The Easter Hope

or

The Life Immortal

A. W. Archibald

THE EASTER HOPE

OR

THE LIFE IMMORTAL

By
Rev. ANDREW W. ARCHIBALD, D. D.

Author of

"The Bible Verified," "The Trend of the Centuries,"
"Biblical Nature Studies," "The Modern Man Facing the Old Problems"

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."
—Tennyson

NEW EDITION

PHILADELPHIA

THE JUDSON PRESS

BOSTON CHICAGO ST. LOUIS NEW YORK
LOS ANGELES KANSAS CITY SEATTLE

THE EASTER HOPE
OR
THE LIFE IMMORTAL

Published December, 1918

TO

My Wife

IN COMMEMORATION OF
MORE THAN FORTY YEARS OF WEDDED LIFE
1876—MAY EIGHTEENTH—1918

IN MEMORY
ALSO
OF A BELOVED SON

Kenneth

FEBRUARY 25,. 1880—JUNE 20, 1908

PREFACE

TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam," which has greatly quickened faith in the life immortal, grew out of the seemingly untimely death of the gifted young Hallam. The present volume had a similar origin, in an excruciatingly sorrowful experience of the author, when there was a mysterious and tragical taking away of a son, who had recently graduated from Dartmouth College, who had supplemented this training with the culture that comes from a trip of six months in the Orient and through Europe, and who had just entered upon a business career.

The book at first may be said to have had in a sense a private printing, for it came, not from a regular publishing house, but from an individual whose output in the main consists of church-membership cards, baptismal and marriage certificates, and the like. Though thus meant as a kind of personal memorial, it was most favorably noticed by the press and by persons of eminence, and it met with a considerable sale, being in a second edition when a disastrous fire wiped out everything, leaving only a few damaged copies. The thought has occurred that what was intended for a rather restricted use might serve a wider

public by eliminating the biographical sketch, and the portrait, and the appreciation by President Tucker of Dartmouth, while also other changes and additions, some of them suggested by the tremendous experiences of men in the world war, have seemed appropriate.

It may be fitting, however, to recall briefly the tragedy which gave rise to the volume. The son in 1908, with three other young men, had gone on a camping vacation in the high Sierras of California, in the region of the King's River Cañon, where there are Alpine altitudes. On June twentieth he started out alone for an all-day climb, and when he failed to return as he had planned, his three companions began a search, and the alarm being given they were soon joined by a dozen others, who hunted by day, and slept on the ground wherever overtaken by the night. More than two weeks of systematic searching proved in vain, absolutely no trace of the lost one having been gotten. Whether he stumbled into some rushing torrent or into some mountain lake, or whether he fell from some dizzy height, some towering granite cliff, seemed likely never to be revealed. His disappearance seemed as inexplicable as that of Moses, when he went "unto mount Nebo, to the top of Pisgah," where his life was ended, "*but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.*"

With tearful solemnity were recalled the poet's lines:

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pine, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—Oh wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day;
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

More than two weary years had passed away, when in July of 1910 a Sierra party of nearly two hundred went on a vacation in the same vicinity, to which the four young men in 1908 had penetrated. An encampment was made on the lower end of Rae Lake. At the upper part of this body of water rose Mt. Rixford, which one of the company was setting out to climb, when, July twentieth, he came upon the remains and pos-

sessions of some person who evidently had perished there. The identification was made positive by a drinking-cup with the initials, K. A., and by a watch similarly marked, given him on his sixteenth birthday by his parents, who still recall the kiss he gave each of them in expression of his appreciation and his delight at the simple gift. The conclusion reached by those who investigated was, that the long-lost son probably had been suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche of snow, which covered him and concealed his body from the searchers of two years before, who had traversed this very ground. The very meager remains that were found, only a few of the smaller bones, were conveyed back east, and were tenderly interred in the family lot in the Fair Haven Cemetery of New Haven, Conn., Joseph's injunction of long centuries before regarding himself having been carried out, "Ye shall carry up my bones from hence."

All this led the writer to inquire anew as to the future, and it furnished the dark background whereon to project the brightness of the Christian hope, even as the black and ominous storm-cloud only displays to better advantage the cheering and radiant rainbow. He turns with considerable relief from sociological problems and questions of environment to what has sometimes been slightingly termed "other-worldliness," which indeed is becoming a timely subject from the scientific side in view of the studies of to-day on psychical

research. He feels again the appealing force of the example set, according to Xenophon, by Cyrus the Great. This model ruler of antiquity, on nearing his end, talked to friends and relatives about immortality in words which Cicero afterward quoted for their beauty and truth. "You cannot surely believe," he said, "that when I have ended this mortal life, I shall cease to exist. Even in lifetime you have never seen my soul; you have only inferred its existence. And there are grounds for inferring the continuance of the soul after death." It is to this thought that the attention of the reader is herein invited.

Like the crisis in which the writer was, like the dark vale from which he emerged into the light shed by an assured conviction of a glorious immortality, is the agonizing situation in which not a few individuals but countless thousands find themselves because of the world war that has now been raging for over four years. Never have so many been constrained to give serious attention to the beyond. This could not be otherwise with soldiers and sailors and aviators by the hundred thousand "going west," as they have expressed it, since the tragic struggle involving nearly all mankind began. An expert statistician connected with a great trust company, from his study of the list of casualties, reckons the dead alone, for four years of the international conflict, at eight and a half millions, to which, since this computation was made, additions are rapidly being made.

America in a year and a half nearly has become deeply involved. With half a million in our navy, with three millions in our army, half of them already overseas September 1, 1918, with five millions to be under arms, and with four millions of these to be in France, by the middle of the coming year, we can see what multitudes are being brought to give, as Lincoln in his Gettysburg address said, "the last full measure of devotion" to God and country. All these are being forced by the exigencies of the present to put their lives in jeopardy. They know not what their destiny may be. All their kindred and friends are distressed because of the dread possibilities speaking of large numbers whose years are bound to be cut short, although they are also filled with pride at the exhibition of such bravery and loyalty.

There are, of course, rich compensations in the thought of serving humanity, of staying a cruel and brutal despotism, of advancing the cause of liberty and Christian civilization. Nevertheless we cannot help being impressed with the seemingly premature hurrying into eternity of a vast host that cannot be numbered. Even that, however, may not be all disaster. It is difficult for us to realize that Paul may have been right, and that he may have been stating an actual fact, when he said so positively, "To die is gain." There are consolations in the promise of a future, which may indeed be so much better than our

terrestrial existence here as to remove the sting of death and rob mortality of its apparent victory. It is this aspect of the matter which these pages consider.

This volume will have answered its purpose if it offers to the clergy suggestions for Easter messages, if it conveys to the laity cheer regarding the mysterious hereafter, if it carries to all who have been bereaved in the ordinary course of nature the deep comfort which their stricken hearts crave, and especially if it heartens those who have been perturbed by the present world crisis with its enormous demand upon human lives. The "crossing of the bar," upon a proper reflection, can come to be regarded as life's greatest and most beautiful "adventure," to use the figure of one of the Lusitania's victims, who in spite of friendly demurrers did not hesitate to go on what (by warning notices of the German embassy in the daily papers on the eve of sailing) had really been advertised as a doomed ship. There can be Tennyson's entire equanimity, when there is his religious faith, which enabled him to say,

> And may there be no moaning of the bar,
> When I put out to sea.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar.

A. W. A.

NEWTON CENTER, BOSTON.

CONTENTS

I

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

In the reign of Cæsar Augustus there appeared a remarkable character on the stage of action. On reaching manhood his claims included the restoring of sight to the blind, of hearing to the deaf, of health to the sick, and even of life to the dead. That he did these wonderful works, or appeared to do them, seemed to be conceded by all. At first the people only marveled, but gradually they formed into two distinct parties. The one party believed that the works were done by divine power, the other insisted that it was through Satanic agency, or through trickery of some sort, as he was pronounced a " deceiver."

The person who was the cause of this divided sentiment, was Jesus. Those who rallied about him were for the most part plain, honest people, who thought for themselves. Among them were many, who with a whole-hearted independence had formerly rushed off into dissipation, but who now were leading reformed lives. These constituted what may be called the popular party. Arrayed against Jesus were, with few exceptions, the chief men of the nation, together with a hot-headed rabble, ever ready to do the bidding of their priests, and the Pharisees being here the

ruling element (for they were the spiritual guides of the uneducated masses), this may be designated as the Pharisaic party.

Feeling ran high. Events followed one another in rapid succession, until on a Friday afternoon Jesus was hanging on a cross between two robbers. The Pharisaic party was jubilant, triumphant. The popular party was broken and scattered, nothing remaining of it except some personal followers whose hopes of a kingdom were all blasted, notwithstanding the fact that their leader had foretold his crucifixion, and had even declared that he would rise the third day. His words they remembered, but they seem to have thought that his language was in nature parabolic and figurative, for he often spoke in parables and figures.

How could he rise? For to make assurance of his death doubly sure, his very heart had been pierced by a soldier's lance. All that his faithful friends were now concerned about was to give him decent and kindly burial. With heavy hearts they laid him away in a sepulcher hewn out of the solid rock. With great exultation, under the circumstances, could the scribes and the Pharisees refer sarcastically to the King of the Jews, and yet they were not entirely at ease. Recollecting the prophecy of a resurrection, they were afraid lest his disciples should abduct the body, and then claim that the prediction had been fulfilled. They, therefore, had everything made secure, the seal

of the great Roman Empire being applied to the closed tomb, and a military guard being appointed to prevent by soldierly vigilance any fraud. No more chance for deception! The deceiver was hemmed in at last! Exposure was certain. With the tomb sealed, and with soldiers pacing constantly to and fro, the world would be imposed upon no longer.

Friday night, all of Saturday, and Saturday night passed. Sunday morning there was great excitement. Wild rumors were flying through the air. People were running hither and thither, hardly knowing where they went. Soldiers gathered in little knots, and talked in low and hurried tones. On the way from the city to the sepulcher sped along a woman, followed by two men who soon outstripped her in the race. What was the news? Why, the body of Jesus was gone, the grave was empty! How could that be? Around the council hall, where were gathered the priests and rulers, it was reported that the previous night the guard all fell asleep, and awoke to find the body gone. Here and there was a group of disciples, despondent, because all that remained of their Master had been borne away by hostile hands, as they supposed, to be laid they knew not where. And so the multitude was agitated by the conflicting reports, until ere long there came another message of a resurrection, "The Lord is risen indeed." What was the truth? If Christ actually rose, let the evidence be produced. Let

us have the facts, whether they go for or against a resurrection. Call up the witnesses.

First, let the soldiers, who watched at the rocky vault, take the stand. What is their testimony? "His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept." But it was to prevent that very thing that they were placed on duty, and that circumstance of itself throws some discredit upon their story. Then the Roman punishment for a soldier who fell asleep at his post was death; and yet they would have us believe that not one but all of them dropped off into a deep slumber.

They were asleep, were they? How, then, did they know that the disciples had been there? They must have dreamed it, and of course dreams are very reliable testimony. Where did they get that extra money which they were known to have? There certainly was a strong appearance of their having been bribed to concoct the story they told. They were particular, too, to explain that it was "by night" when the whole thing happened, and when they fell asleep. Had it not been for that explanatory clause, "by night," they might be supposed to have been slumbering at noonday. How often persons volunteer information which is incriminating, and which is a sure sign of guilt!

A few years ago a Connecticut murderess, Lydia Sherman, escaped from jail, and in arresting her the officer without a word simply pointed

to an article in her possession with the initials, L. S., whereupon she quickly spoke up, "That does not say Lydia Sherman." He had not said that it did; he merely called attention to the initials, and her gratuitous explanation proved that she was the very one wanted. So the soldiers volunteered information, added a saving or explanatory clause, which plainly showed that they were falsifying: "His disciples came by night, . . while we slept." Just as if they might have been sleeping in broad daylight! Let the soldiers leave the stand, no court can receive such evidence as they give.

Let Mary Magdalene be the next witness. What is her story as gathered from the records? She had been a devoted follower of Jesus, and a complete revolution had been wrought in her character. She was present at the cross. She saw the place of burial Friday afternoon. She hastened home to prepare sweet spices, with which, when Saturday or the Jewish Sabbath was passed, she might return to embalm the body of her Lord. At daybreak on Sunday she with other women approached the sepulcher to perform the last sad offices of affection for the dead, somewhat as we carry flowers to decorate the brown earth, before the grass has grown green over the mound that covers some dear one, and before the heart has forgotten its grief.

