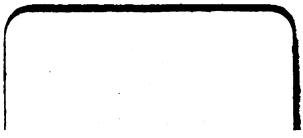
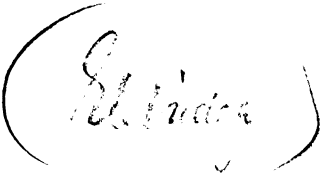
The coming man

Gardner S. Eldridge





THE COMING MAN

BY

GARDNER S. ELDRIDGE

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PREFACE

THE attempt of this book is to discover "the coming man"—the man who is slowly vindicating himself by essential worth; who is gradually measuring up to the ultimate tests of a man; and growing upon us, as a great figure once grew upon the vision of the seers.

The study revolves about the personal Christ. Personality is assumed as the ultimate reality, absolutely revealed in Christ and progressively realized in man. Through personal relation to Christ, man comes to himself personally; realizes his genius, is potentially capitalized, and authoritatively adjusted to the universe in which he lives. In his venture upon life, his venture to be a man, he comes also into this ultimate relation, grows conscious of an inner flooding power, and is lifted into a creative force. In the matter of his place, part, and task, he finds his stage of activity in the kingdom of personalities; here he comes to his best, and takes his part, under the economy of God, in the one supreme task of life, which is life itself.

Thus far we have considered "the coming

man" potentially, dynamically, and socially, and brought him face to face with his task. The task itself is simply to live, to live the life of a man, to unfold his infinite possibilities, attain his maximum worth, and take his ultimate place in the economy of God. A task of such dimensions is worthy of a broader and deeper survey of the subject than we have already taken. We therefore venture in the final section to reconsider or recapitulate the man, as to his genesis, ability, and service.

Our object is to discover, not define; for man is not definable, but discoverable. We seek the man, not systems of thought, but the man himself in his vital sources, resources, and results. We shall be satisfied to give the reader not new theologies, new philosophies, new sciences, but a new vision—a vision of man—of "the coming man."

CHAPTER I

The Genius of a Man

I

The kingdom of man, like the kingdom of heaven, is within. The kingdom of childhood is without. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Everything outside carries a glamour and bulks big in the eyes of a child; hills are mountains, shop windows a Vanity Fair, and candy jars a paradise. We begin as realists and evolve into idealists. We first try to fit ourselves to the world, to like it as we find it, and then to fit the world to ourselves, to make it to our liking. That is, we erect our ideals, we struggle for the inner rule, we seek the kingdom of man. All our great problems are how to achieve self-mastery, self-management, and self-projection toward the highest. This kingdom also "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."[1] The world's great revolutions, reformations, and martyrdoms are to this end.

A man's life, therefore, is not a gentle, rhythmic unfolding like the petals of a flower;

[1] Matt. xi. 12

childhood doesn't drift into manhood; it is not drawing the circle a little larger. It is a reaction from outer to inner masteries; an attempt to realize our life-stuff—to shape it from within to higher values. This is characteristic of all life.

Of man's life this is true first in a general way. Once we were children, cradled among the mountains and seas, hurled by the elements, and hunted by disaster. Then came the reaction: man came to himself, outgrew the cradle, harnessed the elements, held disaster at bay, and counseled with God as to the next step. It is also true of government: we began with the outer, the despotic, softening at times into the paternal. Then men began to realize the soul forces, and to slowly, painfully react from the outer to the inner, from despotism toward ideal democracy, where every man is king by right divine. Still deeper does the reactionary principle enter into life, into the very soul of man. The heaven that "lies about us in our infancy" returns in soul masteries and values—in "primal sympathies," in "thoughts that soothe," in "faith that looks through death." The very world itself must finally surrender to these newborn masteries of the soul.

In this reaction is involved in rough outline

what we call conversion. It is no anomaly, but rather in the primary purpose of the Maker, in the constructive thought of progress, in the genius of man. The Bible is the great interpreter of the reactionary principle. The chosen people under the prophets are forever leading from the outer to the inner; in, and on, and up from the deities that lurk in the cracks and crannies of the world about them to life idealized, moralized, and spiritualized under the divine-human leadership, warrior, lawgiver, martyr, Redeemer.

In a man's life youthhood is the natural period of reaction from the outer to the inner—that time when the boy hitherto transparent grows into a mystery, and we are sometimes shocked at the apparent estrangement arising between us. He is groping after life not in our eyes but his own, the genius of his own being, the kingdom of manhood. It is the hour of potentialities, the hour of brooding, always a period of morbid abstractions and preoccupations. Such experiences characterize the incipiences of genius. Young writers are often found to grow estranged, morbid, and preoccupied till they have actually spoken and relieved the burden of their soul. But how much greater the burden of life itself! Here

we attempt the supreme expression, our whole being, a task that is to be forever larger than we are. The bee may master once for all the architecture of his world, but the boy is doomed to be an immortal apprentice forever groping after the masteries of the kingdom of man.

An evidence that we are coming at last to grasp the real significance of this reactionary principle and period is found in the fact that so much stress is to-day laid upon this mysterious period of youthhood, this hour of "brooding, depression, and morbid introspection and sense of sin."[1] Here life grows into an awesome task. Failure is no longer failure, it is sin. And success is just the rise of that "awful Power from the soul's abyss in whose Presence the light of sense goes out and the invisible appears." Only once in all history has youthhood passed without the tragedy of sin from the outer to the inner kingdom. You will remember that day when the lad from Nazareth had strayed from his parents, and when chided made reply that he must be about his Father's business. He was already interpreting the divine potentialities within; was opening his eyes to the full and awful meaning of

[1] William James, Varieties of Religious Expression.

life; was taking the place of a man in the economy of God.

The reactionary principle, therefore, is the first step toward self-realization; it is to return to ourself, our ideal self, our potential self. Here is the practical difficulty that confronts a soul in the fact of conversion, this returning to our potential self, the beginning over, the becoming a little child, the abandonment of what has been for what may be. What we call the actual without is so definite, and the potential within so vague, that we are always in danger of deserting our real self for an unreality, of dropping the substance for the shadow.

But the principle is universal in every living kingdom; there is a constant return and holding fast to the potential. God works through the potential. That we, therefore, must "be converted and become as little children" in order to enter the kingdom is in the very nature of things. The specific form may be that of the "healthy minded," the "sick soul," or the "divided self,"[1] but in some form a man must return to his own potential self in order to realize himself, to enter his kingdom. For the real kingdom of man is that through which he realizes himself. This is indeed the test of

[1] Varieties of Religious Expression.

reality; that is always most real through which a man best realizes himself. Tennyson is reported to have said that a brick was not so real to him as love. This is easily believed, for only a scrap of himself can a man realize through a brick, but whole continents of being through love. The grapes of Eshcol were not as real as the fellowship of men and God that awaited the people in Canaan. Little would ever be realized through the grapes, but great stretches of human progress through the fellowship.

To Christ, who saw and felt so clearly the struggle of man for self-realization, it was always a marvel that he should seek it where it could not be found. He marveled that men should become preoccupied with farms and cattle and merchandise when the banquet of the kingdom forever awaited him. This tendency to sidetrack life is the old story of the "sheep gone astray," of "turning every man to his own way," of "seeking our own inventions," of turning life into a side issue rather than following the main issue. Nor is the gospel alone in interpreting the tragedy of it. Browning's Paracelsus found knowledge too scant an ambition for the realization of life,

and tragically regretted the hour when he missed the real kingdom:

> "I left the instincts of that happy time.
> . . . . . .
> Yes, it was in me, I was born for it."

Hauptmann makes the tragedy of one of his plays turn upon the fact that a man sacrifices the love of home and the fellowship of man for his art; he had failed to realize himself. In one of Ibsen's plays John Gabriel Borkman, who has wrecked all for money, is left for final consolation in the presence of the gold-veined mountains; and, feeling that they stretch out their bent, branching, enticing arms toward him, he calls back, "I love you, wealth yearning for life, with all your shining trains of power and glory; I love you, love you, love you!" Then he shivers and grows cold, staggers to a bench with his hand at his breast and a cry on his lips. When questioned he replied that a hand of metal gripped his heart. He too had failed of self-realization.

When Jesus Christ looked out upon the struggling, groping failures of men and said regretfully, "And ye will not come to me, that ye may have life,"[1] he laid bare *the philosophy of the kingdom* at one stroke. What they had

[1] John 5. 40.

missed primarily was himself, *the personal relation.* To fail of this is the tragedy of life. Browning's hero failed in "his vow to man," Hauptmann's scorned the homely relations, and Ibsen's despised the wifely love. A man is born to realize himself in the kingdom of personalities.

" A man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever. A hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee."

II

We live in the personal; nothing short is adequate. No civilization is equal to the men who reared it; no man can build a house big enough to include his own soul. No set of laws are great enough to become an end to life; at their best they are a means, a schoolmaster to lead us to something better. Christ was quick to recognize the absolute supremacy of the personal: "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old times, Thou shalt not"—do this or that: "but I say unto you, Whosoever cherisheth a wrong feeling for another, or looks with wrong eyes upon another; and woe to him who shall offend one of these little ones." Here is the touchstone

of life—not institutions, laws, events, but persons. Here is the one sanctuary we must never profane, the one relation most sacred of all. In that wonderful judgment scene of the Master the final test was, "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren." Do we respect the person, appreciate the man, "stand in awe, and sin not"? We have learned to reconstruct the whole science of human government in the light of this sanctuary of personality. Destiny is linked not to institutions, laws, events, but to persons. It is only through another that life rises to its best. "A friend is to make us do what we can," said Emerson. Browning makes Andrea del Sarto, the failure, say to his wife:

> "But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
> Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out?
> Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
> We might have risen to Raphael, I and you."

"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them," said Jesus. A mother and a boy on the banks of the Nile shall be greater than the civilization of Pharaoh; and Jesus with a little band of loyal hearts about him too

much for the empire of Rome. When Matthew Arnold breaks through his despairing philosophy and sings, "Ah, love, let us be true," he rises from his own vague musings to the great philosophy of life. Troth solves more problems than truth; to seek truth is to attempt the problem of life, but to be true is to solve it forever.

But this personal relation must go beyond the human. We cannot live out our full life through the lives of others. At our best we are solitary beings. There comes a time in every true life when we must say with all deference to others, "Hands off;" a time when the best of sons must say to the best of mothers, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come;" a time when a man must leave his companions at the foot of the mountain and ascend alone into the gloom and silence for the story of his own life. Beyond a certain point others cannot follow. Beyond the gates of the city of man is always the solitary hill where the soul comes to its best, the hill of the hero, the martyr, the Saviour.

Still, we must come to our best through the personal; this is the kingdom of self-realiza-

tion. "It is not good for man to be alone" has in it infinite meanings. If, then, we must pass beyond the human personal we must come to the Divine Personal, or else break with the principle of continuity. The Personality of God is not simply a doctrine to be held, it is absolutely essential to life. The Great Companion of Professor Clifford involved a nobler, more rational, more adequate philosophy of life than all the scientific conclusions for which he abandoned him.

The sincere soul seeking life seeks more than to understand all mysteries; he himself must be understood by some one. The deepest relation of his life must become truly personal. He feels most keenly the inadequacy of the personal relation of the human, of the impossibility of being understood by men, and the bitterness of being misunderstood. Of course, if he is only playing a game he will cover his hand; but if he is seeking life, the realization of his being, he will ask for nothing better than some one who understands him, who can search him out and loyally go to the heart of the problem with him. One of the sincerest as well as profoundest prayers ever uttered was

by the psalmist in the cry, "Send out thy light and thy troth" (not truth, as in the Authorized Version), an appeal to the light and loyalty of Heaven to be understood and loved.

Life's possibilities hinge upon the personal status. We are in essentially unstable equilibrium between the worst and the best, and deeper and more sensitive than character is our relation to some one. We are primarily members of the kingdom of personalities. We are some one related to some one else, and sin is a violation of that relation. Christ summarized all sin and made it personal to himself.[1] The bitterest and the most disastrous thing in life is disturbed personal relations. Sin not only demoralizes, it depersonalizes the man who commits it, and to be depersonalized is to be lost. The man who refuses the personal status to a brother, who regards him as a thing to be exploited, reduces himself to the same order. He dries up the fountain of his own being; for we live, move, and have our being in the personal relation. Therefore the possible worst of a man's life is to fall from allegiance and companionship with the Best, with

[1] John 3. 18.

Jesus Christ, who by common consent is the Best Person who has ever appeared on earth. The disciples touched the point when, at the last supper, the question self-put went from heart to heart, "Is it I?" "Is it I?"

And the possible best must be to enter deeper and deeper into the same allegiance and companionship. We must go deeper into the philosophy of life than Shakespeare and say, "To thine own Christ, the absolute man, be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to thyself or to any other man." The friendship of man may often bring us face to face with a better man, a noble example, but the friendship of Christ brings us face to face with a better self.

Here the principle of reaction reaches its highest significance. It must already have occurred to us that, after all, any reaction of the soul must have an objective inception and take its character from it. Science has made us familiar with this principle. What stands over against us gets into our life. The gamin carries the wretched street in his face, and the slyness of the hunted animal in his eye. The mountains get into the soul, and men

become mountaineers, strong, daring, invincible. The institutions of a land betray themselves through character, and a man's business qualifies his heart. We act under pressure of the universe. It is God's foil for developing man. Through nature he develops poets, philosophers, scientists; through history he develops warriors, lawgivers, patriots. And Jesus Christ belongs to us in a general way like nature, like history, as we shall see. He is not simply a man among men, nor a feature of history, he is set apart; any attempt to classify him fails; it always has. Now it is, so to speak, under pressure of Jesus Christ that God develops personality—that which underlies and gives scope and power to all poets, philosophers, and patriots. Under him the heart of stone reacts into the heart of flesh; the war heart, the business heart, the conventional heart, breaks down, gives way, grows large and susceptible to the noblest things. This is a matter of history ever since Jesus walked the hills of Judea; and the philosophy of it is the soul of man reacting under the personal Christ.

Matthew Arnold says that when two persons

meet, when hand clasps hand and eye looks into eye,

> " When our world-deafened ear
> Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed,
> A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
> And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again."

A boy one day put his shoulder under the arm of a tottering old man, and helped him up the steps. That day he went home and said, "Mother, I think I will write to grandfather to-day." "A lost pulse of feeling stirred again." We are familiar with the story of the general who was melted to tears in the presence of his vast army. His explanation was far-fetched, the real philosophy was that "A bolt shot back somewhere in his breast, and a lost pulse of feeling stirred again." It takes a person to move a person, to redeem a person. Personal power is not only the greatest, but the finest, power in the universe. Its supreme expression is love, and hence the redemption of the race is summarized in the words, "God so loved the world."

III

But we must carry the study another step in order to arrive at the very genius of a man.

Genius in a general sense is a mystery. One man regards it as an abnormal development rushing away into extremes, even into insanity. Another counts it the highest form of normality, the power of utilizing a wider range of faculties than other men, and bringing "the uprush of the whole nature" to bear upon results. In either case it is a *power* that carries a man beyond himself. What induces this power is also a question on which men differ. Dickens says, "It is hard work;" and Carlyle says, "It is taking infinite pains." A German has recently given the world a valuable contribution on the question, and arrives at the conclusion that *love* is the condition of genius; that "as much love as there is in a man, so much genius; as much self-seeking, so much limitation."

That which stands, therefore, between a man and the finest manifestation of power is himself. "When personal interests, subjectivity, and self-seeking enter into the game, truth goes to the dogs." Every time we touch and tighten to finer ends the little circle of self-interest about us we cramp, bedwarf, and cripple our powers. Doubtless in every department life's

failures result from this limitation, the refusal to grant the power that is greater than self, the right of way in the affairs of life. "Whosoever will save himself"—be over careful, study his own likes and dislikes, his whims and fancies—"shall lose himself"—his deeper, better, nobler, mightier self; "but whosoever shall lose himself for something else"—some end beyond—"shall find himself"—latent qualities of being, ranges of life and powers of soul he never knew before.

"As much love as there is in a man, so much genius." When we apply the New Testament idea of love, which you will remember includes the man's whole being put forth—all the heart, all the soul, all the mind, and all the strength—it is evident that this condition is not so different from that expressed as "hard work" or "infinite pains." Love does, however, involve something not necessarily found in naked effort, a certain inspiration that is the very genius of the thing done. The psychologist puts the same idea practically in this wise: "When a man coördinates his powers toward an aim, and pursues it with 'irrepressible passion' that controls the entire man, you get the

genius," as in Cæsar, Michael Angelo, and Saint Vincent de Paul.[1]

Love is the highest law, the noblest function of personality, and therefore the natural vent through which to realize its fullest powers. When the Master stood with Peter upon the borderland of Christendom with its yet unborn Pentecost, martyrdoms, and conquests, there was but one question in the catechism Jesus put to the disciple expectant of power: "Lovest thou me?" "Lovest thou me?"

But what is worthy of a man's love—this "irrepressible passion," this abandonment of being? One man loves power, another beauty, another money, but these are only fragments of the man himself, and a part can never include the whole; to attempt it is insanity. A tempest is a worthy thing, noble, matchless, divine, but not in a teacup. Doubtless here is the ground for charging insanity against genius. It was a favorite thought with Browning that a man's personality is too rich, too full and ample, to be run into any mold of life—achievement. Paracelsus says, "I failed: I gazed on Power till I grew blind." Power, beauty, money—to

[1] Ribot, Diseases of the Will.

erect these into the supreme worth is to turn vast ranges of soul into a blasted heath. Wolf Larsen, with latent spiritual forces lurking within, when given over to mere physical and intellectual power, sinks from a personality into a monster.

What, then, is worthy of a man's life, of a personal being? Surely the answer is not far to seek, nothing less than personality itself; "for complete personality is the goal and crown of individual evolution."[1] It is to this end that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," to this end that every human faculty is strained. Here all lesser values reach their climax, and here alone is the object of supreme worth in a man's life. And God answers in the personal Christ.

Hermann says that "if a man trust himself to anything or anyone else than Christ he throws away not only his trust but himself." Only the personal Christ can gather up all the fragments of life that none be lost. Only the personal Christ is ample enough to overarch the full-orbed being of man. Paul puts it with wonderful clearness and completeness when he

[1] Clarke, Can We Know God the Father?

makes the enthronement of Christ, "the fairest among ten thousand," the one overmastering objective of life, to include the full sweep of all human values. "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's"—the worth of life above, and the vastness of life round and beneath.

