

# FOUNDATION STONES,

OF THE

## CHURCH OF THE UNITY,

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

*George Chainey*

*And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with  
all manner of precious stones.—REV. 21 : 19.*

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For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight ;  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;  
In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity ;  
All must be false that thwarts this one great end ;  
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.—POPE.

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1878.

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THIS VOLUME

*Is respectfully and affectionately dedicated to*

REV. ROBERT COLLYER;

*Through whose generous sympathy and helping hand*

THE WRITER

*found the Rest and Fellowship of the*

LIBERAL FAITH.

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## PREFACE.

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*My design in publishing this book is three-fold: First, a stranger myself to the Church at large, in which I have found a home, and Pastor of one of its newest and most isolated churches, I desire, through it, to introduce myself and fold to those of like Faith; Second, I feel that the contents thereof cannot but be of interest and benefit to all who may read it; Third, Our surroundings here are such that our growth must be slow, and any profit derived from the sale of it will be strictly devoted to help maintain our Church at Evansville, Indiana.*

GEORGE CHAINEY.

## INTRODUCTORY.

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MY DEAR BROTHER CHAINEY:

Permit me to give you and the earnest friends associated with you my hearty congratulations, that our Liberal Christian Church in Evansville, after years of patient, persevering effort and struggle, is established on a firm foundation. We all rejoice in the cheering prospects of its life and far-reaching influence. Your church has for its home and its centre of beneficent action a neat, attractive building, with no burden of debt. Thanks to God for that great blessing! It has a large and interesting Sunday School. It is a flourishing and attractive city, with wide-awake, hospitable citizens, who appreciate the good Public Schools and other instrumentalities of culture, with which they are favored, and by whose intelligence, enterprising spirit and great commercial and manufacturing industry, the city is made a great power, and a power for good, to large portions of Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois. The church is to be congratulated, too, that the men and women, who from the beginning have longed for it and worked for it, have been persons respected for the genuineness and excellence of their characters—characters marked by straightforwardness, integrity, sterling honesty—all the substantial qualities that command esteem and insure confidence.

Some of those dear friends have passed upward and onward to the world of clearer light to which they were warmly welcomed by the true-hearted who had preceded them on the star-lighted way, but their memories remain precious and inspiring, and their influence will never cease to be felt.

On my earliest visit to Evansville, in December, 1851, nearly twenty-seven years ago, I was greeted very cordially by that true man, Mr. Philip Hornbrook, as upright in spirit as he was erect in form, and I found him then, as ever afterwards, the frank, outspoken, firm friend of Unitarian Christianity. Nearly ten years later, in the eventful Spring of 1861, I was summoned to Evansville to conduct the funeral services of his eldest daughter, whose lovely expressive face was the revelation of a clear, bright mind, an earnest, religious spirit, a warm, loving heart, a well-balanced and strong character.

Kindred in soul to Mr. Hornbrook, was his sister, Mrs. Maidlow, of whose thoughtful generosity in land and money as well as of unfaltering religious

loyalty, your church will always be a fragrant memorial—"an alabaster box of precious ointment." A striking type and illustration was she of the genuine English woman and of the English Unitarian. Rational in thought, reverent in spirit, with opinions clearly defined and cleanly cut; with convictions of truth and duty on which she rested as firm as a mountain on its granite base; unshrinkingly faithful to Christian morality—the ethics of the sermon on the mount—she was a fine and rare representative of strong, noble womanhood, of the characteristic womanhood of old England transplanted to our rich Western soil.

It was very interesting to me—and as gratifying as interesting—to find on one of my early visits to Evansville that the three Trustees of the Public Schools were our two devoted Unitarian friends—Mr. Philip Hornbrook and Mr. H. Q. Wheeler, and a Roman Catholic, Mr. Wm. Hughes—and that the three were working with great heartiness and entire harmony in promoting the all-important cause of popular, universal education

To all of us who have watched with interest and hope the progress of Unitarian Christianity in Evansville, the remembrance is very precious of the inestimable service rendered to it in 1857 and 1858, by Rev. James K. Hosmer, now a professor in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Hosmer, then fresh from his studies at Cambridge, threw his whole soul into the work, and by his untiring exertions for the church and for every good and humane cause, endeared himself to Mr. Hornbrook and the other early and staunch friends of our cause and won the love and admiration of a host of friends connected with other communions. Not in vain were the labors of Mr. Hosmer and of the other true men, who from time to time have been connected with the Evansville church, though there were seasons, sometimes long-continued and depressing, of suspension of active exertions. Now the bright day has dawned and may its light grow brighter and brighter, evermore.

Sincerely, your friend and brother,

JOHN H. HEYWOOD.

*Louisville, Ky.*

## HISTORICAL.

From the time of Mr. Heywood's first visit to Evansville and its present organization, under the name of the Church of the Unity, the Liberal Christians of the place were constant in their endeavors to organize and maintain a church. Among the laymen worthy of the highest honor in this connection, I find, besides those elsewhere mentioned, are Geo. W. Rathbone, (now residing in New York, and still a contributor to the church); H. Q. Wheeler, (now of Portland, Maine); J. W. Knight, Jonas Smith, E. Q. Smith, A. J. Colburn, Wm. Emery, and L. M. Baird. The ministers, who, during this time, kept the sacred fire alive, either by occasional visits or by short engagements, as the Society felt itself able to maintain preaching, I find were Revs. J. H. Heywood, J. G. Foreman, James K. Hosmer and David Henry Clark.

In the month of October, 1875, the Ohio Valley Conference met here, at the close of which the Society was re-organized under the name of the CHURCH OF THE UNITY, EVANSVILLE, IND., with the following *Preamble and Article of Membership*:

WE, whose names are here recorded, believing that a true Christian fellowship can only be realized by active co-operation in works of fraternal good will, and that such fellowship should lead us to recognize and fulfill more completely our great human relationship, do hereby form ourselves into a Christian Church, for purposes of Mutual Helpfulness and General Beneficence. Recognizing the right of private judgment, we require no doctrinal test of membership, but welcome all to fellowship who desire to work with us for the advancement of the Kingdom of God; and we hereby pledge ourselves, as far as lies in our power, to fulfill the obligation which this membership imposes — to advocate Freedom of Thought, Beauty of Life, and Love to God and Man.

Any person may become a member of this church who really desires to get good from it, or do good in it, by recording their names upon its list of membership, pledging thereby to be faithful to its demands upon them.

Since this the Society has enjoyed, through occasional preaching, the services of Revs. S. P. Putnam, Carson Parker, J. O. M. Hewitt, W. T. Lewis, A. F. Bailey, J. T. Sunderland and Jenk. Ll. Jones.

Among the laymen who, at the time of the new organization, gave fresh strength and life to the cause, was J. J. Kleiner, (present Mayor of the city); Soren Sorenson and R. S. Hornbrook.

The corner-stone of the new church was laid Oct. 30, 1876. The building was completed and ready for occupation by April 1, 1878, at which time the Society extended a call to the writer to visit them in view of settling among them as Pastor.



## THE PREACHER AND HIS WORK.\*

GEORGE CHAINEY.

So as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel.—*Rom* 1, 10.

It is not for me, a stranger, to enter into and fully sympathize with your feelings as you come for the first time into a church of your own for divine worship. I congratulate you, however, in the completion of so pleasant and tasteful a church edifice. But next to your satisfaction in the possession of this home, I presume is your desire to secure some one, to whom you will gladly listen as a teacher of religion. Thinking of this I thought that it would not be altogether inappropriate for me to invite you at this time to a short study of the Preacher and his Work. Perhaps you say why not do the work and let it speak for both itself and the doer? But the same objection would hold good in regard to all the great works of man—yea, touching even the important question of life itself. Why not take life as we find it—drifting before the swell of every wave of influence that touches us? Because we are satisfied that all who have crowned life with a brighter crown, have breasted this tide, and the still small voice of every earnest soul tells him that by wrestling with its problems, and being true to its solemn and imperative duties, that there is yet a fairer crown and more boundless inheritance to be won. And so they question and question, and ponder and ponder; until, in response to their wistful and earnest beseeching, the heavens open above them and the glory of a new truth transfigures them, while the light of ancient Moses and Elias pales before these rising suns, and the voice of duty says to all beholders—“hear them!”

But to put this objection in a new light: Why not accept every man's word and work as final? When a great mechanical, scientific, literary, artistic or religious genius appears, would it not be best for all who come afterwards to say, like Peter, of Je-

\* Sermon preached in the Church of the Unity, April 8th, 1877.

sus: "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Nay; for the voice of Jesus and of all other true and noble sons of God and man, proclaim, above all, this unbelief: "Greater works than this shall ye do." Suppose, for one instance, that when Watts first discovered the power of steam, men had rested satisfied with his application of it. The mind shrinks with horror from the thought and leaps with mighty exultation at the remembrance, that such men of faith as Stephens and Fulton came piercing the invisible. Of whom, like the heroes of old, "The world was not worthy;" standing, as they did, so faithfully by this clumsy, hated, new-born child—bearing the scoffs, scorn and enmity of almost all about them, until they had nursed him to be the giant he is, and ever shall be; surpassing, in his daily work, a million times the fabled exploits of Hebrew Samson and Grecian Hercules. Yet, for all this, there are thousands of men standing in as many different pulpits, who simply repeat the old words of the old Preachers; who, good as they were, never for one moment dreamed that the cast-off garments with which they clothed the living spirit, burning and glowing within them, would ever be presented to any one as the true bread and life of the soul. As I think of this, I wonder not that so many truly religious souls absent themselves from places of public worship, preferring to wander in the fields and listen to the preaching of bird and flower and brook, rather than be regaled with such dry husks.

Let us now with this brief opening turn to our subject.

The first affirmation I want to make, touching the preacher is, that there can be no gospel preached that is not projected from a human consciousness. The true power of the pulpit is not in its appendages; there may be intellectual power, graceful rhetoric, and the stirring pathos of eloquence; but while the preacher should despise none of these gifts, if there be nothing else, his preaching may be fitly compared to the barren fig-tree, presenting nothing but leaves, that vexed even the soul of Jesus; when, through the abundance of its verdure, he came expecting fruit and found nothing but leaves. From the genuine Christian pulpit there must be the ripe fruit of life dropping naturally from the full-laden boughs of the soul. Earnest words must be backed

by a manly life. New truth must come naturally from a growing soul. He who would preach faith must live "As seeing Him that is invisible." It must be to him the evidence of things not seen. When the crown of thorns is pressed on, he must feel in spite of the burning, tingling pain the crown of Truth above. When the sky above him is dark with the thick cloud of jeers, taunts, sneers and scornful names: Impudent blasphemer, infidel, athiest and destroyer, from his fellow men, whose true interests he is seeking, he must see emblazoned above in letters of light that never grow dim, the approval of his Heavenly Father: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

He who would preach the Christian hope must keep the windows of his soul open towards the East, expecting through every long night of darkness a new day. While he inspects the word that now is, he must never cease expecting a better one.

He who would proclaim charity—the greatest of these three sister graces of Heaven—must be so large in his life and sympathy that he can not only carry in his heart his own interests and those of his own immediate household, but like Jesus, must be able to say, when looking about him upon the multitude: "Behold my mother and brethren." And so whoever would preach righteousness, the out-blossoming and fruit-bearing of these divine plants, must abide in its strength and joy. The true preacher must, like Jesus, give for the people to eat and drink his own flesh and blood, with this explanation: "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

If this is true, how foolish the custom of those parents who, out of a family of boys take one at hap-hazard—thinking, that by education, they can make a preacher of the gospel of life out of him. There is no doubt an abundance of cant in the church about the necessity of a call to preach. But underlying all this talk is the truth I have been seeking to make plain: that he who feeds the souls of his hearers must do it out of consciousness of a divine life-power throbbing at his heart—beating against theirs and awakening in them the moral and spiritual sense. The second fact about the preacher is, that this power—to be at its best—must have an individuality about it. It cannot be secured

by mere routine work. If it exists at all, it must be the product of independent thought—the soul's personal perception of the truth—the unfolding of a character that rests upon the foundation of the liberty of the sons of God. That there is a certain kind of good accomplished by simple, honest men, who can alone repeat the creed they have been taught, and that without being able to give a reason for the hope that is within them, I do not doubt; but, glancing over the lives of all the great effectual preachers, I find abundant evidence to maintain, at all odds, that the teaching of the men whose work underlies the thought and life of the church in the past and who are enlarging its borders to-day, owes its vitality and power to independence of thought and character. Knowing the character of the men, we find that the good they accomplished was through the reflective and inspiring influence of this upon others. Take as an illustration of this the life and work of Jesus. For whatever may be our respective thought about his relation to us and God, we are all no doubt agreed that he was the starting-point of the new river of spiritual grace that has given to Christendom its superior growth of virtue. We may or we may not believe in the miracles associated with his name, but the existence of the Christian spirit and ideal of life is independent of all possible change or variety of view touching the outward facts and relations of his life.

But what is the central thought of this system of truth—the thought that gives to it superiority over all other systems? Is it not that man is divine—that he is in such sense a moral and spiritual being, as to be one with God? Hitherto the highest truth attained had been the Unity of God; but Jesus felt and proclaimed the Unity of God and man. Of course, no such great truth as this could spring at once into life and beauty. Nothing that springs up, like Jonah's gourd, is of any permanent value. Prophets and Patriarchs had seen it in the light of promise from afar—so much of its face had been turned towards them, as to make them long, ardently, for a fuller vision. David had risen so far as to say: "Like as a Father." Isaiah had been wistful touching it, saying: "Doubtless thou art our Father." Grecian Cleanthes and Aratus in the exaltation of poetry had sung of man as the Off-spring of Deity. But Jesus said, in every day,

earnestness and yet soberness of feeling and conviction: "My Father—Our Father—Your Father." He felt himself to be one with the spirit and source of all life—life to him was a part of a divine plan. He did not feel this alone for himself, as the church has so long mistakenly taught, but for *all*; to him the chief end and good of man was, to reach this sense of Unity. His prayer for mankind was: "That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me and I in thee." This was to him the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, which he commended them to seek before all things—"the way, the truth and the life," by which any soul could come into the presence of the Father. Though he recognized the value of each soul in the possession of this spiritual capacity and relationship, it was only by earnest knocking, asking, seeking and striving in the interests of this side of their nature, that they could live in this consciousness of being one with the heart and source of all life; saved from all fear of death through eternal life.

I care not what your theory of interpreting the Gospels may be; but I am sure that if you accept them as of any value, that you will find their worth to lie in this direction.

But what is the painter of this picture that shall hang for ever in the art-galleries of the soul? Is he a mere copyist or a great Heaven-sent original genius.

Let the character of his life make answer:

Did he set any great store upon wealth?

"The foxes have their holes, the birds have their nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Did he live for the praise of men? No one in the face of his lowly and self-forgetful life has ever dared to lay any such charge against him. Did he seek to cultivate his intellect at the expense of his heart-life? "Whence hath this man letters having never learned them?" was the language of wandering and admiring neighbors. The language of his childhood: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The truth that lies back of that wilderness struggle at the beginning of his career, the whole tenor of his life, going about doing good, corroborates the thought that the power of his life lay in his individual character. He felt the grandeur and freedom of the soul's oneness with the

Eternal and divine, and wanted all men to be glad and rejoice in the same.

Pass a moment from Jesus to Paul: What was the central thought of Paul's preaching?—beyond question, Faith! Men were not saved by the formal works of the law, but by *faith* in God and Jesus Christ, His son, who, in his whole life had revealed the true God, and who lead all who should reverently trust and obey him into peace with God. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," was his answer to the jailor, who, seeing Paul and his companion rejoicing in tribulation and unmoved by fear before the awe-striking power of an earthquake, coveted this same confidence and salvation. "The just shall live by faith." All the men "Of whom the world was not worthy," had won the shining qualities that lifted them above their fellows—through faith. Is not this the key-note of all his letters to the churches? Now what was the character of this man, did he walk by sight or faith? As he went from place to place in his missionary tours, was there anything to encourage him that met the eye? Nay! What was it then that sustained him through all his tribulations and arduous toils? Was it not the fact that faith to him was indeed the evidence of things not seen, enabling him to see as though it already was—the success of the cause he advocated? No man ever encountered more opposition than Paul, or had less of what the human heart finds solace in; and yet it will be hard to find anyone who had such an abundance of good cheer.

As with Paul so with James. He was surnamed the just. So when he writes he turns the scale down on the opposite side and talks about showing us his faith by works, and declares that faith without works is dead; that it is useless for a man to pray and seem to be very religious, if at the same time he cannot keep his tongue from slander; that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

As with James, so with John. All know that he was emphatically the most affectionate disciple Jesus had; also, that the burden of all he wrote was love. The same fact is equally true of Luther and Calvin, Knox and Bunyan, Wesley and Whitfield.

But notice for a moment one of a more recent date, whom all Unitarians love and revere—Channing. Now it is beginning to be universally acknowledged, both by Orthodox and Heterodox, that the American pulpit has never produced a loftier, spiritual, or more Christ-like character. One of the most talented and earnest orthodox ministers with whom I am acquainted—pointing to his face in a steel engraving of the American authors, said to me: “There is my hero and ideal man.” And now I ask, where among all the religious teachers of the church since the days of Jesus can you point to one, who, breaking out of the old ruts of dogma, has cast a brighter halo of glory about the moral and spiritual nature of all men? To this day it is almost impossible for anyone to speak on this subject without quoting his words. His life marks a new era in the religious thought and sentiment of this nation. He turned the water of life out of its old muddy channel into a new one, cut out of the solid rock of the soul’s liberty, along which its waters flow pure and limpid, carrying refreshing from the eternal fountains to all fainting souls. So reflecting, in their crystal clearness, the bright blue sky above, and flowers that bloom on the banks as to blend into one harmonious picture, the life that now is with that which is to come, uniting again the divine with the human; and so, through the power of a more Christ-like life, redeeming Christianity from the bondage to dogma, to which enslaved souls had ignorantly condemned it. Out of these two facts, touching the preacher, springs two touching his work. First, if the value of the pulpit is in its life-power, he must seek always to penetrate into the spirit that lies beneath the letter of religious thought. He must never permit himself to be frightened from the living soul through any deformity of the body. Beneath every conception of universal humanity there lies some vital truth. Because, so many are preaching the fact of faith in such a way that whoever accepts it must first throw away his reason; Yea, his manhood and talk, and act like one just escaped from an insane asylum, does not make that there is not in this a vital principle of the soul’s life. Because so many are teaching prayer by precept and example in a way that represents God as fickle and uncertain about his own mind, given to after-thoughts and make-weights,

changing the laws of the Universe in a spirit of partiality—does not make that the religious soul, does not find it a necessity to keep the heart open towards heaven reaching upwards, in its secret life with an earnest longing for a clearer consciousness of the divine presence. But to get at the soul of truth is not always easy work. It can't be learned out of a book or a creed, it is an old saying that truth lies at the bottom of a well. It comes not to the surface thinker or liver, but must be forced up out of the rich depths of an earnest manly life. To know and declare the truth, one must be true. Many, in these days amidst their contradictory opinions are asking with Pilate: "What is truth?"—but whoever can say with Jesus: "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Can also say in sublime sincerity: "I am the truth"—thus though in his work the preacher must unclothe the spirit of the truth: we come back to the original thought: that this must be born of moral insight; or, in other words, be the product of his own conscious life. As much as in him lies shall he preach the gospel, but no more.