It was a question with the sorrowing women how the great stone could be removed, but on

drawing near Mary saw it was already rolled back. In great alarm she ran to tell Peter and John that the Jews had probably removed the body, she knew not where. She followed back after the two disciples, who hastened to the spot, and she remained weeping at the tomb after they had gone away. As she wept because they had taken away her Lord, a person whom she supposed to be the gardener asked her the cause of her sorrow, and she begged him, if he had removed the body, to let her take the precious remains. To this the apparent stranger replied with the simple mention of her name, "Mary," and the familiar address brought from her a rapturous recognition. She hastened to tell the disciples that she had seen the Lord, no longer dead but risen, while they called her words only "idle talk," and made no secret of their disbelief.

Such is the testimony of Mary Magdalene, and strong evidence it is. It has no appearance of being manufactured. She did not have certain hopes, and then make her story fit in therewith. On the contrary everything was against her expectations. She expected to cover with spices the remains of her Master, but she was disappointed in this task of reverential love. Her first thought, on seeing the stone rolled away, was that the Jews had stolen the body, and that accordingly was the first report which she carried back to the disciples. Not till she had actually seen the Lord

himself, did she announce that he had risen. Thus so far from trying to manufacture evidence, she could hardly be made to believe the revelation of her own eyes. Had she gone to the grave with a strong desire to see Jesus alive, the desire might have been father to the belief. In a highly nervous condition she might have imagined to be a fact what she fondly hoped would be one. But instead of expecting to find Jesus risen, she expected to find him dead, and she was proposing to anoint the dead.

Nor was she, on account of what is sometimes termed feminine susceptibility, persuaded into her new belief by the stronger, more determined masculine nature; she, for instance, did not owe her belief to the disciples, for she was convinced before them, and they were the ones who "disbelieved" her, when she carried to them the news of the resurrection. So that there seems to be no flaw in the evidence of Mary Magdalene. Her story is plain, simple, straightforward. Let her pass from the stand.

The next to be called to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," will be Cleopas and a companion of his, who on a Sunday afternoon took that historic walk to Emmaus. They had been informed of the rumor circulated by the women, and of its partial confirmation by Peter and John, who certainly had found the grave empty, but who as yet had not seen the Lord himself, and therefore the two doubted, until

at a friendly meal they had the proof of their own eyes.

Their familiar narrative, whether true or not, at any rate runs along in a most natural way. There is at least the appearance of truth in all the minute circumstances given: the setting out on foot to a village, the stranger coming up to them, their surprise at his ignorance and his reproof of their unbelief, their invitation to him to stop with them overnight as his movements indicated that he was going on past where they were turning in to abide; the sitting down to a table for supper, the asking of a blessing and the wonderful revelation therein; the hurrying back to Jerusalem, the going to a meeting of disciples there, the excited greeting exchanged—all these details show genuineness. A fabrication would not have brought in so many little side incidents, which are related without any apparent purpose, and which had nothing to do with the main issue. Cleopas and his friend evidently recited real events, and did not ingeniously weave together a tissue of falsehoods in support of a pious fraud.

Then at that first Easter evening meeting of disciples, how reluctant they were to believe the story of the two who came hurrying back from Emmaus! How slow likewise they were to receive the testimony of Peter, who declared to them that there had been an appearance to him also on that same Sunday. They were all talking excitedly together, and when in the midst of the ani-

mated discussion Jesus suddenly appeared to themselves, they thought it was a spirit, a ghost, until he ate in their presence like any other person with flesh and bones, with a veritable existence, and they were compelled to give credence to such a palpable manifestation.

But there was one persistent doubter; let him be called up; let Thomas take the stand. He had lost all hope, he had given up everything. He refused to meet with the other disciples on that first Sunday night. A whole week he went about, a rank skeptic. He was acquainted with the reports of the resurrection, but he rejected them utterly. He would not accept the testimony of those with whom he had been intimately associated, and that, too, though they went to him personally, and declared most solemnly that they had with their own eyes seen the Lord. He would not be satisfied with any evidence short of putting his own fingers in the prints of the nails and in the pierced side.

On the return of the next Sunday evening, he was offered by Jesus, who appeared again, the very proof he had demanded, whereupon there came that burst of conviction, "My Lord and my God!" Such is the evidence of a man naturally skeptical, of one who was sure to see all the difficulties of the case, who refused in so important a matter to rely upon the judgment of his most trusted friends, who declared that he must see and handle for himself. Such testimony

in the estimation of the world is worth something. It is not the fancy of a good but excitable nature. It is not the opinion of a credulous mind, but it is the verdict of a sound, cautious judge.

Shall any more witnesses be sworn on this case? We might, if necessary, bring forward seven men, who on the shore after a night's fishing on the lake, breakfasted and talked with Christ. We could present the evidence of James, who was an own brother of the Lord, who still remained an unbeliever at the time of the crucifixion, but who had such an indisputable manifestation made to him, that he at last was convinced. He was long the head of the Jerusalem church, while he also wrote part of the New Testament in the epistle bearing his name. We could cite more than five hundred, to whom there was a simultaneous appearance on an appointed mountain in Galilee, and of whom Paul, writing more than twenty years afterward, said that most of them were still living, ready to give any who might be doubters, as they had formerly been, their personal testimony of a sure conviction, from what they had seen and heard. Indeed the appearances of Christ were at intervals for all of forty days, at the end of which time he was seen to ascend bodily into heaven. Still later, Saul the persecutor was transformed into Paul the apostle by a miraculous appearance unto him on the way to Damascus.

Taking all this mass of evidence, it stands

overwhelmingly in favor of the resurrection, if only the witnesses were trustworthy. That they were good and noble, that they were sincere, no one doubts. They were willing to die, and some did die for the resurrection. But they may have been deluded, it is suggested, for the history of the different religions shows that multitudes have died for a cherished doctrine. Now on doctrines, opinions, people may be mistaken, but the resurrection was not a question of doctrine or opinion, but of fact. To us even, it is not like original sin, for instance, a matter of opinion, but of testimony, and to the eye-witnesses themselves it was not a question of testimony but of fact. The senses, sight and touch, were the tests, and with such tests the first witnesses declared the resurrection to have actually occurred.

But may not a man die on a question of fact even, and still die for a falsehood? May not a murderer die with an assertion of innocence, while his guilt is positively known? Yes, but it is with the hope of saving his life, that is, it is for the sake of gain. But what gain was there to the disciples on the question of fact? Nothing but suffering and death; in other words, there was no gain. We therefore, can conclude that no event in history is better attested than the resurrection of Christ. The proof could not very well be stronger.

The only way to escape the force of their testimony is to suppose that the witnesses were labor-

ing under some hallucination, just as now sometimes an individual imagines he sees things which are only the creations of his disordered fancy. There are fatal objections to this theory. Hallucinations are apt to occur in the dark, whereas the appearances of Christ were generally in the daytime. Of the ten recorded manifestations, only two of them are mentioned as occurring at night, and those were at early evening meetings. Moreover, hallucinations are not likely to affect so many minds exactly alike. It was under different circumstances and by different persons that Christ was seen. At the same time, the vision of him was granted to a sufficient number simultaneously to make their evidence mutually corroborative. One person might have been mistaken, two or three might have been, but more than five hundred are not likely to have been.

Nor could the resurrection have been merely a resuscitation. It was no recovery from an apparent death, from a swoon. After a scourging which was brutal in the extreme, after the sinking under the cross, after six hours of agony thereon, after the sword-thrust when the life-blood followed the removal of the cold steel, and after a portion of three days in a closed tomb, it could have been no case of suspended animation.

Besides, if Christ did not really die and rise again, he ought to have corrected that impression, which certainly was made. A good man would not have let any such deception go abroad.

Imagine Socrates, after drinking the hemlock and after apparent death, reviving and then letting it be published that he had risen from the dead. How quickly he would be taken from the lofty pedestal upon which he has been placed by an admiring world, if he were found guilty of any such trickery. Now Christ is universally esteemed and honored, as he could not and would not be, if he encouraged people to believe in his resurrection, when he was never actually dead.

Moreover, his resurrection is a necessary belief to explain the subsequent results. Never could those few scattered disciples at the crucifixion have been rallied, never would their timidity have given place to a courage which faced hardship and peril and persecution and death; never would the gospel have gone forth to such magnificent victories, had it not been for the wonderful fact of Christ's resurrection. It is not strange that an English deist, who took up the resurrection of the Lord with the intention, by establishing its falsity, of overthrowing Christianity itself, became himself a convert, being actually forced to believe by the mass of evidence presented. With glad confidence, therefore, we can say at each recurring Easter, "The Lord is risen indeed." We can accept the conclusion of the famous Doctor Arnold: "I have been used for many years to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidences of those who have written about them; and I know of no one fact in the

history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort, to the mind of the fair inquirer, than that Christ died, and rose again from the dead."

We thus have rightly laid our solid foundation in the historic fact of the Lord's own rising, and we can agree with Pres. W. Douglas Mackenzie, of Hartford Theological Seminary, who has said: "It seems to me a most evident fact that wherever faith in the resurrection of Christ has disappeared, the idealistic arguments for immortality have begun at once to lose their convincing power. The nerve of their life has been cut."

The writer has stood at the last resting-place of many distinguished dead, but at only one tomb has he had a sense of triumph. He has been within the splendid mausoleum of General U. S. Grant on New York's Riverside Drive overlooking the lordly Hudson. He has been under the dome of the church of the Invalides in Paris to note where lie the mortal remains of Napoleon the Great. He felt that both those great commanders met with ignominious and final defeat.

He has entered London's Westminster Abbey, and has been filled, as Addison said in the Spectator, "with a kind of melancholy," as the "speaking marbles" called to mind those who had been lying there anywhere from one to six hundred years. He has visited the Campo Santo in Genoa, where extensive corridors and artistic aisles and sculptured figures remind of art gal-

leries with many a masterpiece, but even there the tragic appears in some realistic form in marble weeping over a loss to which reconciliation is not easy. In both these cases one feels the vanity of life.

The author has likewise gone to see in Rome the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, who died 30 B. C., and who was slumbering beneath that identical and well-preserved pile of one hundred and fourteen feet in height, when Paul passed that way. He has gone over the Appian way to witness a round tower seventy feet in diameter, the still existing tomb of Cecilia Metella, who was thus commemorated two thousand years ago, and of whom Byron said:

> Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
> The wealthiest Roman's wife: behold his love or pride.

At neither of these sights is there a triumphant feeling.

We have also gone down into Egypt. We were not at all impressed with the thought of victory in the pyramids commemorating monarchs who reigned five to six millenniums ago. We have seen in a glass case at the Cairo Museum the mummy of Menephtah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, who, *if* destroyed with all his host in the Red Sea (though this is not asserted in Scripture), seems to have had his body recovered and embalmed, for there he lies, with his fringe

of white hair around the base of a bald crown, and with his teeth all gone except one upper front, while now none are so poor as to do him reverence. There remains only a mockery of his former greatness. So too, in viewing Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the Oppression, one finds himself repeating the striking lines of Horace Smith:

> And thou hast walked about—how strange a story!
> In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago
> When the Memnonium was in its glory,
> And time had not begun to overthrow
> Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
> Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Is there no other immortality than that of such mummied forms?

Or, one can go out from hundred-gated Thebes, from its site, to the Tombs of the Kings, and enter that of Amenophis the Second, predecessor of the Pharaoh who built "Vocal Memnon," which was long said to emit at daybreak a harp-like sound, a fabled music that has been the inspiration of poets ever since. There he will see this monarch just where he has been reposing for three thousand five hundred years, his leathery features to-day being illumined by an electric light, shining down over him from a ceiling almost as fresh in its decorations now as when first made three and a half millenniums ago. Surely this is a survival only of the grotesque.

Once more, we go to Palestine. At Bethany we descend into a cave, *reputed* to be that from which Lazarus came forth, but to which he had to return. We ride out to the Saviour's birthplace, and on the road we pass Rachel's tomb, not improbably at the original location, and the tears almost start yet at the pathetic narrative in Genesis: "And Rachel died, and was buried on the way to Ephrath (the same is Beth-lehem). And Jacob set up a pillar upon her grave; the same is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." Thus were human hopes blasted again. We drive on to Hebron, where Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah, in which to bury Sarah. Over it has stood a mosque since the thirteenth century, and though Turkish misrule does not allow any one to enter the sepulchral cavern that is covered, Dean Stanley believed that, if admission ever were gained to the innermost shrine, there would be found "one at least of the patriarchal family" still "intact," "the embalmed body of Jacob," which he himself before his decease directed to be brought thither from Egypt. But even such a gruesome find would have in it nothing of victory.

