

200
Duple
Evan 1860.70. 883

Ⓟ

THE
WORLD'S MILLENNIUM,
AND THE
Reasons for Expecting It.

BACCALAUREATE,

DELIVERED TO

❖ THE CLASS OF '83, ❖

June 10, 1883,

BY

JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,

PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.:
REVIEW PRINT.
1883.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
ESSEX INSTITUTE COLLECTION
NOV. 7, 1928

THE
WORLD'S MILLENNIUM,
AND THE
Reasons for Expecting It.
BACCALAUREATE,

DELIVERED TO

◀THE CLASS OF '83,▶

June 10, 1883,

BY

JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,

PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.:
REVIEW PRINT.
1883.

WABASH COLLEGE.

Dedicated to the Class of '83.

For whom it was prepared, viz:

EDWIN HATFIELD ANDERSON.

HERBERT RITCHIE HESS.

ERASMUS WILLIAM HILLER.

HORACE FRANKLIN KING.

CHARLES BEARY LANDIS.

DANIEL ROBERT MCGREGOR.

WILL PARKER MCKEE.

ANDREW EDGAR REYNOLDS.

FRED R. ROSEBRO.

WALTER CHALMERS SIVYER.

GEORGE SKINNER.

OTIS ALEXANDER SMITH.

ALBERT EDWARD THORNTON.

JOSEPH TALBERT TOMLINSON.

THOMAS G. WILKINS.

DISCOURSE.

II Peter, 3; 8—10. "But beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years—," etc.

The text is embosomed in some statements that are as sublime to-day as when they were written eighteen hundred years ago.

Our Lord, just before His death, had said that two terrible incidents should take place. Jerusalem should be destroyed, and that He himself would come to judge all nations. When Peter wrote the text, neither of these predictions had been accomplished. Jerusalem was still the glorious and mighty city in the midst of which was the Temple shedding its glories forth in matchless splendor.

It was not thirty years since our Lord had spoken the doom of Jerusalem, and lo, the scoffers were mockingly asking, "when is the Lord coming to destroy Jerusalem, for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation!"

In the other case named—"the judgment of the great day"—the end has not yet come. In this, and other cases, the Apostle names a new and sublime factor—the *eternity of God*; "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." It is a magnificent enunciation, and it explains some things which otherwise are hard to be understood. It is a general belief that the world and the people in it are very far below a condition of good which is both conceivable and possible.

One speaks of it as "the good time coming," another, "as the age of gold," and still another gives voice to this human aspiration by the stirring command to mankind,

"Ring out the old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

The Divine Word excels all others in its inter-

pretation of the soul's longing for the millennium when the ideal condition of good is to become realized. It abounds in visions of prophets looking forward to a time when there shall be no destroyers on the earth, and the very agents of ruin shall be disarmed and harmless. The wolf, the leopard, the lion, and the adder shall cease to be harmful. Messiah shall reign in righteousness. There shall be none to hurt or destroy; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

When we examine the condition of the world we shudder at the almost infinite difference between the world as it *is* and that condition of good which the human soul longs for and which God promises. And the mockers in our day are saying, where is the promise of His coming? for from the day that the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.

Why do we expect a better time for our world? What answer do we make to the scoffers of our day?

The *first* and *chief* ground for this expectation is that it is the *promise of God*. (2 Pet. 3; 2, 4, 9 & 13.) Like Abraham, we are fully assured that what God has promised He is able to perform.

In this assurance both reason and faith share. Reason asks as confidentially as Faith, "Hath God said and shall He not do it? or, hath He spoken and shall He not make it good?"

We do not pretend to say how or when God will effect the changes in human character and condition which enter into the conception we have of that day of glory. We say this, it will surely dawn for God has promised it.

All things are possible with God, and so reason and faith clasp hands in the confident expectation—transcendantly marvelous as it is—guaranteed by such an assurance.

My *second* statement is concerning a progress that seems *slow*, perhaps so slow as to seem to

some to be no progress at all towards the promised condition of good described in God's word. The thought, in grand imagery, is expressed in the words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years."