Next, touching the work of the preacher; If the value of his work depends so much upon his maintaining his personal freedom, is not this of equal importance to those for whom he preaches? His work is not to make or keep their minds and hearts loyal to any particular form of thought or emotional life, but to so come to them that he may provoke them to give place to the spiritual needs of life; to so bring the light and rain and dew of heaven to bear on their moral natures, that he may help them to put forth the proper leaves, flowers and fruit of a soul that is divine in its relations and possibilities; that has within its own life a kingdom of God. Now if this be true, how false to man is that theory of life that commits him to a settled form of thought in some creed or system of doctrine; bids him seek, by faith, for imputed righteousness, and to despise his own as filthy rags. But I thank God! that the religious world is waking up to see that creeds are the worst enemies of the soul's liberty and imputed righteousness, as great a folly as imputed intelligence; that there is no heaven for any soul better than that, which fills the heart of him, who has learned to do right in his own name, from his own



love of it; that Heaven is not surrounding, but being; that for such, no matter what the outward form of their thought or worship may be, there is neither death nor hell possible; that, as Father Taylor, the old sailor-preacher, of Boston, said of Emerson, to send such souls to hell would cause emigration at once to set in that way. To see and discern this clearly is the hope of the future. From all time this has been the brightest star in the ideal horizon of humanity. In the olden time only the greatest souls caught glimpses of it. But since the sublimest seer of the ancient proclaimed: "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding," it has been steadily unfolding itself to the consciousness of all true and noble souls. Every advance movement of the race has been in a clearer perception of the truth that we are all children of God. When this is seen by all, then the full redemption and promised day of Israel will be born. The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea, and all shall know him, from the least to the greatest. But, standing as we do to-day in the light of this truth, do not our hearts say, how long, how long shall it be before this glory shineth for all, is seen to be "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world?" Do we not say with those of old: "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" And as then: "The watchman says the morning cometh and also the night." Though to many the full light of this rosy, dewy morning, fragrant with the breath of myriads of opening blossoms, grace and beauty of life cometh; for many more the night, the long, sad, weary night, remaineth. For them stand—

"Far off, too far, the hours that bring  
This morrow which we pine to see;  
Far off they wait with folded wing."

Sorrowfully we acknowledge that even yet, at the very altars of religion, the soul of man is despised, his thought fettered and his hopes mocked, the good of the soul presented as something to be gained from without instead of developed from within. To hasten the coming of this glorious day is above all things the work of the preacher. The potency and promise of all life lies at the heart of this truth. All good ends in possession, but it is

only as we possess ourselves that we can possess aught besides. There is something that seems cold and inexorable about that old saying: "There is no success like success." Still, as the despotism and beneficence of nature are *one*, so is the justice and mercy of the Divine law regarding the soul. Perhaps it will help you to get at my thought here if I give you an illustration. If a plant be blighted and mildewed, destitute of all beauty, what real good will it do it to decorate it with false verdure? None at all, save cheat, perhaps, a few strangers to the true condition of things into a fleeting admiration. You can see at once that the proper thing to do is to cut away the dead branches and apply good care to the roots. Now all the time you should neglect to do this to those who beheld it in its withered condition, there would be no beauty in it that they should desire it, but it would be wrong to say that was the fault of the plant, for when rightly cared for the life at its heart would cause it to clothe itself with new beauty. Then at once all would admire it; all the laws of nature would be in tune with it; the sun, rain and dew of Heaven, instead of hastening its decay, would all serve to increase its life. Not a created intelligence in the universe of God would there be who would not do it honor through their love and enjoyment of all beauty. So though there are thousands of souls that present to us no evidence of this divinity of life, blighted as they are by the parasites of passion or mildewed in the foul, poisonous atmosphere of ignorance and crime. But how vain to say that these souls are saved from their moral deformity by covering them with the declaration of a creed or the righteousness of another, even though it be that of the pure Christ. The thing to be done is not to cast all the blame on them, for oftentimes souls are like plants that never get the right care, but to follow the example of Jesus, who in a word cast aside the old growth and at once sought to penetrate to the heart of life with the warmth of his love and gentle, refreshing rain of his sympathy. Thus he saved the lost, enlarged our thought of the Divinity of humanity, proclaimed a gospel that is peace on earth and good will to all men. This is what he meant when he said: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added." "The kingdom of God is within you." Let the soul, like the plant, receive the proper care, so

that it can unfold itself according to the law of its being, and it will at once be at the heart of the universe; conscious of the boundless character of its inheritance, the flowers will bloom and exhale their fragrance for it; to such a soul belongs all truth and beauty; the music of the summer breeze, as it sings like soft strains struck from golden harps by angel hands, through the forest leaves; the sunlight, as it falls like flakes of gold through the same; the day, with its changing beauty, from its morning freshness and perfume to the evening's hushful twilight as the stars come out one by one and the earth itself becomes as silent as a star, while these unnumbered worlds proclaim their allegiance to the soul that greets them from afar, and all pure spirits of Heaven and earth in their love and companionship. "Are they not all ministering spirits to these heirs of salvation?" And then, while the morning stars thus sing together and all the suns of God shout for joy, above all these swelling thunderous notes of praise may be heard the music of a Diviner voice saying: "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee." "All mine are thine and thine are mine;" and then, though to all earth besides it be blasphemy, such a soul will say with Jesus: "God is my Father and I and my Father are one."

But what is the condition of the growth of the soul in this consciousness of its Divine relationship? Liberty—not liberty as some understand this word—but the genius of liberty, the free, spontaneous growth of the soul, the recognition that religion is no foreign but a natural plant of the soul; that it exists under all kinds of surroundings, but always best when most natural in its growth.

Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds;  
Reason and religion, like two broad seas,  
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms  
Across the narrow isthmus of the creeds.

Each hour has its own need. In an age of little spiritual consciousness, and among people of that class to this day, such a message as early Methodism bore to the souls of thousands, doubtless best carried them forward into this inheritance; but a new age has new wants. Growth of intelligence has carried the majority away from the power of this message about the neces-

sity of a spiritual birth, because intelligence means general spiritual consciousness and insight into moral truth. To make this spirituality progressive the teacher of religion must free it from dogma. This new life no longer fits into the old formulas about it. So that between the best and most intelligent consciousness of to-day and the teaching of orthodoxy, there is of necessity antagonism, just as there was antagonism between the new life of Methodism and the old formalities of religion. The mistake of evangelicalism is in the assumptions that the conditions of success in one age are the same in all. For a long time both the seed and soil of a new faith have been preparing. The signs of a new revolution in religious thought are again visible. Again those who would save their self-respect, escape being laughed at by their own souls as they change from an angel of light into a demon of darkness, must take sides for the truth. This world is not designed for a soft couch in which we may lie down and dream, but a battle-field on which we must contend earnestly for the right. The breath of a new inspiration to manhood is breathing through the land. The sounds of the coming storm are rustling the tree-tops of thought everywhere. Whoever lives truly must not hide from it, out of sight, but breast it like a man. In vain do men cry with holy horror that the question of the popular religion is settled; that it is no longer open to objection. For thousands the old faith has no more the word of God. Their souls daily protest against it, and through a nobler type of manhood prove that this new-born protestantism has a great work to do in the regeneration of the life of humanity.

So plainly has the necessity of the fullest liberty of mind and conscience to all in religion been written on the hearts of thousands that if they prefer light to darkness, truth to falsehood, honor to dishonor, they must stand for its defense against all opposers. As our fathers won the liberty of the State with earnest deeds and brave endeavors, so must we that of the church. Nothing hurts me much more than to meet with those who see and feel the need of this broader liberty of the church, who yet excuse themselves because of disliking to hurt the feelings of their friends, who think differently, from taking part in this new battle for liberty. If, when tyranny sought to subject and destroy the manhood of the Colonists by making them mere pup-

pets, moved and controlled by others, without giving them a chance, through representation, to speak their own minds about it—our fathers had argued thus, we would have had no grand, free Republic. But they were true to the emergency of the hour. They opened their hearts to the inspiration of liberty. It fanned their souls into a flame of enthusiasm and made them such men as all generations shall crown with the unfading laurel-wreath of glory. Shall we be like true to the inspirations of our times? Will we, at all hazards, declare that we will no longer be taxed by the church with obedience without representation in the world of religious thought? Shall the world hear a new, a fresh declaration of independence, in the defense of which the fires of liberty shall be kindled again? Before high Heaven, and as God lives, it shall! As Heaven planted within us the love of liberty and kindly gave our blood a moral flow, many shall be true to duty. Men will not always sleep. Indifference never possesses any throne; for long, eternal vigilance is the price of power as well as of liberty. The malaria that has been instilled into men's souls through the mists of fanaticism and fogs of superstition shall be driven out through the energy of this new devotion to liberty. Nations bowed in sorrow, armies meeting in the dreadful shock of battle, escaping slaves lurking in swamps by day and at night, guided only by the north star, pressing their eager way towards the land of liberty, Hypatia hewed to pieces by infuriated monks, Jesus nailed to a cross, Socrates drinking his cup of hemlock, Galileo pining in a dungeon, Bruno burning at the stake—all bear witness to the value the human heart has ever set on liberty. Once let the souls of men see this larger place for the soul for which we as a church are fighting, and they will soon rally about our standard. Let us not then in this church shirk from our principles or falter in this day that yet demands patient waiting as well as eager battle. As long as a soul is born into this life to be contradicted—find its way hedged up—we are making history that will read in the future like the record of the barbaric times does to us. What right has any one to say this matter is all settled? We and our fathers have done all the thinking. The need of the hour is not only freedom in the pulpit, but also in the pew. Each man must be taught, before all things, to be true to himself. Each soul

should be looked upon as the most sacred temple—the place in which the Divine perpetually unfolds Himself anew.

The most sacred thing about man in this our new faith and work must be this personality by which he knows himself—stands alone in the liberty of his Divine sonship. Creeds destroy this individuality and freedom of the soul whenever they are regarded as infallible and binding upon all alike. Man becomes an article of merchandise to be bought and purchased at the counters of the church. The temple of prayer is turned into a den of thieves by the money-changers, who make a trade of the worship of the soul. But the love of liberty is springing up in thousands of hearts that will drive with the lash of truth and terror of unshaken conviction all such mercenary wretches from this Divine habitation. The civilized world is rising up from its old, soft couch. Already these systems of bondage are fleeing before the presence of majestic souls who are daring to lay claim to their heritage of freedom. Tired and weary as we all are with the endless disputes over the meaning of the texts and hair-splitting of metaphysical subtleties touching the nature of God and of the future life, let us dare to shut our ears to all this noisy jargon. Flee away from the dim religious light of mysterious incarnations, atonements and trinities, that we may think our own thoughts, cherish our own hopes, bask anew in the sunlight, and listen to the voice of God where it speaks to us in the babble of the brook, beauty and perfume of the flowers and songs of the birds as they in joyous innocence make love to each other. With Jesus we will make our temple the arch of the blue-vaulted sky. On the mountain height or beneath the shadow of the trees we will open our hearts to the Divine presence until he reveals himself to us as the spirit of all life and Father of all souls.

“God is not dead, nor doth he sleep ;  
The wrong shall fail,  
The right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good will to men.”

## ZOAR\*.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Remember Lot's wife. Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.—*Luke, xvii, 32—33.*

The story of the destruction of Sodom is as true, no doubt, as that of the destruction of Pompeii. There is no fragment left of the ruin, so far as we know, but travelers say that the indications of a great disaster in the region where these cities stood are not to be mistaken. The event also is locked fast in our Bible and in the far-reaching traditions of the country, and is mentioned by Strabo and Tacitus and Josephus and Jerome, as well as by other early writers, as one of the things about which there can be no doubt.

It is evident, however, that in the course of time the central fact came to be clouded with misconception, as most of these things are in the Old Scriptures. Here was a great, sad mystery, for which those who thought much about it must find a reason, and as they had then no light on earth they sought for one in Heaven, and so came to the conclusion that Sodom was burnt from the face of the earth with her sister cities because their vileness had become past all healing—just as some ministers whose heads one thinks were very much softer than their hearts talked about Chicago in her great desolation—while the way in which Abraham pleads with God about the impending doom, and the angels go to rescue the one righteous man, and the scene in the street are all meant to fill in the outline of utter depravity, and as the seer thinks to justify the ways of God to man when his ways are past finding out. But the truth is beyond question that Sodom might have been the choicest sanctuary of holiness on the earth that day, and she would have burnt up all the same, root and branch, when the conditions of her burning came to

\*Dedication Sermon preached in the Church of the Unity June 20th, 1877.

their culmination, and as Jesus said in his lesson of the fallen tower, "these strokes are not made by the hand of God for any such reasons." The probability is that Sodom was, on the whole, about what Chicago is to-day, or St. Louis or Evansville; allowing for the better life which has come through all these ages and you would find what you find in all cities now, Heaven and earth and hell within the circle of her walls. There would be a life touching divine summits of goodness and infernal deeps of vileness at each extreme, and then between these that fair average of human nature which always makes the staple of our life. Honest men and pure women who had no religion to boast of, but were still honest men and pure women, merchants who would not deal in lies, and mechanics who would make them houses as wholesome as yours and mine, and temples in which through all the dimness souls still sought after God. So we must beware for the credit of our common human nature how we fall in with this man's conclusion or believe his report. The fire came because the time had come, as the earthquake came just now to those hapless towns in Peru, and the idea that it was the vengeance of God for her sin can be no more reasonable and true than it would be if we should say the same thing about that crushed and broken remnant, or about those hapless folks at Mt. Carmel.

So the background to the picture of Lot's wife is something like the sight we see two thousand years after about the roots of Vesuvius—fire and sulphur, smoke and ashes in the Heavens, and on the earth two fair cities in the grip of doom. A life in easy motion yesterday, bent on its business and pleasure, to-morrow a waste of smoking cinders, the beauty turned to ashes, the cities blotted out, and of the people some dead and some away out on the plains, where they have fled for their lives, the women and children weeping, and the men with hard set faces wondering what they shall do, now that nature herself has broken her ancient faith with them and destroyed her own sanctuaries. And between yesterday and to-morrow this poor woman, drawn two ways at once, to Zoar through one instinct, to Sodom through another, the husband and children before her and the old home behind her. While she is in this sad instant,



no more able to break with the past than she is able to close with the future, and for that hesitancy is destined to stand through all the ages—the central figure in this fine picture, a sharp and bitter petrification, a pillar of salt, and so to become, to my mind, a way-mark of the times, when we are all in some such strait. The times when we must make our election to break with the broken past for the sake of the whole future, to count all loss light, which still leaves us life and life's worth, or to petrify so that there is no hope for us and no help. Hard and bitter and useless to our kind, only open to the hope that the God who understands us may see some use for us within the vast dominions of his loving kindness and tender mercy.

Yet when this is said, one must still feel a very tender consideration for the hapless and helpless woman, and see how natural it was that she should lose her chance of the future in her loyalty to the past. If there is any worth in the chronology, she had lived twenty-one years in Sodom; and as there is no mention of the fact that Lot had a wife when he went to live on the land there and to settle finally in the city, it is a fair inference that this was her native home, and held everything of any worth to her, except her husband and children, when the storm of fire began to gather, and they had to flee for their lives. I think I can see, therefore, how she must have looked that morning. The wild eyes and the white face turned toward the old homestead and the household gods; the despair tugging at her heart for all she had left behind her, neighbors and friends and kinsfolk, the things she brought with her when she came there a bride, and the things which had grown dear to her through all the years of her wedded life; touched by the sacredness of births and burials, and of all true uses down to the kettle on the hearth. The very deepness of her nature, as I look at her in this light, would drive and clinch the nails which bound her to her cross. Had she been a poorer type of woman, in this sense, she would have kept abreast of her husband and children, and the rude sailors and peasants would not be pointing to-day toward that block at the southern end of the Dead Sea and whispering, Lot's wife. A true woman, as I take it, in this truth to the old home then and its treasures; a nature planted so deep in

the soil that this fearful convulsion was not able to bring the roots to the surface, except as she could summon the mighty force of the human will to their help, and in that dire moment work out her own salvation, as we all must, when our time comes, at any cost; not a sinner in this light, but a martyr rather, dying for very good reasons, unable to sever her heart and life from that which was shrivelling like a scroll in the lurid fires of that fearful morning—dying for the past as those of another nature and endowment die for the future, and so petrified where they are sanctified.

But this pity must not blind us once more to the truth that her life depended, that day, on a still deeper loyalty than this which drew her to her death. She must not go back or stand still, but turn once for all from the things which were petrifying or dissolving, as she watched them through the smoke; find her way out into a world which was still to be trusted and a life which had the future in it as well as the past. There was nothing but despair in looking back, but there was the dawn of a new hope in looking forward. Darkness lay behind her, but there was light ahead. All the real reasons that could smite her were one with her instant duty to keep her face away from that disaster. Her husband was ahead and her children. There was a new home to be made and other treasures to be gathered; old friends to be sought out who would help them or who needed help, and new friends waiting. This shock about God's providence was to be met and mastered, and the doctrine readjusted to the new light which was coming to her through such dreadful shadows, so that she should be still nearer God after the despair than she was before, and brave the truth, that we may pass through the fire yet the flames shall not hurt us. Look at it as we will, there was no use in turning back or lingering; and use, here, I say again, was one with duty. The demand was for that heroism in which the woman is always more than a match for the man. The heroism of a million women in the world to-day who, with their hearts planted deeper in the past than ours ever can be, follow us to the ends of the earth, swallow down their trouble and make no sign; because that is longing, and this is duty; that is of the things which were once, but never can be again, and this of the things which may be, if she is true to her

trust. So the trouble with Lot's wife was this, that with so much which was beautifully womanly, she was not quite a whole woman when the call came for her to show her highest quality. The outward was more to her in that crisis of her life than the inward, the seen and temporal than the unseen and eternal. It was the eternal truth our Divine Teacher insists on when he mentions her name of utter loss through losing. The call of God was that she should set her face toward Zoar, the place which, being interpreted, means "smallness," and have done with Sodom, which means burning; but all she had in the world was in Sodom, except that which is best worth having, and so was petrified through clinging to the lower when the higher was the watchword of her one momentous day.

And so it is that her story becomes a lesson drawn from life, of the truth Jesus touches in another way when he says no man putting his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom, and of Paul's meaning when he bids us forget the things which are behind and reach forward to the things which are before; and again of the Word of Jesus, "Let the dead bury their dead." It shadows out to us the danger which lurks in clinging too long or too longingly to the things which are dissolving as we watch them, and how, through this turn of the spirit we also may lose our life and become mere petrifications, dead, though we still have a name to live. Last, so far as this world can be of any use to us, the whole wealth of hopes and joy which lies in the future for every soul which will still push on out of the smoke and fire to the rest that remains and the work that remains, when fate and fortune have done their worst, with the brave heart of Mrs. Browning when she cries:—

"Here is the true thing to do—  
Let Heaven see to the rest!"

