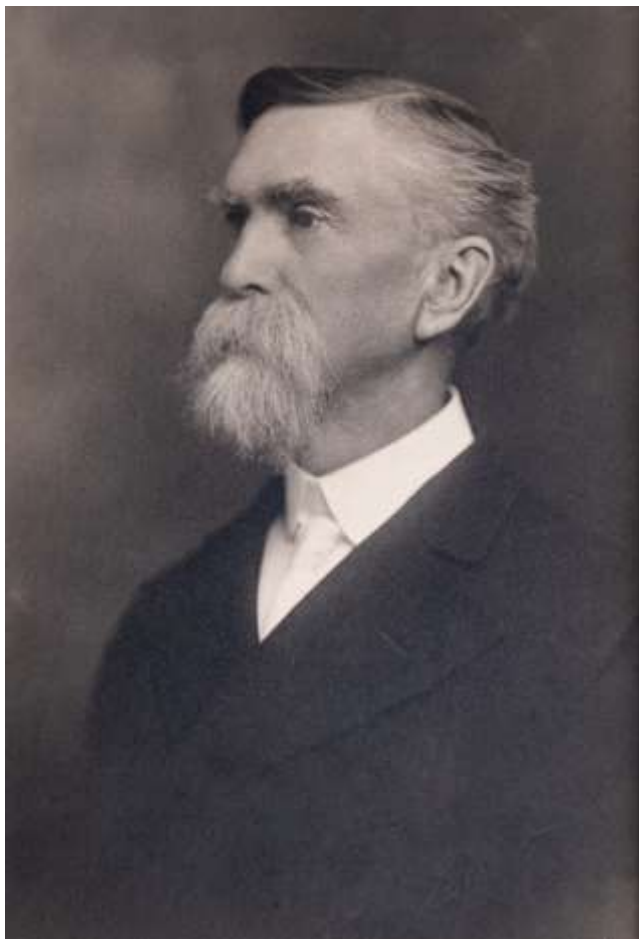


Sermons & Writings

Rev. John Healy Williams, D.D. (1843-1924)



Compiled by Scott Bacon
March 2024

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Introduction

By Scott Bacon

This is a compilation of sermons and writings by Rev. John Healy Williams, D. D. (my great, great grandfather) dating from 1880 through 1921, spanning his career as pastor and community leader. These writings, some printed as handouts for church services, others in his own handwriting were passed down to me, through our family, over the years, along with many, many photographs and other family memorabilia.

These connections to our past have inspired me to learn more about our genealogical roots and the history in which my ancestors lived. I find the endless research possibilities fascinating and very rewarding. And each new discovery about my past spurs me on to learn more. With hopes that future generations will also appreciate these connections, I am cataloging, digitizing, and archiving while building our family tree.

The writings here, 50 in total, more than 1000 pages, have been photographed in high resolution for our family archives. Some have been transcribed with the help of online services. Then the originals have been individually packaged for archival storage.

Many of the 100-year-old writings are incredibly relevant today, strongly resonating with personal and societal topics of today. Perhaps this shouldn't be too surprising, but it speaks to both the insight of Rev. J. H. Williams, and our lives' continual joys and struggles.

If you're reading this, I genuinely hope you enjoy, and learn, as much as I have through these incredible, thought provoking, writings.

About Rev. John Healy Williams, D. D.

Insert life sketch here...

If you have a free Ancestry.com account, you can view my [John Healy Williams](#) page for more information.