That is, in certain stages of providential development, it seems as if God does not move at all or that He moves so slowly that He takes a thousand years to do what we may desire and even expect He would do in one day. Let me illustrate this. Learned men are carefully looking into God's methods of building the material universe into its present forms. I do not say *creating* the universe. No words express God's act of creation better than his own—"In the beginning *God* created the heaven and the earth."

However far back the beginning, *then* God with omnipotent power created the matter of which the earth and the heaven, with all that is in them, have been made.

Let me assume, as true the nebular hypothesis in order to get an illustration of my second statement, as to the seeming slowness with which God works in accomplishing His plans.

According to this theory, "the present material universe was once a mass of fiery vapor filling stellar spaces--a chaotic or vaporous mass--the sun surrounded by an intensely hot, molten mass." There was only one orb. The sun enveloped in this fiery atmosphere occupied space alone. Suppose an archangel had conducted some student-angel to a point in space whence he might see the fiery vapor filling all stellar spaces. Suppose he had told him that this shall cool and condense, and that in the remote bounds of space a world shall drop into space, and then another, and then another until eight worlds shall revolve, each in its own orbit about the sun, in magnificent beauty. How grand the revelation! How divine the conception! And yet a thousand years, aye, a million years pass slowly away and there is no sign of the predicted world--chaotic matter still flames through space.

And the archangel's disciple says, where is the sign of this event, for all things continue as they were from the beginning? Well might the angelic teacher reply, "be not ignorant of this one thing, beloved, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years. This is God's way. He is in no haste. He takes a thousand years to do what you might expect Him to do in a day. And yet He will do it in such a fashion that where these flames fill space, the heavens shall declare the glory of God and the firmament show His handiwork!"

Suppose, again, the archangel should point out the sixth planet that was rolled from the sun into an orbit of its own. He calls it earth. It is still a world of molten fiery matter, and the teacher assures his pupil that this red-hot world, blazing through space, shall become a world of beauty and life, the abode which God shall fit up as the worthy residence of beings yet to be created in this image. How unlikely is this to be accomplished. Millions of years pass and yet the red-hot earth is flying along its orbit. Aye, it may be a thousand millions of years. And the student says to his master, "all things continue as they were from the beginning." And the Master replies, "beloved, one day is with the Lord as a thousand years." A Christian geologist has spoken of the domain of geology "as nothing less than (to us) inconceivable or infinite time, an infinite abyss of the unrecorded."

Let us come down to the outer verge of the "earth's recorded history." I refer to God's method of producing the *soil* which sustains all life. We are not now dealing with the stratification of the rocks, nor the formations of the coal measures—wonderful as they are—but only with the soil. It consists of pulverized rocks mixed with decayed vegetation. This is effected by the atmosphere, water and vegetation. The atmosphere penetrates every crack in the rock with its gases and slowly decomposes it. The water in streams and seas helps in the assault. Congealed

in glaciers, it ploughs its way down the mountain rifts, with a sort of infinite power, and grinds into fine dust the rocks. The torrents carry these away to the valleys. The little lichen—a new creation—fastens itself to the face of the rock, and detaching a little from it, dies to mingle its minute dust with that which it had taken from the rock. The two are but very little, but countless millions of plants are doing the same. Each pays its minute tribute of mould as a new force that is to minister life and beauty and riches to the earth.

And there is another humble agency whose work has but recently been noted. I name it only as one illustration. The great English naturalist has described the ministry of the *earth-worm* in working over the crude elements, deep under ground, into soil, making them fine and enriching them. And having pushed its little tribute to the surface, like the lichen, it dies and adds a little more to the soil—the force that is to sustain life—everywhere producing food for brute and for man, and becoming even the basis on which the mental and moral life of man is conditioned.

But this process which spreads the soil over the earth is extremely slow. The plant touches the rock, the atmosphere penetrates it, the water moistens it, the glacier grinds it. Each one of countless myriads of little agencies does its part, but it takes so long, the process is so slow, that the impatient student says, “Where is the promised world of beauty God was to make?” and the archangel again replies, “Be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years.”