But is not this Christ an historical figure, living many centuries ago? and how can he to-day become the supreme object of the master passion of man? We mistake the deep meaning of Christ if we regard him simply as a noble spirit who moved once across the stage of history. A little thought must convince us that he is more than a master in Israel. We all know that in the fine arts we must go beyond the masters; we may imitate, but that is not art; we must somehow get beyond the individual to the universal teacher that teaches every soul that loves the beautiful. The same principle holds in life, for life is the finest of all fine arts. And Christ laid claim to a universal relation; he is not a man, but the "Son of

man"; not a burning and a shining light in which men rejoice for a season, but "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."[1] These are matters of fact.

A personal being manifests himself in three ways—by his teaching, his following, and his personality. In all three Christ is unique, is universal, is timeless. His ideals—and ideals are the vital force of any teaching—his ideals are everywhere present, invincible, dominant. Not in all the earth shall we find an ideal inspiring life to nobler things upon which the Christ-seal is not found. His followers are as universal as his ideals. Wherever we recognize the truly heroic, it is only another name for Christ-hood. And his personal force has proven to be as universal and potent as his teaching or his following. It did not disappear with the specific form that once walked by the sea. The specific form is never essential, but incidental. This is equally true in the physical, intellectual, and spiritual world; nowhere is specific form essential to power. But in the realm of human life, on the contrary, the invisible is essential to power. It is expedient for our real practical

[1] John 1. 9: 5 35.

power in life that the visible give way to the invisible. The man who looks upon the visible world becomes a poor, nerveless worldling. It is only when his vision lays hold of the invisible, the ideal, or the supremest real that he becomes a power. No man becomes a patriot by computing his country in martial, intellectual, and commercial values, but by grasping the Miltonic vision of puissant empire. And the artist can master numbers, colors, and marble only as he sees the unseen. Power comes out of the unseen always, everywhere. Therefore it was expedient that the Christ should disappear, that the great universal power of man, the power to live, should come to us out of the unseen. He has not left us orphans, but heirs of the universal ideals, the universal manhood, and the universal Spirit. Under the dominance of these man must realize his power, his genius, the fullness of his life. When love, the master passion of man, rises to the Christ, the master worth of the universe—surely this must give the full measure, the power, the genius of a man.

CHAPTER II

The Prophecy of a Man

It follows, then, that a man's capital with which to face the world is in himself. His measure is not in what he has done, nor failed to do, but in the prophecy of his being. To succeed or fail in an undertaking is incidental; to lose that prophecy is the tragedy of his life. The great arteries, they say, hold the blood in reserve when a man is at his best physically, and a man must hold himself ever in reserve in the great spiritual arteries of the universe. He must be a man plus something more—a prophet, a dispenser of forces. You will see it in his eye, feel it in his hand, and note it in the tone of his voice.

Life often drops from this prophetic value into a hard creaking, oilless machine, grinding out what men call success—the success of a mill, not a man. The success of a man cannot be measured in bags, it is as intangible and glorious as a sunset.

And sometimes a man's life falls even lower

than its mechanical value—is snowed under by misfortunes, is water-logged, or hung up on a rock waiting for the wind to change. He has no power to turn himself again. The inner man has failed; the heart is dead, and the springtime power gone from his soul. His failure is a small matter, but the passing of that prophecy is a great tragedy. What may be has succumbed to what is, the potential to the actual, the man to his condition.

Four fifths of life is in the may be, the potential, the man. At least this is the working creed of life, and the worth of a creed is in its working value. Robert Louis Stevenson, of haggard face, pain-racked body, and divine power, said, "We shall all fail; but," he adds, "it is our business to fail in good spirits"—our business not to fail, not to succeed, but to be a reservoir of good spirits whatever betides. Why? Simply because the prophecy of our soul is infinitely bigger than success or failure. If a merchant fail, is the man ruined? If Poland fall, shall we despair of the world? History lives by prophecy; its executive step is always mean compared with the spirit of its prophets. Prophecy is vital; it keeps the heart

athrob, the eye kindled, and the hand nerved. Great achievements are first songs that we sing over and over in the heart. It is marvelous what structures rise out of the good spirits of the soul. Bliss Carman says that "if an artist cannot present a gentle and cheerful manliness to the world, success is not for him: he must not be less but more a man than his struggling compeers." Good spirits, the boy's heart always hopeful and somewhat careless of conditions, is the supreme asset, the finest capital of a man. It is in league with nature, the poets, the buoyancy of the universe, and counts in a thousand ways.

To keep heart to the end, to carry the exuberance of youth, to sing out beyond all reason, to follow the prophecy of our manhood, is our supreme God-given privilege. This is the real luxury of living. There are many kinds of luxury—the luxury of success, the luxury of wealth, the luxury of knowledge, but above all the luxury of being a man. No man ever grumbles who follows that trail. Mark Tapley waited all his life for an opportunity so distressing as to make it a credit for him to be cheerful. He counted the thrill of

manhood a greater luxury than that of cushions.

But in the present chapter we are not seeking so much the value of this inner prophecy as its *raison d' être.* Is there a rational basis for the "good spirits," the buoyant soul, the courageous heart, that dares face the world? Sometimes we are told it is all a matter of temperament, and doubtless there is such a thing as the "good cheer" of temperament. Sometimes we are able to look complacently upon the world by virtue of our limitations. We never see the depths nor the heights, and so walk serenely. A constitutional defect has its compensation: a man hard of hearing lives peacefully with a scolding wife, and the woman with the nonmusical soul is undisturbed by the piano practice next door. But this is good cheer by limitation; here ignorance is bliss; it is not more life, but less, we possess. The temperamental smile has no such power as the one that breaks through tears. Ordinary music lacks a quality that goes into the martyr's hymn; mere temperament lacks range, and range is power. Mere good nature builds no worlds; there is a certain creative fret goes

into the making of things. Good nature may enjoy worlds, but a man must go beyond native serenity ere he creates them.

Or it is sometimes claimed that the "good cheer" of life is a matter of circumstances, is born of the room we live in. It has been thought that Aristotle's optimism was a child of his good fortune. To enter some rooms naked, wretched, is to look instinctively for the scowl on the forehead, the strident voice, and the inflexion of despair. But the great creative souls were never born of the room, the state, or the world, for these are only creations, and creations never create; it is the Creator who creates. In one of Mrs. Browning's little poems a man walks through the fields at their best—the sun is shining, the birds singing, the flowers blooming; but his heart is full of gloom, and he asks why he alone of all God's creatures is the unhappy one. Then the answer came that though it be true that he is the only unhappy one beneath the sun, it was also true that he is the only one that can be happy without the sun. Life is more than environment.

Temperament is never deeper than our

ancestors, circumstances never larger than the world; but at his best a man is driven beyond both, has a part to play deeper than ancestry, larger than the world, the part of the individual. We must live our own life, face the world single-handed, and hold ourselves responsible for a better one; a world of moral and spiritual beauty awaits our making. This mood we inherit from the Maker himself; it is born of the highest affinity.

> "A spark disturbs our clod;
> Nearer we hold of God
> Who gives, than of his tribes that take,
> I must believe."

We are more at home with God the Creator than with our ancestors or the world, for we are more deeply related to him. Relatively speaking, things are neither white nor black, but take their color from us. We, like Adam, have the privilege of naming things. This thousand dollars may bless or curse the world —it is for us to say. We are makers; the priest makes the temple, the man makes the business, the woman makes the home.

But we have still to ask for the basis of this optimistic presumption. We are not asking for the solution of mysteries, but for the

dynamic of the soul, the power to live. Life has the right of way; we must live, and we must have the truth by which we live; this only is essential.

Life's first necessity is an infinite horizon; no man can find the power of his being, to sing, or think, or act without it. Locksley Hall had died on the lips of the singer only for the vision of things that were to be. Plato's philosophy had been long since buried only for the conviction that the last word was yet to say. Alfred's kingdom had long ago collapsed only for the higher vent of better things to come. Goldwin Smith[1] thinks that science and criticism are gradually destroying for educated man the hope of the future life. The assumption is that we have no right to presume beyond the reach of man—that man is the measure of the universe. But even the scientist gives us a bigger universe to-day than yesterday, and we therefore cherish a suspicion that to-morrow's may be bigger still.

But we are not seeking the universe of the scientist, but of a man—something livable. And when Professor Smith, in the same article,

[1] North American Review. May. 1904.

admits that "high social or political aspirations, or high aspirations of any kind, will hardly survive the dissolution of this hope of the future life," it is evident that science alone is not giving us a livable universe. To live is not only to cherish high aspirations, but the highest; that is, to fulfill the prophecy of our being, to come into the fulfilling of man, to take our place in the kingdom of personalities. The infinite horizon, therefore, we should not seek at the hands of the scientist, the philosopher, nor yet the theologian, but of man; not, however, "the man of impressions, nor the man of pleasures, but man the universal, the deep and permanently human,"[1] "the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last"; Personality, infinite Personality —the God-Man. Not one who measures life out gropingly, meagerly from the heart of man, but one who measures life down confidently, generously from the heart of God. The author of the Rubáiyát in the despair of his pessimism was seized with a desire to shatter the present order and mold it about his own heart—a fine conceit. Doubtless the present

[1] Nash, Genesis of Social Conscience.

order must be shattered over and over again; not, however, to be molded about the poet's heart, nor a philosopher's heart—this would not make a livable universe—but about the heart of one in whom there is scope for the undying "aspiration" of man. Science fails to render us a universe livable in the immortal sense because she has no power to render life to us in terms of personality. This God has done in Jesus Christ. The "infinite horizon" does not appear in terms of time, or space, or thought, but of a Person, the dynamic of life, "Christ the power of God." It is an horizon of possibilities, the only truly rational horizon for the aspiring life of man.

We have hitherto rather failed to give this Personal Dynamic his full place in our attempt to create a living rational optimism. We live by what we see; the reasoning processes follow in the wake; we steer by the outlook at the bow; we live by vision. "We see not yet all things put under us," but have failed in our philosophies to "see Jesus," God's Hero, the Divine Dynamic at the heart of all things. The Christ of to-day is, however, assuming the form of Masterhood in the eyes of his inter-

preters. He is no longer a figure "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of sorrow, a companion of hearts world-sick, nor one with the bloom of success upon him, a companion of hearts world-satisfied, but one alive, strong, heroic, with the springtime masteries of God within him. "As for Jesus, he saw God everywhere, he felt his agency in and through everything. No doubt to him also the present world was evil, corrupt, wretched, but the constant joy of his life, and its serene affirmation, was the certainty of the future overthrow of evil, of the kingdom of darkness, and of the devil, the king of this world."[1] How all the bright, hopeful springtime forces of God wait upon man in Jesus Christ is graphically put by Professor Nash in a single sentence: "The deep and undying powers of the universe are taken up into the being and beauty of God; the whole nature of God is then conceived as an infinite missionary life, an aggressive moralizing force moving upon history; this force and life incorporated themselves in an historical person."[2]

Courage, therefore, to face the world, the optimism of power, the prophetic mood, is not

[1] Stapfer, Life of Christ.
[2] Genesis of Social Conscience.

born of systems of thought, in science, philosophy, or religion, but by an ever-deepening, broadening, enriching vision of Jesus Christ. It is not taking the universe in a system, but in a Person, in its vitalizing season; not in its summer bloom already fading, nor its waning autumn, nor decrepit winter, but in its springtime power and potency. Here is the ground of our courage, deep-seated and broad as the universe. Like the farmer who thrusts in his spade in the springtime when the forces of nature are with him, so we in Jesus Christ take the universe at that mysterious hour when all its spiritual potencies wait upon us. Then are we a man plus something more.

CHAPTER III

The Poise of a Man

A certain French specific for fencing is "a good eye and a good foot." And a man to venture upon the world must not only have a clear prophetic eye, but a supple foot; he must have poise as well as vision. He must bring his credentials, have authority for what he is about to do. He may question with hesitation, uncertainty, misgivings, but when he speaks, utters his soul, puts forth his being, we want him to be sure of himself. Let there be no hesitant tone in the voice, no uncertain hand in the deed, no half heart in the structure; let him speak, act, and achieve as one having authority. Every faltering blow is a blemish.

The usual charge against authority is that it unmans a man, reduces him to a puppet. The need, therefore, is of a certain kind of authority that makes a man not a puppet, but much more of a man—the authority of the divine purpose rising in the man, and expressing itself in terms of his own life. Therefore

a church, a book, or a creed will have real authority only as far as it interprets the Maker to the man, in the man, and through the man. Authority is to be justified not of her logic, but of her children. That man is under the best authority who best commands himself, has the finest poise.

We are bounded by the tenses, and each tense asserts its authority; the past has force with the traditionalist, the present with the mystic, and the future with the progressivist, and each contends with the other for supremacy. But, as a matter of fact, the past, the present, and the future are only time boundaries, so many approaches to the soul; and real authority, which dwells above all boundaries, must speak through them all.

The past has its authority; we recognize it in religion, politics, and society; we make mistakes as to where the authority resides, but the thing itself is there, in the very principle of continuity. The parvenu is popular nowhere in the universe of God. A man follows the stream of empire West, makes a name for himself, and forthwith turns East to find his ancestors, to verify himself by his grandfather,

always looking for a strain of nobility. In a larger way man must verify his life, return to history for its codes and creeds and inspirations. And here is the peril of the traditionalist, that he should hamper, distort, imprison life in some form long since outgrown. We need, therefore, such a grasp of history as will give its true place in the matter of authority. This, you will remember, the Master did in a way that was quite unique, practical, and far-reaching in its results. The past in itself is not authority, but a testimony to the supreme authority: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." The ancient codes, creeds, and heroes were the noblest flower of humanity; man struggling for the Messiahship of God leaves such testimony along the way. This Christhood of the race is the strain of nobility by which man is to verify himself. This is the authority that dared in the day of his flesh to command the lore of his race for the life of the soul: "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time thou shalt not—but I say unto you." Here is authority at once universal and commanding

—the authority of the Christhood. From this life has no appeal.

And that which was supreme in the past, to which history has borne testimony, must become supreme in the present, that we may preserve the principle of organic unity. When we turn to the voices of the hour we find difficulty to distinguish the one of real authority, the one who has the right to speak in the interest of life; for the voices of life are a great medley. In a general way, however, we can distinguish two voices; the voice that tells us what we ought to have, and the voice which tells us what we ought to do—rights and duties; that which comes to bestow, and that which comes to demand, draw out, and develop our being. There can be no question as to which is supreme, for development is life, and we are here to live. When we face our vocation the supreme question is never, What will it bring us? but, What does it demand? What have we to render it? Can we measure up? Therefore the supreme voice of the present will be the voice that demands in the name of the highest human possibility, the voice that comes ringing down the heights from the Supreme

Personality, "If any man will come after me." This voice speaks men to their feet and faces them toward the fullness of personal development, as the sun speaks the flower into bloom. From this voice life has no appeal.

Another measure of life's supreme authority will be what it holds of the future, where it leads, what are its limitations, does it comprehend the immortal mystery of man? We measure the value of our vocation by this thought; that which we reach in a few months never ranks with the occupation that puts years under tribute. The centuries have authority over the years, the years over the months, and the months over the minutes. The appeal of Jesus is not in any small hunger that finds satisfaction in a mess of pottage an hour away, but a hunger so vast that all time and space must come under tribute to the one "far-off divine event" of the soul—true and unerring as the instinct of the birds that calls them for the good of their kind. From the authority of that call life has no appeal.

The supreme authority, therefore, is neither in the past, the present, nor the future, but in him who is above the tenses but forever speak-

ing through them, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever"; who commands men into life, more and more abundant, through the testimony of the past, the duty of the present, and the infinite lure of the future; an authority that takes its rise in the purpose of God and emerges in the life of man—the authority to live.

The Bible, the Master's own book, makes no attempt to settle the problems of man beyond the problems of life. It is not the scientist, the philosopher, the theologian who shall not err, but the "wayfarer," the man who is seeking the way. When the question of the atonement is up, and philosophers are asking, "How? how?" the Bible quietly asks, "Do you want to be saved? Are you seeking life?" The educational, life-producing function of the Bible has been too much ignored in this problem of authority; the Book has been regarded as a sort of divine annex where the fortunes of man may slumber in the security of God. Not long since a scientist, who has in his latter years come much nearer to great religious truth, thought that a revelation from God would so coddle the faculties of man as to be

a bar to his development. But revelation is no crutch supplementing some decrepit function of man. It is rather the stimulant of God; indeed, it is the spiritual sanitation of the universe, quickening every function to its utmost. Before we are through with the Book we awaken to the fact that it takes a man—yea, very much of a man—to grasp it, to measure up to the thoughts, feelings, and purposes of the Maker expressed along the ages through the intuitions of man. The autobiography of any great personality opens infinite vistas of effort to the faculties of the ordinary man; how much more, then, should the autobiography of God put under tribute the utmost possibilities of the soul's development? To take the cup of salvation that sounds so simple and is so full of the divine graciousness presupposes, nevertheless, that the soul rise into heroic proportions in order to grasp the cup. It makes a man much more of a man to accept the Bible, to take the cup.

Revelation, therefore, is the divine care, culture, and quickening of the Maker's original purpose in man. This is the divine election: "Jacob, I have called thee;" "Israel, I have

chosen thee;" "have taken hold of thee from the ends of the earth." The Bible is God taking hold of his own undeveloped purpose in man from the beginning. And Jesus, whom we are told by the prophet was gifted "with the insight and ability of destiny," not only saw the divine purpose, but had the ability, the fineness, might, and devotion of personality equal to the fulfillment. Jesus accepted the Scriptures as a part of his own work: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work"—work to unfold this inner purpose of God in man, to bring him up to the utmost measure of his being, to divine standards, tastes, and judgments. How easy in this fight for bread and butter for a man to drop into the dimensions of the battle and take on its standards, tastes, and judgments! Then there comes a call to do homage to other larger, diviner considerations, and the nobler faculties of the soul are brought into requisition, a sense of the infinite, loyalty to the highest, and hope for the best; and a new range of standards, tastes, and judgments is reached. The authority of Jesus goes with man, who "partly is and wholly hopes to be," because it speaks to the functional development of his being;

his sheep hear his voice. The authority is vital and speaks men into authority, into the highest range of standards, tastes, and judgments—into the poise of a man.