The Sermons

Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters

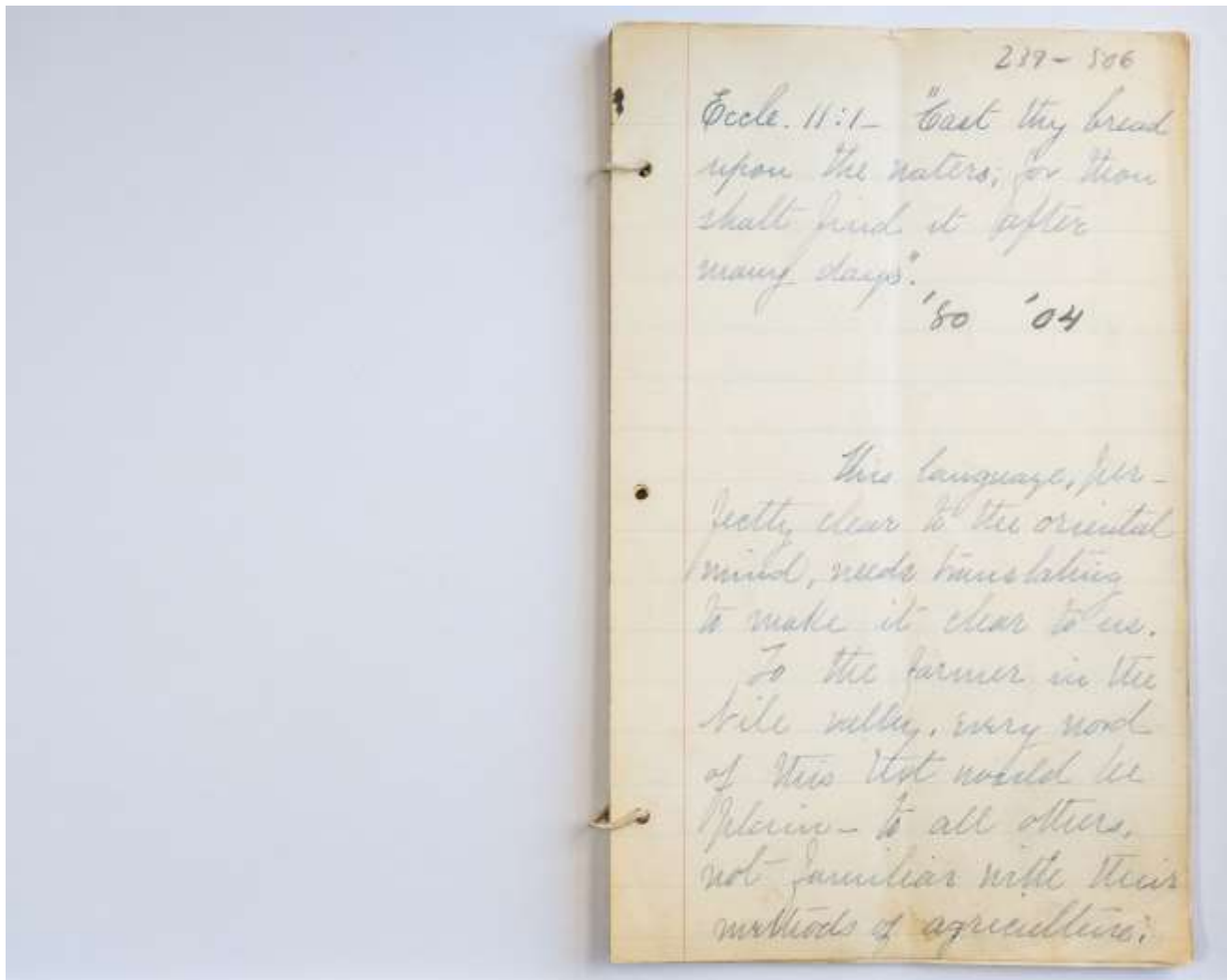
by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

