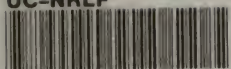


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BELIEFS ABOUT MAN

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

“FROM God, down out of heaven,”
John saw “the city” fair
Descend in gorgeous vision,—
A city of the air.
By human labor founded
On rock-hewn truths below,
To God, up toward the heavens,
I see “the city” grow.

BOSTON:

GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET.

1884.

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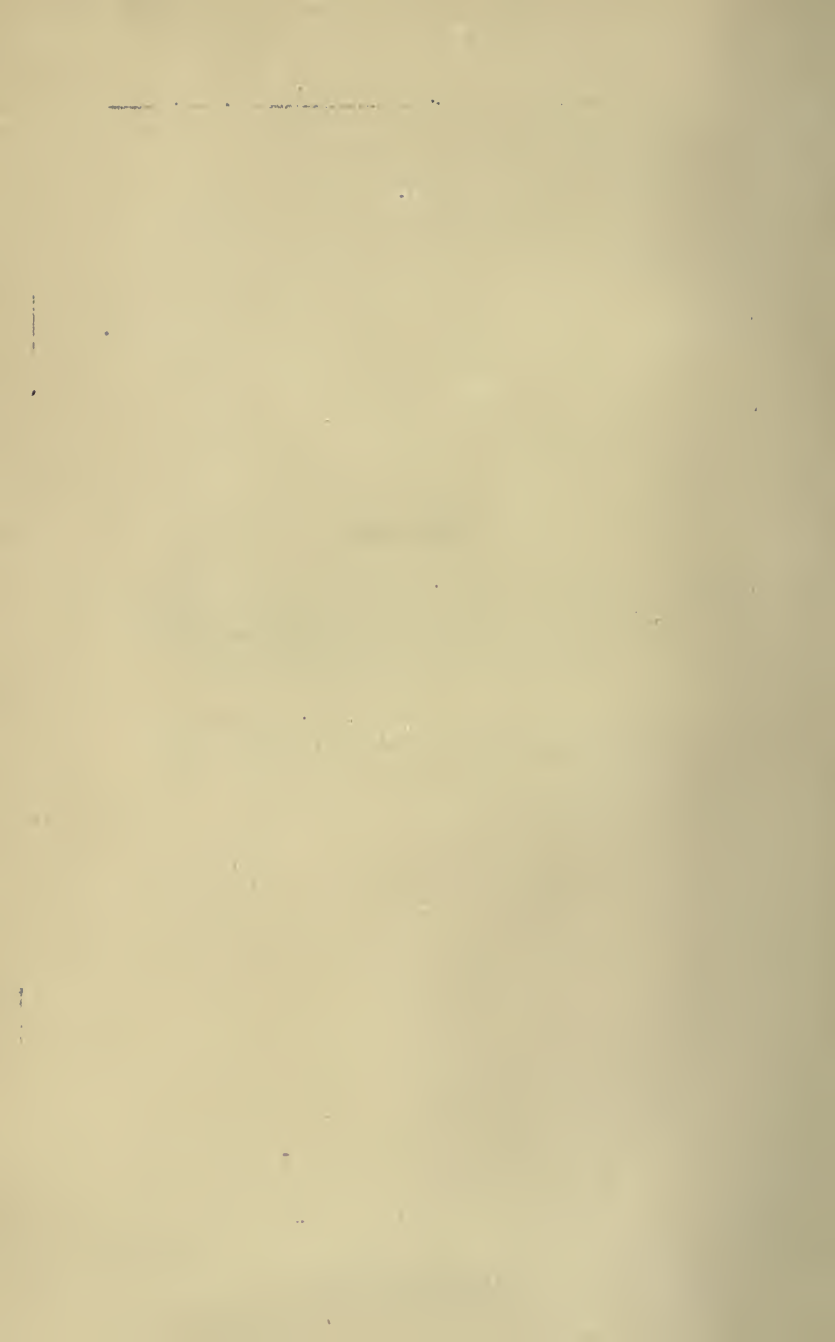
Dedication

Believing that the best hope of any future salvation lies along the line of taking this world at its best, and doing what one can to make it better, the author dedicates this book

TO

THOSE WHO STAND READY TO "LEND A HAND"

M363249



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PREFACE

I HAD in mind last year one book, to be called *God and Man*. But the one book has become two. *Belief in God* was published in book form last spring. Now comes its companion, *Beliefs about Man*, asking that "the twain" — always one in intention — may be "joined together" in the hand and thought of the reader.

I need hardly add that these discourses claim only to be essays — attempts — at treating themes, each one of which is worthy of a volume by itself. Believing that the humble path of "the scientific method" is the only one that promises to lead anywhere, I have tried to avoid the highway of assumption, and to keep my feet upon the solid ground of verifiable knowledge.

It is perhaps proper for me to say that these sermons were all spoken in the ordinary course of my Sunday morning work, and are now published from stenographic reports.

M. J. S.

BOSTON, Dec. 19, 1881.

THE OLD "GOSPEL"

I.

A MOVELESS silence through the deeps of space.
As yet time is not; for nor earth nor star
Swings its fixed changes, or marks off afar
Or light or shadow to a watching race.
Filling the void, and "moving on the face
Of the great deep," three gods forever are,—
Three gods in one,—and to their will no bar
In all the universe finds any place.
They in "eternal council" what shall be
For God's sole glory fix; so to display
His goodness and his justice. Thus, the stage
Of earth and time is built, that worlds may see
Man's tragic comedy, as runs away
The tide of smiles and tears age after age.

II.

Opens the scene in Eden. Man appears;
And then "the serpent" coiling round "the tree
Of good and evil,"—both "ordained" to be,
Thus to unroll the drama of the years.
Cast out, the slave of lying hopes and fears,
Man wanders in the dark, and seeks to see
"The way of life." But no one "finds" save "he
To whom 'tis given," though sought "with care and tears."
A "blood-bought" "few are chosen." All the rest
Down dark ways stumble to the lost abyss,
Where unavailing woe is all their doom.
But there aloft the "little flock" is blest.
God's "glorious grace" assures their narrow bliss;
And "glorious justice" lowers in nether gloom.

WHAT IS MAN?

I BEGIN this morning a series of discourses concerning Man. I shall have to make this first one more or less abstract and theoretical, dealing with first principles, with what on the one hand may strike you as commonplace and unimportant; on the other hand, with those things that may seem to you so theoretical and far away as to be, if not difficult of comprehension, still hardly able to thrill you with any feeling of interest. And yet work like this always has to be done. Before a train of cars, lighted, decorated, fragrant with flowers, full of a happy company, with laughter and song, can rush in its speed across the country, there must first be the dull, drudging work of laying out the way, building the road-bed, laying down the ties and rails, and driving spike after spike to hold things in their places. So in the treatment of any great subject like this there must first be well-prepared work, the laying down of first principles, taking our starting-point, making our definitions, settling where we are and how we are to begin.

I wish, however, to say this one thing in recognition of your generous response to me in the years that are past: I feel glad and proud to know that I have always had the most generous response from this congregation when I have asked of them the hardest things. This by way of introduction.

The story is related of the German philosopher, Schopenhauer, that, as he was walking the street one day with his

head down, profoundly meditating on some deep theme of man or the universe, some one, engaged in the practical business of life, having no time to spare for philosophy, came into violent collision with him on the sidewalk. Angry, as such a man would be, thus stopped by one whom he supposed to be some old, self-absorbed man carelessly crossing his way, he broke out with the words, "Who are you?" The old philosopher, looking up kindly in his face, said, "Ah, friend, I would give the world to the man who would answer me that question."

This, then, is the great question of the world,—Who are you? Who am I? If I could answer this there would be no mystery left for me in the universe. You remember how beautifully the poet Tennyson, in words that I have quoted to you more than once, addresses the "flower in the crannied wall," and declares that if he could understand this flower, root in all, and all in all, he would know what God is and what man is. Much more, then, may we say: If I could answer the question, Who are you, who am I? I should be able to understand the flower in the crannied wall; I should be able to understand the infinite mystery of the universe. You will readily understand, then, that I do not expect this morning to be able satisfactorily and completely to answer this question, What is man? All I can attempt, or all any man in the present state of knowledge can attempt, is simply to indicate the limits of knowledge and of ignorance, to say what we know, what we do not know; to say, in this direction there is no use for farther search, it is decided that nothing more there can be known; *this* way is the line of inquiry that promises future developments, the path toward which, then, we should set our investigating feet. This is all that we can undertake.

Man,—who is he? If we are to have a comprehensive

grasp of our subject, we must look at man not as he is here in Boston, not merely at the Newtons, the Miltons, or the great religious geniuses: we must look back and down. We must see man in his lowest as well as in his highest development; bearing in mind, however, that our last and highest definition of him must be formed not from man at his worst or in his rudiments, but man at his highest and best. If I wish to give a definition of an oak, or a picture of it, that shall be comprehensible, that shall make one understand what I mean when I use that word, I do not simply confine myself to the definition of an acorn, or the first shoot springing above the sod, or even to the growing shrub and young tree. I will see if I can find an oak a century old, with its branches spreading wide; one that has wrestled with the storms of a hundred years; one that has drunk in the sunlight of a hundred blue-skyed summers. I will find an oak that has become a mighty tree, and will say,—whatever may be the abortions, whatever may be the failures along the path,—*That is an oak.* And so we have a right to say of a man. Study the Bushman of Africa, if you please, or the Digger Indian of California, or the lowest, poorest elements of the race; study him as a criminal; study him as contented in luxury; study him in whatever state of civilization you please; but at the last it is this highest type that constitutes *the man*. We look to Socrates, we look to Buddha, to Newton, to Jesus,—the highest spirit of them all,—and say, *That is a man.*

But we must bear well in mind that there are these extremes. Man includes those away down there, the naked savage living in the woods or hiding in caves, and the man up here who has constructed the grandest architecture, built the finest palaces of the world. It is man, scratching some rude image on the surface of a smooth bone, the first begin-

ning of that creative faculty which at last culminates in a Raphael, in a Michel Angelo, in the highest development of pictorial art. It is man down there, shaping with infinite toil some crude, repulsive image that hardly looks human; it is man up here, carving the Venus of Milo and the Apollo Belvedere. Man down there, worshipping a stick or a stone or a lizard; or here, worshipping in the cathedral of Cologne or Saint Peter's; or, higher yet than any human art can go, giving utterance to those sublime spiritual truths of Jesus that picture man as capable of thinking of God as the infinite and eternal spirit. Man down there, cruel, more cruel, more pitiless than any wild beast of the earth; man up here, suffering, dying through hours of lingering torture, submitting to this for the sake of the cruel and barbaric element in humanity that puts him to death,—dying for love of him who kills for hate; dying with words of compassion and pity on his lips for this other side of his same nature that shows itself so fiendish and cruel. Man down there, not able perhaps to count the fingers on his two hands; man up here, with the keenest and most far-reaching instruments of the mathematics of the civilized world, measuring the stars, working out complicated problems of astronomy, the very mechanical performance of which shall keep him through the tireless labor of years. These extremes in all departments of life you must keep in mind. You must learn the possibility of all these contrasts.

All this, do I say? Unspeakably more; for man is not yet complete, not yet has he attained his growth. There is in him this aspiring, onward-looking ideal that demands an eternity for its results. Down here, a worm of the dust; up there, a spirit, who dares to think he is a child of the Infinite Spirit, who dares to hope that his future career shall run parallel with his who is himself the Ancient of Days.

Now, what is this creature, man? If we could accept the old, traditional explanation of him, it would all be very simple. We should know that certain problems were closed and could not be opened; and we should no longer attempt to thrust our keys of investigation into the wards of those locks that an infinite power had made inaccessible. The traditional story is given you in Genesis: that God, six thousand years ago, created man out of the dust, and breathed into him a soul. Although it does not appear in the translation, and I suppose the majority of readers are unacquainted with the fact, yet it is a fact that this word *soul* means no more as applied to Adam than it does to any of the lower animals. It is precisely the same word in the original Hebrew. So this does not seem to settle much for us after all.

The story, then, is that man was created six thousand years ago out of the dust, and a soul put inside of him; and that he was created for the express purpose, after a period of probation, of being translated to heaven, to fill up the ranks that were broken by the rebellion and fall of those that were cast out when Satan lifted his impious arm against omnipotence. But we cannot accept this story as anything more than a myth or legend. We have no accredited word of explanation that answers for us our question. We must then follow the humbler course of modern science. We must look at man, ask our questions, and see if we can get answers that we can verify as true.

If a being should come to this planet from some other world, and should look over the inhabitants, from the lowest forms of life up to man, he would at the first glance, most certainly and most unhesitatingly, say that, whatever else man might be, he was an animal; and here must be our starting point.

Whatever else man is, he is an animal; an animal in every

passion, instinct, faculty, and quality of being. He is one with the poor relations that are about and beneath him. He shares with the animal world a much larger part of his nature than the most of us are accustomed to think.

Let me, for example, glance over a few points, that we may see wherein man differs from the animals of the earth. Animals beneath man think ; they reason ; they suffer ; they enjoy ; they hope ; they fear ; they dream ; they imagine ; they love ; they hate ; they are capable of self-sacrifice ; they are capable of a devotion that leads even to death itself for the objects of their love. They share with man almost all those faculties that we think of as highest and most human.

Where, then, is the distinction? We shall find a distinction that is intellectual, that is moral. But, as to whether this distinction is one of degree or of kind, I for one shall not attempt to settle. I do not know, and I do not know of any one who does know, whether this difference between the animal and man is absolutely a difference of kind or whether it is simply of degree. At any rate, this much is true: that there is a wider gulf to-day between the highest man on earth and the lowest than there is between this lowest man and the highest animal. Precisely what the nature of this gulf is I do not feel competent to decide ; and certainly I shall not dogmatize concerning what I do not know. It is quite possible, however, that a difference of degree may be so great as to amount to what we call a difference in kind.

But there are these marked distinctions. Animals, so far as we know, are incapable of abstract thought. A dog is able to tell a red object from a black one ; but we have no reason to suppose that he thinks redness or blackness, as qualities abstracted from the things that are black or red.

Here, then, is one marked distinction, and, if you appreciate

intellectual differences, one that is nothing else than an immense gulf of separation.

Then, so far as we know, no member of the animal world is self-conscious as a man is, saying, "I am I." He does not look out over the rest of the world, intellectually distinguishing it from himself, and laying out lines of thought and the directions in which it is possible for him to study and know.

Another grand distinction, another immense gulf of separation, consists in this; that there is no member of the animal world, so far as we are aware, that is capable of voluntary self-improvement. A bird will build a nest after a certain pattern, according to the place where it is located. Give him a better place to build it, and he will build a better nest. Give him better materials, and he will produce a better result. But a bird never yet started out on a mission of creating a new set of surroundings, of improving the world he lived in; or voluntarily changed this or that, so that his whole environment might be improved.

No animal yet, so far as we know, is capable of looking back and saying, "We originated away down there, and we have arrived at this point of progress, and are still capable of going on and on." Here, then, are these intellectual distinctions.

What is there in the moral region? I believe that animals have at least the rudiments of that which we call morality among men. But they are not capable, so far as we know, of distinguishing the abstract right and the wrong; of thinking that this is right and that this wrong, and that this is so because of certain results that flow from them. This abstract conception of right and wrong lifts man infinitely above any other animal of the world.

In the religious sphere there is another distinction. I be-

lieve that the animal world shows some of the lowest traces of that which we call religious in faculty and feeling. The animal looks up to its master with a sense of dependence, with a feeling of admiration, with a readiness to obey his higher will and law ; but man is infinitely beyond that. He recognizes not simply something admirable above him, not a power and law only, but a reasonableness and goodness in this power and law, and he idealizes and personifies it. He recognizes it as a power living in the universe, manifesting itself in all its forces and forms. He is able to give it a name ; and to say of this ideal power and law, "It is God" ; to feel a consciousness of the mysterious connection and sympathy between that and himself, and to say : "I am a part of this power and law. He is God ; and I am son of God. I partake of his nature, worshipping not through fear any longer, but because he is worshipful, good, loving, and true."

No matter whether these points can be scientifically demonstrated or not : I am only outlining facts of thought and feeling.

Man is a being, then, whom these things lift unspeakably above any other creature with which we are acquainted in the universe. Now then, leaving this point, wherein we have attempted to distinguish between man and the lower forms of the animal world, let us raise another question which is central and important.

Perhaps you may be surprised that I raise it at all. You have been accustomed very likely to accept the traditional explanations, without caring much as to what they meant and where they would lead you. Has man a soul ? Or, to put it more philosophically, is man a unity or a duality or a trinity ? Am I one, or am I two, or am I three ? Have I a body and a soul ? Or have I a body, a soul, and a spirit,

as some philosophers say? Let us look at this whole question for a moment.

Here, again, if we accept the traditional explanations, we need not trouble ourselves. But, as I have told you, the account of the creation of man in Genesis does not answer any question for us, for the very word which means soul as applied to Adam is the same word which is used of the lion and the dog. It means simply the principle of life. St. Paul has a theory, which he carries out in his letters, that man is threefold in his nature,—body, soul, and spirit. He shares with the animal the body and soul, and has for his own peculiar possession the spirit, the divine and immortal part. Church philosophy, in its attempts to deal with this matter, has never, so far as I know, applied the scientific method of looking for facts. But how natural these questions are, how easily they spring up in everybody's mind, may be illustrated by the fact that I have been asked oftener than almost anything else concerning evolution, How, if man has been developed from the animals, did he get his soul, and at what time did he get it? I shall not enter upon this discussion to-day, but speak of it as showing how vital it is in popular thought.

Ecclesiastical philosophy has had three great theories as to the origin of the human soul; and these theories have been held one after another, by this school of thinkers or that, almost solely with reference to its agreement with this or that doctrine of sin. For example, it has been one of the most prevalent beliefs of the world that the soul of man is pre-existent and eternal, and that this soul takes possession of the body, or is incarnated, at the time of birth. Most Christian philosophers have surrendered this belief, because it does not accord with the doctrine of the inheritance of sin from Adam, the doctrine of total depravity.

This idea was prevalent in the ancient world. It was held by Plato that the soul of man is eternal ; that it lived in other spheres, in other worlds, before it was born into these humble scenes. Many held that this coming into the body was a degradation. This, too, was the Platonic idea,—that, because of some sin in the previous life, the soul was imprisoned in this body, and by and by it will escape from it, and go back to its native home.

Another theory is that of Creationism, or the belief that, at the time of birth, or some time previous to that, God creates a soul for each individual, and incarnates it in the body at the time of birth.

A third theory is that known as Traducianism,—that is, that the soul is inherited from the father. This has been the common belief of the Church, because it falls in easily with the doctrine of inherited sin and evil, and accords well with the headship of Adam, and the fall of man in him.

This is a brief outline of the views that have been held. The point of importance to us, and the only one we care to follow, is whether we are to think of ourselves as double in our nature, or whether we are one. I, for one, do not believe that I have a soul. If there is any truth in this doctrine, the soul is not something I *have*, it is something I *am*.

People go around the country asking if you have looked after the saving of your soul, as if it were a piece of property that you could get out a policy of insurance on and be at rest about ; as if it were something you carried with or had about you. If it is anything, the soul is the self.

Is there any proof that there are two of us, or three of us, or is there only one? It is very convenient for the purposes of study to group human nature according to the faculties. Mental philosophers divide man's nature into the intellect, the emotions, and the will. They say that it is the intellect

that thinks, the emotional part that feels, and the will that decides. We divide ourselves off into all sorts of ways for this practical purpose. We say the nerves feel, the eye sees, the ear hears, the brain thinks, the heart loves, the soul aspires and worships. What we need to remember, however, is that these divisions are purely arbitrary. There is no more reality in them than there is in the lines of latitude and longitude on the map, which are drawn for the convenience of the scholar in his first lessons in geography. If you go travelling over the world, you find no lines of latitude or longitude. If you look from the top of a mountain, the landscape is all one piece of the earth. You may see hill, valley, brook, lake, mountain, but these divisions are purely arbitrary: it is but one piece of the planet. So concerning ourselves. We are not to think of ourselves as trinities or dualities, but as unities. It is not my brain as something separate from me that thinks: I think. It is not my heart that feels: I feel. It is not my nerve that suffers: I suffer. It is not my ear that hears: I hear. It is not the retina that sees: I see.

And so I believe that we are not to regard ourselves as *having* a soul or *having* a spirit. We are to regard our natures as a unit. I have not any soul to be saved. If I am lost, if I am astray, if I am out of the right path, I must find *myself* or be found. *I* must be brought back into the right way. I have no soul that I can insure and then forget, putting it into the hands of the church, of the minister, of the ecclesiastical body, while I go about my worldly occupations, feeling that they will take care of it. There is no *it*. There is only one, and that is myself.

Now, we come to the last question that I shall ask of your patience to consider this morning; but it is the deepest and

highest and most important one of all: that is concerning the nature of this self.

I am one; but what is this one? Is it one body or one soul? Is it spirit? This is the great question that determines the place of man in the universe.

There have been attempts, and there are attempts being made to-day, by those who hold the materialistic theory of the universe, to explain man simply as a piece of mechanism; to explain thought, feeling, aspiration, worship, all those internal and high faculties and qualities, as the results of the molecular movements of the nerves and of the brain and the different physical parts of which he is composed. They say that just as the fragrance of a flower is, in some mysterious, inexplicable way, caused by the constituent elements of that flower itself, as a collection of material particles, so man flowers out into all that is beautiful, and exhales as fragrance in worship and aspiration toward God. But that is all. It is all a mere matter of the change of elements of which the body is composed. This was the belief, for example, of many of the Indian philosophers, the belief of Buddha himself concerning man. He is the result of the parts of which he is composed, said he; and, when you take those parts to pieces, there is nothing left but the parts. If you take a chariot to pieces, taking off the wheels, and separating part from part, there is no chariot left. So there are many philosophers and scientists who tell us that, when death has torn down the body of man and separated it, part from part, and it has mingled with the dust of the earth, there is nothing of him left, because he was the result of this mechanical arrangement of parts.