The practical poise of life, like physical poise, lies in the symmetrical development of the whole man. That man who reflects in himself the most perfect range is the best authority on all the great problems of life. If the swine crush the pearls and spew them out and return to his corn it is because he lacks sufficient range of being to make him an authority on pearls. Carlyle's minnow homed in the mouth of the creek, nonplused by the mysterious recurrent tides, would not be so disturbed had he sufficient range of being to comprehend them. The religion of Christ is not a cult into which a man enters through some specialized door, but a life involving the whole range of his being. No specialist can plumb its depths; we must seek with the whole heart, the full range of life, bring every witness into court if we would "comprehend what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height." The universe, I am sure, is more luminous, responsive, and friendly to the full-orbed man than to any

specialist. I turned one day from perusing a little book by a great naturalist to one of the Psalms. The naturalist had all manner of trouble with the supernatural. The psalm was the nineteenth, which some critics think lacks unity of structure; but it certainly has another deeper, more vital unity. It seems to me to be the simple expression of the universe through the whole range of man. The author opens his eyes upon the physical universe and sings its glory; then stars fade, things pass out of sight, and the laws of life begin to appear within. The physical has faded into the moral, the soul finds itself on trial, wonder gives place to conviction. Then he grows conscious of another higher realm, even above the moral; a cry for help escapes his lips, and he has reached the presence of Personality. He has brought all the witnesses of his being into court and is sure of himself now; not that he has plucked out the heart of the mystery, but that he has made friends with it.

Life, you will see, ranges upward, and the real seat of authority is in the highest range. It is not the freshman at the bottom, but the graduate at the top, who is authority on the

college curriculum. "He that is spiritual," says Paul, "judgeth all things." But spirituality is only the deepest personal relation to God. It is only from the standpoint of the Supreme Personality that the universe falls into its place, grows luminous and friendly about us. It was not the reasoning process, but a profound consciousness of the Supreme Creative Personality that led Browning to sing his way from the germinant spring to the fact that "God was in his heaven and all was well with the world." And it is in the court of love, that supreme expression of Personality that Tennyson

> " Dares sleep
> Encompassed by his faithful guard,
> And hears at times a sentinel
> Who moves about from place to place,
> And whispers to the worlds of space,
> In the deep night, that all is well."

And the helmet, the headgear, the thought security of Paul was no clear-cut orthodox system, but "the hope of salvation," the vision of God at his work, the perspective of redeeming grace. And it is out of the consciousness of this Supreme Personality that all the minor authorities of life must grow. Here in this

ultimate relation a man becomes sure of himself, speaks with authority, has a right to do so since his governing considerations have reference always to the personal in God and man, and shapes his life into the poise and power of grace.

II

The Dynamic Man

IV

THE SPIRIT OF A MAN

V

THE TIDAL FORCE OF A MAN

VI

THE CREATIVE FORCE OF A MAN

CHAPTER IV

The Spirit of a Man

The venture of life is in the spirit of a man; it dares the world, develops the human, and undertakes the divine. The Bible gives a large place to the spirit of a man. It was spirit that failed the nations when they heard the victorious tramp of Israel. It was spirit that revived in Jacob when he heard that Joseph was yet alive. It was spirit in Zerubbabel and his companions that rebuilt the temple at Jerusalem. It was spirit that charmed the follower of Elijah and made him anxious to be his successor. Spirit is the possibility of a man. Failing it, he drops into a circumstance; through it he rises into a master, works wonders, achieves destiny.

If you want the dynamic measure of a man you need not necessarily calculate his works, but take the pulse of his spirit. "Why! slaves," cries the tyrant, "it is in our power to hang ye." "Very likely," is the reply, "it is in our power to be hanged and scorn ye." What

possibilities are in such defiance! The great Pericles, followed one night to his home by a critic who heaped abuses upon him at every step, turned at his door and, handing a light to his servant, said, "Here, light this man to his door." What governments are in such self-control! Martius, the conqueror of Athens, when he faced the spirit of the conquered duke whom he had doomed to death, cried,

"He is free;
And Martius walks now in captivity."

The spirit alone has power to never say die, and a man is never dead until he owns up. It is the deathless, intangible, almighty spirit of a man that sets out to conquer the world, develop humanity, and invade heaven.

We are not speaking here of the restless, vague, wandering spirit of a man, but of something that belongs to the race, that is born out of the ages into a man, through its failures, its battles, its progress. A martyr dies, the hero falls, the prophet fails, but the spirit passes into sentiment to be told by the fireside, sung in battle, and chanted in the temple of God. Men join issue in the clash of opinions; the battle rages and the victory comes to neither

one nor the other, but a broader, deeper, nobler spirit to both, and the world is richer evermore. And all progress is neither in what we know or have, but in what we are, in the finer flower of the spirit.

The ages distill themselves into the spirit of a man. When Columbus dared the scoffing monks, the skeptical world, and the unknown seas he was not alone, he was a representative of the spirit of the race. The Norsemen had vaguely touched our shores, but it meant nothing to them. This man Columbus put forth in the ship of human destiny. When Newton ventured upon the unmapped realms of the universe he was not an intellectual adventurer, but the pioneer of human thought, seeking the trail of the Maker's mind. When Dante fared forth to tempt with daring feet the "vast and infinite abyss" of the spiritual world he was only a leader of the human spirit groping his way after the unseen world.

We have referred briefly to some of the great venturers of the race, but there is another venture that outranks them all, and that is when we venture to be a man. Lincoln once said he was sure God must like ordinary people

or he wouldn't have made so many. It is the common man the Almighty does like, because he is the greater man. To take the simple part of a man is the noblest role there is to play on earth. It involves all the minor parts, all literatures, histories, and revolutions. The French Revolution was only the third estate making a frantic effort to rise into the estate of men. Our civil war was simply a great national attempt to make way for men to rise to the nobler part of man; and all there is involved in the unrest of Russia to-day is that men are seeking the privilege of being men. And if you analyze the part of any of the world's great heroes it was only the part of a man. They never went beyond that. At each crisis the measuring up was not to match the game of the hour, but to meet the demands of the eternal spirit of manhood. Lincoln, Moses, Mazzini, were simply trying to take the part of a man.

Of all books, the Bible has given the largest place to the spirit of a man. The failure of our human thinking is to appreciate man. Our science ignores the spirit of a man and runs him into the chinks of the world as a boy runs

lead into molds. In politics the machine is made essential and a man must take his chances among the cogs, belts, and pulleys. And in religious thought, too, life is often counted for less than logic; the system has overborne the spirit, and the man been lost in the maze of his own thinking. Refreshing, then, is the Bible, which puts man just a little lower than the highest, and all time under tribute for his development, and every unfolding of his life an opportunity for God to come. Since Jesus lived the simple life of a man, and God found in him his supreme opportunity for entering the life of men, manhood has borne a new dignity. Every manly thought, word, and deed lets loose the highest power, lifts man to the highest rank, and crowns him with the highest glory. The all-inclusive greatness of man is his simple manhood.

The spirit of a man is the charm of the centuries; the whole universe is drawn to him, finds its interpretation through him. The heavens sing through David, the mountains through Coleridge, and the sea through Tennyson. It is around the spirit of a man the great life interpreters gather. To interpret

the spirit is the truest reading of humanity. Spirit is the stuff heroes are made of. It is the little fellow with a spirit too big for his body, squeezing back the tears, we love; or the man with a spirit too noble for his circumstances, we admire. The great artists deal in spirit; it speaks in colors, throbs in marble, and sings in poetry.

The unseen world hovers around the nobler spirits. It was when Abraham stood forth in the spirit of renunciation that the mysterious priest visited him with a blessing; when Isaiah rose to the spirit of the patriot that the temple grew alive with its visions, inspirations, and calls to duty; and when Jesus matched the powers of darkness in the simple spirit of his manhood that angels came with their ministry.

And, finally, the Eternal Spirit broods over the spirit of a man. Modern thought, reducing man to the dead level of law and weighing him down with the millstone of heredity, leaves him to sink slowly beneath the waves of circumstance—a hopeless case in himself. A scientific dramatist tells the story[1] of a young man who is born into a home, the heir of his

[1] Ibsen's Ghost

father's sins, and in spite of the foolish efforts of the mother, the safeguarding of religious platitudes, and the conventional restraints of society, he goes the identical way of his father, and finally dies crying to his mother for the sun. There seemed to be no salvation for him, but the prime factor in all human history is left out of the tragedy—the spirit of a man that wakes within, the better impulse that lifts its protest till it wakes the echoes of the Eternal Spirit.

You can't have a man until you have the spirit of a man; even Almighty God must have a starting point. Carlyle pictures a soul denied of all it desired, helpless, hopeless, cowering in abject fear in the face of life. Walking one day down the hot street of the French capital, all at once a thought arises in him, and he begins to ask himself what he feared, what was at stake. "Let it come, I will meet it." With that a stream of fire rushed over his soul; "he was strong, a spirit, almost a god." This was the turning point; he had come to the worth of himself, to the ideal within, to the spirit of a man; and this is the starting point with God. When man begins to take up his life as a spirit

possibility and feels himself far off and cries, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," or as a spirit mastery and begins like Zaccheus to command his life to nobler ends, or even as a spirit vagrant, wandering far from home, and says, "I will rise and go to my father's house" —at this point God begins to take up a man's life with him.

According to the Bible, God dwells in two places—in eternity and with the humble and contrite spirit.[1] Here is the matchless putting of the touch of the Infinite Spirit with the finite:

> "Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
> And spirit with spirit can meet;
> Closer is he than breathing,
> And nearer than hands and feet."

There is some one nearer than man. We are rather quick to judge a man, yet how little we know of the sublime mystery of a man's life, what problems he has to solve, what destinies hang in the balance! We are not very near to each other. There is some one nearer, "nearer than hands and feet," nearer than ourselves, nearer than our temperament and disposition. A man says, "O, I am peculiar; you

[1] Isa. 57. 15

don't understand me, my handicaps." Now, the very fact that the man begins to talk about himself, can hold himself off, look himself over, and talk himself over, is the first step in spirit mastery. He has differentiated himself from himself—from his life-stuff; he stands over himself, and some one is "closer than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet"; "some one who hears his sighs and counts his tears." "Speak to Him, thou, for he hears." Wherever a soul is struggling for life, for mastery, for spirithood, over that one the Eternal Spirit awaits, watches and works to set it free. Here is the eternal mystery, the age-long battle, the final victory.

CHAPTER V

The Tidal Force of a Man

Having ventured upon life, we are possessed with a conviction that there is a certain way, "a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to" victory. The greater part of the world's religions has been the quest for this way, this tide, this favorable power. Much superstition has gone into the quest; the gambler tosses a coin to the beggar for luck, the robber endows a chapel for success, and the heathen courts his God with a human sacrifice. Yet, underlying all these misconceptions there is the great legitimate conception of the way of a gracious power.

Not long since a secular paper, speaking of the tide of prosperity we have been enjoying, said it was not to be attributed to the Morgans and Rockefellers, nor to any other man, but to the weather. The first thought of man is to pin his faith to the weather, to the great external forces. The ancients were always propitiating the gods of the weather, and even now the

meteorological chart holds a large place on change. If the fortunes of a man find their climax in wheat we are still children of the weather god. But the Hebrew people had a worthier thought of man's destiny when they lifted the good fortunes of life from the god of the weather to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, from the God that sways the wind to the God that sways the soul. A man is to be greater than the weather; his temper must be superior to an east wind, and his courage to a London fog. His tide of fortune will not be found in an outer, but an inner, force.

When Israel stood upon the brink of her destiny Moses gave her such counsel as we might give to a young man to-day as he stands on the verge of the future. Of the secret of divine fortunes that waited them he said: "It is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy

mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." The secret of all great good fortunes is in thee. This is the counsel we give to young men when they come asking how to succeed. The tide we are to take at its flood is not an outer, but an inner, one. It is native, not foreign. It is in thyself, not in some strange land, through some hidden way, by some untrodden path, but through the great natural thoroughfare of the soul's unfolding, the way of infinite possibilities forever responding to the manifold appeal of the Maker.[1] Whatever other nations may have contributed to the great self-revelations of Israel by way of suggestion or occasion, those revelations are so preëminently soulful, original, intuitional, that it is absurd to speak of them as being borrowed; such things are not borrowable.

The great, divine, eternal way is within, and it was this inner way Christ rediscovered when he came, just the way others had missed and are always missing. Man is not simply an intellect to be instructed, a will to be trained, nor a feeling to be refined, but a way, a redeemable, improvable being, a divine possibility.

[1] Psa. 85. 5.

Many centuries before science had fixed upon this feature as the distinctive characteristic of man Jesus Christ had already seized upon it. In his eyes the lowest wreck was salvable, redeemable, improvable. When he looked upon a man he saw something infinitely greater than what appeared on the surface, whether it be the highly cultured Sadducee or the wretched sinner with bloated face, benighted mind, and lusterless eye. These things did not measure the man to Jesus. He was a possibility—nay, more, a divine opportunity for God to work out some of his divine masteries; a way through which the supreme personal force of the universe is to play its mighty part in world-making.

And this way of a man Christ defined when he said, "I am the way." The way of the bird is in the air, of the fish in the sea, but the way of man is in Jesus Christ. Not simply his way of thinking, his method of working, nor his mode of living, but himself, his personality; the way of man is personal, history is lifted on the shoulders of great personalities. But deeper, mightier, broader than the human is the divine personality. The ancient prophet caught

by far the profoundest philosophy of human progress when he saw some one at the heart of history "afflicted in all our affliction," some one in the fiery furnace with the faithful three like unto the Son of God, some one with crimson garments swaying on in the power of his being, "mighty to save." We do well when we sing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," or "Jesus, Lover of my soul," or "My Saviour comes and walks with me," for all this means a personal relation—the deepest, truest, mightiest relation of all relations, more than physical, more than intellectual, more even than ethical.

It is in personality, its mysterious affluence and influence, that the highest values are reached. This is the thought of God; nothing in all the Bible is clearer. When men were bringing their gifts to the service of God they were told that there was always a certain wealth of being in the giver that transcended the gift, and that God was looking for the giver and not the gift. "Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come"—the personality, the living soul, the whole creative being. We talk about per-

sonal work as though it were unique, a matter of the tongue and the reason; all great work is personal, and is a matter of the blood and the cross. The atoning work of Jesus was personal; he is not a manipulator of external forces. He trod the wine-press alone; it was vital, it was of the blood; it was infinite pains, infinite patience, and infinite power.

And the work of Jesus was equally personal in its end; he sought in men what was in himself. Here is the betrayal of the soul; a man will never recognize in others what he has not in himself. It takes a soul of beauty to discover the beautiful; it takes the Son of God to go after the lost sons; it takes the perfect personality of Jesus Christ to recognize the possible personality in men. Christ assumed the awakability and mobility of men to himself, that is, into personality. This is the genius of the gospel; it takes a man who is returning from his wasted life, asking only to be made a "hired servant," and lifts him at once into the status of a son, that is, into personal relations. There are two great tests of man. The gospel puts first, "What think ye of Christ? What is your grasp, your appreciation, your reverence

for him? Why do you follow Jesus? Are you moved by the beauty of his character, the glory of his spiritual power, and the majesty of his personality, or is it the bread, or the marvel, or the power? Does he stand out above all bread-making, all wonder-working, before you in the superlative beauty and power of his personality?" The other test is, "Follow Me;" "If any man will come after Me." What efforts are you putting forth to reach the Christhood of life, the highest personal function of the soul? Is this your ambition before all gain and fame and power? This was the work of Jesus to waken men to himself, to lift them through himself into personal efficiency. The tidal force of man, then, is personal, and lifts men in their very being, in their status, in their rank toward the Supreme Personality. That is, the tidal force undergirding and lifting humanity to higher personal efficiency is a personal force; personality in men is evolved through the ministry of the Divine Personality. The ancient prophets were right when peering into the heart of history they saw that strange, mysterious heroic personal form. He is ever there.

The last analysis of power, then, brings us to the personal; philosophy knows of nothing beyond. God manifest in the personal Christ is heaven's final word to man. In him we shall find the living way, the cosmic current, the tidal force of life. The personal Christ, therefore, is the ultimate shrine of all human; and a man in his last analysis is defined by his shrines. The secret of Moses, Shakespeare, Luther, is not to be found in their equipment, their method, their art, but in the shrine where they worshiped, where they waited, the flood tides of God. Moses was skilled in the learning of Egypt, but his power came at the shrine of the burning bush. We need to cultivate the ultimate shrine of the soul. The deepest genius of our humanity is not in Martha, overbusy about a thousand matters, but in Mary, absorbed in the one supreme and eternal matter. The grasp of the sun upon the earth is mightier than the moon; the sun commands the earth, and the earth commands the moon. The grasp of Christ upon a man's life should be stronger than the grasp of his business. We are torn by two contending consciousnesses. One is of God, divine, personal; the other is of

the world, human, impersonal. The one, like Mary, revolves around the Son of God; the other, like Martha, around the problem of bread and butter. One accumulates power, the other spends it. Scholars are telling us that brain power is degenerating, and a recent writer finds three or four reasons for it. First, there are so many things to know, then there is so much impatience, never taking time to go to the bottom of things, and, finally mammon worship. Too many things, too little time, and an unworthy shrine, and power oozes away. It was reported that a few years ago the people who gathered around Trinity Church, New York, to hear the chimes on Christmas Eve made so much noise themselves that they couldn't hear the bells at all. Our human noise drowns the divine music. "We darken counsel by words without knowledge." We need

> "To walk down the valley of silence—
> Down the dim voiceless valley alone!
> And to hear not the fall of a footstep
> Around us, save God's and our own."

We need to seek out the shrine, the ultimate shrine of personal power, to get back to the creative sources. We are flooded with the ever-

lasting news, but not very familiar with the eternal books; we are impatient with the book that bids us stop and think. Our fathers knew fewer things, but seem to have had greater power. Their books were few but sourceful. Wesley lived largely out of the Bible and Shakespeare; Lincoln had the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and one or two others; Robertson was a man of two or three books. But all these books are books of power, of personal power; they are shrines, they are inspirational, they command men; you can't get out from under their authority; they command men because they command the greatest power in the universe for men. The personal tides of God here seek opportunity through the obedience of man to lift him along the cosmic way. Moses was telling the Lord how powerless he was, how it wasn't in him to do what God commanded; and God said, practically, "That is all very true, but stand forth and I will give you some lessons in the secret of great achievements." And he said, "Moses, do this," and he did it; "Do that," and he obeyed; and into every obedient act went the power that was in Moses but not of him. The personal tides of

the universe played through and through his obedience and gave to his life an infinite value.