And now finally we go to the Holy Sepulcher, not to that which Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, wrongly located in the fourth century, and for which the Crusaders long fought to rescue it from infidel hands, for that is *within* the ancient walls of old Jerusalem.

Rejecting this traditional site that has been accepted for sixteen centuries, we follow many modern scholars in identifying " the green hill far away, without a city wall," with the grassy knoll just outside the Damascus gate, northward of the holy city. Its grottoes make cavernous eyes that, aside from the rounded form of the hillock, give it still more the appearance of a human skull, so that it might well be called " the place of a skull." Never can we forget going to this Calvary. The quiet, flowering garden at its base, and the rock-hewn sepulcher there, seemed to meet all the conditions. Reverently we entered the sacred shine, and tearfully we recalled the words of the angel, "' Come, see the place where the Lord lay," and the emotions excited were well-nigh overwhelming. At this tomb only of all those we had seen at one time or another, did we have a jubilant, victorious feeling, as once more through memory was heard the ringing Easter message: " Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

II

THE RESURRECTION IN NATURE

THE RESURRECTION IN NATURE

The inspired Song of Songs in one of its most exquisite descriptions says:

> The flowers appear on the earth;
> The time of the singing of birds is come,
> And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land;
> The fig-tree ripeneth her green figs,
> And the vines are in blossom;
> They give forth their fragrance.

John Burroughs, in a different strain, but in a no less charming manner, sets forth the glory of the reawakened world, when he draws this picture of a frequent June scene in his native Delaware County up in the Catskills: "Where the bobolinks are singing and the daisies dancing in the wind, and the scent of the clover is in the air, and where the boys and girls are looking for wild strawberries in the grass." We are to consider the spiritual significance of this newness of life, which is an annual feature of the materialistic cosmos.

The resurrection in nature every spring is prophetic of the transfiguration awaiting redeemed humanity. We can say with Thomson in his "Seasons":

> Forth in the pleasing spring
> Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
> Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
> Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
> And every sense and every heart is joy.

Easter fittingly comes at this jubilant season, and the natural world gives at least, as Wordsworth has expressed it, "Intimations of Immortality."

Fig tree and vine are instanced in the poetic song of Solomon as examples of the reviving of nature in general. What a transformation is wrought in the springtime! The winter speaks of northern blasts, of sleet and snow and ice, or of frozen and brown vegetation everywhere, and of leafless trees and cheerless landscapes. But when the south winds begin to blow, the green carpet of the earth is renewed, the buds swell and soon unfold in fresh foliage. Fruit trees come into bloom. The delicate pink and white of apple blossoms appear, and every zephyr is loaded with fragrance. Every breeze wafts to us sweet scents and aromatic odors. A stupendous miracle would the vernal and balmy spring appear, if it were a sudden creation. Were the desolation of winter to be changed in a night as by an enchanter's wand into the tropical beauty of the next succeeding season in the rolling year, we should be more impressed than we are by the gradualness to which we are accustomed. If the omnipotence displayed in the resurrection of nature were fully recognized, our faith would be

strengthened in the promise that we too after our last sleep shall awake in beauty, even in the divine likeness.

Think of the power that shoots up myriads of blades of grass, that makes the stripped forests again to wave with a luxuriant foliage, that unloosens from their hidden receptacles all the perfumes of Arabia, and one cannot doubt that we also can be changed by the same Almightiness. Wolsey in his well-known lament did not give the complete picture, when he said:

> This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.

He should have portrayed a spring following such a winter. We may sleep in the dust of the earth, our leaf may have withered and may have been resolved into its constituent elements, but from this apparent deadness will come, under the right conditions, immortal life. A breath of the Lord will blow upon the valley of dry bones, and quickening energies will begin to pulsate, and the springtime of human existence will have come for all who have implanted in them the germ of eternal life.

It will be a glad day when this mortal shall have put on immortality, when winter for humanity shall have been succeeded by spring. In the leafing tree, and the blossoming vine, and the

sweetly-scented air—in the reviving of nature each year we can see assurance of a spiritual process that speaks of a glorious immortality. He who wakes nature can wake humanity to life again, can wake the dead. He who clothes the grass of the field, will much more clothe " from heaven " those who derive from him their life. The verdure and the bloom and the fragrance given us yearly will have their counterparts in the living green and sweet fields of the celestial realm.

We get a similar suggestion from " the time of the singing of birds." The birds have something to say to us of the resurrection hope. The truth is imaged to us in the familiar story of the phœnix, that fabled bird of antiquity, which Herodotus said resembled the eagle, except that it was far more gorgeous and fed on nothing fleshly but on fragrant gums. Of large form and resplendent plumage, it flew from distant Arabia to the Egyptian city of the sun, where Joseph rose to greatness. There every five hundred years, according to the olden fairy tale, the magnificent creature built its nest of precious woods, and while spectators watched, it started about itself mysterious flames, which consumed it utterly. But out of the ashes rose a new phœnix of red and gold, and majestically sailed away in the direction whence that from which it sprang came, " accompanied," said Tacitus, " by a vast retinue of other birds gazing with admiration on the

beauteous miracle." This fiction at least represents a truth. As the Latin exercises of our youth in our Æsop used to say, "this fable teaches" that out of the dust into which man is resolved at death rises an immortal spirit, that soars away toward the sky. The inspired Job himself is supposed by some to have drawn this lesson from the strange bird of which the ancients wrote so much. This is the patriarch's significant language as found in the margin of the Revised Version:

> **Then I said, I shall die in my nest,**
> **And I shall multiply my days as the phœnix.**

If not really from their ashes, how from a practical death the birds do come every spring! They are dead to us during the long winter, but at its close what multitudes of them appear, and by their warbled songs they speak to us of a more genial clime than the wintry one of death.

The Master inculcated a spirit of trust from the sparrows. In countless numbers they still are seen in the Holy Land, where they were so numerous in the time of Christ. They doubtless then as now twittered everywhere, being regarded as much of a nuisance as English sparrows are at present. In Palestine to-day they are so thick and tame that they get under the very feet of the pedestrian. If they are trampled to death, it makes no difference. They are crushed almost as so many worms. Anciently

they were considered the most worthless of all birds, and five of them sold for two farthings. And yet, we are assured, not one of them fell to the ground without the Father's notice. God did not overlook the death of a sparrow. What unnumbered millions of people have crossed the stage of action! Sometimes it seems to us, as if, to use an expression of Henry Ward Beecher, they were swept into eternity like so many dead flies. At any rate, the numerous deaths in the human race seem to the skeptical mind as unworthy of the divine attention as all the sparrows which each year are swept from the face of the earth. God, however, does note the fall of the very sparrows, of the least of birds, and each spring he brings them all again. We more literally than they, more truly than the phœnix, shall rise out of the graves of winter, out of the ashes of death, at the springtime of the resurrection.

So at last, when he appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
Flocking round our heavenly King.

The instinctive longing which we have for a better clime, the aspiration which we have for heaven—this instinct for immortality was not planted in vain in the human breast. The instinct which prompts the birds at the coming of winter to spread their wings for a warmer climate makes it certain that the feathered songsters will

not go south, and will not come north in the spring, to be disappointed; the instinct is safe and unerring. Will God be kinder to birds than to human beings? He cares much more for us than for the fowls of the air. If he has something to answer to the migratory instinct of the birds, we may be sure that our expectation of a better country, of a fair summerland, will not meet with disappointment. The spirit that rises in Christian faith from the ashes of human mortality and soars away toward the sky, is going to find the blessedness anticipated. This should be our assurance, as we listen to the singing of birds, to the voice of the turtle-dove, to the joyous notes of bluebird and robin and the various songsters of the spring.

How unbelieving some are is indicated by Jeremiah, when he says: "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle-dove and the swallow and the crane observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the law of Jehovah." Take only one of these here named, the first. At Strassburg more interesting perhaps than the wonderful astronomical clock there, with its moving figures of the apostles and with its crowing cock to remind of Peter's denial of the Lord, is the stork, which is as sacred to that German city as the pigeons of St. Mark's are to Venice. The bird can be seen sitting statuesque on more than one chimney. "The winter finds her," says one writer, "far away

among the highlands of Ethiopia. When the appointed day comes, as if moved by a divine inspiration she spreads her wings for her long flight. A thousand miles down the valley of the Nile, a thousand more across the whole breadth of the Mediterranean Sea, and on still over Alps and Apennines, over sunny vineyards and snowy mountains to Holland and Denmark, and over the Baltic to Sweden and Norway, the stork pursues her aerial journey till she finds the same old tower and rebuilds the nest of the former year. And the bird," continues my informant, "would sooner die than shorten the journey or fail to start at the appointed time. No matter what storms may darken the air, or what sunny climes may invite her to rest on the way, she goes, guided by a mysterious and divine instinct, straight to her old home, and never rests till there."

There is in this vivid picture a beautiful lesson of how the soul, divinely guided, returns to God whence it came. Let it but follow the directions of the still small voice heard within, and it will never falter or stop in its flight upward, till it rests in the bosom of God, till it finds its nest beyond the stars, in that "*home* of the soul." Beings with the migratory instinct for heaven are not going to be put to shame at the last. Cicero well said, "The consent of all is the voice of nature, and since all men everywhere agree in believing that there is something within us which

survives the grave, we must accept it as the truth." Addison was right in representing Cato sitting thoughtfully with Plato on immortality in hand, and musing thus :

> It must be so,—Plato, thou reasonest well!
> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after immortality?

We, therefore, can appreciate William Cullen Bryant's " Ode to a Waterfowl " :

> Thou art gone, the abyss of heaven
> Hath swallowed up thy form, but on my heart
> Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
> And shall not soon depart.
>
> He who, from zone to zone,
> Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone,
> Will lead my steps aright.

Preeminently does the spring testify that " the flowers appear on the earth." These speak of springing beauty. They might all be characterized as immortelles, for they are ever rising from the dead. Take particularly a familiar but unsightly bulb, that looks as much like an onion as anything, and we put it in the ground, or into a pot of rich soil, and it rises out of its earthen bed, develops a green stalk, and flowers into a pure white lily, which does service at Easter decorations, where blossoms seem to vie with one another in honor of the happy anniversary. This

is an image of how the mortal may blossom out into the immortal. Or consider what is sometimes supposed to sip the sweetness of the flowers, the lovely butterfly, and from what did it come? From an ugly-looking caterpillar, or wormlike larva, crawling here and there. It sheds its skin and becomes a chrysalis, a seemingly dead little bundle of material done up in a kind of case. We can toss it up into the air, and catch it in our hand again, as if it were a bit of stick, and nothing could seem more utterly lifeless. But by successive stages from that lump of inert matter comes a gauzy creature with exquisitely tinted wings, a thing of beauty, which soars in the air, basks in the sunshine, alights on the flowers, and floats hither and thither to charm every beholder. With these wonders in the flowery kingdom, it need not be thought incredible that God should raise the human dead.

The flowers invite to faith with reference to the life immortal. Mungo Park, the Scottish traveler, was once robbed in Africa and left to die in the wilderness. Despoiled of everything, abandoned for dead five hundred miles from a European settlement, he was about to yield to what seemed to be his fate, a lonely death in the desert, when he noticed a delicate little flower blooming by his side. Thereupon he said to himself, "Can that Being who planted, watered, and brought to perfection this small flower in this obscure part of the world, look with

unconcern upon the condition and sufferings of one made in his own image?" With such inspiration from what did not "waste its sweetness on the desert air," he struggled back to life and civilization once more. No more will that Being let any such highly endowed creation of his sink forever into the dust, to rise no more. We are taught better than that by the very lilies of the field springing each season from the black ground.

Both the flowers and the butterflies that light thereon speak of wondrous transformations that are possible for humanity. Corresponding to the butterfly for us was the scarabæus for the ancient Egyptians. When in 1905 it was my privilege to be in the land of the Nile, as with every visitor there it was my desire to secure some souvenir of the country of the Pharaohs. The most characteristic thing that can be carried away is a scarab, and the one purchased by me was pronounced genuine by experts both in the Cairo and British Museums. It bears the cartouche of Thotmes the Third, who reigned thirty-five hundred years ago, who was noted as the great obelisk-maker, who set up in Heliopolis that particular obelisk now standing in Central Park of New York City. Why is a scarab of his worn proudly by me on my watch-chain above my Phi Beta Kappa key? Because it speaks of immortality. The Egyptian scarabæus was a beetle, which deposited its eggs in a ball of stable refuse, whose fermentation produced the necessary warmth for

hatching. When the ancients saw life in due time coming from a seemingly dead pinch or globule of earthly matter, they naturally took the scarabæus as an emblem of immortality, as we do the butterfly emerging from its chrysalis, and scarabs of clay and of precious stones, often inscribed with the name of the owner who thus could use his ornament as a seal, were manufactured in great numbers, and may have served for the visiting cards of antiquity. Such an antique is mine, and it speaks not only of the three and a half millenniums, which have elapsed since it was made, but of the countless ages that are to come in that eternity, of which Christians are to be the happy denizens.

The Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D., whose untimely taking off while abroad was so pathetic, has left this witness as to his deathless hope from what he had discerned in nature:

O little bulb, uncouth,
Ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth?
Have you a crimson gown?
Plant me and see
What I shall be—
God's fine surprise
Before your eyes!

O fuzzy ugliness,
Poor, helpless crawling worm,
Can any loveliness
Be in that sluggish form?

Hide me and see
What I shall be—
God's bright surprise
Before your eyes!

O body wearing out,
A crumbling house of clay!
O agony of doubt
And darkness and dismay!
Trust God and see
What I shall be—
His best surprise
Before your eyes!

Do we have arguments in these various suggestions from nature? No, but we do have that which is corroborative of what is otherwise established, fancy giving some confirmation to fact. We have all that was claimed at the beginning of the chapter, namely, "*intimations* of immortality," and with the poet who coined for us this expressive phrase we can repeat:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The force of the present representation of the Easter truth has been felt in ancient and modern times alike, by both a Cicero and an Emerson. When the celebrated orator lost by death his daughter Tullia in the full bloom of her young womanhood, he longed to see again the idol of his heart, and he retired to his Tusculum villa, and tried to reassure himself in the faith that

there would be a happy reunion in the hereafter, and this was the classic statement of his hope: "Man's grand ideals are overtures of immortality, because they require and demand immortality for their realization." The Concord philosopher similarly said: "Instincts and automatic forces in man are God's books of directions. Aspirations are liens upon immortal life, and they are stepping-stones, that slope through the darkness up to God. The planting of a desire indicates that the gratification of that desire is in the constitution of the creature that feels it. It is there structurally. The Creator keeps his word with everything and everybody."

The historian Prescott, writing in 1843 to Charles Sumner, on the death of a lovely daughter of the latter, said in harmony with the idea herein being set forth: "If any argument were needed, the existence and extinction here of such a being would of itself be enough to establish the immortality of the soul. It would seem as reasonable to suppose, that the blossom, with its curious organization and its tendencies to a fuller development, should be designated to perish in this immature state, as that such a soul, with the germ of such celestial existence within it, should not be destined for a further and more noble expansion."

William Jennings Bryan has been no less felicitous in giving expression to this thought in the following fashion: "If the Father deigns to

touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will he leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of his Creator? If he stoops to give to the rose-bush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will he refuse the words of hope to the sons of men, when the frosts of winter come? If matter mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay?"

Speaking of inanimate nature, and its persistence, we all must have been struck time and again with the long continuance of some trees. Thomson in his "Land and the Book" speaks of cedars of Lebanon, which "have been growing ever since the Flood." These monarchs of the forest are like the mammoth trees of California, like those which have been seen by me near Santa Cruz, or like those at Mariposa in the approach to the Yosemite Valley. When we reflect how many generations of men have passed, since these rooted themselves in the soil, it is then that the irony of our brief earthly existence appears. An English oak will stand for seven centuries or more, as against the fleeting three or five or seven decades of him created in the image of God. In the Giant Forest of the Pacific slope is many a

sequoia, which has been lifting its green branches into the air anywhere from five to eight thousand years, for a longer time than the historic period of the whole race. Must we be shorter-lived than the insensible tree? Nay, through the immortality derived from him who is the resurrection and the life, we shall be *longer*-lived than cedar of Lebanon, or oak of England, or redwood of California. A million years may roll away, and still, planted beside the river of God, our leaf shall "not wither."

Nature, which we have been considering, in one way or another is always opening up vistas of hope for the longing spirit, as she does, for instance, at The Balsams in the upper White Mountains region. Never was there spot lovelier or fuller of suggestion. In the immediate foreground is the shimmering and dimpled surface of Lake Gloriette, fair as untroubled young childhood. Just beyond is Dixville Notch with its sterner aspects that remind us of our maturer years. We feel that we must penetrate the narrow defile with its deep and shadowy and cool seclusions, with its sunlit and wooded heights, with its towering and frowning rocks. In softly humming automobile we *do* explore it in order to see what lies beyond, and we find broad, open spaces, and green meadows and fruitful fields and all that is sweetly inviting. Equally alluring is life, when we get its true perspective, when we take in its mysterious heights and depths, and we are con-

fident that the future has for us ever richer disclosures. We can say with Tennyson,

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

In the vicissitudes and varied experiences of the present, there is always beckoning to us through the Notch, down which we are coursing, something better and brighter in the sweet fields of living green that are promised, and in the splendor ineffable that lies thereon. With this beatific revelation that comes to us through a bit of natural scenery, we can further say with the Englist poet,

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

III

IMMORTALITY AND THE RESURRECTION

IMMORTALITY AND THE RESURRECTION

The search for immortality has been as persistent as the quest of the Holy Grail. There has been no difference in this respect between the Orient and the Occident, between ancient and modern times. At a comparatively recent date on our American continent we have the romance and the tragedy of Ponce de Leon, who came with Columbus on the latter's second voyage of discovery. He had often heard of the stories current regarding a fountain of youth, and if it could be found all who might drink of its wondrous waters would remain forever young, would become endued with immortality. From what some Indians said he thought the famous fountain might be in a land that lay to the north. He accordingly sailed in that direction, and on March 27, 1513, on Easter Sunday for that year, he first sighted coasts which had indeed been seen a few years earlier, but which did not till then receive their christening, being called Florida from the Spanish for Feast of Flowers, this being only another name for Easter.

On the auspicious anniversary of the Lord's resurrection, it seemed likely that the land con-

taining the long-sought fountain of youth had been found. At St. Augustine in the Easter State of summer flowers that are perpetual, there is a magnificent hotel bearing the name of Ponce de Leon, but that is the only immortality that he secured. What he so eagerly sought did not materialize any more than does the once fancied pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. So far from drinking of waters that made him live forever, in that very land of flowers where he went eight years later to establish a colony, he was furiously attacked by Indians, and a flint arrow lodged in his thigh made him return to Cuba, where after excruciating pain he died from the wound received. Though he failed in his quest, others have been more successful, pursuing their search in the high domain of thought and fact. The question is, Where can we get the most light on immortality and the resurrection?

Benjamin Franklin had thirteen rules for the ordering of his life, and though he was a free-thinker the last one was this, "Imitate Jesus and Socrates." To these two we are more indebted than to any others for our knowledge of the future. The one through Plato gives us all the information which the classic world could furnish, and the other, through Paul especially, transmits to us all that light with which Christendom is flooded. We are to sit for a little at the feet of the two most distinguished teachers who ever walked the streets of highly favored Athens.

Philosopher and apostle, as they taught in that city, are to be our guides.

First, we will notice the parallel in the circumstances of each, rendering the more impressive what they had to say. Socrates claimed to have the guidance of a divine monitor. The accusation against him, as we learn from his Apology, was, " He does not believe in the gods of the state, and has other new divinities of his own." He made the best argument for immortality which has come down from antiquity, but he was condemned by the Athenians, who more than four hundred years afterward at the preaching of " Jesus and the resurrection " had the same charge to make, the same objection to raise against the setting forth " of strange gods."

On this ground the philosopher of old received the death-sentence. His execution was deferred for a month, till the return of a ship, which annually made a voyage to a sacred shrine. His life was to be spared for that length of time, as subsequently Christ's was to be " till after the feast." In his imprisonment he daily had the companionship of beloved disciples, through one of whom he had the opportunity of escaping the very night before the end, but he did not avail himself of this chance. He had no fear of death, and was peacefully slumbering when his friend came to him before daylight with the proposed plan for a secret departure. He remained in the prison, and spent the last day of his life in talking to a few

of his disciples, who were with him, about immortality. "As I am going to another place," he said, "I ought to be thinking of the nature of the pilgrimage which I am about to make. What can I do better in the interval between this and the setting of the sun?" We are reminded of Christ, the night before his death, discoursing to his disciples about the house of many mansions.

As the divine Master had a John to lean upon his bosom, so the philosopher in his little circle had a Phædo, who bears this testimony: "I was close to him on his right hand, seated on a sort of stool, and he on a couch which was a good deal higher. Now he had a way of playing with my hair, and then he smoothed my head, and pressed the hair upon my neck, and said, To-morrow, Phædo, I sppose that these fair locks of yours will be severed," that is, in mourning for the death of Socrates. As the disciple, who reclined on the breast of Jesus, wrote the Fourth Gospel which contains the marvelous discourse at the Last Supper, so it was Phædo, with whose hair Socrates had affectionately toyed—it was he, of whom the request was made by an acquaintance, "I wish that you would tell me about his death. What did he say in his last hours?" It was in response to this that the charming narrative was given, and Plato clothed it in the matchless language with which it was conveyed to the Athenians, and to all the generations since.

In the same city of Athens Paul stood up, and

spoke of "Jesus and the resurrection," thus doing for John what Plato did for Phædo, acquainting the Athenians with what they otherwise might have remained ignorant of; but they gave no more heed to "Jesus and the resurrection" than they did nearly five centuries before to Socrates and his doctrine of immortality. Subsequent ages, however, have been profoundly impressed by both, and especially in view of the touching circumstances under which they spoke.

Socrates had scarcely finished his conversation about immortality, when there came the last scene in his life. He bade farewell to his wife and children, who were completely overcome. Even the jailer, who came in to announce that his hour had come, burst into tears. The cup of poison was brought, which, says the narrator who was in the prison and witnessed all, he took "in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature." Then "cheerfully he drank off the poison." At the swallowing of the fatal draught, the friends could no longer control their emotions, the tears flowed freely. Phædo covered his face and wept, and from one there was a passionate outburst of grief, which the dying man asked to have cease. He walked calmly about the cell till his limbs refused to carry him, and then he lay down.

The executioner examined him from time to time, pressing his foot hard and asking him if he felt it, and the lower limbs, over which Socrates

himself passed his hands, saying, "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." When the coldness had reached his groins, he looked up and asked Crito to pay a small debt which he owed, and which at the moment came to mind. "The debt shall be paid," said Crito, "is there anything else?" There was no answer, but presently there was a convulsive movement, and immediately the eyes set, he was dead.

How impressive the teaching of immortality by lips which were so soon to be closed in death! Likewise He who told his sorrowing disciples not to be troubled, who asked the women not to weep for him, who affectionately commended his mother bathed in tears to the beloved disciple, and who died upon the cross—he spoke of the heavenly mansions to which he was going, of a triumphant rising from the dead, and the resurrection ever since has had a most precious significance.

The Athenians gave no credence, no acceptance, to the preacher of immortality, nor to the preacher of the resurrection. Of each they said contemptuously, "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods." The proud city rejected both Socrates and Jesus, but we whose citizenship is in heaven are of a better mind. We thoroughly believe what the classic philosopher obscurely taught, and what the Son of God clearly demonstrated, and what the apostle preached, and the result is a glad Easter each year. Immortality was brought to light in the resurrection, and these

were taught by the two greatest moral instructors to whom the world has listened, and under circumstances which made what they said have all the weight of dying testimony, when the soul has its clearest vision, and seems to catch glimpses of the hereafter from the Delectable Mountains of the fair Beulah land overlooking the celestial Canaan. We read most truly in Richard the Second

> The tongues of dying men
> Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
> When words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
> For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

We turn next to the teachings themselves, as they appear aside from the accompanying circumstances, and in their own strength. Now Socrates was not altogether certain as to what the future might bring forth. In his address to his judges, he hoped that he was going to join Orpheus, and Homer, and Ajax, and other deceased worthies. "What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions!" was his enraptured exclamation. But he was not absolutely sure that such was to be his happy destiny. He did not know but that death might be a dreamless sleep through an eternal night, and he thought *that* would be a "gain." He, however, was not positive that so much blessedness as that was to be his, for he closed his celebrated Apology with these words: "The hour of my departure has arrived, and we go our ways,

I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows."

His brain was racked by the awful uncertainty, which has since led a Hamlet to soliloquize:

> To be, or not to be: that is the question:
> . . . . . .
> . . . . by a sleep, to say we end
> The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wish'd. To die: to sleep;
> To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause: . . . . .
> . . . . . .
> And make us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of.

All of us have more or less of this feeling; Socrates had it, although toward the last he grew more confident of his immortality. Still in his great argument therefor on the last day of his life, he acknowledged that he was trying to convince himself primarily, and others secondarily.