It is not my purpose here to touch on the immortality of the soul. I leave that out of account, and only deal with the question whether materialism is capable of explaining man.

Can materialism explain the facts? That is the simple question. And the answer, I believe, you will be glad to hear,—whether you have agreed with me in everything I have said or not,—you will be glad to know that I am able to say this morning that the best scholarship of the world has settled it that no theory of materialism by any possibility can explain a man. Not only that: it does not even approach the promise of an explanation of him.

What is there about a man that it cannot explain? I can trace the movement of the molecules of which this body is composed, from the time I touch this desk, along the lines of the nerves up into the brain. I can calculate what goes on there, the movements of all these little infinitesimal particles. I can determine something concerning the nature of these movements as they are connected with thought and feeling; but the one thing that cannot be determined is that there is any causal connection between the thought or the feeling and the movement of the molecular particles of the brain by which the thought shall find an explanation in those movements.

Here is where materialism utterly fails. It cannot possibly explain the fact that I feel the touch of that desk, and am conscious of that sensation.

Not only that, but materialism also fails to explain the fact that man is self-conscious. How is it that one particle of matter should be able to rise up and look another particle of matter in the face, and say, *I see it*. What makes the distinction between the *I* here and the *it* there? No theory of materialism has ever yet shown itself capable of answering these questions.

There is one more which it cannot explain, and that is this wonderful thing that I call personal identity. What is it up here in this brain, what is it anywhere in this body, that

makes me capable of remembering, and of saying, I was the one who ten years ago was in California ; I was the one who last year went through Europe ; who at such a time suffered under such a sorrow ; I was the one who on another occasion was thrilled with love, with hope, with some marvellous revelation of beauty? We know that the particles that compose this body are in perpetual flux. There is no more stability about your body or mine than about Niagara Falls. The only difference is that the particles that compose one change more rapidly than those of the other. But since I have stood here my body has been passing through the most wonderful transformations. Particles that were a part of me are so no longer, and particles that formed no part of me are so now. With every breath, I take in new materials ; and constantly old and worn-out material is being exhaled from every pore. Look at Niagara, and you know there is not a drop of water present that was there an hour ago ; yet Niagara is there, year after year. You can explain that, because it is a current in a fixed place, held in by rocky banks, and fed by certain streams. But man is not fixed. There is no fixed source or changeless walls for the material particles that keep up this wondrous form. Yet I know that there is this marvellous change going on in me every hour of my life. I have had three, four, five different bodies, since I was a little boy by mother's knee. Yet I was the one who played round mother's knee. I was the one who went with my brother into the mysterious woods, that were my first outlook into infinity ; the one who in those old days lay on my back beneath the trees, and looked up at the clouds flitting across the sky, up at the evening stars that came out one by one, and wondered over the mystery of the universe. I am the one who learned to pick out from the great mass of humanity this one and that

for a friend, who at last chose one as a companion for life, in love, to make her a part of myself. I am the one who has borne these experiences of years ago; but yet there is not a particle of this body as it stands here to-day which went through any of those experiences.

How is it, then, that I am the same? No theory of materialism can possibly explain this great mystery, this wonder, that my thoughts, my feelings, my separate emotions, the experiences I go through with to-day, are linked together in one. I have an emotion this minute, another five minutes hence, and all through the day my life is made up of isolated and separate sensations. Where is the thread that binds them all in one, so that I can say, These are all mine? Materialism cannot explain it.

Though we cannot tell what that thread is, yet it is possible that I am essentially what I mean when I say "spirit." And it is possible on this theory to give a comprehensible and rational picture of the world. Although from the materialistic stand-point I cannot understand the fact that I think and feel, yet from the stand-point that I am essentially thought and feeling I can form a rational theory of the material universe.

There is no time this morning to even hint how this is done. I simply make this assertion, supported by the best philosophy, thought, and science of the world, and say, as the last outcome of our discussion, that, up to the present point in the progress of human knowledge, it is utterly unphilosophical, utterly unscientific for a man to be a materialist; while the best scholarship of the world tells him that he must, for the present at any rate, think of himself as essentially what we mean when we say "spirit."

Man, then, is the animal who has developed a consciousness of himself, the animal who has learned to improve his

surroundings, to think of his origin, to dream of his destiny. Man is the animal who has risen to such a thought of himself as to be able to say, I have done wrong, I ought to do right, recognizing thus the moral law in its sweep through the universe. Man is the animal who has risen to the conception of the kinship that binds to him all the forms of life on the globe, and who feels ever growing in his heart the sense of this kinship. He is the one being who is consciously beneficent. Man is the animal who, above all material welfare, above all moral considerations, has learned to think, as he looks out over this universe, of the great mystery that lies hidden at its heart. He alone has been able to think that this mysterious power is essentially a good power, because the universe grows ever toward that which is better, age after age. He has been able to think of this power as holding some mysterious relationship to that which he feels himself to be.

Man, then, is the animal who has been able to sweep through all this experience until at last he stands on the highest summit of attained civilization, never for a moment dreaming that he is at the end, but ever looking on to something further and higher that is before; believing there is infinite possibility of progression because he believes in an infinite life at the heart of things, and because he believes in a kinship that binds him to this infinite life. Man, then, is the animal that has learned to think of himself, to think of right, to think God; and has ended by thinking that he is a son of God.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

IT goes without saying that, if one is to improve the condition of mankind, he must first understand something correctly concerning the elements of human nature, and the forces and laws by which it has come to be what it is. If you give a man your watch to put in order, he must be one who knows something about the mechanism of the watch, the principles on which it runs, so that he can discover what it lacks, and be able to supply it. And yet there are a great many people in the world — few I hope here — who, listening to me this morning, would say: “All very well for a lecture, but that is not a sermon. It is not a proper thing for a Sunday morning.” If I should spend an hour in outlining and drawing lessons from the creation, as it is written in Genesis, they would think that that was sacred, that that was preaching. In other words, a man who relates and draws lessons from unfounded human traditions and legends is popularly regarded as treating sacred themes in a proper manner on a sacred day; while he who humbly and sincerely, looking at the facts of the world, attempts to detail things of eternal truth, as manifested in the nature of things, he, they say, is talking science, he is lecturing, he is secular. You know very well that I believe nothing of the kind; but, even were it so, I can do no otherwise. I must be secular; I must lecture. Let others treat sacred themes, and preach.

The theme we have in hand, then, this morning is to trace,

if we can, the origin of man. Where did he come from and how? What are the principles underlying his development? We want to find out first what man is; how he has come to be what he is; then to notice his imperfections, and discover, if we may, by what process they can be helped. We want to notice how far he is developed, and then discover, if possible, by what means he may be made to develop further and higher still.

Let us be perfectly clear, however, as to the point that we are after this morning. I do not propose to attempt the impossible. I shall not then look after the ultimate origin of anything. Suppose, for example, I could discover the "missing link" about which so much has been said and written, connecting man with the animal world beneath him. Suppose I could go further still, down and down and down, toward the very origin of life itself, and find the first little globule of protoplasm, inorganized, distinguished from dead matter only by the fact that this little drop is not dead. Suppose I could go further than that, and trace the development of the one out of the other, and prove the theory of spontaneous generation to be true: what then? I would be no nearer the ultimate origin of things than I was when I started out. Eternity would still be beyond me, and still would the question rise, whence came the material out of which this living matter was developed? By what process did it come? Who made it? Did it make itself? Did it always exist? If it did not always exist and did not make itself, who did make it? And, if some being made that, then I should have the same questions again concerning this being. Did he exist always? If not, did he make himself; and, if not, who did make him? And then the same questions again concerning the new being, and so on and on forever. The question then of the ultimate origin of anything, though we may put it into

words, is, if you will consider it carefully, simply unthinkable. It is inconceivable. We may as well, first as last, recognize the fact that we must think within the limits of our own human nature. We cannot overleap the boundaries of the horizon. We must stand where we are, and look out as far as we can, investigate as much as possible. But to suppose the human mind will ever be able to solve the ultimate origin of anything seems to me simply a delusion. We shall attempt, then, nothing so ambitious as this.

We are here: we are what we are. There was a time in the history of this planet when we were not here, when the world was occupied only by lower forms of life. There was a time when these lower forms of life even were not here, when there was not one living, breathing thing upon the planet. Sometime, somewhere, somehow, man came to be. The problem before us then is simply to answer the question *how*.

You are familiar with the traditional story to which I alluded last Sunday. Six thousand years ago, Adam, a perfect, complete, typical man, was created and placed in a garden. Human life then was very long. Men lived three, five, eight hundred, or a thousand years. Two thousand years passed away, or nearly that, when the world had become so wicked that the Lord could endure it no longer, and he drowned them all,—all, with the exception of eight persons, Noah, his wife, his three sons and their wives, who floated in an ark above the universal ocean, and when it subsided found themselves on the summit of a mountain in Asia. These eight came forth from the ark a little more than four thousand years ago; and from that little beginning, within that limit of time, the entire world has developed as it is today. This is the traditional theory. Why can we not accept it? I will give you in brief some hints why we cannot.

In the first place, we cannot accept this story for the simple reason that we have traced it and found it to be an unauthentic legend. It did not even originate with the Hebrews who have given us our Bible. We have found out that they imported it late in the history of their career from Babylon. It was not original even with the Babylonians. They derived it from the Akkadians, a people who had developed a wide-spread civilization in the valley of the Euphrates before Babylon itself was built. We have traced the story, and found it not to be history, but a legend that the early Hebrews, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses himself, knew nothing about. It came into Israel about the time of the captivity, brought with them probably on their return from their sojourn in Babylon.

Another reason. We find arguments against it in the ruins left of ancient civilizations. Go to Egypt, and there alone are arguments writ in stone that make it simply impossible for us to believe any such story as this concerning the origin of the human race. We find there a highly wrought, completely developed civilization,—empire, literature, religion, language, everything that marks a high and wide-spread culture. We find it when? We find it in full career further back than the historic date of the flood itself, as it comes to us in these chapters of Genesis.* The ruins of those old civilizations, of which this may be taken as an illustration and specimen, forbid our believing that this can be accepted as a true account of the history of man.

Another argument we find in language. The story is, as we find it in Genesis, that all mankind spoke one common speech until the Tower of Babel was built, and then the Lord, in his wrath, to frustrate the plans of the ambitious men who

* NOTE.—Sir John Lubbock, in his Jubilee Address before the British Association, says the Pyramids are probably six thousand years old.

thought to erect a tower high enough to scale heaven, scattered them over the face of the earth, and confused their tongues, and from that—which also occurred about four thousand years ago—have come all the different languages of the human race.

Now, as a matter of fact, the science of language, as developed within the last fifty years, makes it impossible for any man who is intelligent or acquainted with facts to believe that any such a thing was possible. We can group together the languages of the world, and find that they fall under a few grand divisions. Many of the languages of Europe, our own, the Latin and Greek, all run back to our Aryan forefathers in Asia. Even in regard to this, we cannot get back to the source; but we have gone as far as the time of Babel, and we find the very language we speak there in its rudiments. Yet we are not at the spring. We can trace back the Turanian, the Semitic, and these different families, but find no trace of their coming together. It is as if you followed up three or four different rivers, under the impression that they came from one common spring, and yet, going hundreds and hundreds of miles, find them no nearer together than when you started, so that you are compelled to believe that the common source is, at any rate, far, far away. So we can trace back the languages spoken on the earth beyond the time of Babel itself, and no trace of their coming together. Indeed, the facts of the science of language, instead of permitting us to believe that the human race did speak one language at the first, compel us rather to believe the direct opposite: that from innumerable dialects, springing up naturally all over the earth, there has been a consolidation, until at last out of them have come a few, great, strong, living languages, capable of growth and of absorbing these lesser forms and divergencies of speech. And those

best versed in the history of this development tell us that there is hardly a question that the outcome is to be a practical unity; a few, two or three possibly, great languages being common to the civilized world, and the one that is to be most wide-spread of all, our own.

There is one other argument that makes it impossible for us to hold this theory, and that is the problem of race development. If we believe this old story, what must we accept? We must accept something so hard that no scientific Darwinian would dare to propose it to the intelligence of the world. We must believe that inside of four thousand years the negro of Africa, the Chinaman, the North American Indian, the Hottentot, the Patagonian, the Lapp, the Caucasian, all the different types or races on earth, have sprung from one family of Shemites. And yet we go to Egypt, and we find a refutation of the possibility of so wild and absurd a dream. We find on monuments of Egypt, reaching back to the time of the flood itself, outlines of negroes as clearly developed in type as they are to-day. We find also the Asiatic and the Egyptian types. So we know these divergencies of race are at least older than the time of the flood, older than the tower of Babel, older than any age which the Bible permits us to hold. And yet men who hold that these tremendous changes have been wrought out by natural processes inside of four thousand years object to the Darwinian theory, because they say the world has not existed long enough for all these marvellous developments to have taken place. They object to a very slight wonder, and ask us to believe an impossibility.

Running thus briefly over these arguments, let me come to comparatively modern times, and show you how the problem has sprung up within the last hundred years.

Geology you know to be a very modern science ; but it has revolutionized the thought of man concerning the world in which we live, until we know that, by processes and forces at work everywhere around us, this old earth has been developed into its present condition through periods of indefinite and unimaginable time. The six thousand years theory has been stretched and stretched and stretched, by the pressure of facts, until, like a dilated soap-bubble, it has burst and vanished into air. Even those who try to hold still to the inspiration of Genesis have been compelled to change the "days" of the Bible to periods of uncounted ages.

Now comes the new science of palæontology ; that which deals with the fossil remains of plants and animals that are discovered in the rocky strata under our feet. What are the facts in regard to this? The question was started in Europe by the discovery of some marine shells in the Alps, along the pathway of the journey between France and Italy. Marine shells in the Alps! Do you wonder that theology started? It must explain these things. And, unless it could explain them in some way consistent with its traditional story, the discovery of these fossil shells would be destined to revolutionize the thought of the world. How did they come there? Theology said the flood brought them. When that was disproved, it said they were freaks of nature. When that was disproved, it said the devil made them to mislead the thoughts of men. And, when they could hold that no longer, they said God made them as a mere pleasantry, as a sort of imitation of the things that really existed. Voltaire, having no intimation of the decisions of modern science, said, No, the flood didn't bring them there : they were simply dropped by pilgrims from France to Rome. No, said science, — and its answer is that which the intelligence of the world to-day accepts as unquestioned, — these are genuine remains

of marine shells ; and they were deposited there in precisely the same way that sea-shells are deposited to-day. The place where these were found has been under the sea. And this made the revolution in the thought of the civilized world of which I have spoken, because the sea had never been there in any historic time. This stretched the thought of man back and back, opening up a vista of myriads of ages ; and it placed the origin of life far beyond the six thousand years in the dim distance of unimagined time.

The science of palæontology, then, has settled it that the fossils which are discovered in the rocks are really the remains of creatures that were once alive and in their natural element and condition ; that they were placed there, and covered up in the process of the deposition of sediment, precisely as shells and bits of leaves and twigs are being covered up on the seashore to-day, by layers of sand being washed over them and hiding them away, in what, in future ages, will be rocky strata, to be dug up again and uncovered. What does all this mean ? What are the necessary inferences from things like these ? It means that life has been on this planet millions and millions of years.

The wise men that have developed this science for us have found out another thing : that there is a natural development in the structure and complexity of the forms of life from those that are found lowest in the rock to those that approach nearest the position of man. That is, that these rocks have been laid down one on the top of the other. If I should begin here to pile up newspapers and place between them leaves and twigs, and then more newspapers, and then another layer of organic forms, and so on, you would know perfectly well that the one at the bottom was the oldest, or the one first placed in position. That is the argument of common-sense. All these marvellous results have been thus

developed. We know what are the lowest and what are the highest. We find the simplest forms of life lowest, and we find a constant development in structure and complexity as we approach the position of man. It appears, then, like a process of development at first sight. It is as natural as the development of an oak out of an acorn, or from the first twig that shoots above the soil.

Again, there are places in this rock record where there are blanks, as though in this book I should tear out here twenty-five leaves, and here fifty, and here another number, leaving the book a fragment. And yet, suppose I should do that, and you should pick it up, not knowing how it came so, you would feel perfectly certain that originally all the leaves were there, would you not? No man would be so foolish as to make a book, and number it for a few pages consecutively, and then leave out a few pages. You would say the natural inference was that in the first place the book was complete. Or suppose you should go into my library and find Gibbon's History of Rome in twelve volumes, or rather find seven or eight volumes, and the others missing, and the places where they had stood vacant. Would you not feel perfectly sure that in the first place I had the full set? I would not have bought a mutilated copy. Originally, they were all there, though some may be lent or on the library table.

Another illustration. Suppose I should find between here and Worcester a series of milestones, with one and two missing. I begin and count from three. Three, four, five, and six are there, then five or six stones are missing. Again, between twenty and thirty, five or six are missing: then they run on up to forty. Would not you say,—finding these spaces thus distributed, and yet finding the same number of miles precisely in the spaces as where the series are complete,—would you not say that originally all the forty were there, and that

in some way the others had been thrown down, displaced, or carried away? Something precisely similar to this is found in the rock record from the lowest, simplest forms up to man, — at the bottom the simplest form, and man at the top, the completion, the flower and fruitage of the tree of life. But we find breaks; and we are not able at present, with any organic remains discovered, to bridge over these breaks. The inference is that these missing-forms were there at the start, but that, in the ten million changes that have passed over the old earth in its history, these records have been wiped out. Why, the wonder is not that these organic remains are now and again missing: the marvel rather is that we find the record so nearly complete. The result, then, of rational thought on the subject, compels intelligent men to believe that this rock record originally was complete, that down below were simple forms, followed by more complex ones until we come to man.

Now, the question is, Do these different forms of life represent special acts of creation? Was a very simple form of life created and then wiped out of existence, and then another created and that wiped out, and then another, a little higher, and so on, by innumerable acts of separate creation; or did they develop one from the other? The facts are such that every intelligent student has already decided that the theory of the development of one form from another is the only one that is consistent with the facts and acceptable to the rational mind.

To make the argument very simple, suppose I should take a crab-apple, and prove to you, what all intelligent people know, that this crab was originally the only apple in the world, and then show you all the marvellous forms of the apples that have some way come into existence since that time, would you be inclined to accept the fact that they all

developed from the crab-apple, or would you believe that they were specially created? We *know* that this is a process of development. Every gardener knows that he can develop new forms of almost any plant or shrub or fruit. Then, by what we know, passing from the known to the unknown, we argue, as every rational man must, that there has been a process of development of life from the lowest to the highest, through all the ages. But now the question comes, and here is the point where many scientific men, and almost all theologians, hesitate. They grant the development of all these forms of life until you come to man. Shall we include him in this process, or shall we say there must have been some new power manifested here? What we call Nature, what I believe to be God, in and working through the laws of things, is capable of developing all these wondrous forms until we come to man. Now, they say there must have been a special act of creation in order to account for him. Why? They can give no reason that is, to me, worthy of serious thought. It is very largely, with a great many, a matter of egotism. They do not like to feel that they have so many poor relations. They do not like to feel that they are organically connected with the animals, way down to the first globule of protoplasm. They say: "I am a man. I am superior to all the rest of the world, and God must have made me in a different fashion from that which he used in all the other marvels of the universe." That is a little lingering trace of egotistic prejudice, nothing else.

There is another feeling. They say: "If I shall grant that man has been developed from the animal world, why, I may wake up some morning and find that I am nothing but an animal." But this you must keep in mind: Whatever theory you accept as to how you came here on earth, or how you came to be what you are, the simple fact will remain for-

ever that you are what you are, and nothing else. No theory as to how you came here will change your nature one single iota. Is there any necessity, then, for calling in some other power, some new manifestation of the creative ability to produce this wonderful result,—man? As I had occasion to tell you last Sunday, man shares almost every faculty of his whole nature with the animal world beneath him. It has been discovered that you cannot possibly find the border line, for example, between the animal and vegetable world. There are forms concerning which the wisest living cannot tell whether they are animal or vegetable. They put them sometimes on this side of the line and sometimes on that. You cannot find the exact line between the animal and vegetable, any more than between day and night. It passes through a gradation of twilight that rubs out all marks and lines. No man has found the line between the animal and the human. There is such a gradual transition from one to the other that it is impossible to tell whether it is anything more than a difference of degree.

Let us look straight in the face this problem as to the origin of man. There are just three *thinkable* theories that an intelligent man can hold. We may think that man was created out of nothing, or out of the dust beneath our feet. That is one theory, the popular one, the theory of the Church. Another theory is that man may have been born from ancestors very much unlike himself; as if, for example, a bird were hatched from the spawn of a fish, or as though a rose were developed out of some wayside shrub that never bore a flower. That is a theory of which you can think. The third theory is that man was born from ancestors somewhat different from, but very much like, himself,—for example, to recur to an illustration I have already made familiar to you, as though we assume, what we know, that a pippin was developed from a crab-apple,—an apple, though considerably un-

like itself, still, in all essential peculiarities and particulars, more like than unlike.

Let us glance at these, and see which one we must accept. The creation theory says man was created suddenly, out of the dust of the earth. Try to get a picture of that in your mind. God, of course, according to the theory, is invisible, although Genesis tells us that he came down and walked in the garden. We are to think then of the bare ground and the blank air. Not a man on earth, not a man having ever been on earth ; then suddenly, in an instant, where there was simply the bare ground and the blank air, a full-grown man ! That is the creation theory, though hardly worthy the name of a theory, because a theory professes, at any rate, to deal with and explain facts. But consider for a moment that there does not exist on the face of the earth one single frayed rag or shred of proof that anything ever came into being in such a fashion as that. You remember how the little boy posed his father by asking him whether God could do everything, and, when he told him he could, the boy asked if God could make a two-year-old colt in fifteen minutes. The problem of making a two-year-old colt in fifteen minutes is very simple compared with that of making a full-grown man in no time. It is enough then to say, in regard to this, that there does not exist in the world one single particle of proof that any such thing ever occurred.