And these illustrations of God’s methods of work in nature aptly represent His methods of work in human history. Dr. Stowe thought the sublimest view of God is the calmness with which He works out His purposes. Man frets and chafes, but God is calm.

"Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs."

It was God's plan to let mankind test its power to get along without him.

It would seem as if one generation would be enough. God took fifty generations. Why take more than one day to show that every thought of man's heart is evil, and only evil continually? Yet God let that experiment go on slowly sixteen hundred years.

Very soon after man's fall God began to give the promises of a Messiah who was to save man. And then the principle announced by Peter was illustrated in a very remarkable manner. Cities were founded and perished. Nations waxed and waned. Centuries slowly moved away. The wicked were exultant. A thousand years, two thousand, aye! four thousand years have dropped into the gone eternity, and yet no Messiah has come. "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

The Roman power moves itself into history seven hundred and fifty years before Christ. About B. C. 550, the prophet Daniel, then in Babylon, the greatest city in the world, uttered a prophecy which forecasts the general facts of the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman empires. When Rome had scarcely yet been felt outside of Italy, Daniel described its vast and colossal power, its cruelty, and its downfall—"a beast, dreadful, and terrible, and strong exceedingly, and it had great iron teeth; it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it." The destiny of this terrible power, the prophet described in these words: "The judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion, to consume and destroy it unto the end." (Dan. 7:7 and 23:6)

This word of God as to the fate of Rome was spoken five and a half centuries before Christ was born.

All those centuries Rome was steadily growing. For one hundred years more until the beginning of the second century of the Christian era, Rome kept enlarging its dominions until from the golden mile-post in the Forum it reached to Britain in one direction, the Straits of Gibraltar in another, the Caspian Sea in another, and the Red Sea in another, including a vast empire in Europe, Africa, and Asia. For two centuries more Rome was imperial. And, even then, it was nearly two centuries more before Rome itself fell. More than a thousand years before, God had declared its downfall. It was slow in coming, so slow that to some it seemed not coming at all.

But Rome, some say, was removed from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. It is true that Attila and Genseric sacked Rome, but the real Rome went with Constantine to Byzantium.

This statement magnifies the words of Peter. Rome was sentenced to die five hundred and fifty years before Christ, and the learned Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," fixes the catastrophe with the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. Two thousand years had come and gone, and yet the end had not come. One day had been with the Lord as a thousand years.

The illustrations of my second statement abound in nature and in history.

Up to a certain point in his plans God seems to move so slowly that scoffers say he does not move at all. He takes a thousand years to do what He might do, and what we, in our impatience, think He ought to do, in one day.

Indeed, so general is this statement of God's method, that we may reasonably expect to find it true in regard to the ideal condition of good which is promised to the human family.

My *third* statement is the supplement of the last, that whilst up to a certain point in the plans of God's progress seems very slow, or even imperceptible, *when those plans reach that point, they hasten to the result with greatly accelerated speed.* One

day *was* with the Lord as a thousand years; but now a thousand years are as one day. Up to a certain point in His providential work God seemed to take a thousand years to do the work of a day; but now in a day He does the work of a thousand years.

How slowly God worked after man fell. Sixteen centuries passed with no sign of the predicted doom. Then suddenly as an earthquake, the blow fell, and a drowning world closed the catastrophe.

In this way deliverance came to the Jew slaves in Egypt and the negro slaves in the United States. It was God's plan to free the slaves. Time passed slowly away, and every chain seemed more strongly rivetted. Centuries of bondage killed hope in the hearts of the enslaved. For ages there was not a sign of salvation. It would seem as if the psalmist had their case in mind when in hot impatience he cried out, "Awake, why sleepest Thou, oh Lord? arise!" "Why withdrawest Thou Thy hand, even Thy right hand? Pluck it out of Thy bosom." (Ps. 44:23 and 74:11.) The scoffers cried out, "Where is the promise of His coming? All things continue as they were from the beginning."

Suddenly the first plague falls like a bolt from Heaven, then the second, and the whole in quick succession. Now events hasten. A little while ago, Pharaoh mockingly asked, "Who is the Lord?" Now he joins his people in urging the flight of the slaves. The rock had been poised in motionless stillness for ages. Suddenly God pushes it and it moves with swiftening speed down into the valley, crushing all in its way.

