of commerce must be abandoned. Self-determination must be granted to the now subject peoples of the earth. A constructive foreign policy for our Federal Government must be advocated. All international agencies for the peaceable settlement of international disputes must be strengthened. We may not favour the League of Nations in every particular but, if we are Christian, we must favour commissions of conciliation, and tribunals and courts of international justice. And by holding up before the youth of the world the horrors and the waste of war, instead of its fancied glories, we must create such a hatred of the whole war system as will eventuate in the outlawry of the iniquitous institution.

Industrial peace, like peace between the nations, waits upon the application of the Christ spirit to our industrial problems. The cries of defrauded labour, the crushing effects of poverty and the helpless dependence of multitudes of workers have gone too long unnoticed by Christendom. When the spirit of Christ touches industry men shall see that the purpose of industry is to make happier men instead of more gold; that the motive of industry should be public service rather than private profit; that the method of industry should be cooperation rather than cut-throat competition; that the spirit of industry should be the golden rule rather than the rule of gold; that the conduct of industry should be democratic rather than autocratic. There are hopeful signs of the coming of Christ to the industrial order.

The angel-guests of the shepherds called their message "good tidings of great joy." It was to stand in striking contrast to the despairing philosophies of the ancient

world, a world whose sated lust and secret loathing and disgust made human life a hell. The "great joy" of which the heavenly messengers brought tidings, was not to be conditioned upon the self-knowledge of the Greeks, nor the self-sufficiency of the Romans, nor the self-correction of the Moslem, nor the self-enjoyment of the Epicurean, but rather in self-control and self-denial. The joy or good cheer of this new philosophy of life was to be independent of men and circumstances. It was to sing in the midnight prison as well as upon hills of day. Prison stocks and fettered feet were to find it undismayed. And this good cheer was to be contagious, communicating itself from heart to heart and encouraging all the baffled and struggling wayfarers of life. This cheering quality of the manger-message may be aptly illustrated by a story from Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott." He tells us that one dismal, foggy night a man was making his way through the darkness of London streets, and to keep his heart up was reciting to himself that iron-noted poem "Marmion." As he reached the words "Charge, Chester, charge," a voice answered out of the fog, "On, Stanley, on," and another wayfarer emerged from the mist. Under a street lamp they met for a moment, brought together in the fog by the song. They looked into each other's faces, clasped hands and passed on, the one singing "Charge, Chester, charge," and the other answering back, "On, Stanley, on." So the good cheer of the "glad tidings" was to be a song of courage to the race as with bruised hands and bleeding feet, it stumbled through the darkness up to God.

The manger-message stands for the sacredness of personality, declaring that a man is better than a sheep and of more value than many sparrows; that man is more valuable than any of his acquisitions, more valuable than any

of his laws and organisations, more valuable than any of his marvellous achievements. And, because this is so, all that man has achieved, organised or acquired is to serve him instead of making him a servant. Like the Master's definition of the Sabbath, all these things are to minister to men.

When the message of the manger is heard and heeded the world will be rid of its distorted sense of values. We shall then throw about youth the same careful safeguard we now provide for the transfer of a shipment of gold. We shall be as thoughtful in providing teachers of the fine art of living, as we are now in providing county agriculture agents for teaching men how to produce better wheat, cows, sheep and swine. Under the reign of the manger-message we shall not make warfare against human beings, but against all that dwarfs and cheapens human life.

The manger message is one of God's good-will toward all His children, stray they never so far from the light. And the Father's good-will toward all His children must be exercised by His children toward one another. The angel's annunciation, that the "good tidings" were for *all* people argues one brotherhood in which men will not be judged as good or worthless by racial, social, intellectual or financial standards; but rather by their love or unlove for one another. The manger message in action will mean that men can no longer walk through the world with eyes blinded by prejudice, with ears stopt by graft and greed, and with hearts indifferent to human suffering. Under the reign of good-will, brotherhood cannot be limited by racial or national boundaries. The Christ spirit will make of the whole world one brotherhood, even as science has made of the world one neighbourhood. The message of the manger defines religion not as theology, nor as cere-

mony, but as the life of love in the soul of man—a love which shall harmonise the discordant elements within our own souls and unite us in bonds of sympathy to our fellows. When the good-will of the manger message becomes incarnate, men will walk down the Jericho road of life, not as the unfeeling priest, nor as the callous Levite, but as the benevolent Samaritan. In their corporate life, these pilgrims of a common road will be inclusive and exclusive,—including all who love their fellows and excluding the intolerant, self-righteous and proud. They will be cooperative and competitive,—cooperating with all men of good-will and competing with every agency which mars the image of God in the soul. They will be conservative and progressive,—holding the ancient truths in veneration and seeking new truths as a merchantman seeking goodly pearls. They will be a fellowship and a force, comforting the weak and challenging the strong.