For we need no great insight to see how this petrifying process is forever going on in the wider spaces of our life and through the things which may not touch us in a close personal sense. It was the trouble in the old days in England with the Stuarts and those who stood by them, of whom it was well said that they could learn nothing and forget nothing. And with a great many

in our own country, in the fire and smoke of the Revolution, whose hearts were one with the things which were dissolving, so that they could not or would not push on into the spirit of the new time, and became petrifications of the ancient royalty and the divine right of Kings to do wrong. And within our memory it was the fate of that remnant of a great party which came to be known as the Fossil Whigs, while in our days we catch the speech now and then in the papers of some man who stands alone, hard and bitter as ever, a petrification and pillar of salt, unable to catch the new spirit and purpose of the nation North and South, a sad and lonely instance of the fate which overtakes those who will not understand that when old things are being burnt up in Government, which are better burnt, the one thing to do is to make for the new life and light, to be fluent still, and hopeful and onward, and begin again in Zoar, which is smallness, and grow.

The same truth holds good again in the professions and the arts, when we are bound too closely to the things which have become a part of our life, but in the order of the world, as the disorder as we think of it are burnt up and pass away. I suppose you may find men still in the nooks and corners of Indiana who do not believe in railroads or the telegraph, or chloroform, or a score of things which have become a part of the new life, and who look back with bitter regret to the happy world of fifty years ago as a kind of Eden, while they meet this world they live in with taunts and jeers, and pride themselves upon their singular position, unable to go back to the old or forward to the new. And ministers and lawyers and doctors, and those who were once men of science, and men who make the old, clumsy machines, and farmers who cleave to the old, poor methods. Men of every order, who can neither forget nor learn, who find that what they were bound to once, as a part of their life, is dissolving in the fires of time, yet cannot or will not push on into the new certainties, but harden down into petrifications, for which there is no hope. These are the dangers which may beset us all, in one way or another, through these under-reaches of the spirit and life of man; a loyalty to the past very beautiful and touching in some of its aspects, as the loyalty of Lot's wife was to her old home in Sodom, but fatal if we let the old time over-

shadow the new and stay within the shadows, to grow hard and bitter, while those about us push on into the new day; for only those who can break with the past when the past breaks with them, and then turn to the future with a new hope and expectation in these things, which are as the warp and woof of our life, can hope to live in the noblest and sweetest sense and to find the full worth of living. But this large sweep of my lesson must not lead me away from its closer touch. It comes home to many, as it came to this poor woman, in the shape of a dire loss of the things we have called our own. The loss of fortune and position and the treasures on which we set great store, but which are still intrinsic, and the need which comes in these ways to begin again in Zoar, which is smallness. If this wealth is of any great worth to us it costs what it comes to. There is something of my life in the house I have built up, and the business, and my money in the bank and in all the treasure I have gathered about me, and no man knows so well as I do what they are worth, because I alone have paid the price of them. Then some sudden stroke comes, I can no more prevent than I can prevent an earthquake, and these things on which I set such store melt away, as they did in these olden times, and in the measure of their cost will be my trouble. This is the time when the danger is most instant that I shall petrify, and withal grow sharp and bitter if I linger too much over my losses. Then I may lose what is worth more to me, beyond all comparison, than this sum. I *must* encounter the shock and the trouble, and they may shake the very centres of my life, but if I stay within the shadow of my loss, and brood and nurse my broodings, I am lost to the better life. I also must begin again in Zoar and make the best of it, and the best is in that good hope, through grace, which will not allow any defeat and frustration to be the masters of my life; and then though I have to dwell in smallness all my days, as better men have done before me, the rain will not fall and the sun shine on a pillar of salt, but on a cheerful, striving human life, which can take what God sends and be thankful, and know what Jesus meant when he said a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth.

It comes to me again in the things which touch the religious life. The hardness and bitterness you detect so often in those

who cling to beliefs which are passing away, is this of the petrification and pillar of salt. We set out furnished with a complete outfit of creeds and dogmas, in the faith that they are all true as the eternal life of God, and trust to them without a question. A plenary inspiration, a trinity of deities, the atonement through the blood of Christ, the total depravity of man through the fall of Adam, and our own utter helplessness, a Heaven we can do nothing to earn as deserved, a hell to which the vast majorities of men must go to be held forever in darkness, fire and chains; and a church which to the moving momentous world we live in, is no more than the little spot in a vast desert where there are some palm trees and a spring. But to a great many men in our time these old dogmas are dissolving, and they can no more help it than this woman could help the burning of Sodom. They have had their day, and the very conditions under which some of them grew to their greatness are burning them up; the sulphur has caught on the surface and in the deeps, and all things which rested on it are rocking to their doom. And this is the instant when we save to our losing, or lose to our saving; when this soul of mine—this imperious and masterful inner light—tells me of the error and the truth, what must melt away, though I have thought that God himself was pledged to sustain it, and how my life lies in giving these things up and beginning again in smallness. There is but one true thing to do then, and that is to leave the things which are behind; yes, and to forget them, and press on to the things which are before. But this is what a great many men and women cannot do; their very heart is in what they have lost, and what has to them now no real existence, but the shadow which lies behind it is stronger to draw them than the light which lies before. And then the day comes when they petrify, because their faith is dead and gone and they are clinging to a phantom. Their hope lies in pushing out in the direction of the new light and life, though the husband has to leave the wife or the wife the husband, in this matter of being true to their own souls. Do you meet a man, then, who is bitter and hard, while he still appears to be of the elect and stands stoutly by the old conclusions? Pity him, for he is a pillar of salt. He is a man who has lost his chance at the new life, when the old passed away, and must die, as he is living, a petrification.

I say not one word to those to whom the old ideas are still a living reality, and who manage to make out of them a large, true life, and to bring such a life to others, but to men and women who know that the substance is gone, but still cling to the shadow, and so sacrifice the new life for the old dissolution. I say this in all kindness. You must break with the past for the sake of the future. There is no more help for you there than there was for this woman in the smoke and fire. You must begin again, as a great many who are here to-day have had to begin, in Zoar, which is smallness, and trust, through God's blessing and your own endeavor, that you will find a faith on which you can rest now and forever as the end of your seeking.

And is not this true of those who cling to the past in its bereavements? I would explore most tenderly the past, in which hopes lie withered, which were once like roses wet with dew, as springs that keep a summer heart in winter; in which there were lives to which our own seemed only as the shadow to the light, and alone which we trusted would watch by our death-bed and close our eyes and say tender words about us, and drop some tears on our still face which would be felt when the Amaranths spring in the summer time of Heaven; and they are gone, and we left; and what shall we do?—what can we do but haunt their graves? Well, my friends, you do even this at your peril; you cannot stay with your dead past; you must turn your face and feel your way toward the higher and better life, or will petrify also, as myriads have done through such sorrows and grow bitter even toward the eternal love. I know how hard it is to meet life when you are shorn of that which gave your life its bloom—to begin again in smallness and hold on and grow bright and cheerful, and throw out new tendrils from your heart and climb again towards the suns; but this must be done if you will save, through your losing, where to save is of the purest worth. Your life also lies in looking forward and stepping out. In holding fast by this great Christian verity, that nothing is lost while you hold on to your faith and hope and love. That death has only dissolved what you could cling to through these dear and sacred entanglements of time; and then death has no more dominion, and life begins again. There is no way to compute the number of those who on this side the grave have mastered its direst

trouble through their faith in God and his Christ; and why should not you be one of that great multitude? I know this—it is there for your seeking; and I know that in this lingering over that which turns to ashes there is no hope and no help, only petrification with a bitter tinge.

Now then if you ask what we mean by this new church, dedicated to-day, I have answered the question in good part in my parable. Here is a little place, a Zoar as it were, set apart for that which is to come in all these things I have tried to touch, and all things else which hold the promise of a new life. It is, first of all, our government, in which old things will pass away and all things become new; and this is the one condition of a true and good government. Here is the nursery of the new hope, the place where I will venture to say it will find its first and warmest welcome among the churches of this important city. The men and women who meet here will be very quick to see what is dissolving in the fires of time, what new principles and measures will be for the best welfare of the nation, and while they may look back with regret, especially the older of them, on the passing away of some things they have held very dear, they will accept the situation when it is revealed to them, will not linger over the old until they become hard and bitter petrifications in the political life of the country, but will be hopeful and onward themselves, and give a large hospitality to those who have had to flee from the things that are burning up, (and are better burnt,) and want to begin again. I say this because I know it is true. I do not believe for an instant that churchmen or ministers ought to meddle with politics. They ought not to run a political machine or to run in one, for this also is a petrification; but churchmen and ministers, to do their duty, must be open and hospitable to all the new ideas and principles which hold in their heart the best welfare of the country. Say this is a dead issue—let it go; and this is the next true thing to do, and he will do it; and this is the meaning, to my mind, of this new foundation; it is to be a little Zoar of perpetual political reform; a place, let us hope and believe, in which no fossil will ever be found.

Then it will be a nursery of the new life which flows in on man forever from art and discovery; for we hold that religion is



not one thing and these another, but that everything is of God, and therefore religion, in the same sense, which is for the help and blessing of man. Now, upon most of the new discoveries it has been the habit of churchmen to look with suspicion or dislike. The Vicar of St. Andrews, in London, preached a stout and able sermon in 1720, I think against inoculation, from the text: "So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils;" arguing that the small-pox comes by a sort of divine contrivance, and it is a sin to try and circumvent the will of God. So when chloroform was discovered, a company of ministers in Edinburgh denounced its use at a painful crisis in our human life, on the ground that this crisis came by the fall of Adam, and so it was all wrong to try and lift the burden from the world's motherhood for this reason; and so it has been with most of the new discoveries and conclusions which have been for the blessing of man. Here in this little Zoar whatever holds a hope in it in these directions for the blessing of mankind must find a welcome; no hard and bitter petrifications here lingering by the old until they are dead to the new in art and science and discovery, but a warm welcome to whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report touching the betterment of our human life; for these things also are of God, who makes all things new.

In doctrine again, as I have hinted, this foundation is to be as the little city of a new life. The old belief in the Bible as one perfect piece of inspired truth, from the first word to the last, is vanishing away in the fire and smoke of a great contention; but here is a church which will hold fast to the faith that there is a divine truth in the Bible to man, as there is gold in a rich and pure gold mine, which you must dig for and separate from the dross, and then circulate with the mint-mark of Heaven stamped upon its face. The belief in a trinity of Deities is passing away. It may be well doubted whether in a hundred years from now there will be a soul left on the earth to believe in this strange and contradictory doctrine. But here is a place for the truth which must stand through all time, the truth as old as the creation and fresh as this new morning, of the one God, eternal, immortal, invisible, whom no man hath seen or can see. The old dogma of the fall and the utter helplessness of man is passing away.

Science and history and the Bible also, rightly read, are teaching us that what we call the fall was a rise; and, instead of being helpless, man is the most helpful creature of which we have any knowledge. That Heaven also is earned—as all great and holy things are—by good, honest striving through which we grow mete for Heaven. And hell is not like a State's prison, into which you are thrust through an endless eternity to torment each other and to be tormented by irresponsible keepers, but a hospital, or infirmary rather, where we must suffer for our sin, but where, through this very suffering, we shall learn the way to a better life through the tender ministrations of God's angels also, and come out in the full time fit for the *eternal* life. And the church is not so many little block-houses in an enemy's country, or as a small river running through a vast desert; but the church is the whole world of good men and women, who have striven to be good through all the ages and all the lands, heathen as we call them, and Christians together, those of our name and of every name who have sought after God.

Here is a little place in which you shall find this faith alone, this sunny hope and eager outlook. As the old creeds and dogmas which are consuming in the fires vanish away, here is a Zoar to which you can flee and escape the petrification and bitter sting which always comes to those who hold on to things in which to them there is no longer an abiding place for the human soul. This church will be open to the whole new truth of God, and give large hospitality in these things, also to the nameless and wandering and disheartened who have to begin again in some small way to find a new faith and a new hope.

And when the dismal days come in which, through inevitable misfortune, you are beaten in the battle of life, and find you are poor when you expected to be rich—stripped of the large and good influences which can come through wealth and position to a wise man—the minister of this church and the brotherhood will be able to help each other with a true sympathy in which they will tell no lies about the worthlessness of what you have lost, because wealth honestly won is not worthless to any man who knows how to use it. It is of very great worth, indeed; but the best things of all, are when the stroke falls, an unflinching trust in God's goodness, a kindly human heart, and that new

hope, which is more than half the battle. When we begin again, this little Zoar will be eager and open toward those who are so smitten, and the poor who never had half a chance, and those who are petrifying because they think nobody cares, and those who are growing hard and bitter through ill-usage, and those who have trusted in the gratification of their appetites for the food of life, and find despair at the bottom of the cup of pleasure. Here is the little Zoar to which such hopeless folks can flee, and it shall be as if the very Christ kept the gates and watched for sad and weary men to come, and girded himself and washed their feet and said: "The world out yonder has been hard on you, my brother, but you shall stay with me, and we will see what can be done to start you afresh and give you strength for the journey and the battle, so that you shall come off more than conquerors, through the help of God, who is the Father of us all."

And here is the place in which you can find a little help to begin with, and a new hope when your dark, sad days come through the dread invasion of death; for if we leave them in the hands of the infinite tender mercy, the dying do not suffer. In my long experience it is always with them about as it was with one of my next door neighbors, who is buried to-day. A few days ago I was talking to his folks about him on the stoop, and they were telling me how deep he was in life and what plans he had for the future. The next day death smote him. He went through terrible agony, woke up on Monday, saw them all weeping, and turned back from the gates of the grave to comfort them and tell them not to weep, for he was going to his rest. So it is always with the dying, if we leave them to God. But the living suffer, thiers is the loss, the desolation and the despair; and there are ministers in this world—I trust you have none in this fair city—who bring doubt to darkness as they stand by the dead and throw their shadows across the shadow of death. But here, if I know his heart, is a man who will minister to you very tenderly in these sad moments, touch the darkest and most dismal scenes with gleams of hope, cast over the worst man the great mantle of charity, and the trust that now he has gone where he will recover at last from his hurts and evils, and over the good and true—whether they were in this or any other church, or in no church; he will sing out of his heart, as he stands by their

coffins, of a new life and a new hope, which will take from those that are left the bitterness of death ; save them from the hardness and petrification into which so many sink in thinking that God has dealt hardly with them, keep open a little Zoar within these walls and within the heart of his church, to which such troubled souls can flee and begin again and grow to a deeper and more sunny trust. And then as one by one your feet also touch the river, so deep and sure will be your confidence in life and in death, and in the life to come, that there will be some such song in your heart as this—sung by one who was far past her three score years and ten, as she stood waiting for the angel with the white robe:—

Would you be young again ?  
 So would not I ;  
 One tear to memory given—  
 Upward I fly,  
 Life's flood forded o'er,  
 All but at rest on shore ;  
 Say, would you come back once more  
 With home so nigh ?

If you might, would you now  
 Retrace your way—  
 Wander through the wilderness,  
 Faint and astray ?  
 Night's gloomy watches spread,  
 Morning breaking over head,  
 Hope's smiles about you spread,  
 Heavenward—away !

Where, then, are those who were  
 My joy and delight ;  
 Dear ever more, but now  
 Out of my sight ?  
 Where they rejoice to be,  
 There is the land for me ;  
 Time fly speedily—  
 Come life and light !

## \*THE MOTHER CHURCH.

### WHAT ABBEY CHAPEL, TAVISTOCK, HAS DONE.

ROBERT COLLYER, CHICAGO.

I notice now and then in *The Christian Life*, kindly sent me, a note of dismay about some poor little meeting of yours that is dead or dying, and have just been wondering whether this is the case with the Abbey Chapel at Tavistock ; because if it is so, in any event I have to report the existence of a good daughter of that mother on this side the water.

We have been in the way, ever since I began to attend our Conferences here in the West, of seeing and hearing a gentleman from Evansville, Indiana, who always had a good, cheerful word to say ; and I for one always wondered how it was that the man got there, or being there, managed to hold his own, and steadily declare that the day was coming when they would have a church down there, where Indiana dips about two-thirds south of the nothern line of Kentucky. I have been drawn this week three hundred and fifty miles from here to the dedication of the new church—the long, bright dream of Philip Hornbrook's life—a pretty brick building with seats for three hundred people, costing six thousand five hundred dollars and paid for ; and staying near the fine old gentleman, I got at the story of his most loyal and noble achievement ; and this is the story :

Saunders Hornbrook was the father of ten children, became a member of the Abbey Chapel in the days of Mr. Evans, and kept open house for the ministers who came there ; had Dr. Lant Carpenter, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Ashland, among others, for his guests ; but as the boys, of which there were five, grew up, they found the land too strait for them ; so in 1818 two of them with two sisters came over here and took up land in In-

\*Articles published in the *Christian Life*, London, England.

diana, then a wonderful green wilderness; the father followed a year after with some more of the children, and forty-seven years ago the whole family were on the land and prosperous. The good old man kept his heart alive, and the heart of his children, for the old faith, and won great esteem among his neighbors, but made no impression beyond this, on the inert and orthodox mind away down there to the southward; and so at last the old man died, not having received the promise, but seeing it afar off. I think the whole family was true to its nurture right along; but Philip was the restless one, who must have a church—though in that region it was something like trying to raise wheat on granite. Twenty-six years ago there was a gathering of twelve persons in the Court House, ten men and two women, to hear the first Unitarian sermon from the Rev. Mr. Heywood, of Louisville. After this others came to hold services and preach at long intervals, and Philip watched and nursed the little interest between whiles the best he could, so that in a few years he was able to have a minister of their own now and then—the Rev. James K. Hosmer among the rest—who started the first colored school, and taught it himself, after being duly examined as to his orthodoxy by the preacher of the colored church, who was a deck-hand on a steamboat.

Some time ago a daughter of good old Saunders Hornbrook died and left the little meeting five thousand dollars toward a church, which is built now. The organization has grown, and taken in some of the best people of the town. The Rev. George Chainey is the settled minister, the congregation is steadily increasing, and Philip Hornbrook, at sixty-five and in broken health, but with the old, brave, hopeful heart, has come to the end of his long struggle for a church of our faith and order in his town, the germ of which was brought over, almost fifty years ago, from the Abbey Chapel at Tavistock, in Devonshire.

CHICAGO, 23d June.