What is the gist of the splendid argument which he used? He had substantially the same classes to meet that Paul had to encounter in the Epicureans and Stoics. Those schools were not as yet known by these names, but they existed in the germ, as they still continue to exist in the completed systems of materialism and pantheism.

Both these deny, as they always have denied, a personal future existence, maintaining that individuals at death are resolved back into that general substance from which they sprang, as drops of rain lose their identity in the ocean from which they originally came. There is no personal God, much less is there any human personality, and we are merged at our dissolution into our native element of unconscious being. It is claimed that what is called the soul has a physical basis, and when the body perishes, it also does.

This was the difficulty which Socrates had to meet and overcome satisfactorily, the incredulous of his day saying of the spirit, "immediately on the release from the body issuing forth like smoke or air and vanishing away into nothingness." The most striking illustration of the ancient skeptics was this: The soul seems superior to and independent of the body, but is it not analogous to a harmony and the lyre producing the same? Since music is so much finer than the instrument, it would be very natural to suppose that the former must survive the latter. Surely that which so charms all cannot perish, when the mere strings to which it is mechanically related are broken. After this manner, say materialists and pantheists, Epicureans and Stoics, do Socratic minds argue, that the superb soul must survive the body when the silver cords of physical life are loosed. That seems plausible, but, it is insisted, no one imagines that the harmony continues somewhere in the uni-

verse after the lyre has been destroyed; neither can the soul continue after the body has been unstrung by death. As surely as the music has forever flown when the instrument is destroyed, so has the soul when the body perishes.

That was the forcible figure which carried consternation to the disciples of Socrates, and apparently to himself for a while. We too see the force of the illustration. The soul does seem to vanish with the dissolving of the body, even as the music does with the destruction of the instrument, notwithstanding the apparent superiority of the harmony to the lyre, and of the spiritual to the material, or of mind to matter.

But Socrates was not vanquished; he led his forces to the field of argument again, as a general rallies, we are told, his defeated and broken army. In other words, he declared and showed that the cases were not analogous, though they might seem to be. A harmony, he maintained, is solely the production of the strings of the lyre, it has no power over them so as to resist them in the least. But the soul does have control of the affections of the body; it can say to thirst, Thou shalt not drink; and to desire, Thou shalt not be gratified. To set forth the difference in Socratic language, "a harmony can never utter a note at variance with the tensions and relaxations and vibrations and other affections of the strings out of which she is composed; she can only follow, she cannot lead them." That is true of a har-

mony, but, he says, we "discover the soul to be doing the exact opposite—*leading* the elements of which she is believed to be composed; almost always opposing and coercing them in all sorts of ways throughout life." Well does the philosopher sum up by saying, that the soul is "a far diviner thing than any harmony." That is, he conclusively proves that the cases are not analogous, of the soul perishing with the body as music does with the instrument.

After all, the argument of Socrates, grand as it is for a pagan without the light of revelation, is negative. He shows how the soul is not likely to perish in the way supposed by his opponents, by Epicureans and Stoics, by materialists and pantheists, but he does not demonstrate how the soul certainly *is* to exist after death. He has to confess that, in view of his own nearness to eternity, he is trying the best he can to fortify his own longings. He did not convince the Athenians, who saw in him only a promulgator of an improbable theory. Unanswerable, however, was the argument of the apostle, when he preached "Jesus and the resurrection." As he did to the Corinthians, he must have brought forward the solid array of facts furnished by the witnesses of the Lord having actually risen from the dead. Ever since, we have been moving on firm ground, since in the first century there were so many who spake that whereof they knew: "that which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which

we beheld, and our hands handled, concerning the Word of Life."

Ours can be the faith of Tennyson in his "In Memoriam":

> Thou wilt not leave me in the dust;
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him: thou art just.

All must feel the force of what Dr. George A. Gordon has said: "The Christian idea of the future life is not happily expressed by the phrase, immortality of the soul. Soul stands for the seat of thought, feeling, activity; body for the instrument of manifestation, the passive principle in the service of the active. This is the complete life here, and the Christian idea is that the complete life there will be analogous. Thought, and feeling, and activity will have in the future a mode of manifestation, a form of being, an instrument of service, like that which they have in this world."

With the prospect of an undoubted resurrection to follow death, we can celebrate Easter with gladness. Socrates himself, with his uncertain immortality, drew near the end with rejoicing. Will you not allow me, he asks exultingly, to have the spirit of swans? "For they," he says, "when they perceive that they must die, having sung all their life long, do then sing more than ever, rejoicing in the

thought that they are about to go away." And he insists that the song is not a "lament," since, he adds, "no bird sings when cold, or hungry, or in pain, not even the nightingale."

He would not have approved of this sentiment by Tennyson:

> With an inner voice the river ran,
> Adown it floated a dying swan,
> And loudly did lament.

He would have felt that the English poet struck the true key, when he wrote of the bird farther down the stream:

> But anon her awful jubilant voice,
> With a music strange and manifold,
> Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
> . . . . . .
> And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
> The desolate creeks and pools among,
> Were flooded over with eddying song.

Thus did Socrates with his belief in immortality claim to be floating down the current of life toward death, and we, holding to a more glorious resurrection, can with greater joyfulness approach the end. Byron was only giving poetic expression to the Scripture,

> Let me die the death of the righteous,
> And let my last end be like his,

when he said, "swanlike, let me sing and die." When one is being rapidly borne down the

stream toward eternity, he can think of the resurrection, and go singing along, and his hymn of life will attain its most jubilant pitch at death, and this is his swan's song:

My life flows on in endless song;
  Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn
  That hails a new creation.

Through all the tumult and the strife,
  I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
  How can I keep from singing?

What though my joys and comforts die?
  The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
  Songs in the night he giveth.

IV

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

With the ancient heathen philosophers immortality was something shadowy. Disembodied spirits wandered ghostlike amid the eternal shades. Beyond this abstract idea as to the future, the belief that man is to live again with a body was more or less prevalent, especially among the Hebrews. Paul taught that we are not to be specters in the universe, but that our mortal bodies are to be quickened.

Nor is this belief unscientific. Sir Oliver Lodge, among the foremost in the realm of science, has expressed himself in this fashion: "Christianity both by its doctrines and its ceremonies rightly emphasizes the material aspect of existence. For it is founded upon the idea of incarnation; and its belief in some sort of bodily resurrection is based on the idea that every real personal existence must have a double aspect—not spiritual alone, nor physical alone, but in some way both. Such an opinion, in a refined form, is common to many systems of philosophy, and is by no means out of harmony with science. Christianity, therefore, reasonably supplements the mere survival of a discarnate spirit, a homeless wanderer or melancholy ghost, with the warm

and comfortable clothing of something that may legitimately be spoken of as a body."

Is the present body to be raised? Many would immediately answer in the negative. They openly dissent from that article in the Apostles' Creed expressing a belief "in the resurrection of the body." While we cannot be dogmatic here, the general trend of Scripture would seem to force assent to that, at least for substance of doctrine. The Pauline and biblical representation would seem to be that burial is not the last of what is committed to the ground. The question is, Need faith stagger at a bodily resurrection in some real though not strictly literalistic sense? Franklin's epitaph, written by himself, says: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer, . . lies here food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author." We shall endeavor to see how the Christian hope as cherished for ages on this point may not be in its essential features unreasonable.

We have to meet at the very outset that unequivocal declaration of the Lord himself, "All that are in the tombs shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." Just to what extent there is to be a recovery from bodily dissolution, we may not be able to say, but certain analogies would seem to justify a large faith. Dr. David Gregg has used this illustration (which, of course, must

not be pressed too far) from the workshop of a celebrated scientist: "One day when Faraday was out, a workman accidentally knocked into a jar of acid a silver cup. It disappeared and was eaten up by the acid, and could not be found. The acid held it in solution. The workman was in great distress and perplexity. It was an utter mystery to him where the cup had gone. So far as his knowledge went, it had gone out of existence forever. When the great chemist came in and heard the story, he threw some chemicals into the jar, and in a moment every particle of silver was precipitated to the bottom. He then lifted out the silver nugget and sent it to the smith, where it was recast into a beautiful cup. If a finite chemist," continues my informant, "can handle the particles of a silver cup in this way, what cannot the infinite Chemist do with the particles of a human body, when dissolved in the great jar of the universe? He can handle the universe as easily as Faraday can handle an acid jar, and can control it at will. Whatever the particles of the resurrected body may be, Paul says it is going to be changed so as to become a spiritual body." It will be recast like the silver of the cup.

The chief of the apostles says that the Lord "shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory." That which is laid away in the grave is not to be wholly and irrevocably lost in nature,

but out of the state of humiliation is to spring the glorified body, just as (such is the apostle's illustration) the beautiful wheat grows from the decomposed seed. Out of the old will come the new on the principle of like producing like. Each seed, we are taught, has a "body of its own." The wheat blade does not come from deposited rye or barley or any seed except its own. Nor will the resurrection body form out of any other material whatever, it will in every case rise out of one's own dust. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption."

When, then, the saints are raised, they are to have their own proper bodies. If they should be formed anew, out and out, if they should have altogether different bodies, how could friends recognize one another in heaven? That there will be mutual recognition in the better country is not only felt by all, but it is implied in Holy Writ. The Saviour suggests the blessedness of sitting down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the upper kingdom, and David anticipated a glad reunion with a loved child taken away by death: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." So that we shall know our friends and dear ones. But how can this be except from the old familiar looks? And what more natural than to suppose that the former appearance will be retained, because the new has originated in the old? Up there every one is to have his "own body."

But that cannot be, it is objected, for the present material form crumbles to dust, passes into gases, and becomes a part of nature. That makes no difference, for the seed does the same, and its decay is even necessary to life. "That which thou thyself sowest," says the inspired record, "is not quickened, except it die." The way in which grain germinates would seem impossible, if we were not familiar with the phenomenon. See how strange the process is! A plain, little kernel is covered with earth, and in its hidden receptacle it dies, but up from its dust shoots a nice green blade, which develops into a strong stalk whose head bends with the weight of solid grain. The Lord himself saw in this a type of the resurrection, as he said, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." Is not this just as incredible as the rising of life out of human dust?

But human dust, it is said, is scattered far and wide. There will occur to the mind the case of Wyclif, how his body after a burial of forty-four years was disinterred and burned, while the ashes were flung into the Swift, the stream flowing through Lutterworth. Then, says Thomas Fuller the old historian, "this brook did convey his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow sea, and this into the wide ocean." The dust thus distributed round the globe would seem impossible of recovery for

any resurrection body. This may be true, but worth noting is the fact that our present physical organism is composed of elements gathered from everywhere. We have served on our tables for the purpose the blueberries of Maine, the apples of Oregon, the grapefruit of Florida, and the raisins and prunes of California. We extend the range, as we get our nuts from Brazil in South America, our coffee from the island of Java, our spices from Ceylon, our oranges from Jaffa in Palestine, our figs from Smyrna in Asia Minor, our "Turkish delight" from Constantinople, our honey from Hymettus in Greece, our rice from China, and our tea from Japan. From such diversified sources are the component parts of the present body assembled. For the more glorious body of the future it would seem as if the Omnipotent and the Omniscient might be able to do what modern commerce so easily accomplishes for us now. The incredibility of it all, however, may still further appear in that the human particles go to make up vegetation, tinting the flowers and enriching the grain and giving freshness to the foliage. They may become parts of birds and beasts, and may even enter into the composition of other people. Thus two bodies dying at different times might conceivably have more or less of the same particles. There is here an obstacle to faith in the manner of body which we are to have being precisely that which serves us at present. Nor is this absolute iden-

tity necessary to the conception of the kind of resurrection which we are maintaining.

We are logically led from our first point, that the resurrection body will be substantially the same as the present, in that it will be an outgrowth therefrom, to the second point, that while the same it yet will be very different. There will be the difference that exists between plant and seed. In nature, as the apostle says, "thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain." Bare kernels become the waving, golden grain. There is quite a difference between a plain seed and the blossom which comes therefrom. Even so our bodies of humiliation are to blossom into others of divine beauty. Out of the mortal will come the immortal, out of the material the immaterial, out of the natural the spiritual.

Is not such a resurrection, so great a change, equivalent to a new creation? No, it is still wheat which comes from the wheat seed. The new kernel is not created, but it grows from the old. The flower, too, comes from its own kind, the rose from a rose, the lily from a lily, the geranium from a geranium. In like manner the new body will rise from its own appropriate germ. It need not have the precise particles of the present organism. Atomically it may be wholly different. But that makes it another body, does it not? No, so long as it is an outgrowth from the old, it is substantially the same.