1880

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

1904

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA



The roads need to be so-
retained. The farmers
on the banks of the
Nile, take advantage of the
season when the river
overflows its banks, and
at that season sow their
seed. In some cases,
they even go out in
boats, and cast the seed
broadcast upon the waters,
and when the waters re-
cede, the wheat all
moist and swollen by
the water sinks into the
rich soil, and soon
springs up, and grows

with great rapidity.
It is not literally
bread, but bread-corn,
or wheat which is meant
here. The meaning of
the words, taken literally,
is this: Sow your seed
upon the ever-flowing
waters, and when they
subside, you will find
it again in a growing
and ripening harvest.
This familiar practice
of the Egyptian farmer
the words of our text
applies in a spiritual
way. Our text then is

an exhortation, not for
spiritual results in most
unlikely places, or at
seemingly unfavorable
times. To one unfa-
miliar with the methods of
the East, what could seem
more foolish than to sow
seed from a boat upon
the water? The soil is
entirely concealed. There
is no earth in which the
seed can find a home-
most, in view; and the
man who sows the
seed is apparently throw-
ing it away. But all

the heavy grains of wheat
sink - that which appears
to be a great loss
falls lower and lower,
and soon subsides en-
tirely, and then the seed
apparently lost, is found
again in a springing
flourishing crop.
The lesson to be
drawn from this text is:
Sowing Seed in Invisible
Soil. Sow the seed of
Xian truth and influence
upon soil that is hidden
from view - covered;
and it will be found

again.

1. We are encouraged to sow seed upon soil covered by the apparent thoughtlessness of childhood. It used to be thought that it could do little if any good to attempt the ~~the~~ instruction of children. There was no soil of thought, and reflection into which to cast the seed. The mind and heart of the child were covered by the water of thoughtlessness. Shall we sow

upon this thoughtlessness? Will it not be throwing the seed away? Is there any depth of soil underneath this thoughtless manner in which seeds sown can germinate and find root? Many of the old divines thought not. In their studies they found prepared the soil for the words and acts of the thoughtless and reflecting; but it never occurred to them

to go out and scatter the seed broadcast over the waters of thoughtlessness which covered the minds of children. Says the writer of our text, "Folly is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." This method was largely believed in and practical; and the theory which seemed naturally to be deduced from this practice was - wait, until we have driven the

foolishness away - wait until the waters of childish folly have subsided, before sowing any good seed. In other places our writer taught that along with judicious correction there should go training and instruction and teaching suited to the years and capacity; but the theory never waited. "Go out," said the voice of reason, "launch your boat upon these our flowing waters of childhood folly, and

Thoughtless, and when
these waters subside, as
they soon will, the seed
will be found in better
places, and thought and
purpose. It is said
many have waited until the
waters subside - wait
until the period of child
ishness is passed, and
then in minds capable
of thought and reflex
can sow the chang-
ing truths and doctrines &
arguments of the faith.
And they waited
until the waters had

subsided - until child-
hood's thoughtless days
were over. And what did
they see? They were
alarmed at what they
saw - not a clean soil
unobscuredly obscure,
all ready for the good
seed. It is said soil
already occupied, some
thick with weeds of evil.
While they had been
delaying, neglecting to
launch their boats upon
the waters, other boats
had been out, other
hands had been water-

ing seed, and others were
now finding a harvest
in the life that pass-
ed. And then began
to say, "If Satan will not
wait for years of reflection
and serious thought,
neither will we. If he
can receive faith that
the bad seed cast
upon the foaming,
frothy waters of child-
ishness and folly will
reach the hidden mind
and heart beneath,
so can we. In these
ways has the coun-
sel

been growing and streng-
thening upon the minds of
young men & women,
that it does not seem
to reach the gospel to
the way going - that
out over the waters
which hide all serious
thought, they may cast
the seed, in the faith
that they shall find it
after many days.
In the minds of children
there is deeper thought
than we realize, there
is more serious reflection
than we know.

Isaac Watts is said to have grasped the gospel plan of salvation in all its essential nature at the age of three. There are scores of children in all our congregations, who know essentially the meaning of the word "Christian", or who can easily be taught it. We are mistaking, even in these days of Sunday schools, and children's services, and children's days, and the Women's and our agencies for reaching

the young - we are mistaking the capacity of children for receiving truth. In the our glowing waters of laughter and glee, and of play and noise, and sport, hide from our eyes the underlying world of thought, and we are practically saying - even to-day, "Wait, wait. They do not yet understand." In the new time their capacity to receive will seed, and produce will fruit, acorn-like and alder-like

and convincing us there is something wrong in our theories and practices.