## THE TAVISTOCK ABBEY CHAPEL.

SIR.—Mr. Collyer will, I am sure, be as glad to know that the Abbey Chapel at Tavistock is neither dead nor dying, as its congregation is to learn of the existence of its Transatlantic daughter. Our Tavistock brethren, under the good guidance of my friend, Lindsey T. Badcock, are doing right noble work for our Unitarian cause, and their ranks of late have received many valuable recruits. Like most of our country congregations, however, they give more than they receive. If any one believes yet that our help ought to be confined to large centres of population, he would be converted were he to learn how many persons who have joined the Treville-street congregation in the past three years owe their early knowledge of our faith to preaching heard in the Abbey Chapel. I am confident that every gift bestowed by our denomination upon Tavistock has been returned a hundred-fold in the missionary influence of men who, like Philip Hornbrook, have carried away from it the energy that builds new churches in Indiana, and keeps alive old churches here.

PLYMOUTH.

WM. SHARMAN.

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UNCROWNED KINGS.

ROBERT SPEARS.

Robert Collyer, with his inimitable style of emotional picturesque, sets before us in his communication of last week the outline of a real hero of our movement. Tavistock and the Abbey Chapel—still, we are glad to know, a thriving nursery of liberal minds—may well be proud of the strong scion of faith and good works that has taken a root in far away Indiana, and is bent on holding its own with such irresistible perseverance. Moreover, we do not think that Tavistock has yet forgotten the memory of good William Evans, whose long and steadfast pastorate ended little more than a generation ago; and many surviving friends of the excellent old man will be pleased to hear of the perpetuation of his honored name in that Evansville of the distant South. So that, if there is stimulus in this story for our

younger men, bidding them go forth with Philip Hornbrook's brave determination to let the truth be widely known, there is consolation and hope also for our quiet workers, who have long grown gray in patient service on the old lines. We would render our unfeigned tribute of honor and respect to all such worthy pillars of our cause. With the advance and supremacy of the quick methods of our modern eagerness, a spirit of rapidity, of restlessness, and of change, has forced itself into our religious habits and expectations, and we wonder at the slower pulse of the age before our time, which plodded along under such very different conditions.

A pastorate of over forty years, in charge of one and the same congregation, is a marvel in our midst; it was common enough when pastors of the type of William Evans supplied the effective strength of our ministry. And perhaps we do not sufficiently estimate the variety of good qualities which went together to produce the kind of men capable of prolonging this inwardly sustained and outwardly unremunerative labor in such narrow fields for so extended a period. It is easy to enumerate what we may call the characteristic faults of such a class. These lie upon the surface, and strike every careless eye. The grave, methodical divines whose regular and little animated preaching paced diligently the well-known round of rarely exciting topics from year to year, began life no doubt with the ardor, perhaps even with the enthusiasm of youth. The glow of their sacred calling was kindled brightly upon them in the morning of their day. They were not always old and formal. Reading their biographies, one finds now and then that the early temperament of many a solemn preacher was deemed almost too lively for his chosen profession. But as the dyer's hand is subdued to what it works in, so, without any artificial process, often without conscious restraint, the bounded sphere of customary duties repressed the fire, and moulded the manners, and gave the acquired character of a common type to the earnest men. They became what the unsympathetic observer finds them—rather dull, slow to move; a little pedantic, it may be, in their utterances; provincial in their interests, old-fashioned in their likings.

Yet look into these men, and see what rich and ample virtues



formed the secret core of their unpretentious lives. They had outlived ambition, and were content. The influence of their sober and yet genial *morale* penetrated far as a power for good, constituting them a salt of healthy savor, not only in the little communities to which they ministered, but in the town or village where reverence had gathered round them. They had seen generations come and go, had known habits and thoughts and interests change. If from the pulpit their voices seemed to speak familiar truths, with an accent which the rising age had outgrown, it often happened that in the intercourse of private life, their gentle wisdom, learned in the school of life's experience, interpreted better the problems of thought and duty to the eager spirits of the young, than the newest and grandest philosophy could do. They were deep in a few subjects, which made no show, and had no desire to seem to shine beyond their range. For all their apparent resignation to a career of hopeless obscurity, they knew in their hearts full well that theirs was in truth the great calling, to which all other callings were insignificant by comparison. Theirs was the simple search for truth—theirs the meek service of God—theirs the unwearying resort to humble and oft-hidden ways of benefiting and improving their fellow-men—not from fitful impulse, but from an altogether devoted heart. They were, indeed, whether men recognized it or no, a royal race, a holy priesthood, “to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God, by Jesus Christ.”

We sincerely thank Robert Collyer for recalling to notice one of the many ways in which men “built better than they knew.” Our times, busied and hurried, and rashly speculative in every sense, as they are, have still some representatives to show of the old faithfulness, strong in its simplicity. Some of the fathers are with us still. Long may they be spared to prosecute a work that deepens in its influence as the workers grow in age. Some, too, of the rising race have the spirit of the fathers—firmly may they tread in the old paths of Christian duty and Christian endurance, consecrating themselves anew with the ancient consecration of faith and love. The seed-corn cast upon the waters shall yet be bread for nations, “after many days.”

## \*IN MEMORIAM OF PHILIP HORN BROOK.

GEORGE CHAINEY.

By faith, Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed ; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs, with him, of the same promise. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—*Heb. 8 : 9-10.*

History, it is said, repeats itself. There is, no doubt, something about every earnest and true life that illustrates and finds correspondence in all others of like character. In thinking over the life of our brother, in connection with his family history, I have been forcibly reminded of that of Abraham. In that olden time, of which we have but dim and uncertain record, there seems to have been a man living in Ur of the Chaldees, by the name of Terah, who felt that the place was too strait for him. What the influences were that produced that strange discontent that seemed to him like the voice of God calling him to go from his kindred, break with the associations of childhood, youth and middle-age in search of a land of greater promise, I do not profess to know. He may have been dissatisfied with the people around him. Earnest and devoted himself to the worship of one true God, it may have seemed to him that there was little chance to found a people ennobled through what seemed to him higher and nobler views of religion amidst the fetichism and sensual worship of the Chaldeans. In those days each father of a family was priest and prophet to his own household, while each energetic nature to whom had come the vision of a richer life would naturally aspire to be the founder of a people ; to be the father of a tribe, which, though it should increase as the sand by the sea-shore in number, should ever, through its traditions and worship, look back to him as the starting point of its life and glory,

\*Funeral discourse preached in the Church of the Unity, January 31, 1877.

and call him blessed throughout all its generations. I cannot think that God ever designed or wished that our hearts should not take hold in desire of any possible good of glory or honor among men. The true heart will not set these first, but duty ; still, the true heart will desire them. This spirit of discontent with eager longing after something better in the future that got into the heart of that old patriarch, who was the father of Abraham, is the pivot upon which hinges the progress of the race—that perpetually saves the world from the evils of stagnation and fixity—pushing away, as it does, the old leaves that have served their time, in order to give place to the new life.

It is this principle that underlies the character and success of each great soul that has adorned and blessed our race. It is allied to every improvement in government, art, literature or religion. It is of this that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews sings such heroic praise all through the chapter from which I have taken my text—Faith, the foundation or first step toward all higher life. And yet, grand as this principle is, and all others of like character, it runs parallel with all the simpler, tender and pensive relations of our earthly lives. How great is the principle of patriotism in its relation to the general good, and yet in the time of war how closely it is knitted to the heart-life of individuals ! When the fond mother folds her darling boy for the last time to her bosom, and, with uplifted, tearful eyes to Heaven, sends him away with her blessing, to make one in the unseen ranks of the common soldier that are needed to stop up the gap of rebellion and save the nation ; or when the young lover, with bursting heart, tears himself from her who has promised to be the light and beauty of his home, the greatness of the principle may and does crown them with honor, but it does not take from them the pain, the anguish of the parting. And do we not—who believe in God—think of him as infinitely beyond the compass of our thought, and yet is He not near to each one of us ?—“Our Father,” caring for us, in whose love and faithfulness we find our best comfort and only glimmering of hope in such hours of sorrow and gloom as are upon us to-day.

So great as this principle of faith is, divine as this discontent that leads the emigrant to seek a new home in a better land, or the individual to endeavor to plant a new thought of God and

worship in the midst of the multitude of others that already claim the interest and devotion of the people, how closely it is interwoven with the very heart of the world—the family life and individual friendships of those concerned. Far away as the breaking up of the first home of Terah may seem to us, yet the human heart was the same in those days as in these; different as his new ideas of religion may have been from those of his neighbors, there was doubtless many a friend to be left behind—many a fond association that seemed to hold them to the old place and the old ways. Go where they might, prosper how they may, it must be a long time before they will cease to feel, in that strange mystery and holy of holiest of the heart's life, that part of their life is still there, where they were born—first saw the flowers and sunlight—where all the experience of their lives, from the joy of love's return, to their sorrow, when they buried Haran, had been shared by those whom they left behind. And then how it must have touched the heart of Abraham and the rest of the family when Terah, the father, in whose heart had first dawned the new hope and desire to find a land of promise, died at Haran on the way there, before they had found the place that would satisfy the new life and purpose within him. That must have been a sad mourning for the children, when so much upon which the father had set his heart seemed to hang in uncertainty.

But how often it is that the faith and purpose of the father is born anew in the hearts of his children. Shakespeare was, as usual, true to human nature when he caused the thoughtless young Prince Henry to awake to manhood's claims and duties, by what he supposed to be the death-deed of his father. We are not born corrupt; nobility of character is conveyed from one generation to another. The promise of life from every law of nature is unto us and our children. It is claimed by some that the children of the good are more apt to turn out bad than those of the wicked. Nothing could be further from the truth. Such an idea can only find support in an age when evil is called good and good evil. But the faith and purpose of Terah found new and richer life in the heart of Abraham; the same was to him as the voice of God. When as yet he had no children, he saw a nation as his descendants, as numerous as the stars of Heaven, inhabiting the goodly land of Canaan, to which his wanderings had

brought him, and in which, for a long time, he did not own so much as a foot of land. But the principal glory of Abraham is in the fact that this purpose of his life was more than the ambition to make a name—to be the father of a nation. He wanted all other nations to be blessed through this one. That there were those before Abraham who believed in the unity and spirituality of God, we know. But it is very evident that the devotion of Abraham to this view of religion has preserved in the traditions of his posterity, had much to do with the superiority of their conceptions of God at a later age.

The facts of his life seemed, in the mind of the author of the letter to the Hebrews, to indicate that he and his children sought to find a city, or home, whose builder and maker was God. They not only recognized the human but likewise the divine qualities of life. They obeyed the instinct that led them to look to the Infinite Creator and source of all things for strength and comfort. He who had made the heavens and the earth was their habitation; the best hopes and longings of their hearts were to them as the voice of God. All the promises of life and the future springing out of this quality of faith were to them as a covenant from Jehovah, meaning the Eternal, the I Am—He that was, and is, and ever shall be. It is, no doubt, a very fragmentary and traditional picture that we have of the life of this patriarch. But such glimpses as we do get of it reveal to us qualities and characteristics that we would do well to emulate. I said just now that he did not forget the divine—neither did he ignore the human. All good is the gift of God, but he who secures it to enjoy must be industrious.

Abraham saw the power of wealth, and sought after it. He had great flocks and possessions. There are some who seem to think that to be religious one must live apart from the world in its concerns of politics and industries. Not so Abraham; nor did the cares of his wealth or its possession canker and corrode his heart. In his dealings with Lot, his nephew, we find evidence of a most unselfish nature. When the servants of Lot quarreled with his, he said to Lot: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brothers;" and then, though age and everything gave him the right of choice, he permitted Lot to

take the richest part of the country, while he journeyed willingly in an opposite direction. There is one more glimpse of his character towards the end of his life that I cannot refrain from mentioning. Nearly all his life he was a stranger in a strange land. But at last death, which finds its way sooner or later into all families, took from him his beloved and honored wife, Sarah, and he was in need of a piece of ground in which to bury his dead. But so honorable had been his life that he had endeared himself to the people, and when he sought to buy from them the field and cave of Macpeleh, they would fain have granted it to him without price.

But instructive as this family life is, I must now ask you to look from it to another. There are doubtless very many family histories that might be compared to this of Terah and Abraham in some respects. But it has seemed to me that there was no way in which I could say so well or so fitly what I wanted to about him to sorrow for whose love and to honor whose memory we are gathered here to-day, as by setting it over against this of Abraham's. Not that I mean to say that it has been the same in quality or will bear the same fruit in after days, but I am satisfied that according to his talents and convictions he traveled along the same path.

Nor does the resemblance begin with his own life. When but a lad there was another discontented Terah away yonder in Devonshire of old England, who felt that the land was too strait for him, whose religious convictions as a dissenter and Unitarian, coupled with a desire to do better for his children than he could there, led him to look towards this new land of promise. Not that they were in distress, for they were in circumstances very far removed from those that impel most of the emigrants to these shores. Now, under any condition, it must require a good deal of this quality of faith, or divine discontent, to lead a man in middle life to take this step; but to me, knowing what I do of England and English life, how Saunders Hornbrook and wife ever acquired the faith to break with their life and friends in England and seek a home here, when the country was scarcely open to settlement, is a mystery; that they did so is pledge sufficient that they were of heroic nature. I find that up to the year 1818, so few persons had as yet settled here, that scarcely

anything is known of its history up to that time, while Mr. Hornbrook and family arrived here in the following year, 1818. Mr. Hornbrook settled in Scott Township, about ten miles from the then embryo village of Evansville, and, though we find him in the amount of land he took up and the opening of a store, while carrying on at the same time a wool and carding-machine and cotton-gin, doing his best to realize his expectations touching the material interests of his life. We also find that he did not forget the divine, those of the spiritual. But there was little in common between the crude religious views of their orthodox neighbors and those of these educated English Unitarians. And so though they did their best to affiliate with those among whom their lot was cast in these matters, they were compelled to build their own altar to that same Divine Unity, Terah and Abraham worshiped of old. Of course there was no minister of their faith to be had; but Unitarianism rests on no particular man or system, but on the heart and conscience of each individual; and so Mr. Hornbrook, when he could gather in a few neighbors, would hold his own service, reading to his family and small audience a sermon from some famous American or English Unitarian divine. It was, no doubt, the influence of this noble loyalty to religious convictions that has given to the cause of Unitarianism the constant and unswerving devotion of their son, and through their daughter, this church building. Though strangers in a strange land—no one about them for some time with whom they could find the fellowship that all earnest conviction craves—they never lost sight of the fact that any home worth building must have in it a place for the Divine Builder. Though they were, doubtless, by many of their neighbors regarded as infidels in creed, they were never accused of being infidels in conduct. I mention these things, because in almost every case the home of a child foreshadows the life of a man. But the faith and purpose of this Terah took root in the heart of his son. He was taught in his childhood that life had both human and divine wants. At his mother's knee, and by his father's counsel, he was taught that he was not only their child, but also the child of God; that to be a Christian was to live by the golden rule, having Christ before him as an example of trust in the Fatherhood of God and loyalty to the brotherhood of

man. His life has yielded good and true fruit to this kind of teaching. There are but few who know the sacrifices he has made and the labor given for the purpose of establishing, in this town, the faith that was so dear to his heart. Nothing has contributed so much happiness to the declining years of his life as the completion and dedication of this church, free of debt, and through it the faith that the work and devotion of a lifetime will not be lost.

But while he believed in and sought to live by the divine law, like this earlier Unitarian of whom I have spoken, he did not forget the claims of this life. His was no morbid piety, that robbed life of its ambition, that looked upon all its fame or honor as a worthless bauble, or thought it a sin to laugh or joke; naturally of a cheerful disposition, everything that came into his hands of like character was made to contribute to the enjoyment of his friends. Though his educational advantages were not anything to boast of, yet such was the quality of his mind and strength of his memory, that I have seldom met a man so well informed touching the practical affairs of life, and with a more varied and precise recollection of the contemporaneous events of a lifetime. Any one with a sound mind and good heart could not help enjoying his society.

But while he was industrious and devoted to the practical affairs of life, these did not, by any means, possess the fullest love of his heart. If I am correctly informed, there have been but few of the citizens of Evansville who have done more for the public good than he has. In the interests of anything that had the advantage of the people in view, he was never sparing in his toil. Though entrusted with several offices of trust, he has always retained the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens. But though so genial in his humor and public in his spirit, it was not every one who met him on the street who knew him truly. His heart was too large and overflowing with affection to be fully known outside of the family circle.

When we go into some houses we see at once that the father and husband has permitted himself to become so absorbed in his public life as to be almost a stranger to his family; but it was not so here. The cares of office or business were never permitted to cheat wife or children of their rightful share of atten-



tion. All who have been admitted into the sacred seclusion of his home know that it was no niggard affection that bloomed therein. Since I have known it, the shadow of his failing health has rested upon it ; but I am sure that the tenderness and sympathizing devotion of his children to his every wish must have been rooted in a life-long affectionate care for them as a parent. But the ties that are broken at his death are more than the one that makes his loss so hard to the surviving members of his family circle. As you all doubtless know, he was long a loved and honored member of the order of Odd Fellows—a society the symbol of whose fellowship of hearts is the three links of friendship, love and truth. Many doubtless mourn his loss as that of a fellow-citizen whose patriotism and upright life has, during a long lifetime, been contributed to the public good. But the brethren of this mystic tie who are here to-day, in respect to his memory, doubtless feel that a still closer bond of union has been broken ; that in his death they have lost a worthy and faithful brother, whose consistent life, with the principles of their order, has preserved inviolate the three golden links and cardinal virtues by which they seek to govern their lives. But there was another tie that was especially near to his heart, of which, if I should neglect to speak, I should be unfaithful to the trust reposed in me—I mean that of his church fellowship.

Those who have never been connected with a small and feeble society, shut outside of the sympathies and fellowship of every other church through, the strength of their convictions in the value of religious freedom, cannot understand what we suffer in the loss of one whose name has been ever identified with this church, and whose devotion has been a very large part of its strength. So closely and individually has he been always identified with its interests that I have several times heard it spoken of as Colonel Hornbrook's church. And yet this, above all churches, is not the church of any individual or individuals, but of world-wide and natural principles. We claim fellowship with the worth and goodness of every human heart, within or without the walls of any church. No doubt there are those present who honorably and sincerely differ from us in our religious convictions, but I am not afraid to say that there is no

one within the sound of my voice, or in the city of Evansville, more honest than he was in his religious faith, or more loyally or patiently devoted to the work of giving its truth to others. I dare not take your time to recount the history of his faithful endeavors to plant here the standard of a sublime, yet simple and intelligent religious faith. He has not altogether toiled in vain. Like Abraham, he has obtained at least a foothold, a small field in the land he had faith to believe would yet be devoted to this cause; the wedge of possession has been entered, and I have no doubt whatever but the time is coming when the fulfillment of his highest hopes will be more than realized, when the Fatherhood of God, the divinity as well as humanity of every soul, will be the acknowledged faith of every church, when religion, instead of being taught as something foreign to our lives, to be supernaturally added on in response to a faith in some dogma, will be seen and acknowledged as the best hopes and noblest qualities of all human hearts. Nor is this fulfillment of our own hopes and of our brother's dependent altogether upon the present success of this church.

The fulfillment of Abraham's faith was not immediate. For many a long year his descendants were slaves to the strongest government of the age—the Egyptian.