Take the next theory, that man was born from parents much unlike himself. Again, we must say that there is not the slightest proof on the face of the earth that anything ever came into existence in that way. Trace it all the way through the vegetable and animal kingdoms, clear down to the lowest forms, and we find that the antecedent parent form is substantially like that which it has produced. There may be variations. There are variations, many of them. No

child is precisely like its father or its mother ; and yet it is very much like both of them in all essential particulars, differing only here and there in minor matters. Now, then, I repeat, there is no proof that anything in the world ever came into being after the fashion which this theory indicates.

What have we left? That man was born from parents with which he was genetically connected, very much like himself, slightly unlike. What is this theory? This is nothing more nor less than Darwinism. What about the proof of this? All the proof we have, whether complete or not,—find as many missing links as you please, find as many breaks in the evidence as you will,—all the proof we have is that living forms, both vegetable and animal, have come into existence, and do come into existence in precisely this way.

The intelligent world, then, is placed in this position. There are three possible theories as to the origin of man: two are utterly lacking in proof; the other one, whatever defects there may be in the evidence, has at least some proof, has indeed a good deal of proof. Which of the three, then, must an intelligent man accept? I believe the day will come, yea, now is, when the man who expresses his disbelief in this theory of the origin of man will be doing one of two things,—either he will be impeaching his own knowledge of facts, or impeaching his power to judge as to the value of proof.

Now for two or three results or lessons springing out of our theme. I have touched on one already ; but it is so important that I wish to touch on it again. Men argue against this scientific theory of the origin of man, because they fear that, somehow or other, something vital, something precious in their natures, is going to be endangered. But just think, friends! Here is an oak-tree. Suppose we get around it and fight about the way, the process, by which it has come to

be an oak. When we have done that, and got through, it is an oak just the same, isn't it? Your theory or mine does not change its nature a particle. And so in regard to our manhood: we are men, no matter where we came from, no matter through what stages of development we have arrived at our present position. We are what we are: no matter if once all the life on the earth was a little globule of inorganized protoplasm, no matter if beyond that there was nothing living, no matter if out of that we have been developed, still are not those words of Shakspeare relevant and beautiful as ever: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god"? Still it is true that his thoughts wander through eternity, looking before and after. Still it is true that Shakspeare lived and wrote, that the poets have given us their grand creations. Still it is true that Jesus walked in the villages of Galilee, teaching his beautiful parables and everlasting truths; that he defied the orthodoxy of Jerusalem in the interest of the new and grander definition of man. Science, civilization, literature, the achievements of man, *are*; no matter by what process they came to be.

One other point. The future destiny of man remains just where it was, no matter what theory we hold of his origin. A great many people are afraid that, if they admit the truth that they have been developed from the lower forms of life, they are going to lose their souls and their hope of immortality. If we are made out of the dust, where did we get our immortal souls? Suppose I was developed out of some lower form of animal life, is there any more mystery about the soul than on the other theory? I am what I am, on either theory. If I am destined to survive the shock of death and to continue in my full career, then that is true, no

matter where I came from. If it is not true, no theory of creation will help the matter at all. I, for one, no matter what theory men may hold in regard to this, should not be ready to give up my hope. Since some power has showed itself capable of making me what I am, is it any greater wonder or mystery to suppose and hope that this same power, whatever it may be, shall also be able to continue the existence which it has given? I am lost in the wonder that I exist. It is no more wonderful to me that I may continue to exist.

I saw an article only a day or two ago in a prominent paper, saying, that the theory of evolution is atheistic. Evolution does not undertake to explain the ultimate origin of anything. It simply discusses the question *how*. The theory of evolution is neither theistic nor atheistic. It does not touch that question. It leaves it just where it was before, to be settled on other grounds.

Another question is as to whether this theory is consistent with devoutness, with piety, with religion, that which men treasure in their minds concerning the great mystery of life and death and eternity. It seems to me so strange that men should raise questions like these. Religion is a fact. It has been developed in every age, under all circumstances, in every clime. It has proved itself to be an essential part of human nature. Is a theory of the universe going to change us so completely as all that?

Consider one more point. Men seem to think that they do God honor by clinging to a theory as to how he produced certain results. I feel that I do God greater honor by humbly looking after the facts, by not presumptuously saying, "O God, it cannot be that thou didst so and so: this other must have been thy way of working." I feel that I honor God most by humbly and reverently finding out his

ways, accepting and rejoicing in them, and remembering this one thing, that nothing can be piously true, nothing can be religiously true, which is scientifically false. This universe, if it be the work of one will, one life at its heart, must be like a web with one pattern running through it all. It is one law, one element, one God ; and we cannot be religious while we cling to false traditional human conceptions as to how God did this and that, and refuse to accept the truth of his own testimony as revealed in the work of his own hands.

When will the world learn this lesson? Time and time again through the history of the Church, during the last two hundred years, this writer, that writer, and another, have been put on the "Index" and excommunicated for teaching just such truths ; for truths they have proved to be. Yes, the Church, time after time, has flung its defiance in the face of God, and condemned those who have uttered his own eternal truths. Let them beware lest by repeating again that old, age-long tragedy and farce, lest by putting Darwin and Spencer in the "Index Expurgatorium," and excommunicating them, they find, as so often before, that it is God himself they have put in the "Index," that it is God himself they have attempted to cast out of the temple in which they claim to worship him.

Sin and Salvation.

SIN and Salvation,—these two words suggest the thought of a law broken, of a penalty following the transgression of that law, and of some deliverance, either from the transgression itself, from the penalty of that transgression, or from both.

And these idea — law, transgression, penalty, deliverance, in some one of their thousand kaleidoscopic forms — will be found at the heart of every religion, of every philosophy in all the world. It is the problem which faced primeval man. It is the problem which has been studied all the way up the ages. It is the problem which faces us to-day. It is the problem which will continue to face us until that ideal condition, which we call the kingdom of God, shall have come in its perfection on earth.

If we take our stand by the side of the lowest barbarian, and see him afraid of or trying to conciliate his fetich ; if we see him laying food as an offering on the grave of some old chief or ancestor and praying, "Here we bring thee food: be good to us, and help us" ; if we take our stand in that ancient civilization of Mexico, and see thousands of human beings slain by the priests as an offering to their cruel gods ; if we see the mother casting her child into the sacred Ganges ; if we see the follower of Doorga, in India, committing a hideous murder, under the supposition that he is thereby winning favor with the cruel goddess ; if we

stand in that awful vale of Gehenna, outside of the sacred city, and hear the drums beat to drown the cries of the innocent children burned in the arms of the red-hot idol, Moloch; if we go up the holy hill and stand in the temple, and hear the hymns and prayers ascend, and see the countless victims slaughtered in the attempt to appease an offended deity or to wash away the sins of his worshippers; if we stand with Jesus himself, as he talks with the Samaritan woman, and hear him outlining the conditions of deliverance from human evil, and reconciliation with that God who is an infinite and omnipresent spirit; if we come down the ages, and see the crowds kneeling in cathedrals, or pilgrims toiling on their way to far-off, sacred shrines; if we sit beside the Quaker in his silent worship, waiting, as he does, for the moving of the spirit; if we stand in the presence of gorgeous rituals and ceremonies; if we come to our own simple and severe form of worship, and study of these serious themes: in all these cases, we are looking upon this wonderful phenomenon,—man in his different stages of development, in different conditions, attempting to solve this one problem of sin, suffering, salvation.

The same truth meets us, if we look over the various attempts of the world to outline a perfect philosophy of things, from the first crude efforts in the dim distance of prehistoric time. If we look at the result of the work of Aristotle, if we read Plato, if we come down the ages to Spinoza, and then on to our own time, and open the last volume of Herbert Spencer, again we find this same wondrous thing going on,—man attempting to solve these old, age-long problems of the world.

These, again, are the problems that have inspired the mightiest and sublimest flights of the world's poesy. It was the problem that Job dealt with in one of the grandest

poems of ancient times. Some phase or form of this problem engaged the thought of blind old Homer. It was this thought that pursued and led on Dante, in his pilgrimage through the various rounds and circles of the *Inferno*, as he climbed the mountains of the *Purgatorio*, as he stood wrapped in the beatific vision of the *Paradiso*. This was the problem that Milton had in mind, when, as he says, he attempts to rise "to the height of this great argument," that he may "assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men."

This is the problem of Faust. And the multitudinous minor singers of the world, like the forest songsters in the morning, that wake and answer the first sweet cry, all give utterance to the wail of the world's sorrow or the pæan of the world's great hope.

This problem, then, of sin and salvation, which the world has been working at these thousands of years, shall we dare to think that we can solve it this morning, in an hour? Only one thing encourages us to attempt so mighty a theme. A little child on his father's shoulder may be able to see further than the one who lifts him up. A dwarf on a mountain-top may be able to gain glimpses and outlooks that are utterly hidden from the tallest giant in the valley. Balboa discovered the Pacific, not because he was mightier and grander than thousands of his fellow-men, but because he was the first who, in his wanderings, climbed to that mountain peak in Darien, and from there saw spread out before him that marvellous new world. And so, not because we are wiser, but because we are able to climb to the high peaks of outlook of philosophy, of science, that the world's struggle and toil have heaped up century after century, we, though small in our intellectual stature, may be able to gain glimpses of the solution of some of these problems that the wisest and

greatest of the past sought for in vain. Let us then put the problem simply and clearly before us.

Men suffer. Why? Men are burdened with the consciousness of sin which they seek to throw off, that they may be free. Why? What is the explanation of these strange, mysterious facts?

I want to ask you to follow me while, as briefly as possible, I show you how men have looked at this question, and how natural it is that they should look at it as they have. I will give you a principle which you can apply to all the religions and all the philosophies of the world.

If we stand by the side of the lowest barbaric man, trying to feel with his feelings and to look out over the universe through his eyes, we shall be able to understand perhaps why he gave the answer, that we know he did, to the first problem of the world. He knew nothing of any power in this universe except such as he imagined in the likeness of himself. He therefore peopled the world with ten thousand invisible forms, gods of the clouds, of the stars, of the sun, of the moon, of the rivers, of the trees, of the mountains. And these gods were to him either good or evil, according as they helped or hurt. And so the sun as the source of life, the sun as the giver of light, the sun as the glad bringer of day, was a good being. When it scorched the deserts, when it dried up the earth, when it brought pestilence on its beams, then it was an evil power. So, too, he feared the lightning as an evil thing. He trembled before the cold, before hunger and disease, and the ten thousand forces about him that seemed inimical to his welfare and happiness. He interpreted all that he called evil in his life by referring it to some one of these invisible, mighty, malignant powers that, in some way, he had offended. The problem with him was, How shall I be able to gain the good-will of this power? You

will see that this is the principle that runs through all the religions of the world, and explains them all. They are man's theories of the universe and of the powers that govern it, and his attempts to come into right relations with these powers, so that they may be friends, and not enemies ; so that they may help, and not injure him.

And precisely this problem, only with such a change as our change of thought necessitates, is the one that we have to solve. What is the effort of modern science except an attempt to find out the nature of the forces that encompass us, and to bring ourselves into such relations with them that they shall help instead of hurt? The principle remains the same, and must remain the same forever. It is only a difference of interpretation, determined by the intelligence of man. When man had grown so as to conceive the grand principle of monotheism ; when he had come to think that instead of there being a hundred or a thousand different gods, some good, some bad, some indifferent, there was only one, and that one their God, their Father, their Friend, an Almighty Being,—when this conception had taken possession of man's mind, you will very easily see it necessitated a grand change in the interpretation of the problems of sin, suffering, and salvation. Men would reason of necessity like this: "Why should we sin against and disregard the will of a loving, good, and perfectly wise God, one who knows always what is best? On the other hand, why should a loving God and Father and Friend, an Almighty Being, make us suffer? Why should he torture us? Why should he lay burdens of sin and suffering upon us, that crush out the life, that kill hope, that lead to despair, that make us wish for death?"

You will see that the moral nature of man, developed to this stage of perfection, would demand that he must find some cause outside of this perfect God, if possible. He

would say a perfect God must have made things perfect at the first ; so it was inevitable that there should grow up a dream of a primeval Eden. Man, they said, must have started in a Paradise ; and it cannot be God's fault that he did not remain there. He must voluntarily have committed some offence against the Most High that produced this condition of sorrow and evil.

Out of this kind of reasoning sprang the doctrine of the fall. The fall of man, so long as it was accepted, seemed to promise a solution of all these great problems that had weighed upon men's hearts. But let us now briefly state two or three reasons why to-day it is simply impossible to accept any such solution.

In the first place, suppose there was a fall, who would be responsible for it? Not Adam certainly. No argument, no train of reasoning, can by any possibility shift the responsibility from—let me say it reverently—God himself. Did He not make Adam? Did He not place him in circumstances where He knew he would fall? And all the time He might have made it otherwise. He might have circumstanced him so that he would not have fallen and would not have sinned. The responsibility must come back to God himself. This doctrine, in its implications, is not only irrational, but utterly immoral. For one of its darkest aspects lies just here : that it throws the burden, not only of the curse of sorrow and of death, but of sin itself, upon the innocent ; if I may be pardoned such a contradiction in terms, in order to state that which is true in thought. Take, for example, the case of the unborn child. He does not ask to be born. He comes into a world already blighted, thrust here by the power that created the universe, born of a parentage already depraved and corrupted, born the inheritor of disease, possibly of idiocy or insanity, with a tendency to crime so strong that no

power of human effort or human surroundings shall be able to stem the current and ward off the terrible result. The innocent, on this theory, suffer for the guilty, and suffer perchance more than the guilty themselves. And this theory, according to the common conception, is darkened by prolonging the result of the fall even to infinity; so that unborn millions, for the sin of one, are doomed to cross this earth amid tears and sorrows and wrongs innumerable, living a life of torture only as a prelude to an eternity unspeakably worse.

Another point, which of itself would be sufficient to set the matter aside as the solution of our problem, is that it has been discovered, beyond a question, that no such thing as a fall of man has ever taken place. It is a tradition, a legend, a myth, unhistoric, without one particle of basis in fact. Instead of man's having been in a higher position and having fallen from that to where he is to-day, we are rather to think of him as originally lower than the lowest type of man with which we are acquainted, and through uncounted ages, and by slow accretions of moral power and intelligence, climbing gradually up to his present position, where he looks upward to something as yet only to be dreamed. We cannot accept, then, the fall of man as a solution of this problem of suffering and sin.

Let us for a moment put aside all these theological and traditional conceptions, and try to look the matter simply in the face from the scientific stand-point of to-day, and see if we can suggest a possible solution.

And first as to the problem of suffering. I, for one, cannot conceive the possibility of a being so constructed as to be able to feel the sensation of pleasure and yet not liable to feel the sensation of pain. The very possibility of feeling joy or ecstasy or hope or love of necessity implies the

possibility of feeling their opposites. I cannot even understand how we should have a conception of joy, were there not a background of sorrow as a contrast to help us to a definition. If, for example, I had always been perfectly happy all my life, and had never seen anything but perfect happiness, I should not even know that I was happy. I should have no materials out of which to construct a definition of pleasure or of pain. Contrast is essential to consciousness.

Once more. I believe that pain, all that pain which is necessary in the world, is a good, and not an evil. I shall not enter into a discussion of the problem whether God might have created us differently, or whether we might have been developed differently here. But, taking us as we are, it seems to me perfectly clear that a little thought is able to show that pain is a good and not an evil. Every individual existence in the world is surrounded by conditions that we call laws, which constitute this individuality. If I had a blackboard here and should draw a circle, and then break it at any one point, the circle would be destroyed. I have broken the law of the circle, and the circle is no more. You cannot have a river without a bed and banks and water,—the water flowing over the bed between the shores. Break these conditions anywhere, and the river is destroyed. So with ourselves. We are surrounded by certain conditions, certain laws which constitute us what we are, individual men and women. Now it is a contradiction in terms, that God himself cannot help, to say that I can break the law of physical health, and still be healthy. If I break a law of physical health, the result must follow. If I break a law of mental sanity, I must become insane ; and Omnipotence, even, cannot ward off the result.

Now, then, think of this : that pain is simply nothing more nor less than the index of a broken law, whether of the body or of the mind. In society, anywhere, it means that

the conditions of righteousness, the conditions of health, the conditions of well-being, the conditions of happiness, have been transgressed. There is no pain on the face of the earth that does not find right there its explanation. Now suppose that we could break the conditions of life and still have no suffering. Take the case of a little child. Suppose it did not hurt the child to cut itself with a knife, or to burn itself in the fire, or to eat that which is injurious, would there be one child in ten millions that would grow up physically un mutilated? How many of them would grow up at all? Pain is simply a signal, a warning, set up on the limits of the laws of our individuality, telling us to overstep those laws at our peril. And, if it be true, as we know it is, that so many men are habitually breaking the laws of health, breaking the mental and moral conditions of right living in spite of the penalty and the suffering, how many, think you, would keep those laws, if the penalty and the suffering could be abolished? We shall be able to abolish pain just as fast and as far as we learn the conditions of right living. But, until we do learn those conditions, and obey them, pain will exist; and its scorpion whip will lash us into the right way, driving us on toward better and nobler conditions of life. Pain, then, I believe, is not an evil. It is a signal, a beneficent guide, telling us the way of life, and warning us not to depart from it.

Now let us look at the question of sin. The consciousness of sin, they tell us, is a sign that we have offended God, that he is angry with us. It is the foreshadowing of punishment. It is an indication of the fall. But, instead of telling us that we are lower than we once were, it seems to me that the fact that man has a consciousness of sin is the grandest element of all his grand humanity. It is that in which I read the noblest and most wonderful lesson of hope; for

what does it mean? Did you ever see an animal conscious of sin? Do dogs and horses meditate over their past life, and say: "I did so and so, and the result of it was evil. I regret that I did it, I *must* now pursue a nobler course?" Do they look forward and say, "We must create around us conditions favorable to nobler life, we must be better dogs and better horses"? Do they look up and on, and see heights of attainment that lure them to something grander, in the way of the development of their nature, than they have yet attained? If such a thing were possible, would we not say at once, Here is the germ of something unspeakably wonderful, and these creatures beneath us are manifesting the possibility of incalculable development? When man stands half-way up a height, on the brink of an abyss, looking down and saying, "I came from there: there is even now danger that I may slip, and fall back to that condition"; and he shrinks from the edge of that abyss with horror, and looks up and sees peak after peak, mountain height after mountain height, each one overtopping the last, until they fade away into the infinite blue, and feels an aspiration toward those heights, an impulse to climb, and says, "There is my destiny, and no one knows how far it reaches beyond what any one can see": do you not feel that, when man can say this, he thus declares himself capable of advancement, of infinite progression? If you could conceive a race of men stationary, men who had never been any worse than they are now, men who never by any possibility could be better than they are now, you would never find them troubled by any sense of sin. It is only the man who is capable of being something more, who sees an ideal, and is inspired by it to pursue it, who talks of sin. And this, friends, will explain what I have many times heard spoken of as a curious problem in moral psychology,—that the best people are just the

ones that are weighed down with the heaviest consciousness of sin.

It explains Paul, noble, heroic, grand soul as he was, when he says, "I am the very chief of sinners." Why? You see a little boy sitting down with his pencil and slate, and making the image of some animal or drawing a tree, in such a fashion that the name of the object has to be written under it, so as to show what it means. If you find him contented with his work, you do not feel that the germ of an artist is there. And so it is consistent with the grandest attainment of artistic genius to find a man a master in the world of art, and still dominated by an ideal so far beyond his highest achievement that he feels as though all he had done were nothing; and he says: "Artistically, I have not attained. I only look forward, I dream, I hope." This was what Newton meant, when he spoke of himself as a little child gathering pebbles on the seashore, while the infinite ocean of truth lay unexplored, stretched out before him.

The consciousness of sin, then, means that we are all children of the Infinite, that we are capable of treading our yesterdays underneath our feet, that we are capable of making our very sins stairways for climbing: it means an infinite outlook, a hope for an eternal future.

Now, then, in accordance with the thought I have already given you, let me outline my conception of salvation. We have talked of sin and suffering. What do we mean when we speak of salvation? You will readily understand that I do not believe we need to be saved from any wrath of God. That expression we may still use, if we please, as a figurative, poetic expression, just as we speak of an angry sunset or a threatening aspect of the sky. It has no other meaning. God is not angry with us; He is not out of patience; He is not out of temper with us in the least. If

He is, only Himself is to blame, for who made the universe and started it on its career? Nor do we want to be saved from the devil. What is he? Simply, man's poetic personification of the adverse forces of his life. Satan is man's adversary. The devil everywhere has been thus named. That is, he has been the figurative embodiment of the different obstacles man meets and has to overcome in the pathway of his progress. We do not need to be saved from hell. There is no hell, save that very real one of sin, of sorrow, of suffering, of wrong, of corruption, out of which we are all attempting to struggle, day by day, and out of which we are trying to lift the world.

We do not need to be saved from any fall, for there has been no fall. What, then, do we mean by the word "salvation"? And here let me say, if I use any of these words again, I use them with a figurative meaning only. I believe that all the terms that have been developed in the history of these old schemes of the universe and of man ought to be, as far as possible, discarded from our living thought.

As there has been no fall, so there is no need of any atonement in the theologic sense. There is no need of any deliverance from the fall in the theologic sense. There is no need of any incarnation in the theologic sense. There is no need of any substituted suffering in the theologic sense. I believe that the words "Saviour," "salvation," "Messiah," all these terms that belong to these Oriental forms of thought, ought to be displaced by those that thrill and are alive with the real thought of to-day. There is no need any longer for these terms. And I believe that no one man, no one being, in all history, has a right to the exclusive name of Saviour. With all reverence for God and for whatever he has made sacred in the history of the past, I must dare to differ from the apostle when he says, "There is none other name under

heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." I believe there are a thousand names. Every man who has lived out a grand ideal, who has uttered a grand thought, who has done a grand deed, who has become an inspiration to thought, an impulse to the moral life of his age, all these in their spheres, and to the extent of what they have done, are the world's saviours. These are the forces that lift humanity and push onward the car of its progress.