Finally, the message of the manger is a message of hope. As the new born Christ-child was the hope of Israel, so is His spirit still the hope of the world which is, and which is to come. In His spirit we find our hope of deliverance from bondage to materialism and worldly success. In the light of His spirit we will discover that covetousness blights life and freezes the finest emotions of the soul. In the light of His spirit we will revise our standards of success, no longer pointing to the rich and the great as exponents of success, but rather to those who have loved most and served the best. In the light of His life we will renew our hope of eternal life. There are no satisfying substitutes for the immortality revealed through Him. That we shall survive only in the race, as George Eliot suggests in "The Spanish Gypsy," or in memory, as Maeterlink suggests in his "Blue Bird," are rather cheerless doctrines. But in His triumph over death,

our hope takes root and flourishes. We learn that a life like his cannot be extinguished. Death is not a great leap in the dark. He has named man's horizon and given us the geography of "the land that is very far off." He has answered humanity's oldest question, "If a man die shall he live again?" Without His answer the summer of hope soon fades and the everlasting winter sets in.

XVI

THE ALTAR BUILDERS *

THE stories of the origin of altars and worship are many and conflicting. One theory, widely held, traces both back to fear. Primitive man felt that earth, sky and sea were leagued against him. His first reaction, we are told, against the things which hurt him was to hurt them in return, much as the child strikes the object against which he has barked his shins or bumped his head. These objects were considered animate by primitive man and the hurt was the result of malice. Then it dawned on the primitive and darkened mind that violence could not subdue the hostile powers, and so he turned to the magic of charms and incantations. Magic failing, he sought to propitiate the hostile Powers by sacrifices and offerings, or to scare them away by fearsome idols. When his idols failed to keep the hurts away, he frequently "punished" them, just as the natives of Guinea and New Zealand are said to beat their gods when they do not gratify their wishes.

In process of time, we are told, the idols were erected to draw the good spirits rather than to frighten away the bad. To these idols were brought substances thought to

* Delivered at the dedication of First Church of Disciples of Christ, Norfolk, Virginia, on Sunday, March 29th, 1925, and published in the April issue of *The Chesapeake Christian*. Dr. M. E. Sadler of Indianapolis, on reading the address in this paper, wrote the author a commendatory letter. Dr. Sadler's letter prompts the author to include the sermon in this volume.

be attractive to the good spirits. These offerings were frequently renewed to keep the kind spirits near. After awhile a shelter was conceived as fitting for the idols which attracted the good spirits. Thus, we are told, originated shrines and places of worship.

Browning's Caliban is representative of this low form of religious thought. Caliban conceives of the Powers as holding infinite possibilities of bane or blessing, but with no particular disposition to confer the latter:

> . . . All things will continue thus,
> And we shall have to live in fear of Him
> So long as He lives, keeps His strength; no change,
> If he have done his best, make no new world
> To please him more, so leave off watching this,—
> If he surprise not even the quiet self,
> Some strange day,—or suppose, grow into it
> As grubs grow into butterflies; else, here are we,
> And there is He, and nowhere help at all.

Caliban conceives that he is at the mercy of and dependent on an Unseen Power and, though his conception of the indifference of that Power was even more radical than that of primitive man, the fundamental nature of the conception is the root of all religion.

Another theory of the earliest religion is that it was largely domestic in its nature. The father of the family was the priest of the family religion before the rise of a formal priesthood or the erection of any temple. However this may be, we may be sure that household religion was fundamental in the history of at least two great groups. The early Roman religion was a religion of the hearth, a worship of the family Lares and Penates. It was far nobler in its discipline of the spirit than the religion which expressed itself in the spectacular worship in the temples of Ceres and Jupiter. The best in Hebrew

religion was quite independent of the temple ritual. Indeed it developed away from the temple and after the temple was destroyed. It lived and flourished in the home through centuries of persecution, even where there was no synagogue. It was communicated to the children by the priest-father, generation after generation.