But the faith of Abraham, living on from age to age, supplemented and nourished by the natural love of liberty of the human heart, was bound to bring them back to the land of promise, just as soon as they were strong enough to storm and fight their way out.

So, as our cause is yet outwardly weak, we may have to submit for some time to the stronger power. We know that there are very many who look longingly towards this land of promise, who have caught some glimpse of this new vision, who are as yet held by the almost unconquerable powers of social force and association to what has become to them a bondage. We enter no complaint against them. If they are worthy of our love, they will come to us as soon as they can. Nor is this altogether an unmixed evil. Egypt gave to the descendants of Abraham much that was of service to them after securing their liberty. Egypt was at that time the most enlightened nation of the world. Very much of its good was preserved in the new land

that was destined to supercede it as the hope and light of the world. So here the old has its claims upon us, and whatever is good within it must be carried forward and incorporated into the new. But as sure as the superior faith of Abraham triumphed over that of Egypt, which, though once pure, had become corrupt, will the simple and intelligent faith, that has been the hope and vision of our brother's life, some day come to honor liberty and power. While, then, we as a church mourn his loss, let us lean for support on this assurance: that whatever temporary reverses we may have, victory is finally certain.

With all love and friendship for those who think otherwise, I have felt that I could not say less than this and do justice to the memory of our friend and brother. But while I have thus spoken, I have been mindful of how far away most of this must be to-day from those who have been united to him by that nearest and most sacred tie of family life. At some future day they may think of it, but not now, while all is swallowed up in the one sad, heartrending thought, "Father is gone from us; we shall see his face no more on earth; we had hoped to have been with him in his last hours—to have received his last words, and given to him the light of our love and tenderness through the dark valley." Surely a stranger meddleth not with such grief. How vain and empty do all our words seem before these sad and tearful faces that but faintly portray the grief of the heart! We loved him, too, we say; but not as they. We feel and mourn his loss; but not as they do. We read that when Job's friends saw his great grief that they kept silent before him seven days and nights. When I came here to speak to-day it seemed to me that silence in such an hour would be more eloquent than speech.

But oh, friends immortal—torn and riven as your hearts are on this the last day of the year, has not our friend and your father filled well the year of his life? Though the battle is ended, has he not won the victory? Has he not been to you all, as a parent, you would ask of your Heavenly Father?

While then you mourn, try, also, to be grateful for so rich a gift. It will not be long before our lives, too, will be rounded by the sleep of death. But shall we not wake in a fairer land—

"Where parted friends again shall meet  
In union, holy, calm and sweet,  
And earthly sorrow, fear and pain  
Shall never reach our hearts again!"

## \*IN MEMORIAM OF MRS. ANN MAIDLOW.

GEORGE CHAINEY.

But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.—2 Cor., 3: 18.

Three years ago the first of this month the soul of Mrs. Ann Maidlow was convoyed to the bosom of God.

During her lifetime on earth she had been earnestly devoted to the cause of Liberal Christianity. For many years she had labored to secure a church of her own faith in this place, and before her death she left sufficient means to the Society, with such other help as it could secure, to erect this church. Since its completion and dedication to the worship of one God, our Father, nothing has ever been said in it in honor of her memory. We are not here to-day to remourn her loss. Time takes away the bitterness of all grief, and doubtless we are better prepared now to profit from the lessons of her life.

In our homes we keep the pictures of the friends who have left us to assist us in keeping fresh and green the memory of their love. We also plant above their graves the ever-green and weeping willow, at once a picture of our sorrow and our hope; thus when we go there we not only recall the friendship of earth, but pass joyfully over into the unknown, where we shall meet again on the fields of immortal youth. So it seems to me that in the family life of the church we should occasionally remember those who, though absent, are still with us through the ministrations of their lifetime to the adorning of this our common home. The old church (especially the Catholic) has its saints' days—days in memoriam of the good and true—days in which it endeavors to feel the presence of God through their intercessions. That God needs to be prayed to by one of

\*A sermon preached in the Church of the Unity, Sunday morning, May 5th, 1878.

his children, however good that child may be, in order to be merciful to such as are disobedient, we do not believe. Still there is a sense in which this idea of mediatorship is true: "Being dead, they yet speak." Whatever they were in spirit that they are still to us, and so I think it is perfectly proper and perfectly wise for us to seek to-day to come nearer to God through the memory of her devotion.

No doubt the early Christian saints that have a place in the calendar of the church are worthy of our honor, but to many of us they are too far removed and too much hidden by imperfect records to know exactly what light they have shed on the path of life. But we are not of those who believe that all the good lived yesterday; that there are none in these times who are true enough, pure enough and good enough to stand as way-marks to the kingdom of God.

I have selected my text because by analogy it will enable me to speak of the influence of the Unitarian faith upon the life and character of one who is devotedly and intelligently attached to it. What the mind and heart contemplates with ardent desire is sure to cast its image in time upon our souls. As we behold in the mirror of life the glory of the Lord will we be changed from glory to glory into the same image. The glass through which each one best beholds this glory is their religious faith. Each system of belief produces its likeness in the lives of its ardent believers. As a test of the character of any faith, I know of none better. The tree is known by its fruit. In asking the question what is the type of character produced by the Unitarian faith, it is not every one that bears the name that can give to us the answer. Many of us have not been under its influence from childhood. Many of us came into it after a weary heart-struggle with opposing doubts under another system. Like shipwrecked mariners we were cast upon her shore to gather ourselves together after our long battle with the waves, and then, with such help as she so generously gives to all who come to her in this extremity, begin anew among strangers. Now there is a great deal of poetry and beauty in the music and white surf of the rolling waves, but I expect it is a great deal easier for one to see it and feel it who has never been any nearer to them than the shore or firm deck of some stout vessel, than for one who has

battled among them for hours in despair of his life as they have rolled and tumbled about him, as if hungering to bury him in their dark depths. So I expect it is far less difficult for one who has been nurtured from childhood in the Unitarian faith to feel kindly towards the orthodox system than for one who has only escaped from it with his life after a bitter and weary struggle. Such a one may resolve over and over to say nothing that will hurt the feelings of any one, but the darkness and weariness of that struggle for hope and life in the waves of dogma generally comes between him and the fulfillment. Then there are those who come into the Unitarian faith from nowhere in particular; who escape all early religious impressions and training until years of manhood and reflection open to them the need of life in this direction, and so, looking about them, they find that what seems to agree best with their natural and common sense views is the Unitarian system; but these are not apt. to have that idealism, warmth and glow of devotion to it as is born of life-long associations and memories. So I take it that the truest way to see the work a faith can do in the development of character is to take one who has been educated in it and always found their mind and heart responsive to its vision of life and duty. Such a one was Mrs. Maidlow. Her parents were staunch English Unitarians—Unitarians when to be such was more than it is today in the way of difference with those of other churches. Some of its earliest defenders, heroic men, who dissented from the established church rather than be guilty of mental duplicity and reservation, were the ministers that visited at her father's house. When her parents came to this country she saw them faithful to the principles they had espoused. Though there was no one else about them of like opinion, though their orthodox neighbors looked upon them as infidels, yet she had the example before her of those most dear, living upright and honorable lives while cherishing these opinions, growing old together, then one by one passing over to the other side in unshaken confidence in the Fatherhood of God, sinking to rest as sweetly in his arms as a babe slumbers on its mother's bosom. The parents had set the children the example of trying to win the attention of others to their sunnier and more intelligent faith, and this good work was faithfully repeated by them. It has been for them and others

hard, slow and discouraging work to arouse much interest for it among the people of this section. But in the course of her life Mrs. Maidlow bore ample witness to the fact that hers was no private faith or selfish devotion. I sometimes meet people who think that there is nothing in our faith to call out our devotion ; who have gathered the impression that one of our principles is for us who believe in it, to enjoy it among ourselves, without caring a straw whether others come to think as we do or not. But this is quite a mistake. It doubtless comes from the great emphasis we place on the value of individual liberty of opinion. Catching this part of our message alone they get from it the idea that we think one opinion just as good as another. But that is only one side of the question. Whatever is true to an earnest soul will be felt by them to have vital interest for the rest of mankind. The reason I know that true faith in the evangelical scheme is on the decline is because the efforts to make converts to it are growing every year more feeble. Only occasionally do we meet with a man like Moody, whose profession of belief and conduct go together. So I know that genuine faith in Liberal Christianity is on the increase, because efforts to spread it abroad are on the increase.

“Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion  
Prepared for Zion’s war.”

Mrs. Maidlow was one who believed, with all her heart and mind, in the Liberal Faith ; and so one of the constant desires and efforts of her life was to give others the same precious hope and promise. To her it was no system of negations, lulling the soul to slumber, but vital, with living affirmations that gave abundant room for the most earnest activity. Others who called themselves by its name might be careless as to its growth, but to her it was the trumpet-call to duty. It made her life grand with a noble purpose, and sublime in its self-sacrifice to its glorifying truths. Some seem to think that superstition and fanaticism are necessary companions to devotion to any phase of religious thought, and so they wrap themselves up into a genteel indifference to this whole question, and talk of having so much

else to attend to that they leave these things to be settled by those who have an especial call to that kind of work. What shame is cast upon such petty dilletantism by a noble, intelligent, earnest faith in some system of truth that deals with the Divine possibilities of the soul! Yea, by any form of true devotion, no matter how much superstition or fanaticism it may carry. But it is by no means necessary to be either superstitious or fanatical in order to be intensely concerned about these matters. Indifferentism and formalism leads, at last, to more blinding superstition and bigoted fanaticism than was ever allied to real, earnest, thoughtful interest in religion. But the religious faith of Mrs. Maidlow was intelligent and yet vital. I cannot tell you that she prayed so many times a day, or that her voice was ever heard pleading with God at a prayer-meeting; but I know that she made her life a prayer, that to many gathered about the idea of God tenderer and more affectionate sentiments. It may be beyond the interest of some to care about the usual conceptions of God that are conveyed by the popular form of religious teaching, but the desire of her heart and endeavor of her life was to help others to see Him as the tender, loving Father and Mother of all souls, instead of as a harsh, cruel sovereign, wreaking vengeance on his innocent children, and only accessible to any through the atonement of Jesus. To her Jesus came not to reconcile God to us, but us to God. It might be nothing to others that children are taught that they are naturally sinful; that they must experience some mysterious change that bewilders and perplexes them before God can know them as His children. But to her such teaching seemed to open wide the gates leading to immorality, and so the cry of her soul was that they might be taught, as she was, at her mother's knee, that they are God's children—*all*; that they have a divine nature as well as human; that evil is its own punishment instead of making a scarecrow of God; that right-doing is its own reward, instead of cultivating in them the principle of selfishness by making the object of life consist of getting to Heaven. Fain would she have had others—instead of seeing the dear Christ as an offering for sin to the wrath of God, a part of a mysterious trinity removing him far from all real human sympathy and fellowship—see him with her as a true brother, helper and friend;



the true light of life sent in the plan and purpose of God from the foundation of the world to reveal to us our near relation to him as children, and all the possibilities that are included therein. To her the world was no dismal, howling wilderness, no gloomy penitentiary. Her faith in God's infinite love, her understanding of the words of Jesus, her sympathy with nature, her faith in and love for humanity, made all thought of an hopeless state impossible. All things for her breathed hope. No dark vision of an endless hell was permitted to haunt her childhood's dreams. The religious teaching which guided her youth was no voice of wrath but of mercy. The Heavens were always bright above her with the love and goodness of God. The religious people she knew (when lasting impressions are made) were not gloomy hypochondriacs, possessed with the idea that the world is all wrong and everybody going to hell but themselves—pretending to set no store on the vain things of this life, and yet holding the world with as firm grip as any one—but simple, natural, cheerful men and women, whose religion was to love God and man, receive thankfully the good He gives to-day without fear of to-morrow. And so looking into this open glass of light, of promise and hope, her life was changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the spirit of the Lord. So that the remembrance of one and all her friends about her at once recalls her sunny disposition, her love of flowers and all things bright and fair. Moved by these recollections they have brought flowers here to-day, as the best expression of what her life was to them. A sweet and precious thing, speaking of hope as naturally as this springtime, pointing ever to the bright side of life as these flowers fit into all our best days, always helpful and cheerful in her presence, making not only her own life blessed, but enabling many through her faith to say in the words of her favorite hymn :—

God is love; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

The tendency of a faith to produce cheerful, contented human lives cannot be too highly valued. If Unitarianism had no other claim on the esteem of mankind than this it ought to have re-

ceived better at its hands than it has. I know of no phase of religious teaching that has done so much to put hope into the hearts of men in the midst of life's cares and bereavements. It knows no place for despair in the universe of God. Its watchword is ever onward and upward. There is a silver lining to every dark cloud. No night was ever so long as not to give place to a new day. Winter may come, but it is only to make us happier in the spring. Each dark hour of life has its true use. The storm may sweep over our hearts, bending low each blooming plant therein, but they shall soon lift themselves into new grace and sweeter perfume. Nor can we be too grateful for the memory of a life that has actualized the good cheer of such a faith. Who can measure the influence of one of the first bright, sunny days of springtime, just as all nature is bursting into birth? So who can measure the influence of a cheerful, contented life upon all those who come within its range? It is not the one who gives the most of knowledge or of wealth to mankind that does the most for his race, but the one who gives the most sunlight, dries the most tears and kindles the most smiles. Jesus, who brought the most of peace and good will, with the fullest thought of God as a Father, is the best boon for which millions thank God, the Giver, to-day. Charity is not ended with gifts to the poor. Life will be almost lived in vain unless we, through faith, hope and love give to the world a sweet, wholesome, cheerful, inspiring life. So through these flowers let us look up to God to-day and thank him for the memory of this lifetime that fits so naturally into their fullest hope and promise. But the atmosphere in which our sister was reared was something more than one of fine sentiment. I know it is sometimes charged against us that our religion is one of sentimentalism—dreams that, though bright and fair, have no waking reality. Nothing was ever farther from the truth. No system of faith was ever locked so fast to the eternal truth, as the most giant intellects of earth have seen, it as this one. Its defenders have always ranked with the leading scholars and master minds of the times. Its followers have always been strongly intellectual. If it has any fault, it is its failure to attach the thoughtless. I think myself that if its ministers had devoted more time to the kindling of its fires of hope and enthusiasm that we should have

made more rapid progress. Still our business is to know the truth and strive for it with our lives. Unitarians have always been foremost here. Its history is the record of a wonderful scholarship. Though its numbers are small when compared with other denominations, its literature and hymnology will bear comparison with any. The leading influence to-day in the world of letters is in its noblest features the product of this faith. The most immortal names therein shall be stars in its final crown of rejoicing. But there is good reason for this fact. Literature is the art of copying or interpreting nature. Shakespeare is the greatest, poet because he is most completely the representative of universal human nature. His greatness is his naturalness. The great writer is always the one who either opens to us the world without or within—helps us to know ourselves and others—expresses to us what we have seen and felt but could never have told. The true writer always finds readers, because all natural hearts respond to him. Now Unitarianism cultivates this. It has always fostered the genius of letters; it looks lovingly into the face of nature within and without; its Bible has always room in it for another page. The soul of man is the temple of God. God to it is revealed in all things. Not a flower blooms on the earth or star that flames in the sky that does not reveal some part of His infinite goodness and power. With it

All things are but parts  
Of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is  
And God the soul.

With such a faith it is not to be wondered that it has fostered letters and attracted to it those with mental grasp and vision strong enough to look into this shining face of the Glory of God and write down what they have seen and felt. Its faith is the worship and adoration of the Divine without the limitation of creed and dogma. To it the glory and truth of God are infinite, and so beyond all possibility of being confined in one book or system of doctrine. Its Bible is made up of every true word and noble thought. No age has a mortgage on inspiration. That which is most inspiring is most inspired, whether it was written yesterday or thousands of years ago, by Deborah or

George Eliot, Solomon or Emerson. Whatever puts on record the tragic of life so as to teach and inspire others in its changing hopes and visions from childhood to old age, painting in glowing natural colors the innocency of childhood, the new and thrilling emotions of the heart in the birth hour of conscious individuality, the sweet dream of love in its first new life, fresh born from Heaven, the holy and tender mystery of motherhood, the noble ambitions of heroic youth, the strength of manhood and glory of womanhood, is received as the gift of God. No truth is profane and no lie is sacred. All of truth is of God, no matter who reveals it. And so all who love or discover any truth, new or old, touching the earth beneath or the Heavens above, the world without or the world within, what has been or is yet to come, are received as the servants of God. For as it is written, "Man must not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from out of the mouth of God." Such was the intellectual life with which Mrs. Maidlow was surrounded. Her parents were richly endowed intellectually, both by nature and culture; and all who knew her say that she possessed a mind that was rich in its store of information and fertility of thought. She was fond of gleaning from all sources the best thoughts of the best thinkers. She delighted in and yet richly rewarded the society of the most intelligent. In this respect her life does honor to the faith whose name she bore. Though she received much of her intellectual inspiration from it, it is not every one that so worthily repays it. She looked into this glass and beheld the glory of the Lord in wisdom, in large information and wide range of thought, until she was changed from glory to glory into the same image. In the New Testament we read: "That unto every one that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not even that he hath shall be taken away." He who hath ten talents gaineth ten talents more and is made ruler over large cities, while he who had but one hid it in a napkin, had it taken from him and given to him who had abundant and left to weep and bewail himself over his neglect of opportunity to improve that which he had. So we find that whoever takes largely and freely of the good cheer and knowledge of truth that God offers to all are at once enlarged and increased in their possessions. When the end of this first day of trust comes to a close and the

sleep of death stands between them and a larger sphere of life for the soul, there is the sweet approval of God, the joy of true service rendered to humanity, the consciousness that life has not been lived in vain. I wish I could fully set before you the wealth and glory of such a life, and then compare it with the poverty of one who never takes hold of these things with any earnestness of feeling or purpose. For though our faith touches the infinite in its hopefulness, we cannot but see that there are great sad losses for some lives misspent—voyagers coming in at the close of life without a cargo; those who should have brought from the rich fields of opportunity abundant fruit, bringing in their hands nothing but leaves. . . But notice, briefly, a few of the added possessions of those who live such a life as our sister. Money is not held by them for its own sake, but for what can be done with it, for good. No such soul can be shut up in the narrow prison of the miser. They have learned that it is more blessed to give than receive. To them, also, is given the genius and sympathy of a true liberality. While they set the highest value upon their own faith, they yet see the spirit of true worship that lives behind the letter of others. They are not among the dogmatists over no dogma, as some are proud that they are not proud. The better the heart the better the world. The reason why, with some, every one else is all wrong, is because they are all wrong. To such is also given, though unsought for, truest happiness. Happiness is always the reward of the good.

“Wouldst behold beauty  
Near thee—all around?  
Only hath duty  
Such a sight found.”

Happiness is intensity and largeness of life—a balance between that within and that without; the consciousness that makes life a grand thing in its possessions and opportunities; that lifts it out of the hum-drum and kill-time sphere of many into all loss of the jarring, rolling wheels of time, giving even here the full throbbing consciousness of the soul's immortality in this realization of the eternal. It also gives to them large faith in the future. They work not as though to-morrow is the “be all and end all.” And so they sow, even though not expecting to reap.

