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I.

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

THERE are some special reasons which urge this subject upon our attention.

First. There is an attempt in some directions to lower the choice of the Ministry to the same level with that of any other profession or avocation in life. It is claimed that men are called to the Ministry in the same way in which they are called to be Farmers, Merchants, Lawyers, or Physicians. The question would then be one simply of expediency and aptitude. The conditions of the choice would be the tastes and preferences of each individual, together with his talents and qualifications and such outward indications of Providence as seemed more favorable to the Ministry than to any other occupation.

This theory overlooks the *Divine character* of the Ministerial office. The Minister is no longer a *Mediatorial gift* to the Church.

It ignores also the immediate Headship of Jesus Christ over his Church. He no longer can say to Ministers, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."

It sets aside also the *Divine Call* of the Spirit. It is no longer "the Holy Ghost who" makes them overseers of the flock.

A *second* reason which urges this subject upon our attention is the fact that while some go to the extreme which I have just mentioned and deny the necessity of the Spirit's call, there are others who fly to the opposite extreme, and so emphasize the internal call of the Spirit as to render appointment to office or ordination or any authentication by the Church entirely unnecessary. Upon this theory any man who can persuade himself that he is called by the

VI.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND NOW.

PESSIMISM or Optimism, which? If we take the terms in their philosophical sense, certainly not Pessimism. In the light of the New Testament we are not quite ready to accept the doctrine that "life is always and only pain." Nor are we any the more ready for Optimism, in its extreme wing. Our vote must be against Leibnitz as against Schopenhauer, if Leibnitz is to be interpreted by Bolingbroke and Pope. Pope's "whatever is is right" is Optimism gone to seed.

If we take the terms in their popular sense—that is, Pessimism as belief in the survival of the unfittest; Optimism as seeing everything *couleur de rose*—then to the question Pessimism or Optimism, which? our answer still must be, Neither. Extremes are unthinking extravagances, suggestive of vagaries and lost balance. Illustrations of this we need not go far to seek. The swing from liberty either way easily passes to an extreme; on the one side license, on the other side despotism. We may prefer the tyranny to the mob; but we ought not to want either. There are no hearts or skies clouds do not wander through, and "into each life some rain must fall;" but the deluge is not always on, and we should not be always wearing weeds. Undoubtedly cock-crowing is a nuisance; but ought cocks to leave off crowing? The idolatry of Art is a straight road to the artificial and false; but where will the contempt of Art land us? If "visionary romance" is moonshine, what is "literary realism" but analytical commonplace; cheap photography in letters, labeled genius. As if transcendent genius could be kept at copying, when it might be creating! Clearly, if honors are sometimes "easy" and cheap, extremes always are. The swing of excess taxes no judgment, tempers no spirit, challenges no grist that comes to the mill. But to weigh things in the scales of a just balance requires thought and care. It costs no exercise of judicial poise to shut one's eyes, take an extreme, and "go it blind."

A moment's reflection will satisfy us that it is just this tendency to extremes with which we are peculiarly beset in considering whether the former days were better or worse than these. The Past

and the Present are apt to get a mighty heated partisanship, according to our habit of thought about them.

Some people are prevailingly hind-sighted. They live in the past—the former times are the good times ; the old days the golden. Like the Chinese, they worship their ancestors. Hence the Pessimistic tendency. We all know how naturally the past takes on the glorifying hues of distance. It is a blessed thing that Memory, as by instinct, drops out from its stores a good deal that is disagreeable. But we must take count of this in our estimate of the past. For even vice may lose its offensiveness as it recedes, and we may come to think the past had no vice. In the glare of our high noon, face to face with the evil of to-day, the evil takes on a hideous distinctness. Then, too, if we are forever occupied with a study of the sun's spots, we will not think much of the sun. This is another point that makes for Pessimism. Chicago's "Black Hole" or San Francisco's "China Town" is not likely to put one's face and heart aglow with the beams of an Optimistic morning.

Moreover, what is *behind the looker's eyes* has something to do with the matter. When it was suggested to Edward Irving, of Regent Square, London, sixty years ago, that he was painting the times too black—that at least sectarian pride had greatly diminished, his reply was, "I believe the very reverse ; that it never raged with more virulence ; but that the thick cloak of hypocrisy and expediency hath covered it from view. There is an universal *appearance* of charity among the sects of the Church, but I know that at bottom there is little or none." Facts before such a man are pearls before swine. He will find rottenness in the fairest garden of Earth, but the foulness will be only the reflection of his own Pessimistic imagination, and the garden will go on blooming all the same, and be to many the very prophecy of heaven. He who swings his little telescope round a mere patch of the arching azure must not think he is scraping all the skies. And he who has a nasty spot in his telescope will find that nastiness in whatever heavens he scrapes.

On the other hand, some people are all foresight. They live in the present and the future. The "Now" looms large, and they are in the swim of it, and are helping make its current. And we all know what estimate men are prone to put upon the article manufactured at their own mill. Actual achievement seems great, and possibilities seem boundless. Everything swells with the promise and potency of higher and better life. Hence the Optimistic tendency. And out of this tendency come the national egotisms. How solidly the Englishman stands in his shoes ! How high the American eagle soars and screams ! "As to America," said Lord Macaulay, "I

appeal to the twentieth century." His prophecy left it uncertain whether we should fall into the hands of a "Cæsar" or a horde of barbarians. But one or the other he deemed inevitable. *Per contra*, John Adams wrote to Jefferson in 1813, "Our pure, virtuous, public-spirited, federative Republic will last forever, govern the globe, and introduce the perfection of man." So we go, see-sawing with extremes. The Optimistic Simon says, "Thumbs up;" the Pessimistic Simon says, "Thumbs down." If we don't let the pupils of our eyes go to a pretty wide school we shall make some grievous mistakes in comparing the past and the present. Visiting a Long Island village a summer or two ago, we chanced one day to find the sexton of the church climbing wearily to the steeple loft to ring the church bell. Upon asking the pastor the reason, his reply was, that he once suggested to the trustees the convenience a bell rope would be; but they said that the church bell had been rung from time immemorial by climbing the steeple loft, and had never failed. And they did not believe much improvement could be made upon the fathers. We smile at this blind estimate put upon old days and ancestors. But in the world of letters, how much more open-eyed and balanced is this Emersonian rhapsody over Plato: "Plato appears like the god of wealth among the cabins of vagabonds." "Calvinism is in his Phædo. Christianity is in it. Mohammedanism draws all its philosophy from him. Mysticism finds in Plato all its texts." "Burn the libraries; for their value is in this book." * After Plato what? And Emerson answers in his worship of the past, "Nothing; not even the four gospels." And Emerson is by no means alone in his glorification of the former times and the heritage they handed down to our day. The world is well used to glowing periods and chaste diction in exaltation of the old classic period; and the advocacy has often been so brilliant and bold as to set us to wondering whether Greece really left anything to modern search worth our finding!