But when this personal, cosmic, creative tidal force enters into the consciousness of man; when the Supreme Personality finally takes us into his confidence, saying, "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you," and there grows upon us gradually the far-reaching purpose of God, "till the world process itself trembles on the brink of consciousness"—then we begin to realize something of the transcendent creative possibilities which God has intrusted to man.

CHAPTER VI

The Creative Force of a Man

"Everywhere power is seeking opportunity,"[1] and personal power, which alone is creative, seeks opportunity through personality. But how to command that power to creative ends is ever the problem of man.

Life is largely threefold: that is, first the routine of business fitting into our surroundings and becoming more or less automatic with variations; then there are the little byplays of amusement, society, and a thousand things that come and go, materials of life, but taken in that helter-skelter way, never amounting to life itself; then there is the final, crowning thought of life, when some idea, cause, or purpose comes down upon us, demands our attention, puts us under tribute; when we begin to think seriously, to idealize, to take in life as a whole, grasp its immortal significance and responsibilities; when we begin to commune with God and the unknown possibilities of our being; this is the

[1] Phillips Brooks, Sermons, Law of Growth.

dawn of power. When a young man has been going with the stream automatically or spasmodically, just one of many others, and some new and higher voice commands him to halt, listen, and stand steadfast, the little world in which he moves feels the advent of a new power it must reckon with from this time forth; just as the one Supreme Personality in the quiet, modest, peasant form, staying his feet and listening, said, "Mine hour has not yet come," shook the old-world forces to their foundations and created a new reckoning for all time. Here is the promise and potency of the man that is to be.

The beginning of power is when we stop and think, stay the feet and start the head; when we hold the tongue and set the heart throbbing; when we cease the senseless drama of the senses and put the thoughtful soul on the stage. It is by staying that we come to our best; no man can hold his own who is forever on the run. The nomadic era is gone; a man must be held to some place, thought, or purpose if he would develop his highest being. The Athenian brain, which men now say surpassed the modern, was not developed by wandering, but

by being held down to one place, to hold its own in the face of nature in all her varied beauty, her stubborn laws, and mysterious beckoning being. In the face of such environment man came to thought, taste, and power.

This is the age-long quest of man; he is not here so much to discover the universe as himself. Why explore the seas if we can bring no one to master them, or discover islands if we have no one to man them? This above all we have to learn, that in the midst of all the forces of nature we ever carry in us a greater force. Was it not in this very lesson the Hebrew people outstripped the nations? What a place they gave the power of the soul in the face of the blind fatalistic forces about them! Man was a wonder-worker. And was it not in this they led the world in their thought of God, that his supremacy is not to be found in forces akin to nature, but of the soul, in thought, feeling, and will? And here is the simple lesson of life for all men, that not beyond, but within, resides the paramount power. We are set to hold our own, our very own, our highest own—not our earth where we feed, but our sky, the source of all our ideals and inspira-

tions—to hold this against all comers. Lacking this, the spiritual band is broken and the man dissipates and returns to the dust of his senses. Certain French writers are striking examples of such dissipation of all creative powers. Naturalists tell us that sometimes the chrysalis disappoints, becomes a victim of parasitic forces, and instead of emerging a gold-winged creation it evaporates into a cloud of insects. The creative force of man must first of all be held to a worthy end against all comers.

But through this listening, staying, unfolding personality of man the Supreme Personality seeks and finds his final world-making opportunity, and man becomes slowly conscious of the infinite overflow of power. This is genius in all its varied and far-reaching ranges.

The genius of new worlds is in us; all the essentials are close at hand. We are apt to think at first of the ideal, the thing to be made, as being here or there, and run hither and thither in quest of it, till we learn at last that it is within us, a thing to be achieved, not found. Situations are never ideal; if there is to be anything ideal about them we must bring it. Our contribution is the essential thing,

whether it be to a picture, a poem, a church, or the world. In its deepest, truest sense the life of a man is creative. The home is a creation of man; he brings together a bundle of sticks so as to make a house, covers the floor with skins, smears the walls with pictures, and on a pile of stones in the corner makes a fire, so converting a house into a home; he didn't find it, he created it, he brought it in his heart. "The things which are seen are not made of things which do appear." Sticks and stones, pictures and fire were incidental; his contribution was essential.

This creative function of man that proclaims him more akin to "God who gives than all his tribes that take" is what, after all, the world is ever seeking in man. In business the quest is for the man who can bring something to the situation, something more than skill, a certain mysterious overflowing power that makes things grow alive about him; in politics such a man, with every nerve tingling, with reserve but flooding power, creates parties, controls legislation, and molds the nation. In religion such a man is equally creative; he brings something to the situation, a new light, a new fire,

a new vision, and the old bottles strain and stretch and burst under the power of the new-made wine.

The word "enthusiasm," by its derivation "God in us," assumes this creative function. Man is possessed of a new divine ambition; he is no longer a mere seeker of worlds, but a creator of them. This ambition increases our responsibility and nerves our efforts. The ancient prophets were forever harking back to the divine purpose; with them hereditary lineage played a practical inspirational part, and does still; but the newer prophets are lifting the veil and nerving us by the visions of the task. Tennyson assures us that "it is not too late to seek a new world"; Spencer bids us take our part in world-making; while Fiske sees "working out from age to age a cosmic drama in which man's part is the leading one."

But how to achieve this great world-ambition is the problem of old. History may be summarized as one stupendous groping after the vision and realization of the world that is to be. In the direction of first causes it is an eternal quest for a world-master, for all things made must have their maker. The statue presupposes

a sculptor, the poem a poet, and the picture a painter. It may be a long way from a picture to a world, but the creative principle holds the whole distance through. "The things which are seen are not made of things which do appear." The marble does not hold the statue, the sculptor brings it in his soul. Now Paul claims to have discovered a world-master—master by virtue of the fact that he can command the soul forces of our humanity into a new world. In that fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, with its immortal perspective of newborn worlds, *man* is the final triumphant event giving thanks for victory to our Lord Jesus Christ. With a reserve power of immortal possibilities within him, man goes forth to create new worlds adequate to his destiny.

This idea has taken strange hold upon the world's best thinking. Since the writing of Adam Smith we have been holding more and more to the thought that the wealth of nations is in the man. The military idea, the army returning from conquests laden with spoils to enrich the nation, is past forever. Life all the way from the individual up to the nation

is not simply a mastery, but an expression, an utterance, a forth-putting of all we are. Therefore the wealth of nations consists not in conquests, but in the liberation and culture of its men. This is a very old biblical thought; Israel was chosen of God not to do a certain thing, but that God through Israel might express himself, put forth his eternal creative glory; and the Word, through whom all things were made, becomes flesh and continues its creative work among the humanities. One idea of man carries throughout the book: he is a king touching his kingdom with creative beneficence, coming down like rain upon the stubble; he is a prophet awakening our ears from morning to morning with the newest things from God; he is a priest passing back and forth from the sanctuary of the soul to the deeper sanctuary of God.

That is, the supreme function of man is expression, to give utterance to the personal power of the universe, to bring it to bear with creative effect upon the world about him, and "one is our Master, even Christ." It is marvelous how this Figure at Nazareth leads our modern life in its mighty self-expressing world-

creative role. Our philosophers assure us that we are rapidly passing from the military to the industrial era, and, behold, our "leader and commander" is a carpenter. It matters not how obscure the village, how small the shop, how scant the work, the glory of the industrial principle never varies; it is expression, creative expression, uttering itself through clays and woods and metals. That Jesus Christ touched with creative hands these grosser materials, and commanded them to ideals of transcendent beauty, gives dignity forever to the whole industrial life. The sanctity of the social problem rests upon the divine right of expression, and when a nation protects her industries she is guarding her creative powers, the output of the soul.

But there is another finer expression of the soul, a forth-putting of the creative powers to nobler ends, the word made spiritual power in art and literature, the transformation of the real through the ideal. And here again Christ is our Master. "He spoke as never man spoke before;" "he spoke with authority." He commanded men because, as we have seen, he always speaks in the interest of life. His

authority was creative, was the mastery of the sun over the flower. And here is the final aim of literary efforts, to quicken life and lead life, create life more and more abundantly. Its pains should be growing pains, its joys the exuberance of life, true life, more life.

But life's expression is still deeper and sublimer; it speaks between the lines, through life itself, utters itself in every tone. There are certain violins to which age has brought a peculiar power, a refinement of tone that enhances their value a thousandfold. So man improves with age; through the refining fires of heredity come the final issues of personal power and awaits only the master touch to elicit music such as the world has never before heard. The highest personal power, the seat of man's creative function, is not a thing of the hour. One can easily believe that when the Japanese people, one of the finest hereditary products of the world, have been brought under the mastery of Jesus—their creative faculties elicited in a new, ampler, diviner way—their place as a world-creating force will be enhanced a thousandfold. The eternal personality manifest in Christ, finding its opportunity through

the unfolding personality of man, comes at last to creative issues,

> " Developed whence shall grow spontaneously
> New churches, new economies, new worlds."

III

The Social Man

VII

THE PLACE OF A MAN

VIII

THE PART OF A MAN

IX

THE TASK OF A MAN

CHAPTER VII

The Place of a Man

The place of a man is among men. The social principle undergirds, develops, and empowers humanity. There is always one of two things we can do—we can fight or fraternize. In the long run of human history it has been found that it pays better to fraternize than to fight. The world's great constructive achievements are not wrought by conflict, but by combination and coöperation—by getting together. And this getting together is the age-long effort of man. All individual rivulets tend to come together in pools, in communities, villages, cities. The perpetual aggregation of the human is a movement of tremendous significance and represents the working of an eternal law.

In the first place, it means more than being homed in the same city, housed under the same roof, or included in the same creed; it is a process of discipline and discovery. As a training school humanity is superior to nature. Nature indulges our moods, plays to our

whims, and bends to our wills. But humanity has moods and whims and wills of its own. Here we must learn to face but not indulge in such luxuries. What we fail to find in others we must supply ourselves. We shall be called upon every day to produce some new kind of consideration, new stretch of patience, new quality of character; and the less we find of such qualities in others the more must we supply on our own part. What we may ultimately do with the Filipino brother is a problem; that he will yet test to its utmost our American character is a certainty. Then there is the disciplinary value of the criticisms, emulations, and opinions of our equals. It may take a certain kind of hardihood to manage nature, but it takes a high order of grace to endure the "contradictions of sinners" or saints. This jostling of man, coupled always with the teleological vision, "the joy that is set before," constitutes the great training school of character, that blossom of the universe, that "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves."

But there is more than discipline in getting together, there is discovery. A man is not to be judged by his specific make-up, but by his uni-

versal nature. We must have as strong faith in our underlying ideal humanity as in God. The one is the likeness of the other, dimmed and blurred and unexpressed save in Him who was "the express image of his own person." We sometimes say, "Read your man in the little affairs of life." But in the little affairs how much that we find belongs to temperament, to nervous irritability; how much to inherited traits; how much to educational advantages and disadvantages! No, we must go deeper than this crust to find the very best in a man. There came under my notice a man built in a very narrow way, small at every point; the "earthen vessel" was neither artistic nor spacious. But he went down in a great steamboat disaster, and in those last moments rose to heroic proportions, manifested the glory of a man, ministering comfort, consolation, and hope to the last moment. Sometimes a great sorrow falls upon the discords of men and nations and our specific differences sink out of sight in the presence of a nobler humanity that emerges. When some great revival of religion shakes a community it is found that old quarrels and feuds disappear because those that knew each

other in the little world-way, after the manner of men, have discovered each other afresh in the light of Jesus Christ and are coming together in the great God-way.

In this process of getting together we are simply working out the destiny of the race through an eternal law. Two men in one of Scott's novels meet on a desert and fight, but that night they sup together. This is destiny; not factions contending for supremacy, but fractions of a larger, nobler, diviner whole. And when you lift a faction into the higher denomination of a fraction, from "one alone" to "one another," you have set life to the highest law in the universe—the law that governs not the stars, nor the trees, nor the stones, nor any other thing, but *persons,* love; the law that lies in between man and man and man and God, that is destined to finally overrule all minor disturbances, discords, and divisions, the divine-human bond that is stronger than blood itself.

But will this getting together, this socializing process, merge the individual in the mass, blot him out, reduce him to a component part of a great composite? Human composites make

uncanny portraits. We are jealous for the individual; we want men, not types, for heroes. I am sure the typical Abraham will never be popular. It must be admitted that thus far no human scheme of getting together has hit the happy art of an absolutely just compromise between the social and the individual. We are offering no theory, however, but attempting an interpretation of "the more excellent way" of God. And it is precisely this "more excellent way," this love, that is the working principle of the final, ideal coming together of men. But this love is the law of the whole by virtue of the fact that it is the law of the part, the individual, the person. Therefore the discrepancy between the individual and social discovered by Benjamin Kidd disappears. A man is left free to take himself at his best; indeed, he must do so, not only in the interest of himself, but of all. There is one divine reservation in life: we may give men counsel, help, sympathy, our very lives, but never our divine selfhood. Life is like the ancient temple, the outer court of men and affairs where we meet in a coarser way; the inner court of friendships and brotherhoods where we meet in a finer way;

and then the holy of holies where a man finds himself alone with God, and ultimately finds himself through God. From this supreme court of decision questions are never to be carried down and settled in the outer court of human opinion. The Master would not commit himself to men. He gave them counsels, inspirations, ministries; he laid down his life for men, but he would not commit himself to men. There was one sacred reservation—he was careful of his original selfhood.

And this original selfhood is to be realized among men as we pass out through the two outer human courts. John realized himself in the desert among the austerities of nature, but Jesus amid the humanities of men. Doubtless we can come to our highest, holiest, sanest self only in the league of brotherhood; not in an aside, but in the very heart of the human drama with all the multitudinous forces playing through us. Shakespeare makes Richard III account for his monstrous self in the words:

"I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And that word 'love,' which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
But not in me, I am myself alone."

The man who is himself alone even in a

milder sense than Richard has small place and little use in the world of human existence. No artistic power can ever make us clasp to our heart the unnatural, weird, unwholesome stories of Poe. Freaks may elicit our curiosity, but not our love; we may study them, but never choose them for companions, and we live by companionship. A man brings us the great, wholesome sanitations of the universe only when he speaks under the spell of the universal law of the universe—that is, love—and in the language of universal man. And this is his value, his worth, his contribution to the human fellowship, what he brings from God, through men, to men.

How poor, insignificant, and paltry we make the fellowship of life; how superficial, artificial, and worthless! A young minister complained that he had no one to talk with in his church, and it turned out that they didn't read and so couldn't talk books. They couldn't take his wares and he would have none of theirs. There is a fellowship of the simple interchange of wares that has a value beyond what we often get in the circle of identical interest. But there is a fellowship infinitely deeper and richer than this,

the fellowship of original contributors—not the fellowship of genius, but of that universal human quality which when poured out in quantity produces the masterpieces; that which is discoverable in all, and is capable of being evolved through the association of men into the masterpiece of masterpieces, that is, personality.

Here, then, we must reach the supreme power of our humanity; under the same law we come to the utmost development of man and the final ideal aggregation of men. This is the significance of all this struggle of the race to get together, that we may come to the fullest realization of human power.

And when we come together at last in the name of Jesus Christ, that one name that stands for the full-orbed destiny of man, then this cumulative concentrated power of man sweeps beyond its human boundaries. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in their midst." Under such conditions Heaven also adds her contribution. It was under such conditions that the mysterious power came fusing men and creeds and tongues and sweeping all toward an end.

Our last great revival is purely a social movement. No great calamity, no new revelation of God, no burning eloquence of man awoke the spiritual echoes of Wales. It was a matter of the fellows, of truth alive, truth personalized. Doubtless in the Welshman this ingenuous human power is most readily enlisted. In him the conventional crust is at a minimum and the poetic nature at a maximum. Nevertheless, does it not point in the direction of a power that is yet to be? Sermonic truth is not so potent as personal truth. In Moody the sermon was at a minimum and the personality at a maximum. The final expression of God himself was truth personalized in Jesus Christ. Is not this the direction of the coming power? when the man of training, restraint, and culture becomes more deeply conscious of the kingdom of personalities, of the divine sonship and the human fellowship; when the universal emotion strikes the ocean of the human soul, as with Beecher in England, and the fundamental hero-stuff in man is moved to the sublime overmastery of outer forms and conventions; when such men are leagued in the name of Christ for an end.

But what is the end? Why do men get together in governments, churches, societies? This "Why?" is the judgment bar before which an organization must stand or fall. There is only one condition on which social aggregates are allowed to continue, and that is that the end in some sense lie beyond itself. Failing this, governments dwindle into autocracies, churches into hierarchies, and societies into caste, and die. "The privileged classes of Europe," says Benjamin Kidd, "are constantly dying at the top and being replenished from the bottom." They simply cannot hold their own, cannot beat back this strange invasion from below; there is some larger, mightier thing going on than is compassed in their thought. On the fact of this "something going on" all students agree. If you go down to the lowest race and find the bottom man you will find there an effort, a struggle, and a final betterment of the man. This is evolution, says the student. But we are more than students, we are responsibles. Every truth eventually demands its practice, and evolution is no longer an interesting fact, it has become the supreme responsibility. From the investigating stand-

point of science it is evolution, but from the causative creative standpoint of responsible humanity it is redemption. From the scientific side the ascent of man is a mystery; from the gospel side the mystery is revealed in the words, "God so loved the world." God holds himself responsible for the evolution of the race, and organized humanity is learning to assume the responsibility with him. This is a matter of fact, the responsibility for a better world, a redeemed humanity, a personalized man. Responsibility has passed from the sporadic to the epidemic state. We have not only the individual but the social conscience. Under the evolutionary principle every highly idealized theory of government to-day is missionary or nothing—in the language of Professor Nash, "conceives of itself as being a missionary force that sallies forth from existing institutions to create citizenhood in men who have never been citizens." It is not a bit of self-control, not a rectorship, but a ministry. Going forth after the world, therefore, is in the spirit of the universe, in the heart of God, and the genius of civilized and socialized humanity. When, therefore, we raise the question of the function

of this socialized humanity there is but one function, and that is the function of all highly personalized and truly socialized aggregates of humanity, all governments, all churches, all societies of Jesus everywhere; and that is to go after the world—the world as we find it in the individual man.

CHAPTER VIII

The Part of a Man

We have seen that the place of a man is among men; that here he comes to his best; that the highest ministry to man is reached through socialization of men. The part of a man, therefore, must be first of all to take his place in this socialized organism.