Faith in God and the soul's love of the eternal right has lifted them above the mutations of time. What if the work they do give themselves to never amounts to anything or gets any credit while they live—if it is a thing that ought to be done, they are going to do it, whatever may be the consequence. Put alongside of such a life as this one who simply thinks of their own happiness, the amount of money they have at the bank, or how they shall out-shine this or that person in dress, that knows no large mental or moral vision, so concerned are they about what their neighbors think of them or how they shall get on in business, and it is like comparing the bat, which comes out only in the shadow of night, to the eagle that flies in the open face of the sunlight.

My friends, let us not lurk in the gloomy conventionalities of life, but fly upwards on the strong wings of faith towards the glorious sunlight of God's eternal truth. Let us open our heart constantly to all hope and promise ; look lovingly and constantly into all that reveals the glory and goodness of God, until our lives reflect the same. Give ever-gracious welcome to the truth—from whatever source it may come—so that, like her of whom we have remembered to-day, we may be cheerful and intelligent in our religious faith and yet earnestly devoted thereto. As she labored not for to-day, so let us rise above our craving for present glittering success into the eternal ; the love and patience to do the thing that is right—not because of any hoped for or promised reward, but because it is right. We have given ourselves here to the work of building a church that shall stand with open doors for all ; that shall despise no truth or goodness ; that shall be in the time that is fast approaching a rock of refuge to flee to in the midst of the yielding sands of dogma that are so fast losing all power to hold up the hopes of men's souls. Let us not falter or grow weary ; for, "in due season, we shall reap if we faint not." Though all men pray the sun to stand still, it shall not ; neither shall the world be turned back in its orbit.

"Our course is onward—onward into light.  
What though the darkness gathereth amain,  
Yet to return or tarry both are vain.  
How full of stars when round us dark the night—  
Whither return ? What flower yet ever might,  
In days of gloom and cold and stormy rain,  
Enclose itself in its green bud again,  
And hide itself from tempest out of sight."

## \*OUR WORK AS LIBERALS.

GEORGE CHAINEY.

Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—*Phil.* 31: 13-14.

I have read to you these words of Paul as a text simply to give to us an example of the true way to honor the past—that is, by planning for the future. One year ago to-day I stood, at your request, in this pulpit for the first time, and preached the first sermon in this church to an audience about one-third the size of the present one. I might find much to speak about of interest concerning the work we have done, but I prefer to look at that which yet remains for us to do. In doing this, I have no desire to commit myself, or you, in any way that will hinder our freest and most spontaneous thought. I am quite willing to acknowledge that if, one year from to-night I speak from this pulpit, it is quite probable that I may contradict some things I shall say to-night. This is the genius of our liberty. We are free to shed the old when the new life comes out. We always leave the dead past to bury its dead. No man can tell to-day what his duty will be to-morrow. It is because of this we fight for the liberty of the soul. No matter what you promise to do to-day, if to-morrow you see that it is wrong to fulfill your promise, break it if you would be true to the interests of your soul. The spirit before the letter, always. But while there are many things that remain uncertain about to-morrow, in spite of our most confident expectations, there are always some things that stand out in the clear sunlight of truth. I know of nothing more certain than the fact that there is need, in this very place, of just such a church as ours. When I came down here, live men around Chicago said to me: “For Heaven’s sake don’t go down there to start a church.

\*First Anniversary Sermon preached in the Church of Unity, April 14th, 1878.

They are fifty years behind the time!" Others said: "A border city is the last place in the world in which to look for defenders of a new faith that is yet in the days of its childhood." But in the light of your hope and promise of eager devotion, I paid little heed to such warnings. But if there was any truth in them, all the more reason is there that we should have a church here for such who are not willing to profess one thing and believe another, who find no help or fellowship in any other church. No doubt there were many in the days of anti-slavery agitation who hated slavery; felt it to be a monstrous wrong; who yet, for fear of injuring their trade or loss of social position, failed to lift their voice against it. Doubtless the seed sown then will bear like fruit to-day, now the battle for a fresh emancipation is upon us. But all did not keep silent in those days that tried mens' souls, nor will they to-day. The fires of the old faith are fast dissolving. I meet men every day almost who tell me that it no longer warms their hearts as of old. No doubt there will be much smoke raised that will blind thousands through fitful efforts to kindle them again. Many a zealous soul, lacking the mental condition to see the inexorable conditions and necessity of their extinction, will endeavor vainly to withstand the tendency to build anew and kindle other fires. The wave of reversion from orthodoxy may be somewhat tardy in reaching us, but it is bound to come and that speedily. No one can stay it any more than they can stay an earthquake or get out of the way of a thunderbolt. Shall we neglect to build a fort that is sure against its destructive power? Shall the rising generation be left to think that the church has no life save under that form which they hear their parents make a subject of mockery during six days of the week and on the seventh reverently sustain and honor? In a city of forty thousand people, situated in the corner of three great States, sending out an influence for good or bad in scores of other towns, shall there be no church here that stands for the largest liberty of the soul, that honors and has faith in man, that builds for the future instead of worshipping the past? Yea, verily, there is such a church, and shall continue to be. I am sometimes asked: What are you trying to do at your church? Because we have no revivals nor don't expect to save souls as brands from any eternal burnings, and have no creed to which we pledge our adherents, the cause



of our existence and character of our work seems to some to be a standing mystery. I have no doubt that the largest number of orthodox people in the place who think of us at all, simply think of us as deniers ; as a church that is built on denouncing as false what they believe, or profess to believe, is true. Now I do not despise this. Next to knowing what is true is knowing what is false. I honor the man who, not knowing what the truth is, after thinking about these doctrines of a cursed world, wrathful God and eternal hell, feels that there is no truth in them ; and who then, though all his neighbors shun him and call him a liar, dares to say the thing is false, and so help me God, I'll have none of it ! I would proudly welcome any such man to the fellowship of this church. But such is far from the end of our work, though it may be the beginning. In this church we want and must keep open house for all. While every other church shuts up its doors and only unfastens them to such as can pronounce some arbitrary watchword or swear by some creed, we want to keep open house for all. We want it known there is, at least in Evansville, a church that is as broad as humanity—and humanity is only another name for Christianity—and as generous as God's free air. When any man wants companionship along the path of life—desires to find courage and sympathy to help him lead a better life, I want that he shall be able to say : "Yonder is a church that not only believes in God, but in me also." The church is not to separate us from the world, but to unite us to it. If we are true, then, to our duty as believers, we will see that we not only maintain the church, but maintain it in such a way that all will find here a generous and cordial welcome. This is the genius of our liberality. Some people seem to think that liberalism is an excuse for taking one's ease ; turning life into one long holiday ; making its aim consist in having a good time at any cost ; but such meaning is as far from it as the East is from the West. True liberality is a new grace that has sprung up in our time to meet the fresh need of the hour. The distinctive virtue of the early church was charity, or love towards each other. To-day charity, with many, means pity. Perhaps the grace of charity is better than none. I remember well how, when I broke away from the old church, some of my friends, whom I had loved inexpressibly, came to me overflowing with this grace ; but in the

tear in the eye and the tremor in the voice I saw and heard them saying what a pity that he should cast away his Saviour and lose his soul. Now this new grace of liberality is one that confronts, with open eye, the problem of the soul's life and destiny; looks beyond all outward relations and professions, and finds the kingdom of God within; sees that the source and fountain of happiness is in the motives and affinities of the soul; that Heaven is the simple love of the true, good and beautiful, while hell is just the opposite state of mind and heart. This new plant of liberality is the latest and most perfect plant that has appeared in the garden of the soul. It combines, in perfect harmony, all the excellencies of Faith, Hope and Charity. Its blossom is the universal Fatherhood of God and its fruit the brotherhood of man. Its fruit is the same as that which grew on the tree of life, while its leaves are for the healing of the nations. Since this new plant was discovered the grace of God is no longer supposed to be confined either to one age or one nation. All forms of religion are seen now to be but the different outward expressions of one universal principle of life. The church that devotes itself to its culture knows no line of division between saint and sinner, but keeps open house for all. Herein is the chief difference between us, who lay claim to being liberals, and those who go no farther than the grace of charity. I meet sometimes with blear-eyed, bloated, thoughtless, besotted, lust-consumed men, who say: "I believe in your church; that's my religion." Now I would rather such a man feel that way, than to have him think that we believed if he should die in such condition that he would find no mercy in the infinite heart of God; that for him eternity must be one long, bitter wail of despair—one unbroken night of fiery pain and blackness of darkness; for liberality looks beyond the deformity and sees that there are powers, even in such a soul, that make a hopeless state impossible. But I boldly challenge the world to find me nobler souls, with more untarnished honor, devotion to truth and beauty of character, than are to be found in the liberal ranks. Hence we do not keep open house, as a church, because we have nothing to give, but because it is only by being thus hospitable that we can be true to our divinest aspirations. As liberals we have also a great work to do in showing the oneness of truth. The church with-

out liberality is hostile to what is known as scientific or natural truth. They are not willing to trust themselves to the nature of things, but stand on the infallibility of Pope or Bible. But the true liberal is sure that there can be no opposition here. His vision at once comprehends the fact that the stability of the universe is a greater good than a Bible full of miracles. When science comes in and says these things are monstrous and impossible, nature knows no such thing any more than eternity admits of an end, he not only perceives it to be true, but finds consolation in the assurance that all things, from the smallest grain of sand to the largest planet, are alike girded about by unchangeable law. That there is antagonism between the teachings of science and theology there is no longer any doubt; but the work of the liberal is to show that while the fires of truth are burning up the old myths and fables of history; that all the grand, essential truths of religion remain the same yesterday, to-day and forever, without variableness or shadow of turning; that man is finite and the universe the temple of the infinite in which, by the necessity of his being, he must ever stand to question, wonder, adore, worship; that wherever and whatever the seat of life may be, there is that about us which we call spirituality; that whether this lives on or dies with the body—duty, happiness, progress, peace, all things true and good make its cultivation the first law of life; that above the real world, which is recognized by the senses is an ideal one, the province of the imagination, through which religion best leads us to quaff the soul-inspiring nectar of love, listen to the soul-stirring music of hope, and rest in the wide-reaching prospect of truth in its myriad forms of beauty. The duty of the liberal is to take religion out of the prosy, hum-drum sphere of realistic dogmas, mechanical and commercial plans of salvation and exalt it into this higher world of the ideal. But in doing this we must show that this idealism is something more than a will-o'-the-wisp; that in its own true way it has the substantiality of truth. When this is done there will be no more conflict between religion and science; the noble disciples and students of nature shall no longer be called infidels, but believers of the most devoted sort. There must be no shrinking here. The truth before all things. If we find a new truth, we best honor the past by working for the

future in its acceptance. All that nature is, is the truth of God. But while we do not despise scientific truth, neither must we forget this other sphere ; for as the health of the body depends on knowledge and obedience of scientific truth, so does that of the soul on this spiritual truth. If a community makes war against the purity and sanctity of the home, it pulls destruction about its own head ; but it is just as certain to do this if it despises the church. The young man who wastes his early manhood in the service of lust is laying up regret for future days ; but if the claims of religious thought and devotion are despised, you shall just as surely reap the fruit of a still more bitter regret. Men are finding, in this day, that religious truths have come to us along the same path of evolution or growth as those of science. But the most important thing for us to find out is that they are alike inexorable ; that ignorance of the truths taught at the school-house will no more surely impoverish the life than ignorance of those taught at the church. Another feature of our work as liberals is, to show that all goodness is one. Hitherto the church has taught that there are two kinds, one of nature and the other of grace, one hated and the other loved by God. The church having committed itself to the doctrine of total depravity, it had to cast discredit upon all goodness in the lives of those who made no profession of being partakers of its grace by declaring that it all rooted in selfishness. According to its theory everything done, without ascribing the merit thereof to Jesus, is sin. Thousands upon thousands of unselfish mothers, toiling on day after day through the weary routine of constantly returning duties, full of anxious thought how to make two ends meet and make the children happy, fathers working patiently, with the same end in view, beneath the hot, scorching sun or by the sweltering fires of the forge, or burning out the candle of life at both ends in their eager devotion to business ; children pressing their good-night kisses on the lips of loved parents ; friends nobly helping each other in the hour of need ; young men arming themselves and rushing into battle in the defense of home or liberty ; young women patiently and trustfully waiting their destiny in the strange lottery of life—all this, the church says, is sin ; and if these souls go out of this life without a profession of faith in Jesus they shall never again cast a bright

thread through the pattern of life; for them there shall be no more any smiling Heavens or blooming flowers; never again shall the joy of love or of expectant hope come to sweeten life; nevermore shall they know the happiness of patient toil for the good of others. Now, as liberals, we are to show that all goodness is Divine; that the church has no patent-right on saintship; or, rather, that this is the true church, the goodness of all hearts, the innocence of all childhood, the hopefulness of all youth, the care of all man and womanhood, the patience and trustfulness of old age. The natural heart of man must no longer be looked upon only as a garden of weeds, but of useful and beautiful plants, which only need patient attention to be kept in the ascendency. We must also show that these truths are an inspiration to our own lives. Unless they develope within our own lives the graces and fruit of goodness, our advocating of so large and generous a faith will be of little worth. It is only as these truths have taken such vital hold upon our lives that we can really or successfully do this work. In all hives there are drones, to all armies there are stragglers; but it is the workers that gather the honey, the soldiers who bear the brunt and shock of battle who gain the victory. But the question which now arises is, how shall we do this work? Men sometimes see plenty to do, but fail at the same time to see how to do it. I have no doubt that there is much honest effort wasted through a failure in this direction. First in this work we should be aggressive. Our devotion to it should be eager, self-sacrificing, enthusiastic. The Christian thought proves its superiority to other religious systems through its missionary spirit. If our faith is what we profess it to be, we shall never be able to keep it to ourselves. Our purpose in sustaining a church will not be simply to have a good, pleasant time among ourselves. We will be anxious to say a word, whenever possible, that will bring others beneath the same influence. If by toil and sacrifice we can plant a church of our faith in an adjoining town, we will find in it occasion for rejoicing. We must be self-reliant—have all confidence in the value of our thought. If timid souls complain that we endanger their peace of mind, we must not, for a moment, flinch in our devotion to the truth. To bear witness to the truth, as we see it, and to live by it, must be the first

thought of our lives. The work we are doing needs no apology. The truth we proclaim is its own defense. With thousands drifting on the sea of life, without chart, anchor, compass or definite port to sail for, the light of Heaven hidden behind the thick fogs of doubt; others tempted into living the soulless, cheerless life of the hypocrite for the love of gain or the goodwill of society; the power of the old faith to win either the love or respect of the rising generation fast departing; all the old theological doctrines undermined by the truths of science and tottering before the sentence of their final doom, as much real goodness out of the church as within, is it not time for us as liberals to bestir ourselves—to become the aggressors instead of simply defenders? Yea, verily! Never, in all the history of humanity, were the calls of duty so imperative to any people as they are to-day to us, commanding us to go forth and to conquer. If we are faithful to our duty, we shall not only live to see the glorious success of this church, but also churches of like faith and vision springing up all around us. At Boonville, where I have been lecturing a number of times, the leading influence is with us; and I believe that before long we will have a regular organized church there. Just as soon as possible I intend to visit all the surrounding towns, and I shall not rest satisfied until we have churches in them all. I believe in this faith of ours. I am willing to live in it and die in it. To me it is the rising hope of the age—the pole star that is leading us from bondage to liberty—the arbitrator that is to end the war between religion and science; the life that now is with that which is to come, and bring in that bright day of peace and universal brotherhood for which all hearts hope. But while we are aggressive, we must also be consistent in our faith and spirit. A faith like ours can never be advanced by a quarrelsome spirit. We must not forget that there are many good and true hearts who still find inspiration in the old. Whatever we say against the dogmas that are fettering so many souls must be done in a spirit of love to them. Doubtless some will denounce us as enemies of God and man, but we must be careful not to return raillery for raillery, evil for evil. True liberalism will always endeavor to overcome evil with good.

One word more and I am done. We must have patience.

One year of our united life as a church has gone, with its record, into eternity, though in the light of its experience next year will be different, I am not ashamed of the seed that we have sown as a church. I believe that we have cast bread on the waters that will return after many days. But as we enter upon another year, I can say, truly, I do not expect as much for it as I did for this; and yet I believe that if we all live that we shall come to our next anniversary with more satisfaction and cause for rejoicing than we have to this. Still we have need of patience. Our work is so in harmony with nature that we find full analogy between its method of growth and ours. Through nature, then, let us find rest in nature's God. Whether we live to see the harvest or not, let us be faithful to the springtime, sowing patiently the fruitful grain of our liberal faith. Since we entered upon this year, two, whose hearts beat with warm and eager devotion for our cause, have been called from labor to reward. We cannot say who among us will be in the ranks on the other side when another year shall have rolled around. But let us all sow in faith and patience, for both those that sow and those that reap shall rejoice together in the glory of the harvest home.

## \*A GREETING TO SPRING.

GEORGE CHAINEY.

Now learn a parable of the fig-tree : When his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh.—*Matt.* 24 : 32.

