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The Sovereignty of God

"All that which the Father giveth me shall come unto me."

Do not most people who try to quote this clause from the sixth chapter of John say, "All whom the Father giveth"? Or even if they quote it correctly, is not "all whom" the sense in their minds? But "all that which" carries a different meaning.

John, the beloved disciple, was, as far as literary education went, "an unlearned and ignorant man," as the Jewish scribes observed when he stood with Peter before the Sanhedrin. But he was a man of precise thinking, who knew what he wanted to say, and long before he wrote his gospel, life in the cultured Greek city of Ephesus had given him an excellent working mastery of the Greek language—the most perfect instrument for exact expression of thought which the human mind ever had at its disposal.

So it was by no accident or blunder, we may be sure, that John wrote "all that which" instead of "all whom" in this passage. It needed "all that which" to make plain just the sense which he remembered from the words his Master spoke in Aramaic on that unforgettable day "beside the Syrian sea" when the high discourse of Jesus with the multitudes concerned the Bread of Life.

Not only of the Bread of Life did the Lord speak that day, however, but also, in a calm and lofty confidence, of the sure triumph of his mission in the world as Messiah. Then he opened wide the gates of his kingdom for everyone allured by his purposes to enter in and share his sure victory. ✦

"All whom the Father giveth me" would have signified an allotment of individual followers destined to adhere to the person and cause of Jesus. But whatever of such teaching may appear in other parts of Scripture, that is not the point of this saying. "All that which the Father giveth me" proves that the Master's thought at the moment was not directly of individual disciples but rather of the sum total of his task as Saviour of the world.

This sense of his meaning is confirmed by noting that the word "come" used as the sentence is completed—"All that which the Father giveth me shall come unto me"—is not the common word for "come." It is not the word translated "cometh" in the very next line. This latter ordinary verb is full of the literal idea of motion and approach; but the verb John chose to interpret the thought of the Saviour about the "coming" of what the Father gives, is a word more comprehensive of development and consummation—more like "come to pass" than simply "come."

The gift which the Lord Jesus received from the Father in the incarnation—the gift which was still being so poured into his life that he could only use a present tense in speaking of it—was a mission and commission to redeem the world.

Of that mission he was very sure, and yet in that incomprehensible mingling of human emotions with his divine consciousness, even the Son of God, "in all points tempted like as we are," could not wholly escape the shadow of disheartenment as he faced the stupidity and misunderstanding and unfaith of his own people.

The sign he had done in the physical feeding of the five thousand had, so far as the immediate effect counted, gone the wrong way; it had brought to him a loyalty so worldly, fleshly and self-calculating that he had been compelled to refuse it. Even the most sympathetic onlooker might have failed to find a cheery omen.

What then could the Lord say as against this sodden cloud of discouragement settling around him—say to others or say to his own soul?

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He could turn only to that assurance which has ever been the ultimate refuge of trustful souls from the hour when Abraham believed in God until this present moment:

He could trust—and bid men trust—in God's omnipotent sovereignty over all that is.

The Almighty Father in heaven is he whose will cannot be defeated. That foundation stands as sure when the clouds are dark as when the sun shines.

And that in substance was what the courageous and unfaltering Jesus of Nazareth said to the multitudes that springtide day on the shore of Gennesaret. He had been given a message from his Father—a task to do, a purpose of eternal providence to accomplish—and the Father would not let it fail:

"All that which the Father giveth me shall come unto me."

It was the Lord Christ's own echo of the glorious confidence which the Spirit of God taught centuries before to the prophet who beheld in vision the suffering and triumphant Servant:

"He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

It was the same mystic rest amid conflict and sight through darkness and steadfastness in calamity that humanity achieves when it accepts the one faith which includes all other faiths—trust in the beneficent and sufficient omnipotence of God.

From all the world's history past and unto all the world's history future, the one mold and matrix of heroism and grandeur among men is and must ever be this vital sense of a sovereign God.