Multitudes of men and women find the most satisfactory story of the beginning of God-consciousness and of worship in the beautiful allegory in the book of Genesis.

Time forbids a recital of all the theories held as to the origin of worship. Suffice it to say there is one thing common to all theories of the rise of religion and its earliest expressions—the altar. When we speak of the domestic religions we invariably speak of the family altar. And the centre of all sanctuaries of all religions has been the altar. Whatever may be said of the origin of religion, this truth remains: every altar from family fireside to majestic cathedral testifies eloquently to the upward-reaching, heaven-aspiring spirit of man. At every altar since time began man has declared that he is not all clay. Don Marquis hints at this in his poem 'Nevermore.'

Silence falls on the psalms and the pæans.
The shibboleths shift, and the faiths.
And temples which challenged the æons
Are tenanted only by wraiths.
Silence falls on cymbals and psalters:
The worships grow senseless and strange—
And the mockers ask, "Where be thy altars?"
Crying "Nothing is changeless but change."

Yes, "Nothing is changeless but change."
And yet through the creed-wrecking years
One story forever appears.
The tale of a City Supernal—
The whisper of Something Eternal—
A passion, a hope and a vision,

That peoples the Silence with Powers:
A story of meadows Elysian
Where Time enters not with his Hours.
Manifold are the tale's variations,
Race and clime ever tinting the dreams;
Yet its essence through endless mutations,
Immutable gleams.

Deathless, though godheads be dying;
Surviving the creeds that expire.
Illogical, reason-defying
Lives that passionate, primal desire.
Insistent, persistent, forever,
Man cries to the Silences, "Never
Shall Death reign lord of my soul—
Shall the dust be the ultimate goal.
I will storm the black bastions of Night,
I will tread where my visions have trod.
I will set in the Darkness a light,
In the Vastness a God."

There seems to be a home-building complex or instinct in all living creatures. As a lad I never ceased to marvel at this instinct in the feathered, furry and finny creatures of my old plantation home. I have seen the fish making their bed of pebbles, and I have been mystified at the marvellous masonry of the beaver. Upon the approach of the snow-storms of winter I have seen the swine breaking down pine shrubs and piling leaves together to make a bed for the young. I have watched the busy ants as they built their homes and stored them with food, and the squirrels and chipmunks as they laid by their winter's store. I have seen the crude home of the owl and the eagle, and the oriole's delicate and beautiful nest swaying in the beech boughs. But I have never seen one of these creatures build an altar or look up in contemplation of mystery. Man alone is an altar-builder. He builds his spiritual

home as naturally as the oriole builds her swinging nest. And I cannot think his altar-building habit is any more the result of education and environment than his hope of meeting again with his dead. And most men believe the hope of immortality was born of love rather than books. Man seems to be an altar-builder by instinct. His worshipping tendencies run back through the ages until the twilight deepens into darkness and the tongue of history is dumb.

It was a long journey in the upward march of the race from the altars of Abel, Abram, Isaac and Jacob, to the glorious temple of Solomon. It is a far cry from the worship of our great cathedrals back to the Solomonic temple. Many crudities have been discarded along the road over which our spiritual ancestors came. Many are the traditions and trappings of worship which, like outworn garments, have been discarded by our fathers in their spiritual pilgrimage. But the essential idea of an altar stands unchanged. The soul still has its Bethel where the Most High is met and communed with in a peculiar way, and where assurances of love and forgiveness are revealed.

The human spirit must have such a trysting place if it is to come to its highest development. It matters not so much whether that place be fireside, spreading beach-tree, country meeting-house or glorious cathedral. But it is important that there shall be a trysting place.

This sanctuary we dedicate to-day has not the Shekinah, or the Urim and Thummim, or the golden vessels of the Hebrew Temple. But if the spirit of Jesus shall possess those who are to worship here, then it shall be no less glorious than that ancient crown of Mount Moriah. With such a spirit in the hearts of the worshippers the Lord

shall indeed be in His holy temple and the frets and cares of life shall be silenced before Him.