The word "salvation" then will be changed, and in its place there will come in the word "education," — not education in the narrow sense of what we get in the schools, but education in that broad sense which defines it as being a leading out, a development of all the possibilities and capabilities of our being; and which deals with our surroundings, bringing us into right relations with them.

We are saved then, physically, when we have learned to keep the laws of our body, and are well; mentally, when we have learned the laws of thought, when we have learned to weigh evidence and look over the world calmly in search of truth. We are saved morally, when we have learned and are guided by the laws of man's mind and body, when we have learned to stand in right relations to our fellow-men and the universe about us. There is no salvation, there is no conception of salvation, higher, grander, better than that; for what can there be better or finer than a complete man?

Whoever is saved in this sense is saved forever. We believe in one God, one law everywhere. If, then, I am right in my relations here, and trained in all my capacities, fitted to dwell in whatever surroundings I am placed, then I am ready for any world, for any sphere where the providence of God may place me.

By what means, then, shall this salvation be wrought? Not by belief in any atonement; not by prayer simply; not by forgiveness. Do you know, friends, we are often deluded by

that word "forgiveness"? God himself cannot forgive you, in the sense of blotting out the natural and necessary results of your deeds. These you must suffer, as a grand tree with a limb lopped off or its trunk wounded by the blow of an axe, can only outgrow its wounds, developing strength in spite of them, leaving them behind as an incident of the past. We are to be saved through knowledge, through a development of self-control, through the subduing of our passions, those forces that would lead us astray. We are to be saved by following motives which, when fairly understood, will lead us all to choose the way of wisdom, which is the way of pleasantness and the path of peace.

And then mental rest, the sense of deliverance from sin, how shall we attain that? We shall attain it when we have come into such accord with God and with the universe, with the conditions of our life, as no longer to bear them simply as a burden, but to rejoice in them as the conditions of a possible noble life. When we see these conditions all around us, and accept them heartily; when we learn to place the forces of this universe beneath us as help and inspiration, thus feeling ourselves one with the great Power that guides and moves the world,—we shall rest in peace, not as having attained, but as doing the best we can to-day, and reaching on toward something higher' and better to-morrow.

Let us, then, be reconciled to these necessary conditions of our life. To fight against them is as if an eagle should wish to abolish the air, when all the time these currents, with which now and then he has to struggle, are the resisting medium which becomes the lever for his mighty wings, that lift him in his flight as he soars in the face of the sun. So, by reconciling ourselves to these conditions of life that we think burdensome, by accepting them, living nobly in relation to them, they shall become the very conditions of peace and of endless advance.

Beliefs about Man.

Peace,— it is not stagnation,
Nor simple, aimless rest :
'Tis tireless movement onward,
Impelled by some high quest.

Peace,— 'tis an eagle sweeping
Far o'er some mountain height,
Who turns the air's resistance
To motion and delight.

Peace,— 'tis a mighty steamship,
Steel-ribbed, with heart of fire,
Which laughs the storm to rainbows,—
Too strong to stay or tire.

Peace,— 'tis a brooklet running
From overflowing springs,
Which purer grows by running,
And still, while running, sings.

IS MAN FREE? *

IN the second book of his *Paradise Lost*, Milton pictures for us a conference of the infernal powers. They have heard that a new world, and a new being called man, have been somewhere created; and they are trying to fix upon one of their number to go and seek out this new work of God recently become their enemy. And after Satan, their prince, has volunteered to undertake this difficult task, and has left them to carry it into execution, the poet pictures those that remain behind as dispersing this way and that to occupy their thought and time until his return. Some of them engage in games, after the fashion of the old Olympic; some of them practise at the tournament, as it came to be called in later years; some of them start on a voyage of exploration to find out what sort of a place this hell is which is henceforth to be their home. And then the poet says:—

“Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.”

I take it that we are to regard this abyss, and this confusion of thought, and this discussion of fate, free-will, and foreknowledge as representing the abysses of the poet's own imagination, and as setting forth his conception of the

* See note at end of volume, page 129.

condition in which these great philosophical themes stood in his day. Not only have these infernal powers, as depicted in the poet's imagination, discussed these great questions; but you are aware that they have been themes for the theologian, for the philosopher, for the scientist, in all ages. I do not undertake the hopeless task of settling that which the world still continues to hold in debate. Only must I give you, as clearly as I can, some reasons for holding what seems to me to be the true theory concerning this question of the freedom of man.

There have been four great types of thought concerning it. Three of them I do not propose to discuss at any length, except as that discussion may be incidental to my treatment of the fourth. Yet I must at least name and outline them as I pass them by.

There have been men who have believed in what they have called fate. There have been those who believed that they themselves were "men of destiny," led, guided, or impelled by some invisible, undefinable force that created their careers, and determined before they were born that they should be what they were. This fate has generally been held as an impersonal, undefined power. The old Greeks and Romans spoke of Father Jove himself as being subject to its sway. The gods of Olympus were not supreme, for fate reigned over them. This fate was not a deity supreme over the gods that sat on Olympus: it was simply that mysterious force that seemed so many times to thwart all the previsions of man and to determine destiny in spite of all that man could do.

The next theory that I shall notice is that which is very familiar to you all, by name at least, whether you have ever taken the trouble to understand it or not,—the doctrine of predestination. Practically, in its working among men, it is substantially the same as the doctrine of fate, only there is

this difference: the theologians who hold this doctrine do not speak of an impersonal, indefinite power, but of a personal will, a God who, before the worlds were made, determined that out of all possible universes he would create this one; out of all possible kinds of beings, to inhabit this world, he would create man. He determined that he would create him just as he did, for a specific purpose; that he would place him in the garden of Eden; he would so situate him that he would fall, and out of that fall would issue all the facts of the world just as they have appeared in all these unfolding centuries of time. This is the doctrine of predestination,—that God, before anything was, determined “whatsoever cometh to pass.”

Some theologians, more tender-hearted than logical or consistent, have attempted to evade the harsher side of the doctrine by saying that God determined the good, but only permitted the evil. But, when you take into consideration the fact that, on this theory, God created the universe, that he made man just what he was, knowing definitely just what he would do, and placed him in just the circumstances where he did place him, foreseeing all the time that these results would follow from the causes that he had started, you will very easily see that it is tender-heartedness and not logic, that draws any such distinction. The responsibility of the world as it is, on the theory of predestination, cannot be evaded or shifted. It goes back ultimately to him who determined it.

There has been another class of theologians, who, though tender-hearted toward sin and suffering, as it came before them in actual life, have been—although it seems strange to think of it—logically consistent in carrying out this doctrine. Dr. Emmons, the famous Massachusetts theologian of the last century, carried it so far as to declare that, at any

particular period of the history of the world, God creates and determines just precisely the amount not only of good and of happiness that shall exist, but also the sin, the crime, and the sorrow; that he is the active, efficient agent in the arm of the man that strikes a blow that results in a murder, just as much as he is in the arm and heart of the good Samaritan that binds up the wounds and sores of humanity. And Dr. Gardner Spring, the eminent theologian of New York, also carried it out to this same logical result. Once, when a friend asked him why he supposed there were not more converts to the church, he answered consistently, "I suppose God converts just as many people as he wants converted." This is logical predestination. I shall not stay to discuss it.

The third is the theory of free-will. Perhaps you will be surprised that I speak of this as one of those simply to be outlined and passed by; and yet such is the position to which all the thought and study of years have compelled me. What do we mean by free will? For we must have a clear and distinct conception of it in our minds before we are fitted to judge whether or not it holds good as a philosophy of man. I am now conscious of being free to do as I please. I can continue speaking, or I can stop and go into my study. I can choose what thought I will utter next, I can pursue one line of argument or another. But this does not express the doctrine of free-will. If I say, "Yesterday, I might have done something that I did not do, provided I had wished to do it," I am not giving utterance to the doctrine of free-will; I am only expressing what all of us believe. And yet I presume large numbers of people think they are giving expression to the doctrine of free-will when they say, "I am conscious of the power to do as I please"; but that is not it at all. The question is whether, back of the willing, you have

power spontaneously to evolve and develop choices themselves. Sir William Hamilton, the great Scotch metaphysician, says, before the doctrine of free-will can be maintained, it must be proved not only that a man can do as he wills, but that he can *will as he wills*. I know not whether I can make myself clear on this very subtle point. The question is as to whether the will is an independent power that originates choices, that spontaneously expresses itself, without being determined by motives, by the surroundings, or by the character of the man who chooses. Let us put ourselves in the attitude that the common mind must be in concerning it. Suppose a barbarian for the first time in his life should see this clock, here in the church before us. He might suppose at first sight, as the hands go around and it strikes the hour, that it was a living being, the hands moving as an expression of the will of this mysterious power. There is nothing apparent on the clock face that determines that the hands shall move just as they do. But, if you take the face off and show him what are the forces at work that determine that the hands shall move thus and so, you have given him a new view of the whole question.

I say, I have power to do as I please. But suppose there is another power back of my consciousness that determines that I shall *please* to do so and so, then what? Free-will, then, in any proper use of language, does not say merely that I am free to do as I please, but must say, I am free to please as I please, that I am free to originate choices. If the freedom of the will means anything, it means that the will is an independent, spontaneous, self-acting power. And that I cannot hold.

I come now to the next theory, and the one which all my study and thought has compelled me to hold, — the scientific doctrine of necessity. This, as you will see, is not fate,

neither is it predestination. It is something quite distinct and apart by itself.

Now, in order that we may proceed clearly with the unfolding of our subject, I must ask you to get clearly in mind a definition of the will. What do we mean when we talk about it? For convenience of discussion, as I have before said, we map off and divide up this one human nature of ours; and we say that the imagination makes excursions into the unknown, the heart feels, the brain thinks, and the will determines. But a little thought will convince you that this is simply a mental division for convenience of conversation. It does not represent any real distinction in human nature itself. It is not a something in me that wills.

My will is not a driver on a stage-coach, sitting on the box, holding the reins of my nature in his hand, and deciding that I shall go this way or that. No such dominant power rules over the faculties of my being. The will is simply the utterance of myself. It is not a "will" that determines. *I* determine. In other words, the will is only the majority vote, so to express it, of the individual. It is the resultant of the sum total of forces that constitute me what I am; and that play upon me on every side. Analyze it a little, and see. There is somewhat about me that constitutes what I call myself. A large part of this element—I know not how much—has been derived by inheritance from my ancestors. I have modified this in a thousand ways by my own thoughts, words, and actions. Then I am placed in a certain environment of circumstances. I would like to do this, or I would like to do that; but here comes in a deterrent force, that says, "If you do so and so, such and such an unpleasant result will follow." Friends dissuade me from following this path, and say, "I prefer you shall do something else." And so there play upon me these forces. Pleasant and un-

pleasant probabilities appeal to me. The wishes of friends, public opinion, popular applause, the desire to do good, the wish to be useful to my fellow-men,—all these ten thousand forces play upon me ; and, as a final result, I decide in a particular case, “I will do so and so.” Now, when I have made that decision, you are right in saying that I have *willed*. There is no other will that has determined it. There is no metaphysical power in me that has decided how I shall act. *I* have decided that I will follow such a course. This, I take it, is the rational definition of what is meant by the will.

Now let us look at the doctrine of necessity. It means simply an extension over the realm of human nature of the *law of cause and effect*. It means that nothing happens without a cause in me, or in you, any more than it does anywhere else. We know, for example, that the stars over our heads follow certain determined courses, keeping to a certain order, because of certain forces acting on them. Their movements are orderly and intelligent. In regard to the inorganic world underneath our feet, we also recognize everywhere perfect order. Cause and effect hold good there. In the realm of the vegetable world, among the grasses, the flowers, and the trees, we trace perfect order. We know, if we plant a grain of corn, corn will grow from it. The conditions being what they should be, we can count on certain results following from certain causes. In the animal world, we find precisely the same thing, the law of cause and effect prevailing everywhere. The doctrine of necessity extends this principle over the whole realm of man, and says man is not an irrational being ; he acts under the influence of causes, is governed by motives, by considerations that lead him this way or that. You know perfectly well that, if the world were not governed by the laws of cause and effect, there would be no possibility of study, there

would be no possibility of organizing sciences. You could never *know* anything. Suppose that I could not count on the properties of iron remaining what they are, what would be the use of building an iron bridge? Next week, it might become wood or some brittle metal, and utterly fail to meet the calls I should make upon it. So in every department. The world would be insane: it would be one wild chaos of chance and disorder, unless this law of cause and effect held everywhere. I believe it holds good in human nature as well as everywhere else. This is the scientific doctrine of necessity.

Let us consider two or three objections against necessity and in favor of what is popularly called free-will; and later we will consider two or three points that look the other way.

Men are accustomed to say that there is no use arguing about the question of free-will, for it is a doctrine of common-sense: every man knows he is free. But we know also that common-sense has been a great many times mistaken in the history of this world. Common-sense,—what does it mean? It means simply that stock of intelligence which has become portable in the crowd, and can be passed from hand to hand like current coin. It means the stock of common opinions that are held by the majority. And many and many a time, as Huxley has said, common-sense is only another name for “common ignorance.” It needs to be supplemented, now and again, by a little sense that is not so common. Common-sense teaches us, even to-day, that the world is flat. It taught that for thousands of years, and it took a great while to argue into the common-sense of the crowd the belief which is now established beyond question. Common-sense teaches us every day that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west; and yet we know that it is not true. If a man had never seen any other effect of the power

of the sun except the melting of wax exposed to its rays, he would say that it was the quality of heat to melt substances. But, if he put wet clay in the sun and saw its effect on that, he would say that it was the quality of the sun's heat to make things hard and dry. Common-sense teaches us today that we tell whether a surface is rough or smooth by looking at it; but we know that we do not. The question is determined by touch; and the skilful painter will produce effects with his brush so carefully and perfectly imitating nature that you cannot tell whether the surface is rough or smooth until you feel it. Common-sense teaches us that color inheres in the thing we look at. Yet we know perfectly well that the same fabric which was blue by daylight is green by gaslight. Thus, we often find that we have to revise our observations and experiments, and reform them by the aid of senses that are rare, and developed only among those minds that are gifted and trained to the exercise of special powers. Common-sense then is not entirely a safe guide in the matter of the will.

They say also, "If man is not perfectly free, why do you punish anybody for crime, why do you blame anybody for anything that he does?" You are aware perhaps — if not, it is true — that barbaric man was inclined always and instinctively to abuse and beat and punish *anything* that *hurt* him. He did not question whether the power that hurt *meant* to do so or not. Children, too,—little barbarians as they are, all of them, at the outset,—illustrate precisely this same quality. A child abuses or beats his playthings when offended with them, simply under the influence of this passion that hates what hurts or displeases, without reasoning as to whether the object is responsible or not. I can remember, when I was a little boy, standing with one of my brothers by the stove in the old farm-house, getting warm before going to

bed, when accidentally he burned himself ; and under this impulse, so common among children, he seized a stick of wood and began to beat the stove until he broke it in his anger. This illustrates the power of this passion. In the Middle Ages, it was common for a king to vent his wrath on any messenger who brought him bad tidings, although he knew perfectly well that the bearer was not responsible. I take it that we are not yet civilized enough to have outgrown this impulse. If a man commits a crime, without raising the question as to the degree of his responsibility, as to whether he inherited a tendency to crime, whether he is more or less guilty than we would be in like circumstances, we visit on him our wrath and vengeance. I believe, when the world is civilized, this whole conception of *punishing* men will be outgrown, will fade out of the world's jurisprudence, and will remain in language only as a survival of a more barbaric time. We have no right to take vengeance, no right to measure out by our imagination the supposed degree of any man's guilt, and then adjust our torture to fit the degree of our anger. What right *have* we then? We have only the right of personal and social *self-protection*. Suppose there is a tiger loose in the streets of Boston. It is an instinct of the tiger-nature to kill and to devour. You know that he is not responsible, that he is no more to blame than a hurricane. Yet you take your measures to protect yourself against him, even to the extent of taking his life. If there is an overflow of the Mississippi River and thousands of acres are submerged, the river is in no degree responsible for the damage it does ; but we build levees and dikes to keep back the destructive power. An avalanche is not responsible for sliding down the mountain-side ; yet the Alpine traveller takes measures for self-protection against its force.

So our theory of the will cannot make us helpless in the presence of crime. We have the right and the duty of self-defence. No matter whether a man is insane, or whether he is simply criminal, as we call it, all we need to-day and all we have a right to do is to see to it that he shall not work harm to society. And, if it be needful that he be put out of the way, we have the right even to that extent. This, then, is no argument against the necessity of human action.

Let us consider another objection which is supposed to be conclusive. If I act under law, if my will is determined by what I am and by the motives that influence me, why do I ever feel remorse? It seems to me perfectly natural that this feeling should spring up. Have we not seen the mother, whose little child has died, who wrings her hands and almost breaks her heart, and who says: "Oh, if I had only known! If I had only done so and so, I might have warded off this calamity!" And yet reflection convinces even her that she did the best she could under the circumstances, with the wisdom she possessed. But all her logic does not turn back the tide of feeling that sweeps over her desolated heart. She mourns and regrets and sorrows still. You remember those pathetic words of Whittier's at the close of "Maud Müller":—

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,—It might have been."

If what? If Maud Müller and the judge and the circumstances and a thousand things had been what they were not. And yet every one knows that, if we could go back and reproduce exactly the same circumstances, and put the people in those circumstances, just as they were at that moment, they would act precisely the same again. I feel remorse, I feel sorrow for what I did that injured another's life, just as

I regret any ill result of something I have done ; yet I know that put me back into yesterday, just what I was yesterday, seeing things as I did, feeling things as I did, under the influence of the motives that played upon me yesterday, and I should necessarily do what I did yesterday.

I believe that this remorse may be carried too far, not only in a philosophical sense, but even so as to work moral injury. What is the use of remembering the past, except as it becomes a motive power in controlling the future? It was very subtle wisdom in the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* to picture the most terrible foe of the Christian life in the person of Giant Despair, who is the mightiest enemy that "Christian" meets all the way from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. And what does it mean? Simply that when despair, hopelessness, has taken possession of the heart of man, there is nothing left for him to do but to die.

Ruin, and only ruin, stares him in the face. Despair therefore may be carried to a destructive degree. We should remember the mistakes of yesterday, not by sitting down with mournful face and broken heart and wailing out our life over them ; we should remember them only as motives and mainsprings for some grander deed to-morrow, remembering the mistake, so as not to commit it a second time. Remorse, the fear of punishment, the fear of evil results ; these are valuable only as they become motive forces determining what we shall do next.

I must now pass by these, and turn to the positive side of the question. The doctrine of necessity, then, it seems to me, has every argument, every logical method, every fact in human history, in its favor. As I said a moment ago, unless man is under the law of cause and effect, there is no use in trying to study ; there is no possibility of a science of politics, a science of society, of ethics, of any science of any-

thing human. For, no matter what a man's character might be, there would be no possible way of counting on what he might do next, if the will is uncaused and in that sense free. The will is not free because I can do as I please. I must feel as I look back at the past that I did what I did necessarily, being what I then was. So that, as I have already said, for me to say I might have done differently from what I did, in coming here this morning, seems to me an absurdity. I might have gone somewhere else, had I wanted to; but I did not. Under the engagements that controlled me, played on by the motives that determined my actions every moment of my life, I did what I did; and in precisely the same circumstances I should do it again.

There is another thing that seems to me conclusive. Did you ever think that, if the will is spontaneously free, there would be no such thing possible as human character? What is character? What do I mean when I say, "There is an honest man; there is a man who tells the truth, whom I can trust every day of my life"? I mean this. By his actions, by his choices, by the whole course of his life, he has built up and cemented a certain type of manhood that I can count on every time. But no such thing as this would be possible, if the will were a spontaneously acting force, not determined by the laws of cause and effect. Of none of you, my most intimate friends, who may have been honest all your life long, if the will is not under the law of cause and effect, have I any assurance that you may not commit a burglary to-morrow. That you have told the truth a thousand times is no assurance that you will tell it the one thousand and first time. But I say you have built up a character. This character is a determining power, directing the course of the will, so that I can count on an honest man's being honest all the time, a truthful man's being true,

a pure man's being pure. If I know a man all through, I can tell what he will do. I could not tell, however, if the will were spontaneously free, if there were no laws of human conduct.

One more point. It is only because I believe that the will of man is not free, in this sense, that I have courage to work for the deliverance of the world from wrong. Why is it that we seek out poor children from the Five Points and the slums of the North End, and place them in what we call pure surroundings, under good influences, where they will feel the love and care of those who will stand to them in the place of father and mother, where they may go to school, learn something, and be able to see specimens of manhood that will give them a sense of the dignity of their own natures? Why do we seek sanitary reform as bearing on the morals of the community? Why do we build school-houses, erect churches, and establish the ten thousand influences with which we surround human nature, to instruct, to elevate, and lead it into the right way? For the simple reason that we believe in the law of cause and effect as bearing on human nature. It would all be unutterably absurd, if the will were free, independent and spontaneous in its action. What would be the use of taking a child from the influences that tend downward? If the will is free it has the power to do right under one set of circumstances as well as another.

If motives do not determine character, why seek to surround men by good motives? Why do we try to get a man accustomed to drink to his own hurt to sign the pledge? Why do we bring him into the society of people who have taught themselves self-control? Because we know if he is in the presence of liquor, and is under no restraint, no motive to abstain, he will drink. But we know that if he is a man of truth, if he is man enough to stand by his word, and

if he has said he will not drink, he will keep his pledge. So with any man placed in temptation, who will fall every time he is so placed, we foresee this and surround him with influences toward good, because we believe, deep-down in our hearts, that it is character and motive that determine the will, that lead men to pursue this or that course of conduct. When we admit this doctrine of necessity as controlling human life and character, then we shall have a leverage that will hold, by which we can lift society and the world. And, as a matter of fact, there is no benevolent, reform, or philanthropic society on earth that does not proceed on the assumption that this doctrine is true.