It was so with the Son of God on earth. It is so with earth's own lesser sons.

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But that was not all that Jesus of Nazareth said that day.

He not only knew the eternal surety of his Father; he knew the surety of the Father in himself.

In the same breath that he told of a sovereign God that could be depended on in heaven, he proclaimed himself a sovereign Saviour to be depended on in the earth:

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Jesus is as sure as God!

There is no vast, generalizing, neuter phrase here; the grammar of it is individualizing, personal, singling out each man who listens, adjuring him to act forthwith and for himself—"him that cometh."

How thrilling the straight-out appeal to a man's free will to decide his own place in God's victorious Messiah plan! Who is it who will choose this day to share certain triumph by joining himself to a certainly faithful and certainly able Saviour?

"Whosoever will, let him come." And coming let him be well assured that the Christ will not in any wise cast him out—will never reject him, will never lose him, will never fail him, will surely carry him on into the culminating glory of that day when the redeeming Son shall present before the throne of God his completed work of redemption, saying:

"This is the will of him that sent me, that of all that which he hath given me I should lose nothing."

Back in the romantic days when Richmond was at its best before the civil war, when poets and writers in America were comparatively few, Marion Harland, then a young school-girl, had a never-to-be-forgotten sight of Edgar Allan Poe. His writings had already enthralled her fancy, and his personality seemed both strong and charming. Here is a pretty little piece of reminiscence about one of the most interesting figures in American literature.

MY ONE GLIMPSE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE By MARION HARLAND



Edgar Allan Poe
From a daguerreotype—said by Rosalie Poe to be the best picture of her brother ever made

murmur of voices in social conversation, I laid my portfolio on the hall table instead of in its usual place upon the piano in the back parlor. In putting it down my eye fell upon a solitary card lying on a silver tray. I picked it up, mildly and idly curious. It bore in neat old English script:

EDGAR ALLAN POE

I learned later that he had called with a note of introduction to my mother from a Boston friend. In the thrill of the moment it did not occur to me to speculate as to the manner of his coming.

She would have been an exceptional schoolgirl who could in the circumstances resist the temptation to lay her ear against the panels of the closed door and hearken breathlessly for sounds from within. I was far from being an exception to my mates in many respects. But not one of them had such an ample excuse for the breach of good manners that was mine that hour. Other girls had read Poe cursorily. We had discussed "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" as curiosities of literature in the young ladies' seminary from which I had been lately graduated. Our professor of English literature had dissected "The Raven" in class and we had shuddered in midnight readings over "The Fall of the House of Usher." Every mother's daughter of us had heard outlined tales of the university scrapes of the adopted son and partial namesake of the rich Scotchman whose fine old house on Fifth and Main streets was known familiarly as "Mr. Scotch Allan's." Rumor had it that the wild boy's exclusion from the house and heart of his patron was less on account of his various escapades in college and army than because he had resented the installation of a second wife into the place vacated by the death of his earliest and beloved benefactress.

It was a time-worn tale by now, but the rising fame of the discarded protege had revived it lately in the public mind. I had drunk in thirstily the details from the lips of elderly women who recalled the pitiful tale of the death of the young actress, the mother of three infant children.

One of the ministers of mercy to the stricken family still treasured in her "reliquary" a sallow copy of a card distributed on the morning of the day advertised as the date of the benefit to be given for the relief of the family of the dying woman, "with the advice and at the solicitation of many most respectable families":

"To the Humane—On this night, Mrs. Poe, lingering on the bed of disease, and surrounded by her children, asks your assistance and asks it perhaps for the last time."

She outlived the appeal but a week. Her eldest child was received into the family of a Baltimore friend of the father. Edgar was adopted by Mr. Allan, at his baptism receiving the godfather's name. Baby Rosalie was taken by Mrs. Mackenzie, a close intimate of the first Mrs. Allan, and reared as a daughter of the home.