Here in this sanctuary men and women will commune with the Infinite. Here shall roll hymns of praise to that Name which is above every name. Here men and women will receive glowing and commanding visions of God's will. Here lovers will be joined together in marriage, and here for a little time shall rest the casket with its pathetic dust while men and women gather to pay the homage of a tear. Here, among the costly buildings of Norfolk, symbols of material wealth, this house shall stand as a witness to the spiritual It shall silently call men from the seen and the temporal to the unseen and eternal. And thus it shall supply one of humanity's deepest needs. Many marvellous structures have been erected and dedicated to science, commerce and government. But these are not enough. As long as the soul of man aspires, as long as the consciousness of God endures, humanity must erect among its temples of science and commerce, an altar for the soul.

XVII

THE POET AND THE PRAGMATIST

THE prevailing note in present-day religion seems to be practicality. Religion must meet pragmatic tests. If it fails in this particular it must be ruled out. As a result of this insistence, religion has lost the element of beauty and has become a rather cold and barren affair. It is no longer a very inspiring guide to those who rely on it for an understanding of the universe and of human life.

It is wise, of course, to heed the voice of the pragmatist, but it is no less wise to listen to the voice of the poet. Pragmatism in religion is but little less than a skeleton until the poet clothes it with warm living flesh. It is folly to exclude pragmatism from the realm of religion. It is likewise folly to exclude poetry. The mechanics of religion are lifeless without the dynamics. And about as useless as a locomotive without steam.

But poetry and pragmatism are not mutually exclusive. The mission of the poet is to realise and express the truth of things; the mission of the pragmatist is to apply the truth to the problems of life. The poet supplies the motive; the pragmatist supplies the technique. The former is warm and emotional; the latter is cold and scientific. The imaginative sympathy of the poet gives him an insight into reality which is seldom shared by the pragmatist.

The poet's vision alone can vitalise religion. Religion will impoverish itself by regarding the poet as a mere

sentimentalist. If the poet's vision is rejected how shall we make religion sensitive to beauty or ugliness? If religion banishes the poet how shall it avoid the sterility of the status quo? The world derives its new viewpoints from the poet. The pragmatist and the poet are interdependent. The former must say, "Go thou up into the mountain and behold the vision of the Lord our God, and return and communicate the vision unto us and we will live by it." The latter must be able to make answer, on returning from the mount, "This is the vision of the Lord." The poet must plan; the pragmatist must execute. The carpenter builds in vain who builds without the architect's vision and plan. And the architect dreams in vain without the carpenter. There must be more than a mere nodding acquaintance between the two. When both work together the temple will rise in strength and beauty.

Let us not forget there is as much truth in the song of the poet as in the test tube of the scientist. The colours of the artist may articulate truth and beauty as surely as the formulas of the chemist. The divine frenzy of the musician may reveal the truth no less than the most accurate records of the historian. To approach religion without this awareness is blindness indeed.

The best schemes and programs of the pragmatist are unavailing without the intensified sympathy, the unclouded vision and the impassioned utterance of the poet. The pragmatist may have a perfect knowledge of the ills of humanity, and a perfect technique for the renovation of society, but the world will be but little better for this knowledge unless there be behind it the warm and glowing and propulsive power of the poet. The pragmatist may satisfy our hunger for factual knowledge, but the poet alone can make us feel and understand what life is all about.

The Greeks were poets and the Romans were pragmatists. The Greek love of beauty put the nation at a disadvantage in material things, and so the leadership of Europe passed into hands of the more practical Romans. But the utter pragmatism of the Romans proved a curse. The dearth of poets and dreamers made the nation insensible to beauty. Poverty of dreams overcame the wealth of material things. The power that was Rome lives only in the musty pages of history. The beauty, poetry, and philosophy of Greece have survived all the Roman technique of arms and engineering. And as civilisation advances Greece will live increasingly in a transfigured glory.

XVIII

THE FATE OF THE PROPHET *

IT came to pass while I was yet a sojourner in the School of the Prophets that many wayfaring men did pass by, and they spake kindly unto me saying, endure thou the penury and hardships as becometh a man who would speak the words of the Most High, and when thou shalt begin to prophesy verily thou shalt be rewarded.

And when the day drew nigh that I should receive the mantle of a prophet, behold they made a feast for me and spake many gracious words unto me concerning my perseverance. And I was filled with joy. And not many days after, I opened my mouth and began to prophesy, and behold they who had commended my patience under affliction, cried out unto the multitude saying, Hear not the beardless prophet, for he knoweth not whereof he speaks.

Then began I to write mine oracles on parchment, so that in after days men might judge my words, and know that they had been weighed well and considered diligently. And as I read unto the multitudes the words which I had written behold there were men who stood up and cried unto the congregation, saying, Hear him not, for he shall bore thee exceedingly.