Physiologists state that we do not have a

single bodily element which we had a few years ago. The whole material frame changes in the course of a certain period, and yet we have not had a new body created. We are physically the same to all intents and purposes as before the bodily transformation. We have the same outward appearance, our acquaintances recognize us by the old looks. And yet we are totally different, not an atom of our former body remaining, it having passed into other forms of existence. Lotze compares the body, always changing yet ever the same, to "a ripple around a submerged stone." The watery atoms are in a constant flux, but the ripple forever remains; like Tennyson's brook, it "goes on forever," around that which gives it form.

Then let one's dust be scattered, for it is not the material particles which constitute the sameness. The body may even be blown to atoms by an exploding shell in time of war, but we readily see how it may have a worthy successor, with no absolute break in continuity, any more than there is in the seed that is dissolved in order to the new embodiment that follows and that yet is somehow mysteriously related to what was committed to the ground. There can be a vital, molding principle, which need not be lost. There seems to be in every body a germ, or something, which keeps it essentially the same amid the greatest changes. This germinant principle is not lost during sleep, and may it not be retained

during the sleep of death? It operates in the daily changes which this mortal flesh is undergoing, and may it not be operative during the last great change? We know that this body which we now have soon will be no more, but we cherish it though it does pass away, for there is in it a hidden something which forms a new body.

We, therefore, lay away our dear ones with hope. Those remains of themselves may be worthless, but they are precious for what they are somehow to bring forth, and hence we lovingly visit the graves of our departed. We never want to disassociate entirely the buried body from the personality which is to be. Tertullian, removed only a century from the apostolic age, expressed a treasured truth, when he spoke of a ship-owner having a vessel, which has done long service amid tempest and wind, fitted up anew, to float henceforth for his pleasure, though no longer put to the former hard use. He has her repaired, reconstructed throughout, and retired with honor. The old Latin and Christian writer fondly pictures the ship, "after being shattered with the storm and broken by decay," thoroughly "restored, gallantly riding on the wave in all the beauty of a renewed fabric!"

We are reminded of the popular indignation against the dismantling of the United States frigate Constitution. Built at Boston in 1797, when the War of 1812 came, she led a British fleet of five ships a great chase, and she after-

ward engaged one of them separately, captured her and burned her to the water's edge. Subsequently she compelled another frigate of the foe to surrender, and still later she fought with equal success two other warships. With such feats of seamanship rarely if ever surpassed, it did seem a shame when in 1830 the secretary of the navy proposed to break her up and sell her for scraps of metal. Naturally the entire nation flamed up in patriotic protest, which found expression in the appeal of Oliver Wendell Holmes for "Old Ironsides." The poet burned with righteous wrath, when it was intended that

> The harpies of the shore shall pluck
> The eagle of the sea!

His ringing lines still stir our blood:

> O better that her shattered hulk
> Should sink beneath the wave;
> Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
> And there should be her grave;
> Nail to the mast her holy flag,
> Set every threadbare sail,
> And give her to the god of storms,
> The lightning and the gale!

Of course, that secured her preservation, and the whole country applauded. When again in President Roosevelt's administration, another secretary of the navy suggested the making of her a target, and thus ending her existence, a

storm of public opposition saved her a second time, and she still floats at the dock in Charlestown, as Nelson's flagship, The Victory, still rides the water at Portsmouth, England. We can even imagine our "fighting frigate" by oft repairs losing time and again beam and timber and iron, till perhaps nothing of her original self remained, but she would still be "Old Ironsides," she would preserve her identity, though the final change in her might be total. *Let* her be repaired whenever necessary, and let her as reconstructed be ever tenderly cherished, for this accords with the eternal fitness of things.

Now the craft of the human body has borne the militant spirit too long on life's tempestuous ocean, the former has served the latter too well, to be utterly dismantled and cast out as "rubbish to the void." Let there be a restoration which shall make the future for it as glorious as splendid service in the past would seem to justify. Let there be suitable triumph in the everlasting survival of the bodily mechanism, which is so much more wonderful than anything ever put together by the mechanical genius of human skill. Let there be a triumphant rising from the dead, for nothing else can satisfy our idea of the victory that there *should* be, and that there *is* to be.

The great stumbling-block to a resurrection like that for which we are pleading is removed, when we are assured by the inspired Paul, that this precise body, atom for atom, is not to rise.

If absolute identity is to be insisted upon, one might properly inquire which exact body is to be raised, that which we had at twenty years of age, or at twenty-seven, or at thirty-four, or which of the ten to fifteen bodies possible to a long life? But nothing of the sort is taught in the Bible. Origen, that early and acute Christian Father, suggested approvingly, "every bodily substance will be so pure and refined as to be like ether, and of a celestial purity and clearness." He was practically correct, for, on the authority of the Epistle to the Corinthians, the heavenly body is to transcend the earthly, as one star surpasses another in glory, as a sun outshines an asteroid. There will be fitness to surroundings, the terrestrial for earth and the celestial for heaven, the natural for the present and the spiritual for the future.

We, however, shall have real bodies, and faces will light up in the same old way. There will be the indescribable air of the past, only more winsome; the former intonation of voice, except that there will be the accents of heaven; the former smile, but far more radiant. Personality will be retained, but imperfections will be eliminated. As God in the processes of nature changes the black charcoal or carbon into the flashing diamond, so will he change the human body into something more divinely fair. The cumbrous load of clay will be transfigured into a spiritual body, which can ascend through the air

and toward the sky, as easily as did the Lord's own glorious and glorified body, which Raphael in his matchless painting makes to float so lightly in the atmosphere. "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

An article once in a Boston periodical by a president of the Los Angeles Astronomical Society contained an illuminating illustration in this connection. There was a shallow pool of water, in which multitudes of small insects were swimming round and round, enjoying their limited and ephemeral life all unconscious of its brevity and of anything more abiding. Every once in a while one of them seemed to emerge from among the rest, coming to the surface. It apparently had on its sides slight enlargements, which on being exposed for a little to the sunlight became wings, by which it mounted into the air, and had the larger freedom of the whole upper atmosphere in a world of brightness and beauty, of fragrance and flowers. We can imagine its fellows, confined to the contracted and undesirable pool, sorrowing for its untimely taking off, not realizing that departure for it was far better, in that it had risen to a higher sphere, and was rejoicing in much more genial and attractive surroundings. Man in his seeming decease ascends from mortality to immortality, from the restricted pool to the expansive sky. He leaves his "muddy vestment of decay," and is mysteriously trans-

formed into a being with wings, with superior endowments, to be henceforth in a far preferable environment. He soars away to a larger liberty, and into a heaven of transcendent light and surpassing splendor. The redeemed soul that is released from the terrestrial, though mourned down here below, is basking in the sunshine of a far lovelier world than this earth, even of the promised "better country," infinitely better, in that it is fairest Paradise, the celestial Eden.

V

THE BEARING OF EVOLUTION ON THE RESURRECTION HOPE

THE BEARING OF EVOLUTION ON THE RESURRECTION HOPE

Advanced thinkers have considered the bearing of evolution on the resurrection hope. From the new view-point they have endeavored to answer Job's question of perennial interest, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

First, with all the light that science has recently thrown upon the subject, Is man to live again in spirit? Relegating to the background for the present the body, Is the soul to survive? Saying nothing for the time being about a resurrection, Is immortality to be a fact? On the disintegration of the physical organism, the spirit seems to depart like a puff of air, like a vanishing breath, like smoke disappearing in the atmosphere. Are not the bodily and the mental or spiritual inseparable? When the evolutionary idea first began to exercise its sway in human thought, the materialist could say very plausibly, "After the nervous system has been resolved into its elements, what reason have we to suppose that consciousness survives, any more than that the wetness of water should survive its separation into oxygen and hydrogen?" Another way of stating this view is as follows: "Conscious men-

tal phenomena are products of the organic tissues with which they are associated."

Though the first superficial conclusions were more or less materialistic, a deeper view even of evolution has made for the reign of God, and for the emergence of the immortal from the mortal. When nature worked for ages and by slow processes to produce the eye, it was certain that when sight was developed from sensitive matter, there would be something to look at. There would be meadow and forest, there would be lake and river, there would be sea and sky, there would be all that is beautiful and satisfying to the vision. When the ear was gradually developed, when that wondrous piece of mechanism was evolved after whole millenniums, there was sure to be sound to answer to the slow creation. There would be the thunder of the cataract, there would be the music of the bird; there would be the blast and roar of the storm, and there would be the whisper of the zephyr; there would be the prima donna's trill, and there would be the sublime symphony; there would be the silvery notes of the piano, and the deep roll of the organ; there would be all that is pleasing to the auricular nerves attuned by the hand of Jehovah through geologic ages. That is to say, God has something to answer to every physical creation of his.

Now he has endowed man not only with bodily functions, but also with mental and spiritual aptitudes. If evolution be true, "the ascent of

man" both intellectually and morally has been through bewildering cycles of time. Science has no more axiomatic truth than the persistence of force that is merely physical, and shall force of character alone perish? Knowledge, feeling, will; thought, affection, purpose; these surely have not been laboriously developed only to be less enduring than the material. As another has pertinently asked, "Must atoms endure, while spirits decay?"

Particularly does this apply to the distinctively religious faculties, that were the highest development of God's human creation. From our first acquaintance with primitive man he has had a belief in a hereafter, and this conviction has strengthened as he has advanced. The more highly he is developed, the more keenly does he feel that he could not have been brought to the culmination of his being only to be resolved into nothingness. There must be some answering reality to his instinct for immortality. John Fiske, the most brilliant evolutionist of America, worked "through nature to God," and a fitting sequel to his "everlasing reality of religion" was his "Life Everlasting," published after his death, the crowning work of his numerous literary productions. He insisted that there must be something to correspond to man's longing for a future life, or there would be a break in nature, for every other work of God—the eye, for instance, and the ear—does have an answering reality.

Hence the force of what Newman Smyth says in his "Through Science to Faith," comprising his Lowell lectures: "What life begins to need, to feel from within that it must find, shall eventually be supplied from without."

If there is anything to the scientific "survival of the fittest," we can confidently expect the higher soul to survive the lower body. Otherwise God is not good, and there is nothing of Drummond's altruism in nature, such that he maintained that evolution when understood was a "genuine love story." Creation has indeed groaned and travailed in pain, as the apostle Paul said, but the final outcome of the struggle in the main has been beneficent.

Not that there has always been progress in every detail, for there is sometimes a reversion to the original type, and there has even been the extinction of specific species. A perversion of being may equally result in individual deterioration, and in a degeneration that finally involves the loss of a soul. But if there is harmony with God's laws, natural and spiritual, the movement of the whole is ever upward. Tennyson accordingly believed in immortality, to quote his own words,

> Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
> With ravine, shriek'd against his creed.

Even before the trend of modern views was seen by most to be in accordance with the scriptural

working together of all things for good, he could say that they

> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.

Now the question is, Is the finished product to be all at once cast aside? Is man, God's best work, to be relegated to nothingness? Doctor Munger with his usual force has said, "Does he stand for a moment on the summit, exulting in his emergence from nature, only to fall back into the dust at its base?" In an eloquent passage Dr. George A. Gordon in summing up this argument has said: "Man is nature's highest product, and he is a product of inconceivable cost. Toward him Nature has been looking forward from a past indefinitely remote. When she was concerned chiefly with the dance of atoms, with the play of the primitive fire-mist, she had the thought of him in her great heart; when she was elaborating worlds, setting the solar order on high, forming this planet of ours and preparing it for life, man was still her darling idea, and in the vast procession of life from the barely to the highly organized, he was never for one moment out of sight. The evolution, running through countless ages, in innumerable forms, at a cost of energy and suffering inconceivably great, was all the while aspiring to manhood. The whole creation groaned and travailed in pain until the manifestation of the sons of God.

Man is Nature's last and costliest work. The flower of being is intelligence and love. . . Can it be that this last and finest product of Nature, this result of intelligence and love aimed at from the beginning and reached at a cost immeasurable, shall not be conserved in growing beauty and power forever? Physical evolution finds its goal in man, and the process that hereupon begins finds its end in the complete realization of his ethical and spiritual nature." Such is the magnificently put argument for the Christian hope. Unless the seeds of the second and only real death are introduced by sin into the constitution and heart, into the physical and moral nature, there seems to be no reason to doubt the ultimate realization of life eternal through Him who by his own resurrection brought immortality to light.

