Stimson Sources:

Sermons and Essays

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Our forebears often have a way of speaking their own minds, even after the passage of so many years . . .
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THE MORAL RELATIONS OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE

By SAMUEL C. BARTLETT, M.A.

An Address Delivered at the Commencement of the Medical Department of Western Reserve College at Cleveland, March 6, 1850.

ADDRESS.

An adequate account of the progress and the applications of physical science during the half century about to close, would be a narrative of singular interest. It would describe a series of events quite unparalleled. Within or nearly within that time, such results as these have taken place: Chemistry, by a succession of brilliant discoveries, has become a science, with vast associated sciences; Physical Geography, in several of its branches, Geology, Zoology, Mineralogy, Meteorology, has received nearly all of its accurate and scientific character; the laws of Optics have been further

ascertained; the Telescope and Microscope well-nigh made over, disclosing systems of infinite and infinitesmal range, and the Photographic art suddenly created; Human Physiology has undergone a revolution, attended with important advances in Medicine and Surgery, and crowned by the discovery of anaesthetic agents; Agriculture has advanced with lengthened strides; Metallurgy and practical Mechanics have gained as much; the Steam-engine has received its perfection and its most important applications, in the car, the steamboat, and the manufactory; The Cotton-mill, with its world of wonders, has grown from nothing; the Cotton-gin is scarcely sixty years of age; the Gas light is of much younger birth; and the Electric Telegraph is but of yesterday.

At no time, consequently, have the Physical Sciences and their resulting Arts more completely filled the public mind. The fact has been proclaimed alternately in honor, and in reproach, of the age. Some have boasted of the abandonment of the speculative and more purely intellectual for the physical and practical. Others have sneered at the "material and mechanical" cast of the times. Perhaps the

extremes are, as usual, in the wrong. Natural Science and its applications can never deserve a sneer, till the doings of God and the wellbeing of man become contemptible. Yet possibly some of its votaries, in their enthusiasm, may at times have undervalued the studies which relate more directly to the intellectual and the moral nature. They have often exhibited this tendency in the inadequate grounds on which they have extolled their favorite pursuits. Natural Science, at least in its experimental portion, has commonly been advocated for its wonderful effect upon man's physical Condition; its great enhancement of his comfort and material prosperity. This is, indeed, its primary and direct result. Nor can its efficacy here, be over rated. It has greatly increased man's comforts, multiplied his enjoyments, and soothed his sufferings. Yet laud it as we may on these accounts; if this be all, if its force be expended only on his physical necessities, if its utmost range be bounded by these three score years and ten, its virtue exhausted in pampering the life of the body, its highest end accomplished when it has made man live the grandest and the

most luxurious of animals, and smoothed his passage to the grave ; if it have subserved no loftier purpose in his destiny—this were to acknowledge it in its best estate altogether " of the earth, earthy." It would be hard for the ingenuous soul to check a saddened feeling, as it turned to its downward task for life.

We are relieved from such a necessity. We may rise above the low utilitarian view that considers science as tributary only to the animal nature, and view it as an end itself; science, the proper aliment and element of the human intellect ; study of the manifold and glorious works of the Almighty, the appropriate business of him unto whom the Almighty giveth understanding.

I propose, however, on the present occasion to take a more decided view, and to show how, in the economy of Divine Providence, Physical Science even in its applied forms, is made to subserve higher purposes for the human race than to cherish the body or to expand and delight the mind. I wish to consider

The Moral Relations of Physical Science.

I wish to show how the Science of Nature, even in its experimental portions and in its applications to the arts, is made instrumentally to promote the moral elevation of the race; how, in the constituted course of things, it lends itself a fitting, an efficient agency to the cause of righteousness, and falls naturally into the great chain of better influences.

I assert no moral character nor recuperative energy in science or its applications. A higher influence must move its mechanism for good; but its mechanism is peculiarly fitted to be so moved. It offers facilities to the cause of righteousness, harmonizes with its operations, naturally aids in accomplishing its ends.

The sciences of observation and the sciences of experiment are distinguished by this: that the latter admit far more direct and varied applications to the uses of life. It is to these mainly that the public mind now turns, and to these more prominently the present argument may refer.

I. The most obvious mode in which Physical Science favors the moral elevation of

the race is, that it relieves the constant pressure of physical necessities. It thereby affords men the indispensable means and opportunity of getting and of doing good. It accumulates the means of subsistence and of benefaction, and redeems the time for higher culture.

Employment is a good; incessant drudgery to the mere cravings of the body, is an evil. In blessing, the Lord placed our first parents in a fertile garden, to dress it and to keep it; in cursing, he made the sterile earth bring forth thorns and thistles and require man's anxious toil. But the same mercy that provided a redemption from the bondage of sin, provided an escape from absolute slavery to bodily want, and an opportunity to rescue and to cultivate the higher nature. Only by some degree of accumulation can it be done; and accumulation to any extent is possible only by the aid of science. In the complete destitution of science man would be an animal, more than other animals forced to spend his whole time in pursuit of the lowest necessaries. He never is found thus destitute; his rudest implements are the faint dawnings of scientific skill. Races of

mere fishermen and hunters, as found in Northern Asia, approach indefinitely to the condition and character of animals. When the human being begins to till the soil even in a rude degree, in the use of implements and the nature of the process he passes further from the sphere of instinct to that of science, and proportionately rises from the level of animal life. Supplies accumulate, leisure increases, mind and heart may expand. By further scientific applications the labor of cultivation is reduced and its product increased. At every step another portion of time is gained for the training of the family and for the higher offices of humanity. But the process still is incomplete. "Without machinery" it has well been said, "every populous community must sink into the state of China, where almost every one of that enormous population of three hundred and sixty millions, is laboriously working merely to obtain the scantiest food and simplest raiment; where no values can be saved for hospitals, for asylums for the blind or deaf and dumb, or for extensive scientific pursuits; and where every public calamity immediately disturbs the nicely balanced state

of things, and exposes thousands upon thousands to starvation."

But science comes in higher forms; mechanism springs to work with breath of fire and muscles of steel; men in thousands are released for the labors of thought and love; the toil of community is lightened, their means of culture multiplied, and provision made, under a higher influence, for relief of all their woes. The strain has been taken from the aching sinews of man, and thrown upon the brawny thews of nature; and the work is done, better and more. They toil and never tire, to give him rest. In the want of machinery, Athens gained her artistic ease and leisure from the toil of slaves; the Romans greatly from the wealth of conquered nations. In modem times we task, instead, the air and the water, and the fires of earth and Heaven; the secret affinities, the invisible repulsions, the hidden powers that work the universe. We yoke the river on its ocean journey and set to work the idle winds; we chain the all-pervading fluid and bind the subtle vapor ere it vanish in thin air. The poor man has the luxuries of the once favored few, with leisure too, because in

every article of clothing or convenience science has saved the labor of many scores of hands. We float upon the waves, perchance upon the errand of mercy, and the strength of four thousand galley slaves is in every stroke of the paddle wheel. We read at ease the daily news, while the single press from which it came, tended by half a score of men, is doing the work of two hundred and fifty thousand copyists. In many kinds of individual employment, science has rendered it possible to perform the same amount of business many times as soon, to turn over the same capital many times as often, while, by her remedies for man's physical failures, she has in various ways prolonged the average period of his usefulness.

It is thus that science has redeemed the time of the human race in vast amounts for higher uses. Nor is this effect confined to the benefits of any class. In different degrees every class reaps its fruit; in countries where inequality is greatest, it pervades the whole structure of society. Many are enabled to devote themselves to the work of elevation. The whole of society possesses greater leisure.

And though, by reason of artificial obstacles, relief is unduly intercepted, and in many wealthy communities multitudes are toiling for the scantiest allowance; even they in many modes are reaping the fruit of beneficent effort which science has made possible. All the great efforts now in action to elevate a degraded world, are working from the high vantage ground of time and capital which science has redeemed from the drudgery of animal life.

II. Another effect of science is, that by releasing man from the constant thraldom of the lowest wants, it tends to elevate him above a mere regard to their gratification. They lose to some degree their lordship over him. He ceases to be a mere animal. The lowest wants are not continually tasking his powers, nor therefore always awakening his desires. His thoughts can range on other things. They tend to higher topics. He is no longer bound hand and foot to the present and the sensual. His soul crawls out from among the clods, and with ever strengthening wings rises aloft. Other minds react on his. Observation and reflection follow; his powers expand; and though no moral influence can be

said to have passed upon him, he becomes ever a more fitting subject for it; better qualified to recognise its power, to perceive its relations, to follow its obligations when assumed, and to exert its force. The more a man is imbruted to the indulgence of animal appetites, the less accessible to moral influence ; the more habitually and completely bound down to the present and the seen, the less susceptible to that influence which deals with the future and the invisible. It is a clear gain to the cause of human welfare, when the thoughts and desires are elevated from these lowest objects though their range is still limited to worldly ends; when, if earthly, they are less earthy. The Chinese is a more hopeful, and will become a more reliable subject of the gospel, than the Bechuana, the Hindoo than the Hottentot. From peculiar favoring circumstances, the Sandwich Islanders have received the gospel in unwonted numbers; but how variable and uncertain is the control of moral influences over men deep sunk in sensuality, has been clearly shown in their religious history as compared with Armenian and Nestorian piety. The congeniality of

civilized Art and Science with moral and religious influence, is plainly seen in the tendency of the gospel to introduce those arts and sciences, and the proved necessity of introducing them for the gospel's best effect in heathen lands.

If it be said that these things tend to artificial wants; I deny that artificial wants, so far as they include the means of decency, comfort, convenience and even a degree of elegance, are evils. I affirm the contrary. The tendency may be abused; but it is the bane of many nations and many individuals that they have not artificial wants enough. They live like brutes, and like brutes they feel. It is the curse of many an Irishman that he wants nothing but a potato and a mud hovel where he and his swine can live in equal bliss. The consequence is that all appeals to a higher manhood and a higher life, are equally efficient upon him and the kindred occupants of his hut. Any thing which should release him from the more brutish modes and aims of life, whatever mark should to his own judgment more conspicuously distinguish him from brutish beings, and should serve to make

him conscious of a higher dignity, would open new avenues of influence for his moral elevation. Thus even missionaries of the gospel have found the introduction of civilized modes of life, arts, dress, refinements, indispensable to the best success of their higher efforts; and thus in one of the Indian missions where, from a laudable desire of simplicity and economy, they introduced a ruder style of living with dishes of tin and other things proportional, they soon learned their mistake and conformed to the usages of common life.

If it be said there is danger of excessive devotion to artificial wants, I admit it; but affirm that inordinate engrossment in some of the objects that man alone can desire is better far than destitution of all the traits and apathy to all the motives of humanity.

III. Another effect of science in its applications, has been in several ways to act as a restraint upon vice and crime. We ought not to overlook its influence in furnishing various employments for men gathered in dense masses. By its countless multiplication of employments, it has offered to every man the privilege of congenial and successful occupation,

and the assurance of ready demand for whatsoever he is best fitted to produce. And the lively stimulus and the ceaseless vigor of hopeful labor seem to fan and purge the very air it breathes. The place to hatch and rear the brood of vice is the crowded pool of idleness or the scene of spiritless, hopeless toil. Through the great masses that congregate in some populous land, otherwise to breed moral infection and to maraud upon each others' rights, the arts of civilization shoot off a thousand threads of order and of enlivening, virtuous activity; her myriad influences play through the scene in living streams.

By the betterment of man's physical condition, science has done much to remove the temptations of extreme destitution. Since the time, at least, of Agur's prayer, hopeless destitution of the comforts of life has been the fruitful source of crime. Utter poverty has tended to almost unavoidable neglect of decencies and consequent neglect of moralities dependant, to envy, to sourness of feeling, dissatisfaction with Divine arrangements and human law, to theft, unchastity and other vices and crimes. This is the well-known fact,

resulting not from unequal distribution but from abject destitution. Now, it is the tendency of scientific improvements to remove that utter destitution which seems to obliterate all moral distinction, and to scatter more and more widely the necessaries of life. It reduces the amount of pauperism; and it enables, while a higher influence disposes, society to make suitable provision for unavoidable destitution. In England, with all its artificial obstacles, the same amount of labor will purchase for the farmer or mechanic twice the amount of food and many times the comforts of life, that it would a hundred and seventy years ago.

Science has thus strengthened the ties and influences of home, that nursery of virtue. It has aided to make the poorest home a pleasant place; to spread through the humblest family circle, comforts and decencies that shall bind its members thither, elevate their sensibilities, and withdraw them from the scene of vice or temptation. The comfort once supposed to centre only in an English inn, has now transferred its residence to the homes of England. The peasant enjoys conveniences then acccessible, if at all, only to the Prince. "Few

knights of the shire," says Macaulay, " had libraries so good as may now perpetually be found in a servant's hall." In all that invests the fireside with attractiveness, in comfort, elegance, education and the means of interest, science and art in two centuries have remodeled even the civilized world. The tavern-haunting husband it has called back to his paper and his book by the cheerful hearth; the roystering, nightwalking boy to his studies, and the society of an intelligent mother and educated sisters. Nay, when he leaves the paternal roof, art has followed him still with the home influence. No longer has he severed those bonds for ever; space and time have well-nigh been annulled, that neighbors' eyes may be upon him yet and a mother's voice still reach his ear.

The more complicated relations and higher functions of advanced society, moreover, are incompatible with many forms of sin. It is impossible for the man imbruted by vice to hold his position or fulfil his expected duties.

More and stronger interests stand opposed to crime and bent upon its punishment. It strikes at the foundations of society's whole

structure. Vengeance is no longer left to private revenge and a kinsman's arm. Society has been smitten. The indignation of a state burns against the culprit; a whole people have become the kinsfolk of a murdered man. If the origin of the sentiment be due to a higher source, its action has greatly been increased by broader relations introduced by science and art.

At the same time science still more effectually acts in restraint of crime by ensuring its detection and its punishment. Every advance in its application renders villany less secure. Incorruptible witnesses record the secret act; voices of nature tell the tale. Science detects the spurious coin, the adulterated drug, the assassin's blow, the murderer's potion. In great and responsible establishments, some manufactory or some Bank of England, mechanism keeps truthful record of fidelity at dead of night, at the place of solitude. How many a mystery of iniquity has science penetrated. How has it rent away the superstitious sanctity in which crime once shrouded itself to do its dreadful work. What untold deeds of villany veiled in ruder times beneath the influence of an "evil eye," the

magic power of the Great Medicine, the unearthly functions of the Witch, has she dragged forth to light. She construes the ancient obliterated bloodmark; long buried remains reveal to her the deadly draught. And he that did his damnable work in secret, shall find that his brother's blood cries out from the ground, and dead men do tell tales. Or the villain has fled from the scene of crime; on wings of steam he flew; no pursuit can overtake; he has reached the great metropolis; from coach to coach he has changed his passage; from labyrinth to labyrinth has wound his way; he stands at his door; the keenest scent can never track him—he is safe. But no! a lightning word shot by him on the way; a silent man watched his arrival, rode on his coach-box and followed his walkings; while his hand is on his door-latch, the gripe of the law is on the malefactor. "There," said the honest yeoman, pointing to the telegraphic wires," there are the cords that hung John Tawell."

It would be impossible to point out the many modes in which science has contributed to the security of human life and possessions, from the hand of injury. It has done much to

clear the land of robbers, to sweep the sea of pirates; and it has well been said that the discovery of gas and its application to light the streets, did as much to check street robberies in London as did the organization of a powerful police.