The Hebrew language contains no word with which to express either spring or autumn, so that commentators say that the proper word to use here would be spring. I lay no great stress, however, on the correct rendering of any text. I have simply read these words to you that they might stand as an illustration of the use I want to make of the budding leaves, bursting life and beauty of this new springtime. The remembrance of other March days than these we have been enjoying for the past two weeks makes it seem somewhat early to offer a greeting to spring, and yet the new life is upon us; and though our visitor has outrun our expectations, I am sure that none of us have any complaints to offer. Yet in this early coming I am frequently reminded that there is a time for all things; for when I meet with those whose all is dependent upon the fruitfulness of the season, I find that, mingled with their joy, is a secret fear lest the blossoms in which are stored the promise of the fruit should have been tempted to open themselves to the sunlight before the nights are sufficiently kindly disposed towards them. We are all of us, at times, over-eager to possess the good of life. Patience to wait for the fullness of the appointed time for all things is one of the last angels of grace to whom we give welcome to our hearts. And yet I know of none more important. No soul can fully enjoy the kingdom of Heaven while patience stands waiting for admittance. If next summer and autumn, when we have a right to look for fruit, we find nothing but leaves—and nature in this way teaches us to know how to wait patiently until the appointed hour—the value of the lesson will

\*Preached in the Church of the Untity, March 24th, 1878.



exceed the cost thereof a thousand times. With this comes, also, the thought that this which we call nature is designed to fulfill other needs besides the material ones of life. We are apt to think that if the season is a bad one, and the crops a failure, that nature has failed altogether of her end; when all the time what to us are her greatest failures may be crowned with the highest success. I sometimes meet those who, in these phases of her work and seeming evil, find proof of no God; and so come to think of life as a great blind, unfeeling, irresistible wheel of iron fate, rolling on like the cruel wheels of some Juggernaut car, entirely heedless of the number of maimed, crushed and suffering victims left behind; while others see in this evidence that behind the smiling Heavens sits a cruel, blood-thirsty God, who will glory, through all eternity, in the perpetual torment of millions of mortals, because in this life they accepted the evil rather than the good. All who reach such conclusions stand in need of our pity, for they are born of a failure to see the highest end and aim of all things—the production of spirituality. Only as we see in nature this supersensual use and beauty shall we have the faith that “is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen.” Only thus can the soul stand in the midst of the blight and mildew, the pain and death, loss and disappointment of earth, and so see the end from the beginning as to rest confident in the beneficence of God, saying, with Jesus: “Surely He doeth all things well,” and with Job: “Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.” During the late theological debate over hell, many have tried to prove God less of a monster of cruelty than orthodoxy makes Him, by cavilling over the exact meaning of some old Greek word. As well shut yourself up in a charnel house to encourage faith in immortality! If you would believe in the life to come, you must look at the high powers of the human soul, and go where the sunlight is quickening life out of death, where the tokens of enduring love keep guard above the green mound, and the soul is keyed by the hand of hope into such delicate harmony with the eternal, that it seems to the pensive spirit as though some angel hand is stirring the strings of that hidden harp. So if you would see and know God, you must go with Jesus into the promise of the opening springtime, breathe the air balmy with the perfume of flowers

and echoing with the happy songs of the birds, or retire into the solitude of the wilderness, or night, when the stars come out and earth is hushed into such silence as enables the listening spirit to distinguish the Divine music and harmony of the universe; while others, through want of such patient waiting for the voice of the Lord in the even-tide, hear only discord. My subject may be an unusual one for a sermon; but is not the ground on which we stand holy? Does it not become us to listen, at least, as reverently for the voice of the Lord here as anywhere? Does not Jesus say to us: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow? They toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." But let us first welcome spring in the name of the beautiful. Need I stop to describe this sense? Have we not all felt its power in our lives, more or less? No doubt the rudest nature responds in some way to a sunny day, a bank of flowers or balmy air. How much would be taken from our lives if all days and all seasons were alike to us; if our souls felt the same beneath a leaden sky as a blue one. Now I know of no season that does not provide, in some measure, for this want. Even winter brings to us the white, beautiful snow, and causes us to see a new beauty in the evergreen through its contrast with the more sombre colors of winter. But the appetite cloyes on fullness. Though one poet says "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," another says:

"Beauty grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye and pales upon the sense."

And so it seems a wise provision that in the course of nature many of her decorations are folded up and laid away through the winter months. But, as if to reward us for our enforced abstinence, each springtime unfolds them with added beauty. After the days of cold and stormy rain, with the sunlight hidden from our gaze, how joyfully we welcome these days of spring, so bright and fair, so fresh and life-giving, beneath the morning's first baptismal dews, so full of the promise and potency of life and beauty. But has this feast of beauty no message to our souls beyond the sensuous delight? *Ah, verily!* If our souls are but in tune to hear, if life to us is reverent and earnest, divine

in its relations and possibilities, each vernal day, opening bud and springing flower will call upon us to clothe our souls with new beauty. Unless there is a springtime of the blossoms of affection, a fresh growth of every grace and sentiment that gives beauty to the spirit, one of the most important lessons of springtime will be lost. Nature is never niggardly in her gifts. No figure of speech can fully measure her generosity; nor is she a coquette, deceiving the ardent lover. Still if you would win her beauty or know her love, you must be earnest and true in your devotion. No lip-service can win her favor. The true heart's devotion is the only price she demands; but in this demand she is despotic. The heart that is false and deceitful, feeling one thing while for gain the lips proclaim another, cannot penetrate into the secret chamber of her beauty. Men profess that they are surrounded with such a multitude of opinions that they know not what is true or what is false; and so they justify themselves for staying in a church that is founded on the most palpable delusions. But there is not a violet that opens to the sunlight or a bird that sings its love-song, that does not proclaim that to know the truth one must first be true; that the soul which is false to itself is at discord both with nature and nature's God. But let us also welcome the spring as the seed-time. As sleep to man so winter is

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer"

This is not so discernible in the city as the country. But as all other pursuits strike root into that of agriculture, we must, for the time being, retire from the dusty and crowded streets into the woods and fields. Whoever has spent any time in the country knows how, through the winter months, all life and activity are banished from sight. Men and women, youths and maidens, all look upon winter as the time for rest and play. Everything that will kill time is welcome at the farm-house or country village. Dancing, riding, spelling, singing and praying are repeated and protracted into excess. But let the balmy breath of springtime fan their cheeks and at once there is a stir and bustle everywhere. Poor chance now for the politician, peddler or preacher who desires to secure the farmer's ear. The

seed-time has come, the fields are to be plowed and the golden grain committed to nature's care. Nature now has become despotic. In crowding full the days with activity lies not only the bread and clothing of the farmer, but of the world. All else must stand aside. It is useless to say let us rejoice to-day and work to-morrow, when to-day alone holds the promise of fruitfulness. No man who wants a crop can mock the seasons. "Time and tide wait for no man." God helps those who help themselves. And so if you would possess the fruit of the harvest, you must stir yourselves in the seed-time. Does not the same law hold good in the life of the soul? Can we sit down and idle away our time in the morning of life and yet in old age gather the fruit of life? *Nay, verily!* I cannot help believing, from the analogies of nature, that each soul will have a new chance in the life to come. Still I am equally compelled to believe there are very many who squander and waste the present life, who, through a failure to work in the springtime of life, know not the joy and the gladness of the harvest home. Some people talk of the future as though it was disconnected entirely from the present. Orthodoxy holds out the idea that one may live a vile and sensual life to the last and then, through some magic sesame of faith in the blood of Jesus, find the doors of Heaven as wide open for him as for the soul that has always been true to its vision of duty. But while we are very positive that the final loss of but one soul would be the undoing of God making his existence impossible, still we believe that each soul must suffer in its own consciousness for every sinful act. Heaven is not a place, but the growth of the love and devotion of the soul to all things true, good and beautiful. It lies not in the future alone. To use a beautiful figure of David Swing: "The impulse of a river is not in the broad expanse where it emerges into the sea, but is far back of that in the table-lands and mountain ranges of a vast continent, all which, having caught the rains and having dissolved the snows of yesterday, crowd the stream forward in a majestic sweep." So when our lives break from the narrow boundaries of the present into the broad expanse of eternity, the sources of their fullness of power and joy will lie far back in the days of our youth and early manhood. As we spend them, good or evil will be the momem-

tum and expanse of our lives then. Spring, looked upon as the seed-time, is full of admonitions to those who are yet in the springtime of life, before whom the gates of life stand wide open, garlanded with flowers of hope and promise. But let us remember, as we see the sower going forth to sow, that these gates will soon be left far behind, and that these promises will only be realized and hopes fulfilled as we enter the field of life to scatter diligently the good seed of all virtue. But, my friends, I cannot forget that there are many who fail thus to sow, who do come to the fruit time seemingly to find nothing but leaves. Perhaps the valueless weeds that spring up in the untilled field are sent to show the result of a life permitted to run to waste. But however that may be, the unfulfilled expectations of many a fond parent's heart, which so often, through the hideous nightmare of the endless doom of orthodoxy, have made life almost unendurable through causing the imagination to dwell upon the fearful conception of some loved child spending eternity in torment—crying in bitterest anguish: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended and I am not saved!"—bids me give gracious and joyous welcome to spring, in the name of hope. No springtime ever came that did not stretch itself above all ruin left in the track of every storm of rebellion in the soul against duty as a rainbow of promise and hope. The field may have laid barren all the past season, yielding nothing but weeds, but the spring brings new opportunity. All through the long winter months nature has seemed bereft of life and much of her beauty; but now, as we go out into the fields, we see everywhere new life and beauty springing out of this apparent death. As we stood beneath the leafless tree by the cold, gray mound above the resting-place of some loved one, shivering before the wintry blast, hope may have seemed to die out of our hearts; but as we go again in the early springtime, and the sunlight falls like flakes of gold through the leaves that have come back, and the grave of our dear one is covered with fresh green life gemmed with beautiful blossoms, and the wind fans our cheeks softly and gently, laden with the breath of flowers, as if in sympathy with our grief, hope springs anew in our breasts. Assisted by this resurrected life, after the wintry sleep, our hearts pass joyfully over the gulf that lies between us and the absent, and in faith

and hope we have already met again. But hope, inspired by spring, finds other fields to brighten besides this one of reunion. Who, after having communed at nature's shrine, in the midst of the vernal beauty and new opening life of spring, can hold, at the same time, faith in a hopeless state for any soul? The dark and dismal views of God and the future life of orthodoxy were all invented by men who sought to separate their lives from all natural affection and beauty of the present world. And I believe from my heart that if we would fully welcome spring in its mission of hope, that all such doctrines of despair that shut back from the souls of men Heaven's sunlight would be driven from our sky. Thus we gladly welcome spring in the name of a three-fold good; for though we cannot accept the trinity of orthodoxy, there is a trinity we do believe in with all our hearts—the true, the good and the beautiful. In giving greeting to spring, I have reversed the order; speaking first of the beautiful, next of the seed-time or the goodness, and last of all the promise and hope of the spring, or the truth. For though men may cavil about words written in a book as to whether they are human or Divine, no one can dispute touching the divinity of any truth to be found in nature. Whoever answers the description of Pope when he says:—

“Slave to sect who takes no private road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God,”

Has found the truest and most perfectly inspired word of God. But, having welcomed spring in this three-fold relation, we come now to give it greeting in the analogy it furnishes us through the harmony of these three qualities of the perfection and symmetry of life. We sometimes dream of a fairer land than this; but our highest thoughts of the beauty of paradise go no farther than one long-drawn day of gladness and beauty, like to one of the fairest and most perfect days of spring. Now, in the spring, there are often days that exhaust all our conceptions of perfection—days which, in their morning freshness and perfume and unchanging loveliness from the sun's rising to its setting, fairly intoxicate our souls with bliss—days in which it is impossible to doubt, fear or complain; such days as make us feel that to enjoy

the bliss of one single hour therein is worth all the pain and trouble life has cost us. But if you should notice closely, you would find this perfection to be dependant on each of these three elements. Take away from them their beauty and it is lost; leave the beauty and take from them their practical use, giving in the seed-time promise of future good, and it is also gone; and so let the soul find therein no truth through which to look into the future with hope, and on which it finds rest in the benifcence of God, and you will also fail to find it. Beautiful as the autumn days are; their work is done, and the beauty of the leaves reminds us of death rather than life; and so our hearts are sad and pensive. But in the spring the perfect day is full of the promise of life touching us in this three-fold relation of the true, the good and the beautiful. And in the fullest presence of these, in our lives, lies their most perfect harmony and symmetry. Take from us either the beauty of life or the good of life in its calls to duty or its truths and promises, on which we find rest in the present and hope in the future, and the soul-life of mankind will be at once imperfect. We see this every day of our lives as we come in contact with those who lack either the sense of the beautiful, industry, devotion to duty or insight into and confidence in the truth. The absence of either of these strikes us with a sense of pain. Life seems destitute of one of its most important functions. While then we greet spring in the name of these three graces, let us not be unmindful of its greeting to us. It is written that "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth forth knowledge;" and I am sure that no speech or knowledge of man is so plain and intelligible as that of these spring days and nights, calling upon us to make our lives as beautiful as the newly-opened flowers, as useful as the sower going forth to sow, and as hopeful and trustful through devotion to the truth as these days of bursting life and beauty are to our souls.

## \*AUTUMN LEAVES.

We all do fade as a leaf.—*Is.* 64 : 6.

As I was riding down from Boonville the other day on the engine with friend Daniels, and saw the departing glory and dying beauty of the year in the falling leaves and rich autumnal coloring, I could not refrain from asking myself what are the lessons that may be learned from these dead and dying leaves—leaves of every shade—tossed hither and thither by the wind as though they had been produced expressly for the purpose of being foot-balls to it, as some people think that we come into this world with no higher purpose than to be the sport of chance. The first impression that came over me was one of sadness, a feeling of tenderness, no doubt arising out of the fact that all of life's fair and blooming things are thus transitory coming into our vision, and then, just as we have learned to love them, vanish away. It seemed hard to think that the rich foilage which all summer long has given the appearance of life and beauty to the trees and shrubs was being so rapidly taken away to leave them standing for six long months gaunt skeletons and specters of death. But as I gazed longer, the emotion of sadness and tenderness deepened into pathos and pensive enjoyment of the rich coloring and mingled beauty of life and death. And then I thought how wonderful are these changes, how like a mother's love does nature seem to be making them—as soft and gently as possible—gathering about these dying hours these beautiful autumnal days and luxurious coloring, bringing out her finest touches, her richest hues, her happiest days, intoxicating us almost in the midst of her death strokes with her most exhilarating wine, thus producing in very truth the strange anomaly of keeping the best wine to the last of the feast, and so sweetening the parting hour with a taste of her finest qualities. And do

\*A sermon preached in the Church of the Unity, November 4th, 1877, the first Sunday after the death of Senator Morton.



not all these changing and parting scenes of life affect us in like manner? As we see our friends failing before us—going evidently away from our reach and vision, the first impression is one of sadness, and though this is deepened from time to time until the last great anguish comes at the end of all our changing hopes and fears, are there not tokens of an infinite mother love upon the part of the Author and Source of life in the fact that there are always gathered about these hours such influences that blind us to the true work that is going on? How often it is that a richer coloring of character comes out into vision in the hopefulness and cheerfulness of our friends in pain and failing health.

As one autumn day seems to be worth more than a summer month, so one hour of their presence now seems of more value than days and months before. Especially is this true, I think, when one's life has been true and helpful; for as we see the leaves departing from us, back of all their beauty we catch glimpses of how much happiness they have given us through the long summer months. So through these openings of patience and trust in the last hours of our loved ones we discern more clearly how much they have been to us in the past; so that they come nearer to our hearts and out of the passion of a truer love, deeper gratitude and fuller appreciation of their life and work, this sense is deadened somewhat. And then it seems to me that when the end is finally come, there is an especial effort made by Him who cares for us more than father and mother to rally to our aid all the forces of nature. Our friends gather about us with a deeper tenderness, and pathos thrilling in every word and look. Brothers and sisters oftentimes over the grave of a parent learn for the first time how much they are to each other. Parents, as they have bent over the grave of one child, have learned for the first time, in a true way, what it is to have a child—flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone—and have gone back to bend over the sleeping babe—with a sense of a newly discovered treasure, mingling with their grief for the absent one—or to speak words of tenderness to the other children that have come to them all—like the promise of a new and richer life.

Society almost unanimously at these times frees us from the common cares and responsibilities of other times. Our very enemies speak and act as though they would be our best friends,

and thus by giving to us the best there is in humanity in these hours of affliction, the grief is in a large measure assuaged. New hopes are born, by the light of which we are enabled to walk through our night of despair. We have an illustration of this in the late death of Senator Morton. When it was known that he had breathed his last on earth, the smitten wife clasped her children to her bosom, exclaiming, in tones never to be forgotten by those who heard them: "My darling boys!" Did not hope and joy in their possession blunt the sharp edge of despair just entering the bereaved woman's heart? And who can tell how much easier the blow has fallen through the constant expressions of love and sympathy during the sickness of that husband and father? And now he is gone—hundreds who, if he was living and in health, in order to gain a political battle would have done almost everything to have destroyed the power of his name and reputation—who will, now he is gone, be lavish in their praises, and friend or foe will unitedly crown the fallen hero of a great State with immortal honor. All this may seem poor consolation for those who have lost husband and father, but though unknown to them, it will nevertheless make the pain less hard to bear. As I meditated upon the gentleness and kindness of nature and saw in it the infinite love of the Father and Mother of us all in thus bearing us up and helping us over these rough places, I could not help thinking of other changes that are taking place. For all things about us are changing—the life of nature puts aside her robes, so the soul lays aside its mantle of flesh to be clothed upon with its house not made with hands, its Heavenly robes or mansion in the Father's house above. In the same way the truths about nature and the soul wither and decay before the ripening influence of the revolving years. It is strange, however, that amidst this universal change so many should make us try to believe that the dead and dying forms of words that once to all eyes were green and fresh, are still rich in vigor and life, and will remain fresh forever. The formalizing of religious truth in one age for another is as though we should seek next spring to fasten the leaves on the trees for all succeeding years. I know of nothing, at least, that is so inconsistent with every method of nature as this tendency upon the part of the church to cling to the dead and dying past. But though the

apparent mischief of this oppresses us—I have been during the past week taking a lesson of nature that will probably influence my future preaching. Now do not think for a moment that I intend to deny the truth because it is so hard for many to believe it. Nature never lies. She is always true to herself and her future good. The leaves must fall—their work is done—their place is wanted for the development of the new bud or life; cling to them as we will, the frosts are sure to come and take away their strength, and then the winds will follow and bear them away mournfully to their last resting place. But how tenderly she does her work—how gradually she approaches it—how she gathers about it a new and richer beauty in the charm and witchery of these autumn days, as though in her kindness and tenderness for our feelings she exerts every effort to make us feel the loss just as little as possible. So in this work of bearing away the old dead formulas of yesterday, in order to make room for the new life and thought of to-day, let us show the same sympathy and kindness towards those of whom we despoil of their cherished idols, bringing into prominence the hope of a new life, display in the richest coloring possible the kindness and gratitude we entertain for the old for the work it has done, but still firmly as well as gently go on making a place for the new. As God turns the very hearts of our enemies towards us when we stand about our dead, so let us speak gently and kindly to those who feel that, in losing their old doctrines, they are being separated from long-loved and true friends.