Said a young man in one of our New Eng. colleges, "I wanted to join the Church when I was 10. My father said, 'You know not what you are doing. You have no conception of what it means to join a church.' Here I am now, 21, and I can say, my conceptions of the act of joining a Church were as clear and well-defined at 10

as they are to-day. And now harassed with doubts, mixed up with the world, I have but little inclination or power to come to the Church. Had I joined then, it would have anchored me, and saved me." "But see how many there are who have taken upon themselves the sacred yoke of the Church before God and man who are now slipping away into the world." From what

those come the most of
them. From the
adult class and not
from the young. From
those who have professed
to be converted in manhood,
at the age of calmer
thought and reflection,
when, if ever, a man was
capable of understanding
what he was doing when he
stood at God's altar and
uttered the solemn vows -
from such as these, the
records of our churches
show, come the most
of those who give pain

and cause trouble to
the church.

Says the Pastor of a
large city church, "Out
of 50 children who have
joined our church
within the last 10 years,
not one has gone back,
and I wish," says he,
"I could say the same
of 50 adults." It is a
promising field, indeed,
though it may be to do
with the waters of child-
ish thoughtlessness and
folly, it will pay to
launch our boats upon

it, and scatter broadcast
the richest seed we
have. We shall not lose
it. We shall find it
after many days.

2. We are encouraged to
sow seed over the ~~harrows~~^{soil}
covered by the frivolities
of youth. In many
places is a soil gramin, as
little promise of a return
as any. That is a
critical period with our
young people when they
stand on that middle
ground between childhood

and manhood - when they
just begin to be ashamed
to called children, but
have only a dim concep-
tion of manhood when
they begin to get a
glimpse of the privileges
and powers of manhood like
without a sense of their
responsibility. It is
when our boys stand as
yet clear from all bad
habits, but are just be-
ginning to enter the fascin-
ating sectors of many-
just between the sweet
breath and clean life

and the cigar - just between the strong nerves, and steady brain, and clear eye, and the beer cup - just between the Sunday school and the club room, the house and the street. It is between the simplicity of childhood, and the refinements of society and of dress - just between the utter, open-hearted confidence in a mother and the little concealment and deceptions of the

world. This is a critical time. It is then that a young woman, under the spell of some fatal influence, often takes a step that compromises her whole future, and seals the resolution of her whole life. It is then that a young man sells his birthright for a mess of pottage, takes on a load of habits and evil practices which spring and grow and burden him even to the grave. It is

often remarked, there is no use in talking, or reasoning, or instruction. Instruction is in vain, reason is worn away, words fall upon ears deaf or charmed by the serpent.

There are the waters which cover the soil of youthful hearts and minds; and upon these very waters we are encouraged to sow the seed of Service Truth. Indiscriminate denunciation is as vain as it is

inconsistent.

We, of adult age, have outgrown our youthful folly, and perhaps have settled down into becoming sobriety; but let us not forget that we pass through the period. How many can say they passed the ordeal unscathed. That they have come out of the flames without even the smell of fire upon their garments. Many a man and woman now settled in calm

respectability is carrying,
and will carry to the
grave, our mind and
heart and body, ~~powerful~~
evidence of that period.

Out of such experience,
out of our knowledge
of the severity of con-
flict - out of the wis-
dom which has come to
us from observation,
can we not offer kindly
instructions, tender up-
peals, faithful warnings,
which shall be heard
upon the waters:

These waters covering

youthful hearts are
sounded to subside -
and then, whether they
shall expose a death-
breathing soil, or bring
penitential waters; or
a soil ready to burst
with a life of beauty
and fertility may de-
pend upon the seed
we scatter over the
waters to-day. The
divine promise is:
"Cast thy seed upon
the waters, for
thou shalt find it
after many days."