IN THE "all-so-long-ago" of ante-bellum Richmond life what might be called the canonical hours for fashionable calls were from 12 m. to 3 o'clock p. m.

Hence when on one July day I returned from taking a music lesson and heard through the drawing-room door the

Within a year my heart had bled at the news of the death of the poet's girl wife. I had not needed the affecting details of his life to enlist my sympathies and to kindle admiration. Not a line written by him that came to my sight went unread. I had committed "The Bells" to an affectionate and faithful memory and delighted in saying it over to myself when alone. For the life of me, I could not have told why I thus dreamed and reveled. I knew the power of the magician without seeking to analyze it.

I repeat that I found this a full justification for the ill-bred eaves-dropping upon the threshold of the blank door and for straining my senses with passionate intensity for the sound of the voice of my mother's visitor. The door was thick and I got not one word. I heard the stranger's voice—a rich barytone with singularly musical inflections. His speech was low and somewhat monotonous to my young ears. Perhaps I had expected elocutionary effects from the man who could "think out" the rhythmic marvels of "The Bells."

As my mother spoke in reply, I sped upstairs, impelled by a new thought. I might not catch pearls and diamonds of speech. I could and would see him out of the house.

I passed the dwelling when on a visit to Richmond last spring and paused to look at the balcony topping the old-fashioned porch. A door from within opened down to the floor. I knelt within the roomy balcony, close to the balustrade, directly over the front steps.



Childhood Home of Marion Harland in Richmond
Crouching behind the balcony railing she watched the poet Poe

The embowered street was very still. The tree shadows—thick with summer foliage—were asleep in the white noon upon the pavement. The glory of mid-July was in the cloudless sky and abroad upon the dreaming earth. The smell of the roses which were my mother's pride and joy floated up to me while I waited. In the eloquent hush of nature the murmur of the river rose and fell upon the ear—the song that is never stilled by night or by day.

Was it that that set my pulses moving to the minuet measure of what I whispered in the waiting reverie?

"And all with pearl and ruby glowing

Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing,
flowing, flowing,

And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes whose sweet duty

Was but to sing
In voices of surpassing beauty
The wit and wisdom of the King."

It was a way I had—repeating, half-aloud, rhymes that had en-chained my fancy. The melody of the words captured and held the imagination more than the image they presented.

Hiding and Waiting to See a Real Live Poet

I had never seen a poet. It was a beautiful—a solemn thing—that my first sight of one of the "shining ones" should be Edgar Allan Poe.

I may have knelt and dreamed and whispered rhymes to myself for a half hour when the lower door opened and there were steps upon the porch floor. I leaned further forward, still screened from chance glances from below by the heavy balustrade.

He walked lightly down the steps and passed through the gate at the foot of the short flight. Outside of the gate he halted, his hand still upon it, and looked up and down the street as if hesitating in

which direction he should go. Standing thus, he lifted his hat to let the air pass through his hair and stood for an instant, gazing over the palings at the thicket of roses blooming within. He did not look up once, yet I saw his face distinctly. It is as clearly limned upon my mind today as it was then. So clearly, that I pronounce intelligently upon the comparative likeness of his many portraits to the original. None that I have ever seen conveys a just idea of the pure, indefinable refinement and clarity of feature and expression. He was evidently in a serene mood. The perfect day; the reaches of green shade under the vista of fine trees; the perfumed air and the river song may have had a message for him that no other could interpret.



Marion Harland, the School-girl Who Worshipped Poe

In that one instant I inventoried every particular of face and form. He wore a summer suit of light, black cloth and his hat was a black leghorn. I recalled at once that his wife had not been dead very long and decided that he still wore mourning for her. He carried a lithe figure with military erectness; I remarked especially that his ungloved hands were slender and shapely. "Patrician!" I said then, and "Just what a poet's should be!" The thought ran through me like some subtle electric fluid that the hand holding the hat had written "The Raven" and "The Bells"! His mouth was shadowed by a slight dark mustache; his hair was black and curled lightly.