The next thought that came to me, as I gazed on the fallen leaves, was their work is done; they have fulfilled the design of their life, and what more can they or any one ask? They have been through spring and summer, each one a part of the world's beauty; each leaf has contributed to the loveliness of the summer landscape. They have thus gladdened the hearts of millions, produced emotions in the hearts of sentient and spiritual beings that will live on forever in the kingdom of the good, the true and the beautiful, contributed to the new life that has been forming all through the summer days and nights down there at the root of the stem, and so they will live on in the new life and beauty of each succeeding year. The real life of the leaf has been taken into that new bud which, in its secluded dwelling

place, will defy the winter's frost and snow, and in order to secure the value of the winter—which, in its own true way, is as much needed as the summer—is not this, perhaps, the only way to bridge the gulf, to sacrifice the old shell and carry the true life over into the next spring and summer and every succeeding one. And so I thought why should we mourn? Surely He who gives us the seasons, the things for use and pleasure that crown the year with gladness and plenty, doeth all things well. And so may not all this be true of this strange mystery of death that will soon cut short our earthly life? The mission of the leaf is to perpetuate and keep alive the vegetation or plant life of the earth. So think for a moment of the physical life of man as devoted to the production of that quality of life we call soul. And does not death find as fitting and appropriate place in the plan as anything else if the end and purport of all things is the production of soul-life? Mystery, when freed from superstition, may have a very reasonable relation to our lives and serve the purpose of a ministering angel to give to the soul shades of beauty which no plain fact could produce. Did you ever try to think how much of the worth and goodness—that lives and grows in 'the human heart—is nourished by these hours of mourning and sympathy we spend about these constant evidences of our mortality? To root out vanity and destroy egotism—to lead the erring feet of the thoughtless back into the way of wisdom—I can conceive of nothing more powerful than death. When the fever flush is on the brow of our children, we kiss them more tenderly and strain them to our bosoms with a more passionate love. And when our loved ones are indeed taken from us, the willow and cypress that mourn over their tombs impress our hearts the more deeply, because the wind that sighs through them and the sombre shade they cast help us to bridge the gulf between us and the unknown home of the soul. Thus death ministers to the development of faith, the foundation of all spiritual strength. Why, then, should we be bitter in our complainings against this end of every life? Shall we not rather rejoice that we have been permitted to live, and when the ripened lives of those we love fall away from us, find hope and comfort in the midst of our sadness through these lessons the leaves bring to us in the autumn days? May not this thought apply

especially to the great man of our State, whose death we mourn? When a man devotes himself, like Senator Morton, to the public weal, he becomes, as it were, related to the people. His death is not simply the loss of his family, but of the whole nation. He goes not from us, however, without having crowned his life with noble endeavors and accomplished deeds. The history of this country will bear his name and memory wreathed with the laurels of a worthy fame down to all posterity. His life and work have passed into the character of this nation to bear their influence to the last year of its life. Thousands have been inspired to do their duty through his earnest words and heroic example. In the dark days of the nation's struggle with rebellion, whoever was right or wrong—for there were honest and true men on both sides—Oliver P. Morton, as Governor of Indiana, towered as a giant in the conflict and made for himself a name that will be a part of the undying glory of this State, and will be uttered reverently by millions yet unborn. I am glad that when he was asked if he was afraid to die that he made that noble answer: "I have tried to live right." I hope that the time is not far distant when this miserable distrust of the future will cease to make more trying these sad and sacred hours of the final parting on earth from those we love above all earthly treasures, when men will cease to degrade God to the association of his nature with a diabolical vengeance, as though His heart leaped with the miserable passion of a relentless foe triumphing over His victim—when he gets a man on his death-bed, who in his life has been too hard pressed with the wants of man and needs of the present to trouble himself about the claims of God or the future. And yet I meet men who tell me that our religious views may be very good to live by, but that when we are on our death-beds they will fail us. This may be in all honesty and love to us, still I don't know how to express my utter contempt for all such views of God. But what I want to say here is, that if we live right we need not be afraid to die. If we do our part as a single leaf in the great forest of human life, when the falling time comes we may let go our hold on this life as fearlessly as the leaf falls to the ground. Our work on earth is done, and He who takes care of the grass of the field and every leaf of the forest will not forget us. But as I con-

tinued to look at the leaves in their application to this thought, it came to me is there not a break in this analogy? It would be all well enough if each life served its turn like these leaves. But then we know that many do not live out half their time; *Yea!* that in the very morning of life many of them are blighted and consumed with the fires of passion and vice, to say nothing of the tender buds that never open out into consciousness of their own existence. But then it came to me, so it is with the leaves. Many are blighted in the very springtime; others wither before the scorching sun of summer—and how many a noble branch goes crashing down to death like a ship at sea, with all on board, before the tempest's blast. And then I bethought me how the cool days of spring are necessary, that nip the young leaves, to keep back the grain crops, and how it is said that it is through breasting the storm that the roots about the tree are loosened, and it is enabled to strike them deeper, and then rise up into nobler strength and richer life. So I thought, here is my missing link. Thus the leaves that are blighted in the cold and stormy rain of springtime, or beneath the summer's scorching sun, or go down before the lightning's hurtling stroke, or the hurricane's blast, are united to and contribute their share toward the glory, honor and beauty of these autumn days. So I thought, is every successful human life in some way indebted to the failures of others? If there were no low lands there could be no mountains. If there was no one below us to call out our patience and hopefulness, our race would never be crowned with such helpful, saving lives as those of Confucius, Buddha and Jesus. It is by helping to bear the burdens of the weak, tempted and fallen of our race by which we can rise to the sublime heights of self-sacrifice, bear the cross, and so find the way, the truth and the life which Jesus saw would lead any one into the presence of the eternal Father. And then who knows how much of this evil is the result of ignorance, the force of circumstances, and perhaps by the sins of parents, masterful animal passions, as unavoidable as the frosts of spring by the leaves? And shall one soul go down to death when through its fall and suffering others have been exalted? Nay; that life to come shall only be more holy and better than this, inasmuch as it will be more permeated with a spirit of self-sacrifice and constant en-

deavor to lift up every fallen soul. As these thoughts flashed through my mind I looked away into the distance, and no one but a true-born poet could adequately describe the beauty of the scene in the rich coloring and blended hues of every shade. Close at hand I saw visible death and decay. If I had taken any single leaf in my hand, I should have found—no matter how rich its coloring might have been—some mark of imperfection and visible sign of approaching death. But in the distance, where the individuality of leaf and tree faded out of sight, they formed together one perfect and harmonious picture of rich and beautiful life. Is there not revealed here the truth that the best things about our lives are only seen when we set humanity before us as one great family, united in interest and destiny, ever going forward to a brighter and more perfect life, from which all decay and death is eliminated, and in which the good of each is the good of all? Take any individual life, and in it you will find some flaw or imperfect spot. But once unite our hearts together in one true brotherhood, with a pure, strong love cementing each to all, and all to God, and the imperfection of the individual will be lost in the blended life and beauty of the whole. What is lacking by one will be supplied by another, and then, as we learn this truth, we shall find that God doeth all things well; that instead of the race being cursed and lost, it has been fulfilling and constantly going forward to its true destiny beneath the blessing and guidance of the Eternal. Oh, friends immortal! Soon the fate of our great Senator will be ours. As surely as the leaves that once flashed back the summer's light and beauty strew the earth to-day must these bodies fade and fall before the approaching frosts and winds of life's wintry days. But as the life that gleamed and sparkled all through the spring and summer months has gone into a bud that will soon open into a new life, so we believe will the soul-life that animates our bodies live again beyond the sere and yellow leaf in a brighter, fairer summer land above. Let us, then, so live that we may be a part of the beauty and inspiration of the present, and, like the leaves of summer, keep, through the exaltation of a noble life, the scorching rays of temptation from many a weary head; that when we fall at last we may, like him whose memory we seek to honor to-day, leave behind us the sweet incense of a true and helpful life.

## \*REALISTS AND IDEALISTS.

GEORGE CHAINEY.

Now it came to pass as they went that he entered into a certain village, and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house ; and she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to Him and said : Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me.

And Jesus answered and said unto her : Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful, and Mary has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.—*Luke, 10 : 38-42.*

The life of Jesus, as limned in the four Gospels, gives to us numerous exquisite home-sketches that touch our hearts like the memory of a mother's prayer when far from the hearth-stone of our childhood. The glimpse that we get of the affection existing between Him and the family of Lazarus, Martha and Mary, is to me full of a tender, fascinating interest. So often is the name of Mary mentioned and so vivid and abandoned are some of the expressions of her love that nothing less than a supernatural sacredness and intensity of reverence could keep the reader from giving other interpretation to it than that of religious fervor and enthusiasm. And to my thought, I think it would be an advantage to look upon this in a more human and natural way than is common. I cannot see that it would cast any shadow of dishonor upon the work of Jesus as the fulfillment of the Christ-need that has been planted in all hearts. The work of Jesus is not to bring God down to us, but us up to God. It is not the descension of Divinity, but the ascension of humanity that I behold in Him. To me one of the most evil influences exerted upon the world is that teaching of religion that casts disrespect upon a pure human love, representing its presence in the heart as dangerous to religion, condemning as a sin the writing and reading of such books as idealize it, and conveying the idea that to

\*Sermon preached in the Church of the Unity, May 19th, 1878.



associate any such thing with Jesus or Heaven would be sacrilege. If the future life has no room in it for love, I have no great desire to share in it. What can be more sacred than the dawning of a tender and pure affection? What can so bathe Heaven and earth with the light of hope and immortal life as the first sweet sense of its reciprocity? The theme of poet and orator, forever sung and forever described, but never fully expressed! Shall that which underlies the noblest heroism, the sweetest music, the purest ambitions, the most perfect joys of our earthly life be divorced from our immortal hope? *Nay!* Heaven is neither a monastery or a nunnery. If Jesus did sometimes forget the great thoughts that stirred His heart and mind to think of Mary, or to spend an hour in the presence of her loving devotion, he was none the less Divine. Yea, more so; for our conception of Divinity must include that which is purest and most perfectly human. And no one could ever be a true son of man, realizing all that is best and noblest in the possibilities of our nature, who did not include in the compass of his life the thrilling intoxication of a pure, unselfish love; a love that thinks, for the time being, only on the perfections of the beloved, seeing her as the ideal of all womanly grace and beauty. That Jesus felt this love when He defended Mary against the imputations of Martha, it is not for me to say. It seems, however, quite plain that *she* loved Him with all the fervor of her being, while he often sought the shelter of her home. Whenever His foot crossed its threshold there was always great joy. Martha, eager and practical in her devotion, at once busied herself that she might satisfy His earthly needs, give him the benefit of her skill in cookery and careful hospitality. But Mary forgot that she or any one *had* a body to be cared for, and, entranced in the ecstasy of her affection, sat down at His feet to feast upon every precious word that should fall from His lips. Martha could not do all she wanted to for her friend. Mary loved Him too well to think of anything. She only felt a sweet delight in His presence. Martha thought of two things she would like to do for Him for every one her busy hands could accomplish; and so it seemed to her a great waste for Mary to thus squander away her time when there were so many practical things to be done. And so she sought the assistance of Jesus

in her effort to correct her of her faults. I don't altogether like the reply of Jesus as it has come to us. Perhaps it sounded different when He uttered it. The tone of voice and the look that accompanies such a word oftentimes gives it quite a different meaning than the bare word reveals. It is possible it may have sounded something like a protest against Martha considering Him worthy of so much careful attention. But as it stands, it sounds too much like a reproof of good, faithful, practical Martha. There is a truth that underlies the idea that Mary had chosen the better part; but this answer seems to ignore the fair and equal balance of their devotion. It may have received somewhat of its present coloring from the early ideas of the church touching the vanity of all earthly things. But while we are setting no less store on spiritual grace and beauty of life, we are learning that next to this, yea, of kin to it, is the true and faithful fulfillment of these our earthly needs. The faithful and loving devotion at home of wives and mothers shall rank henceforth with the prayers of the saints. Hospitality prompted by love like that of Martha's, even though it be a bit proud of the fine linen, quality and cookery of the food, shall be accounted as part of the righteousness that is by faith. It was, no doubt, a pleasant thing for Jesus to find so earnest a sympathy and sweet communion of spirit as that of Mary's. But it seems to me that when He came hungry and tired from a long day's work of teaching from place to place, worn out with the incessant harassing of Scribes and Pharisees trying to catch Him in the meshes of the law with their fine-spun subtleties and technicalities, that He ought to have considered it a fine thing to have Martha's busy brain and hands devoted to His rest and comfort. Martha and Mary represent two different types of character, equally important in their appointed spheres. Martha was realistic and Mary idealistic. The realistic character, when prominent, assures its possessor what we call talent, and makes them practically useful to their day and generation. The idealist, when well developed, gives its possessor what we call genius; and while it often seems to render them of no practical use in their own time, they generally open new paths of usefulness for the next generation to walk in. Now I notice that persons of talent frequently speak disparagingly of those of

genius; while those of genius frequently manifest but little respect for those of *mere* talent. But each of these has its advantages and disadvantages. The spirit of the liberal faith should be that which looks for unity of interest where others see only separation, and harmony where they find naught but discord. Our mission is to unite all truth and goodness, to bring out the unities in brighter radiance above the diversities. All things to him whose spiritual vision is strong enough to look straight into the sunlight of truth make up one great whole. There is nothing that God has created that will not harmonize with all things else. There are no notes missing on His key-board, if the hand be but practiced to find the chords. The man who invents a steam engine or a telegraph ought to stand side by side with the one who founds a religion or leads in a reformation. He who reads for us the truth of physics should be looked upon as the companion and fellow-laborer of the one who speaks for us the moral truths of the soul. Genius without talent would be as unsatisfactory a working force as a soul without a body is in our world. The inventor needs the contractor. Genius may cut a new path through the forest, but talent must macademize the road and bridge the streams before it can be of any service. Genius may possess the advantage of living in a sphere above the petty cares and anxieties of talent, but when genius is made, by some sudden wrench of accident, painfully aware of need in this direction, talent oftentimes escapes through forethought. Genius may best serve the future, but talent is most useful to-day. Mary may be light and inspiration to the soul, but without Martha the soul would be soon so fettered with a weary and exhausted body that it would be incapable of flight. Hence they cannot afford to be jealous of each other. They are each in the far-reaching plan of God, doing essential work in building the temple of humanity, though one puts in the solid and substantial timbers and masonry, while the other puts on the adornment. But right here lies the point of difficulty. Martha and Mary were both true to their own instincts, both doing essential work. But Martha and Mary failed, nevertheless, to understand each other. Martha thought Mary was having altogether too good a time; yea, that she was actually wasting her time, neglecting her duty while sitting at the feet of Jesus, lost to all

else but the fact of His presence. Mary, no doubt, after her rough and sharp reproof, said to herself: Oh, cruel sister, to ask me to do such things at this time and so forgo what I would be willing to die for! It is not said that Mary uttered any complaints at her sister's want of sympathy, but doubtless Martha often kept her tied down to the real things of life, when her spirit was yearning to fly out into the Heaven of the ideal. So it is in the world. Genius generally, during its lifetime, goes unhonored and unsung, save by a few kindred spirits; for genius always knows and sympathizes with genius, even as Jesus, who is the crown of all genius, knew and honored Mary. But talent, being a present blessing, is always rewarded by the world. It is true this is in part counteracted by the fact that the work of genius is a reward in itself. Nature generally strikes a good balance, and by some hook or crook secures to each his penny. But how many of realistic character look upon idealists as mere useless idlers, who increase *their* labor by squandering away their time in painting pictures, making poems, writing books or composing music. The spirit of socialism that is now in many places trying to push itself to the front has no sympathy or place for genius. In its light there is no work that needs to be done beyond the domain of the real. They would set all to doing of something that would increase the solid wealth. They would feed the body and starve the soul. Take care of the house and turn out the tenant. No system of socialism ever devised yet took into consideration the vital necessities of genius. But outside of all theoretical socialism we often meet careful, successful business men, but who, being destitute of all idealism, look with scorn on the poor artist or idealist who prefers his dream, though it condemn him to poverty, to the doing of what would be to him mere drudgery, yea, absolute bondage. What a hard chance the boy or girl of idealistic turn has that is born into an intensely realistic family; how all their natural instincts are oft-times repressed; every calling to which they are adapted denied them; their cherished ambitions ridiculed as silly and unattainable dreams. No one can paint the suffering that genius has in this way undergone, or estimate the light that has thus been hidden from the world under parental realism. But on the other hand, how often genius complains of this want of understanding

and sympathy, retires within itself and looks down with silent contempt upon all patient devotion to practical prosperity, calling all such sordid slaves of Mammon, and many other like hard names. That we shall ever fully reconcile this difference, I do not dream. The most perfect machine must waste some of its power in friction. If there was no counteracting force to overcome, there would be no need of the machine. It is only under such a condition of things in part that the two can come to their best development. Martha and Mary must both think their qualities the best in order to make life endurable. Egotism is deadly poisonous, but still the true heart must feel itself to be the light of the world. But still I think that the amount of friction has been unnecessarily increased by a failure in the use of the oil of liberalism, or, rather, through the absence of the larger vision that sympathizes with each, points out to each their relation to the other, and shows that, though so opposite in their work, that they are each a part of the Divine plan, which, in the words of George Eliot, "is widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower." This world was never designed to be cursed with uniformity. But while the good of diversity must be preserved, the evil of jealousy between individuals and sectarianism of churches ought to be done away with by an insight into the wide-reaching and all-inclusive unities of life. It is time we learned that though our work may be different, that the good of each is the good of all.

Our work as religionists is not to destroy, but to build up independence of thought and action. We must not, for Mary's sake, take from Martha the ambition of her life; or for Martha, that of Mary's. While individual churches will preserve their variety of outward life, we must seek to cement them together with the spirit of true liberalism — that is, a genuine sympathy for those who differ with us in opinion, and also by opening to them the thought of God as written on the page of nature. Therein ample provision has been made for both the realist and idealist. There need be no jealousy for want of room. Martha has no need to trample down the flowers of Mary; or Mary to uproot the vegetables and herbs of Martha. It is not at all necessary to level the mountains or destroy the beauty of the landscape, in order to cause the earth to yield its increase. As we

find both of these elements in the world of nature, so we should look for them in human life. Though the life of the idealist may seem to some to be one long summer's holiday, it is just as hard work to raise flowers as fruit—and sometimes harder—especially in the amount of skill required. Those whose work is practical know naught of the restless energy of the mind that is carried forward in its task by the resistless inspiration of the desire to behold truth in yet fairer form and diviner perfection. They think that they alone serve—that they alone know what it is to be weary with work; when oftentimes those whom they condemn as idle dreamers have drawn larger on their stock of vitality, in order to accomplish their task, than they ever did. One of the lessons of my subject is, that while others may seem to us to be doing wrong, they may really be doing better than we are. Now, as a church, we have done our best in the way of theory to make this a part of our life; but unless we reveal, in the spirit of our lives, that we think those who differ from us may be as right in their way as we are in ours, our theory will be vain. I sometimes meet with those who announce themselves as liberals, who are just as harsh in their spirit towards the orthodox as *they* are to us. I also find, occasionally, one who thinks that there are no liberal opinions worth holding, outside of his own private method of arriving at the truth. While, then, we are true to self—doing the thing that seems to us right, and standing bravely by the truth as we see it, let us remember that others who differ radically with us may yet be just as true as we are.

Another lesson of my subject is, that we must not flinch from being true to our own instincts, though it does hurt the feelings of our friends. Mary and Martha were doubtless true and loyal women; and yet we see that in being true to themselves, they were compelled to suffer in their feelings, each for the other. But we must not flinch from this, when it can't be avoided. I remember once seeing some young ducklings, that had been hatched by a hen, taking, for the first time to the water, while their quondam mother fluttered to and fro on the bank, calling them back to her wing, in a perfect agony of fear. So there are many who find their instincts calling them to venture out into new and untried waters of life, while friends stand on the shore and call upon them, in the name of their soul's salvation, to come

back. I remember well how my own heart was torn by this conflict. But all that a man has will he give for his life. Yea; it was not that; but the truth seemed to me so divinely fair, and liberty so sweet, that I resolved to have it at any cost. We are all called upon to buy this truth of character in the same way. This is the pearl of great price — the treasure hid in a field; to secure which we are to sell all we have. Then—

This above all—To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.