There is not a man nor a woman on the face of the earth that, other things being equal, does not desire that which seems to him conducive to his own highest welfare and happiness. There is not a society that does not desire its own welfare and happiness. If this is a sane and righteous universe, then keeping the laws of this universe must tend toward the welfare and happiness of the individual and of society. If, then, we believe that men are governed by motives, all we need to do to lift up and save mankind is to make them wise enough to know that following their own eternal desire for welfare and happiness will lead them into the ways of truth and right.

The doctrine of necessity gives us this leverage. It gives us motive power, it gives us a way to work, it gives us confidence that our work will not be without its appropriate results.

THE MOTIVE FORCES OF HUMAN LIFE.

AT the close of my discourse last Sunday morning, I came to the conclusion that humanity, like all other departments of the world, is orderly, is under law, controlled by motives that are intelligible and that can be calculated. Taking now the next logical step in dealing with our great theme, we are brought face to face to-day with two great questions: What are the motives that control men? And are these motives right and adequate to produce human progress and perfection?

As we study the inorganic world, whether we make it include the stars over our heads or simply the elemental forces of the planet which we inhabit, we discover everywhere that powers are at work that are intelligible, that are orderly, and that these powers are competent to produce grand and beautiful results. For example, as we look at the law of gravitation, we see how beautifully it works, how efficient it is, what perfect order results from it. As we study the movements of the tides, the laws of the winds, the rains, the powers of chemical attraction and affinity, the laws of crystallization,—as we look all over the world and see those forces at work which have shaped our planet and brought it into its present condition, that have lifted up and then sculptured the mountains, that have scooped out the valleys, created our lake basins, marked out the watercourses

for our great rivers,— everywhere we find perfect order and beautiful results. And we find these powers to be good, efficient, capable of producing the desired ends.

If we take a step above the inorganic world and enter the vegetable kingdom, we find precisely the same thing true here. There is order, there is power. And this power is good, relative to that which it is desired to produce by it ; and it results in forms of beauty and use. Who thinks to criticise a rose? That mysterious force that has lifted the little stem above the soil, that bids it grow and develop to its perfect size and shape, and form that delicate leaf, tinted as no artist on earth could paint it, and then makes it fragrant, to delight the senses of all living creatures,— who can criticise the power that is there at work? It is right and it is competent to the perfection of these results.

Take another step. As we come up into the animal kingdom, we find the same thing holds true. There is order, there is law, there is a power at work ; and the power is a good power, producing the proper results, the perfection of the animal world. We never think of bringing questions of perfect or imperfect, of right or wrong, in here. The eagle poising his mighty wings, floating through the air, flying in the face of the sun or over his mountain crag, is a piece of work that only fills us with a sense of power and with admiration ; and, if he preys upon some smaller species, we never think of criticising him for it as though he were doing wrong. He is only fulfilling a law of his own nature. He is doing that which, judged by the eagle's standard, is right, and can be no otherwise. And so of every other thing below man that flies or creeps, or walks or runs, or lives, on the surface of the earth.

But as we take one step more into the region of humanity, at first this principle does not seem to hold. We find what

we call sin, wrong, disorder, evil ; and our first impulse is to criticise the motive forces which are at work in humanity. We are inclined to one of two opinions, either that these motive forces are wrong, or else that they are inadequate : they do not produce the results that we think we have a right to expect of them. We perhaps criticise the world in the vein and spirit of Heber, where he says of that beautiful Eastern land,—

“Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile”;

or we say with Byron,—

“All, save the spirit of man, is divine.”

The line of demarcation is popularly drawn between all the rest of the universe and man. We have a feeling that the motive forces that control him are either wrong or inadequate.

These, then, are the two great questions that face us. We want to find out what these motive forces are, and why they do not produce the same results of perfection and order that are observable in all other parts of the universe.

First, what are the motive forces that control human life? For our purpose, they may be roughly divided into two grand classes, the internal and the external. There is first to be considered the inherent nature of man, that which he is by virtue of the fact that he is a man; that which he is as the result of inheritance; the capital stock of thoughts and feelings and impulses and tendencies with which he is born into the world. These internal conditions of nature and inheritance are modified again by the man's own individual feeling and thinking and acting. That is, I was born so and so; but since that time, in the years that have passed, I have modified my nature in a thousand various ways by my own actions, impulses, and thoughts. This, then, is one side.

As we look out over the world, we have to take account of all those things which constitute the conditions of human life,—the country in which a man is born, the race to which he belongs, the climate, the type of civilization, the grade of civilization, the particular degree of culture that immediately surrounds him, the influences whether good or bad, the religious thought and tendency of the time, the business opportunities, and all the ten thousand things that make up the external conditions of his life.

Man, then, is shaped by these internal and external forces. To give a little more definiteness, I may consider these motives all as one, and speak of that which I have classed as external simply as the conditions or limitations or incitements to activity, while I find the impulses all within.

There is, when you analyze deeply, when you resolve all the multifarious manifestations of life, all the impulses of man, into their simplest forms, but one grand motive which plays a conspicuous part in the development of human life,—that is, the one never-resting force of hunger, or desire. Man is simply a bundle of appetites. He is one grand thirst with a thousand mouths. He desires life ; he desires happiness ; he desires the gratification of all his passions ; he desires the free play of all his impulses ; he desires love ; he desires power ; he desires fame, honor, the respect of his fellow-man. You see him reaching out this way, reaching out that, ever seeking to possess something he has not, or to become something he is not,—one great impulse that reaches out for its appropriate satisfaction. And the external world, in this view of it, we only look upon as the field in which all this hunger may feed, as the theatre on which all these impulses may act and play their part, as the conditions of satisfaction, the limitations of desire.

Now, to illustrate clearly what I mean, let us compare man,

from this stand-point, with a plant. Take any plant you please,—shrub, flower, or fruit-bearing tree,—and what it will become is determined by two things. In the first place, by its inherent nature. If it be a rose-bush, no soil, no sun, no change of air, during the lifetime of this one single plant, can turn it into any other kind of shrub. If it is a heliotrope, you cannot transform it suddenly into a geranium. What it is is determined by its own inherent nature. Whether it shall be all that it is capable of becoming is dependent entirely on its external surroundings, upon the kind of soil in which you plant it, upon sunshine, upon rain, upon dew, upon cultivation, and care. If you take a plant that was born and fitted to develop to its finest in the tropics, and transfer it to the far north, or up close by the snow-line on the Alps, it can never become what, by its nature, it is fitted to be. If you take an Alpine flower and plant it under the tropics, it can never develop as it would in its native home. So there must be the combination of these two things,—first the nature of the plant, and then the conditions of its development.

Precisely these two forces are the ones that play upon the development of this marvellous human nature of ours. No possible amount of training can produce an essential change of nature in man. No conceivable amount of schooling could have converted Milton into Newton. No change of circumstances could have made Newton the author of *Paradise Lost* or could have enabled Milton to compose the *Principia*. The man who has no musical ability, no natural taste or faculty in that direction, cannot become a master of song, simply by spending his life in conservatories, and training the poor feeble faculty of which all men possess the rudiments.

On the other hand, a man with the mightiest genius in any

one direction may have his whole career thwarted by the lack of appropriate circumstances,—as a rose, fitted to produce a gorgeous flower and the finest incense of fragrance, can be dwarfed or stunted or killed by surroundings that are unfitted to bring out that which is finest and sweetest in it.

So I suppose it to be true, as we look back over the history of the world, that we are at liberty to say there have been thousands of possible generals and mighty leaders of the world, that have played no part in history. There have been thousands of possible poets who have never sung their songs. There have been thousands of possible orators who have never swayed listening assemblies by their magnetic words. If our war of the Rebellion had not come just when it did, if it had been postponed twenty years, we should never have heard of the mighty statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln, we should never have heard of the deeds that made Grant the foremost general of his time. And yet both these men would have been, so far as their inherent natures were concerned, all that they since became.

These two forces, then, work together to produce the grand results of our human life,—the inherent nature or tendency and the external condition.

That which controls man, then, is this one hunger to which I have referred, the hunger along the line of his impulses, along the line of his essential nature; for you will generally find a man naturally hungry for that which he can do, for that which he can become. He desires and struggles to attain. The outside world gives him opportunity, or crushes out the possibility by its adverse circumstances. It is not simply poetry, then, when Gray, in his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," speaks of the "mute inglorious Miltons," of the "Cromwells" never heard of, and of the "vil-

lage Hampdens" never known beyond the playgrounds of their childhood. We hunger, we thirst, and we do what we can.

Let us see whether these natural impulses, this desire for money, for fame, for love, all these appetites that tingle and hunger after their appropriate satisfactions, all these aspirations of the mind, all these dreams and ambitions that lead and lure us on, are right; whether, if we guide and train them, they are competent to produce the result of a perfect world.

Here, I must place before you the two great antagonistic theories of human nature that, in some form or other, have dominated the world. All the philosophies, all the religions of men, have been shaped and colored by one or the other of these grand theories of human nature. I shall call them the *Oriental* and the *Occidental*, for the reason that nearly all of the Oriental religions and philosophies have taken for granted the one, while our modern Occidental theories are beginning to repudiate and cast this away, and look at men from the other stand-point.

Now, what is this Oriental theory? It is that man is essentially all wrong. His desires, his impulses, his propensities, are corrupt and depraved. It is this theory which has given us our doctrine of the fall of man and of total depravity. It is this which speaks of the world as blighted, and which talks about worldliness (that is, being interested in the affairs of human life) as an evil. It is this that John had in mind when he said, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." This leads Paul to say that "the carnal mind is enmity against God." It is this that teaches us that he who loves the world must be an enemy of God. It is this that tells us to crucify the body and crush out our natural appetites, feelings, and desires. It is this theory that pro-

duces monasticism and asceticism in all its forms. This made men feel that, in order to please God, they must deny all the natural passions and instincts of their nature; that the perfect saint was the one who said no, to every human impulse, who denied human pleasure, human property, human love, even that of wife and child; who fled from all those things that are naturally so attractive and beautiful to us, thinking them wiles of the evil one; and who believed that if they retired to some cave or monastic cell and whipped and punished, and starved and tortured themselves, until they had crushed out everything natural, that they thus came very near to God, and when at last they had broken down or beaten through the walls of this body, which they called their prison-house, and escaped, that then, for the first time, they would be free and akin to the divine, linked with the nature of that which is highest and best.

It is this philosophy which dominated a large part of the speculations of Plato. It is this which lies at the root of the great religion which to-day is believed by one-third of mankind, the Buddhist; for Gautama teaches his followers that all evil springs from the fact that men have desires,—in other words, if men never desired anything, they would never be disappointed, there could never be any suffering, any want. And he teaches them that the way toward salvation is to crush and kill out every wish. The philosophy is that of repression and extinction of everything natural and human. If that is accomplished, men will perhaps rise to that condition where they shall care for nothing, be anxious for nothing, the region of perpetual calm, that is never disturbed by the ripple of an emotion. Attain this condition, and you are on the border land of Nirvana, the Buddhist heaven, which so far as we can understand, means that we are on the border of — nothing, of extinction.

This is the theory of human life which has dominated Christendom, which has given color to the history of the Church. And you are perfectly well aware how the prevailing orthodoxies of the day tell us that everything natural in man is wrong. We go astray, they say, from the moment we are born. We cannot wish or think or feel any good thing; and, if we are ever to come near to God, all these natural desires and impulses must be subdued. We must have our natural heart taken away, and a new heart substituted in its place. We must learn to hate the things that we naturally love, we must learn to love the things that we naturally hate.

This is the theory that underlies the theological doctrine of "conversion" in all the churches to-day. It is that man in his natural estate is something helpless, something hateful to God, something in opposition to everything that is right; that he needs a radical change, must tear all these natural impulses up by their roots and plant something else in their stead.

Out of this theory has sprung the doctrine of endless damnation; for Edwards, our famous New England theologian and metaphysician, was only logically and consistently carrying out this belief, when he pictured, as he did, a man, honest, perhaps noble, kind and true in his home, as being potentially at enmity with God, a viper. He draws, as perhaps you will remember, that horrible picture of God holding a man over the flames of perdition until the innate devilishness of this human nature is developed, and it becomes a viper in its hate, and turns and spits its venom in the very face of God! It is this theory of human nature which underlies the conception of man as being all wrong, naturally selfish and evil, needing to be utterly changed before he can be brought into accord with the will and law of God.

This I have called the Oriental theory, because, so far as we know, it was born in the Orient, and came to us through the Oriental religions and philosophies, from which we have borrowed the still prevalent theories of our day.

On the other hand, there is the theory of man which is held by the scientific leaders and teachers of the world to-day,—that theory which treats man, equally with all the rest of the creation, as naturally good and right; that teaches that man ought to desire just what he naturally does desire; that it is not wrong for him to love this beautiful world that is our mother, and on whose breast we live and from whose bosom we draw all that makes life fair and lovely. It teaches that it is not wrong for a man to desire wealth; that it is not wrong to desire the good-will of his fellow-men, honor, fame, position, and the respect of those that are about him.

This Occidental theory teaches that man needs no reversal of the ordinary motives that govern him; that he does not need to have them torn up by the root; that his heart is naturally right. It does not need to be taken away from him and another put in its place. That which he does need is direction, education, the control of the motives that are natural and that already exist; and then this education, direction, and control are capable of producing just as fair and orderly and beautiful results in human nature as are produced in the other departments of the world.

The question for us to decide, then, is between these two theories, which of them we must hold. Let me outline what seems to me the natural, logical result of the working of these native forces of human life.

Let us suppose a man to be what we ordinarily, though falsely, call selfish, dominated by what he thinks is best for him; to be governed by self-love. Take such a man as that, educate him, make him wise, let him learn the results of

human experience here in this life, and what sort of a man will he become ?

If all the world were governed by these motives, and were educated, made wise enough to learn the principle of self-control, what kind of a world would it produce? That, it seems to me, is the question for us to settle, in order that we may decide whether we can hold this natural theory of man or not.

Now suppose man to be governed simply by the desire to get the best things that are possible for himself, that he desires to become as complete a man as he can, to get all the satisfaction out of human life that he is able, what sort of a life would such a man as that lead? Will he find that this grand motive power, this shaping, controlling force, will become modified in any very serious way by the experiences of life? In the first place, he will discover that there are a great many things in the world that he naturally desires, or that he would naturally take, in the satisfaction of some one of his appetites, that are injurious to him. Just precisely as the lower animal world has learned that there are some articles of food that are poisonous and some nutritious, and has therefore learned to eschew the one and seek out the other; so man, governed simply by the desire to please himself, will find, as the result of his experience, that he cannot afford to indulge indiscriminately as he passes through the world. He finds that there are a thousand fruits that are sweet to the taste and pleasant to the eye, that are desirable and attractive, which at the same time are in their results deadly. He discovers growing all along the pathway of human life that which has come to be figuratively set forth as "Dead Sea fruit," "apples of Sodom," that turn to ashes in the mouth, to bitterness and even death itself as they are eaten. Man, then, governed simply by this impulse of self-

love, learns to let these things alone, to pass them by and choose that which is really good, and which lifts up and helps, which gives pleasure with no sting of sorrow after it. This, if he learns perfectly the lesson of life, will be the result without bringing into play any other motive than that of self-love.

Consider another way in which his action will be modified. As he goes on through life, he will not only learn that some things are in their nature deadly, but he will learn that all things, however fair, however sweet, however well fitted to build up his nature, may become injurious through excess. Too much honey satiates and cloy. Too much study incapacitates the brain. Too much exercise fails to develop muscular power, but rather weakens. Too much food destroys the very object of eating food at all, and cripples the digestive functions. Too much drink, of even that which may be healthful in itself, floods and injures instead of helping on the natural processes of life. So too much enjoyment enervates, vitiates, and degrades a man's faculties and powers. Too much of what commonly goes by the name of religion may be just as harmful as too much intoxicating drink or too much pleasure. Too much art culture, too much devotion to any department of human life, may overweight and overbalance human nature, and throw life out of its proportion, and produce results precisely contrary to what a wise self-love seeks.

This same man, governed by the principle of self-love, would learn another thing: that he must live with other people; that he must get along with other men and women in this world, with those who are governed by precisely the same motives that control and lead him. At first, he is apt to feel that everything which he wants, if used or taken by anybody else, is just so much taken away from him. This is

precisely the attitude of the ignorant and barbaric mind. Take two tribes, for example : they cannot both occupy the same hunting-ground. They naturally consider each other enemies, and fight. If there is an opportunity to gain food or a place for fishing, the first impulse is that one must have the exclusive right, and the other must be kept away as an enemy. But what is the lesson of human experience ? Is it not precisely the reverse ? Suppose I am governed by no higher motive than the desire of getting the most possible out of life : I do not want to own all the land in the world, for in that way I should push far away from me all neighborhood and all human association ; and I am just as hungry for that as I am for land. Suppose I can control all the property in the city, and pauperize everybody else : I cripple the very movement of civilization that makes the city of Boston a pleasant place of residence ; I destroy the very end that I had in view. Suppose I should accumulate around myself all the books of the world, and take possession of all the intelligence ; suppose I could borrow or seize from your brains and memories all that you know, and put it into the circuit of my own brain, would I be gaining a desirable end ? I should rather be isolating myself, making myself alone in the universe ; for there would be no one with whom I could communicate, no one who would understand me, no one between whom and myself there could be an interplay of intelligence. If I spoke, there would be no one to listen. I learn then true wisdom. I learn that my own happiness, my own intelligence, are furthered and lifted up by increasing the finest intelligence of the world. If I gather to myself all the brightness, I become like a lone star in the heavens, all its beams radiating until they are lost in the abyss, and no other planet, no other tiniest orb, to catch one ray and send it back again, to reflect the brightness and gladness of the

central beams. Men learn by experience that, if they wish to be healthy, they cannot disregard the health of the world.

If I sit in a palatial residence on some high hill-top, surrounded by trees, made beautiful by all the landscape gardener's art; if I sit by my window as the breeze comes in and fans my cheek, it is not enough that everything within the limits of my estate shall be in perfect sanitary condition. The breezes blow around the world; and, if I wish them to come to me laden with inspiration and health, I must see to it that the world is healthy. If I have no other motive than my own well-being, I dare not, if I am wise, disregard the welfare of the farthest tribe on the face of the earth.

I have carried these illustrations far enough to bring before you the principle I wish to emphasize as the one important point of my discourse. I believe that these common, natural appetites, tastes, feelings, hopes, fears, that are the controlling motives of human life, are right, every one of them. There is not a part or passion that is not in its intent divine. There needs no reversal of human character. There needs no uprooting of human motives. There needs no "conversion," in the theological sense. These motives,—what are they? They all resolve themselves into one grand hunger,—hunger for life; for *more* life; for a broader, deeper, higher life. And, if there be nothing but that hunger, and there be along with it a growing wisdom, the result of human experience, there needs no other force to develop this world into a perfect kingdom of God.

There is no gulf, then, such as I referred to at the outset, between human nature and all other nature. There is simply,—because of man's being left to choose and to be governed by his own reason or unreason, by his wisdom or his ignorance,—there is simply a liability to a thousand mistakes and a thousand follies. Man is liable to pursue some course,

thinking it leads to heaven, only to find that it ends in destruction. He is liable to become the victim of some abnormal appetite, for the lack of a wise, powerful self-control. He is apt to go astray; but, in order to produce the perfect result, there needs only wisdom, direction, self-control. There needs only that I develop an ability to hold myself in check, to look out over the world and to choose this or that; to know what is best, and fix upon that. If I were only wisely selfish, I should do that every time.

I will close by guarding one point. Perhaps you will say in your heart: "This is downright selfishness. There is nothing noble here. It is all poor and mean." But consider for a moment. I had occasion not long ago to draw the distinction between self-love, between the motive power that impels us to choose that which we regard as good and that which goes by the name of selfishness, as an evil. I must draw that again now. If I am free, I cannot help choosing that which I regard as best for me, under the circumstances and at the time. No human being can help it. The motive impulse must spring from my own heart. It cannot spring from any other. If I see a person suffering and reach out my hand and give freely of my own money to assist, still it is *my* feeling that leads me to do it. I may call it sympathy instead of self-love, but I do that which I *choose* to do, and I *can* do no other. Now, as to the distinction between selfishness, as an evil, and this principle of choosing the best, of which I have spoken. Selfishness, as an evil, means that I am willing to take a pleasure or an advantage at the cost of the welfare of somebody else. There is no other meaning to the selfishness that is wrong save that. The man who is willing to become richer, to become more powerful, to do anything that he conceives to be to his own advantage, and as a result leaves another man or woman lower than before,

that man is selfish. And right there is the heart of infamy in human conduct. But this is not choosing that which is best for yourself. In the long run, human experience tells us the man who takes advantage of the weakness of somebody else is not doing the best for himself. He is injuring himself unspeakably more than he is injuring his victim. So, instead of contradicting the principle that I have outlined, it only tends to confirm it.

I believe then that the forces, the powers, that are at work in human nature to-day, do not need uprootal or change. They only need instruction. They only need guidance, self-control. Then out of the present chaos and disorder will come infinite peace ; and the perfect city of God, instead of coming down from God out of heaven, will begin right here in the dust at our feet, and will rise stone by stone until its walls are complete, and its domes and spires are lifted into the sunny air, and all its streets and homes are filled with the happy and perfected children of humanity, who are the children of God.

NOTE.—In my main discussion above, I have kept myself to the standpoint of a wise self-love. I have done this for the sake of clearness, and to emphasize the fact that this force alone would necessarily lead to what we call unselfish care for others. I wish to add now to this the statement that love, sympathy, and even heroic self-devotion to others, are just as *natural* to man as are the opposite feelings.

THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

ON consulting the dictionary of Dr. Worcester as to the meaning of the word "progress," I found that he gave the following definition: "The act of progressing or going forward." But this did not help me a great deal, for the simple reason that he failed to define what was meant by "going forward." Which way *is* forward, when we are talking about the movements of mankind? Of course, any particular philosophy, religion, nationality, school of thought, reform, will hold to and attempt to defend the belief that progress is carrying out its own ideas, advancing along the line of its own hopes and purposes. But, if we take this for a definition, we shall find we are involved at once in inextricable confusion and helpless contradiction. Progress for the woman suffragist is one thing: Dr. Bushnell calls it "the reform against nature." Progress for the republican, that which we glory in, is looked upon as decay, disintegration, disaster for humanity, from the stand-point of the monarchist. That which we call religious progress is scouted as evil and destructive to man by those who hold to theories of supernaturalism. Progress for the American on this continent, that which means invading the wilderness, taking possession of his hunting grounds, is looked upon by the Indian as the destruction of his home and the decay of all which he regards as valuable in life. We shall have to go further than this, if we wish to find an adequate and satisfactory definition.

Herbert Spencer, as quoted by Mr. Bagehot, says it is "an increase of adaptation of man to his environment." This may be adequate and accurate as far it goes; but it does not go far enough to complete the circle. Adaptation to a man's environment will either lift him up or degrade him, according to whether his environment is higher or lower than his present condition. Take a man already in declining health and transfer him to a region infested with malaria, with a fever-stricken atmosphere, or where the germs of some fatal disease lie hidden, and then produce "an increasing adaptation" between him and that kind of environment, and it certainly does not mean progress towards physical vigor or increase of the length of life. It means rather decay, or progress downward toward disease and death.

In spite, however, of the difficulty that we find at the outset as to a definition, we do find that the experience of man on earth has somehow brought into the consciousness and feeling of all those nations that claim to stand at the head, supreme in power, supreme in knowledge, supreme in happiness,—we do find, I say, practically a general conviction that there is such a thing as progress, and that the world, at however slow a pace, is advancing toward something higher and better. The creed of the civilized world is really summed up in the familiar couplet of Tennyson :—

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

And the conviction that there is in this, which men call progress, something desirable, finds its expression in another line of the same poet, where he makes the speaker say,—

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

That is, a man may live more in a few years spent in the midst of those nations which we call civilized and progres-

sive than he could by lengthening out to almost any extent the mere fact of existence among those that are stagnant or decaying.

We shall get at an approximately correct, or sufficiently correct, conception of what progress means, if we, however briefly, glance at a few mental pictures of some contrasts between those nations that are barbaric and those that we call civilized. If we look first at the differences of their mere physical conditions and surroundings, we see barbaric man a wild, naked savage in the woods ; at first without fire, without clothing, save that which he strips from the trees or robs from the backs of their owners, the wild beasts of the forest ; without any adequate means of supplying himself with food ; without weapons of defence against the wild beasts that are about him ; standing abjectly fearful and helpless in the presence of the great elemental forces of the world ; afraid of the lightning ; afraid of the dark ; afraid of the cold ; tormented with hunger ; swept off by pestilences ; helpless in the presence of these great formless and therefore terrific powers, that he thinks of as beings like himself, only heartless and cruel. Then picture civilized man with an average length of life almost double ; with unspeakably more means of comfort ; dwelling in houses that are palaces ; surrounded with everything that can appeal to and supply the wants of his nature ; in great communities ; in growing cities with their paved highways ; with the means of communication which he has developed,—railroads, telegraphs, telephones, all the ten thousand appliances of the civilized world.

Then, when you leave the physical condition and come up to the mental, what an expansion, what an enlargement of man is here ! A larger and more complex brain ; school-houses, newspapers, libraries, art galleries, museums, all those institutions that correspond to and represent the

mental development of the world. On the one hand, man, developed into such a godlike power over the problems of the universe that, as if he were a very god, he holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, and weighs the mountains in scales and the earth in a balance. He takes up the isles as though they were a very little thing, and measures the orbits of the suns. He even describes accurately their bulk and composition, and weighs the planets as an apothecary weighs his tiny grains. At the other end of the scale, this man, unable to count perhaps beyond the fingers of one hand; with a brain smaller than that of the civilized man; with little power of thought; no prevision; staring dumbly, perchance, at the great wonders of the universe, with an ox-like impassibility, instead of that reverent awe with which the civilized man faces the great facts that are everywhere about him.

Then, when you come to consider the differences in his moral characteristics; when you look over the world and see the reformatories, the asylums, the hospitals, that represent the tenderness of man toward the unfortunate, the sick, the poor; all the external institutions and appliances that come under that one grand word "benevolence,"—a word utterly unknown and unthought of, when man was at the outset of his career,—you become assured of the fact that there has been a marvellous change in the decrease of hate and the growth of love, a decrease of fear and a growth of trust. If I had time to analyze only these two facts, thus so simply stated, I should be able to sum up in them the entire moral progress of the world. Man has learned to hate less and love more. He has learned to fear less and to trust more. These two grand facts, like a double rainbow, span the whole arch that represents the moral progress of man from the lowest to the highest. Man, strong, self-centred, self-controlled, able to look out over and to control the forces of the world, is no

longer afraid of them. They are his allies, his friends. He is no longer afraid of ferocious wild beasts or ferocious wild men. He is able to look other races in the face, and discern the fact of brotherhood. So hate dies out, and fear dies out; and trust,—that self-poised calm with which man faces the problems of the civilized world,—and love,—that bond that binds communities and nations together by the tender tie of sympathy, that makes men feel, each one of them, “I am a man, and nothing that is human is indifferent to me,”—these rise to the kingship of his life. These facts mark man as a morally progressive being.

It needs only a word to indicate man’s religious progress, from the day when he stands in the presence of hideous, cruel gods, as he deems them, surrounding him on all hands, that he must propitiate with suffering and tears and blood, to that period in the history of the world where Jesus utters the thought that God is “Our Father,” one who sends his rain equally on the evil and the good, and bids his sun shine on the just and on the unjust. From that time to this—for this later thought is only as yet beginning to be incorporated in the heart and life of man—there is a stretch of religious progress that means emancipation and help, and love and peace, and endless hope.

The New York *Nation* said two or three years ago (I quote from memory, not verbally) that the difference between the hut of the barbarian and a modern lady’s drawing-room marked the entire advance of human civilization; and if you draw mental pictures of the two, and see what is implied in the contrast, you will see how profound is this generalization. All the contrasts that I have run over so briefly you will find indicated in this one phrase. The modern woman, cultured, refined, developed, surrounded by everything that can appeal to and satisfy her wants, physical, mental, moral, spiritual,—

with a calm facing of the universe, with an outlook toward an endless future,—this is that which stands for what we imply when we talk about human progress.

Now consider for just a moment what we mean by the advantages which the civilized world has over the uncivilized. Take for instance a nation like England or like the United States, not by any means ideally perfect as yet, but in which there is the largest development of physical life, of freedom, of intelligence, of self-culture, of mental development, of moral advance. What is the advantage such a nation has over a barbaric people? In the first place, bring them together on the field of battle, and the civilized shatters the uncivilized at the first contact. The civilized world is mightier than the uncivilized. The modern man lives longer. He has more physical comfort. He has larger development of body as well as of brain. The old idea that men are dwindling and becoming puny as the ages go on, that civilization dwarfs the individual, is only a curious mistake. I went through the tower of London a year and a half ago, and I looked at the armor of the old kings and the famous heroes of English history. And it is my firm conviction that, although I am not a very large man, there was hardly a suit of armor there that I could possibly have worn.

In short, then, the civilized man lives longer, and he lives more. He is stronger, and comes out ahead in all contests, be they physical, mental, or moral. His larger internal development calls for and creates corresponding external conditions. Thus, all that we mean by governments, societies, arts, sciences, literatures, come into being. The general result is an infinitely richer and more complex world, and an infinitely finer, higher, and completer man, to inhabit, to enjoy, and still further to develop it.

Then there is this mental superiority, this ability to look

out over the world and control its forces, and thus anticipate the future. There is an increase of enjoyment. There is an increase of everything that the human heart naturally desires. Now let us see if we can get at the heart of this. Let us see what it means.

What is progress? Progress is nothing else than growth. In scientific phrase, it is an "advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous." In plain language, it is an advance from the simple to the complex, from the less to the more. Let us take the case of a plant or flower, and I will illustrate, without leading you astray, precisely what I mean.

You hold a little seed in your hand. It is very small, but you know that wrapped up in there is a capacity for what you call growth, unfolding, development. It needs only appropriate conditions,—soil, sunshine, rain, air, room. Give it these, and there comes up first a tiny little blade through the soil: this divides into two; it grows; it branches; it throws out twigs on every side; leaves burst forth; then it flowers; and at last it crowns itself with fruitage that holds in its heart the seeds of other and endless new developments. This is what we mean by progress in plant life, the fact of growth.

There is, however, another side to it. What do we mean when we speak of the development of all the apples of earth from the crab-apple; when we hear of the new and finer developments of pear or grape? What does the horticulturist mean when he talks about producing a finer rose than was ever seen before? He means the development of some one kind until it becomes more than it ever was before in all the qualities that compose it. It has more leaves,—doubled, tripled, quadrupled! it has more color, a deepening of the tints or a larger variety of tinting; more fragrance, and a finer quality of fragrance. And a precisely similar thing is what we mean by human progress. The lowest type of man

who stood on the farthest border that separates manhood from the animal world was the seed, holding in himself "the promise and the potency" of all that the world has become.

It needs then for progress these two things,—an innate capacity for unfolding; then soil, sunshine, rain, room for development.

Now let me raise the question whether there is any necessary law of human progress. It is a strange question when you come to analyze it; and it seems to me a little curious that there should be so much confusion of thought in regard to it. Is there any necessity for human progress?

Yes and no.

There *is* a necessity for the progress of the race. There is *no* necessity for the progress of any one nation or of any one individual. The whole matter will be made perfectly clear, if you will let me recur to the illustration of the flower. There are so many conditions that are favorable to plant life in this world, and so many seeds, that we say it is a practical necessity that there should be plant life, and that it should develop and unfold itself more and more. But there is no necessity for any particular plant or flower to unfold, or for any particular variety to continue to live.

There are then two things necessary: the seed, the innate tendency to germinate and develop; and the conditions for development,—the soil, sunshine, rain. You may have the one without the other; but unless you have both there can be no development.

I believe then that, in the words of Pascal, one of the greatest thinkers of the world, we are to think of "the entire succession of men through the whole course of ages" as being substantially "one man, always living and incessantly learning." The race must live, the race must go on. Necessity compels it. It is progress, or die. For Nature,

with her great problems, stands ever, like the ancient fabled sphinx, beside the pathway of human life, propounding her riddles to man. If he answers them, there is the reward of a larger life. If not, he is mercilessly devoured.

Man can solve the problems of life, and he must; and this constitutes progress. This is true of man, considered as the entire race. In spite of what brilliant writers and speakers may tell us of "lost arts," I do not believe there are any lost arts of great value. I believe that Emerson was truer in his thought, when he said,

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

I do not believe that the advancing march of man has ever dropped in the roadway, trampled down, and left behind anything really essential to its farther advancement. Mankind has not progressed with equal step through all the ages. There are periods, whole ages, when it seems to be standing still. We know that some of the greatest inventions, those that have revolutionized the world,—gunpowder, printing, steam,—were dropped in the soil of nations thousands of years ago; but the conditions of their growth were not there, and so they came to nothing.

Neither are we to consider that the human race is really making no progress, because it seems to be standing still. Did you ever look upon the growth of a century-plant? Week after week, month after month, and year after year, it seems practically to be almost standing still. But it is all the time gathering force, gathering increment of power and life and material in its broad, thick leaves; and at the last, when the years have gone by and the time is ripe, in a few days it shoots up its stalk, and in a few hours blossoms into marvellous beauty. And so the human race seems sometimes to have come to a halt. Yet in these silent, mighty

ages when everything seems asleep, when literature is discouraged, and religion feels that the world is going to decay, it is only gathering forces, which by and by shall reveal themselves in a grand advance, some mighty enlargement of human life, opportunity, intelligence, and power.

There is then, I say, this necessity for the advance of the race as a whole; but there is no necessity for the advance of any particular nation, or any particular man. The whole question turns upon whether the conditions of progress are complied with by the nation or the man.

Now, what is the force that lies at the heart of humanity, that constitutes the eternal impetus toward progress? What is the power — to use that illustration again, that is so fitting that it will follow me all through the morning — at the heart of the seed, the tendency, that no man can explain, to burst its enclosure and grow? As at the heart of the seed, so at the heart of man there is an endless thirst, a deathless hunger to become more, to reach out on every side; and, as the plant, for the water supply that is far away, will send down and out its rootlets, hunting for it with almost a human intelligence through the dark pathways of the soil; or as the plant in a cellar or under a stone will reach out and seek for the tiniest ray of light that may come through some crevice; or will attempt to heave off and tumble down the obstruction that hinders its rise,—so ever in the case of humanity. There is a mental, spiritual hunger and thirst in man to become more than he is, he hardly knows how or why. He reaches out after those things that he desires, and thirsts for the satisfaction of every appetite. It makes no difference whether or not you can prove that there is any practical result to come from this deathless pursuit. A man does not reason when he is hungry. He is simply hungry, and he stretches out his hand for food. So you may prove ever so

conclusively to the navigators and investigators and discoverers of the world that there would be no practical use ever subserved by mapping out the interior of Africa. But they will go on until every part of that land, till every bit of this round world, is as familiar as are the streets of Boston. In spite of wreck, disaster, and tragedy, over and over again, they will continue to knock at that icy gateway of the north, until the flag of some nation is hoisted on the pole. There is a deathless thirst in man to engage all his faculties, to accomplish all that is possible, to achieve all that his hand can grasp.

There are wise philosophies, there are religions, that tell man he is all wrong in this incessant hungering and thirsting for what they declare to be impossible; that the true way to find peace and contentment is by repression. As though you were to go to a horticulturist and tell him the true way to get the perfect flower is by repression,—not to give quite enough soil or sunshine, to clip off the aspiring leaves and twigs, to hold it back and down! But he will tell you that the true way is to give every one unlimited opportunity, then to select and cultivate the best. So, though men tell us that the true way to find heaven is to crush out and repress all the natural human tendencies of men, though they tell us that peace can only be found in their extinction, yet I believe that Tennyson has rung out the truer note and the healthier creed,—

“ Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life, of which our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant,
More life and fuller that we want.”

And just here, as illustrating the true nature of man and how to treat him as a help toward progress, I will read to

you a paragraph from a paper by Prof. William James, the brother of the novelist whom you all know so well.

“Man’s chief difference from the brute lies in the exuberant excess of his subjective propensities, his pre-eminence over them simply and solely in the number and in the fantastic and unnecessary character of his wants, physical, moral, æsthetic, and intellectual. Had his whole life not been a quest for the superfluous, he would never have established himself as inexpugnably as he has done in the necessary. And, from the consciousness of this, he should draw the lesson that his wants are to be trusted; that, even when their gratification seems farthest off, the uneasiness they occasion is still the best guide of his life, and will lead him to issues entirely beyond his present powers of reckoning. Prune down his extravagance, sober him, and you undo him.”

Progress means trusting human hunger of every kind and in every direction, and opening wide the field for all human experiment. This hunger of man, this tendency to develop being given, he only needs intelligent guidance and opportunity, and progress naturally follows. Anything, however, which obstructs his way or turns him aside into some false path, will result in stagnation or decay. The problem for him to solve is this,—to learn the real nature of the forces with which he has to deal, and then how to make them friends, helpers to his growing life. This implies both self-development and control of the external world.

Two main dangers threaten him: first, that some false or imperfect theory of the universe—scientific, philosophic, or religious—may lead him astray; and, second, that some tyranny, external, as of a chief, a political organization, a king, or internal, as of a system of thought or a religious fear, may stand in the way and hinder his advance.

I have time left only for a few specimen illustrations of

what seem to me the conditions and the line of human progress. If you place yourself in the condition of early man, you will find that the first step that he needed to take was to learn how to combine. One man alone is helpless. Men organized and co-operating sympathetically together are able to subdue the earth. It is as when a party of adventurous climbers wish to explore the summits of the Alps; they dare not risk this alone; nor do they simply make up a party, each walking by himself. But they tie themselves together, so that the weak may be helped by the strong; so that he who stands on the edge of imminent peril may be drawn back to a place of safety; so that all may go up or down together. A bundle of rods, as we have learned from the old fable, is always stronger than a single rod; and it does not matter either what kind of a cord it is that binds them together. The first problem, then, was the art of combination. The union might be compelled by the hand of a ruthless despot or a merciless chief. It might have been the fiction of a common ancestor, untrue in fact, but mighty as an idea. It might have been the possession of a common worship; and, so far as this is concerned, it made no difference whether the God were good or bad, merciful or cruel. The body of men who came together and were held together by some common bond was mightier than a thousand fragments of tribes, where each one was for himself: just as the phalanx of Alexander, few in number, but elbow to elbow and shoulder to shoulder, foot by foot, marched through the myriad Asiatics who were not thus combined. The first step, then, was the finding some common bond.

Then what? Here came in that danger to which mankind is perpetually exposed,—the danger of learning to love and worship something that once was helpful, after its uses are all outgrown. So a nation comes to worship its des-

potism or monarch, or the family of the man that first made it illustrious. Thus it perpetuates the despotism until it becomes an incubus. So, in after years, men come to reverence the religion which was their first bond, in such a fashion that it stands squarely in the way of their taking a farther step of progress. They bow in blind reverence to that which was once useful, though now it be outgrown: as though a child, learning to walk by the aid of its baby-jumper, should come at last to estimate the service it once rendered him so highly, come to love it so warmly, come to reverence or fear it so strangely as not to dare to change it, and thus limit the entire development of his life to the capability of his baby-jumper.

This is what men are constantly doing. They do it socially, politically, morally, religiously. Something aided them once, and they will keep it forever. They dare not go beyond it. Forgetting the principle, they only stick in the form.

What each man needs is to regard the fact of being bound together, not the instrument that binds. Revere government, not a despotism, not any particular form of dynasty. Worship religion, not a religion. The problem of progress will be found in the case of man, just as in the case of a tree, when there is cohesive power enough to hold together and expansive freedom enough to permit growth. What man needs in politics, art, science, religion, everywhere, is to learn to love and worship and care for this principle of co-operation, so that men can combine, but to hold it loosely enough so that there can be growth.

The principles already advanced contain by implication that which I shall make my next step, in the illustration of this great theme. The progress of man on earth has kept pace, step by step from the beginning until now, with the decay of supernaturalism. What does this mean? It means simply this: that supernaturalism, in all its forms, is false, as

a theory of the universe ; and that man progresses only along the lines of a true theory. As I have already said, the conditions of progress are that men shall learn the real nature of the forces at work in the world and with which he has to deal ; for only thus can he learn how to deal with them so as to make them his servants. Take two or three specimen illustrations.

So long as men believed that it rested on the will of a supernatural power as to whether they should be supplied with food or not, rather than on a correct understanding of the laws of agriculture, just so long they were liable to wasting famines, that devastated whole districts and nations. Famine was looked on as the judgment of a god ; but the gods ceased to punish men by famine, when they learned the conditions of good harvests, when they learned to store provisions, and to establish means of communication, one nation with another, so that the supply, which is always a surplus somewhere, may flow to the place where it is needed.

There was no progress in medicine, so long as disease was regarded as the infliction of an angry deity, to be cured with prayers, amulets, sacrifices, and charms. When men began to learn that health and disease depend on natural and controllable forces, then they began to study those forces, so as to have some little power in the way of prevention and cure. Medicine, to be sure, has not made any very great progress yet ; but every step it has made has been away from supernaturalism toward an appreciation of the laws of nature.

And so, in government, no progress toward freedom, toward the real development of man, has ever been made, except away from the idea of the divine right toward the human right. Those governments that have claimed to be theocracies, or where the kings or the ruling force pretended to be the arm and expression of the will of God, have in all

ages been the worst governments on the face of the earth. It is only as human equity and human rights have come to be recognized, that the world has grown merciful, just, and kind.

So long as men believed that earthquakes were visitations of God, of course it did not make any difference whether they lived in one part of the world or another, or whether they built one kind of structure or another. There was no use in conforming to natural laws, since the gods could do as they pleased.

So you will find, in every department of life, that progress has been away from the supernatural toward the natural. This only means that man has been looking in the wrong direction for God.

“Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,
And to see a sign appear,
We deem not God is speaking in
The still, small voice we hear.”

So long as he looks in the wrong direction, he does not find him. We find God, who is the heart and life of all men, in the nature of things, in his laws of the world. And this is that naturalism which is not atheism, which is not agnosticism, which is not a going away from religion and the divine, but which really discovers it, and is thus the real finding and the real worship of God.

But yet, while it is not wise to hug our mistakes forever, it was perfectly natural that man should make this mistake at first. For human progress, in all departments of thought and life, necessarily leads through three different phases. At first, man looks out over the universe, or that little part that is accessible to him, and observes what he supposes to be facts. He philosophizes and reasons about them to the best

of his ability: with the light he has, he explains them after a certain way. And this is what is called, in scientific phrase, a hypothesis. By and by, he accumulates a thousand facts that his first explanation will not explain; and he finds that his original hypothesis was wrong. As years go by, he discovers so many new facts that his old hypothesis cannot account for that his first explanation has to be given up entirely. His theory is shattered, and he is all afloat without any rational conception of things. When passing through one of these transitional phases, men know not what to believe: doctors are contradicting each other at every turn; and people look about hopelessly for something fixed, some place of rest. (We are passing through such a transition in the department of religion to-day.) After enough facts have been gathered, there comes a true explanation which finds a place for them all, a stable ground on which to stand with a possibility of endless unfolding and development.

Precisely this process has been gone through with in regard to man's thought about the universe. First, the Ptolemaic system was adopted: the world was the centre around which the stars revolved. Men reasoned as well as they could with the facts at hand. But by and by there came an accumulation of facts that this theory could not explain, and it had to be given up. Then there were years of transition,—a time when a new conception was coming in; and at last we have the Copernican theory, which is able to find a place for every sun and every system, every galaxy, every wandering comet, every asteroid, every star. We need not change it again; for, if we go on to study till we have ranged the whole sidereal universe, it will go with us and give us a framework for our facts forever.