But there is not only the truth of immortality, there is also that of the resurrection, to be viewed from the new standpoint. To the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" the evolutionary answer is, Yes, not only in spirit, but also in body. There is a natural yearning to live again in the entirety of our being, physical as well as psychical. There is a universal shrinking from the ghost world of Homer. We all pity the blind bard's disembodied spirits, his spectral shadows. When Odysseus is made to visit Hades, and when he meets his mother and proceeds to embrace her, she is so unsubstantial

that he says, "Three times out of my arms like a shadow or dream she flitted, and the sharp pain about my heart grew only more." Like the English poet we long for "the touch of a vanished hand." We want the future to be as real as the present. In order to do this, bodily conditions would seem to be essential, though with great changes in this respect possible and probable, even as now an evolution is continually going on. Bishop Butler, who died in 1752, long before the full working of natural law was known, said most truly in his famous "Analogy": "We have already several times over lost a great part, or perhaps the whole of our body, according to certain common established laws of nature, yet we remain the same living agents; when we shall lose as great a part, or the whole, by another common established law of nature, death, why may we not also remain the same?"

It was likewise this philosophical writer, who dwelt with rapture on the difference between the eagle in the egg and the same king of birds soaring toward the sun. Why may there not be a similar emergence of the immortal from the mortal? We want to be more than classic shades, more than Shakespeare's "gibbering spirits," more than the uncanny specters of Homer's Hades.

How does the evolutionary argument apply to the not improbable retention of what has been called "the human form divine"? God has been

working for measureless eons in developing our physical organism, until it is as nearly perfect as anything can be. It is marvelous in its construction, "fearfully and wonderfully made," says the Psalmist, and it is amazingly fitted to its ends. Moreover, hand and eye and all the organs, through the hereditary as well as through years of practice, have been trained to a deftness and to a precision of use that would seem miraculous, were we not so familiar with the natural movements in which grace and strength commingle. The body is a no less finished product than the soul. From what remote beginnings has it, according to evolution, been in process of development, while it has been carried forward toward perfection by years of practical training. Is this finished *physical* product to be wholly and suddenly discarded because of the accident of death?

Dr. Washington Gladden has well said that the "sculptor never tries to conceive of anything more shapely or more fair" than our "bodily organism," for whose continuance he argues. "It is much more reasonable to suppose," he says, "that we shall have in the other life bodily organisms with which our spirits will be familiar, to the uses of which they are accustomed, than that we shall be placed in tabernacles all new and strange." The same author very pertinently asks, "Is it reasonable to suppose that the Creator would give us these tools to use, and keep us

using them for a lifetime, and then when we have fairly gained the mastery of them would take them from us and set us to work with new ones?" John Fiske, too, in his last book found it difficult to imagine our "psychical activity as continuing without the aid of the physical machinery of sensation." We, therefore, on evolutionary grounds reach the same conclusion relative to the body as to the soul, that if a man die, he shall live again, and live most gloriously in the whole range of his being. There is to be a continuity of bodily no less than of spiritual existence. Form and feature as well as spirit and character are to be carried over from this into the next world. There has been no finer interpreter of mysterious being than President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and when he discusses "The Redeemed Life After Death," he mentions three essentials, namely, "the continuance of personal identity, the progress of the soul, the resurrection of the body." The last he calls Christianity's "most characteristic belief," and declares "that our instinctive protest against the humiliation and wreckage of the body by death is a prophetic intimation of immortality."

Dr. Newman Smyth is here in accord with these other up-to-date thinkers, for he has said: "We may reasonably conclude that if now some body, it may be as yet a rudimentary and imperfect body, has become of inestimable service to

mind in its happy communication with the outward world, and in the mutual recognition of friends; then some bodiliness will always be of service to mind; and after this brief earth-time the spirit in man may expect to receive the better thing prepared for it, and to enter into some future embodiment more finely organized for its motion and vision in the life beyond." The conclusion of the whole matter is that an instinct of human nature cherishes both the material and the spiritual elements that go to make up a loved personality, saying with Browning:

> But the soul is not the body, and the breath is not the flute;
> Both together make the music: either marred, and all is mute.

VI

A THREEFOLD RESURRECTION

A THREEFOLD RESURRECTION

We are to awake, says the Psalmist, in the divine likeness. We will endeavor to ascertain what that likeness is to be in the light of what Paul says. We used to think in this connection mainly of the body, whereas that is merely part of man. Of what does he consist? Of a soul also, we say. A further analysis claims to have discovered a third constituent in that mysterious combination we call a human being. Plato made a threefold division of man, and in this he has been followed by other philosophers, and apparently by Paul himself, who speaks of body, soul, and spirit.

The majority of thinkers, however, identify the soul and the spirit, and they probably are correct in maintaining that man consists simply of soul and body, or of spirit and body, or of mind and matter, according to the varying phraseology which may be used. The scientist too seems to admit only these two elements, the material and the immaterial. But popularly speaking, we can take the scriptural triad, and find that it corresponds loosely at least to three great lines of thought. Human nature may be and very likely is dual; but if after a fashion there be a trinity

in individual unity, all the more shall we be in accord with the divine nature, which, according to the orthodox belief, is triune. God is Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; he is creator, redeemer, and sanctifier, and man may be quite literally body, soul, and spirit.

The body would thus be the physical organization, the soul would be what we more strictly call mind, and the spirit would be the distinctively religious element. We accordingly have three great branches of knowledge: science, metaphysics, and theology. We have material, mental, and moral phenomena to engage the attention. So that we have a practical basis for speaking of a threefold resurrection. The question is, In what respect shall we rise again, bodily, intellectually, or spiritually? We are dealing with different departments of being. Body, mind, and soul constitute the famous "triangle" of the Young Men's Christian Association in all its activities for human welfare, and rightly so, since here are ideals of boundless possibilities in a future that speaks of ultimate perfection. We are to awake in the likeness of the Saviour, but in what particular?

First of all, as we have seen, there is to be in a sense a bodily resurrection, though there has been a tendency to ignore this truth, which once was prominent when the subject of man's future was considered. There has been a disposition to say that the bodily might better not be empha-

sized, and yet a great philosophical instructor, Mark Hopkins of Williams College fame, was accustomed to begin teaching along his special line with lectures on anatomy and physiology (for which his early medical training had prepared him), and then he advanced naturally and logically to the mental and moral life. In pursuing such a course he was following Scripture, which pronounces the body to be a temple of the Holy Spirit, and which has for it an important place in the hereafter.

To be sure, we read in the word, that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom," indicating that we are to guard against any crude and literalistic ideas, such as were once entertained, so that the poet Young, in his "The Last Day," could say:

> Now charnels rattle; scattered limbs and all
> The various bones, obsequious to the call
> Self-moved advance; the neck perhaps to meet
> The distant head; the distant head the feet,
> Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
> Fragments of bodies in confusion fly.

Rejecting any such fanciful conceptions, we nevertheless are to remember that the Master himself speaks of "both soul and body" having a part in the world to come, while Paul refers to our anxious waiting for "the redemption of our body." We shall simply accept the fact of the power of Him who is the resurrection and the life,

and who, we are assured, "shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory."

Do we realize what this implies? Of Christ's bodily glory we get some conception, when we recall the transfiguration. What an effulgence burst forth, irradiating all his form! An Evangelist says, "His face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as the light." When John, in the revelation with which he was favored, saw him, he was overcome by the vision of supernal splendor, of the countenance dazzling as the orb of day, and of the very hand reflecting the light of seven stars. Shakespeare speaks of a face like that of Jove, and of an eye like that of Mars:

> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.

But diviner still than such a human form divine will be the body like unto Christ's.

Who can even imagine the exquisite sensibilities, with which it will be endowed? The things which God has prepared for those that love him are beyond our conception. Paul was "caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words." So transporting was his experience "in the third heaven," that he did not know whether he was "in the body, or apart from the body." It was beyond anything he had ever experienced on

earth. His sense of hearing had never before been so absolutely regaled—"unspeakable words." There may be more than we sometimes suppose to the promise that deaf ears shall be unstopped. At the center of the universe with God, we may yet to all intents and purposes listen to the "music of the spheres," of which the ancients wrote as they thought of revolving worlds set in crystal spheroids.

The blind Milton may have been writing fact as well as poetry, when he said,

> That heavenly harmony, which none can hear
> Of human mould, with gross, unpurged ear.

The great dramatist may not have been merely dreaming, when he said,

> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings.

We may yet hear practically all this, hearing certainly more than we do now. There seems to be no limit to the development of facilities for hearing. We can make ourselves heard with the ordinary voice by means of the telephone at a distance of a thousand miles and more; we can, as it were, whisper from Boston to Chicago, and even to San Francisco, across whole States. How boundless are the possibilities of the sense of hearing in the glorified body, when God's entire universe may become a vast whispering gallery,

wherein we can in an instant confer with a friend millions of miles away, wherein the inhabitant of the renewed earth possibly can whisper a secret to a kindred spirit on Mars or Venus; with recent telephonic developments this does not seem incredible. If we with our imperfect knowledge can accomplish so much, what cannot the Omniscient effect by the skilful manipulation of his own and to him well-known laws?

So, too, the vision is capable of almost indefinite enlargement. By powerful telescopes we sweep the heavens, and thousands of stars before invisible delight the sight. Could our blind eyes be opened, we doubtless would see what the prophet's servant saw: "Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about." Angelic hosts were seen in encircling lines of protection. What shall we not be able to see with the clarified vision of the glorified body, clarified to the extent of microscopic and telescopic perfection!

It is needless to speak of the other senses; of taste to be gratified with the twelve manner of fruits on the tree of life; of smell which shall not be left unsatisfied by Him who created every flower of earth, from the rose of Sharon to the lily of the valley; of feeling which shall never again be compelled to utter Tennyson's pathetic cry,

> But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!

None of the sensibilities shall any more be disappointed. We shall be satisfied when we awake in the likeness of the Son of God, when we attain unto the perfect stature of him in whom "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead *bodily.*"

We are not satisfied now with any of our senses. We are continually experimenting and inventing to make ourselves more easily heard, and the result is telephones and audiphones and acousticons. We are not content with our powers of vision, and we are manufacturing telescopes of a longer and longer range, and microscopes of a more and more minute capacity. The connoisseur of the table searches the tropics for something new to please the palate, but not till we eat of the tree of life shall all our wants be supplied. The botanist is in constant quest of flowers which have hitherto wasted their sweetness on the desert air, but only the fragrant fields of Eden will entirely meet our desires and expectations. The minister exhorts the mourner to patience in view of the clasping of hands by and by, but not till the departed one is actually in the embrace of love will anxious feeling rest.

Oh the blessedness of having every bodily sense satisfied, senses, too, developed to the full; as Paul says, "our mortal bodies quickened," in sight, in hearing, in every respect, with the possible addition of new and more exalted endowments to which we are strangers at present. Said so conservative a theologian as Dr. Charles

Hodge of Princeton, "Instead of the slow and wearisome means of locomotion to which we are now confined, we may be able in the hereafter to pass with the velocity of light or of thought itself from one part of the universe to another." We can hardly limit the capabilities of a body like unto His, which could enter a room barred and bolted; which could and did ascend through the air into the blue sky until a fleecy cloud received it out of sight.

We are, then, to be "clothed upon" with something tangible, that yet is not natural but spiritual, and if you please spirituelle. We are not to be disembodied spirits, pale ghosts, but we are to have a glorious and satisfactory embodiment of some sort, though we may not be able to say exactly what. The reality will transcend our most glowing conception.

In the second place, we are to awake not only physically, but mentally. Our resurrection is to be in the intellectual likeness of God. "Now I know in part," says Paul, "but then shall I know even as also I have been known." How we crave more knowledge! A peculiarity of the mind is indicated by a remark which Abraham Lincoln once made: "I never was contented when I got an idea until I could bound it north, and bound it east, and bound it south, and bound it west." The intellect of man has been bounding things until our knowledge is marvelous.

What colossal systems of philosophy, of the-

ology, of jurisprudence, have been wrought out with a grasp of mind truly astonishing! Then there has been evolved the world of poetry and of literature in general and of music and of art, through mental processes that have been superb.

How strange that in the lifting of a lid of a teakettle by steam should have been discovered the power which drives engines across continents, and ships across oceans! How peculiar that in the electricity which a kite gathers high in the air should have been found the subtle force, by which messages can be flashed over the earth and under the sea, and by which we have our rapid transit in the electric cars running so swiftly hither and thither! How amazing that the falling of an apple should have suggested the law of gravitation, by which the universe is governed; by which moons swing in their orbits around planets, and planets around suns, and suns around suns, wheel within wheel, to the farthest bounds of space!