The socialized organism is essential to the ministry of the full scope of life. No man is big enough to live unto himself. He can neither feed, clothe, nor house himself, nor govern himself, nor redeem himself. He is essentially coöperative. No man can live in the space he clears about himself. Commerce is larger than he is, and responds to his devotion in a thousand ministries; government is larger still, responding to his devotion in a higher set of ministries; while the church is larger than any commerce or government, and responds in ministries infinitely richer and vaster. Our part, therefore, is to be found in devotion to business, state, and church when these are made

large enough to include the fullest ministry of life. We have not yet apprehended that for which we have been apprehended of God in these institutions, and failing this larger view we miss the nobler part.

The end of a man's life must be more than private; even business must be more than a *quid pro quo*. When Benjamin Kidd says, "There is no rational basis for progress," he is arguing with the individual as the measure of life. It does not follow that there is no rational basis if you take a larger measure, or measure the individual in a larger way. The fact is, you can't get at the best in a man nor the best in a business on the mere basis of utility; is must be the basis of free grace on both sides. Even business is worthy of devotion, and pays not only in dividends, but in a richer life, in broader views, and in a larger ministry to the growing wants of men.

But there is a higher devotion, and that is to the state. Here again you must lift the question above the dollars and cents. The state is a sacred institution, because it involves the well-being of men. It is not a mere contract of the hour; "it is a covenant," as Burke says,

"with the living, and the dead, and the unborn." It ministers to the stability, the ability, and the probability of the race. The ideal government, like God himself, loves the world, loves humanity, loves man, and shapes her ministries for his redemption. To fail of patriotism, therefore, is to fall out of the infinite purpose, miss step with the march of divine progress, "return to the vile dust from which we sprung, unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

But there is another part even larger than this, and that is the church. Disestablishment is inevitable as we grasp the larger province of the church; its king is King of kings. The loss of temporal power to the Pope was nothing to the possible gain of spiritual power. The true church is inclusive of all that has gone before; it involves the minor human interests of affairs and governments, and includes others yet unnamed. It is the larger patriotism.

"Wherever a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand
His is a world-wide fatherland."

Benjamin Kidd in his study of "Western Civilization" has boldly launched the central motive-power of progress into the future.

Progress is not simply a break with the past, nor a readjustment of the present, it is a grasp of the unborn future, "projected efficiency." The world, like the soul, must be born again. All this simply makes way for faith, the progressive genius of the church, and a man becomes in the highest sense of the word a factor in the progress of the world only when he becomes a coöperating factor in the church of the living God. Here we take part and responsibility in that which transcends every enterprise of man and every great national venture of men; here we enter into the far-reaching purpose of God whose goal is "a land that is fairer than day."

But the part of a man calls for larger scope and freer air than any actual world organization. The actual and the ideal are forever clashing. From the very beginning the actual kingdom of Israel was in disrepute with the great prophetic souls, the men of wisdom, the idealists. A contrast has been drawn between the statesmanship of Webster and Lincoln: Webster asked, "What is constitutional?" Lincoln asked, "What is right?" If the thing is not constitutional, then so much worse for

the constitution. There is a claim resting upon a man broader, deeper, mightier than any yet expressed in the affairs of life, the constitution of state, or the creeds of the church—a claim that does not fall below, nor necessarily contradict, but transcends them all. Man as a man has a part to play in accord with the very constitution of his being, a part that rests upon a profound faith in his own underlying manhood. It was the part that Jesus played. When he had lived we said, "How marvelous a being is man!"

This part of a man as Jesus played it is not the part of the body, not meat and drink, not simply this bustle of human commerce, not turning stones into bread; it is the part of the soul turning the universe into spiritual tissues, the universe, "every word" with its manifold ministries, into heart and brain and will, into all that goes to make a rich, strong, noble personality. The universe is here with all its manifold ministries just for the ripening of man.

Though the part of the soul may transcend all human thought, arrangement, and purpose, yet it is not a reckless part, not casting one's self down from the pinnacle, not aside from

nature, man, and God, but a part that shapes itself into infinite grandeur, through reverence for nature, man, and God; under law, by law, and through law coming at last to the masteries of the spirit.

And here in this realm of the spirit we reach the nobler part, not of force, but of spirit. How hard it is for us to learn the lesson of the spirit! It was not force, but spirit, that moved upon the primordial elements. We have such a small conception of spirit; spirit is force plus intellect, plus feeling, plus will, plus patience. We are amazed at the power of lightning that rends a tree, but we give little thought to a ray of sunlight full of the deep feeling, thought, and purpose of God that paints a flower. We step down amid the clashing machinery of life, and our first thought is to put forth the hand; afterward we learn to put forth the spirit. It seems so futile a way to meet the world, but we go on taking the spirit part till things begin to shape around us, grow alive, and take their bent from us, and we awake at last to the sublime fact that we are no longer a living soul "set in the plastic dance of circumstance," but a quickening spirit taking part in the Maker's work.

But in this affair of God we call human destiny there is a part of deeper import yet to take, deeper than organized man, deeper than the moral order—a personal part. The goal of all progress is personal; through his organized efforts man is civilized, through his striving after righteousness he is moralized, and through his following of Jesus Christ he is personalized. Christ is the final fountain of all his inspirations. It is something to have a part in the progress of the ages, to feel the tides of the centuries; it is more to come into sympathy with moral progress, to come under the appeal of living righteousness that makes heroes, martyrs, and saints; but it is even better to become a member of the society of Jesus. Paul the masterbuilder, whose creative force is yet unabated, claims to have wrought under the simple spell of Jesus—"The love of Christ constraineth me."

Under the ample motive-range and the impelling force of the Christ all personal forces are set free, and personal force is the ultimate equipment of a man; all institutions, literatures, and art are an indirect attempt to impress this force upon the world. More direct and might-

ier is the simple word, deed, or attitude, the face beaming with love, the eye kindled with intellect, the lip trembling with sympathy, or the voice toned into authority. Our part in the kingdom of personalities is the great part. "Religion," says James, "is to visit the widow and the orphan in their affliction"—the personal regard, the personal touch, the personal ministry; not servants carrying out orders with unquestioning obedience, but friends entering into all the great fellowships of thought and feeling and purpose—this is the largest part God has assigned us. The diplomat using the good offices of friendship, the prelate soothing the sobbing child, the king ministering to the afflicted pauper, are all at their best and their biggest. Here in the personal we touch and move the deepest, mightiest currents in the kingdom of God.

CHAPTER IX

The Task of a Man

A man, therefore, must take his part in the threefold economy of God, and all is for life. We are here not to solve the problem of the universe, but of life; it is this we have been working at from the beginning. All down the ages a voice is calling and we must follow; it is the voice of life.

> "'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death, for which we pant."

Life commands the journey. Stewart White says that in mountain climbing everything depends upon the horse; every march, every encampment, every consideration is wrought in the interest of the horse. Everything is in the interest of life, whether we stay or go, whether we commune with man, seek God, or analyze the universe; whether we fight for conquest, for what we believe, or what we are, it is for life; whether we follow the trail of thought, seek amusement, pick or choose, do or dare, it is for life. You may enlarge the

scope of our activities, make them world-wide; all battles, all achievements, all councils are just attempts on a broader scale for the life of man. Science puts the meaning of all active existence under the "struggle for life." Struggle with what? Struggle with one another, says science, says politics, says commerce. Life is successful competition; we are to measure it by its victories over all comers. If we give, however, a place to competition, if it be granted that it is the life of trade, it must also be granted that it is the life of some other things less desirable—envy, meanness, bigotry, selfishness, and bitterness. Granting, then, that competition has its place, that it is the spur of effort, the life of trade, is it in any deep, rich, full sense the life of man? Is there a satisfying portion in the conquest of rivals? Is there any substance in the victory we get over one another? Is there anything of divine joy in such overcoming? Or is there some higher meaning to life, some nobler attainment, some truer grasp of the eternal substance? Our books on economics, ethics, and philosophy have recently pursued these questions, catching glimpses of responsive light, and eventually

voicing themselves in the utterance that "the only competition worthy of a man is with himself." But nowhere do these questions receive such comprehensive answers as in the Bible. Take the story of Jacob: he started out as a competitor, first with Esau, and he overcame him; then with Laban, and he conquered him; then he was returning for a second round with Esau, when he turned aside in the hour of anxiety and wrestled with another being, vague, mysterious, and mighty, and when the morning broke it turned out that this had been a battle with himself—Jacob was conquered and Israel victorious. The real struggle for life lies deeper than the field of human competition; it is not on stepping-stones of our dead brothers, but of our dead selves, we rise to higher things. In Job we find another battle of the same order. In the conflict with circumstance Job had gone down and lay a defeated, hopeless wreck. Then why didn't he turn his face to the wall, curse God, and die? Why not give up? The battle had gone against him. Why? Because the compact of his life was deeper than the adversary thought; it involved more than the goods of the man, it involved

the good of his being, the good of his life, in a great mysterious sense. No book has so clearly differentiated these two struggles of life as the Bible. The chosen people through the struggle with other nations grew narrow, bitter, exclusive, cruel; but through the struggle with that mysterious, mighty, unfolding power, voiced by the prophets and becoming incarnated at last in Jesus Christ, she grew broader, deeper, richer, nobler, diviner. Life, therefore, is not so truly a development from below as a derivation from above; not so much in its deepest sense an evolution of man as an involution of God. Here is the distinguishing characteristic of biblical righteousness; it is not an evolution, not a matter of works, going about to establish our own righteousness according to our standards, but a matter of faith, grasping and involving the absolute righteousness of God. It means only that we grasp life in the absolute sense; and we must come to the absolute. The man who is forever referring himself to time standards, to circumstances, to his neighbors, leads a poor, petty life. Peter found it impossible to dissociate his own life from his fellow apostles and take it absolutely; he must ask

Jesus, What shall this man do? and received for a reply, "What is that to thee? follow thou me"—you have your life to live, not his; grasp the absolute significance of your own being, go forth and leave these petty rivalries to take care of themselves.

Life derivative, life from above, life absolute —even science leaves room for such an assumption. Drummond concludes his book on the evolution of man by a final chapter on the involution of God. Philosophy voiced by Plato counts life a reminiscence; while poetry speaking through Wordsworth says, "We come, trailing clouds of glory, from God, who is our home." Even Herbert Spencer assumes an absolute power, an inscrutable mystery from which all things proceed.

But it remains for the gospel to make this mystery of practical value to man. You will remember that while Jesus laid great stress on character he also insisted on something more. Character is the finest expression of life, the noblest earthly function of our humanity. But we know that character is semicrystalline in its formation; there is so much in our inheritance and our surroundings; therefore Christ went

beyond character to faith as the spring of life—faith that dares to involve God himself, the inscrutable mystery, in this life of ours; faith that modifies, molds, and makes life. Faith brings us the serenity, superiority, and absoluteness of life. "He that is from above is above all." Here is the divine dignity of life we have to sustain. How difficult to be above things—not to feel above them, or to think above them, but to be above them! One of the biggest tasks of life is to keep above little things; to have always ready the answer of Nehemiah, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." To come down to some things, to think about them, is to squander the birthright of the soul, to forget that we are from above, and that in our Father's house there is another kind of bread. We live by involution, not by evolution. A writer has said, "It behooves us first of all to prepare in our soul a place of some loftiness from which to look out and down upon our life." "To prepare a place"—no, it must be prepared for us, it must be native, the secret place of the Most High, a "heavenly place in Jesus Christ," a "rock that is higher than we,"

the absolute with absolute worth and absolute possibilities. To live is to make life worthy of its origin, hold it at par value, keep it at God's reckoning. We say that man is of more value than many sparrows, the soul than all the world; we are here to make the world believe that. When we cheapen life, when we live in such a way as to deny our origin, our creed, our faith, some poor wretch takes us at our word—says, "How mean a thing is life!" and throws it away. To hold life up to its par value in God is the task, the supreme task, of man. Making creeds, theologies, churches is play to it. It is easier to make money than character; it is easier to project our soul masteries into poems, pictures, and prophecies than to project them into dispositions, powers, and principles of the soul. It is easier to explore the universe, master its forces, and rear empires than to keep in with God, to hold life at par value. When the world's great work is analyzed its ultimate explanation is, man in quest of the absolute, seeking to hold life at its divine worth and realize its divine possibilities.

But the task carries us over from the mere maintenance of the divine status to the posi-

tive aggressive mood. There is a sense in which the task of our own redemption is laid upon us; our own imperial manhood is thundering at the gates of every civilization, and it is called upon to enlarge its scope, that this king of glory may come in with his absolute rights. This eternal coming of man sets the pace of progress, nerves all our energies, and gives scope to all our movements. Make this man a beast of burden with a full crib, and to-morrow he will wake into a man and demand the stars; make this one a slave driven by blind force, and ere long he breaks his fetters and demands a part in the councils of the nation. All history is being forever brought to the bar of man's soul. Old civilizations fail in the presence of Abraham; Egypt passes and Moses remains; Jerusalem falls and Isaiah's ideals are alive forevermore. The child brings a claim that breaks through all the conditions of its birth; it is set down in the slum and all sights and sounds are brought to the bar of the newborn being, and the reeking tenement house is rebuilt in the name of its mother.

All history hovers with its ministries about this mystery of human life, and the mystery is

the glory of the task—"it doth not yet appear what it shall be." Remove the mystery, reduce man to a bit of mechanism good only for this world, and the nerve has gone from our work; we have a task of utility and expediency like that of repairing carts. But this mysterious unfulfilled being of man, waiting a fulfillment that must transcend this world—here is the sacredness of our task, a task we dare not lay down till the great Taskmaster calls us to a nobler one.

CHAPTER X

The Making of a Man

I

The general idea that the making of a man begins far back in the mystery of the race is now conceded. We are assured that the education of a child begins hundreds of years before it is born; that lineage counts not so much in "minute details of character and disposition, but in the dominant temperament and type;"[1] that we have a better life-stuff from which to build than our ancestors possessed. The unity, continuity, and betterment of the race are taken for granted; we are of the elect, heirs of all time, children of the centuries.

The Bible itself is first responsible for the idea; it is one of the arguments of the divine appeal. We are never to forget the far-reaching sweep of God's call; it comprises the centuries and brings all time into the efficiency of the appeal. "Jacob, I have called thee; Israel, I have chosen thee; I have taken hold of thee

[1] Drummond, Ascent of Man, p. 250.

from the ends of the earth"—away back in Abraham. Life is not a parvenu, but a noble succession if we grasp it as it lies in the purpose of God. This is also the favorite theme of the apostles: "Ye are a chosen generation—a choice people; "even as he chose us in him before the foundations of the world;" "the called according to his purpose;" "God hath from the beginning chosen you." The biblical idea of the making of a man is not an afterthought, but preëminently the forethought of God; not a side issue, but the main issue of the universe; a working together of all things unto the highest and holiest qualities of the soul. Man is the ripening of the universe under the husbandry of God. The "refining fires" of which we sing have been burning through the centuries.

Science has reached the same thought in its ultimate conclusions, and has defined it as "natural selection." Its dynamic is the struggle for life; that survives which persists in surviving, has strength and adaptability to circumstances sufficient to maintain its own. This dynamic moving along the track of organic unity which begins with protoplasm and ends

in man, and following the trail of individual variety or superiority, achieves the evolution of man. Of course, this is the doctrine of egoism pure and simple—every man for himself; life's progress depends on a bold front and a strong fist. That this mighty militant force has no small place in the progress of the world no one will deny; it is evident in the strong, aggressive features of every dominant race; but is it the supreme force in the making of a man? Is it capable of imparting those qualities that enter into what we call manhood at its best? Egoism is nowhere claimed to be a beautiful thing; can it, then, be the presiding genius of a beautiful humanity? Can the lower means ever take us to the higher end?

The champions of the doctrine themselves soon felt that the higher ends of life could not be compassed by this means; that it was impossible to so draw the circle of "consideration for self" as to take in "consideration for others." Otherism, altruism, or love, the genius of man's higher life, simply asserts itself as belonging to another order. Science, therefore, must accord one principle of progress to nature and another to humanity, so breaking the

principle of continuity; or, harmonize two forces essentially antagonistic; or, modify egoism by altruism, still leaving the baser force in command. All this has indeed been attempted, but gradually "a power not ourselves" has been shaping scientific conclusions to other ends; a higher power has been working a larger wisdom into the thinking of man, and he has slowly, painfully risen to a more adequate vision of the ways of the Maker, grasping nature, we believe, more from the standpoint of the eternal purpose of God. Professor Drummond served modern thought in a large way when he wrested the universe from egoism and handed it over to otherism.[1] "The struggle for the life of others" is the only guarantee for others, and so for life itself, and the preservation of those energies by which life persists and progress. At the earliest hour of reproduction otherism, altruism, or love enters the divine drama, and ever after plays the principal role. "The first chapter or two of the story of evolution may be headed the struggle for life; but take the book as a whole, and it is not a tale of battle, it is a love story." The battle "red in

[1] Ascent of Man.

tooth and claw" is not simply raging against the creed of man, but against the eternal purpose and power of God, and is being slowly bent and borne upward to a mellower music.

Nature, therefore, is a fitting prelude to revelation. God need make no change of program as he passes from the one to the other. The opening chapters of the Bible are rooted in nature; the old fact of egoism is there from the first; it is in the revenge song of Lamech, in the deed of Cain, in the achievement of his descendants. But in the midst of the egoistic battle there enters another thought, and that the thought of "Another," of a "Higher Other," in whom men thought at least there centered the welfare of the race. When "men began to call upon the name of the Lord," or to associate themselves with that Higher Other, it was the beginning of the end of the old egoism, and also the beginning of another larger, holier end for man.

The dawning of God in the soul of man was the beginning of the divine process of evolution. The centralizing of man's higher interest in God is the root of the organic unity of that history, and lifts it into a living whole.

The fact that a nobler manhood is in the purpose of God also shapes the course of evolution along the trail of individual variety or superiority, the Abrahams, Jacobs, and Josephs. The insignificant fall out of the race and sink into oblivion—leave no history to note their existence; while the other important fact that this God, this Higher Other—who is not a blind force, nor a mysterious tendency, but another One, a Personality—holds in his personal design the eternal welfare of men, sets the example, initiates the order, creates the force that puts the *making* of man under this supreme power of the universe, altruism, otherism, or love.

Nature and revelation belong to the same order, are under the same mastery, and working for the same end. God is involved in both, but more explicitly, personally, graciously in the latter than the former; and "God is love," and "love creation's primal law." The whole universe is fashioned for the working of this law. Professor Drummond says that, "in organizing the special mechanism of reproduction in plants and animals, nature was already laying wires on which one far-off day the cur-

rent of all higher things might travel." In the place of mere reproduction in nature, God in history organized the *family,* made it the wire along which the higher things should travel.