But a distinguished Arab comes to our relief. He says of men, "They are either learned or learning; the rest are blockheads." If this be true, either it necessitates an awful reduction of our estimates of population, or the world is on the mend, and constantly adding to its stock.

But we must have a care—we who are in touch with this last half of the nineteenth century. What has been said of a large city is just as true of a great nation or a great epoch, its calamity is that its smallest men appear to themselves more important, simply because

* Emerson's Representative Men, Plato, pp. 43, 44, 87.

they are in it ; just as a wit explained his stuttering more in New York than in Baltimore because it was a larger place. Certainly modesty is not our present conspicuous virtue. The swing forward is so prodigious and we that swing are achieving such conquests and benefactions, that we think a pretty big trumpet must needs go sounding before us to do justice to the vast exploits. But a thorough search of the field may somewhat disturb our boasted eminence and prick the bubble of our assurance. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," sang Tennyson back in his early days. As a "cycle of Cathay" is exactly sixty years, Tennyson does not seem to be saying much for Europe. But taking the poet at his thought rather than his word, let us remember it was "fifty years of Europe" that shot opium into China at the cannon's mouth ; and it is this very opium curse forced upon the Mongolian race that adds such blackness of darkness to the moral night of our "China Town." Is civil service reform a sure sign of progress in government? China can smile at our infant of days that we have christened "Civil Service Reform" in view of her millennium tested ideas on the subject. And in international comity and courtesy under the golden rule, it may be questioned whether these pagans of the Orient are not even now teaching us some lessons.

Wendell Phillips used to tell us in his lecture on "The Lost Arts" that about all our best things were known of old. How did they quarry and transport those vast stones in Egypt, that stand there yet the unexplained mystery of ancient toil—huge crystallizations of Egyptian sweat—if Egypt did not have equivalents for our steam-engine and railway? Phillips cited historic record in proof that the ancients wove fabrics the fineness of whose fibre no modern machinery can match. We know their process of staining glass still eludes our search. The telescope was theirs too, according to Phillips ; for Herodotus tells us that ships were seen from the harbor of Rhodes sailing out of the Carthagenian ports. The distance was too great for the naked eye ; *ergo*, the telescope ! But there Phillips slipped, as well as Herodotus ; for the dip of the horizon was in the way even of the telescope ; unless, indeed, they crooked their telescopes, giving them a kind of elbow, like certain modern guns we have been told about, made to shoot around the corner !

Emerson is more sweeping than Phillips. He says,* "The Patent Office Commissioner knows that all machines in use have been invented and reinvented over and over ; that the mariner's compass, the boat, the pendulum, glass, movable types, the kaleidoscope, the

* Letters and Social Aims, p. 158.

railway, the power-loom, etc., have been many times found and lost, from Egypt, China, and Pompeii down." "In literature the debt is immense to past thought. The originals are not original. Read Tasso and you think of Virgil. Read Virgil and you think of Homer." Webster's three rules—never to do to-day what he could defer till to-morrow, never to do himself what he could make another do for him, never to pay any debt to-day—were told of Sheridan. And Emerson says, "We find in Grimm's Memoirs that Sheridan got them from the witty D'Argenson; who, no doubt, if we could consult him, could tell of whom he first heard them told. Lord Eldon said of Brougham, his predecessor on the woolsack, "What a wonderful versatile mind has Brougham! He knows politics, Greek, history, science; if he only knew a little of law, he would know a little of everything." But it is Grimm again who tells us this is a gibe stolen from Louis XVI., who said on going out of chapel after hearing a sermon, "If the Abbé had talked a little about religion he would have talked about everything."

There was a pleasantry afloat in New England twenty-five years ago that "the world is made up of saints, sinners, and the Beecher family;" but Emerson says this was only a theft of Lady Montagu's *mot* of a hundred years before, that "the world was made up of men and women and Herveys." So the very *bon mots* that pass current as births of to-day and stir our laughter are the oldest kind of chestnuts tossed down the centuries. Well, "Let him laugh who laughs last." But all this should bring down somewhat the high crest of our modern self-congratulation.

Clearly, therefore, extremes are easy. The world is wide; and as Hannah More used to say, "There are two evils in it—sin and bile." Or, as a woman of ruggeder phrase has put it, "Human nature's 'bout the same stuff, wherever you find it. It's nasty stuff anyhow, and needs a power of God's mercy." Whether she was Optimist or Pessimist, may be a question; but we can find material enough for either view, if we are content with patch-work. By dipping here and there into the centuries, and mixing the material thus obtained indiscriminately with the light and dark of to-day, we might easily make our discussion of the question whether the former times were better than these—a mere piece of historic crazy-quilt, furnishing poor basis for any philosophy of the matter, and no data whatever for intelligent and balanced judgment. Let us, therefore, take the measure of the single century just now closing, and which our recent centennial celebrations, both secular and religious, have led us to span with our thought, and see by a wide and honest comparison what the last hundred years have to say as

to this old question. Surely a contrast of two centuries ought to reveal the "set" and vital trend of human history—something more than surface eddies and temporary recessions.

If the compass of the review take us back along lines, some of which seem more material than moral or spiritual, let us remember that the progress of God's great redemptive thought has always had close and important connection with material developments, mechanical inventions, national adjustments, and the possibilities of intercommunication. The streams of the old Oriental civilizations touched Israel one by one, and thus gave their quota to the mingled waters that poured their tide at last into the socket of the Cross. The Greek language furnished a fit vehicle for the transmission of the Gospel, and made its wide dissemination at once possible. The printing-press was born just at the hour when it could give successful voice to the Reformation. The world's spiritual progress has been coincident with secular developments, and has been instrumentally furthered by them.