It may be objected that the varieties of crime increase in civilized lands. So they must; as the relations of men are multiplied, so must the opportunities of violating them increase. But variety and amount are very different things. If the varieties of disease are greater here than thirty years ago, it will not follow there is more disease than when every one was sick with the same complaint. Moreover the actual number of offences must increase with increasing population, and must seem to be still more increased when every one is heralded through the land; and yet the proportion may be less. Some new forms of temptation will exist, though their aggregate force be less and the checks be stronger, and while some older forms die out. In support of our general position we might safely present the Sandwich Islands as seen by Cook, beside the worst state of Athenian, Chinese or

Parisian society, and rest the subject there. We assert however not simply some restraint on immorality exerted necessarily by the action of science and art; but that, given a righteous influence existing in society, they act a more important part in aid of its restraints.

IV. But science in its applications has not put forth a negative power alone—a restraining influence. It has laid on men additional inducements to virtuous and beneficent action. Ever widening the range of human occupation and human desire, and contracting the sphere of individual labor, it has incalculably increased the ramifications of human relationship, and lengthened and strengthened the ties that bind men to each other.

The very intercourse and knowledge thus induced have done much to humanize men's feelings towards each other. It tends to peace. With nations as with individuals, how much does the sound of another's voice, the sight of the face or the grasp of the hand, to extinguish the unknowing prejudice or to preclude the sinister influence. It is hard for men to fight their neighbors; horrid to mar with wounds, features familiar to the eye.

Hence savage tribes that have none but hostile intercourse, always are at war. Commercial nations incline to peace. From ancient grudge or sudden passion, Frenchmen and Englishmen may meet in deadly strife; Frenchmen with Frenchmen fraternize. The army brought to overawe a capital mingles with its citizens, and they are one. Rebellions were rooted out of the Scottish Highlands by the simple process, not of wasting them with armies, but intersecting them with roads. The steamships that dart across the ocean have well been called the shuttles that weave the great web of national and human union. And while we might hesitate to say that Railroads and Steamers and Manufactories are better than all Peace Societies and World's Conventions, we do affirm them to be powerful auxiliaries. Nor ought we in passing to omit the known fact that modern discoveries, instead of increasing, have diminished the horrors of war. While the relations of civilized life have necessitated many restrictions that humanity requires; modern warfare risks fewer but more decisive battles, and so far affords elements of calculation as seldom to prolong a hopeless

contest. The horrors even of the battle field are diminished. Fighting from a distance and as portions of a great mechanism, each man no longer sees the foe who gave his wound to grapple with him in demoniac hate; less of personal malevolence prevails throughout and follows the defeated with thirst for blood. The battle which seated Edward IV on the throne of England, with half the numbers, was twice as bloody as that of Waterloo. The Roman loss alone on the field of Cannae was equal to that of French and Russians both in the bloody fight of Eylau. The strifes of ancient days will in general be found bloodier in proportion than those of modern days. The common interests and mutual dependencies introduced by science and art increase the tendency to mutual good offices. Men need and are indebted to each other more. Reciprocal obligations and benefits tend to common sympathies. And not alone to common sympathies, but to reciprocal necessities. The complicated commerce, the extensive manufacturing and other interests dependant, force men into amicable relations. War becomes too costly a luxury for them to

afford, too terrible a calamity for them willingly to undergo. Thus the great body of interests in Britain and America has more than once proved too firmly joined for the strongest efforts of knavish demagogues; and thus, we trust, will North and South yet prove so closely knit together as to bid defiance to the ravings of a few thousand frothing madmen. Every advance in civilization renders man more necessary to his fellow, and brings the nations to a clearer recognition of common interests.

The operation of this principle and the natural growth of social respectability have concurred with the gospel, greatly to increase the value and the influence of the masses. With whatever drawbacks, their relations have been vastly changed. Working men can now be heard even in England and on the Continent; they can cooperate, they are regarded, and, to some degree, represented. Science and art, as well as Christianity, have served to rail them. The laws of reciprocity and of comity are, from necessity, better kept between the classes of legitimate society.

With every extension of human

relationship new obligations bind the man to a virtuous life. In every tie, he gives a pledge to society, who hold him to his duties, depend on his fidelity, and have greater power to make him suffer for his vices. He has more at stake in a virtuous character, and they have more at stake in him. What is reputation to the savage? And what is it not to the civilized? Nor is it valuable to him as a good opinion merely; it comes home to him in every form of practical life. From an Arctic Expedition or a Dead Sea Exploration, down to a trading firm, a stage or a cotton corporation, men will and must reject him for his vices. A California Company will bind him with a pledge to abstain from gambling and intoxication—because he can not serve their turn without. In nearly every situation he has given virtual pledges of good behavior, and will forfeit his place and his bread by ill. More complicated relations and greater responsibilities resulting, have rendered the consequence a necessary one, and made it effectual.

Public sentiment, if it .existed, would be of little avail except where men were bound

together as they are by the arts of civilized life. There, it is all but compulsory. It speaks with meaning in its tones. And since the dictates of conscience are imperatively seconded by the interests of society, the commanding voice of public sentiment must be in the main for virtue. Bound together, too, by the business relations of life, and stimulated by the force of that sentiment, a great amount of the means and influence of the irreligious is thus absorbed by men of higher aims, and made to subserve the moral and the philanthropic efforts to which otherwise it had never lent its aid.

V. Physical Science has afforded great facilities for scattering the seeds of light and religion. It has become the means of transmitting good influences far more widely, rapidly, and powerfully. At no period in the history of the world has it been possible for good men to act so efficiently for human welfare, as at the present time. Never has the Christian church stood on such a vantage ground; never seen the time when it would be possible so speedily to preach the gospel to every creature. The world is lying open before her. The want of Apostolic gifts is in some

respects compensated by the vast physical resources placed at her disposal; had she but Apostolic faith how soon might she enter and occupy. From frozen sea to frozen sea almost every land has been explored. The supremacy of Science has opened the closed gates of Paganism to the Christian missionary; and in safety he may roam the plains of India, explore the cities of China, lift up his voice in sound of the muezzin's call, or sit in the Kraal of the Zulu. Wonderful applications of science have brought the distant nations to our doors; he can go and come; he labors there among the sympathies of home friends borne fresh on every breeze. He stands among those Pagans strong in Christian science, a superior being; a man to impress the intellect that he may reach the heart. Or he goes the almoner of temporal mercy, and moves with healing touch around the couches of disease. Science wins to him the gratitude of the suffering, that he may minister to a soul diseased. Or he meets the learned champion of infidelity to confound him with the gross falsifications of physical science, with which, by a noticeable providence, God has suffered nearly every false religion to

be come entangled for their overthrow; He scatters broadcast that volume of eternal truth, which modern art has changed from a prince's luxury to a peasant-boy's gratuity.

Perhaps no more striking proof can be found of the degree to which God will make mere human discoveries subserve the interests of his kingdom, than the aid which the applications of science have rendered in the multiplication and distribution of the Bible. In the year 1274, a small-sized manuscript copy was sold in England for 1000 dollars. Four hundred years have scarcely elapsed since, by a single invention, the common price fell from 500 crowns to 60; a change so astonishing as to subject John Faust to the charge of dealing with infernal agents. Change after change have the men of science and of art devised, till now four thousand copies may be had for the former price of one, and the New Testament for a sum too trivial to mention. Three centuries ago (1553), it was computed that there were 117000 copies of the Bible among the English people; as late as 1777, there were supposed to be about four million copies in the world. In our day, Bible Societies

alone, of which the oldest began in 1804, have issued forty million copies in about 200 different tongues. It is not because of increasing zeal alone, but increased facilities; four centuries ago, the resources of the world could not have done the thing. Through Heathendom and through Christendom the word of life is finding its way; it is roaming by thousands through the scenes of French infidelity and Spanish bigotry; it has invaded the seat of Papal superstition, and while edging its way through Florence, Pisa, and even into Rome itself, the moanings of His Holiness have filled the ears of the faithful.

This is but a specimen, prominent indeed, of the mode in which the leaven of light and righteousness is brought to act upon the mass of ignorance and evil, by the aid of science and art. Good men are enabled to join their forces and act in concert; they can present a more unbroken column; every stroke is given with heavier power and wider sweep; exigencies of business are made more controllable by the common rules of morals, and violations shown to be without excuse. Art and science are facilitating even the

observance of the Sabbath, by removing temptation and apology for its public violation; and in various modes promoting the support of religious institutions.

If it be asked why these facilities practically favor more the good than the evil influence; we answer: because the former has the energy, the self-denial, the union to wield them with effect, they become fitting instruments in its hand. Sin is too selfish to propagate sin with the highest success. It will do vast evil when it lies in the way; it does so spontaneously, often malignantly. But even its malignity can not prompt and sustain it in great self-denials, arduous labors and united efforts for such an end. It loves its ease, its property, too well. It has no fraternal union, but quarrels with its coadjutors. Combinations have been formed avowedly to corrupt man kind; but their life was short, their labors small. Maddened by the success of the Gospel in Calcutta, native opposers formed a stupendous scheme of education against the missions. A heavy sum was pledged, and all began with formidable show; but the money failed, and the scheme in three years came to naught. All

the malignity of French infidelity, headed by Voltaire, could not sustain, much less perpetuate, an efficient organization against the Christian religion. In all such rival efforts, the trenchant weapons of art and science must become the weapons of victory to those that can wield them with the most devoted soul, the most deathless courage, the most united front, and the God of Hosts among them.

And with whatever deficiencies or counteractions, those facilities of moral influence have been so used that we may confidently say, the world has advanced with steps commensurate; it is proportionately better than it was at the beginning of this brilliant half-century of scientific progress. During that time Christianity has made immense inroads upon the realms of heathenism. Some thousand circles of light have begun to radiate; scores of thousand hopeful converts have been made; an elevating and moralizing influence has been poured upon hundreds of thousands, yea, on millions more; the moral aspect of some nations completely changed; a humanizing power so broadly exerted that we must look far to find the human banquets, the funeral

piles, and some of the more horrible forms of heathenism once common enough; and good seed has been sown whose mighty harvest may yet astound the nations. Toleration has been forced upon the Mussulman; spiritual life infused into dead Eastern churches. Romanism has been shaken heavily; the word of life placed in multitudes of Romish hands, and greater advances made toward religious liberty in Papal countries than in previous centuries; indications of promise are witnessed in the British Islands; and over most of Europe the well-being of the lower classes has become a prominent thought, and, with whatever deductions, their rights and influence have made unheard-of progress.

In our own country elevation of character and diffusion of morality have advanced with the facilities of information, action, and influence. Making all allowances for peculiar dens of filth and shame, for public and private immoralities that disgrace the land, and for the immigrant vice and ignorance that have clogged our upward movement, the remark is true of the country as a whole and of its most favored portions. Since New

England became a mixed community, and no longer a Church, we believe there has been no time when virtue and morality, even there, have been so high. Croakers may inquire as they will why the former days were better than these; it is not so. No man who has taken pains to learn the facts of society as they existed fifty or a hundred years ago, will deny the following statements: Never, since the first generations, has there been a time when so much benevolent enterprise has been in action, or has so extended to all classes of community, as in the last few years; never a time when irreligious men were more controlled by external morality; when so correct or so efficient a sentiment prevailed upon temperance; when the Sabbath was so generally observed in the public business of life, or when it was so hard for transgressors to face the prevailing sentiment; when the laws of chastity and propriety between the sexes were so well observed and so powerfully enforced by public opinion; when the poor, the insane, the idiot, were treated with so much humanity, the criminal with a justice so thoughtful and unvindictive; when the mass of community

felt so justly upon the wrongs of their fellow-men; nor when the spirit of blood-shed was more abhor rent to the great body of the people, than at the present time.

In all these favorable changes through the world, science and art have not alone transmitted, but strenuously favored and enforced, the influences of the great renovating power, Religion.

But perhaps examples may be thought to show that the immediate effect of physical researches upon those that follow them, is unfavorable; and we may be pointed to men who have dealt so long with second causes, as to forget there needs a Great First Cause. We simply say that the Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handy work; the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. And they who lose themselves in second causes came with hearts corrupted to the contemplation. The study never perverted them, but they the study. And after all, it is a shallow brain that could hide itself beneath so thin a covering of sand; a slender intellect that

thinks with some "nebular hypothesis" to make a universe without a Creator, or by some "equivocal generation," a chain of animal existence without a God to hold it up. Such have not been the great minds that have delved most deeply in the laws of nature; the Bacons, Newtons, Cuviers, Davys, Brewsters. Such is no legitimate influence of physical research.

Nor is there any ground to fear that the ascertained results of science shall ever clash with the teachings of the Bible. From the time when the heathen philosopher of Samos came near his death, for disturbing the peace of the gods by his theory that the earth moves round the sun, till the excommunication of Copernicus and the imprisonment of Galileo by the Romish church for a similar assertion, there has been a dim fear of collision between science and religion. It has been occasioned partly by the greediness with which infidels have laid hold of every science in succession and dragged it to the onset, in the hope that all the salient angles and broad exposures of the Bible, might present some point of weakness. History, chronology, archaeology,

astronomy, geology, ethnography, have they brought to the attack. Yet while we can not but recoil from their irreverent handling of the word of life, we have no solicitude. Religion has no fear. The God of Revelation will never prove himself a falsifier by the Book of Nature. No man shall dig from the bowels of the earth or overtake among the stars, a lie from the mouth of Jehovah. In tranquil expectation we wait the issue of their toilings, and thank these Canaanites, these hewers of wood and drawers of water, for the unpaid labor they are bestowing upon the walls of Zion. For though it may be years or generations, before the perfect adjustment shall be seen between the Book of Nature and of Revelation, we are sure that the history of the past is a prophecy of the future; and just as the chance-discovered manuscript, the chance-recorded fragment, the buried coin, the recovered sculpture, the silent homes of Egypt's dead, the ancient halls of Ninevitish revelry, utter their truthful tale for the Holy Book; even so shall the stars in their courses fight against its opposers, and a voice shall come from the deep places of the earth to confound

them, and the strength of the hills shall be His also.

I have endeavored to show how in the wisdom of God, physical science, even in its practical relations, is made subsidiary to higher ends than animal necessities; how it is made powerfully to subserve the moral elevation of the race. It is part of the grand system of means, whereby God is working out his great revealed scheme of mercy. Gentlemen of the graduating class: Amid the circle of the Sciences, you have chosen one whose nature is eminently practical, and its work a work of mercy; peculiarly symbolical of that greater work, which God is carrying on for a dying race. It is yours to bring relief to many an aching frame, and delight to many an anxious home. You will be in many circles a more intimate guest than any other. Mingling there in the hour of tender feeling, standing by the bed-side at times of deep impression, you will enjoy means of influence for good such as few possess. May it be yours so to discharge your work of earthly mercy, as voluntarily to promote the higher end, to which every human art and science ought to be subject.

Of what avail, gentlemen, will it be, if we minister only to the body? Skillful as you may be in your profession, Death will undo your work at last, so may you meet your responsibilities that when patient and physician shall have met the inevitable lot, the whole achievement of your life shall not lie mouldering in the dust.

SAMUEL COLCORD BARTLETT

THE DIVINE FORCES OF THE GOSPEL

BY SAMUEL COLCORD BARTLETT, A Sermon before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at New Haven, Conn., October 1, 1872.

And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. — I CORINTHIANS 2: 1-5.

THE sentiment is completed and compacted by the same apostle thus: —

For he that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in me toward the Gentiles. — GALATIANS 2:

8.

Here is the whole theory of the early success of the gospel. In the acknowledged impotence of human teachings comes "the testimony of God." In place of the world's "wisdom" stands the one absorbing knowledge of "Christ crucified." Instead of merely "persuasive words" of brilliant rhetoric or profoundest logic, all the utterances, both "speech and preaching," are freighted with the "demonstration of the Spirit." In the midst of human "weakness, fear, and much trembling" shines forth the power of God, working effectually in Peter among the Jews, and mighty in Paul toward the Gentiles.