Precisely these steps man has to take in religion, in science, in philosophy, in art, in every department of human thought.

In conclusion, then, the conditions of progress are : first, this universal hunger, this tendency to grow ; then the feeding of this hunger with truth, and the giving unlimited opportunity, room, and range, for endless expansion.

We have then to lay special emphasis, as absolute conditions of progress, on two things,—*freedom* and *knowledge*. The tendency is here, deathless. It only wants room to expand, and guidance in that expansion, that it may develop in accordance with the laws of the universe, which are the laws of God.

To sum it all up, then, in another fragment of Tennyson :—

“ Let knowledge grow from more to more,
And more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.”

THE EARTHLY OUTLOOK.

NO POET of the modern world has so written himself into the struggles, the problems, and the achievements of civilization as has Tennyson. Keeping this fact in mind, it will not seem strange to you if I refer to him once and again by way of illustration of these great themes. And so I shall begin this morning by reading to you two or three stanzas from the opening of his poem called "Locksley Hall":—

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

We have spent six Sunday mornings in looking over the past and considering in their broad outlines some of the facts and promises of the present. This morning and next Sunday morning, we are to dip into the future "far as human eye can see," and try to discern the "vision of the world, and all the wonder" that will be. We confine ourselves today to the earthly outlook. Next Sunday, we will consider the question of man's outlook for the future beyond the present life.

Whether a man shall take a hopeful view of the present and of the future will depend very largely upon his temperament, the circumstances of his past life, or perhaps only upon his passing mood. We all pass through hours of depression, when the good of our life, if we can be cheery enough to confess that there has been any, seems to belong to the past, and we have very little hope of the future. In another mood, however, when the blood runs briskly through the veins, the heart beats vigorously, and we are thrilled with the sense of life and power, all the past, however good it may have been, seems to us very poor in comparison with those achievements which we dream of in the days and years that are to come. And, as this is true of the individual, so precisely is it true of tribes, of nations, of races. There are periods in the life of this race or that, when all the good of the world seems to be behind them; and they fancy themselves as having come down into the low, barren levels of the world, with only dreariness before them and a gulf of catastrophe at the end. In another mood of mind, some other nation, or perhaps this same race, may have felt the vigor of achievement and the possibility of good that it could accomplish, and has stood looking forward, with eyes raised, with eager face, and thought bent on the fair skies of the future, on the outlines of the great civilization which it felt that it had the power some day to bring out of the region of dreamland and build on the solid ground of fact. Sometimes, we find that these two lines of thought, the backward-looking and the onward-looking, have run parallel to each other within the limit of the same national consciousness. For example, suppose we go to the ancient Greeks, and ask what they thought in regard to the past and future of the world. We should find in answer two lines of tradition. In the first place, bound up with that famous old Prometheus

myth, we find the Grecian poets and writers speaking of the time in the distant past when man was weak, helpless, abject, a pitiable being leading a pitiable existence, weak in himself and despicable in the eyes of the happy Olympians. Pitying their condition, Prometheus steals the sacred fire of the gods from heaven, and bestows it upon man as a precious boon; and out of this and the power that it gives him to meet and shape civilization was born all the grand things that he has achieved and all that he hopes to attain in the future. Running right along side by side with this Prometheus myth, we find another way of looking at the world. Other poets, orators, religionists, tell us that the world began with a golden age; when the gods themselves reigned and lived on earth in familiar intercourse with man; before there was any war, any sickness, any disease, any trace of the poor condition into which the world has fallen. This golden age was succeeded by the silver age, that by the age of bronze, each one poorer and lower than the preceding, until after the intercalation of the heroic period, that for a little time recalled the glorious dreams of the past, there came the present age of iron, an age that is hard, hopeless, poor, in which men are afflicted, in which there are war and disorder and turmoil, and men look forward only to catastrophe at the end. We find these two myths, these two ways of looking at the world, running parallel with each other inside the mental consciousness of Greece.

We find a similar thing among the Hebrews. Israel, like Greece, at first looked back to the far past, regarding themselves as a body of slaves in Egypt, then escaping and wandering for years in the wilderness, at last conquering for themselves a home in Palestine, then rising higher and higher to the heroic period of David. Afterward come the prophets, who do not speak at first of the golden past. They

sing of a period of millennial glory in the future, when the evils of the world will have been left behind. Later than this prophetic outburst, we find for the first time in the words of Ezekiel, borrowed by him, and through him and the men of his time, introduced into the thought and religious life of Palestine, this contrary dream of the world, this picture of Eden, and the belief that man started out perfect and complete, and has fallen from that state into his present miserable and low condition.

We find then, I say, these two ways of looking at the world; but, in the main, Christianity, that stream of tradition to which we belong, of which we are a part, has inherited this latter view of the universe. It has been wrought in with the very fibre of its theology and its scheme of salvation, that the world started on the verge of heaven and is sliding down to the verge of the abyss.

What are the facts of the case? Leaving tradition aside and studying the past of man as carefully as we may along the lines of his old development up to his present condition, to what may we expect him to come, and what achieve in the future? Instead of being the inhabitants of a world that is old, weary, worn out, and ready to go to sleep, we are the inhabitants of a world young, fresh, with the kindling fire of youth in its eyes and the growing vigor of manhood in its arm. The shadows of wrong and sin, the pain of disease and suffering,—all these shadows that now and again darken the thresholds of our homes,—these are not the gathering twilight of evening: they are rather the remaining unlifted shadows of the dawn. The world is in its fresh, first morning. The sun indeed is up. His light has gilded the summits of the higher mountain peaks of the world here and there. The loftier plains lie bathed in its golden radiance; but the lowlands of the earth, its valleys, its deep

abysses, its wildernesses, are still in the darkness, not of the coming night, but of a retreating morning. Humanity is only a young Hercules in his cradle as yet, but like Hercules endued with the immortal vigor that is to be developed by and by, and which even now, in his baby hands, has been able to strangle, one after another, many of the serpents of darkness and barbarism, of suffering and wrong, that have threatened his young existence. But the great labors that are to cleanse the earth and fit it for the habitation of the perfect man, the wanderings over the world to redeem and lift it up, these are all before him.

It would be a curious subject of inquiry, had we the means for getting at it, to find out how many people in England and America have been really and seriously troubled in their minds by Mother Shipton's prophecy that the world would come to an end in 1881. It would be interesting to know how many have been afraid that the world might be on the verge of its ruin; how many have been in the state of mind of Madame De Staël in regard to ghosts,—not believing in them, but afraid of them, nevertheless. It is curious and at the same time sad to see how, in the present half-civilized, superstitious condition of the world, even among those that are the best and most enlightened, any fraud, if it be only wild enough and foolish enough, can gain currency and influence. What are the facts in regard to the condition and prospects of our planet? How long may we expect that the solid earth will be solid underneath the advancing tread of its growing civilization?

The future of this earth, like the future of a little child, depends on its nursing mother, the sun. That far-off orb in the heavens, a million and a half times larger than the whole mass of our planet, holds us in its arms, and nourishes us into life and beauty and happiness. How long may we

then expect to continue in our present circuit, dancing about this bright orb and drinking in its life and glory?

Helmholtz, and those who have given special attention to this subject, tell us that, according to the present processes at work in the sun, we may expect it to continue its present relations to the earth for at least some millions of years. So that, practically, humanity has before it infinite time in which to accomplish its mighty achievements and to turn its dreams into realities.

The next question we need to raise is whether the earth, with its natural resources, may be expected to furnish an adequate supply for the ever-accumulating, heightening, and broadening demands of humanity, as it becomes more and more civilized in the future. To this question, we may say, on the basis of the best authority that exists at the present time, that the resources of the earth are practically inexhaustible, and that man is endowed with a competent power to develop and control these resources, so that they shall keep step with his ever-advancing needs.

Now then, with this basis underneath our feet, let us look at a few of the great problems that need to be solved before humanity approaches this ideal completeness. And let us ask whether these problems can be solved by the power which we know to exist already in man.

The first problem is that old prime question of the world, that met humanity on the very threshold of its existence and that has not been completely solved as yet,—the problem of subsistence. If you think of it for a moment and estimate the relation in which the simple question of food and clothing stands to all the higher development of the race, you will be able to see very easily that this is the first problem of civilization. Man must conquer the means of subsistence; he must make subsistence easy; he must tread

hunger and want and poverty underneath his feet and be able to keep them there, and to forget these lower hungers because they are so easily satisfied, before he can be released, set free from this grinding power that holds him face to face with the dust, before he can be free to remember that he has a brain and a heart and a soul, before he can be free to unfold all those higher, finer qualities that make up our complete definition of a man. The wild beast of the forest simply roars for his prey, hungers when he does not find it, devours it ravenously when he does, and then sleeps; waking up to go through the process again, and sleep again. This is the animal life, bound to the dust, simply competent to achieve the one result of bare existence. Until man rises above this, he cannot rise very much above the animal. Is it possible for him to achieve this triumph? I believe that it is. I believe that the resources of the earth are sufficient. I believe that the growing intelligence of man will prove itself efficient to deal with this great question. I believe that the time shall come when poverty and grinding want and hunger shall be things of the past, so far away that the humanity of that happy time shall only remember them as a distant tradition, as we recall the cave-dwellers and our barbaric ancestors before they had discovered fire and the first rude implements with which they began their conquest over the world.

I think if you estimate the period that has been covered by civilization as contrasted with the period preceding that, and if you look carefully at what man during this brief period has already achieved, you will find your heart beating high with hope and expectation, you will feel that there is no problem of the world too hard for this wonderful being to solve.

How long has man been here on the planet? The best authorities tell us the very lowest estimate we should make

is one hundred thousand years, that a reasonable estimate is two hundred thousand years, and many of those most competent tell us we must stretch it even longer than that.

How long has he been called civilized? A brief four or five thousand years in all; for the very beginning and the very condition of civilization were two grand discoveries, the process of smelting iron ore and the discovery of the phonetic alphabet. Iron put a weapon in man's hands for subduing external nature. The alphabet became wings to set his mind and soul free, a medium through which to express and embody the development of all this higher, divine side of his nature. And these two, iron and the alphabet, are the two grandest factors in the history of man's civilization. We have known them only four or five thousand years. Yet by no means think that humanity was standing still during the ninety-five thousand or the one hundred and ninety-five thousand years. Its progress was only very slow, until man grasped at last in his growing hands the implements of progress.

Since that time, progress has been in geometrical ratio. Each achievement has been a new step on which to stand, from which to grasp some higher and grander thing. When, then, we conceive the entire length of the life of man on the earth, and how much he has done within the last four or five thousand years, which to the whole period is only as a few minutes in a long day, we may not hope anything that shall seem extravagant, we may dream and believe that man shall at last be able to solve these great questions and to put these evils under his feet.

I believe that with the coming of this time there will be a new development of the relation in which individuals shall stand to the sources of the earth's supply, from which comes all our wealth. I believe that there will be, along with this

progress of man, an intelligent, self-limitation of the population of the earth, so that it shall keep step with the possibility of the noblest subsistence. I believe that the intelligence and power of man are perfectly capable of dealing with all these great matters. Man will then develop in all the higher directions now represented by philosophy, art, science, morality, religion, social refinement, and political wisdom.

When poverty has been abolished, as believe me it will be in the future, what next?

I wish you to understand that as I discuss these great points, one after another, I am not saying that one of these questions will be settled, and then the next one, as I treat them. I must deal with them one after another, but they will all grow and develop together, just as we know in the past all the great elements that constitute human civilization have been growing side by side in harmonious association.

The next step after the abolition of hunger and want will be the practical abolition of disease and pain. Not that they may ever be entirely wiped off from the face of the earth; but I believe that they may be reduced to so slight a minimum that they shall not be regarded as a burden or terror any more. Only enough shall remain to give us a background against which to define health and life and joy. What is disease? What is pain? They are simply indications and necessary results of broken laws of nature. And these laws are discoverable by the intelligence of man, and man is competent to keep them. What hinders then that this great question shall be solved at last, and these evils that have afflicted and affrighted the world sent into the darkness and forgetfulness of the past?

Why, just think of it for a moment! How long has it been since the baleful power of superstition has permitted man to study the nature of disease and pain, and treat them as

natural things? Why, within fifty years,—yes, within twenty-five years,—physicians have been persecuted by the Protestant Church for the discovery and the use of ether, because it was supposed to interfere with the judgments of God in sending suffering and pain to humanity. It is even less than two hundred years since the civilized world has been permitted to study disease and pain in their relation to natural law and as something that could be comprehended or done away with. The supernatural theory of these things has dominated the brain and heart and fear of man. He has not dared to study them, lest he should incur the wrath of the unseen God. All that medicine has achieved, except that which has come by happy accident, has been achieved within a very few years. When the intelligence of man has fittingly developed, and the whole wide field of cause and effect is thrown open, it is not too much to say that there is not a disease that afflicts the world to-day that may not be traced to its cause, and there is not a cause that is not largely under intelligent human control. We may then look forward to the practical abolition of disease and pain.

We shall not abolish death; nor do I believe that, were we wise enough to see through the blinding tears into its real meaning, we should desire to do so. But we shall add to the length of life on earth, so that each child that is born shall be permitted to taste of the feast and see the beauty of life; to pass through the cycle of human experience; and then, having drunk the cup to the dregs, the only thing left will be, like a tired child at night, to close his eyes and go quietly to sleep.

After that what? Man will be able to abolish tyranny and war and to achieve a world-wide human freedom, human self-control, human affinity and brotherhood. The time will come that Tennyson in this same "Locksley Hall" foresaw,

when there shall be one "parliament of man, the federation of the world."

What is it that stands in the way of this to-day? Let us glance at it, and see if the difficulties are intelligible and removable. What has kept nations apart? What has kept up this misunderstanding, hatred, these feuds, that have drenched the world with blood and so long postponed the day of individual freedom and self-development? The causes are perfectly intelligible. If you will read all history, you will find that men have hated each other just in proportion as they have been unacquainted with each other. Find the barriers that have separated peoples, and you will find the cause of misunderstanding, enmity, hate, tyranny, and war.

First, mountain-chains, which were practically impassable in ancient times; wide wastes of sea and ocean that were impassable to their feeble, childish navigation; next, languages that separated them, though they stood face to face; tribal and race traditions, customs, habits, ways of thinking and feeling growing out of their isolation; the fiction of descent from some common ancestor on the part of each separate tribe, and the inheritance from its supposed ancestor of his ancient feuds and hatreds toward his enemies; and most potent of all, perhaps, religious differences, the belief that each tribe was ruled by a god who cared for that tribe alone, and who hated not only the alien tribe, but the god of the alien tribe,—these were the walls of separation between races and nations. And, when some of these beliefs were outgrown, the belief that the god of one particular tribe hated the nation that did not worship him after the particular fashion popular there kept people apart. It became man's deepest religious duty to hate anything that was alien: and as late in the history of the world as Plato, you find him commending the Athenians, as though it were a virtue, because they,

above almost all other people on the face of the earth, hated anything foreign, regarding anything beyond the limits of their own city and nation as barbaric. It lingers still with us in the kind of distrust and dislike we have toward other people for no better reason than that they do not do things as we are accustomed to do them ; forgetting that they have the same cause of enmity toward us because we do not do things as they are accustomed to do them.

That this religious hatred was bitterest of all you see in one of the Psalms. I do not know whether David was its author or not ; but, whoever it was, he represented the sentiments of his time. "Do not I hate them that hate thee? I hate them with perfect hatred : I count them mine enemies." It is these misunderstandings, these misconceptions and differences that have kept people apart. You will recall an incident repeated more than once in the revolutions of France, as well as in other places, where the people in their revolution stood face to face with the soldiery made up of the people themselves ; and, as the soldiers looked the people in the face and recognized them as brothers and friends, they refused to fire upon them, though at the orders of the king himself. The moment they recognized the bond of common brotherhood, that moment they felt that the cause of the people was their cause and they could fight them no more. When this state of feeling and thinking has become universal, when the nations have flowed together and mingled in one, when they have looked each other in the face and have felt heart beat to heart, eye flash to eye, pulse throb to pulse, and hand-clasp meet in hand-clasp, no longer will they be willing to butcher each other for the whim of kings or governments, or to rectify fantastic frontiers and national boundaries. They will recognize that deeper element of humanity that makes the world one. When the people rise

in their intelligence and create an ideal government, that government will simply have the general superintendence of affairs too large for individual hands to manage, the self-protecting power of the whole that looks after the personal interest of each one. When the government shall be reduced to that, all wars shall cease and the nations shall be one people, the children of one Father in heaven.

As one of the grandest conditions of this, the time will come when there will be one grand metropolitan, cosmopolitan language spoken on the face of the earth.

To illustrate what I mean ; there was a time, after the breaking up of the Roman Empire, and before the modern nationalities in Europe had become established, when there were several duchies or provinces in what is now the kingdom of France, each one speaking its separate dialect ; and, so far as the power or fitness of either one of these dialects to become the supreme language of France was concerned, they stood on the same level. But political and social reasons decided that Paris should be France, and so the dialect of Paris became the language of France, and the others were reduced to the secondary position of dialects, or *patois*. Precisely the same process is going on, on a world-wide scale ; and the one language that seems destined to be metropolitan is the English. It is already the language of the world's commerce. With English speech, a man can travel around the world today with greater ease than with any other tongue. The forces at work will not absolutely displace and cause to die out all other languages, but will make this one the grand language of the civilized world, and by means of it bring all the different races of men into an ability to know each other and to correspond with each other with the utmost freedom.

The external barriers, the mountain chains,—where are they now ? Tunnelled, levelled. Where are the seas and

oceans? Even the Atlantic and the Pacific have become the common ferries of the civilized world. The old fictions of tribal ancestry have died out in the presence of greater knowledge; and religious disputes are becoming no longer the serious things they once were, of rack and thumb-screw and stake. They are only coarse, rough words at the most, in newspapers.

The world, then, is coming to mutual acquaintance and a knowledge of itself. Only one other theme must I touch on by itself, and that — because of its intrinsic importance — what we may expect to be the religion of the world.

Every religion is recognized as having two sides. One face looks heavenward, and deals with the great problem of God himself. The other looks earthward, toward man, and deals with the relations which man sustains to that which we call morality. Morality, in the increasing knowledge of the world, will come to be settled as a science, concerning which there can be no intelligent dispute. The break of Luther with the see of Rome was the first great step in the modern world toward that to which we are to come in the domain of theology. There are questions of ultimate truth in theology that, since they are infinite and we are finite, must forever be beyond us. In what relation will the future of the civilized world stand to these problems? It will stand in the presence of them calmly, admitting the perfect freedom of the broadest speculation, and without attaching any penalty, governmental or social, on account of the speculative views that man may hold concerning questions about which the wisest can know so very little. The future religion of the world will resolve itself into goodness, charity, love toward man, mutual helpfulness and service; toward the universe, admiration, worship, awe so profound that man will not dare to speak

rashly, nor to charge with crime one who sees these great problems in another light than that in which they appear to himself.

We may, I believe, picture to ourselves, as the probable future, the whole external world subdued to man and turned into a garden. We may picture the development of innumerable new sciences, new arts, new forces, new powers that we do not even dream of to-day. We have not attained one-half the mastery of the mightiest power already in our hands. There is not an engine in the world to-day that does not waste a great part of the fuel which it consumes and of the steam which it generates. The power of the world can be doubled therefore even here. But, beyond question, new powers, new discoveries, are to be made that shall give man unlimited control of the earth. An American poet little known, unknown by myself except for that wonderful poem on "Steam" which he has written, makes the steam say,—

"And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage this world by myself."

I believe that powers as yet undreamed of are to be developed, that shall enable the world to be released, not merely that men may go and play, but that they may become all that it means to be a man.

The world turned into a garden, human life prolonged; evil and sorrow and hunger largely put under foot, out of sight, and forgotten; mankind as one family, with one Father in heaven, at peace, in mutual helpfulness, in right relations to each other; to that we may look forward. In giving the crowning fact of all, I wish to close, as I began, with a passage beautiful as poetry, profound as science, wise as philosophy, from Tennyson, as he outlines what will be

the future relation in which man and woman will stand to each other:—

“Not like to like, but like in difference :
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman, she of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind :
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words ;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men :
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm :
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be !”

NOTE.—*When* shall “these things be”? Not in their completeness for *many ages* yet. But the seed is planted, and the stalk is up. It is a matter of time only when the blossom and fruit shall appear. Slow growths last the longest. As compared with the past, a few thousand years more are not long to wait.

IS DEATH THE END?

It is very difficult for men to argue while the heart aches or with eyes dimmed with tears. And if we do not feel the pain tugging at our hearts to-day, if our eyes now are clear and able to reflect the light that is in the sky above us, still is it not true, in the case of every one of us, that we have had these times of heartache, these hours of dimmed eyes when we could not see? And can we put all these memories away from us so completely as to enable us to treat a matter like this dispassionately in the clear light of reason, unbiassed by any prejudice or fear or hope? Are not these desires of ours, these longings, these precious bitter-sweet memories of the past, like some outside influence that deflects the needle from the pole? And, if we will find the direction of the true north, must we not discover some way of isolating the needle, so that it will tremble toward its true direction? These outside forces that do thus deflect the needle are a part of the very problem itself; but, to find out their real worth, we must isolate the needle if possible, and then measure the difference between the north and the point of its deflection. So if we will estimate rightly the force of these passions, the hopes and fears that sway us, and that sweep over us in such mighty power, we must, if we can, look at them objectively, estimate them, measure them, weigh them, see what they are

and how much they mean. Let us, then, this morning look our problem as clearly as we can in the face.