So we first look at the *material* advances of the last hundred years. For facility of toil and travel and communication, and for increase of comfort and convenience, the stride of the century has been prodigious. This is the way it was put some while ago in New York by a thrifty old lady who had listened to a discussion of this question of modern progress. "For my part," she said, "the best signs I see of progress are two—omnibuses and lucifer matches!" Her range may have been limited, but it covered two important developments—facility of travel and household convenience. Whatever may be true as to the "lost arts" of two thousand years ago, so often the theme of Boston's famous rhetor, between 1788 and to-day the spirit of invention has been marvellously prolific.

Look at electricity. Now we harness it to daily use with less trouble than we harness our horses. We box it, ship it, turn our wheels with it, walk in the light of it, talk with it; and one by one the nations of the whole earth are joining the conversation club. Puck's dream is more than realized. Yet only a little more than a century ago Franklin was flying his kite to catch the lightning. And only forty years ago electricity was hardly more than a kind of scientific toy. The farmer of the Revolution ploughed with a wooden plough, sowed his grain broadcast, cut it with a scythe, and threshed it on his barn floor with a flail. It required six days then to go from Boston to New York by coach, starting at three every morning and riding until ten every night; and that, with all its discomforts, was counted a splendid achievement in travel. Macaulay

says * that two hundred years ago the flying coaches out of London were viewed as alarmingly rapid, making from thirty to fifty miles a day. They were vehemently opposed, and petitions were presented to the King in council urging that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and to the noble art of horsemanship. Men are living to-day who opposed the building of the New York Central Railroad. "Build that railroad," they said, "and you'll stop the stage-coaches and the passenger canal boats, and then what will the poor horses do?" Which sympathy for horse-flesh is very much like that of an old lady of New Bedford for whales. She had heard of the marvellous production of the oil wells of Pennsylvania threatening to drive sperm oil from the market, and she exclaimed, "Dear me; what'll them poor whales do?" She evidently thought that, like Othello, their occupation would be gone. But now the railway is both a necessity and a luxury. It furnishes us a palace, and we step into it, eat, sleep, read, write, lounge about, get shaved, take a bath or two, look for the American desert and don't find it, and by five sunsets we are facing the Pacific. Then—Boston to New York, two hundred and fifty miles, six days, cramped in a stage-coach. Now—New York to San Francisco, three thousand miles, five days, lounging in a boudoir. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Just one hundred years ago John Fitch was crudely experimenting with steam and a mere skiff on the Delaware, achieving two or three miles an hour. Twenty years later Fulton started with his steam craft up the Hudson, leaving on the shore an incredulous and jeering crowd. The music of the tea-kettle now sets the step of the trip-hammers and engines of the world. The hydrostatic press has revolutionized the application of power and met the longing of Archimedes. Photography opens up a vast field of interest and beauty.

Clearly, the mechanical progress of the century, multiplying achievements of industry and possibilities of world-wide intercourse, is beyond all question.

Let us turn now to the *laws and penalties.* These embody the current sentiments of justice and humaneness, and are valuable indices of national progress.

In April, 1771,† "at Newport for passing counterfeit dollars a man was sentenced to stand one hour in the pillory, to have both ears cropped, to be branded on both cheeks with the letter R., and to pay a fine of $100." At Ipswich, Mass., June 16th, 1763, "one Francis Brown, for theft, was sentenced by the court to sit on the

* History of England, vol. i., p. 287.

† The Olden Time Series, No. 5, Strange Punishments. Ticknor & Co., Boston.

gallows an hour with a rope about his neck, to be whipped thirty stripes, and pay treble damages." At Worcester, Mass., 1769, a man "stood in the pillory one hour, then received thirty stripes at the public whipping-post, and then was branded with a hot iron in the palm of the hand for forgery." A negro wench was executed in New York in 1767 for stealing. In December, 1787, at Northampton, a William Clarke was executed for burglary. Men were whipped at cart-tail through Southwick "for disturbance in meeting-house." In 1787 Elizabeth Leathe, of Lynn, Mass., "for harboring thieves and receiving stolen goods," was sentenced to be "whipped twenty stripes" and to be "*sold* for six months." In 1791, at Boston, six persons were convicted of theft and sentenced to be whipped and pay costs, or to be "sold for periods of from six months to four years."

We have had schemes of legislation as to finance in these recent years, advocated earnestly and by large numbers, that were rank with repudiation and dishonesty. But the laws actually put upon the statute books a hundred years ago were worthy only of a lunatic asylum. Rhode Island passed "the forcing act," making the penalty of refusing to take paper money a fine of £100 and the loss of the right of freemen.* Providence and Newport presented a doleful appearance. Half the shops were closed; street fights were of almost daily occurrence. In New Hampshire if the law against debtors had been rigidly enforced nearly two thirds of the people would have been in jail. In Vermont the time of the court was almost wholly taken up in hearing what the lawyers call "shunage" —an attempt to stave off execution. As a remedy for this, one party shouted for a "tender act," another called for "a bank of money," a third said, "Kill the lawyers!"

It was not until toward the middle of this century that imprisonment for debt was abolished in the United States. Bancroft says, "One indiscreet compact could doom a wretch to a life-long imprisonment." Even as late as 1829 there were thousands and thousands of men and women confined in the prisons of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, and other States simply for debt.† And the prisons were simply horrible. "In every county were jails such as now would be thought unfit habitations for the vilest and most loathsome of beasts." ‡ Newgate in Connecticut, an old worked-out copper mine, near Granby, surpassed in horrors the Black Hole of Calcutta. The caves reeked with filth, vermin abounded, all classes of culprits, both sexes, debtors and criminals,

* McMaster's Hist. of U. S., p. 333.

† Gesta Christi, p. 409.

‡ McMaster's Hist. of U. S., p. 99.

were together. Prostitutes plied their calling openly in the presence of men and women guilty of no crime but inability to pay their debts.* "In many of the prisons no provision was made for sickness or even for ordinary cleanliness." "No clothes were distributed to the naked, a bed was rarely seen, prisoners went years without washing."†

England, as respects laws and punishments, was far more brutal than we a hundred years ago. Lecky says some of the most noted criminals over in the last century were exhibited for a price before execution, and hundreds of pounds were thus realized. When Blackstone wrote, no less than one hundred and sixty offences were punishable with death. A gallows was erected in every important part of the city (London), and on many of them corpses were left rotting in chains (1745). Men guilty of high treason were, by sentence of court, to be cut down when half hung and disembowelled, and their bowels burned before their faces.‡ The law authorizing the public burning of women for murdering their husbands, and other offences under the term of high or petit treason, was not abolished till 1790. And the law providing for the flogging of women at the tail of a cart through the streets was not abolished till 1820. The *Morning Herald* of March and April, 1802, the *Annual Register* of February, 1806, the *Morning Post* of October, 1807, and other English papers are cited § in proof that men actually sold their wives in the public market-place. A butcher's wife brought £1 4*s.* and a bowl of punch. Another wife was sold for 20 guineas and delivered in a halter. Another brought 6*d.* and a quid of tobacco!