According to the Bible the family is both fundamental and final; it does not hesitate to lay the family wires from man even to God himself, making them carry us over all the stretches of man's destiny, from the crude, imperfect home of an Abraham to the ideal home of the Eternal Father. Within the range of these two boundaries the Bible includes all questions of human destiny. Her heroes are nourished not by wolves, but by a mother's love; her prophets soon outgrow the tribal or national boundary and play an international part, become seers of the universal brotherhood of man; while the fortunes of her dynasties ebbed or flowed as men were false or true to the great principle of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

The family is the historical protoplasmic unit of human destiny. Science accords it a place as the medium along which its law of heredity may work out its beneficent ends. But how to avail itself of the benefits of this law

is and ever will be the unsolved problem of science. Professor Galton thinks that "on the basis of carefully selected dogs and horses it would be quite practicable to produce a highly gifted race of men by judicious marriages during several consecutive generations." But we are not dogs and horses; we bring factors to the problem that do not exist in dogs and horses; we have left their estate far behind us. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are our ways higher than their ways, and our thoughts higher than their thoughts." "The way of a man with a maiden" was a mystery to the ancient sage, and ever will be to both ancient and modern, for in its truest sense it is the way of love and baffles analysis. The attempt of French realism to degrade love to lust, and of English and American materialism to reduce it to a myth, are omens of doom, blows struck straight and hard at the coming man. The judicious marriage is no question of lust, of breeds, of interest, or of money, but of love—that eternal law that is fashioning the evolution of the race, that final perfect relation between two personal entities. "Marriage," says Robertson, "is not a union merely between

two creatures, it is a union between two spirits; and the intention of the bond is to perfect both." "To perfect both" we come to our best in the most perfect personal relations. If the mating of man and woman be for their mutual nobility, then they have a nobility to bequeath to their progeny. The elective principle of heredity, therefore, is not in the wisdom of man, but in creation's primal law, in love.

The love story, after all, holds its place of perennial interest in the life of man by right divine; that which involves our destiny can never die, and destiny is involved in the story of the lover's love. The Bible itself, the fundamental text-book of human progress, has given no small place to the love of the lover. We have the wooing of Isaac, the waiting of Jacob, the romantic meeting of Ruth and Boaz, while the "Song of Songs" is now generally conceded to be the exaltation of the pure and deathless love of the lover.

But this elective principle of life, commanding all forces to the ennoblement of man, awaits a final interpreter and master. When Jesus came there lay back of him a great reli-

gious system, but he was more than an interpreter of systems; in the heart of his nation was a long-cherished hope, but he was more than the apocalyptic interpreter of human dreams; he was the interpreter and master of the dynamic of all that had gone before. As Professor Drummond says of nature that "it is not a museum to be dissected, but a living, moving, ascending thing to be treated from the dynamic point of view," so Christ took human history to be a "living, moving, ascending thing, to be interpreted from the dynamic point of view," and that dynamic was love.

He referred all questions of life to that one eternal principle; not an etherealized religious form of love dissociated from that of the race, but the love in which the family was rooted, by which it built itself into nobler, diviner being, finally arriving at the full meaning of the family of God. With Jesus no gift piously brought to the altar could take the place of filial love. Compared with Socrates, it was characteristic that the last act of the sage should be one of justice concerning a cock; while the last act of the Master was one of love concerning his mother. With Jesus "neighbor"

was not defined in terms of locality, but of universal sympathy and love; and finally he dared to rest the new and eternal order of things upon the simple bond of friendship: "I have not called you servants, but friends." Christ turned all seekers of life back to this one eternal principle; he was love's Master and Interpreter. He took up love in its natural estate, "first that which was natural, and afterward that which was spiritual." Love's potentiality he found in the race everywhere dominant, elective, progressive, and he came to interpret it, and carry it up to its finest issues; to redeem it from the old debasing alliances into allegiance with God, till finally it declares its supremacy over the universe, and seals its saving power in the cross.

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hand;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands."

II

But to be a child of the elective principle is not the whole problem of man-making; the individual himself, as well as the race, is an all-important factor.

The great question of life is how to take advantage of our advantages, how to become worthy of our birthright, heirs of the salvation of God. It is no small task, no simple problem; we very soon awake to the fact that we are not experts in the art of living; it is a great, mysterious, perplexing, glorious thing, lying apparently quite beyond our grasp. Professor Galton, who lays such stress upon the hereditary principle—counts man to have been in the process of making through the generations, under the presiding genius of some mysterious power—finds the art of living to be equally mysterious. He says, "We are exceedingly ignorant of the reason why we exist, confident only that individual life is a portion of some vaster system that struggles arduously onward toward ends that are dimly seen or wholly unknown to us." Doubtless life is mysterious when we turn upon it with our individual eyes, dig into it with our individual hands, or tempt it with our individual feet. We are heirs of great things; but how to appropriate our inheritance is the problem. There is surely something for us in the past, but how extract it? something for us in these wayfarers that

knock at the door to-day, but who can distinguish the angel from the tramp? something for us in the swift blood currents, tendencies, and dispositions, but who can go down into his own being and manage tendencies and dispositions? who knows them when he sees them? who can say, "This I'll cultivate, this I'll curb, and this I'll kill?" Life is a mystery—a mystery thus far that has eluded the keenest eye of science. This is its characteristic; not, however, a tangle, an obscurity, a darkness, but a mystery waiting to be revealed: this is true from the tiniest flower up to the staunchest hero of God. Life guards its secret origin, but manifests its glory everywhere. The mystery of life was a favorite thought with Paul. There is "the mystery of faith," "the mystery of his will," "the mystery of Christ," "the mystery of godliness," "the mystery that has been kept since the world began but now is made manifest in Jesus Christ," the mystery of the infinite purpose of God running through the ages; not a tangle, not an obscurity, not an impenetrable darkness, but an unfolding mystery, a living, moving, and glowing purpose, evolving under the *elective principle of love.* And Christ, the

Interpreter and Master of this principle. becomes the Master of life itself; at his hands we receive life in a mystery. We are not experts forever sweeping and searching the universe—that is a part of life, but not the better part; the better part is a personal relation. We are learners, followers, loyal lovers of Him who through the principle of love commands the universal forces for the good of man. Here is the open secret of life; he alone is worthy to open the mysterious seven-sealed book to the soul.

One is our Master; not heredity, not tradition, not environment, but Christ who commands them all to the enrichment of man. Renan says of Turgeneff that "his conscience was not that of an individual to whom nature had been more or less generous; it was in some sort the conscience of the people. Before he was born he had lived thousands of years; infinite succession of reveries had amassed themselves in the depth of his heart. No man has been as much as he the incarnation of a whole race; generations of ancestors, lost in the sleep of centuries, speechless, came through him to life and utterance." Under Christ, the

Master of the elective principle of life, those "glowing hands" that make "the glass of time run itself in golden sands"—under Christ man is coming into the heritage of the centuries, its "infinite succession of reveries," its character refined in the fires of martyrdom, its inspirations, its blood, its speech coming to utterance in the soul.

But how to justify this elective principle is the question and always has been, from hyper-Calvinism down to the privileged class of the hour. One would sweep the purpose of God from the universe, and another would annul the principle of inheritance; but all this is very shallow. The question is really whether a man is fit to be among the elect; whether he is enough of a man to inherit things, have things, and know things; whether God could trust him in a city whose streets are gold, whose walls are jasper, and whose gates are pearls; whether as Paul says, he is "meet to be an heir of the saints in light." The man himself must justify the ways of God to him by his fitness, his worth, his ability; and it is precisely this fitness, this worth, this ability Jesus Christ gives to men. His salvation, if it means anything,

is intrinsic fitness, intrinsic worth, intrinsic ability; it is life in its widest, deepest, highest sense; and life is mastery emerging from mystery and commanding all inheritances to worthier ends. The pansy at our feet is commanding the coarse material of the universe into purple and gold. And the life of man is a mastery to higher ends; it is not a repetition of the past, not a traditional ditto; not simply an evolution of heredity, a manufactured product of an inscrutable machine; not a creature of environment, a victim of the house it dwells in; but a mastery of all heritages to nobler issues of the soul. Once, only once, has a man's life fully justified the gracious ways of God to him, and that in Jesus Christ. He commanded the traditions of his race, the lineage of his family, and the environment of the hour to the supreme fitness, worth, ability of his soul. And he is our justification, the mystery of all our moral and spiritual mastery, our fitness, our worth, our ability. As the patriarch emerged from his midnight wrestling alimp in his humanity, but with a new value in his soul, henceforth a prince worthy to stand in the royal line, so men under Christ come to a

new power, a new value, a new ability. Christ raises the moral and spiritual worth of a man, makes him meet to be an heir of the universe, and lifts him into the royal line of God's princes, and faces him toward a glory that is to be—"it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

We have come, therefore, into the inheritance of a life of transcendent possibilities. No earth standards, no time plummets, no human guesses can measure its value. We must still turn to Christ, the Master of the elective dynamic of life's unfolding. Dr. Osler, in his essay on Immortality, has divided the world into three classes—those who care nothing about the question and say, "Let us eat and drink;" then the scientist or naturalist who finds no data for the belief; and the third class the Saint Theresas "to whom it is given to know the mysteries." The attitude of the scientist, he claims, toward the Saint Theresas should be one of reverence. This is the noblest admission of modern thinking; there are some things we do not know. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath

prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." We must still wait upon the mysterious unfoldings of life, not facing backward, searching, digging, and exploring the embryonic universe with science, but facing forward, following the lead of the great Interpreter and Master of life's elective principle; not digging at the roots of our humanity for life's final glory, but turning to Him in whom that glory came to its flowering. We have only to turn and walk with him to become convinced of life's infinite value. Mysterious are his movements to our earth-holden eyes; mysterious his words that fall upon our distorted lives; mysterious his life, his cross, his resurrection; but follow him to the triumphant end, and you will find yourself, with Paul, far above principalities, and powers, and every name that is named in heaven or earth. From this higher atmosphere, these spiritual heights, this Nebo of the soul, the vision of man naturally sweeps beyond the time boundaries.

III

There is, therefore, a guarantee in the being of man for assuming the infinite scope of life.

All world wisdom, world ideals, world progress are found too scant of horizon for the coming man. This is a favorite thought of Paul: "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" Archæology is a sepulcher of man's wisdom; books, systems, science, and philosophy have gone to pathetic dust. "Be not wise in your own conceits." There is a wisdom bigger than man's conceit. "Our little systems have their day and cease to be." God has set the "foolish things" to "confound the wise," and "things which are not, to bring to naught things that are"—things that are as yet only visions, to bring to naught things that are; what is, forever going down before what ought to be and what may be.

Man is forever throwing away some old *thought* of life in the interest of some new *feeling* or *vision* of life. We have an idea sometimes that all progress is in world wisdom, in what we know; we are superior to the ancient Egyptians because we know more; perhaps we do, but progress is more than a question of knowing, it is a question of being. What we see going on about us is not a more and more elaborate clothing, but an unclothing, of our

humanity. The wisdom of the world is forever proving its foolishness, and passing away —old thoughts, systems, and customs. The measure of any civilization is not, How much do we know? There is a profounder question: "What think ye of man?" Ask it there on the Nile, ask it of Greece, ask it of Rome; by their answer to that question they must stand or fall. Ask it of Russia to-day; ask it of theological systems, governments, and creeds: "What think ye of man? whose son is he—the son of the sea, the air, the sun, the son of the laws of the universe, or the son of God? what likeness do you find in him, what possibilities, what ideals?" All world wisdom is judged by its answer to that question. What likeness is here in this poor, beaten, battered mystery of man?

The adequacy or inadequacy of our ministries depends upon what we think of man—whether it be the mere ministry of knowledge, of the letter that kills, that shuts the gate of man's being too soon, that defines and finishes him off, or a ministry of infinite range. Browning's faultless painter was a failure—he lacked strength, possibility, stretch; and God

is seeking more than an accomplished man, a finished man—he too lacks stretch. He is a side issue, not an eternal issue; and he is content with the issue, proud of it, and when he goes up to pray he thanks God for his accomplishment. But there is another man, unfinished, incomplete, with nothing to brag about, but with the eternal issue burning like hot coals in his soul; he stands afar off and lifts his eyes to the distance and asks for mercy, for the breadth of heaven—he is conscious of an infinite need.

However great may be the wisdom, plans, and achievements of man, they are only slight commentaries on the greatness of life itself. God ever has in view for us some larger things. Nothing in the eyes of God is too great for man; nature, art, literature, governments are being builded from age to age into the coming man.

Thus far every anarchist, nihilist, and revolutionist is with us, for their cry is to strip away the artificial, the existing order, and come down to the native man and his native rights. Nevertheless, we shrink from these men; a revolution is never ideal. Coleridge and Words-

worth were ardent revolutionists till they saw the kind of man that emerged from the French Revolution; then they shrank from it. If Russian autocracy should be swept away, and the country fall into the hands of the Russian humanity, the world would stand aghast at what would occur.

What, then, is meant by liberating man, removing the boundaries, giving him an infinite horizon? Not liberating the actual but the ideal man—not as he is, but as he ought to be; not the brute force, but the God force within him. Here is where the merely revolutionary philosophy comes short—it fails to grasp the ideal significance of man. When Rousseau talks of the nobility of the native man, were he stripped of all conventionalities; when Whitman chants "The Song of the Open Road"—"The long brown path before me leading where I choose"—and Burns sings, "A man's a man for a' that," we are still left in doubt as to what man is, what ideal part he is set to play, what is meant by this untrammeled life of man they advocate.

A man's life in its true sense is a creation, a new creation; by the love of God the universe

is put under tribute to him; by the freedom of his own soul he appropriates the gracious bequest, asserts his worth, and builds himself toward nobler things. Life, therefore, the untrammeled expression of the soul, is constructive, and can never be reached by destructive processes alone. The mere revolt against fettering forces is neither life nor liberty. No man can escape the clutches of a disease by simply revolting against it; he must make his appeal to another positive, constructive power we call nature. A man may strip himself of a thousand things and yet leave his last estate worse than the first. It is not destruction, but construction, that liberates a soul. The hope of a struggling people is not in breaking away from the old bondage, but in seeking the new constructive forces of life. A revolution may change things, and reformation rearrange them, but life is always, everywhere a rebirth from above, the supernatural working through the natural. We do not change ourselves, we are changed from "glory to glory" by laws that lie beyond the bounds of our wit, the sense of our heart, and the reach of our will.

The great philosophies of man come short

of anything like a regenerating power. "God has made foolish the wisdom of this world." They are the sidelights in which we rejoice for a season, but not that "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"; they fail to grasp man, the ideal man, and lead him to a realization of himself. The grasp of Jesus Christ on man's life was unique and omnipotent; it grew out of what he was in himself. Christ came to declare himself the Son of man—this he did over and over again, to declare himself one of us; but he came also to get the world to recognize him as "the Son of God." "Who say ye that I am?" Christ never puts great confessions in our mouths, but he puts us under a great pressure so that we must make a great confession or die. To the mind of Christ there was nothing incongruous in coupling the words "Son of man" and "Son of God" in his own person. But when we have made way for the one and confessed the other our human life is revolutionized forever; finite life is defined in terms of the infinite, and we are lifted at once into the rank of Jesus Christ. He came to level us up to himself, and he defined himself in terms of

Sonship. Sonship is the final status of a man's life. To ring the changes on the idea of a man is not enough—it lacks a definite and profound philosophy of life; on the other hand, to define man in terms of human philosophy is to set limits to the meaning of his life; but to make him a son is to set him free, for "the son is free," and "it doth not yet appear what he shall be."

Here, then, we reach the infinite scope of the coming man. It is sonship, and the genius of sonship is sympathy with the Father, the Maker, the Redeemer of all things. Not intellect, but sympathy, is the supreme genius of man. It was lack of sympathy with the father that sent the prodigal out to waste and ruin; it was lack of sympathy with the father that made the one who stayed at home a petulant, murmuring niggard. There was really no difference between the two boys; the one was as deep in the mud as the other in the mire. Christ himself lived in the "primal sympathies;" in this world's goods he was poorer than the foxes or the birds, but in those deep, broad, divine relations he walked with God, man, and nature.

Peter was told to call nothing common which God had made clean; and Kipling prays:

> "It is enough that through Thy grace
> I saw naught common on thy earth.
> Take not that vision from my ken."

This opens the universe at our feet, lays bare the workings of nature, and makes us one with all creation. Sympathy is that deep, eternal current that plays back and forth from the heart of things to the heart of man. The men who sing, carve, and paint nature, who interpret her laws and domesticate her forces, do it by sympathy; when asked to explain how the marvel is wrought they fail to explain the wizardry; they only know that somehow they have taken nature's masteries into their confidence and lifted them into the larger drama of human destiny. Emerson says that "the world is plastic in our hands in proportion as we bring the attributes of God to bear upon it," and Thomas Hughes thinks that "the men who have power over and attraction for animals have always felt toward them and treated them as their Maker intended." When the prophet says, "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field: and the beasts of the field shall be

at peace with thee;" "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them," he is speaking of a period when the universal spirit of sympathy shall have welded all kingdoms into one. There was a time when man rather resented the implications of a closer relationship with the animal world; but to-day he is making friends as never before with the world that lies about his feet, returning constantly with new and startling revelations from this mysterious underworld. We are entering deeper and deeper sympathetically into nature, her moods, her laws, her forces, her meanings; into nature self-conscious and subconscious and half-conscious, and building her into the destiny of the race.

But we are also entering deeper and deeper into sympathy with man; the brotherhood of man is deeper, higher, broader than the measure of man's mind. Sympathy is reducing the boundary question to a minimum. We are coming to count man more by his spiritual entity than by his creed or system. He is beginning to mean more than any human expression he may stand for. If in the place of the vacillating Czar you could put a full-orbed

man, stayed out of the infinite reaches of the universe, he might transform Russia.

More and more we are coming to hazard all in the essential man. Even the man to-day crushed into a brute and made a menace to the world may be touched into manhood and made the mysterious temple of God for larger revelations. The thought is growing upon us that all about us is this buried wealth of God, these recoverable souls of men, these possible personalities, the sons of the Eternal, and that these and these alone shall count in the final reckoning of all things. Sympathy with nature, sympathy with God, sympathy with man under the unfolding purpose of the Maker—this is the infinite scope of the man to be.