All the surface changes of society leave the fundamental relation of Christ's kingdom to the world unaltered. It is no small privilege to live in a time when Christianity is popular and powerful; when its great Author is the subject of men's fair speeches, and his outward realm includes the great empires; when wealth and fashion throng its costly temples; when its messengers charter the power-press, and London bankers honor the drafts of its missionary

boards. But, for all this, the offense of the cross has not ceased, nor the difficulty of maintaining and spreading a pure gospel diminished. It is in times like these that faith is sorely tempted to surrender unto sight; that science pushes far away the living God; and the power of the Spirit is superseded by the reign of law. At such times the Church and her ministry "breathe in tainted air." The gospel in solution tends to become a gospel in dilution. Fashion and religion give mutual bonds of good behavior, and the line between the Church and the world fades out in a penumbra. Culture chills fervor; or fervid men exalt peace and union above truth and purity. Christian youth, nursed in luxury, lose the very conception of Christian heroism. It is a time when Robertson and Brooke, in England, can find the whole power of prayer to consist in its influence on the praying heart, and the difference between the inspiration of Wordsworth's "Excursion" and of Paul's Epistles to be one of degree and not of kind; when the popular American pulpit sometimes knows not what to say of the men "who believe neither the Old Testament nor the New," but abound

in the charities of life; and when well-meaning Christians magnify the possibilities of heathen salvation into probabilities. It is the era for "Theodicies" and "Sciences of Religion" and "Comparative Theologies"; an age when men can discover "Ten Great Religions" – perchance eleven. Surrounded thus by the glory of secularism, we are called at times to take our bearings and look forth for the polestar of our heavens. Permit me, therefore, fathers and brethren, to strike once more the keynote of the whole Christian enterprise at home and abroad, and to recall to your thoughts and mine this primal truth: –

THE DIVINE FORCES WHICH CENTRE IN THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST ARE THE ONLY ULTIMATE RELIANCE FOR THE WORLD'S CONVERSION.

By divine forces I mean those which come direct from God; which, though they act in nature and through man, are behind nature and above humanity – supernatural and superhuman. When the Church fails chiefly to invoke these influences her most magnificent

appliances are but a mechanism and her own beautiful form is a corpse. These things need not all be specified in technical detail. The text sketches them in bold outline: the expiatory offering of the Son of God, recorded in sacred Scriptures inspired of God, and applied by the Spirit of God to the regeneration of sinful hearts and the holy energizing of human lives, through institutions appointed and preserved by God, and by God made effectual to overcome the universal repugnance to truth and duty. That here must be our reliance would seem clear, —

First, from the emergency of the case. After all sentimental dreams, when we open our eyes one appalling fact stands full in view: every member of the race is clearly out of harmony with the God of holiness and plainly in conflict with his searching law. The Bible did not make it so; it finds it so. I have heard the godless man of business preach as stern a doctrine of depravity as the apostle Paul. And so radical is the ruin that when you look upon the newborn child in his cradle you know that, train him as you will, in the bosom of refinement and love, none the less certainly

will he go astray. Gravitation is no surer. You look upon the stranger, of whose existence you never knew before, and you assume that his character is traversed with sin. The man of the world would otherwise scorn your simplicity. So thoroughgoing is the aversion of men to God that when the full remedy is offered them their opposition to being saved from sin long seems, and often proves, unconquerable. Nay, it seems proved by fact that the forces of the gospel are needed to awaken the desire to be saved by the gospel. And though we grant that the presence of the redemptive work in this world creates a possibility that men may be saved in pagan lands; and though we conceive that for Christ's sake God may accept even a potential or germ faith, — the readiness to believe, — yet in the whole history of heathenism who will recount to us a hundred undoubted cases where that potential faith was found without the coming of the gospel?

When, therefore, we look forth on this great moral Sahara, where the highest moral attainment is the despairing confession, "I see the better and approve, I pursue the worse,"

how can we fail to see that where the whole course of nature has but led to sin the rescue from sin must be out of the course of nature; and where the whole race are fallen together into the pit, the only arm to save is the arm of God? Deliverance, if it come at all, springs not from earth, but from heaven.

But we are persuaded of the same truth, secondly, by the manifest inadequacy of human agencies to accomplish the end.

It would seem needless to speak of the ordinary influences of civilization and culture, for the reason that at their highest scope they never aim at the reconciliation of man to God. But since so many are still ready to propose the plow, the anvil, the loom, and the press as at least needful pioneers of Christianity, we may well take notice in passing that but for some higher influence than has yet shown itself in such schemers, no man can be found to send, much less to carry, the plow and the press to the brutalized. Loudly and vainly has the missionary called on them for these magic implements. Nor have I ever read of an instance, outside of Christianity, where mere culture has sent forth its choicest men and

women to raise the degraded races. And when the contact has been made providentially it has been more commonly the fact that the solitary white man has sunk toward the level of the savage, and that in the fuller contact of races the savage has caught chiefly the vices of his superior — his drunkenness, profanity, and gambling.

Civilization and culture have no doubt some diffusive force, but alas, in conflict with human depravity they have no self-perpetuating power. After all our declamations upon the progress of the race it remains perhaps to be proved that there is any line of sure, *permanent* progress for the race, except along the line of revealed religion. In the long run human depravity outstrips human intellect and worries it downs. Nearly all that survived the wreck of classic culture was wafted down in the ark of the gospel. Scattered through the world are indications which fairly raise the question whether the race as a whole has not fallen away from a primitive moral light just in proportion as it has receded in time and space from its original source. There are traditions of that golden

age, old mythologies with gleams of lost expression on their now hideous features, universal memories of the great deluge, tattered theologies, discarded moralities, dead languages, and extinct civilizations. The splendid Sanskrit speech all buried beneath the debris of modern Hinduism is a more startling phenomenon than those vast western mounds and ancient copper mines that lay beneath the trail of the unconscious moccasin. But be these things as they may, what corruptions of society may underlie the glory of culture, he who cannot read in Martial, Juvenal, or Catullus may see in Pompeii. And of at least the average tendencies of unsanctified commerce the world has had some evidence in the East India Company's relation to Hindu idolatry, in the African slave-trade, in American debauchery of the Indian tribes, in the opium war with China, and in the white man's hellish pollution that fought fifty years with the missionary for the Pacific Islands.

But when we speak of conversion or even reformation from vice we sound a deeper chasm. What human power can rescue the individual once thoroughly sold under sin? To

the slave of the cup — some Burns or Poe or Hartley Coleridge — how often have wife, children, and friends, wealth and fair fame, yea, life itself come pleading in vain! How every consideration of prudence and national well-being goes down before some great organic sin, till half a nation hugs the chains of slavery with its heartstrings and finds deliverance only in the frenzy of suicidal war!

And when we deal no longer with individual sins but with the bitter root and essence of all sin, how desperate the struggle! The very gospel then seems destined to be the victim and not the victor. No more forlorn prospect is conceivable, humanly viewed, than that of Christ's kingdom in the presence of the kingdoms of the world. A babe lying in a village stall at Bethlehem while a king and his councilors are deciding its fate at the capital is its standing type. It is the still small voice amid the universal uproar; straggling workers against vast combinations; and the promise of the earth's inheritance, not to the world's hero, "*impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*," but to the meek and lowly. It is a universal assault on human nature in its stronghold with an old

book and an invisible Spirit.

Viewed on the human side the vital problem of the Church is simply hopeless. Sydney Smith so far was right when he pronounced the difficulties in India "insuperable." Martyn said substantially the same when he likened the conversion of the Hindu to the "resurrection of a dead body." The case cannot be overstated, and it is everywhere substantially alike. How often does the young convert, all aglow with Christ's love, feel persuaded that he can so tell the wonderful story to his comrades that they too must believe. And how sadly does he learn his impotence. I remember well the lamentation of a distinguished teacher, a man of rare intellect and a most accomplished speaker, that in more than twenty years of preaching in various pulpits he knew not that he had persuaded one soul to Christ. All his eloquence had halted at the ear. In truth, no class of men so profoundly comprehend the unspeakable barriers that lie in the pathway of Christ's chariot as the ministers of the gospel. They know full well the apathy of the masses, the pitying incredulity of the great, the

mighty ambitions of mature life, the enticements that draw the young from the Master's service, the errors and defections of Christian leaders, the unworthy membership of the churches – the gnarled and twisted sticks and shapeless stones with which Christ must build his temple, both abroad and at home. Xavier, indeed, in ten years rushed from India to Japan, ringing his bell and scattering baptismal water till he had "made Christians" of a million persons. But it was his own comment on his own work: "If you will search India through, you will find that few will reach heaven but those who depart this life under fourteen years of age with their baptismal innocence still upon them."

Never were human force and fortitude strained to a higher tension than by the devoted band of Jesuits who, a hundred years later, attempted to convert the native tribes in Canada. They lived in the filthy wigwam or slept on the uncovered ground, or roamed and suffered with the hunters. They traveled on snowshoes, tugged canoes and burdens round portages, were jeered at by the sorcerers and threatened by the warriors. They went wet

and hungry and frost-bitten. They sickened with exposure and toil, but they would not die of disease. The martyr's crown encircled the heads of Daniel, Lallemant, Brebeuf, Garnier, Chabanel, Jogues, Buteau, and Garreau. Their zeal and self-abnegation were as matchless as their failure was complete. That failure, for which their Boston historian, in 1867, can find no deeper cause than "the guns and tomahawks of the Iroquois," lay clearly in the system they represented, and broke on their devoted heads as a direct retribution for the hollow religion they bore. It was Jesuit principle, avowed by Father LeCaron, that these "infidels needed but a drop of water to make them children of God," changing "little Indians into little angels." It was Jesuit practice to apply that drop deceitfully, and to inform the scowling father that they were only giving a little sweetened water to drink. They pledged themselves to help the Hurons in all their wars; and they impressed" the mysteries of the faith" by the wonderful performances of a striking clock, a prism, a magnet, and a microscope, together with horrible paintings of devils and lost souls, and with grand religious tableaux 'and parades.

They told the Algonquin chief that God's ways with friends and foes were the same as his own, and while they resisted the eating of prisoners they made but feeble remonstrances against the killing and torture. But they reaped as they sowed. All their dangers and their martyrdoms, whether from Hurons, Mohawks, or Iroquois, were on the definite charge of being sorcerers or in league with hostile tribes. And it was a fearful retribution when their own water-made Christians not only shed their blood, but heaped their own doctrines as coals of fire on their heads. It was a renegade Huron convert who murdered the priest Chabanel and threw him into the river; and when Lallemant and the dauntless Brebeuf stood unflinching at the stake it was apostate Hurons who taught the Iroquois to add new keenness to their fiendish tortures, and to aggravate them with still more fiendish taunts. "We baptize you," said they, as they poured boiling water slowly over their heads, "we baptize you that you may be happy in heaven, for none can be saved without a good baptism." And as they lacerated Brebeuf's athletic form in modes too awful to relate

they called out to him: "You told us that the more one suffers on earth the happier he is in heaven. We torment you because we love you." "That such beings could have been civilized," exclaims the Boston historian, "is scarcely possible." And from his stand point he spoke well. We accept the verdict. To Jesuit Christianity it was impossible, and to any form of humanitarian Christianity similar obstacles lie everywhere. When the humanitarian religion of America at length, like a century plant, blossomed out into one solitary missionary to the Hindus, he was speedily absorbed not by "Great Brahm," but by the Brahmo Somaj, and his successor could not tell whether it was well with him or no.

It would seem that no subtle argument can be called for to show how helpless are all merely human agencies to work out that internal purity, disinterestedness, and love, and that wide and deep reign of inner and outer righteousness which the gospel commands and the world has pronounced Utopian. By no conceivable stratagem can the teacher or the preacher eke out the lack of the life from God or animate his clay images with some human

spark. Had these things some potency the world can beat him at his own weapons. His jocular Christianity is not half so attractive for the crowd as the true comedy. The most artistic performances of the church are inferior to the opera. All the sugar-coated panaceas, the consecrated billiards, the church kitchens, and religious merrymakings — if these be chief things — are as nothing beside the infinite allurements of the world. In the "study of human nature," on its weak side or its strong, the Protestant Jesuit will never approach the followers of Loyola; while, alas, when all has been learned that can be learned of human nature it is still the desperate problem, not how to humor but to reverse its whole moral drift. The Boston historian in 1867 may be supposed to represent the average judgment of the world when he wrote: "As for the religion which the Jesuit taught them [the Indians], however Protestants may carp at it, it was the only form of Christianity likely to take root in their crude and barbarous natures." If we look for some skillful apparatus of propagandist no human machinery will ever surpass the vast and varied resources of Rome. To that we

may surrender in advance. If we are directed to the constant and vehement reiteration of the great laws of lofty morality in all the relations of life, we grieve to see that the one grand lack is not of the knowledge but the will, of the power that shall lift character and life into that higher plane. Common preachers can do little with the Christless morality with which Thomas Chalmers, at Kilmany, could do nothing. We admit that the ethics of the Scriptures can largely be culled out from the maxims of the heathen; that Confucius taught the negative side of the golden rule; that Plato held that a good man will injure neither friend nor enemy; and that Seneca uttered maxims which remind us of Paul. But the perpetual, fatal want was of some influence which should energize those dead precepts into life in so much as a single soul; so that, while Seneca was echoing the maxims of Paul, he was pandering to the foulest crimes of Nero. Universally when fallen man has been made most clearly to see and feel his obligations to God, like that old man at Tientsin, the highest point to which he has risen has been the desperate call: "O wretched man that I am,

who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And the one wail that has risen everywhere from the messenger of the cross just so soon as he has learned the bottomless depth of the work before him has been the almost despairing cry: "Who is sufficient for these things?" And he answers at length his own question: "Our sufficiency is of God."

And we are brought directly to contemplate the fact that: –

Thirdly, the divine influences that center in the gospel of Christ prove adequate to meet every emergency in the effort to bring men into harmony with God. Here again my theme, thank God, calls for no subtleties or novelties, but for a fresh recurrence to the ever-open secret of the kingdom – truths that shine by their own historic light.

On this direct effluence of God's Spirit does the working Church securely rest for her own life and vigor. By all the laws of probability, in the tremendous and one-sided conflict of forces for eighteen hundred years, the Church should have died a hundred deaths. A weary catalogue of kings and wits and scholars have made ready the apparatus of

her execution. Fourteen centuries ago the very year was set for her decease; and from that time to this has her requiem perpetually been sung. But not there has been the chief peril. All outward combinations have been as nothing to the dangers within. The weakness and wrongheadedness of her own membership, with their freaks and prejudices and bickerings and animosities and scandals, their icy intellect, their headlong passions, their unconsecrated, intractable wealth, their uncontrollable greatness, their reckless vanities and prides, their narrowness and sensuousness of thought and aim and life; the multiform follies of her leaders, with their gross defections, their imprudences, their heresies, their rivalries, their low ambitions, their puerilities and platitudes and emasculations of their glorious message; the popularities and compromises that muffle the edge of the gospel; the rationalism that would dry up the lifeblood of her faith; the selfishness, often national or continental, that would bind the hands of her beneficence; the material civilization and earthborn hopes that ensnare her young men, — these are evermore, and now more than ever, if possible, the great

perils of the Church. Constant and mighty as are the dangers, mightier is the power that averts them. The modern Church, like the ancient, is the bush that burns and is not consumed. Rather she is that sinking ship on Lake Gennesaret, which yet, against wind and wave, without oar or sail, was borne to the land whither they went, when He that walked and stilled the waters stepped on deck.