Beyond a doubt Ireland suffers injustice now from English legislation; but Gladstone says in the first of this century Ireland was governed with "devilish enginery." By the lash, by torture, by the defilement of chaste and innocent women, Ireland was a scene without parallel even in the organized massacres of the Republic. But English legislation concerning Non-conformists has been perhaps the most surprising. Fifty years ago dissenters could get no degree at Cambridge; they could not even enter Oxford. Until eight or ten years ago in thousands of rural parishes they could not bury their dead with their own religious rites. Until 1868 they endured the spoiling of their goods, and in some cases were committed to prison for the "crime" of not supporting the Established Church. A century ago no dissenter could hold commission in army or navy. He was wholly barred from civil office, from a seat in a corporation, and from many other places of trust. British legislation actually made

* McMaster's Hist. of U. S., p. 98.
† Gesta Christi, p. 209.
‡ Dawn of the 19th Cent. in England, p. 451.
§ Idem, p. 282.

the Eucharist a qualification for gauging beer barrels and soap-boilers' tubs; for writing Custom House debentures and seizing smuggled tea! * A man could do these things if he attended the Anglican communion, otherwise not. The repeal of this law was sought in 1787, but it was not accomplished until forty years later.

Clearly, the bigotry, intolerance, and cruelty imbedded in law at the close of the last century would be abhorrent to the conscience of to-day. The brutal and brutalizing punishments that then were common are now simply impossible.

But let us turn to another field of comparison—the *games and cruel sports* of a people. These, like the laws, betray the prevalent moral sentiment. Here, for example, is our brutal prize-fight. Its disgusting details are far too often spread before our families to the disgrace of decent journalism. To be sure, the sport is outlawed. But Boston's hero, in the estimation of many, is the slugger, Sullivan. He takes a trip abroad, like other celebrities, and the Prince of Wales witnesses one of his exhibitions in the noble art of self-defence. For this to be true at the close of the nineteenth century looks bad for progress. But just a hundred years ago matters in this regard were far worse. The Prince of Wales then was an open "patron of the ring." He attended fight after fight. In one instance at least he sent the winner, by the hand of a friend, a bank-note. And when this century opened, "the ruffians who mauled each other for lucre's sake were petted and *fêted* as much as ever were the gladiators in the time of Rome's decline." † And Gladstone testifies that "pugilism which in the days of his boyhood, on its greatest celebrations, almost monopolized the space of journals of the highest order, is now rare and unobtrusive." ‡ And that "gross and cruel sports rampant in other days have almost passed from view."

The *bull-fight* we deem a cruel sport, one of the barbarisms of our time. But it is shut up chiefly to Spain, and far less frequent there than of old. But here is an entertainment advertised in London in 1730: "A mad bull to be dressed up with fireworks and turned loose in the game place. A dog to be dressed up with fireworks over him. A bear to be let loose at the same time. A cat to be tied to the bull's tail. And a mad bull dressed up with fireworks to be baited." § Even at the opening of this century in England, "*hardly a country town of note but had its bull-ring.*" ‖ The poor

* Lecky's Eng. in 18th Cent., vol. v., p. 156.

† Ashton's Dawn of 19th Cent., p. 300.

‡ Art. on Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

§ Andrews's 18th Cent., p. 160. ‖ Dawn of 19th Cent. in Eng., p. 297.

beast was tied to a stake and bull-dogs were set upon him, and if these did not madden him, the most barbarous expedients were resorted to to rouse the animal's rage, so that the fun might go on. When a bill was before Parliament in 1802 to stop this brutalizing sport one member said he considered it "an amusement the lower orders were entitled to," and it was "with regret he observed a disposition to deprive the poor of their recreations and force them to pass their time in chaunting at conventicles."* Though the bill was supported by Wilberforce, it was thrown out of the House, and not until 1835 was this infamous sport made illegal. What an unspeakable contrast this is to the laws of to-day for the prevention of cruelty to animals!

Cock-fighting was another barbarous pastime of a hundred years ago. It goes on now; but only infrequently, in out-of-the-way places, under covert, and outlawed. Then it was open, established, advertised in the morning journals. A thousand guineas a side was not an unknown wager. The Cock Pit Royal, St. James' Park, was a great institution, where could be seen "a collection of peers and pickpockets, grooms and gentlemen, *bons-vivants* and bullies." When the King of Denmark visited England in 1768, he was taken to a cock-fight as a typical amusement.† Andrew Jackson used to be seen in the cock-pit in Tennessee an eager witness of the fray and betting freely on the issue.

Gambling was another amusement, open and notorious. The heir apparent, the two great party leaders, Fox and Pitt, dukes and earls, my Lords and my Ladies, all ranks from a prince to a commoner, were bitten by this mania. In 1796 Chief Justice Kenyon threatened from the bench to send even the first ladies of the land to the pillory for the notorious vice of gambling if they were convicted before him.‡ But the West End clubs of London and the fashionable establishments of the faro dames were never raided.

The *lottery* was also rife at the beginning of the century. The English Government "systematically demoralized the people by means of lotteries."§ That was one way of raising revenue. And so Parliament itself went into the gambling business. The last public lottery in England was drawn in October, 1826.

America was not behind in these matters. In the last decade of 1800 there was "a lottery wheel in every city and town large enough to hold a court-house." School-houses, colleges, churches everywhere were built by lotteries. Harvard College, Dartmouth, and even staid, conservative, orthodox, true-blue Presbyterian Princeton

* Dawn of 19th Cent. in Eng., p. 299.

† Lecky's Eng. in 18th Cent., vol. vi., p. 155. ‡ Idem, vol. v.

§ Ashton's Dawn of 19th Cent., p. 290.

did not hesitate to share in these schemes to tempt and beguile men and women to risk a few dollars on the institution with the hope of getting something for nothing. Presbyterian churches in old Quaker Philadelphia were guilty of the same pious fraud, and out of the proceeds they built their houses of worship. At Providence, R. I., an Episcopal Church lottery was drawn September 29th, 1800, in which the highest prize was $8000. The General Assembly of Rhode Island in 1794 granted a lottery "for the advancement of religion!" McMaster testifies * that in this period "betting and gambling were, with drunkenness and a passion for duelling and running in debt, the chief sins of the Carolina gentleman.