And so it was with negro slavery in this country. The Puritans and the slaves reached this continent the same year. For two centuries the condition of the slaves seemed gradually growing worse. The acquisition of new territory, the invention of a remarkable machine, and the play of the system as a factor in national politics, all seemed to conspire to effect an indefinite postponement of the slave's deliverance. When Mr.

Lincoln, the chosen President of the United States, came like a fugitive into Washington, on the 23d of February, 1861, apparently there had never dawned a darker hour on the American slave.

Suddenly the shell was shot at the flag over Sumter, the sign that the slave power, armed and in rebellion, was clutching at the throat of the American Union. And now events hurry. Armies are raised, blood flows, victory seems to shun the Nation that is saving its own life and breaking the chains of the slave.

How fast and yet seemingly adversely all things moved. And then, as when the sun bursts its way through dark clouds, the scene suddenly changed. On the 4th of July, 1863, Vicksburg and Gettysburg became ours. April 12th, 1861, Ruffin fired the first shot at Sumter. Two years and nine months from that time Lincoln proclaimed the slaves free, and in a year and a half that freedom became an accomplished fact by the collapse of the rebellion.

The time had come when God seemed to abandon the policy of working slowly to do with terrible and glorious swiftness in a day enough work for a thousand years.

This is my third reason for expecting vast and beneficent changes in the condition of mankind. Such changes are possible and, I think, certain. Now the change expected is ideal, it is the dream of the poet, the aspiration of the believer. At some time in the future, when, God only knows, this ideal glory is to become real. The specters of evil that haunt the world shall flee away. Wickedness and the wicked shall no longer be here. The wolf, the bear, the lion, and the serpent shall no longer do their accursed work. In all the earth there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy.

I know well how true in our own day is the brilliant statement of Peter as to the scoffs of the scoffers in his day.

They forgot or did not know how slow God was

in building the world, and how vast a time he took to do it. They railed at God's threatenings because they were not quickly fulfilled, and he replied to their scoffs by one of the most sublime statements concerning God's methods of making good His purposes found even in His own words, "Be not ignorant of this one thing, beloved, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

Does any scoffer ask the reasons of our expectations? We condense our apology into the three statements already illustrated at such length. We expect the good time because God has promised it. We also see that it is God's method in nature and history to seem to work so slowly as to take a thousand years to do the work of a day. And with profound satisfaction we also look at the fact that when God's plan has reached a certain stage of development, the Almighty works rapidly. His plans rush to their fulfillment with quickening speed. He does in a day the work of a thousand years.

ADDRESS TO THE CLASS.

GENTLEMEN SENIORS:

The laurel was sacred to Apollo, the god of the fine arts. Such as were distinguished in these were crowned with the *laurel* berries. The old universities followed the custom, and their graduates crowned with the *bacca-laurea* became *bachelors*.

A baccalaureate may be called the act of laying a crown of laurel berries on the head of a student graduated in any one or all of the arts.

I have been speaking of the earth's expected millennium and the reasons for belief that it will come, as the baccalaureate of your class.

It has been said—

"Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

You have been educated at great cost. Christian men have laid the foundations of this college, and at very little or no cost to yourselves, you have had the benefit.

How are you to pay the debt? To-day, I am sure—using the word in its broadest sense—you cancel the debt when you help on the world's millennium. It is not here yet. No, not by a great deal. The earth's surface is merely scratched by an ignorant husbandry. It ought to produce ten-fold as much bread for man.

It is your mission, as scholars, to teach and to help mankind multiply the "corn, which is the staff of life."

"God has made everything beautiful in his time," "Beauty is truth, and truth is beauty," "and it will never pass into nothingness." The world is full of it, all praise it, and yet the masses of mankind enjoy it very little. They cry for bread, but the most of them breathe no aspiration for the beautiful. And even among the civilized and educated nations, how imperfect the education of the esthetic nature! The world

waits for you to herald and help on the millennium of taste. Teach people that life is doubled in its joys by a patch of green sward by the humblest cottage, or a flower in its window.