CHAPTER XI

The Ability of a Man

I

The genius of great ability lies in the unspecialized residuum of our humanity. The Athenians specialized the intellect, the Romans the will, the French the feelings; they have given us masters in thought, action, and expression; have developed men into philosophers, politicians, and artists. They have made large contributions to civilization, but have failed to continue and command the destinies of the world. Two of these races have passed from the stage, and the third seems to be slowly withdrawing.[1] Meantime we have witnessed the rise of the Teuton, an unspecialized man, full of humanity, with vast ranges of man-stuff in him. When he swept down upon the old civilization like the wolf on the fold we saw how small a thing are the achievements and structures of man in the face of man himself, though wild, crude, and coarse.

[1] Kidd, Social Evolution, p. 300.

Deep in the mysteries of human nature sleep the master abilities of the world. The Teutons won out not because they were Teutons, but because they were human. They laid stress not on thought, art, or politics, but on themselves. They finally stood for the sanctity of being, the very point on which the other races failed. Galton says: "The Athenians failed through the prostitution of their intellectual women." Rome's best philosophers thought that men might snuff out life like a sputtering candle; while artistic France declares, in the language of one of her masters, "I see nothing shocking in a young girl selling herself." This sanctity of being the Teuton idealized and extended to the family, the nation, and God; and summarized in the watchwords of home, fatherland, and faith. Here is the ability of a man; the strength of the hour is never the product of the hour, but is fed from a thousand sources. The Japanese, who in these last days is astonishing the world, has a broad, deep rootage for his life; eleven elements enter into his patriotism: the emperor, his family, ancestors, and descendants; his own family, ancestors, and

descendants; his countrymen, their ancestors, and descendants; and the extent of land covered by the race. He counts himself a steward of the manifold grace of the empire. But, while the Japanese is proving himself a great world force, some things are still lacking in his character. To carry immortal destinies one must have an immortal rootage. The man described in the Sermon on the Mount, the blessed man, the master man, the man of ability who is to stand the rack of the ages and command all history, is rooted deeper than the soil of his time, or the seeds of his race; his roots everywhere feed on the infinite. There are immortal kingdoms, immortal visions, immortal ambitions, and so immortal strength. "Blessed are you when men shall revile you," for then you will wind your roots more and more around the immortalities of the universe. This is the primordial ability of a man. "The man of ability," says Galton, "is the one who can stand the racket"—not the shifting, compromising man of the hour, but the consecutive man, the man who "patiently seeks for glory, honor, and immortality"; such a man cannot be driven to despair. When Israel lost her hold

on national existence she was driven to take a deeper hold on the existence of God, and emerged with the first songs and prophecies of immortality. "How to meet the future, its problems, burdens, and responsibilities, is the trying test of the age," says a recent writer. We must make the roots of the tree equal to the branches. The "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow that creeps in this petty pace" cannot be met by dreams and forecasts, but by taking a deeper hold on the things essential to manhood. We hold to God in our last analysis because we need him for to-morrow.

The ability of a man, therefore, is in himself. In the wealth of his being he has something to give, more or less. Life is not a game of cleverness in commerce, politics, or war; a man must do something more than win. In every game there is something of greater value to the world than the game, and that is the man who is playing it. President Hadley, of Yale, not long since cautioned his students lest they sink the man in the achievement. "Napoleon Bonaparte," says Madame de Staël, "was a chess player whose opponent was all human kind;

neither pity, nor sympathy, nor attachment to any ideal could turn him from his path." He sank the man in the game. This is one kind of ability, but it is not the ability of a man. It is only a certain shrewd, persistent cleverness, too much applauded even to-day. It is a noticeable fact that the modern artist is coming to put the Napoleonic jaw always and everywhere on the typical American. Let us hope that as a nation we are not to be satisfied with filling the world with commercial Napoleons. The real ability of a man lies deeper than the jaw, infinitely deeper—it is in himself; his wealth is of the humanities, pity, sympathy, faith, loyalty—the things Napoleon despised. His ability is the accumulative forces of the universe, refined and expressed in a man; he is fed by a thousand fountains that lie far up the slope of his ancestors, his opportunities, and his faith. It is said to require three generations to make a gentleman; it takes a longer time to make a man of great ability.

The ability of Moses was not that of a gamester; he was a steward of the finest humanities of his race. He bore down all opposing games and juggleries, all imperial powers and hard-

ness of human heart, by dint of his own unsparing chivalry. The ability of his race welled up in this man's soul to the mastery of the hour. Mazzini, the Italian patriot, brought in himself the spiritual treasures of one of the world's greatest races and poured them into the lap of time and ennobled the world forever. It takes centuries to make a sentence, to achieve a symphony, to utter a thought, to lead Israel out of Egypt, or Italy out of Rome. The great ability of man is not specific, but generic; not individual, but universal; it is in the type, the human type, "the Son of man." As men approach nearer this universal human type their ability is enhanced, as in Shakespeare, Turgeneff, Lincoln. Professor Cattell, making a canvass for human ability, concludes that the great man is great in himself, intrinsically great, essentially great. The vent of his operations may be somewhat more restricted in one direction than another, but his greatness is intrinsic, it is of himself and all that goes to make up himself. A great musician cries, "Into this piano playing goes absolute mastery of oneself, broad thoughts, charity to all mankind, and a strong faith in one's own divinity."

Ability, therefore, is resident in the man, and expresses itself through the man, through himself, his whole human self; this is the broadest, deepest, mightiest avenue of utterance. Our native constitution is infinitely greater than our professional; the one is evolved under the ministries of the universe, the other of the schools. The soldier trained in the barracks is no match for the man reared on the veldt. The first qualifications for the Cecil Rhodes scholarship are physical soundness, magnetism, and moral force; that is, underlying all specific qualifications there must be the universal qualification of a manhood fed out of the physical, intellectual, and moral universe; lacking this, he lacks the ability for which Rhodes was in search. It is through the simple manhood of the man that the great forces of the universe play upon the affairs of life; there is no other part so great as the part of a man. When God would take his sublimest part in human affairs he expressed himself through the Peasant of Nazareth. It is the entering in of the whole man that constitutes the greatness of a work. Carlyle says that "Goethe's poetry is no separate faculty, no mental handicraft, but the voice

of the whole harmonious manhood." The finest thing about Lowell, says one, "is the manly ring about everything he said or did." And when the critic wished to cap the climax of his appreciation of Mrs. Browning he said, "And above all she is very woman of very woman." It is the lure of "the man" that is leading the world; all art, literature, commerce, and empire is only an opportunity for the man to express himself over and over again. There was good reason why the Hebrew seer, when he peered into the gloom about him, saw a man—not organizations and armies, creeds and *coup d' états* but a man; for all human progress is vested in the ability of a man.

II

But how to avail ourselves of this universal ability of man is, of course, the individual problem; how to best command, utilize, and develop our capital—these deposits of ancestry, tradition, and environment centered in our individuality—here is the practical form of the question. And here as everywhere else we must be taught of God; only the Maker understands the mysteries of his creations. Emerson

has given us a valuable essay on following "The Methods of Nature," but Paul gives us a still more valuable thought in his exhortation, "Be ye imitators of God." The part we have to take is higher than that of nature, and we need a higher lead.

God lays stress on the time element—his finest creations take time; a mushroom grows in a night, but an oak takes a century. The more time that is spent on the infancy of man, as compared with other animals, is, according to John Fiske, his distinguishing characteristic; this time for feeding, nursing, guiding makes him another order of being. A rose blooms in a week, but it takes longer for a soul. Christ himself recognized the time element; very frequently he waived back the impatience of men and said, "My time is not yet come." He was looking for the fruition of a larger ability. The headlong plunge into affairs, the haste of the hour, the doctrine of the arrivest, all conspire against the larger ability in our day. Stevenson once said of Kipling: "He amazes me by his precocity and various endowments, but he alarms me by his copiousness and haste; he should shield his fire with both hands and

draw up all his strength and smartness in one ball. . . . Surely he was armed for better conflicts than these succinct sketches and flying leaves of verse." "He should shield his fire and draw up all his strength and smartness in one ball"—he should get some larger, longer thought of life and wait upon it. Paul grasps and gives the same thought in his advice to Timothy when he says, "That good thing which was committed unto thee guard through the Holy Spirit." But here the apostle lifts the thought into the full dimension of life; for the Holy Spirit is the voice Jesus waited on, the voice that commands human destiny, the voice that leads, shapes, and develops all human ability to its finest issues—the mysterious invisible leadership holding us back lest we waste life on lusts rather than develop it into love; lest we squander life on the idol at the foot of the mountain rather than develop it through the ideal far up the slope; lest we cast our life away on the trivial and casual, rather than husband it for some larger, nobler, diviner end.

The first great essential for ability is to take time to live; our inspirations must always be

equal to our aspirations, the involution match the evolution. Our age is running too much on nerve instead of native strength; we are as achievement-mad as money-mad; we need to stop and take a breath.

We need to get a broader, deeper grasp on the word "recreation." cut it in two, and put the emphasis on the last part of the word, "creation." We need also to remember that creation when applied to man is not simply an act, but a process; that "God breathing into him the breath of lives" is forever going on. In every generation, through every civilization, God breathes into man some new breath of life. He repeats the immortal words, and adds to them from age to age; this is his classic: "Heaven and earth shall pass away"—civilizations perish and temples fall—"but the word of God shall stand forever." Here in all the immortal words of God uttered from age to age is the breath by which we live, the recreating spiritual forces of manhood. The man described in the first psalm breathed in life from these classic sources; he refused to live on the surface, be jostled by sinners, sapped of life, and finally blown away like the chaff; he

goes beneath the surface, reaches the law of being, lives in it, is watered from the depths, puts on immortal foliage, and finds his way along the imperishable path of destiny.

We must take time to live deeper than the surface, broader than the hour, larger than our work. To live on the surface is to be a butterfly; in the hour, a worldling; in our work, a drudge. If we would be masters, commanding situations, we must constantly recreate the man, the whole man, to finer and finer masteries by communion with God, man, and nature. A flower grows in the soil, a picture in the soul, but an able man is rooted in the race, fed by the threefold communion of God, man, and nature, and led by the spirit of his destiny, that is, the Spirit of God, or the Christ of the gospel.

This brings us to consider another factor, the place of our individual effort in the development of ability. We often get the notion that great ability is purely a gift, not an achievement. It is true there are certain geniuses who seem to arrive fully equipped, were apparently armed behind the scenes, and burst upon us singing, commanding, leading; they are

snatches of the eternal mastery of man, our Keatses and Alexanders and Pitts, magnificent commentaries on the intrinsic greatness of man. But the masterpieces have a certain divine contribution wrought in by the individual under God, the strain of an advanced step, something more, something learned at the shrine of experience. The Greek tragedies are the product of mature years; Milton could not have given us Paradise Lost in his youth; and Alexander at thirty-two could leave no such masterpiece in empire as Washington or Gladstone.

It is through our individual concept, purpose, and effort that the finest ranges of ability are to be achieved, and these must be born of something greater than our occupation, unless that occupation be extended into infinite proportions. It has been found that constant application to one line of business contracts the brain; that to live in a narrow circle dwarfs and distorts the conscience; that to turn life into a game of commerce involves the tragic epitaph of the Frenchman who wrote, "Born a man, died a grocer." We must have the largest possible stimulus for the largest

possible ability. If it be true that no wind can create a majestic storm in a teacup, it is equally true that no petty, insignificant breeze can create one at sea. It may be said that our individual concept, purpose, and effort are a part of our inheritance, and there is some truth in the statement; but the largest factor is in the stimulus. It was found that when certain Russian artisans were brought into the American atmosphere they rose at once in the efficiency of their work, but on returning to the old Russian conditions they fell again into the mediocre rut. Quite recently Professor W. I. Thomas has told us that superior ability is not a question of brain structure, of inheritance, pure and simple, but of the stimulus thrust upon it; that long, long ago, the brain as a physical organism reached its *tour de force*, and that the larger ability is a question of stimulus, "of the body of knowledge and stimulant brought to it, of having the best copies."

"The best copies"—some concept, sentiment, inspiration worthy of a man; some great, overmastering vision of life. Our concepts, our sentiments, our visions of life make a differ-

ence, a vast difference. There is a difference between the young European degenerate who, wishing to borrow money on his prospects, stated as an inducement that his father couldn't possibly live more than a few years, and those other young men of ancient time who lifted the bones of their ancestor and made them a standard to lead to liberty. It does make a difference whether we commercialize or idealize the bones of our ancestors, the nation to which we belong, or the times in which we live. It is in the periods of high idealizations that great ability emerges, sometimes through war, sometimes in the spirit of adventure, and again in the deeper culture of art. But remembering the peculiar genius of a man, its development and final goal as traced in this study, it is evident that none of these incentives can prove to be the full and final stimulus of human ability. We must have something more than the world manifest in ideals, narrow, transient, powerless. We must have God manifest in man, in the personality of Jesus, ample, eternal, omnipotent; under him every continent of our being will be awakened, every faculty quickened, and every power developed. Was not

this larger thought, of his ability to make able men, in the mind of the Master when he said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men?" Not saints with aureoles upon the brow, but men among men, men of influence, men of ability.

III

In this conclusion, that leaves us in the quest for ability under the inspiring lead of Christ, we naturally come to consider another final factor of ability—that is, vision. What we see limits the scope of what we do; without great vision there can be no great ability; there may be cleverness, smartness, multitudinous achievements, but real, great ability is in the eyes. This is true of the artist, true of the mechanic, true of the merchant, true always and everywhere. A man may not always be able to achieve what he sees, but he certainly cannot achieve without first seeing. A man can never paint a great picture, write a great story, or invent a great machine without first seeing the great picture, the great story, the great machine that is to be. This makes all the difference between the artisan and the artist,

the trader and the merchant, the politician and the statesman.

It has been affirmed that the whole business of science is to collect and classify facts; if this be true the scientist has certainly failed to mind his own business. But Professor Drummond denies its truth, and asserts that the business of science is also to speculate with the facts. Romanes likewise says that "the discovery of principles beyond the facts is now the object of scientific quest." The great value of facts is not in themselves, but in their relations, and the ultimate end of those relations, and these are matters of vision. Dr. Gordon in his definition of the coming theologian says: "He must be more than a man of knowledge; above all, let him be a man with eyes for the infinite meaning of the faith that believers have inherited."[1]

But under the leadership of Christ, the unclassified and universal master of man, we are in the way not of the ability of the scientist, nor of the theologian, but of the universal man, the man of thought, the man of affairs, the man of the world. With Christ it was not

[1] The Christ of To-day.

enough to have eyes to see the infinite meaning of the faith believers have inherited; we must have eyes to see the infinite meaning of this world that man has inherited. Christ saw the genius of creation; saw the rhythmic, circling, spiral movement of the universe about him; and everywhere he read the same story of movement, harmony, and progress, of development, of life. And this scripture of God written in the book of nature he applied to the life of man; study the beauty of the lily, the work of the sparrow, the sprouting kernel, the growing seed, the developing corn, the expanding yeast; all the world is athrob with the evolutionary process of God, and this process is to be lifted into the conscious life of man. Students have come to accept in some form the evolutionary process as the method of the Maker, but are only slowly opening their eyes to the fact that it is also to be the method of man; that the divinest meaning of the world and the noblest practice of man is that of the great evolutionary process.

It is only as we take up the world about us under this method of divine development or progress that life falls into anything like simple

and satisfying form. We must learn to put the first thing first. "Life," says the Master, "does not consist in the abundance of things which we possess." What then? Why, life; a man's life consists in life, more and more abundant. Things do not count unless they be counted from within in terms of life. The philosopher in Ecclesiastes discovered this, that to add things to things brought for a product only vanity. The only real standard of values is in the life of man; this gift counts, not according to its cost, but according to the glow of heart and the luster of thought that it brings to some soul. In relation to things, life is the art of taking things in their season, when they are ripe for the soul. All this great material aggrandizement heaped up about us—these factories, these markets, these exchanges—count only as they make the world more livable for man; as they add to his convenience and comfort; as they minister to his body and spirit; as they open avenues for the future development of the race. It does not furnish a room to simply burden it with fine goods, nor does it furnish the world; this is not progress. The goods must be shaped to the ministry,

culture, and development of the occupant. "All things work together for good"—not for goods, but for good to man. This is the underlying evolutionary principle God has set in the heart of the universe.

And the goal is not men, but man; there is a classification that runs deeper than the classes, that rests on "the genius of a man." Christ has made clear the fact that there was a tragedy deeper than falling from the social scale, the tragedy of falling from the scale of manhood. To recover men to this scale of manhood is the aim and end of the evolutionary process of God. "All things work together for good"—for character, for the eternal goodness of man. To this ministry God has brought the universe, the power, beauty, and operations of nature; the movement, trend, and inspiration of history; the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Things work together for men, and men work together for man—a larger, purer, diviner man. "To man," says Phillips Brooks, "all lower lines have climbed, and having come to him have found a field where evolution may go on forever." To fail of this divine vision of the world, to stop short

with the heaping of wealth, or erecting a cult of men, to fail to carry our efforts forward to the final good of man, is to find ourself like the soul in Tennyson's Palace of Art:

> "A spot of dull stagnation without light
> Or power of movement, . . .
> A star that with the choral starry dance
> Joined not."

Eyes to see the infinite meaning of God's world, this is the climax of vision, this the final measure of ability. It is complained that both among the classes and the masses there is a lack of desire for a future life. Does it not come from lack of vision, of insight into the methods of God and the goal of his working? Are we not seeing life too superficially, too sectionally, too transiently? Do we not stop in the frail structures of the world rather than penetrate to the great building process of God? And, above all, are we not failing to see that the crowning work of this world is the flowering of the individual soul, that "field where evolution may go on forever"? We have reason to believe that this process was the vision that met the eyes of Christ. He never claimed to have initiated the great work for man, he

took it up where he found it; he said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work;" and again, "The works which the Father hath given me to finish." He saw the divine conception, the method and meaning, the aim and end of the work of God as it had never been seen before. Out of this vision he wrought his miracles, commanded the conditions of the hour, and swayed the hearts of men; but he did more, for in committing his task to his followers he said, "And greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father." What he wrought then is not to be compared with what he is doing to-day through his followers; and here is the final and infinite scope of human ability. The able man of the future will be evolved from the mystery of the race; enter deeper and deeper into communion with the heart of the universe, of God and man; and grow more and more into the vision of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XII

The Service of a Man

The final question to be asked about a man is the meaning and measure of his life. That it is not to be defined in terms of time, in the days and years of his pilgrimage, goes without saying. The psalmist said that a day in the courts of God was better than a thousand; and Tennyson said, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Where we are and what we are doing counts. As a matter of fact, the years count but little in the measure of life. It is said that the life of a wren is three years, of a dog three times that, of a horse three times a dog, of a man three times a horse, and of a donkey three times a man; how much better, then, is a donkey than a man!