No wonder we rub our eyes and ask if we have been dreaming. From that yesterday to our day is a revolution.

Take another point of comparison—*intemperance*. This is a hideous feature of our time. We can only be blind to its awfulness by playing the ostrich. We spend for liquor anually $900,000,000. This is the dreadful base at our pyramid of national expenditure. The little section at the apex of the pyramid, marking what we give for Christ's evangel to all men, is $5,500,000. Five and a half millions to telling the world of God. Nine hundred millions to making ourselves and children better acquainted with the devil! And this is only one item of the bill run up for the privilege of closer acquaintance with his satanic majesty. But it is big and black and threatening. The drink curse confronts us everywhere. Intemperance is our national sin and shame. Here at least one would think we face an unmistakable sign of national deterioration. This last state must be worse than the first. But let us see.

We find Cotton Mather in 1698, about two centuries back, saying in Boston,† "Oh, that the drinking-houses in the town might once more come under a laudable *regulation*. The town has an *enormous number* of them." That is pretty bad for Boston. And then the preacher says to the keepers of these drinking-houses, "You may glorifie the Lord Jesus Christ in your employment if you will, and benefit the town considerably." And that is pretty bad for Cotton Mather. Think of any evangelical minister in Boston telling its saloon-keepers to-day that they can glorify the Lord Jesus Christ in their employment if they will! Dr. Lyman Beecher, in a sermon at New Haven in 1812, declares that "the crisis has come. The amazing question is to be decided whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing; whether the taverns on that holy

* Hist. of U. S., vol. ii., p. 7.

† Magnalia, vol. i., p. 100.

day shall be crowded with drunkards or the sanctuary with worshippers." He refers to "the enormous consumption of ardent spirits in our land." He says, "Drunkards reel through the streets day after day and year after year with entire impunity." "Truly we do stand on the confines of destruction." And he adds, "Our country has never seen such a day as this." "Our vices are digging the grave of our liberties." If this be thought the rhetoric of a preacher, to be received *cum grano salis*, then let us look at facts like the following. So glaring and wide-spread were the evils of the use of distilled liquors that the first Congress at Philadelphia, February 27th, 1777, unanimously passed a resolution recommending the several States to prohibit distillation. And yet up to this date there was not a temperance organization in the country. Almost everybody drank. Rum was everywhere. Births, marriages, and burials were all hallowed by it. Rum was in the poor man's cupboard while he lived; and when he died it was placed within a few feet of his coffin, that mourning friends might take a little as a token of respect for the departed. They often took too much—possibly in token of a deeper respect. Religious societies grew alarmed. They did not yet dream of total abstinence, and had not the faintest shadow of a conception of prohibition. They only thought of *regulation*. Total abstinence would have been hooted out of court, ecclesiastical as well as criminal or civil. In witness whereof, see this account for one day's entertainment of ministers at the ordination of a pastor over the South Society in Hartford, Conn., in 1784:

	£	s.	d.
To 3 bitters	0	0	9
" 3 breakfasts	0	3	6
" 15 boles punch	1	10	0
" 24 dinners	1	16	0
" 11 bottles wine	3	6	0
" 3 boles punch	0	6	0
" 3 boles tody	0	3	6

	£	s.	d.
Total	7	5	9.

See the further fact that "on election-day the ministers had a festival (for in these days, *circ.* 1812, the ministers were all politicians). All the clergy used to go, walk in procession, smoke pipes, and drink." * In further corroboration, mark these clauses of the constitution of the Union Temperate Society of Moreau, Saratoga Co., N. Y., organized even so late as 1808, and whose originator is on record as saying, "We shall all become a nation of drunkards unless something be done to arrest the progress of intemperance."

* Lyman Beecher's Autobiography, vol. i., p. 259.

"Section I. No member shall drink rum, etc., except by advice of a physician (also excepting at public dinners), under penalty of twenty-five cents.

"Section II. No member shall be intoxicated, under penalty of fifty cents."

In this line of "regulation" the religious societies began in the latter part of the last century by protesting against drinking at funerals. Some clergymen refused to officiate where the drinking was introduced. We once heard Dr. Chambers, of Philadelphia, give an account of his early experience in that city. At the very first funeral he was called upon to attend after taking charge of his church, some sixty or seventy years ago, he found upon entering the house a table spread with liquors and tobacco, and the people freely indulging. Upon going to the grave, he said, with the exception of himself and the grave-digger, he believed there was not a man present who was not in danger of falling into the grave from intoxication. He went into his pulpit the next Sabbath and told his people he would never again perform the funeral service in a house where liquor was thus served. At the very next funeral he was called to attend he found the scene repeated. And to keep his word good he stood on the front steps in a pouring rain, and there conducted the service. He then went into his pulpit the following Sabbath and told the people he would never again officiate at a funeral, either within or without the house, where drinking was insisted on. That banished the decanters at funerals in his parish. But what a scene for Christian people! How utterly impossible to match it now! Which way is the century grade, up or down? Everybody has heard of Deacon Giles's Distillery—a tract by Dr. Cheever, 1835. He went to jail for writing it. A certain Deacon Story brought the action, who was a distiller, sold Bibles at his distillery, and had a relative drowned in a vat. He sold his goods and his principles. They do not mix Bibles and spirits now. That was in Massachusetts. Up in New Hampshire the same year a man determined to have a grist-mill raising without rum. Neighbors abandoned the work on the first day, when the time came for grog and the grog did not come. The man scoured the country for men who would work without drink, and the mill was raised. "Such fanaticism," said a good old Methodist class leader in indignant protest—"such fanaticism will break up the Church and ruin the Democratic Party!"