Often there have been times when to the eye of man all seemed lost, but to God's eye all was safe. Some Elijah, roaming in the wilderness, mournfully exclaims, "I, even I only, am left," to whom God can say, "Yet I have left me seven thousand." Or the eye looks back over the dreary course of those Dark Ages when the whole Church seemed sunk in formalism and falsehood; but suddenly it sees a city set on a hill, a pure Church all safely nestled on the high Alps, where the snows are crimsoned with the slaughters of three hundred years, and watches her colporteurs winding their way through Europe, with knapsack on back, to castle halls and cottage doors, and listens to the voice which, with rings and robes, offers also the pearl of great price. Or,

an old convent wall is torn away in modern times, and reveals the writing of five hundred years ago, where some sweet soul, from the very bosom of Romanism, was pouring out pure devotion to the Lamb of God. And we watch these flickering lights disperse and approach, till they join in one great guiding star that came and stood over the place where the child Jesus was. We behold the flame of piety dying steadily down in our ancestral land while Butler and Bingham were marshaling the evidences, till God sent Whitefield and Wesley and filled England and America with spiritual religion; and while seven hundred and six books and pamphlets against Methodism, it is said, now lie on the shelves of the Astor Library, behold Methodism itself sweep onward through the land. In the metropolis of New England wealth, fashion, learning, social culture, and legal lore send their long tentacles around and through all the old churches of the Puritans to bear them and the whole body to which they belong away to another faith. But they only purify the Church and lift the load from all her activities. A local church in the old commonwealth seems wholly seared by the

heat of party strife, when, lo! the sweetest refreshing of the Holy Ghost falls upon the impenitent all around; and when the astonished brethren look forth for the unknown cause they find that a fervent cry had been going up to the God of grace from a little band of praying women, of whom one was she who breathed out of her own heart for the Church universal the strain,

"I love to steal a while away,"

and another was fellow counselor with Mary Lyon in founding that seminary, also for the Church universal, at South Hadley. A godless father determines that his beautiful daughter shall never be dragged away from the gayeties of life to the gloom of religion; but the Spirit steals in through massive walls and lace and damask curtains, and she adopts the song,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee."

And so God keeps alive and alert his Church. Here are influences which no wisdom can forestall, no combination can crush, no vigilance exclude. It is a spirit that chains cannot bind,

that sword and musket cannot kill. And so long as God yields this help, no outward foe is formidable. In our day a brilliant and resolute man wrote in his journal: "I will study seven or eight months in the year, and four or five months I will go about and preach and lecture, in city and glen, by the road-side or field-side, or wherever men and women can be found. I will go eastward and westward and southward and northward, and if this New England orthodoxy does not come to the ground, then it shall be because it has more in it than I have ever found." He kept his word. And what a stir he seemed to be making, as crowds followed him to the Music Hall to hear his bitter denunciations, or to the neutral lecture room to hear his perpetual sneers! But he passed away, and religion moved right on. Not a church was broken up; God's Spirit came down; orthodoxy still lived. It was like the dropping of a stone into our broad inland lake — a splash, a foam, a ripple, fading slowly away; and the broad placid lake lies there still.

To one who has traced the track of the Church all the way, through her heresies and follies and wrongs, and who looks behind the

scenes now, it is a marvel that she has not perished from inner corruption. It is God's standing miracle to have kept the life beating and bounding in so wretched a frame. No less wonderful is the divine energy which makes the message she bears — a message so unpalatable to human nature — yet lay hold upon the worldly heart. As against the infinite seductions of Romanism and ritualism and sentimentalism and rationalism and open skepticism, the life and power of Puritanism is a phenomenon inexplicable save by the presence of God in it. The King's arrows are sharp. The divine Word without and the divine Witness within respond unto each other: "Deep calleth unto deep." And thus, while in the far East, Osman Bey, the Turk discerned the Protestantism which effectually preaches a gospel of honesty to his tenants, and himself rented a house for its preacher; so in the far West the shrewd but wicked Congress-man, when solicited by a wily heretic for aid in building a church, — "a church," said he, "that will receive *you* to its membership," — instantly replied: "Ah, there is the curse of it. I will give no money to a church that will

include such men as you and I." But for the sustaining fact that God gave the doctrine and God gives it its weight and edge, its winning light and its melting heat, evangelical religion might retire from the competition in despair. No man knows it better than we who are here assembled to-night.

It is the same energy of the Holy Ghost that gives effectiveness to a ministry so thoroughly human and weak. It is and has always been the cry that the world's genius and talent are drawn off into other callings. Nevertheless the ministry succeeds. Said a wealthy merchant: "I cannot aid your theological seminary because there are so few successful ministers." "Sir," was the reply, "you have watched the course of trade forty years on Long Wharf; how many of the merchants around you in that time have succeeded?" "Not more than fifteen or twenty per cent." "But the ministry knows no such terrific percentage of defeat as that; it has no twenty per cent *of failure*" Thousands of men, unknown indeed to fame, will reach heaven surrounded by a cloud of living witnesses to their highest success in the noblest work given

to man.

When the time comes for some great aggressive movement of the Church, how manifestly it is a divine moving which guides and molds all to the central purpose. So was it in what we may call the great mission of Puritanism to America. At a dozen different points and stages it was clear defeat. But at all those points – even when Robert Cushman wrote, "All things promiscuously forerun our ruin" – God was organizing defeat into completer victory. So was it in this enterprise of ours. Far off God's coming shone. Some years before, revival flames had flashed through New England, not like a common dawn, but more like the auroral light when it lies all around the horizon, before it streams up to meet in a central crown. Those were hallowed times in Connecticut when the Spirit was poured out on seventy contiguous parishes around this center; palmy days in Yale College when Jeremiah Evarts and fifty-seven other young men in one year joined its church. Thoughts of foreign missions were stirring in the hearts of Spring at Newburyport, Spaulding at Salem, and Worcester at Fitchburg. Prayer

meetings for the world's conversion, like scattered watchfires, were held at Hollis and elsewhere; and a Christian mother at Torringford was talking to her son of Eliot and Brainerd. A little later, Samuel Nott, in his solitude at Franklin, was meditating the missionary life during the very time when the young brethren at Williamstown were forming their secret missionary league. The first four petitioners at Bradford to be sent to the heathen were graduates of four different colleges. Here was no concert of men, but a moving of God. And how signally, in all those opening events, do we read a higher wisdom overriding the maxims of men. Without funds or popular favor, in the midst of war, embargo, and financial distress, against the great commercial sovereignty of India, except as God's promises were sure that enterprise was a chimera. The young men were plainly told by Christian ministers that their project "savored of infatuation." The young women were assured by friends that their scheme was "wild." The Prudential Committee of this Board at first advised the missionaries to go" without their wives." After they were ordained your

peerless Dwight expressed his "decided disapprobation" of the Committee's action in sending them forth. But there remain on record precious memorials from every member of that little band, and from the Secretary who gave them their commission, that they went forth in the strength of a simple faith in the promises of God; a faith as clear and bold as that of the father of the faithful, when he went forth "not knowing whither he went." And the God of infinite resources converted their seeming imprudences into fertile devices. The young wives in their weakness became a tower of strength. And never were more prolific missionary seeds planted on earth than when the girlish form of Mrs. Newell was laid to rest in the Isle of France, and the worn out frame of Mrs. Judson on the banks of the Martaban.

In like manner has our whole enterprise fallen back upon the mighty workings of God to clear the way for our missions, from the time when Hall and Nott were unexpectedly informed that the interdict in India was removed; the day when Hopu came back in his boat shouting, "Oahu's idols are no more,";

the almost "miraculous" procurement of the Turkish firman "for "liberty of conscience"; the sudden return of the retreating missionaries to Port Natal, down to the edict for toleration which may yet appear within a twelve month in Japan.

On what other' persuasive power, also, has this enterprise steadily relied to provide the men and the means for the foreign field? In the first little band of heroes God sent the first scholars of a class at Brown University and a class at Williams College. The treasury, almost empty at their ordination, was filled before they sailed. And could the secret history of all their devoted successors be fully unfolded, what an array of superhuman influences should we see, overcoming human reluctances. Mrs. Bridgman is led to China solely in the strength of the One Hundred Twenty-first Psalm. Mrs. Lloyd sets forth from her city home for the Zulu kraal. Perkins leaves his tutorship and rides indomitable on a sick bed to his vessel. Grant cheerfully forsakes his large medical practice, Thompson his parish, and Stoddard offers of the professor's chair. And what long chains of such influences seem riveted in

every link from above. Perkins, one Sabbath morning, far away in Vermont, fixes his eyes and his heart on a young preacher for his coadjutor, and on that same evening in September invites him to go. The young man Stoddard changes the whole plan of his life, and in December is a missionary elect, and in January a missionary ordained. A young kindred heart, just before a perfect stranger, is suddenly and singularly drawn into a holy affinity of love and purpose, and in February they pass hand in hand to their blessed work. In that month of January, Dr. Perkins sends to a ladies' school a request for a teacher. Of forty notes thus called forth, one reads simply, "If counted worthy, I should be willing to go. Fidelia Fiske." But her health is not firm. Her mother, her pastor, her friends object. She gives it up. But the Lord sends back the call by the failure of the substitute. Every objection is at once withdrawn, and with two days' preparation she also is on her way to a labor whose record is on earth and on high. How divinely wise and blessed was the sudden conjunction! Had Fidelia Fiske studied for years on the one question where to make her

mark for God and for woman, she would have seen that earth had no place for her so great and good as those seventeen years at Oroomiah. And Stoddard too – well does his biographer relate the remarkable effect of his decision, in giving "new tone and energy to his daily life." The incoming of the divine afflatus seemed to expand his whole being. I knew him well, for he was my seminary classmate and friend, but I knew him chiefly as a careful scholar and a man gentle in spirit and precise in manner. We had no conception of the organizing, toiling power that afterwards shone out in him; the multifarious activity, the ardent faith, the burning zeal, and the seraphic eloquence with which he thrilled the Christian assemblies of America. God was mighty in him, both toward the Nestorian and the American.

And this leads me to add, how we are constrained to rest upon the life from God to develop the diviner qualities in all the workmen and the work; and how thoroughly that dependence is justified. In the midst of incessant and universal infirmities at home and abroad, how God reduces the chafings on both

sides to a minimum. Never, methinks, did human machinery work with less friction than our beloved Board. There are dangers and excitements and debts and forebodings and misunderstandings and complaints; but God brushes them away and maintains mutual faith and confidence. Nearly three hundred missionaries hang trustingly down the chasm, and the brethren at home faithfully hold the rope. Each year revolves anew the question of faith, "Will the means be forthcoming?" and each year they forthcome.

It sometimes seems as though God gave us this foreign work more than all things else to keep alive our faith and dependence, and to develop apostolic graces and Christian simplicity. One wonders what we shall do when the millennium comes. We can never too fervently thank God that the mission work began at a time when the missionaries carried a pure and simple gospel, unadulterated. They themselves fed on its angel's food. Their hopes were wholly on the heavenly promises. Robert Morrison baptized his first convert after seven years in China; and our missionary Adams sat down to the Lord's table with one

native after ten years in Port Natal. Eight years in Persia wrought but four or five clear conversions; in Hawaii but about fifty. The London missionaries spent ten years in Madagascar without one known conversion. Full fifteen years passed away at Tahiti before the first native voice was heard in prayer. Commodore Wilkes kindly offered the missionaries at Fiji a passage away in his vessels, because their enterprise was so clearly hopeless. Dr. Thomas is said to have labored seventeen years in Bengal before his first baptism. After four years in Burmah, Judson saw his first inquirer after religion. But with what a majestic faith he wrote home, "I have no doubt that God is preparing the way for the conversion of Burmah to his Son." "Whether I live or die," said the sinking Richards, "the glorious predictions concerning the triumphs of the cross will assuredly be accomplished." This spirit did not cease with the first missionaries. The wish of Parsons, "Lord, send me to the ends of the earth," "I would do anything to live and die a missionary," was reiterated by Stoddard – "I shall be happier in Persia than America; there

let me live, there let me die." And the early message of Harriet Newell, "Tell them I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ," was echoed sixty years later by the dying Penfield – "We made no mistake in coming to India. India is Christ's; it belongs to Christ; it is all Christ's." Midway between, I see the toilworn form of the noble Poor, as he traversed the churches a quarter of a century ago, and his cheerful call still sounds in my ears: "O come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." And in such souls and sentiments, wrought by the spirit of God in the bosom of his Church,

"We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song."

To no other source than the same unearthly power are we constrained to refer the steady triumph over the fearful degradation of pagan character. Our God has made that gospel which so egregiously failed in the mouth of the college professor a word of

power even from native tongues. Ouala the Karen baptized two thousand converts. Blind Bartimasus led many a Hawaiian to Christ. Blind John Concordance first saw how to raise the indolent and covetous Armenians to an almost unparalleled beneficence. The missionaries were divinely taught to loosen their early dependence on books and schools, and to learn that by the foolishness of preaching the Spirit reaches the heart. How marvelous, to the thoughtful mind, are those scenes when the Spirit came down simultaneously on the two schools in Persia, without contact; or when, in Hawaii, in three separate islands, without communication, the heavenly dew descended, to the amazement of the missionaries; or when the grace of God swept through a whole prison full of Indian convicts and the encampment of their families without. And how precisely like the workings of the same Spirit in the best revivals in the home churches! The same deep sense of sin, the same despair of human help, the same bounding to the bosom of Christ, the same peace and joy, the same reconstructed life, and the same serene or joyful death. Behold the

epitome in the history of Geurgis the Koord. A rough, vile mountaineer, armed with gun and dagger, brings his daughter to school, and wishes to carry her very clothing back to the mountains. On one occasion he blunders into a revival. He opposes and mocks and laughs hour after hour. Sabbath noon, one parting shot pierces his soul – "My sister, I need this salvation; I will go and pray." Sabbath night finds him weeping on the floor, "My sins! my sins!" Monday morning sees him full of the love of Christ, and he can only say, "My great sins and my great Saviour! "Monday noon he is on his way to his mountain home – "I must tell my friends and neighbors of sin and of Christ." For eleven years thenceforth the mountains reverberated with his "hymns of lofty cheer" as he threaded their passes to lead men to Christ, till, when the fatal fever was upon him, his voice died away, still calling to the end, "Free grace. Oh, it was free grace, free grace."

Yes, our gospel has been reaching below the lowest depths of the heathen character and reversing the stream of human nature. It brought the Brahman to eat with the Mahar.

It laid fast hold of "Wicked Jack," the Choctaw, and "Thief Maghak," the Armenian. It made Simon the Dakota steadily bear to be called "a woman now." It made the Zulu renounce his polygamy, and the ferocious robber Hottentot Africaner become a missionary's nurse and a fellow worshiper with his old enemy Berend, the Griqua chief. The British officer might well be profoundly impressed in Fiji by the sight of a great worshiping assembly, every man of which, fifteen years before, had been a cannibal, and "the fatal oven was still in sight." And these changes have been wrought not in straggling cases, but in hundreds, and in even hundreds of thousands of pagan lives. Sydney Smith's "insuperable" difficulties have been surmounted. Martyn's "dead body" has been raised. Parkman's "scarcely possible" thing had been abundantly wrought on the Indian character before his book was published, though he knew it not. He might have seen Christianized and civilized Dakotas by the hundred, men who periled their own lives, in the great pagan uprising and slaughter; that not a hair of the missionaries' heads should perish.

They that toiled and waited were abundantly rewarded. The fifty converts of the first ten years at Hawaii in the next ten years became fifteen thousand. Where Judson saw but one Karen inquirer in four years, there are now little less than twenty thousand Baptist church members. In Madagascar, for ten years without a convert, there are thirty-two thousand church members and a quarter of a million worshipers. In the Fiji Islands, where the missionaries landed thirty six years ago and labored long with slight success, there are twenty-two thousand communicants and five times that number of worshipers. Tahiti is reconstructed. The Wesleyans reckon ten thousand church members in Southeastern Africa. The three hundred and fifty Chinese converts of 1853 had become eight thousand in 1868. And so down the scale, where the figures still are not by thousands, but by hundreds and by tens, the narratives of all the stations, with whatever moans, came laden with continual contrasts of "THEN AND NOW." It is often bitter sowing and blessed reaping. They who disparage the results of missions know not whereof they speak. Herein is that

saying true, "The most contemptible thing is contempt."