It was all over in less time than it takes me to write the last sentence. With one last look at the rose thickets he put his hat upon his head and moved slowly down the street, not glancing back as I arose and strained my eyes for a last glimpse of him until he was lost in the distance.

He bore no resemblance to one who had written of himself as the doomed wretch whom—

"Disaster followed fast, and followed faster
Till the dirges of his hopes that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

Yet the lines were on my lips in shaking off the dream.

The reading world and the purveyors of pessimistic gossip are conversant with the events of the two years separating the death of Virginia Clemm Poe from the mysterious tragedy of her lover-husband's passing away from earth. Readers of his biography will recall the heroic devotion of the aunt who was also his mother-in-law.

N. P. Willis wrote of her in announcing in *The Home Journal* the death of Poe:

"Her daughter died a year and a half ago, but Mrs. Clemm did not desert him. She continued his ministering angel—living with him, caring for him; guarding him against exposure and, when he was carried away by temptation and self-abandonment, prostrated by destitution, true to him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with human passion, hallow its object, what does not a devotion like this—pure, disinterested and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit—say for him who inspired it?"

More than twenty years after my one and only glimpse of her son-in-law, I was surprised by the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Clemm. She was poor and old and ill. "Since the death of my darling Eddy there has been nobody to care whether I live or die," she said.

Unable longer to support herself by reason of ill health and the weight of years, she applied to certain American authors for aid in securing her a place in a home for aged women. A penciled note, gracefully worded, written from a sick bed, thanked me for the response to her appeal.

I heard nothing more of her until I read in a Baltimore paper the notice of "the decease on February 16, 1871, in the Church

Home in Baltimore of Mrs. Maria Clemm, the mother-in-law and the aunt of Edgar Allan Poe, in her eightieth year."

No element of squalor and of tragedy was wanting in the record of his earthly career.

That he is now reckoned among the immortals, whose fame the grateful generation following his will not let die, does not lessen the heartache that throbs at the mention of his name.

For myself I shall ever be thankful that I carry in a safe chamber of memory the picture of the spirituelle face and gallant bearing of the hero-poet of my girlish homage as I saw him in the setting of the embowered street of the Virginia city, under the blue of summer skies, when the roses were in richest bloom and the lullaby of the river was as the gentle flow of "the waters of quietness."

Ozone Theory a Delusion?

Much has been written and said about the marvelous effects of ozone. All the benefits of life on the mountains, in the forests and on the sea have been credited to the "ozone in the air." Various chemical devices have been manufactured and offered to the public to "make the air of the bedchamber or the sick room exactly like that of the pine woods." Now it is declared these theories are delusive. Professors Jordan and Carlson of the University of Chicago have carried on an extensive series of observations and experiments to determine the exact effect and value of ozone. The results of their work appear in a recent issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. The conclusion reached is that the hygienic value of ozone would be hardly worth considering were it not for the persistent claims made by the manufacturers and promoters of ozone generators. So far as the destruction of germs is concerned, these claims have little or no foundation. Experiments carried on show that human beings are injuriously affected by an amount of ozone far less than is necessary to kill the germs. There is no evidence for supposing that the quantity of ozone that can be tolerated by a human being has the slightest germicidal action. Ozone does not make "pure air" any more than strong spices make pure food.

These experiments of the Chicago scientists are further confirmed by experiments carried on by the hygienic laboratory of the California state board of health, the results of which appear in the same publication. These conclusions of scientific men simply confirm the experience and observations of past generations. There



The Former Allan Mansion at Richmond, Home of Edgar Allan Poe's Foster Parents

is no air so good as outdoor air, and the best way to get it is to open a door or window. Modern mechanical devices for "purifying the air" are in the main delusions and snares.

"I am glad to see you come so regularly to our evening services, Mrs. Brown."

"Yus. Yer see, me 'usband 'ates me goin' hout of a hevening, so I does it to spite 'im."—Punch.