But let us leave this field of contrast and enter another—the *condition of the laborer*. Beyond all doubt, grave perils here confront us. The labor question is one of the mighty questions. Fifteen

years ago I heard Wendell Phillips name it the transcendent question. "Slavery is settled," said he. "Labor and capital must be settled. The head of one of our great railroad corporations can stand at the gates of California and step eastward, and the wind of his garments will topple over legislatures." Say, if you please, that the famed rhetor sacrificed truth to his rhetoric; there is truth enough in Phillips's bold figure of speech to challenge the profoundest thought. We say beautiful things about "the ballot executing the freeman's will, as lightning does the will of God," but we all know that personal liberty leagues, distillery combinations, oil monopolies, and so-called trusts of other sorts sometimes play the mischief with our theory. When, as in 1877, in the railway riots, ten American cities must be kept in order by bayonets and bullets, something must be the matter with the labor question. Let us admit that the laborer of to-day has a grievance. Strikes are not all causeless. Wealth too often has no heart.

> "There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
> Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousands on the street.
> There the master scrimps his haggard seamstress of her daily bread;
> There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead."

But is it true that matters in this regard are growing worse and worse? Are the extremes of society growing wider and wider away from each other, the poor growing poorer as the rich grow richer? Is it a fact that the churches and the common people are falling apart and the gap between them becoming a gulf? Is labor hopelessly on a descending road of weariness and want? And is Capital crushing with a heavier iron heel the energies and liberties of toil? I make bold to answer the exact reverse is true.

See the uplift of labor along "the grooves of change." How long is it since the laboring peasant of nearly all Europe was a "thing" that went with the soil? Serfdom tied a man to the estate, so that the man and the dirt were sold together. Serfdom took the heart and the hope and the courage out of labor, and its oppressions and exactions were the scandal of European civilization. It was not abolished in France until 1779. Prussia, Austria, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Russia, only in this century lifted this debasing and deadening incubus wholly from toil. England's labor was not loaded with this millstone, but others were about its neck. Slavery and the slave trade cursed England's soil and ships several years into this century. The Protestant Queen Elizabeth knighted Hawkins, who sailed the first ship on the diabolical errand of plundering one continent of human beings to sell them to another. Parliament all through the eighteenth century declared the slave trade

highly beneficial to the kingdom. And Bancroft estimates that for one century previous to 1776 over three million people were torn from Africa and doomed to life-long servitude by Great Britain alone. But this was the negro! Certainly, the labor was black. But toil is not changed by color. "A man's a man for a' that."

Another millstone that weighted English labor was the factory system. Lecky says,* "There was nothing to equal this white slavery at the close of the last century." Thousands and thousands of children between six and ten years of age were unprotected, farmed out, left at the complete disposal of masters from twelve to fourteen hours, sometimes even fifteen to sixteen hours, a day, the boys being called up at three or four in the morning. Much is still to be done for English labor. But the century's record of vast improvement he who runs may read. Gladstone says, "Laws of combination and compact which prevented the working population from obtaining the best price for their labor have been repealed. The lamentable and demoralizing abuses of the poor law have been swept away. The scandals of labor in mines, factories, and elsewhere have been removed altogether or greatly reduced. The entire people have good schools placed within the reach of their children. They work fewer hours, and yet get more wages for these fewer hours, and yet again with these increased wages buy at reduced rates almost every article the price of which can be affected by legislative acts."

How was it here with labor when the last century was on the home-stretch? Let some Philadelphia gazettes of 1754 give us one phase of the situation. These gazettes are given up largely to advertisements. The majority of these are headed, "Ran away from the subscriber." One escaped negro "has a flat nose, is a great smoker, and a lover of white women." Another "swears continual." Another "is very religious, and ran away with a Bible." Another "has a bobbling gait, and the clothes he wears is uncertain." One young negro woman is offered for sale, "*with her child or without*, as suits her purchaser." White slaves, English, Irish, Dutch, are offered for sale, "with unexpired terms of from two to four years." One of these white slaves is advertised as a runaway. "Robert Cox, twenty-eight years old, speaks broad, being born in Oxfordshire, England, and had *a steel collar round his neck*," (what does that mean?) "but may have got it off." (It is hoped he had.)

One hundred years ago the laborer falling from a scaffolding or taken sick with a fever was sure to be seized by the sheriff the

* Eng. in 18th Cent., vol. vi., p. 224.

moment he recovered from his misfortune and to be carried to the jail for the bill of a few dollars which had been run up during his illness at the huckster's or the tavern.* The unskilled laborer got two shillings a day. There was no glass on his table, no china in the cupboard. There were no prints on the wall. Coal he had not, stove he had not, matches he had not.

Honest labor is far better conditioned now than then. It is freer, it is manlier, it is hopefuller. Take the world over, and the poor and the rich are not wider apart. How can they be? The poor are men, not things to be bought. A thousand arms are outstretched to bridge the separation where there was one a century ago. To-day the tyranny of capital is sometimes great. Yesterday it was infamous. Do I forget the garrets and the slums and the devil of anarchy? No. But these are spots only, and chiefly begotten of the refuse of Europe, rushed in upon us in our unbounded hospitality; while a hundred years ago anarchy tied the Bible to the tail of an ass and dragged it through Parisian streets, made those streets run blood, made all Europe tremble, and threatened to take half the civilized world by the throat. A million laborers are now winning homes to one that ever even dreamed of a home in the old night of toil. And the home winners do not believe in dynamite.

But I must hasten to other points of comparison. They would justify the fullest treatment. They can be scarcely more than named.

War is still a fearful scourge. The shadows it casts to-day are still too thick to let the glory of millennial morning through. See what it implies and involves: standing armies, immense taxation, the constant menace to peace, the awful havoc when the shock comes, and Emperor, King, President, or traitor cries, "Let slip the dogs of war!" What a flail of God it is! We are seamed and ridged yet with its awful smiting. The horrors are thick, the colors are dark. But they have been tenfold thicker and darker. Not until the middle of the seventeenth century did Europe agree to stop making slaves of prisoners of war. Havoc! The thirty years' war of Germany reduced the population ten millions; the cruelties inflicted were almost beyond conception. Whole towns and villages were laid in ashes; vast districts turned into deserts; churches and schools closed by hundreds.† The resolution of Leopold and Frederick at Pillnitz in 1792 plunged Europe into a conflict that cost millions of lives, and the "mistakes of centuries," says the historian, "were expiated in an agony of disaster and humiliation."

* McMaster's Hist. U. S.

† Ency. Britannica, Art. Germany.

"Every individual who is a subject of Great Britain is to be made a prisoner of war wherever he may be found," proclaimed Bonaparte in 1806. "I make war against French soldiers, not against French citizens," proclaimed King William of Germany in 1870. And even the blood-red hand of war is losing its stains in the tide of advancing Christian civilization.