And after many days I took unto myself a wife from the House of the Prophets and she did journey with me throughout the length and breadth of the land. And on

* Epilogue of an article on the Ministry which appeared in *The Christian Century,* September 8, 1921.

the Sabbath day did she stand up in the temple for to sing. And there were some who spake against her saying, The wife of the Prophet is presumptuous; she should be seen and not heard. Whereupon did mine helpmeet cease to sing in the Sanctuary; but again did the people speak, saying, The wife of the Prophet is of the Daughters of Men, and careth not for the Sons of God, neither entereth she into their Worship.

And on the days between the Sabbaths we journeyed from house to house, ministering to the poor and the afflicted and speaking glad tidings unto them. Whereupon many waxed indignant, saying, The Prophet desireth the favour of the rabble and hath forsaken his parchments and the Chamber of Reflection and he speaketh not learnedly as in the days of old.

Then I gat me into mine house and unto the Chamber of Reflection and I continued there many days. And as I sat at my window which looketh out toward the Temple there came unto me the voice of those who passed by, saying, The Prophet hath forsaken the poor and the needy and is seen no more in the streets of the city. He hath waxed fat and hath lifted up his soul unto vanity. He delighteth to mingle with those who dwell in palaces. And when I heard these things my heart was moved within me and I was sore distressed.

And it came to pass after many years, when my beard was full grown, and when the children whom I had held in mine arms had become men and women, that those who had spoken against my youth did now rise up against me and did speak against my grey hairs, saying, This man should no longer Minister in the Sanctuary. He is old.

And then I remembered that, from the beginning, Prophets have been stoned and cast out by those unto whom they were sent. And so I was comforted.

XIX

THE DESERTED PLANTATION *

THE sea of years hath turned again home, and the ebbtides
Have left me once more on the old, familiar plantation.
I stand again in what was a happy house, but now it is abandoned
To birds of the air, and to the winds which wanton with its doors,
Like breezes at play with the tattered sails of a derelict
On some wild waste of sea.

It is night! and the deserted countryside is quiet
Save for the whippoorwill's plaintive call in the orchard,
And the melancholy drone of the katydid in the poplars.
Choked with weeds and briars is the lane from house to highway,
Tenantless and desolate are the neighbouring houses of that circle
Which once we called "the neighbourhood."

Half-forgotten pictures of the yesteryears sweep over the heart
Like the shadows which sweep over a meadow—
Pictures of joyous, carefree youth lingering in lane and orchard,
And now upon the ear of memory fall faint echoes
Of music from hands that sweep no more the harpstrings—
Music from lips that are voiceless and hearts that are stilled.

* This poem first appeared in a text-book entitled *"A Harmony of Voice Methods"* by Prof. Wm. Edward Adams of Whitworth College, Spokane, Washington. Prof. Adams states that it is often used in his expression classes.

And out of the whispering night come ghosts riding the night winds—
Ghosts of happiness that will not sleep with the flowers of yesteryear—
Ghosts that pursue us, flee them down the years as we will.
Time and space hath no power to bind their winged feet.
When night winds sigh and call and the all-remembering stars look down,
They pursue and overtake us.

O ghosts inescapable! Swift footed messengers of the soul!
Wearers of the crepe of gloom and the royal purple of gladness!
Welcome to these desolate halls where thou hast dwelt in fairer forms;
Whisper to the soul, if thou wilt, of days that come no more,
Of dead loves whose burnt out ashes lie on the hearthstones of the heart
Like the cold embers in these ancient fireplaces.

Whisper of tales half forgotten, of blessings from lips that are still—
Of joys that have plowed the heart like ships the sea, leaving no furrow;
Yea, speak all that thou wilt, and my dreaming heart will hear
As I stand alone by the window of this moon-flooded room, listening
To the whippoorwill's cry on the night wind, and melancholy drone of the katydid
In the tall, ghostly poplars.

XX

SAILING DAY *

LET night be black when the Spectres call,
Let the billows heave and moan;
Let wild winds howl and sharp hail fall,
When my soul sets out alone.

Or if not night when Death rides by,
Grant then that the day be dark;
Let grey clouds lower in a wintry sky,
When my naked soul shall embark.

For I who have loved the warmth and light,
The sunny skies and the gold;
It were better far to embark by night,
Or on stormy day and cold.

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