So superhumanly does this divine agency work its way that the foul pool of corruption becomes a fountain of life. Men and women whose very atmosphere was pollution carry spiritual healing. The God who could make one stolen Testament at Agana bring the thief and three comrades to its heavenly light has shown himself able to do the more wonderful thing – to make the Indian, the Hawaiian, the Fiji, the Hindu, the Shanar, the Zulu, and the Chinese, as well as the Armenian, spread the same life. It was a slow lesson for the missionary to learn that the gospel in a heathen heart was still a divine seed and had a self-propagating power. They dared not trust it: but God's providence forced upon them the truth. For twenty years the French rule excluded English missionaries from Tahiti; but the native force aroused itself, furnished the churches with home-born pastors, and filled them up to three thousand communicants. For nearly twenty-five years in Madagascar did a more than Neronian persecution expel the missionaries and with two hundred modes of

punishment attempt to strangle the Church. But when the missionaries returned they found near three thousand communicants in place of the two hundred they had left. And now the offshoot missions in Micronesia, Marquesas, Koordistan, and elsewhere have brought us fully to know that a true church in a pagan land is a young banyan tree, and that in due time the main hope of every race is native hearts filled with the love of God.

In the same process we have learned by actual experiment that the greater includes the less. Christianity is the shortest path to civilization. We have long ceased to send the farmer and the blacksmith to the Hawaiian and the Indian. They come uncalled. The Dakota wigwam has grown into a frame or brick house, and the hunting ground into well-tilled farms. Many an African kraal, where Christ has entered, has changed to a neatly furnished home. Five hundred plows were sold in one year to the natives of Port Natal alone. One missionary has ordered a hundred fanning mills for Turkey. And Hagop Effendi, after a tour of inspection through his native country, boldly averred that "the most zealous advocate of

American civilization could not have done half so much" to Americanize Turkey "as the missionary has done." It is not commerce, but the Word of God, that is giving a literature to scores of languages never before reduced to writing. It is not the trader, but the missionary who is carrying the English tongue and Anglo-Saxon civilization around this globe.

But to my thoughts the strangest thing of all is the petty human force that has done it all. Verily, the cheapest enginery that this world has seen is the missionary. Never did such a handful of money and of men do so much work. When I remember that all the male missionaries of this Board from the beginning have been scarcely half a regiment, and its annual expenditure half the cost of an ironclad man-of-war, that the money laid out for forty-six years in raising Hawaii to its place among the nations was less than in the three years' expedition of Commodore Wilkes in the Pacific, and the whole expenditure of the American Board for six-and fifty years less than the cost of a hundred and fifty miles of Massachusetts railway, I know not which more to admire, the feebleness of the instrumentality

or the matchless magnifying and fructifying power of God. I know not whether more to blush for the Christian zeal of the churches or to extol the glorious workings of their infinite Head. Verily, the weakness of God is stronger than men and the foolishness of God is wiser than men.

The foremost reflection which comes from my theme to-night is the duty boldly to set forth and earnestly to invoke these divine elements of our religion, both abroad and at home. I say at home. For our pulse now beats round the world. The missionaries have lately assured us that they feel in Calcutta the 'infidelity of Christendom, and our "eclipse of faith" has made the educated Hindu slower of belief. We are driven to look at our own foundations, and to see that we are strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. While, therefore, we carefully discern the signs of the times; while we industriously subsidize learning and culture, wealth and ability, wisdom and energy; and while we seek out acceptable words, — we will yet remember well that the true weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual. These alone are mighty to

pull down strongholds. We put them in the forefront of the battle. In the name of God will we set up our banner. We glory in its unearthly device. In the face of all the physics and the metaphysics of all the "higher criticism" and the lower, we "believe in God, the Father Almighty; and in his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; who was born of the Virgin Mary by the Holy Ghost, was crucified under Pontius Pilate, buried, on the third day arose from the dead, ascended to the heavens, sitteth on the right hand of the Father, whence he will come to judge the quick and the dead; and in the Holy Ghost; the holy church; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body."* Believing these things and more also, we will breathe them in and speak them out. The boldness of the foe shall be our teacher. The faith of the scientist shall stimulate our confidence. We admire the serene conviction which in spite of grave objections still believes the interior of our planet to be one molten mass. We almost wonder at the wide, firm acceptance of

* The "Apostle's Creed" of the *fourth* century.

Laplace's brilliant theory, chiefly because it will explain the phenomena of the universe; when it does not explain the presence of comets, nor the inclined axis and ellipitic orbits of the planets, and is seemingly contradicted by the retrograde motion of Uranus's satellites, by the fantastic, various, and varying forms of the nebulae, and now at last by the negative results of the solar spectrum. We hold our breath before that precipitous assurance which claims all the infinite species of being to have come by evolution, when it has not yet been proved of one. But we quarrel not with science. All her theories will we accept — when proved. But we will "hold fast that which is good," and proved good for two thousand years. Not one hair's breadth will we swerve from our great central creed; for therein, to a great degree, "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

Boldly we range our higher sphere. Science may modify our reckonings of time; it cannot touch the concerns of eternity. It may elucidate the method of God's workings; it is dumb before the fact. The telescope can never reach God. The microscope can never find

this struggling, heaving soul. No chemical or metaphysical test can solve the terrific fact and mystery of sin. No hospital registry can measure the power of prayer. No agency known to science can renovate one moral character or relieve one sin-burdened soul.

No roamings among the stars or crawlings through the earth's crust can invalidate the change wrought in one believing heart. All the cavils of all the cavilers about the historic Christ go down before the presence of the living Christ, as he perpetually enthrones himself in millions of human hearts with a deathless power and a quenchless love, which the great emperor owned he could but feebly imitate by his personal presence on the field of battle. The humblest saint has in himself evidences which neither Strauss nor Baur can disturb. The boldest array of scoffers melts away before the mighty outpouring of the Spirit. Dealing thus with facts and truths that are deeper than reasonings, closer than testimonies, and higher than cavilings, we will "turn us to our stronghold." No nebular hypothesis shall constrain us to preach a nebulous gospel. Positivism shall not be more

positive than our truth. We reverently accept the very alternative presented to us – Jesus Christ, God or a madman – and in the strength of that ancient promise of his, "Lo, I am with you always," do we venture forth. We will proclaim a Godhead that is more than a "fatherhood"; a Saviour that is more than the most thrilling of tragedians or the most fascinating of fellow sufferers; an atonement that is more than at-one-ment; regeneration that is higher and deeper than reformation.

Nor will we for one moment deceive ourselves as to what constitutes Christian success on either field. Perhaps no age has been more sadly tempted to mistake the popularity for the power of religion. The kingdom of God in our day cometh with observation. Huge church rivalries heat up our blood, vast church machineries captivate our sight, grand church parades impose on our carnal minds. But we will never forget that all this outward, seeming success may be real defeat of the kingdom of God within, and the open triumph of the world with its pride of life; that the immense congregation gathered and held by secular attractions may be

thoroughly secular; that great riches in the Church, unconsecrated, are its deep poverty and curse, and the ingatherings of the world's great men, unless they "become as little children," its weakness and snare; that enormous rentals may stand in bitter mockery of the scanty charities; that the costly sanctuary may dry up the streams of beneficence; that fashionable piety may garnish the sepulcher of a crucified religion. Away with these false standards and estimates, these great, flaunting shadows. Give us back the church that is built, not of granite or marble, but of lively stones, a spiritual house; and enthroned therein Him who is a stumbling block and foolishness to the Jew and the Greek of all ages, but unto them that are called, the wisdom of God and the power of God. And especially will we rejoice in this, our foreign mission work, that here at last we are brought and held face to face with the naked elements and most glorious workings of our gospel. We are glad to think with the senior Alexander that each young missionary does as much for his native land as though he had remained at home. And we know that the whole reflex

influence of our great enterprise, in recalling these home churches to the primal truths and primal agencies of our religion, is most benign and blessed. Is it not true that with all our popularities and outward successes what the Church most needs to-day is — I will not say a revival of Puritanism, for God never exactly repeats himself — but a Puritan revival; yes, a Persian or an Hawaiian or an Armenian revival, with its deep heartsearchings, its profound convictions of sin, righteousness, and judgment, its mighty self-denials and glorious heroisms, its dauntless hopes, and its ringing declarations of the whole counsel of God. The theme speaks to us finally with a new and cheerful summons to Christian and missionary activity. We labor in hope. Our strength is not in ourselves and our fellows, weak and foolish, but in the infinite wisdom and strength. We look out over a scene of flickering light and shade. We contend with discouragements ever changing, but always renewed. The pathway of light always comes to us through a continent of darkness. But we lean on One who makes no mistakes and suffers no defeats; who never wearies and never hurries; who

works on while men wake and while they sleep, while they are born and while they die, while they fume and fret and pass away. We rest on the promise of One who cannot lie. We sow a seed which we know will germinate. We have embarked in the only enterprise that is certain to prevail. Whether we turn our eyes to the amazing obstacles which still retard Christ's kingdom abroad, or to the dangers that threaten it here – in the glaciers of skepticism that creep in on our eastern coast or the massive *echelon* of paganism that pushes upon the western coast, we foresee the end. We have no fears or regrets, or complaints that our numbers are few or our resources small. Except for their own sake, we have no laments to utter for the great men who have no part with us or for the brilliant youth who are said to turn their backs on Christ's cause for the attractions of wealth and worldly honor. We need no man who is fainthearted or half-hearted. For, thank God, Christian manhood and Christian heroism are not dead, nor will they die while God lives. And many, very many, of the best types of apostolic manhood in our day are to be found in the

missionary work.

I speak to-night under the shadow of a great University. And I speak to some who are pondering their future course – whether they shall surrender to this Saviour; whether they shall take part in this ministry; whether they shall engage in this mission enterprise; or whether they shall run the race of earth, in commerce, in science, in art, in civil or professional life. Far be it from me to disparage any of the spheres of human activity and duty. When good men fill them they can be brimful of goodness. There are riches which are alike blessed in the getting and the spending; sciences so pursued as to ennoble the man and his race; learning and art which are the handmaids of religion; professional services which honor Christ; and a statesmanship that fears God. But these some times seem to be but the drop in the bucket. The ignoble wealth, the godless science, the Christless ambition, these are Satan's lures, and they sing around you with a thousand siren voices. But before you turn finally down thither, we show unto you a more excellent way – manlier, Godlike; the path of Him who "pleased not

himself." We invite you to a goodly fellowship. From the venerable roll of your own alumni illustrious voices of the dead call you to this work. Early secretaries of this Board – your Evarts, bringing the elements of a great lawyer and a statesman to lay them on the altar, saying, "Only let me be employed for Christ and the heathen"; your versatile and beloved Cornelius, declaring it the highest happiness of his life to labor for the cause of missions; your Greene, with his calmness, clearness, and sturdy manhood, asserting to the last his "ever-rising estimate of the excellency and honorableness of the foreign missionary work," – these all speak to you of a higher purpose. Honored missionary pioneers – your Meigs, from Ceylon; Thurston, from Hawaii; Ball, from China; and Eli Smith, from Syria – call on you to rise and follow. Later voices bring you the message. Your Stoddard shouts to you:" My desire to return to Persia is like a fire in my bones." Your young missionary patriot Schneider whispers to you as "on his knees, and with tears," he gives himself and his fine scholarship to God, exclaiming, "I wish I had more, so as to give it all." And the voice of

the well-beloved Walker still hovers over the churches where, with selfconsuming fire, he sought to kindle the missionary flame, and to you he seems to preach again from Diarbekir that sermon of his last Sabbath on earth: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Oh, may the mantle of the noble dead — and the Spirit of the living God — rest, young men, on you.

SAMUEL COLCORD BARTLETT

DEATH OF GENERAL CUSTER AND THE INDIAN PROBLEM

A sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, Minn., July 9, 1876, and repeated, by request, July 16, 1876 / by the pastor, HENRY A. STIMSON.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—I. TIM., I. 15.

"And the Lord told unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?"—GEN. IV. 9.

The echoings of our Fourth of July festivities have hardly died away when news comes of a disaster that startles the whole land with horror, and plunges many homes into overwhelming grief. In a time of general peace and national rejoicing, we take up our morning paper to learn that a large detachment of a choice regiment with many offers, and their brilliant and distinguished commander, has been cut to pieces in a battle with the Indians,

and not a man left to tell the tale. We are told that it is an event without a parallel since Braddock's defeat at Fort Duquesne in 1755. The words of the ill-fated Braddock as he lay dying of the wounds he had received at the hands of the enemy he had so terribly underrated, express the universal feeling of to-day.* He opened his lips after many hours of silence, to say, "Who would have thought it!" His last words, "We shall know better how to deal with them next time", come to us across the century bringing the bitter mockery of unheeded experience.

We stand today, my hearers, face to face with the Indian question as we have not done since the massacre which devastated so many homes and sent such wide-spread terror through our State in 1862.

We mingle our tears with those of wives and mothers who to-day are mourning their dead. We join in the reverence with which the nation pays tribute to the brave men who, obedient to the call of duty, rode into the valley of death. We are proudly grateful that

* B. Franklin's Autobiography, Vol. I p. 327

there still exists among us as the novel ideal of the soldier who obeys without question, though some one has blundered. With heavy hearts we lay a laurel on the grave of the hero, and then we turn and ask, "What does this mean?"

I make no apology for breaking the quiet of your Sabbath thoughts with such a question. I regard it no intrusion of secular things into the sacred peace of God's house. We are a Christian nation, and we, my hearers of the church of Christ within this nation. We each, by virtue of our citizenship, and according to the measure of our personal influence, shall be brought to account before god for this day's proceedings.

I am no sentimentalist; I believe that war is often the preserver of peace. I see that this terrible disaster can only be atoned for by a more terrible slaughter of the Sioux. Already the clamorous cry comes from all parts of the land demanding what is termed their punishment. I know that in the light of past experience we are left with no alternative. At any cost of money and of life is the power of the hostile Indians must be broken—crushed so

effectually that it can never revive.

But it is none the less our duty, yours and mine, to ask how comes it that such bloody work is laid upon us? These are our wards: three hundred thousand orphans of humanity; poor, ignorant, degraded creatures of God, stranded upon this vast American continent, while the tide of civilization and religion on other shores was sweeping far beyond them, now in the providence of God given to us, his favored children, to nourish, to civilize, to save.

We have boasted of our ability to do God's work. With justifiable pride we point to great nations like India, China, and Turkey, and Japan; shaken to their centre, or permeated through and through by Christian missions. We have lifted far islands of the sea from cannibalism to Christianity. We have stopped at no obstacle. No race has seemed too degraded. From among the warlike Koords and the naked Karens, from Hindu to Hottentot, from Turk and Tahaitian, men have stood forth living witnesses to the saving power of the name of Jesus Christ. In no single instance have we carried Civilization to

them with the bullet or Christianity with bloodshed. But they are all beyond the sea; only with the heathen at our door has the work been too great for us. Of all God's creatures, only to him whose lands we have possessed, whose means of subsistence we have taken away, and who, in helpless savagery, has hovered round our dwellings for the most part naked and poor and cold, and we have said, "Go; you are a wolf. Die, that the world may be rid of you." Only before this child of our own prairie and forest have we Christian men said, Christianity is a failure and the broad salvation of the Scriptures is a lie. In this centennial year, the best thing we can show to the world of our Christianity begun at home, is a nation rousing itself to avenge the death of its choicest soldiers at the hands of a couple of thousand of its own wards. Truly my hearers we have cause to weep.