3. We are encouraged to
sow the seed over soil,
covered by the indiffer-
ence and oppositions
of man.

Nature's life has its
own strong temptations.
The responsibilities of
life, the cares and dis-
tractions of business
lead to indifference an in-
difference to religion
through which it is
hard to break. Or
where there is not in-
difference, there is often
a settled opposition to

it, as decided as that
of the Jews to Christ.

"The kings of the earth
set themselves, and the
rulers take counsel
together, to the Lord and
to his anointed."

Looked at from a
human stand point
this indifference, and
these oppositions of man
are perfectly unpropor-
tionate. They present a
side to the truth which
we cannot break
through. But the
truth illustrated by

The test is this: there are
but the waters coming
the void, and not the
void itself. These are
not the real minds and
hearts of men; but the
Mummies, which hide their
real selves. Underneath
are the minds and
hearts which God has
made, susceptible to
the truth. ^{Dr. J. B.} ~~nothing~~ There
is a capacity within
answering to the truth
that is without, as
surely as the eye
answers to the light.

and the ear to the
vibrations of the air.
But we cannot see
the void - we cannot
see the capacity of
the void; and there
is nothing in view but
the overwhelming waters
of indifference. What
can we do? Cast
the seed upon these
waters. ^{from some faculty - ignorance.} ~~Cast it in~~
^{Christy's often designed for} ~~Paul's~~ ^{the water} ~~indiscriminate work. Just. L. J. J.~~
and the waters will
subside, and if the
seed is there, the harvest
will be the result.

In many a case they
subside too late, it is
true. In the case
of the rich man who
pined suspiciously
every day, they did
not subside and re-
veal his deep need
until after he was
over him. They did
not subside with the
rich former until a
conviction of his death,
and when his ear was
shut with the words,
"Thou fool." But the
truth of God is irresistible

less mightily. Through
all the waters we have
spoken of it has
"sunk in countless
cases - the waves have
subsided, and rich
harvests have been
gathered. Through the
waters of Paul's madness
and opposition it
sunk and produced
a Paul the Apostle.
Through the waters of
Judas' malice and
betrayal it sunk and
transformed him into
a herald of Christ;

through the waters of the
Ornamental Wood's lawless
eyes and theme it
sunk, and brought forth
the fruits of Paradise.

John Paul, in our text,
hesitated and feared
when he entered the city
of Corinth with the gos-
pel. Was that city like
a blood rolled the
waters of wealth and
pleasure, and all manner
of sin. Paul hesitated
to throw out the precious
seed of the gospel;
but in a dream in the

night, God's voice reached
his ear, Fear not,
but speak, for I have
much people in this
city. Underneath the
waters, there was a
soil, adapted to the
seed of divine truth.
He cast his seed
upon the waters - he
sowed upon invisible
soil, and after many
days reached the ground
of a Corinthian church.

This method of sowing
seed has been the method
of the apostles from the outset. It

entered a world completely
submerged in indifference,
opposition, or formalism;
and out over these waters
it cast its seed; and
found it again in the
Way of Pentecost, the
Church of Asia, and
the conversion of the Roman
Empire. This is the
method of all missionary
work. Our missionaries
sailed Japan and China,
and Russia and India,
countries, over which lay
the waters of idolatry, super-
stition and vice; and they

cast their seed out
upon these waters; and
they found it again
in the Xian nation on
the Sandwich Islands,
in the Xian of Malaya-
ca, and India.

And this must be
largely our method as
we sail upon the work
of another fall and winter.
We sow upon invisible
soil. The waters of appar-
ent indifference, indif-
ference, or opposition cover
the community; but cast
thy seed upon the waters.

in the command, and the
promise attached will
be verified in connection
with faithful work.