How wonderfully inventive genius has worked in devising and perfecting machinery! The farmer on our western plains under a spreading canopy, out of the blaze and heat of the sun, rides like a king his harvester, which cuts the golden grain, and threshes it, and puts it in bags, doing the work of several men. Prof. Elisha Gray invented the telautograph, which enabled one to transmit by wire, and with an ordinary pen or pencil at a distance of a score of miles, an

exact facsimile of one's handwriting. Doctor Nansen, in the polar regions of the "farthest north," by means of the graphophone used to listen to the sweet singing of his wife, though she was in her distant Norwegian home. Doctor Talmage has now for some time been in heaven, but by the same ingenious device, being dead he yet speaketh as Abel never did, for since his translation his familiar vocalizations have fallen upon my own ears in a graphic and glowing tribute to the Bible. Gladstone's voice also is thus yet sounding down the corridors of time in a glorification of the Sabbath because of its "blessed surcease of toil."

In Paris recently were stored away cylinders or records preserving the musical tones of some of our great singers, to be heard again, if there is no mishap, exactly one hundred years hence.

What cannot the mind accomplish, with only half a chance, hemmed in though it be by finite conditions! It makes microscopic examinations. It watches pulpy stuff outlining itself in the lower organisms, sees it tracing the spinal column, and gets so far into the secrets of natural life as all but to detect the primordial germ itself. That, however, eludes the attention, though constantly stimulating to renewed effort to lay bare the first cause.

Nay, man is determined to know himself, and he subjects to the closest scrutiny every part of his material frame, and at every stage of growth.

He studies his "substance," which, the Psalmist implies, is hidden from all but God; he studies it as "made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts"; he understands it from the first pulsations or throbbings or stirrings of life up to the full development, until he can say with a truer appreciation of the facts than David had, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

From the microscopic he turns to the telescopic. He calculates how far away starry worlds are. He weighs them in the balance, and informs us how many earths would be required to make the sun—over 300,000, says the astronomer Young. He learns about their chemical constitution, and by his spectroscope with its revelation of black bands he confidently affirms where iron exists at a distance of millions of miles. With delicate instruments he ascertains the various ingredients of which distant suns are composed by analyzing light that left its sources before the creation of our first parents, before the dawn of history. With his photographic art he catches on sensitive plates impressions of stellar orbs hitherto undiscovered and undiscoverable. With the penetrating X-rays he reveals the very bones of the human frame, so that one can now have a picture of his own skeleton, the robing neither of apparel nor of flesh being able to hide the inner mechanism, and the bullet lodged in some secret place being clearly seen by the operating surgeon, who can thus remove it with neatness and dispatch.

Marconi with his wireless telegraphy sends messages across the ocean and brings different ships hurtling over rough seas through thick fog to the relief of a White Star Liner in dire distress, and to the saving of her passengers from watery graves, as the great floating palace, disabled and helpless, finally goes to the bottom. It would have been to the saving also of the Titanic's fifteen hundred victims, had it not been for the failure of the human agent, who perfidiously refused to respond to the startling S. O. S. sent forth, Save, Oh, Save! Alexander Graham Bell, who made the telephone possible and gave his name to the whole vast system, has called attention to a most remarkable recent achievement of wireless telegraphy and telephony. A person at the station at Arlington, Virginia, talked by word of mouth with a man on the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and was overheard by a third party at Honolulu in the mid-Pacific. The distance covered was about eight thousand miles, more than a third of the circumference of the earth. Professor Bell added that this "surely foreshadows the time when we may be able to talk with a man in any part of the planet by telephone and without wires."

And now the air has been conquered. We can fly like birds, skim the seas like gulls, and rise toward the sun like eagles, reaching an altitude far beyond the point of visibility to eager eyes straining upward through the blue ether from

the earth down here below. Aeroplanes for warfare are already a familiar sight, and for commerce are doubtless soon to become common, and there shall be a fulfilment of Tennyson's poetic prophecy:

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

The fastest express train of the "limited" type has been able to run from New York to Chicago in twenty hours, but in the new postal line about to be established by the American government only half that time will be required for an aeroplane loaded with mail to traverse the distance between these two points. Such a stirring of the upper currents almost takes our breath away, and will add another to the wonders of modern accomplishment.

We not only sail through the heights of the atmosphere, but we also plunge through the depths of the ocean. The year 1916 will ever be memorable for a remarkable and almost miraculous feat, when the first submarine ventured to cross from Germany to America, from Bremen to Baltimore, and succeeded. The Deutschland will ever have a secure place in history in view of her impressive accomplishment. She passed safely

underneath the most formidable blockading fleet known to any age. She rose and traveled serenely on the surface, but at the sight of enemy ships she quietly submerged. She even escaped the storms that lashed the surface of the great deep. She simply cuddled down into oceanic depths where all was calm. As her captain said, "It was just like sinking into a soft, blue nest." Surely, wonders never cease.

Because of the geometrical regularity of the lines astronomically observed on Mars, and because of their nice articulation at the junctions, Prof. Percival Lowell concludes that these are canals, conducting the melting snows of the polar caps down over the ruddy planet, which is marked by a scarcity of water, and his inference is, that there is a high order of intelligent, constructive life on our neighboring globe, and Professor Todd of Amherst endorses this conclusion.

From atom to fixed star the human mind has swept with wondrous accumulation of knowledge.

And yet, mentally as well as physically, man is still asleep. He has not come to his best by any means. When he awakes he will be a giant, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. When the resurrection morn dawns, his intellect will first be roused to the exercise of its highest, most godlike powers. He shall be satisfied, when he awakes in the intellectual likeness of God. He is not satisfied now. He is allured on by what

is just beyond his mental grasp. What, for instance, is beyond that last thing of which he can conceive in boundless space? Not last either, for what is next to that, and what beyond that, and so on ad infinitum? And he sinks back paralyzed in effort, and he longs for the time when he shall be freed from the limitations by which he is now circumscribed.

Not that he has made a failure. He has done nobly. He has made wide explorations, but after all, like the discoverer of the laws of gravity, he has only been picking up a few pebbles on the beach, while the great ocean lies unexplored. He has scarcely begun to find the treasures stored away in the house of many mansions. He has not yet had the freedom of the universe, for the small temple of human knowledge, which he has imperfectly explored, is as nothing in comparison with that temple which expands around us to infinity, "the vast temple of the world which," said Professor Park of Andover, "has the stars for the gilding of its roof, and mines of gold for the pillars that sustain its floor, and the rose and the lily and the jessamine ever renewing themselves in the carpet that blooms for us to tread upon while we are walking through the temple, resonant as its wide spaces are with the hymns of the forest, and the eternal anthem of the waves of the sea."

Verily, the house not made with hands has many hidden chambers whose secrets will be dis-

closed only to that quickened intellect which comes from a mental resurrection. There is to be not only new sensibility of body but fresh vigor of mind. There is to be a resuscitation of latent faculties as well as of dormant senses. We are to wake up all through our being. We shall be satisfied when we awake in the likeness of God intellectually, when we shall have his comprehension of things, when we shall know, according to the promise in the word of inspiration, even as we have been known.

Who does not desire a share in such a resurrection, with its increased sensibility and especially its enlarged mentality? Who would call back to earth redeemed saints, whose opportunities for acquiring knowledge must infinitely transcend ours, and whose intellectual pursuits must be conducted under the direct and personal supervision of the Omniscient himself, as forth from the city whose gates are never shut they go on celestial excursions among stars which cannot be numbered! "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me" now, but it will not be when the mind shall have been clothed with divine power, when it shall have awaked at eternity's dawn to heavenly illumination. Then and not till then shall we begin to be satisfied.

Once more, the resurrection includes an awaking in the moral likeness of God. We should not be satisfied with the most exquisite sensibility, nor with the highest intellectuality, unless these

were supplemented by a refined spirituality. That completes the man, "spirit and soul and body."

The body is to be transformed, but that is not sufficient. The soul or mind is to be clarified, but the natural man (that is, the intellectual man, the soul or psychic man) may have no spiritual discernment. The spirit too is therefore to be purified into conformity with the holy character of God. We might have a glorious body, and yet be miserable. We might have a splendid intellect, and yet be unhappy. We shall be satisfied only when the night of sin has passed away, when all moral shadows have vanished, when we have awaked and come into the sunlight of perfect righteousness. Conscience must be at rest, guilt must be washed away. The spot on the hand of Lady Macbeth must be removed, and yet for this all the waters of old ocean will not avail. The blood of Jesus Christ, however, does cleanse from all sin, whose stains must be effaced or there can be no peace.

The source of our greatest disquietude is not physical, much as we should like bodily transformation so that there would be no more sickness and disease, no more consumption and cancer; it is not mental, much as we should like intellectual expansion so as to fathom more of the mysteries by which we are surrounded; but the great disturbing force is spiritual; we should like to get rid of moral evil, so that we and ours would be forever safe from its awful blight. Neither trifling imper-

fection of body, nor slight limitation of mind, but taint of character is what causes us most anxiety, is what we fear most for those we love. A resurrection which will exchange this frail mortal body for a glorious immortal one, which will emancipate and wonderfully develop the intellect, and above all which will give the spirit entire freedom from sin; that is the likeness in which we shall awake when the night of physical infirmity and of mental obscurity and of spiritual darkness shall have ended, and the resurrection morn shall have dawned.

How inexpressibly delightful will be association with the beautiful and the cultivated and the holy! There will be transfigured forms, perfectly radiant. There will be master minds, giant intellects. There will be purest, choicest spirits. How on reflection can we wish back dear ones who have joined that innumerable and highly favored company! We should rather look forward to the certainty, through the Christian hope that is sure and stedfast, of sharing in the glorious consummation. We can understand the triumphant feeling of the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, when he said, "As when men are called to some high office, multitudes with praises on their lips assemble to escort them at their departure to their stations, so do all with abundant praise join to send forward, as to greater honor, those of the pious who have departed." We can appreciate this sentiment in

view of the future we have been portraying. We should make sure of attaining unto this threefold resurrection of increased sensibility to every pleasure, of enlarged intellectual grasp, and of unhindered spiritual fellowship with God and with the spirits of the just made perfect. Then shall we be satisfied when we awake in the bodily, the mental, and the moral likeness of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It is not a correct representation which is given in "The Tempest" of Shakespeare, that "our little life is rounded with a sleep." There is to be a glorious awaking. Human lives need a future for their completing, they are not properly rounded out on earth. Limited to this terrestrial sphere, they are like the arch of prismatic colors with the two cut-off ends resting on the landscape at widely separated points, as compared with the inspired Revelator's rainbow in heaven "*round about* the throne," with no break in the beauteous span of celestial brightness. The here and the hereafter need to be joined, if there are to be no half circles, which are by no means satisfying. With Longfellow's conception, however, we *are* satisfied, as with him we say:

> The great design unfinished lies,
> Our lives are incomplete.
>
> But in the dark unknown
> Perfect their circles seem,
> Even as a bridge's arch of stone
> Is rounded in the stream.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE BIBLE VERIFIED

255 pages. **Price, 75 cents.** The Westminster Press, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. Four Editions, and Translations into Spanish and Japanese.

Bishop J. P. Newman, D. D., LL. D.: "It is a timely book. The common people will read it gladly. Scholars will find mental recreation therein. . . Would that some wealthy saint would put 'The Bible Verified' in the hand of every minister and Sunday School superintendent in the land."

BIBLICAL NATURE STUDIES

220 pages. **Price, $1.00; postage, 10 cents.** The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

Prof. Williston Walker, D. D., Yale University, in *Divinity Quarterly:* "He has given the fruits of his loving study of the Bible, his wide acquaintance with literature, and his extensive knowledge of nature in its various aspects through keen observation and far-reaching travel. The result is a little volume of much literary charm and keen sympathy with nature, . . which we thoroughly commend to our readers."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE TREND OF THE CENTURIES

419 pages. **Price, $1.00 net, postpaid.** The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

The American Journal of Theology, Chicago University: "The matter is put in a fresh and fascinating way. The great epochs of history are so skilfully and vividly portrayed that the reader becomes an interested and delighted spectator of the great and inspiring acts of God's providence."

THE MODERN MAN FACING THE OLD PROBLEMS

221 pages. **Price, $1.00 net.** Fleming H. Revell Company, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York.

American Lutheran Survey: "The problems are not the deep, speculative problems, but the practical issues of life and conduct in the face of an eternal destiny. Science, literature, and history are richly drawn on to illustrate lessons suggested by some Scripture incident."

Union Seminary Review: "Displays wonderful skill in pressing into service, for illustrative purpose, material drawn from a wide range of reading. The book would be of decided value to preachers, both as furnishing a good supply of fresh and usable illustrations, and as suggesting how they might turn their own reading to greater practical use in this direction."