It is but a few weeks since in the Senate of the United States, with all the heat of passionate conviction, it was said by more than one distinguished man, that all attempts to civilize or christianize the Indians were vain; they should be handed over to the War

Department to be coerced like felons into a passivity in which we should hear of them no more. In the train and on the street corner you hear it bitterly repeated, "It were well if they could be exterminated."

What does it all mean? How did we come to this? There are facts that we should review; there are lessons of history to be re-read.

Is it true that the Indian is unchristianizable, untamable, a hopeless savage? Let us see. The morning after the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Cape Cod, before they had seen a native, they were alarmed by "a great and strange cry" and a shower of arrows. That, certainly looked as if the little band; barely escaped from the perils of the sea, had fallen among merciless savages; but hardly three months have passed when we find them entering into a treaty with the natives, which remained unbroken for more than fifty years. They had learned that their savage reception was due to the fact that a short time before their arrival, an English ship master had touched on the coast, and under pretense of trade, had induced some twenty of the natives

to come on board his vessel, and then had cruelly carried them off and sold them for slaves.* It was the beginning of the policy of faithlessness and plunder which has been followed up to this day, and has entailed upon the land its long curse of retaliation. But could they christianize the Indians? This sentence is already recorded on the pages of history: "No more docile pagans have been found than some of the North American Indian tribes. Seldom have earlier fruits been reaped than in the Indian missions. Seldom have brighter promises of a glorious harvest been blasted by adverse events and wicked inferences."† At the outset Bourne and Tupper, and Elliot and Mayhew gave themselves promptly to the work of converting the natives, "having many solemn discourses with them from one end of the country to

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* "These people are all affected toward the English by reason of one Hunt, a master of a ship, who deceived the people and got them, under color of trucking with them, twenty out of this very place where we inhabit, and seven from the Nausites, and carried them away, and sold them for slaves, like a wretched man that cares not what mischief he doth for his profit."—*Mourt's "Relation"*

† Bartlett's Sketches of Missions, p. 275.

another;" and with such results that before Eliot's death he saw thirty native preachers and 1100 praying Indians. But it was not long before a word, since become so suggestive in the history of our dealings with the Indians, was heard. Tired of their presence after King Philip's war, the General Court of Massachusetts ordered them to be *removed* to the islands in the bay; where in a few years more than half their number perished. In the next century "the relics of the Mohegans were gathered at Stockbridge into a thriving town with twenty houses and a church of forty communicants."* Then they were removed to Central New York, to Indiana, to Green Bay, to Lake Winnebago; four times in a hundred years.

The Report of the Indian Commissioner for 1874 contains these significant words in regard to these men, who for two centuries have been largely christianized and in closest contact with the best part of our nation, and among whom some of you had cherished personal friends; "They formerly lived in

* Bartlett, p. 185.

Massachusetts and New York, and were removed in 1857 from fertile lands where they had good farms, and were rapidly becoming worthy of citizenship, to their present reserve, on which no white man could obtain a comfortable livelihood by farming."

Many of you know the sad story of the Cherokees and Choctaws; how they received both civilization and Christianity; how they opened farms and schools; how Prest. Monroe visited them to learn by personal inspection their power of improvement; how they devoted their entire annuity fund to school purposes, officially expressing their "earnest hope of taking their place among the enlightened nations of the land." Courts of justice were established, stringent laws against sale of strong drink enforced, sabbath observance introduced, an alphabet invented, and their language reduced to writing; money was appropriated by their national council for a printing press, and in three or four years from the invention of the alphabet half the Cherokee nation could read. "In 1830 three-fourths of all the church members in the missions of the American Board of Foreign

Missions were among the Indians."* Then came the other side of the story.

The greed of the white man grew with the advancing prosperity of the Indians. The State of Georgia divided up the whole Cherokee country into sections of 140 acres, and sold them by lottery to its own citizens, extending its laws and courts over the territory, defying the United States Government, even if it had desired to protect the natives. Their schools and churches were broken up, some of the missionaries were driven off, some arrested, and dragged with chains around their necks to prison. Notwithstanding the pressure of bribes, threats, intimidation and corruption, the Cherokees would not deed their homes away; and when at last white squatters became more numerous than the Indians, and in the struggle for existence, the Indians had planted a larger crop than usual, which they were on the point of harvesting, the order came for their removal to the plains beyond the Mississippi. Sixteen thousand men, women, and children started on

* Bartlett, p. 185.

that long journey, extending through the winter. When at last they arrived, four thousand, one-quarter of the number, had died by the way. Despite it all the Cherokees are to-day in the Indian Territory, a civilized people, with courts, schools, churches, farms and villages, where human life is quite as safe and the conditions of civilization quite as abundant as they are in the adjacent white communities.

But the terrible massacre of 1862, which left between five and six hundred men, women and children murdered and mutilated on our prairies, which carried terror to every hamlet in the State, is fresh in your minds. It was the work of the Sioux, the same tribe that has again inflicted such suffering in the destruction of the Seventh cavalry: and you say all Indians are not the same. The aboriginees of New England, the Senecas and Onieidas of New York, the Cherokees, Choctaws and Creeks of the South may be amenable to civilization, but these wilder tribes of the North can only be dealt with by the bayonet and the bullet. But the Sioux or Dakota are not without a history. As early as 1833 the brothers Pond, still living near us,

opened missionary work among them on the shores of our own beautiful lakes Harriet and Calhoun. Forty-three years ago the spot now fast growing sacred to us as the home of our dead, which had then long echoed with the wild song of the war-dance and the weird shrieks of the medicine man, was consecrated by the first prayer, and made resonant with the first hymn of praise. From that hour to this there have been missions to the Dakotas; with what results we shall now see.

Before the outbreak of '62, churches had been organized at Yellow Medicine, Red Wood, and Lac qui Parle, and a Christian Indian republic established at Hazelwood. When the outbreak came, the power and staunchness of the Christian Indians were felt. They opposed the movement at the peril of their lives at every step. They brought in safe large bodies of settlers who they had secreted, or released when captured, and when our troops pushed up the Minnesota river, after the battle of Wood Lake, they found an entrenched camp of fifteen hundred friendly Indians, who had with them nearly one hundred rescued women and children.

But how could such a massacre occur in the face of the missionaries and of so many peaceably disposed natives; and how could it extend over such a range of settlements, involving so many innocent settlers in the common destruction, unless the Sioux are irreclaimable savages?

The history of the outbreak has been written, and it is the old story. Between the Government and the traders the Indians were being cheated out of their land and their money. "Most of the money due under the treaties," says Heard, in his History of the Sioux war, "went into the hands of government officials, traders and swindlers." One hundred and sixty thousand dollars due from the government had remained unpaid for four years and when 5,000 Sisseton Sioux came for their money, pinched with hunger, some even dying of starvation, it was not to be had. Another starving company was told by the trader that they might "starve or eat dirt." Twenty thousand dollars worth of goods were sent in as a present in '61, and then the amount was deducted from their annuities of '62. They protested. The government

acknowledged the wrong, but when the money reached Fort Ridgely it was too late; the crisis had come. And what was that crisis? Was it the gathering of forces of an organized attack? Was it the result of deliberate and long-matured plottings? Nothing of the kind. It was the accidental striking of the match by a shot fired in passion, which fell upon powder that flashed, burned and destroyed over the entire frontier.*

Let me remind you that the leading features of our Indian policy, of which the massacre was the legitimate result, are as old as our knowledge of this country. It was inaugurated two centuries ago when the first white man ascended the Mississippi river. Father Hennepin, opened intercourse with the natives by lying to them, followed it up by stealing from them on the very spot where

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* In fact nothing has transpired to justify the conclusion that when the bands first assembled at the Agency, there was any thing more than the usual chronic discontent superinduced by the failure of the government or its agents faithfully to carry out the stipulations of the different treaties * * * The only inference that can be drawn is that the movement was not deliberate and premeditated"—*Niell's Hist. of Minnesota*, p. 722.

wee now stand, and ended by setting the prolific example which has been followed ever since. He returned to the east to tell lies only more outrageous than those he uttered here.*

We hurry along in the history. The massacre is over; quiet is restored. Thirty-eight Dakotas were hung in one day, after a sweeping condemnation that destined over three hundred prisoners to death, and those prisoners are in confinement at Mankato. How do these irreclaimable savages occupy themselves in prison? They begin to study. In three months nearly all of them learn to read and write; a revival occurs among them, and two hundred are admitted to the church in one day.† When they are transferred to the military prison at Davenport, they pass through St. Paul in chains singing the 51st psalm. With that revival, and as the immediate outcome of the disaster which seemed to blot out the work of the missionaries, and to put a stop to all future effort, began, in the good providence of God,

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* Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West," Chaps. 18 and 19.

† Riggs' "Gospel Among the Dakotas," p. 354.

the christianizing of the Sioux. These prisoners were eventually carried far up the Missouri river; and we look in that direction to learn what has been accomplished. I turn to the reports made from the different agencies to the government last year.

The Sisseton agent says: "Almost without exception, every able-bodied Indian on the reserve has worked, and the present year has witnessed an entire breaking away from the old notion that an Indian who worked was wanting in manliness. There are six organized churches on the reservation with native pastors and a church membership of 375."*

From the Yankton agency this report comes. "A more quiet and peaceable people cannot be found. It is a strange fact that two thousand people can live together without laws, without punishments, without prisons, year after year, and yet have no serious contentions, quarrels, fights or murders. Yet they are still, to a large degree untutored, unchistianized people. A goodly proportion of them are workers. They build houses for

* Report of the Indian Commissioner for 1875, p. 251.

themselves and their cattle, cultivate fields, make hay, cut wood, etc. Some of them have been regularly employed by the government for six or seven years. We have Indian men in the harvest field, running reapers and mowers, binging, stacking, threshing, and helping to grind the wheat they have raised, who three years ago though of nothing but painting their faces and going to feasts. During the last year many of the women have learned to weave, and we now have on hand cloth enough to give each Indian woman in the nation one good dress woven by Indian women."*

The Superintendent reports of the Santee Sioux that they have adopted the costume of the whites, and the majority of the tribe have become members of the Christian churches. They have Sunday Schools and prayer meetings, and the quiet and peace of the Sabbath is like that of a New England village. Most notable of all, the Flandreau agency is made up entirely of Sioux who in 1869, of their own motion, left the reservation, gave up

* Report of the Indian Commissioner for 1875, p. 255.

their annuities, and to the number of 312 persons have settled on homesteads, become citizens and made a town. The report says of them: "No more peaceable, law-abiding citizens can be found. The church has 135 members, and the people are all at meeting on the Sabbath."*

You will bear in mind that these are Sioux, brethren of the men of the massacre of 1862; brethren of the men we are fighting now. How came we to be fighting them? The papers say, with stern determination that them must be driven on their reservation, or exterminated. It seems to be true. But the Black Hills are the reservation of the Sioux. Are our soldiers out for the purpose of driving them there? The official instructions to the commission appointed to treat with the Sioux for the relinquishment of the Black Hills, contains this sentence: "That portion of the Black Hills country which lies within the boundaries of Dakota, is without dispute a part of their permanent reservation."† This is the

* Report of the Indian Commissioner for 1875, p. 240.

† Report of the Indian Commissioner for 1875, p. 184.

land we are taking from them. Does the fact that we could not agree upon the price give us any better right to it than if it belonged to white men? We rob the peaceably disposed of almost if not the only part of the reservation on which they can live, and then go valiently to drive the hostile ones in upon what we do not want. Turn to these reports, and see what the Indians themselves think of it. The agent at Standing Rock writes:

"The expedition to the Black Hills by the military, and the subsequent invasion of that country by parties in search of precious metals, caused much dissatisfaction and bad feeling among the Indians. They emphatically expressed their belief that the government was trifling with their rights by permitting the treaty to be violated and they ask the pertinent question, "How can the Great Father expect us to observe our obligations under treaty stipulations when he permits his white children to break it by coming into our country to remain without our consent?"*

Admit that there are Sioux outlaws who

* Indian Commissioner's Report for 1875, p. 246.

mean to resist the whites to the death, this the dealing that gives them power. Looking over the list of Indians at Standing Rock agency last year, at the time this report was made, I find 2,000 of the Unc-papa Sioux whose home is on the sadly historic Rosebud river, and who have always been classed as hostile. Some of them were reported as partially reconciled to life at the agency; others, who had come in more recently, were restless and turbulent, and greatly disturbed by the encroachments of the whites upon their lands. Among their chiefs are the names of men who were of those that fought Gen Custer. Two years ago the Indian Commissioner warded the government of the danger of disregarding the rights of the Sioux. He said: "Such a course cannot be too strongly deprecated. Scarcely a greater evil could come to the Sioux people than the disturbance and demoralization incident to an attempt to dispossess them of their country."

Now the evil is done. We have temporized and trifled until the time of

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" Report for 1874, p. 8.

peaceable measures with the peaceably disposed, and of justifiable force with the unreasonably hostile is passed. Crushing, indiscriminating, brutal force is all that is left to us. We have sown the dragon's teeth; they have sprung up armed men, and we must fight them to the death. But what a spectacle!

Of 35,000 Sioux in Dakota, 25,000 to 28,000 are to-day quietly settled on reservations, making rapid and steady progress toward self-support and Christian citizenship. And yet our whole country is in arms, denouncing every attempt to civilize the Indians—all but clamoring for their extermination, because by our own acts we have swelled the number of the followers of a few thieving vagabonds and outlaws like Sitting Bull, by driving over to them the malcontents who were but yesterday gathered at the reservations preparing for an entire surrender of their wild habits.* It is too late

* "In the first place, we have not fulfilled the solemn treaty that we made with the Sioux for ceding to them the Black Hills. We covenanted that they should be kept in possession of the Black Hills country; that a single white person should not go there. In defiance of that covenant, from a thousand

now. Many precious lives have been sacrificed; others must yet be offered in the same service. A holocaust of blood is to be poured out, for which there is no help. We can only say, "God have mercy on the deluded savage; God comforts the mourners of our soldier dead, and forgive us his people!"

But, my hearers, it is time you understood this Indian question. At this day

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to fifteen hundred miners are there. This has especially excited the Sioux. In the next place we have failed to fulfil our treaty stipulation in supporting these Sioux. The last Congress did not appropriate enough for their subsistence. This Congress has failed to supply that deficiency. Instead of feeding them, we have been starving them. The consequence is that they have become unsettled, as we might expect they would. The third difficulty is the fact that, according to official reports lately received by the Government from its agents, who have been sent their to make inquest respecting this very matter, the Indians at these agencies have in some way learned that it is proposed by this Government to turn over the care of them to the War Department, and they have come to suppose that that means their extermination, as I suppose it does. But the simple fact is that, however they have received the information, they have received it—of this we have positive statement—and the consequence has been that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes have gone to swell the hosts of Sitting Bull, while it is possible that from Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies others have gone." *Congressman Selelye.*

ignorance in it is little short of crime. The proposal to turn the Indians over to the War Department, and the debate upon it, are a disgrace to us all. Think of it. Because, forsooth, a handful of persecuted Modocs in California violate a flage of truce and murder in cold blood a General of the army; or a few thousand wild Apaches in New Mexico, or Sioux in Dakota, need to be repressed by force, turn over the care of 250,000 half-civilized people, who are in daily need of schools, and churches, and fostering guidance, and who are already advancing, with feeble steps, it is true, but surely, in the way to citizenship, to the War Department. Think of it!