There is certainly, then, some meaning of life beyond the time measure:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

Thoughts, feelings, deeds—these are the three master forces of life; and yet the meaning

and measure of life is more than a mastery. The old idea that the masterful life is the truly great one has been slow to give way to something better; that the end in art is the mastery of colors, the end in politics the mastery of men, and the end in business the mastery of money and things—the lust, the tingle, the glory of power. This is one of the primitive creeds of the world, this creed of the masterful; it is the first thought of the underlying meaning of all things, as science grasped it, that the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. But when we read through all the pages of nature, of history, and of thought we slowly waken to the fact that there is something greater than mere power; that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" that it is not the masterful, but the useful, that survives; not the power itself, but the power's end and aim, that insures it. When a piece of machinery serves its end we cast it aside and get something better; so we do with a piece of thinking, theology, science, or literature. There is no use for a thing when its use is gone; nothing under heaven can keep it from going to the lumber room; it must serve some-

where along the range of life if it continue to survive. Nothing will endure in the final analysis that walks with aimless feet.

This thought has grown upon us; we have gradually assumed a divine impatience with reference to things; we come down upon them with this higher sense. To amass wealth, create luxury, possess power, is not enough; we ask, What will you do with it? When two men ask for the suffrage of a nation we question them as to what use they will make of the power committed to their hands.

And this new way of measuring life—that it is not in duration nor mastery, but in service—we have learned in the school of Jesus. Of course, the thought has been at the heart of all things since God made the first blade of grass—he made it for service; but on that day when Jesus Christ stood forth in the midst of the old world and said, "The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; but ye shall not be so: but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve"—since that day the whole structure of civilization has been slowly yielding to this great thought of life. The thought

was the natural expression of the life of Him who uttered it. In the largest sense life precedes thought; the creed is an afterthought, an attempt to formulate a living experience. In Christ human life is ever on ahead of the world; he is the unreached climax, and our noblest thinking follows in the wake of his living. A few years ago a noted scientist discussed this question of the measure of life, and reached the conclusion that it was not in the final collapse of the physical structure, nor in any fortuitous event from without, nor in self-realization, but in its "contribution to the species"[1]—its service in this larger sense. But long ago the Master had gone over the same ground, and reached a similar conclusion in reference to life's measure in a sense still higher. To him life was not measured by the clockwork of its mechanism, to be prolonged by running it slowly; some thought of life so dominated this that at times he seemed prodigal of the structure, and rose to life's larger meaning in the words, "I have power to lay it down, and power to take it up." Nor was it to be measured by some fortuitous event, some

[1] Weismann, The Measure of Life.

calamity that hung above it; he counted death no calamity, but an accomplishment; he made life big enough to include death: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." Nor did he measure life as an accomplishment, a self-realization. He said, "For their sakes I sanctify myself;" to be an ideal man was not enough. To him life was measured by his contribution to the service of the race, to the economy of God: "Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee. . . . I have glorified thee on the earth: I have accomplished the work which thou gavest me to do." Here is the real meaning and measure of life, its place, its service in the economy of God. Christ remanded all things before the bar of service—all fig trees, religions, institutions, states, worlds; only that survives which has passed by service into the unfolding purpose of God.

And this, after all, is the only satisfaction of living: life must be made to count, and count infinitely. It is said that the women in millionairedom are often found to be more discontented than the men, because they are of less use. The horror of uselessness is brought out

in a modern short story. A fisherman battling with the sea, and going down with his boat, sees in a flash himself, helpless, useless, muttering behind the chimney in his old age, and grows content to perish in the battle of the elements. Jacob gave Pharaoh a pitiful story of his life counted in terms of time, but when the records lift the same life into the economy of God it glows with immortal luster; it counts in power with God and man—the only two forces that count in the long run of the centuries. It is said of certain great characters, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, that "they all died in the faith." This means more than the happy solution of their individual lives; it was a happy solution in a large sense because it was a magnificent contribution to that mighty stream of human progress in which we live, move, and have our being. Here is the genius of Mr. Kidd's "projected efficiency," and here the sublime significance of that hour when a man brings his life under the mastery and into the ministry of Jesus Christ.

II

But to know what we mean by the economy of God we must carry the study another

step. We find ourselves in a world that is athrob with life, but very incomplete, only in the process of making, and the spirit of the making seemed to possess Jesus when he was a mere lad. It was not the spirit of art as in Angelo, nor the spirit of empire as in Cæsar, but of a new world; he was the first real world-man. To some extent serious, thoughtful men have felt the same way. The ancient prophets had a vision of a new world; John, Peter, and Paul had visions of a new world; and our latter-day poets sing:

> "Come hither, lads, and hearken,
> For a tale there is to tell,
> Of the wonderful days a-coming,
> When all shall be better than well."

World-making, however, is a large ambition —in one sense quite beyond us. Benjamin Kidd takes it to be "ultra-rational"—a much criticised expression, meaning, I presume, in reality, that man's wisdom is not equal to the unfolding mystery of man's destiny; that when we sing, "Lead, kindly Light," it is not so much a comment upon the insignificance of man's faculties as the magnificence of his destiny. There is no scheme of theology or

sociology equal to the unfolding life of man. Paul when at Athens saw at a glance that the infinite perspective of human history was alone in the eyes of God, "who hath determined the appointed seasons and bounds of their habitations." Jesus himself declared when questioned that the "times and seasons" were not in his hands, but his Father's.

What we find, then, going on in the world is the work of God, of the Maker, of the Father; things are being made. The course of human progress is constructive, creative, upbuilding. This is a religious world; science analyzes, philosophy explains, but religion creates. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

We are in a world that is all alive with the constructive, creative spirit. If a man only criticises, pulls down, explains away with no thought of rebuilding on a nobler plan, he is out of harmony with the universe God has put him in. Of all the poets Arnold felt we could least afford to lose Wordsworth because of his "healing influence."

The movement of the world about us is creative and tends toward the Fatherhood of God. The divine Fatherhood is more than a doctrine, it is a practice. God is fathering the universe. We are forever in the laboratory of the Maker, not simply workers, but coworkers with God; we are taking on his creative genius. John Fiske says man has created a hundred thousand new substances that were never in the world before. And through all these actions and reactions, solutions and resolutions and re-creations, the forces of the universe are being gradually brought into the service of the most highly personalized men—that is, into the service of the family of God.

Then we come to the affairs of men, to those great forces reckoned in the commercial giants of the day, combined interests, money, and men. A great poet once put the question, "Hath the rain a father?" a really very profound question. Not, Will the rain grow oats, wheat, and rye? He pushed the question back from utilities to sentiment and made it broader. The beauty of it is, that the rain has a Father; it is not an unfathered force, there is thought, purpose, and love in it. And this is really the

question we have to put concerning the great forces modern life has called into existence; not, Will the trusts pay dividends, will the millions increase, will the unions get more pay? but, Have they a father? It is the unfathered trusts, the unfathered unions, the unfathered millions we have to fear. Here is the real problem of to-day; not so much extending world enterprises and developing world forces in the name of utility, but relating them to the Fatherhood of God, bringing them into the ministry of his family.

Then there is the extending of the divine Fatherhood over men themselves, the combination and recombination of the races; the coming of the cosmopolite; the breaking down as Paul puts it, of "the middle wall of partition," and making one new man out of two. The man of to-morrow will have difficulty in defining himself as to nationality. A recent writer predicts that the coming great man will be born on American soil by virtue of the Pauline doctrine of combinations and recombinations, so making one new and nobler man enriched by a multitude of races.

But the practice of the divine Fatherhood

must be pushed to even nobler ends. The end of all this fathering on the part of God is in man. God is bent on bringing up his human family and giving every little one a chance. This is the highest and holiest passion that governs the world of human existence, and the highest and holiest passion that governs the world of divine existence.

But what is a chance for a man? There is something in a situation; it is worth something to a man to be well situated, well placed. But man is more than a creature of place; he flings his thoughts to the stars, he gives his heart to God, and sends his will on before to pioneer new empires. Then there is something in a business, a circle of interests, where one man plays to another, or against him; but man is more than a circulating medium, or even a gamester. Then there is something in the system, the government; ideas work well in systems, but a man is more than an idea. Bellamy's ideal system worked well on paper, because his men were not men but ideas.

We have here briefly noted what Professor Crowell has named "the social situation," "the social interest," and "the social system"; but

these are only progressive types on the way to the ideal. Life is not fashioned and built from the bottom, not in its deepest sense, but descends from above, from the ideal—it is born; man is a child, born out of the Eternal Heart into a world of hearts. And I hope to make it clear that even in the midst of those world achievements that bulk so big in our eyes the heart relation holds by far the deepest significance of life.

All the great ministries are heart ministries. There are three great institutions through which God ministers to men. First, the home; if this be not the place of heart ministries it in an absolute failure. In Dickens's Dombey and Son, Dombey is a much-commercialized man, and when little Paul is born he is taken at once into the firm. The shrewd man of affairs who made everything stand for "Dombey & Son" opened not his heart, but his business, and took the lad in. Then he must be sent to school and so qualified for his place in the firm. The master, on his part, analyzed the boy like a piece of chalk, and sent the weekly analysis home. But, notwithstanding all this pains, little Paul pined, faded, and died.

It is not enough to be born into the firm; humanity must be taken into some kind of heart, or perish.

Then there is the state, with its ministry for the heart. Of course, it will be said at once that the state has not to do with hearts, but economics. But there are statesmen who know that economics is not the profoundest question in statecraft. The underlying basis of life is everywhere the same; it is not snatch and grab and twist and grind, not take and give if we must, but give and take; and give and take is the commerce of hearts. This commerce of hearts has been found to pay in the administration of governments. The supreme wealth of the state, says modern economics, is in her men, and men are not grown like beetles under stones, but under the sun of prosperity, truth, and love. It pays to give men the divine opportunity of manhood.

Then there is the church, with its heart ministry. When Sara McGaffee, the washwoman, with scant enough to live on, took to her heart the downtrodden child, and the old skinflint came to propose marriage, which would improve her pecuniary condition, and

she replied that she had adopted the child instead, he shook his head and said, "Ah, Sara, you should use your brains more!" Doubtless we have not used our brains too much, but our hearts too little. What we have to give to the world is not systems, but life, and life is of the heart. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory"—this was God's final venture manward. We have succeeded in making the Word into ecclesiastical machinery, into intellectual dogmas, but have failed all too much in making it flesh.

But it will be said that the economy of God must be larger than the heart of man; and this is true if we take the heart in the modern sense of the affections alone. But we are taking it in the old Bible sense, as the seat of life, the midst of the soul, the innermost man, inclusive of his affections and many things more; the place of his thinking, his reasoning, his dreaming, his purposing; the center where he gathers in all the great spirit forces and qualities of the universe and redistributes them. "As a man thinketh in his heart," "as a man purposeth in his heart," "as a man rejoiceth in his heart"—here are the great forces of life; a

man's fortunes are never lost till he loses heart. God's people went down into captivity, and were stripped of all their goods, but they came back singing, and God pinned his faith to them, because they had not lost heart; something will yet come of these songs. Here in the heart is the initiative force, to give a man heart, to set it going with the rhythm of the universe, to raise for him the tune of life; this is the most effective ministry ever given.

It pays to make a people happy, to give them pleasant musings for the fireside, to give them heart. Lowell says that "fairy tales are made of the dreams of the poor." A good many things are made of the dreams of the poor; it all depends on whether it is night dreams or day dreams. Some countries have been giving their poor night dreams for many weary centuries, and now they are getting from them poor nightmares in return. When you put the iron into the heart of a man you will not get a song, but a screech, a sob, a cry of anguish; and that is the kind of literature Russia is wringing from her people to-day. The normal Saxon can hardly bear to read it, and her own thoughtful men are asking, "Why are we so pessimis-

tic?" "As a nation thinketh in her heart, so is she." By the musings of her firesides, by the songs of her people, by the lure of freedom, she rises into greatness. We must give the people a chance to dream day dreams. It is not a greater expanse of earth we need; a small bit will do if only the sun be shining on it. It is not work that crushes a man, but work under certain conditions—in a room with no skylight; in a system with no upper vent by which a man may climb to better things and so fulfill the law of his being; in a world with no ladder reaching from earth to heaven.

III

The measure of a man's life, therefore, is to be reckoned not in terms of time, nor of power, but of service; his place in the divine economy; his part in the working out of the Fatherhood of God. Now we have to ask what place the working out of this divine economy is finally to occupy in the life of a man.

One of the most significant characteristics of the modern world is the gradual redemption of time, significant especially because it bears upon the very question before us. Once it

took days to go from Boston to New York, now it takes as many hours. Forty years, we are told, were occupied in building the ancient temple; forty months would doubtless be enough in the hands of a modern builder. It is said that the use of friction matches saves ten minutes of each man's life every day. The time it took to make an article a hundred years ago will make twenty to-day. Modern machinery is forever handing back some portion of time redeemed for other uses. Already the scientific seer is looking forward to the day when food shall be supplied by chemistry, rather than by the long and circuitous processes by which it now comes.

The actual struggle for life is occupying less and less time; we are gradually coming into the inheritance of leisure. And yet we seem to have no more time; are as much time slaves as ever; have somehow failed of our inheritance. There is no advantage in the machine if it run all day in the shop and all night in the brain; no advantage if, being set free from life's necessities, we become slaves of its elaborations; no advantage if, having won our leisure through some business, we turn again

to the old treadmill. A blind beggar was arrested on the streets of New York for vagrancy and violating the city ordinance. He admitted that it was not necessary for him to beg, but he did it for recreation, for something to do lest he go mad. A secular paper thoughtfully remarked that he was not the only person that has become a slave to some occupation after it became superfluous; that there were thousands of business men in the same plight, men to whom leisure has come and they know not how to use it.

What is lacking, that we thus fail of our inheritance of leisure? What deeper significance of life has escaped us? A man's use of his leisure betrays him, weighs him in the balances, shows him up if he be wanting. His work does not always represent him—it may be beneath him or above him; it may be quite aside from his tastes and characteristics; he may be related to it only as a slave; but when you put a certain amount of leisure in his hands, then he does what he likes, and what he does reveals what he is, gives the make-up of the man. It is what the workingman does with his spare hours, what the millionaire does with

his leisure, what the people do with their holiday, that is representative, that makes for destiny—whether in this hour of freedom, this day of our majority, we rise to the full meaning of our manhood, or fall back into the outworn slaveries of the past. What is lacking is just this, that, having attained our majority in point of time, we have failed of its spirit, failed to grasp life at its divine worth; for life's worth is not of us, but of God. We cannot make a handful of iron pyrites into gold by calling it gold; gold is gold when God calls it gold; and life is life when God calls it life; and we are here to seek it, find it, grasp it.

What is it we seek and have failed to grasp? It is a simple thing to say that we redeem time when we make the right use of it; but simple as it is the statement goes to the heart of the business. Right, righteousness, the moral is the essence, the divine worth, the supreme value of the universe. The end or goal of this world is not in what we call nature, its bloom, its fruit, its harvests—there is something beyond; nor is it in a general way in what we call civilization, with all its science, art, and literature—there is something beyond; the ultimate end of

all things is moral, is character, and beyond character lies heaven. "All things work together for good"—for goodness, for character. That is the direction of destiny, and no man who pursues it ever fails; the eternal substance of life is his. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Christ was here unfolding the very genius of the universe. A sacred writer speaking of Abraham interpreted his life after the same order. There was a time when Abraham sought a country, but the meaning of his life was not in a new land; then he longed to become the founder of a nation, and became such, but the meaning of his life was still beyond. He was groping, striving after life through what we call faith—that trust that what we need, to make us what we should be, is to be had—"and God counted it to him for righteousness," paid him off morning, noon, and night, not in land, not in a people, but in righteousness, the coin of the eternal realm, the heavenly gold, the something a man can take with him from this world.

The eternal significance of the universe, as far as man is concerned, is moral, *and a man of leisure is a moral being;* free to look around, think, and choose; capable, therefore, of rising into the divine meaning of the world in a practical way. God has committed our moral and spiritual destinies to the hands of leisure. It must be confessed that there are men with whom the struggle for life is so fierce that the margin of leisure is very narrow, but destiny hinges on those few hours; they reveal the man, his aspirations, his ideals—whether he is groping backward into the animal, outward into the sordid, or upward into the divine. At the other extreme is the man of wealth, to whom much leisure has been given. This leisure also reveals the man, his grasp of life—whether he shall take this cup brought him by the hand of toil, and drink it down in self-indulgence, or pour it out to God, into the moral significance of the world. There is another class to which most of us belong; we have not come into the full majority of our time, but have a large part of it. We too must ask ourselves not so much what we are doing with our work hours, but with our off-hours,

the free hours—whether through them we are rising into the moral meaning of the world. The time redeemed from the struggle for life is telling the moral and spiritual story of the race.

The old idea that a man must be held down to some private business to keep him out of mischief is puerile. If Satan finds something for idle hands to do, it is equally true that God always finds some larger thing for leisure hands to do. The great work of the future, the main business of our humanity, lies in that direction; it is to that end that time is being redeemed from the struggle for life. Our individual enterprises are gradually fading out in the coming glory of the one eternal enterprise of God, the public good, the weal of man, the redemption of the race. Not long ago a prominent business man died; he started with character, education, and ability, and achieved success in his calling, but his reviewers hastened to say that the real glory of the man was an insatiable appetite for the kind of work that promotes the good of his fellow men. We are, I think, slowly opening our eyes, both in this country and in England, to that larger

meaning of life that God has written in the nature of things—that it is not worth while for a man to spend his time on yachts, wines, and horses; that such a man misses the mark, falls below the status of a man, and fails of the real joy of living. There is a joy of living of the highest order; not simply taking part in the little enterprises of men, but the joy of taking part in the eternal enterprise of God, a joy that we share with God, who says, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." The great business of man in the future will have to do more and more with the universal and eternal welfare of man; private enterprises will grow to a minimum, and public to a maximum; and time, redeemed from the struggle for life, will be given over to the final redemption and development of man under God.