I do not know how it may be with you, but I, for one, can have no sympathy with that common saying, that I hear on every hand, "If there be no future life, then this one is all a mockery and a sham,"—that this is not worth while. Of course this must be a matter of personal feeling only. I cannot answer for you; but for myself I wish to put it on record that in despite of all life's tears, with all its heart-aches, with all its disappointments, with all its poverty, with all its sorrows,—and pardon me if I say that of these I have borne a full share,—with all these, this life seems to me so full of mystery, so wondrous, so grand, that, whatever the future may have in store for me, I would not have it that I had not been. This brief look at the wonderful light of the blue sky; this hour of marvel at the stars of night; this bending over the mystery of a flower or blade of grass, and seeing there the infinite might and power pushing itself up in infinitesimal forms of beauty, grace, and fragrance; this clasping the hand of friend, if it be only for an hour; this feeling the throb of human love, if only for a little while,—all these, I say, seem to me so wondrous, so grand, that I rejoice and am thankful every day that I live. And if, at the end, it is only saying good-by to it forever, still even with my last breath I would say, "I am glad that I have been there even this little while."

Another preliminary point: we are told on every hand, we hear it echoed from pulpit and platform, it is uttered through newspapers and reviews, it is talked on the street, it is used as a cry of warning, and with it men shout, "Halt!" to the march of human intelligence,—we are told that the progress of scientific thought and investigation is leading the world down toward the darkness of materialism, the abyss of noth-

ingness. And they cry out to us that, if we wish to keep the precious hopes of the past, we must retrace our steps and come back again into the old circles of faith and ecclesiastical trust. I wish to say again, concerning this, that I believe nothing of the kind. I wish to say reverently, simply, but with all the earnestness I can in the utterance, that, even were it so, I would not have the old past, or go back one step. For better, infinitely better, say I, is materialism, the dearest hopes being quenched in utter nothingness, than that which the old ecclesiastical Orthodoxy of the world dares to hold up in the face of human intelligence, offering it to us as a gospel,—“good news.” Is it good news that you and I and a few of us, perhaps, shall attain immortality and bliss, but that others, the larger part of humanity, or call it the lesser part, or reduce it to a million, ten thousand, one thousand, one hundred, a single human soul, that this soul shall find eternity to be only an everlasting wail? Is that “good news” that can be given to a waiting, hungering world in terms like these? Better, I say, any other alternative that the human imagination can conceive. Better that the world lose all respect for order and law, and hold one high carnival of crime, that it plunge into woes and sorrows that stretch themselves out to the very crack of doom, if it last a million years; and then, if there may be nothing at the end, there is hope as compared with that which they dare tell us is the gospel. Better anything rather than the wail and the cry and the heartache and the bitter hopelessness that stretch on until the millions of ages are only minutes in their timeless tread. Better no future than a misnamed gospel promise like this.

One other point as preliminary. We must bear in mind clearly the nature of the problem that we are discussing this morning. We must have a clear definition of what we mean, and have a right to mean, by the word “knowledge,” so that

we may not be disappointed with the result of our investigation.

We mean by knowledge that which can be investigated and verified as a part of human experience. Nothing that transcends the experience of humanity either as being above our reach, or as being (for the present) beyond our reach, can, in any proper sense of the term, be called knowledge.

Now, then, if there be another life, if death be not the end, but if at the same time this other life be something higher than the present, under conditions which as yet we cannot experience or imagine, as manhood transcends childhood; if it be something beyond our present reach, like a horizon under which no ship has ever sailed, like a country unvisited, a sea unexplored; then, whatever we may think or hope or believe, whatever we may have reason to think or hope or believe, still we cannot as yet properly call it knowledge. Suppose, for example, that one comes to me, and makes the claim that he is from that other shore. But he is here now as a part of this present earthly experience of mine. I cannot go over beyond to verify his report. How can I establish the fact that he has really been there? How can I establish the fact, by what he claims, that there is any such country; for, while he is here, he is not there; and it may be never has been? I speak of this only to suggest the difficulties that surround the investigation of a theme like this. And yet, whether we shall be able to call it demonstrated knowledge or not, we need to consider carefully how much may be represented by those two little words, "faith" and "hope." We need to draw a clear dividing line between that which goes by the name of faith and that which we may truly call a scientific faith. Faith, in the popular language, as it is used many and many a time, means nothing more nor less than simple credulity, accepting a statement without evidence.

Not such is the faith to which I refer,—the faith that is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, the faith that the scientific man holds in regard to that which he has not yet been able to demonstrate; which is separate from knowledge, but which moves along the line of the knowledge of the past, which stands on the highest peak of the present attainment, and, in accordance with all the principles that have given us the grand demonstrations that we have already attained, simply looks forward and anticipates that which it may expect to realize. To illustrate what I mean, take the faith of Columbus in regard to the New World. He was not able to prove it. No man in that day could demonstrate the rotundity of the earth; but there were reasons of this kind, and of that kind, reasons here and reasons there, that led the wisest of the ancient world, of all the ages down to the time of Columbus, to speculate, to hope, believe and prophesy that some day it would be demonstrated. And in this faith, not in an unreasoning faith, not in credulity, but in the light of what was known and following along the rays of that light, out into the darkness Columbus sailed. He was not a fanatic, he was not a credulous man. But, in the light of all the past, he sailed on into an unveiled future, and discovered the New World. Even then, the question of the world's shape was not settled.

It was only when Magellan, that grandest navigator of all the world, believing in the prophecy of the shadow, ventured to sail out and round and beyond the known, with the daring purpose of circumnavigating the globe, even when the Church declared to him that he would be lost, and his sailors mutinied, and the wise men called him a fool, and told him there was nothing there, that he would be lost in the wide wastes of darkness and never reach his home again,—it was only then that he attained the demonstration. That shadow had

a great meaning at its heart. He had noticed that the shadow of the earth during an eclipse of the moon is round; and this indicating shadow led him on until he turned it into a magnificent fact. Thus we, not unreasoning, not credulous, simply standing on the farthest verge of attainment, launch ourselves on the unknown, and sail *toward* demonstration.

I believe that, though we may never be able to demonstrate the truth, still it is best as it is. The order of human growth and progress is a wise one,—first that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual; beginning here in the present and completing this, then leaping out into that which is beyond.

In the ages of the world, when there has been the clearest and most perfect confidence in a future life, this life has been little benefited by it. I have read you some words from the Egyptian Book of the Dead. Go back for a moment into that ancient Egypt, and see the time when there was the most explicit and most earnest and unquestioning faith in the future life, more earnest, perhaps, than the world has ever seen, before or since, there or any other where. So unquestioning, so real was it that one of the first things that a newly married groom and bride provided for was the disposition of their bodies after death. Death dominated every thought. It meant to them another life beyond that which we call death; but it so dominated the present that this life was all crushed out and ancient Egypt was one dreary, desolating tyranny,—tyranny in government, tyranny in society, tyranny in religion. The future blotted out the present, and made it poor and mean.

So in the Middle Ages, during the “ages of faith,” as they are called by the Catholic Church, there never has been a time, except perhaps in ancient Egypt, when this world has

been less cared for than then. Men dreamed so much of the future, and cared so much for being ready for the future, that this world was left practically out of account. And this evil was increased by that pernicious faith, not yet outgrown, that the next world is to be secured by a line of conduct utterly divorced from the development of this. So long as men believe in a future eternal life; so long as they believe, as they must if they believe at all, that it is of infinite importance as compared with the present; and that the way to get ready for that world is to scorn this one, so long this world will continue to be what it has been called, a vale of tears. But let men believe in that future life, cherishing it as a hope in their hearts, as a grand outlook, but carry along with it the faith that it means only the culmination, the completion, the coronation of a noble life lived here, then the two, not divorced from each other, shall stand in the relation of manhood to childhood. By completing and rounding out nobly the life that is given us here, we shall grow naturally into the eternal life.

Now, then, let us face the problem frankly and squarely, and see if we know anything about it; or what the facts we do know naturally lead us to think. I shall pass by nearly all the old and common arguments on the subject, not saying that they are of no worth, casting not one breath of slight upon them, simply telling you to keep them, cherish them in your hearts if you find they give you strength or comfort you, using them not as separate from those I shall offer you, but as buttressing them and giving them additional support.

The old Hebrew poet puts the problem so forcibly that I want to give you his words: "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock

thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. . . . If a man die, shall *he* live again?" That is the question. But here the old writer, it seems to me, misses the main point of our discussion. Cut down a tree, and let the rains of spring come down upon it, and the sunshine fall about the roots, and a new shoot will come up and a new tree develop; but *it is not the old tree*. It is another. One of our American poetesses, Mrs. Whitney, has sung to us beautifully in regard to the fact that God does not give us strange flowers every year, but that the old familiar faces look into ours every spring. And she fondly clasps to her heart the sentiment that it is the same old violet that is here. But it is not the violet of last spring. It is a violet that never was here before, and never will be again. It seems to me we can get very little hope from that class of comparisons. Carried out logically, they only prove that this body of man, when it disintegrates and crumbles into dust, is not annihilated; that it will spring up another year, perhaps in the grasses over our graves or in flowers by and by. Perhaps these same particles may reappear in another human body, but it will not be *I*. I gather no hope therefore from comparisons like these.

Now, what is the fact as demonstrated to us by the best science of the age? What do we know? We know that matter is never annihilated: we know that force is never annihilated. Matter and force are eternal. They may take on their million varied Protean forms summer after summer, age after age; but matter remains the same, force remains the same. If I take a crystal and break it to pieces, tearing asunder the fragments that make up its beautiful form; if I crush it and grind it into powder; if I turn it into vapor and drive it off into the air,—still with competent instruments I could gather out of the air again the very identical elements

that entered into its composition. What was crystal remains, only in other forms. And so force remains. Whatever changes it may pass through, it never ceases to be. But I do not want simply to have it proved to me that the particles that compose this body are never to be annihilated. The question is, Shall I continue to think, to love, to feel, to hope? Shall I pass through this great change called death, and *shall I be I*, five minutes or a year after friends gather about this body, and say, "He is gone"? That is the question that we want settled, if it may be.

Now have we any light on it? If we have nothing very positive, we have some very powerful negative considerations. I wish to give you some of the grandest attainments of the world as bearing on this great question.

I have said that science can explain a tree. Science can explain a crystal. Science can explain a flower, even to its perfume. It can tell me all the particles remaining, all the forces remaining, all the gases remaining, after it is dissolved. Science has been trying for ages to explain man after this same fashion. But here, according to the testimony of the wisest men in the world, science has come to a halt. It has to face a problem that reaches into the fathomless mystery of the infinite.

I touch this desk. A sensation is started in my nerves, runs up the nerves toward the brain, and I think of the desk, and I notice its hardness, its color. As a result of that thought, I make some other motion, or give utterance to the same through words. And so here is a chain of cause and effect running from the desk through my brain, and immediately thereafter finding utterance in speech,—a perfect chain of physical motion. But I have thought, I have felt, in connection with the movements of these molecular particles that constitute my brain. Can science explain the fact

that I have thought, that I have felt, that I have been conscious, that I have had an emotion? No: here is the gulf on the edge of which all human knowledge pauses and confesses it cannot cross. This chain of physical motion is complete. The law of persistence of force holds good. The law of molecular motion holds good; but it does not approach an explanation of thought. Thought is not one of the links in this chain running through my brain. The chain is complete; the movements are all complete, with the thought left out.

Here then,—and this is the one thing most important of any I shall have to offer you this morning, though it be difficult for me to make it perfectly clear,—here is the one thing that science has demonstrated to us; more than all ecclesiasticisms, more than teachers or churches have ever attained unto. Science has demonstrated that that which is essential in man no scientific method can explain. Here, then, is this *I*, this consciousness, this thought, this feeling, this hope, this love, that do not enter into the problem of molecular motion at all. Mr. Huxley tells us that perhaps some time science will be able to find the exact “mechanical equivalent” of a thought; but he tells us also that, if it does find that, it will not find the thought. Mr. Tyndall tells us that we know no more to-day in regard to this problem of the relation of the soul and body, from the scientific standpoint, than was known in prescientific ages.

This, then, is the thing that science has demonstrated; and here is ground whereon to take our stand,—a basis on which to found our most magnificent hopes. That which makes the essential thing in me, my thought, my love, my feeling, my hope, that is no part of that which the scientist can explain according to the laws of matter and motion. Here, then, is ground on which to rest. Here is a field of infinite possibility. And remember that it is science, this much berated,

much-abused science, that has given us this magnificent result.

Now let me hasten to another point, important as bearing on this great theme. I regard it as something of unspeakable worth, as relating to this subject, just the simple fact exists that man believes in a future life; that he has believed this, practically, in all ages, under all skies, in all nations. How does it happen that this grand belief has sprung up? If I should find a dog, or some other lower animal, thinking about living after death, speculating about it, wondering if he should, would I not be justified in saying, we must recast our definition of the animal, and put something into his brain or heart that we never dreamed of before? How does it happen that this wonderful animal man, of all the productions of the world, dares look the grave in the face and smile at death? It is the belief that he shall outface it and outlive it, and be mighty beyond its power.

If you take the lowest possible conception of the origin of man and say that he is created by the universe,—that is, that he holds the same relation to the universe that a coin does to the die that stamps it,—then you must believe that for every mark in the coin there was something in the die corresponding to it that created that mark. Every grand instinct, hope, feeling, in the human heart must be accounted for. They have been produced. They did not spring causeless out of nothing. If the universe made the human heart, then there is something in the universe that is responsive to the human heart. We know that light, for example, has created the eye through long periods of time. There was a time, far back in the distant past, when the rudimentary eye was only a little spot, just a bit more sensitive, somewhere along the line of the rudimentary nerve. There was no clear vision, only this rudimentary sensitiveness.

Light called, and the eye came out to see. When that process was only half complete, before there was any clear vision, if there had been any competent intelligence looking on and studying this problem, would he not have been justified in saying that, since there was a potency and promise of vision, there must be some great, creative force corresponding to it? So, through the ages, sound has created the ear. There was a call from the Infinite, and this curious mechanism came out to listen. At first, it was only rudimentary. But if, as in the other case, when the process was partially complete, and there were only indistinct murmurings instead of clear voices, had there been an intelligence to study this problem, would he not have been justified in saying there must be some great fact in the universe that corresponds to this ear, that is gradually and progressively creating it? If the needle is deflected from the north, it is by a power that pulls it aside: and astronomers have discovered new planets that they have not seen, simply because they have mathematically determined, that there must be some attractive force as yet not visible to man, by the movements of things that were seen. Thus, humanity, in its mighty sweep through the ages, has been perpetually deflected from its course and pulled toward some great eternal verity which must be postulated to explain the motion.

One other line of argument. The flower, the grass-blade, the tree, the animal, these all pass through the cycle of their existence and are complete on this earth; but man seems to be formed after some grander pattern, so that he does not reach his completeness here. In all the other departments of Nature, everything seems amply qualified to fulfil all the promises that she makes. Shall we not believe that it must be the same with man?

If you should go into a hot-house and find in some little

circumscribed earthen vessel a growing germ of what you knew was capable of becoming a mighty Norway pine, would not you be justified in saying that this was not the original place of development, that it was not intended to come to completion here? If you, having never seen the ocean, should go into a ship-yard on a little river miles away from the sea, and should study the structure that was going up, knowing that it could not go on the land and that there was not room for it in the narrow river, would you not be justified in saying, "Either here is some huge blunder, or somewhere there is wide room and scope for this mighty thing to spread its wings and sail to some far-off shore?" When you see a man like Goethe, in the fulness of his powers, having studied so deeply into the secrets of nature, dying with the words upon his lips, "More light": when you see a man like Newton, in that often-quoted comparison, speaking of himself as a little child gathering pebbles on the seashore while the infinite ocean lay before him: do you not feel compelled to say, "This manhood that only grows and grows, but never culminates here, is a prophecy of a place where there shall be room for this mind that wanders through eternity, for this heart with its infinite capacity for love?"

You would not feel satisfied, nor should I, to treat this great question, and leave out of account the facts reported as true in all ages, and now in this modern world represented in a more marked degree in that which is known by the name of *Spiritualism*. There is a great body of testimony stretching back into the distance of antiquity; testimony not confined to any religion, to any nation, to any race; testimony, not of the poorest and most ignorant, but equally of the wisest men of all ages and times, to the belief that there have been at least occasional breakings through from some other sphere, or glimpses on this side of that other sphere. There is an

amount of testimony so respectable that, were it given in evidence of anything else in the world, we should never dream of doubting it. Yet concerning so stupendous a fact as that we do doubt, and perhaps as yet, and for a time, we must. I have no sympathy with those who speak of these great matters with contempt. I do not feel that I know. There are testimonies from such men as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dr. Edward H. Clarke as to glimpses and visions of the dying; there are testimonies from all the ages covering this general field,—mixed up, it is true, with delusion, with palpable fraud, with all sorts of follies, that make one pause, hesitate, and question: yet I believe there is so large a mass of evidence here that it cannot be brushed aside contemptuously by any man. Some day, it must be sifted, to see if there be a residuum of fact as its basis. Will you not be glad if there be? Most certainly shall I! And yet so anxious am I not to be deceived in regard to these high things that still I pause and wait for the competent investigator to sift the whole and give me the gold, if there be gold, in this great mass of dust and chaff.

One more question. Is there any rational theory of a future life that can be held by the modern world? If I cannot answer this question positively, I am sure at least that there is one theory that no reason and no science can condemn. You are familiar with the fact that that which we see and hear is only a very small part of this universe. We see so long as the wave movements of light are a certain number in a second. We hear under like conditions. But we know that above and below and all around us stretch reaches of this universe that no present faculties of ours enable us to touch. So far then as science has anything to say on the subject, this little world that we inhabit may be only like an island floating on the bosom of an infinite sea of being, com-

passing it on every hand, and yet unseen, unheard, unknown by us. Science knows nothing that can contradict such a theory. What indications there are rather lead us to think it probable. In regard to these bodies of ours,—for, mark you, I have no belief in *spirit* which means *nothing*, I have no belief in the old idea of the ghost as emptied of all that constitutes existence; I want no such life as that; I want no life poorer, lower, than what I enjoy to-day,—not only has science nothing to say against it, but there are many even who accept the theory, that within this body there is another, ordinarily invisible, that cannot be touched or weighed or handled by the faculties we possess. There are some scientific experiments that lead us to believe that there must be between the ultimate physical particles that compose this body other particles that, for the want of a better name, we call ether particles, forming a body complete and perfect in every function and every part. Just as science tells us that, to explain this universe, we must postulate the ether that fills all the space between the stars, so the space between the particles of this body must be filled with ether particles. What hinders then, until the opposite can be proved, that I should cherish the belief that when death comes, this body should simply step forth from the crumbling ruins of my old home, free, complete, fitted for that other, higher life that we may trust surrounds us everywhere now, and of which, even to-day, unknowing, we are a part?

NOTE

(*Supplementary to Chapter VI., "Is Man Free?"*)

MY discussion of the will—as published in pamphlet—has already called out considerable criticism. It is then perhaps worth while to add a few words excluded by the limits of the previous treatment.

Leaving one side "fate" and "predestination," I can see but two theories to choose between. One is that the will is a "spontaneous, self-acting power." The other is that, coming under the law of causation, it is determined by some preceding condition, external, internal, or both. Says Huxley, "A really spontaneous act is one which, by the assumption, *has no cause.*" To assert spontaneity then of human willing or acting is to say that the world of mankind is chaotic or insane. Indeed, it is to assert the impossible; for we cannot conceive the uncaused.

What, then, is left? Only to hold that a man's action is always determined by character and motive (external and internal); and this is the scientific doctrine of "necessity." What I have denied is only the "power spontaneously to evolve and develop *choices themselves.*" That a man is free to choose what he pleases—to *choose* what he *does* choose—is a statement hardly worth the trouble of either making or defending. If that is what is called "free-will," I know of no one who will care to deny it. The appeal is often made to consciousness. But let us see what it teaches. A man is conscious of his power to choose that which, on the whole, he prefers. Is he conscious of anything else? I for one, am not.

To speak anthropomorphically, I find myself compelled to think of God himself as determined both by his character and by the

circumstances. Why cannot God lie, or do wrong, or commit an absurdity? Does not what He is determine his action? Is He not determined by what he sees to be best?

A friend writes, "I consider that, as long as a man is capable of making or feeling a *moral appeal*, he is sound on the main question." To say that human nature is under the law of causation; that action may be determined by motive; this seems to me the strongest way of saying that man is capable both of making and feeling a "moral appeal." Why appeal, teach, enlighten, if motive does not determine? What is *character* that does not shape and control action?

If a man becomes conscious that he has been wrong in the past, of course he has the power—under an impulse springing from that consciousness, now become a motive—to change his way of life. Is not this what is commonly meant by free-will? But this implies no spontaneity of action: it is rather a clear illustration and strong assertion of the fact that man is under the law of cause and effect.

THE NEW GOSPEL

I.

THE nebulous masses whirled to suns at last;
And suns flung off their worlds. Through vapors piled,
The earth broke into light. Then, sun-beguiled,
The vales grew green and smiling. Mountains vast
Lifted themselves toward heaven. As ages passed,
Through primal ooze, through sea and jungle wild,
Life climbed from form to form; until out-smiled
The *human* through the brutal. Long outcast,
A toilsome wanderer, the earth he trod.
He hid in caves; he trembled with affright
At his own fancies, and the wild uproar
Of untamed elements. Then slowly God
Broke from within, and filled the earth with light,
Crowning man king where he was slave before.

II.

When, like the infant Hercules, man lay
In earth's young cradle, even then did he,
With godlike vigor, many a mystery
Of dark and dread life-threatening monsters slay.
But now grown strong, 'neath his advancing sway,
Disease and pain, and grinding poverty,
Brain-shackles and the bonds of tyranny,
And fear and hate,—all these “shall flee away.”
Love-crowned and knowledge-guided shall he stand,
Facing the future with the god-like trust
That good to-morrow follows good to-day.
“It doth not yet appear,”—that other land;
But through the low-arched gateway of the dust
Breaks hope's glad sunrise with its deathless ray.

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