"At five-sixths of the Indian agencies no soldier is ever seen or needed." I quote from the official report of the Indian Bureau. "At one-half of the remainder soldiers are only required to act as a posse to assist the agent in making arrests of turbulent men, and even these could better be dispensed with. So far, then, as eleven-twelfth of the Indian agencies are concerned, the question of putting them under the control of the War Department has no more pertinency than that of putting our

almhouses and public schools under the charge of the chief of police."* Only the other day, a committee composed of such men as Gens. Sherman, Harney, Terry, and Augur, said: "Wars with the Indians are, in our judgment, wholly unnecessary, and hoping that the government and the country will agree with us, we cannot now advise a change. The work of the government is to teach Indian children to read and write, and Indian men to sow and reap; and this is not the work of the officer or the soldier." The man who is second to none in his knowledge of what can be done to civilize Indians, the late Indian Commissioner E. P. Smith, says "With these three essential conditions, suitable country, reasonable appropriations, and proper agents, supplied and continued for a reasonable time, there is not a shade of doubt in my mind, that the Indians of this country can be reclaimed from barbarism and fitted for citizenship."† We have deprived the Indian of the means of life by the chase. It is in the

* Report for 1875, p. 19.

† Reports for 1875, p. 27.

order Providence. We could not do otherwise; but we are bound to provide him another and an adequate means of support. We must teach him ways by which he can live.*

But, my brethren, the question is a broader one than this. These are God's children just as truly as are we. Admit that they are savages. Suppose that they may have a "peculiar aptitude for taking up the vices of the white man." Consider the pit from which thou art digged, the rock from

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* The best we offer him now is a reservation, that is life in a community for which we have provided no law, no courts, no system of police, no officer other than an anomalous agent, no ownership of land, nothing in short that all civilized people regard as the first elements of civilized life, and without which the congregate life of bodies of men is not possible. We say to the Indians, give up the independence of the wood and prairie and come and enjoy this. Cease to be a savage, hungry, but free; and come and be a nondescript, a pauper dependent on the will of others, without freedom, without law, and still hungry. As one of those agents wrote last year, "It is a condition of things that would turn a white community into chaos in twelve months." The crying need is the extension of our own system of law and order over the reservations by the establishment of proper courts and officers and then steadiness of hand in bringing the Indians to independent citizenship and self support.

which thou art hewn; consider the wild Briton, thy father, the savage Saxon, thy mother. Jesus died for the Indian as gladly, as unreservedly as he did for you or for me. Many thousands of them are his followers and have been so for many years, and that in the face of trials and temptations such as you and I never met. In the closest sense they are our brethren, younger brethren; prodigal, if you will; outcast, helpless, almost stranded in the boisterous current of civilized life; in the providence of God we their protectors, their keepers. In many ways, despite our folly and our cruelty, God is blessing them. Some tribes of these same Sioux have increased more than two hundred per cent. in twenty years. There are probably more Indians in the land than there were when the Pilgrims landed.* It has

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* Parkman estimates the highest number of the Algonquins, who comprised the various tribes occupying parts of Virginia and of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, South Eastern New York, New England, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Lower Canada, the shores or the upper lakes; Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana, in the 17th century at only 8,000 warriors. The great nation of the Hurons had only 20,000 souls, and the Iroquois never numbered more than 2,000 fighting men. As a whole the country was a silent wilderness.—*Jesuits in*

been proven, that the same laws of increase hold with them as with others.* God has a mission for them as well as for us. They will not perish from the earth till the mission is performed. There is every reason to believe that the Lord at his coming will find faith on the earth under their red skins as under our whiter ones.

Be that as it may, Christianity is on trial. It is of no use for us to talk about the triumphs of the Gospel in Japan and South Africa while we despair of the Indians. They are the Jerusalem at which our preaching of Christ must begin. It is mockery to boast of our work across the sea while this lies undone at our door. I verily believe that our national life is at stake in the Indian as in the negro. God has given us this great charge, and he

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America. Introduction

The Senecas increased one-third in number, from 2,500 in 1813 to 3,383 in 1870.—*Bartlett*, p. 103.

"It was an established fact (in 1830) that for twenty years the number of the Cherokee, Creek and Choctaw tribes have been steadily increasing."—*Ibid.* p. 185.

Similar testimony can be adduced from several quarters.

* Special Report of General Lawrence in Indian Commissioner's Report for 1875, p. 201.

will hold us to a strict account. As men who love your country, I adjure you to lift up your voices. As Christians who love you Lord and cherish your own hope of heaven, I call upon you to labor and pray for and expect to see the conversion of the Indian as a man to Christ, and as a savage to citizenship.

God grant that there may never be another Indian war, and that the mingled blood of the Sioux warrior and our brave soldiers on the plains of Dakota may be the seed from which a more loving wisdom, a patient charity, and a common faith, that may inaugurate the day when the lion and the lamb will lie down together, and a little child shall lead them.

For yourselves, my brethren, you have but to remember that the one transcendant promise of the Scripture is, "They that turn many (be they Indians or any other of God's children) to righteousness, shall shine as the stars forever and ever;" and the Savior's own words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto on of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

HENRY ALBERT STIMSON

LIGHT ON SOME EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS.

BY THE REV. HENRY A. STIMSON, D.D.

The North American Review, Vol. 177, No. 565 (Dec., 1903), pp. 847-854.

At a time when Sir Norman Lockyer, the new President of the British Association, is urging the British government to grant $120,000,000 at once to the universities of Great Britain for their immediate enlargement; when it is reported that Germany has profited to the extent of more than $250,000,000 by her recent devotion to chemical investigation and education; when it is remembered that Lord Palmerston spoke of Germany as "a country of damned professors," and that, after Sedan, Von Moltke said the battle was won by the schoolmaster; expert testimony as to the value of present educational methods in the United States, and ways in which they can be improved, needs no argument to prove its timeliness and its practical importance. Among our distinguished educators none occupies a

higher place and none is more worthy of attention than ex-President Dwight of Yale. He has devoted the earliest years of his well earned leisure to writing his "Memories of Yale Life and Men," and by those who know him his pleasant chat will be hailed as no less valuable than his wise commentary. The wisdom of his reflections comes to us wrapped up in the sweetness and serenity of an old age that retains the love of humor, faith in God and man, a hearty belief in the present as over against the days that are gone, and abounding charity for all; and we have not merely charitable judgments, (which too often are the cloaking of truth or an easy indifference to evil), but that true and sound appreciation of the good, wherever it appears, which makes it possible to exercise an apparent oblivion of all else without committing high treason upon virtue. These Memories will be a delight to Yale men, for the stories they contain and, most of all, for the preservation of the charm of a personality which a laborious life has not diminished and old age has not dulled. But of far more value to the general public are the shrewd observations of this experienced educa-

tor upon the educational problems which have passed under his consideration, many of which are uppermost in the thought of the country to-day. These are to be found interspersed in the story of the unfolding of the life of Yale College as he has known it for more than half a century. They are given now with all the freshness with which they first presented themselves to his alert mind, and are passed upon with the mature judgment of one who, still in the full possession of his powers, retains the youthfulness of spirit and the eagerness of interest which enable him to pronounce upon them in their personal aspect, in words that will carry great weight with all thoughtful men. The fact that they are interjected into personal narratives, as obiter dicta, in a record which has more than the charm of a brilliant novel, does not impair their value or make them less conclusive than if they had been argumentatively demonstrated; while the fact that they are carried in the forefront of the thinking of this most alert and thoughtful intellect, is evidence of their pertinence to the thought of to-day.

In recounting the theory of education that was prevalent in the colleges of the country in his youth, Dr. Dwight notes with approval some sentences from the catalogue of Yale at that time:

"The object of the system of instruction of the undergraduates is, not to give a partial education consisting of a few branches only; nor, on the other hand, to give a superficial education containing a little of almost everything; nor to finish the details of either a professional or a practical education; but to commence a thorough course, and to carry it as far as the time of the student's residence will allow. It is intended to maintain such a proportion between the different branches of literature and science as to form a proper symmetry and balance of character. In laying the foundation of a theory of education, it is necessary that all the important faculties be brought into exercise. When certain mental endowments receive a much higher culture than others, there is a distortion in the intellectual character. The powers of the mind are not developed in their fairest proportions by studying

languages alone, or mathematics alone, or natural or political science alone. The object in the proper college department is, not to teach that which is peculiar to any one of the professions, but to lay the foundation which is common to them all. The principles of science and literature are the common foundation of all high intellectual attainments. They furnish a discipline and elevation of mind which are the best preparation for the study of a profession, or of the operations which are peculiar to the higher mercantile, manufacturing or agricultural establishments."

It would be difficult to find a more comprehensive or a juster statement of the original purpose of college education than this. In commenting upon it, President Dwight says that, while the range of studies of the earlier day was limited, as compared with what has been known in recent times; while remarkable progress has been made in the development of new methods in connection with all branches of learning; while the introduction and wide extension of the elective system, together with the changes in public sentiment of which that

system is a part, have resulted in a different theory as to education; and while it is claimed that young men now should be educated for their special work in life even from the beginning of their college years, and that all studies may be equally disciplinary; nevertheless, the old theory had "a certain reasonableness and wisdom in it, whatever may be its final fate; and it worked good results in the lives of the men whose early training was under its influence." In this modest and reserved way does this wise man present and confirm the judgment of those who laid the foundations of our American college life, and whose wisdom is commended to us, lest in the multitude of new voices we go astray from old landmarks which have proved so safe in our educational progress hitherto.

Again, upon the questions of examinations, which are such a sore trial to parents who have to face the serious consequences entailed upon their children, and which are* a perplexity to the more thoughtful educators because of the uncertainty of the results and the manifest evil effect upon the physical, moral and intellectual life of students, Dr.

Dwight's comment is not without its significance. After describing the introduction of the system of "written examinations," as they were called, which occurred early in Dr. Woolsey's presidency, and was regarded as one of the marks of "Yale's advance in scholarly methods," though it was only after many years of trial that it came to supersede entirely the earlier oral method, he says:

"For my own part,--not having entire confidence that the educational world has as yet reached the summit of human wisdom,--I have the hope, and I may even say the faith, to believe that the present system of examinations will ere long, by evolution or transformation, pass into something higher and better, and that the knowledge of college will be tested, as well as made sure, by a system of personal, individual research carried on in parallelism with the teacher's instructions, and under responsibility to him. That the examinations of the present time are more strict, and call for more study in immediate preparation for them, than those of my own college era, I have little doubt. But that the students of to-

day have, at their graduation, a better knowledge of the things that they have studied than we had of those, fewer in number, indeed, which were open to us for our studying, I do not believe. That the young men of the coming era in all our colleges may have a much better and wider and more permanently abiding knowledge than any of their predecessors, is greatly to be desired. But new changes must come if this result is to be realized."

One could not easily conceive a comment upon the educational methods of to-day more worthy of the attention of the educational world than this. Here is an observer too wise to impair the force of his comment by recommending any particular scheme to supersede that now in use, yet wise enough to point out the danger of the system that has won almost universal acceptance, the evils of which, however, are extensive and keenly felt,--in order that the men who have the responsibility of the administration of the schools of to-day, and who are pressing uniform methods of examination, may have the benefit of his judgment and may be inspired to devise means by

which the evils that are now so pernicious may be avoided. The strain of examinations, the frequency of their occurrence and the injustice of the results which they are working, are so manifest and so widely recognized, that we might apply to the United States the profound remark upon the French educational system made a quarter of a century ago by that shrewd statesman, M. Jules Favre: "We are educating, not for life, but for examinations."

Upon the now almost complete substitution of elective, for prescribed, courses in college, and the disposition of both parents and teachers to encourage young men to pursue studies that are attractive to them, and to turn from those that are difficult or dry, we have this astute comment:

"The man who is never ready to do what appears to him unattractive or difficult, has not developed the manliness of his manhood intellectually, or in any other line. The theory of doing only what is pleasant, or what requires no forcing of the will against its first inclinations, has no better foundation to rest

upon in the educational sphere than it has elsewhere in human life" We have all fallen into the hands of the investigators. Even little children have become "cases" and "studies"; and the essential in the career of any teacher who aims at promotion is, that he produce charts and tables to prove that he has been "investigating," and that he has gathered a more or less important series of facts as the result of some observations which he himself has made. Valuable as this method may be in the hands of those who know how to interpret facts, and who know also whether a range of induction has been large enough to give any real significance to the collected data, its value is more than doubtful in the hands of those who are in the earlier stages of their educational career. Its introduction into college classes, therefore, especially to the extent to which it is now often carried, particularly in lines of philosophy and psychology, would be sufficiently characterized by calling it absurd, if it were not a serious waste of time and a perversion of the true purpose of education. Upon this President Dwight remarks:

"I am disposed to think that the required course in mental science in the period of my undergraduate career included about as much as is desirable. It was a general course, or a course which gave every man an introduction to and survey of the science, and also such knowledge of it as was strengthening to the intellectual powers and helpful to all educated persons. In the progress and development of this science during the last half century, a wonderful advance has been made, as in the case of other sciences; and discussions and investigations have moved into all minuteness, as well as into the widest possible range of thought. I doubt whether it is wise, or in the interest of the best education for the average student, to carry him forward along the pathway of all these investigations or discussions. Beyond a certain limit the work belongs, as in the case of natural or physical science, rather to the man who in some sense intends to make it a specialty, than to one who turns to the study as a part of a general educational course."

With the advance of luxury throughout the country, the great increase of attendance

at the universities and the erection of new buildings which far surpass those of the older day in external beauty and internal convenience, many are coming to fear that the old democratic life which was the glory of our colleges is depart ing, or has indeed already gone. Upon this point, no testimony can be more valuable than that of one whose whole life has been spent within the college and in most intimate relations with students of every class, and who himself has preserved to the end the simple ways and tastes of the older day. Dr. Dwight says:

"We college men were a democratic community in those days,--in one view of the matter--because there was nothing to prevent our being so; because there was nothing in our daily life and experience to suggest a thought of our being anything else. There are persons at the present time,--strange as it may seem, there are college graduates, and recent college graduates,--who apparently have the idea that the university community cannot in a new era continue to be democratic, unless all of the membership are brought to the same level of

expenditures, and that there is a danger to the life of the democracy in the provision of buildings of architectural beauty, or of comforts which pertain to the better class of modern homes. That this view is without foundation--even as the view, if held by any in the past or with reference to the past, that the old democratic life was *wholly* dependent for its existence upon the limitations which pertain to all alike, was utterly baseless--is manifest so soon as we get the true idea of what the democratic spirit is. The men of fifty years ago had this spirit, not because there were no hindrances in the way of its entrance into their lives, but because, as members of the Yale fraternity, they inherited from the fathers of the earlier days of the College history the great foundation principles of the true Yale life. Had the inspiration had no deeper source than that which was found in accidental or temporary surrounding circumstances, it would have been worthless as a moving force for noble living."

Then follows this noble paragraph:

"The same thing is true to-day. It will be so always. If the democratic spirit animating our University is now, or ever becomes in the future, so weak and unmanly that it cannot endure inequalities in re sources or expenditures--in the means of satisfying the desire for special comforts or even luxuries, or gratifying the artistic taste--it will be unworthy of its origin; it will have contradicted its earlier self. The old spirit was one that estimated men according to their manhood, and not according to their surroundings or possessions. It believed in the superiority of the man to his accidents. But it did not demand that the possessions or accidental things of all in the community should be exactly the same. It was a manly and not a pusillanimous spirit. It did not abide in continual fears lest some new danger might be threatening its future existence, or manifest itself by constant appeals for help that all obstacles or hindrances might be put out of the way. I rejoice that we men of 1849 had it as truly as we had, and that it still remains with us. I have no apprehensions as to its losing its vital force or passing away, if the men of the present and the coming time will recognize for

and in themselves the essence of its life power, and not mistake it for what it is not."