The *Press* is a potent thing in our modern life, big with realities and bigger with possibilities. Which way is the trend—up or down? Hear Tennyson:

"Author, atheist, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymster, play your part,
Paint the moral shame of nature with the living hues of art;
Rip your brother's vices open, strip your own foul passions bare;
Down with reticence! down with reverence! Forward! naked let them stare;
Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism."*

But Tennyson has become pessimistic, it is said. Well, read the canons of literary realism, and see if he is so very wide of the truth. "Courage to picture life as one sees it." "True to what men and women know of one another's souls." These are accepted laws of a school of modern literature. And we get through this realistic stuff, the stench of brothels, and the filth of moral gutters; and Art is made "procuress for the lords of hell." Turn to *journalism*, and what daubing with pitch and political vituperation and license of uncleanness we too often see! But the elder Pitt said the press of his day was "like the air, a chartered libertine." When we built our Constitution a century ago, it was no better. The fathers of the Republic were besmirched with the slime of partisan rancor and struck through with the poisoned shafts of calumny. Adams was denounced as a monarchist. Hamilton's attachment to the Constitution was scouted as a hollow and hypocritical pretence. Washington was called a "fool from nature," and Franklin "a fool from age." A pamphlet addressed to Washington (1796) reads thus: "Treacherous in private friendship, a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor." One libeller took great pains to prove that the President had committed murder.† The *Aurora* in 1797 said, "If ever a nation was debauched by man, deceived by man, the American nation has been debauched and deceived by Washington. When he quit public life it was said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'" No wonder Washington characterized such licenses of the press as

* "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." † McMaster's U. S., vol. ii., p. 302.

"arrows of malevolence" and "outrages on common decency," "indecent terms scarcely to be applied to a common pickpocket." *

As to literature, bad as we are we have not yet gone "backward, downward too, into the abysm" of that period of which Macaulay said, "The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of government;" "when dramatic writers represented adultery as the calling of a fine gentleman;" when Pope dedicated his "Iliad" and Dryden gave his fulsome panegyric to the author of the most shocking descriptions of vice; when "the ribaldry of Etherege and Wycherley was in the presence and under the special sanction of the head of the Church, publicly recited by female lips in female ears, while the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' languished in a dungeon for the crime of proclaiming the Gospel to the poor." †

With one other point of comparison we will close our review of the change wrought in a hundred years. The Church, her faith, her morals, her ministry, her life; the Book, its acceptance, its authority, its place and power; Religion, religious life; what of all this compared with a century ago? The field is wide. Its full exhibition is simply impossible, and is not necessary. The grouping of a few generic, representative, and unchallengable facts will answer our purpose. The sun that shines to-day in this sky has dark spots in it. Let us name them, number them, concede all their blackness —formalism, mammonism, exclusivism, agnosticism, inconsistency of creed and life, challenge of creed itself, disregard of Sabbath, pride and lust of riches—call the long roll of evils in the Church, paint the picture as black as we justifiably can; and now let us look back.

A hundred years ago the Church was holding slaves and organizing lotteries and drinking rum. In the history of the Andover Church a clause reads, "The chief causes of discipline for a hundred and twenty-five years were fornication and drunkenness." "The prevalence of these vices," says one who had investigated many Church records, "was astonishing." The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1798 said, "We perceive with pain and fearful apprehension a general dereliction of religious principle—an abounding infidelity—*a dissolution of religious society seems to be threatened.* Formality and deadness, not to say hypocrisy, *visibly pervade every part of the Church.* The profligacy and corruption of public morals have advanced with a progress proportioned to our declension in religion." Of Virginia, Bishop Meade wrote scarcely a young man of any literary culture believed in Christianity. Towns in Western

* Wash. to Henry Lee, June 21, 1793. † Macaulay's Hist. Eng., vol. i., p. 135.

New York, testifies another, were hotbeds of infidelity. Dr. Lyman Beecher said, "The boys who dressed flax in the barn read Tom Paine, and believed him." And again, "The polluted page of infidelity everywhere met the eye, while its sneers and blasphemies met the ear. The result was a brood of infidels, heretics, and profligates—a generation prepared to be carried about, as they have been, by every wind of doctrine, and to assail, as they have done, our most sacred institutions." * Mr. Parton, in his "Life of Aaron Burr," says, in connection with the infidelity of this period, "It was confidently predicted that Christianity could not survive two more generations."

Abroad how was it? The elder Pitt, 1760, characterized the Church of England as having a "Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy." John Wesley said, "Perjury infects the whole nation. There is nothing like it to be found in any other Christian or heathen nation under heaven." † Knight, in his "History of England,"‡ gives a fearful picture of the deplorable laxity of morals of the clergy of England during the last of the last century. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts sent missionaries to the coast of Guinea, but owned plantations of slaves in the Barbadoes, to whom it gave no instruction whatever.

A hundred years ago the Church of England was asleep or in utter apathy as to the vast heathen world. The first foreign missionary society of America was not founded until 1810. Scarcely was the shore of the Dark Continent touched anywhere with Gospel light. China was shut in by an impenetrable wall. India was hopelessly under its black pall of superstition. How is it now? Look at the world to-day. Dark enough is the picture. Let us not belittle the wide waste and barrenness. But all the world's howling desolations and all its "suburbs of hell" are now open to the Gospel. The Scriptures are in almost every tongue. Africa is encircled and pierced with missions. Syria, the strategic centre of Mohammedanism, is in Christian possession, and a distributing point for the Arabic Scriptures to Islam's followers everywhere. The black islands of the sea are ablaze with light. Japan waits with receptive and eager attitude for Gospel civilization. Asia is attacked all along its vast empires. And behold, these missionary waters, that just trickled down and out from the Church of Christ a hundred years ago, are now waters to swim in, a great river that cannot be passed over!

Go back, therefore, by what road we will, into the last century,

* Autobiography, vol. i., p. 273.

† Sermon printed 1782.

‡ Vol. ii., p. 943. Funk & Co., N. Y.

we find the facts tell just one story. In the light of this story, some things seem tolerably clear.

I. The world, on the whole, is mending. The skies are brighter than they were. "Sin and bile" are a bad combination, but the power that makes for righteousness is too much for them. How otherwise can progress be proved? "By their fruits ye shall know them" is a Gospel law. If the lines we have pursued and the facts we have cited are not in proof, what would be? How would we go to work to prove that the former times were better than these, and that the century had been down grade instead of up grade? If, in the face of these varied, multiplied, incontrovertible facts the world is growing worse, then down is up and black is white and in is out. Then our talk of Christian civilization is a grievous absurdity. Then lust is better than love, and vice than virtue, and cruelty than mercy, and brutality than manhood, and a herd than a family, and a harem than a home, and savage Africa than Christian America.