The original curse is still in force. Some men laugh at it, but it is here with its iron grip on us, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The violation of law has caused mankind infinite miseries.

The christian religion affords infinite help. A christian man discovered and applied a force which does the work of 800,000,000 of men in Great Britain alone. The song of the Steam peals over the world :

"Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.

Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On earth and ocean wide
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind nor tide.

Hurra! hurra! the waters, the air,
The mountain's steep decline,
Time, space, have yielded to my power,
The world, the world is mine.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf;
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself."

And yet the millennium has not yet come to the sweating brow. The most of the human family still feel the unexpended curse of work. The almshouses overrun, labor stands unemployed at midday in the market place, the masses still live in comfortless homes and drag out a weary existence. The millennium is not yet here for the laboring people. As yet, "Men must work and women must weep." Hope yearns for the day when there shall be "joy to the toiler," and thanks to God—

"That the dead have left still
Good undone for the living to do."

In my opening remarks, I have referred to the expected moral millennium. Glorious as it seems to the eye of faith, I will not repeat my words as

to that which is the crowning glory of the human race in the future, when man shall be what he ought, and do what he ought, in every relation he holds.

The central figure in this moral millennium is *man*. The tumultuous voices of the human race shall become heavenly concord when the Lord's Prayer shall be answered. Does any one scoffingly ask *how* and *when*?

I answer in God's own sublime words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

These millenniums, to which I have referred, seem, even for ages, to advance very slowly. And what of that? This is God's method in nature, providence and history. When the hour hand on the dial plate of God's eternal plan shall indicate the time to have come for God's "word to run very swiftly," then shall He effect in a day changes vast enough for a thousand years.

Some years ago, in the Conservatory of the Albany Patroon, was to be seen a century plant. It had been there three generations of the same family. It was a great, ugly plant which year after year seemed to change very little. Yet this ugly, and seemingly unchanging plant, contained in itself the prediction of very remarkable and unexpected changes. The owner of the conservatory and his gardener waxed old and died, but the plant remained the same. And so it continued for three-fourths of a century. One day the gardener noticed a change. A vigorous stem shot out of its center and grew with such rapidity that the roof of the conservatory had to be removed to give it room. And there it stood, in its long delayed but swift fulfilled promise, a straight and beautiful stem, forty feet high, so dividing itself into numerous branches as to form a cylindrical pyramid of perfect symmetry, each crowned with a cluster of flowers which continued in perfect bloom several months.

It is the striking figure of the expected millennium which is to render the condition of the hu-

man race infinitely better than it now is.

My young friends, the farewell which is to sunder your connection with this college, shall lose its sadness if we see you going out into the great suffering world to help it. Happy shall we be to note in your lives the conviction that Whittier gave voice, not merely to the yearnings and the belief of the human soul, but of your own souls, that

"The eternal step of progress beats
To that grand anthem calm and slow
Which God repeats."

I want you to help educate the world. Do your part to give it the millennium. Teach others how to labor and yet have joy in it. Give them the key to the vast treasures of wealth, yet to be turned up by the plow and dug from the mines. Help them to make their homes home-like, toil pleasant, capital however humble productive, the savings of labor, in all its forms, larger and more evenly distributed, the culture of the hand, the mind, the taste, and the moral nature, more thorough in all the harmonies of a perfect and true manhood.

In your hearts, as their supreme principle, enthroned the love of Jesus, your Savior. Do not curse the world by teaching men to scoff at "the man of sorrows," or by the leprosy of sin, rot down your manhood to the infinite damage of yourselves and others. Make the world stronger, richer and purer by loving God and your fellow men.

Young men, in the name of the christian men who, with infinite toil and sacrifice, have founded and built this college, I welcome you to the brotherhood of her sons in the interest of the brotherhood of mankind, and, as I welcome you to the new and larger brotherhood of those who have worn the garland crown of the college, I bid you farewell in words which are tinged with sadness and full of hope—*macte virtute!* hail to you, and also farewell!