College fraternities are just now undergoing rapid development. They have been extended into the secondary schools, are rapidly increasing in number in the smaller colleges, and, at Yale, have passed out from the college life and the limitations of distinct classes into the broader life of the university itself. Upon their value, especially in the limited relations of the senior year as they have been known at Yale, we have this interesting testimony:

"The men who were united in the fraternity fellowships as Seniors, came together as a small and selected company in the latest period of their course, when their minds and characters had developed to the highest point of college life; when the great questions of their future, with the seriousness attendant upon them, were rising before all alike; and when the near approach of the end of the happy period, which they had found so full of blessing, was bringing a sadness of spirit that could not but make the heart open itself with tenderness and

sympathy. They met at the outset in their new relations, and continued to meet as the days and weeks passed by, with readiness to give and receive the best influence in their power. They met, and continued to meet, with the utmost freedom in the interchange of their deepest and most helpful thoughts; with an intimacy which carried with it the promise of the future; and with a generosity of soul that enriched each one as it grew within himself, while it also enriched all others as it went outward in its gifts from him to them. They entered thus into, and abode for a year of manly, youthful life in, a thoughtful, helpful, inspiring, elevating, character-building fellowship with men whom they could know with a very deep and penetrating knowledge. If the companies selected were only what it was fitting that they should be, one could not wonder that the hearts of all were moved by the happy experiences, and afterwards by the happy memories."

"The company which I thus met for my Senior year, and my association with which made me glad that I had been offered the privilege of membership and had accepted it,

was one well fitted to be helpful to me. In some views of the matter at least, I needed for my best and happiest growth, the peculiar help that was given. I may not tell of what we did as we met together. I cannot recall much of what we talked about, or thought, in our communion with each other. The details of the old life are gone. But the man, and the men, what they have been and what they are in the inmost and noblest manhood, is the outgrowth of the influences of that fellowship, even as it is of the love and inspiration of the early home and the later home. The unity of the larger and broader life was a great blessing of my college years. The unity of the narrower and more limited life was an equal or even greater blessing. It was my good fortune to enjoy the gifts which came from both, and to make them, in their effective force, a permanent possession." There could scarcely be a more complete or more beautiful statement of the meaning and the value of the most intimate relations of college life; and if the fraternities in our colleges could be so carefully gathered and so wisely directed as everywhere to secure results such as those that are here

described, the joys of college life and the blessings of it would be elevated to a plane higher even than they are known to occupy to-day. Of that other influence exerted in college days, of which so much is said in after life, and of which we can indeed rejoice that the colleges of our land have from the beginning had such fortunate possession, the personal influence of the individual members of the faculty, we have this testimony as applied to the beloved and honored President Woolsey. Dr. Dwight says:

"He gave us also of what was best in himself,--the opportunity of seeing his own scholarship and his own intellectual power. It was a good fortune, indeed, to be near enough to such a man to be moved by his example, and to get for oneself some appreciation of his ideal of the genuine scholar. Those years were the most valuable of the educational period of my earlier life. They prepared me for my duties as a college tutor and for my European studies in the subsequent years, and became in this way the foundation of all my maturer life and its work."

With this testimony to the value to him of personal contact with a college officer whose term of service was longer than that which is permitted to most men, and whose power of individual influence was unsurpassed, this series of comments must close. The book as a whole is a fitting crown to a highly useful life, a life as beautiful in its old age as it has been honored and beneficent in its course. It is a delight to think of the writer as still living among us, in the enjoyment of those best things that crown a good man's life—the possession of an honored name, of wisdom that is widely sought, of troops of friends, and of a heart at peace in its consciousness of work well done and of a faith in God and man as sure as it is serene.

HENRY A. STIMSON

When the College Girl Comes Home

By Alice Bartlett Stimson

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Next year my daughter will be at home from college, and I had just as soon have a white elephant on my hands," said a mother not long ago, whose two older daughters had also been college girls. Another unhappy mother expressed her view of the situation by saying: "I wouldn't go through another winter like the last for all the money in Wall Street. Anita has been on my mind every minute of the time, and the worst of it is, with all my thought for her welfare, she has been as uncomfortable and dissatisfied as I have. There's something wrong with a college education when a girl isn't contented to stay in such a home as this, but is as restless as a caged hyena, because her father and I don't want her to go out into the world and become what she calls 'independent.'"

Those frank speeches voice the puzzled anxiety in many a parental heart; for in mul-

titudes of homes, in the East as well as in the West, there is often disappointment and discomfort when the college girl comes home. As we parents are not only responsible for her beloved self, but are also responsible for her college course, whether we deliberately planned for it, or merely acquiesced in her plan for herself, the least we can do is to help her solve the problems incident to the home-coming, with as little wear and tear of the spirit as possible.

We know that time answers most questions very effectively, but why wait for slow-gaited time, when we can do so much ourselves to straighten out the snarls which seem at the hour to be veritable "life-tangles."

Of all the corps which, each year, add to the importance and wealth of this nation, it is almost a truism to say that none is more significant, and none will bring richer returns and more enduring strength, than the annual crop of vivid, enthusiastic young people pouring out of our colleges in the golden days of early summer. The "wheat, rye, oats, corn, barley, buckwheat, and tobacco" which in days of childhood, their own glib tongues rattled out as

the "important productions" of the States in which they lived, are not a circumstance to the importance of the joyous, absurdly care-free boys and girls whose shiny new diplomas are the insignia of the best in the way of education which, as yet, the wisest among us know how to give. Sometime we may know something better; we hope so; but this is very good.

The college man's problems are largely settled when he decides what profession or other occupation he his going to fit himself for, and although it may take him an appreciable time to adjust himself to the cares and responsibilities of a "cold, cold world," we are used to his flounderings, and watch them with a smile, feeling sure that in all too short a time the happy-hearted, care-free lad will emerge from all the uncertainties and adjustments of the first years out of college, less joyous, but with the strength to take upon his shoulders a man's burdens and cares.

We are sure of our college girl, too, for we know that in that bright ondulé head, crammed to repletion with undigested knowledge, and in the girlish heart, whose impulses

just at present are puzzlingly subdued by her latest studies in sociology and professional philanthropy, is the promise of a future full of strength and usefulness.

Some of us, however, seem to be rather ill versed in crops of various kinds. Having fitted our daughter for a place in the work-aday world, we become plaintive because she doesn't love to "sit by the fire and spin." We seem as much surprised by the result of the college life and its opportunities as one would be who sowed dragon's-teeth, thinking the crop would be mignonette or the useful parsley. We are sadly flustered when our harvest differs from our thoughtless imaginings.

The beginning of this confused thought about the college girl was when we failed to realize that when the college took the place of the home, college influences were to mould our girl into womanhood, and the parents' own influence was to be held in abeyance, dominated for the time by other forces. This idea is not much to our taste, but it is true. The opinions of her teachers as a whole, but especially of some one or two, have, during this period, had greater weight with our girl than

ours have. Her studies have developed her along lines difficult for us, so far away from her, to follow; but perhaps the most powerful factor in this formative influence has been the college *life*, made up, as it is, of intimate contact with the brightest and most earnest girls in the country, and filled with fun and excitement to a degree which has made us tremble for her health, until we remembered, with a sign of thanks to recent investigators, that to the adolescent girl wholesome excitement is as necessary as wholesome food.

After four years of this wonderful life, on the heights of thought and emotion, but at the same time systematic and methodical as to habits, with a mind strengthened through wrestling with "stiff courses" in science and mathematics, broadened and beautified through the study of history and the languages, and with a body developed into strength and beauty "divinely tall and most divinely fair" by means of basketball, hockey, and track athletics, our college girl comes home with her B.A.

Now all that seems very simple and very beautiful. But the dear child has, in all probability, brought with her also a profound sense

of the needs of humanity and a keen feeling of personal responsibility, brought with her also a profound sense of the needs of humanity and a keen feeling of personal responsibility for the universe; an active hatred for social shams and hypocrisies, and an intense desire to make her life "worth while." From the girl's point of view, to what, in fact, does she come home? She finds the ordinary home we know, of culture and refinement, of wide interests and abounding activities, but in many respects it is a sad disappointment to our girl. She is pained to confess that her mother's life seems very trivial. What we shall eat, what we shall drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed "doth all her silly thoughts so busy keep." Her mother's church work doesn't appeal to her, she thinks it archaic and she feels her mother's social life so un-intelligible, for how can she care for all those people, many of them most uninteresting, and yet she acts as if they were her chosen friends. The home life, too, is terribly unsystematic, and if one insists on keeping to definite hours for one's self-improvement, one somehow seems selfish. One's old friends are a little remote, and one's

mother objects to having the college friends absorb all one's interests.

I am dealing lightly with this condition of affairs, but it is no laughing matter, it is more nearly a tragedy. I have the most thorough sympathy with these intense, eager, young spirits, longing to fly, and yet feeling as the months go by with so little in them of the ideals of which they dreamed, that their wings are clipped—and that life is a very puzzling and unsatisfactory affair to a college girl the first year out of college.

The girl who has gone to college to fit herself for teaching or for some other profession is largely exempt from these problems, as she is too busy adjusting herself to her career to have time to consider any other perplexing questions. But the girls who have gone to college merely because they "wish to become intelligent women and to acquire the culture essential to the well-bred person" (I quote this delicious phrase from a recent prospectus), are the ones who are coming from college in ever-increasing numbers, and whose puzzles we want to relieve.

If the college girl comes back to a home from which the mother has gone, and younger brothers and sisters need her care; or in which an invalid mother requires her help in the management of the household; or where she can be a secretary or business manager for a broken-down father—no one is quicker than she to put aside all thought of self and to take hold of affairs with eager, capable hands. There is no question that college girls are realizing, more than in the past, that their education has made of them only normal, human beings, and they do not need a telescope to find a "sphere." I asked a girl at Commencement-time about a classmate, an unusually attractive, brilliant girl, what Helen planned to do the next year, and the answer came in the most matter-of-fact way, "Nothing; she is needed at home." But there are many girls coming back to homes where, apparently, they are not needed. To their sensitive souls it sometimes appears as if the four years' absence had wiped out their own especial places in the household. They know they are fitted to take up some definite work in the world, and an ever-increasing restlessness possesses their spirits

to go out of the home and teach, or do settlement work, or plunge into a score of interesting occupations open to them their kind today.

On the other hand, the hearts in the home are sorely hurt, for it has cost the home many lonely hours, much anxiety, and large sums of money to give the girl her college education; and no wonder we hear it said, "It seems hard to have our daughter leave us to do settlement work or teach, when she has been so long away."

The world is still old-fashioned enough to think that a woman's highest and happiest lot is as a much-loved wife and mother. College girls marry in spite of the predictions to the contrary of a generation ago. They not only marry, but they marry well; indeed, as a class, they carry off the real prizes in the matrimonial market: the young professional men—doctors, lawyers, college instructors—and men engaged in running the big machinery of the industrial world. The college girl marries discriminatingly, and she marries late. Perhaps these are the reasons why the college women so seldom figure in the divorce court.

I should like to emphasize the axiomatic truth that every girl, whether a college girl or not, has a right to expect from her parents support for the present and an adequate provision for the future, or, in place of it, that training which will enable her adequately to support herself. This is one of the fundamental duties parents owe their daughters, and we are glad every day for the noble army of women who have acquired this training and who are supporting not only themselves, but others, by their labor, skilled and otherwise, in the workaday world. But they are not the ones with whom we are now concerned. We are assuming that the parents of the college girls of whom we are talking have money enough to support their daughters at home, and have a longing desire to keep them there. These parents have given their daughters a college education which has fitted them, whether the parents realize it or not, for some definite, purposeful work in the world. In the ordinary conditions of the home life the daughter feels in a measure out of place, and is restless, largely because of the indefiniteness

of her position, and the difficulty of finding her true place in it.

I believe an adjustment on simple business principles might be made in hundreds of homes, which would do much to ease the situation. When the daughter returns with her well-earned diploma, suppose her father should say: "My dear, with the preparation you have had you might be able to earn $700 a year as a teacher. Instead of accepting such a position, and by doing so perhaps crowding out some girl who has no father to support her, I propose that you remain at home. I will arrange my affairs so that you shall have a definite income during my life, whether you marry or remain single, and at my death you may expect property sufficient to yield you an independent support. In remaining at home you need not be idle. You can continue your studies, either for your own personal culture or for an advanced preparation for the work of life, so that if any misfortune should overtake me you would be even better fitted than now to support yourself. Your mother and I are strong and well, and do not need you at home because of physical weakness, but we do need

the mental quickening, the spiritual uplift, the joy of having you with us. The community about us needs just such women as you, with sufficient leisure to be thoughtful for others, cultivating the graces of hospitality, alert to see the tendencies and needs of the times, and quick to respond to them. Your church needs the inspiration you will bring from the Silver Bay and Northfield conferences; it needs the methods of teaching the Bible which you have gained in your college Bible classes. Most of all, it needs *you*."

This is not an imaginary scene. The father I have quoted gave outright to his daughter an apartment-house, where she collects the rents, pays the taxes and insurance, and attends to the repairs, enjoying greatly the financial independence and responsibility, and learning at the same time to be a methodical business woman. This girl, is indeed "set free to serve," and she serves her home, her church, and the community as nobly as if she had borrowed the motto, "*Ich dien*," from the heir to the British throne.

Then let us greet our home-coming college girl with a simple business proposition con-

cerning her financial independence. Let us be willing also to be patient, and let time bring about her blossoming and not ourselves try to blossom the opening bud with force and violence.

ALICE BARTLETT STIMSON

THE VOTE AS A PURIFIER

DR. STIMSON SAYS WOMEN DON'T USE IT; PUBLIC OPINION IS BETTER.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

It is asked, "Why not let those women have the vote who want it, regardless of those who do not?" The obvious answer is that when suffrage is granted by law, it must be allowed to all; and that lays full responsibility upon all; which in the eyes of many is unnecessary, and my prove a grievous burden. There are 138,000 adult women in the City of New York who can neither read nor write. The vote would mean nothing to them except to make them the tools of designing politicians. It is bad enough for the city to carry its 92,000 illiterate men, without having the burden of the women in addition.

It is asked, "Why not give women the vote, in view of the fact that they would change many things for the better?" The answer is twofold. Prof. Henry Mussey of Columbia, who is a suffragist, writing in their of-

ficial organ, admits that giving the vote to women would have no political effect. His language is: "The idea that woman's voting would purify politics has well-nigh disappeared into the limbo of discarded notions where it belongs. It never had any reason behind it but unchastened optimism." So far as women's industrial advantage is concerned, he further says that the influence of the suffrage is "grossly exaggerated." Wages depend upon economic conditions, which the ballot cannot affect. In regard to other evils, such as the forms of sexual disease, concerning which there is just now so much stir, it should be known that the Board of Health already has all the power that is necessary to deal with it, as with other dangerous forms of disease, and all that is needed to secure the exercise of the power and the enforcement of preventative measures is public opinion; and public opinion does not depend upon the ballot. No programme has been offered by any advocate of votes for women which would show how women's having the ballot will have any effect whatever upon such existing evils.

But it is said, "Is not the ballot of great educational value to the voter?" Doubtless it has some value, but a value that is vastly overestimated, as is shown by the instances in which, in exceptional cases, it has been given to women. For example, Massachusetts gave the right of voting on all educational matters to women some forty years ago, and at a late election in no less than 250 towns of that State not a single woman voted. And in New York, where women property owners have had the right to vote in the smaller cities and all the towns, the number who have voted in the past has been infinitesimal and the great majority of women have paid no attention to it. Exactly the same indifference is shown in France, where the experiment is not new. The mere giving of the right to vote to women has in itself the slightest possible influence. Only where there is sharp controversy can they be led to concern themselves at all with it. As a matter of fact, its educational value is as trivial as its purifying power.

HENRY A. STIMSON

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