II. The best cure for pessimism is a dose of last century. The thing to do with a croaker is to put him to reading history. Here, for example, is one of these prophets of evil whose pessimistic imagination is the child of what the great body of intelligent Christian believers regard as a mistaken theory concerning the second coming of Christ, and who, therefore, is led to discuss "the present outlook" * after the following fashion: "Never has a year closed with a gloomier future before it than the present (1887). . . . The spread of infidelity among those claiming to be witnesses for Christ and his Word has been more rapid, perhaps, than in any past twelve months, and one scarcely knows where to look for a man who loyally stands by the sacred Scriptures at all hazards. This would be denied with many expressions of contempt and disgust by ninety-nine out of every hundred in evangelical bodies; and it is their blindness to the actual state of things that makes the effort to improve the condition so hopeless. . . . If the description given by the Holy Ghost of the perilous times in the last days is ever true, it is true now. . . . It will be admitted by the most careless observer that at the close of the present year, *as never before*, they see upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." And then this gloomy-visioned seer, with a burst of confidence, asks, "What about France, Germany, Russia, Great Britain?" as if there were nothing left us but an answer of despair. How the facts of history we have already cited play the mischief

* *The Truth*, December, 1887, St. Louis, p. 17.

with this conception of the times! Here are others of equal significance. Belgium has been set free since the century began. Germany has been consolidated, and the German Empire, says the Christian historian Schaff, is "an immense advance in liberty" over the empire and the confederation that preceded it. Italy has been reconstituted and freed from the iron heel of the Papacy. Hungary has been replaced in the enjoyment of its historic rights. Ten million Christians under Ottoman rule, in communities that once had a historic name, have been restored in the main to freedom, to progress, and to hope. The light of a new day has broken at last upon the long dark night of Russia's millions of serfs. France is to-day in the peace of a Republic. But a hundred years ago, July, 1789, there was begun by France what Lecky characterizes as "that terrible career of anarchy which was only completely terminated by the wars and despotism of Napoleon;" and attended, as Gladstone says, "With what unmeasured calamities and disgraces, with what frightful losses to civilization, with what an awful seed-time of nearly all the troubles which have since distracted Europe." * England suffered so from the recoil of the French Revolution, both morally and politically, that, in the judgment of her best statesmen a century ago, "her institutions and her empire were brought to the brink of a precipice." She is indeed weighted now with "corruption and vices," but the public conscience, Gladstone testifies, "now not only winces, but rebels at sight of evils which it formerly viewed with indifference, if not connivance." And "the clergy of the Anglican Church are not merely *improved*, but *transformed*." In proof that this is not an opinion of which the wish has been the father, Knight's "History of England" assures us † that "some of the most distinguished coxcombs, drunkards, debauchees, and gamesters, who figured at the watering-places and all public places of resort a hundred years ago, were young men of the sacerdotal order." And John Wesley, in a sermon printed in 1782, said, "Let those who are acquainted with ancient and modern history say whether there is or ever was any heathen nation wherein such a total contempt of God, such horrid ungodliness, so generally and constantly prevailed." If it is thought this must have been an exceptional period of vice and corruption, go back nearly a century farther and hear Ebenezer Erskine saying, in a sermon preached in 1714,‡ "There are but a few names in Scotland that have not defiled their garments with the corruptions and pollutions of the times. All ranks have corrupted their ways, magistrates, ministers, and people." Or go back a few

* The 19th Cent., 1887. Review of Lecky.

† Vol. ii., p. 943. Funk & Co., 1880.

‡ Eb. Erskine, vol. i., p. 22.

years farther and hear Rev. Mr. Williams, in a sermon preached in London, October, 1689, testifying that "men enter on the ministry as apprentices on a trade and use it as a mere means of livelihood," and saying, "were it not that some breathe another spirit, and more suitable to the Gospel of Christ, I should sit down with horror, and give up the land for lost." And then listen to the historian Hume,* who speaks of "the immeasurable licentiousness" of this period "applauded at court," and of "that inundation of vice and licentiousness which overwhelmed the nation."

Surely from all this it is clear that something better is left us than an answer of despair to the question, "What about France, Germany, Russia, Great Britain?" It is demonstrably certain that nationalities have never had in the whole history of the world such a golden age. The instant we get out of the clouds of a preconceived theory and place our feet upon the facts, we feel the thrill of confidence and are sure our day is bathed in more sunshine than yesterday. There's nothing like a dose of last century for pessimistic delirium—unless it be a dose of some earlier century.

III. The old faith has not lost its grip. An open and avowed infidel, as Jefferson was, could not this day be elected President of the United States. They who think otherwise would better try Ingersoll.

IV. Infidelity can never take wide and enduring hold of masses. Its history is a record of defeats so many, so varied, and notwithstanding such adroit disguises, that we may set this down as axiomatic—viz., that infidelity can never become the permanent belief of any people. As Professor Phelps says, "The mania of suicide lurks in its veins."

V. The fifth point may be stated in the very words of Gladstone :† "There is one scheme, and one only, which tends and has tended for eighteen hundred years to centrality and universality, which carries on its forehead the notes of imperial power, which is now felt at every point where human breath is drawn, which is far, indeed, from having accomplished its work, and which has within it partial, and sometimes formidable, signs of disintegration ; but which holds the field, holds it with ever-growing hope and effort, and holds it without a rival. That is the Christian scheme."

VI. The sixth and last point is, we ought to believe in our age and take the encouragement of its progress, and strike heartier blows for God and truth. Duty is sublime ; but when its brow is sunlit

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* Hist. Eng., vol. vi., p. 375.

† Universitas Hominum, *N. A. Review*, December, 1887.

with Hope, its joy is deepest and its courage best. We shall battle better with the awful evils of our time if we believe that

> "The forces of the dark dissolve,
> The doorways of the dark are broken,
> The word that casts out night is spoken." *

The last note of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" is not struck from a gospel of despair:

> "Follow light and do the right. . . .
> . . . Love will conquer at the last."

HERRICK JOHNSON.

Chicago.

* The Jubilee, Swinburne, *Nineteenth Century*, 1887.