Our faithfulness or
unfaithfulness - the seed
we sow or fail to sow
will be the measure of
the harvest reaped.

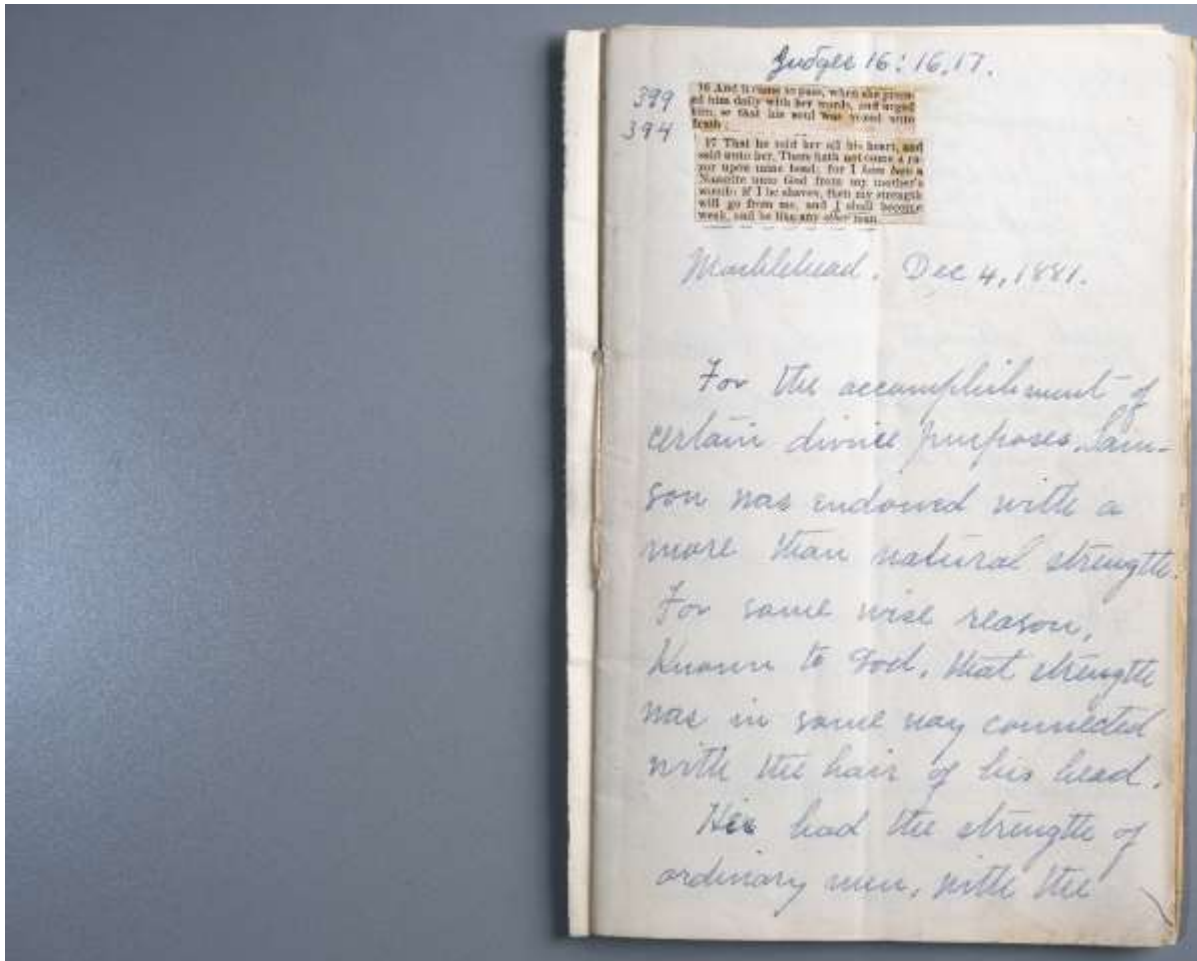
"Sowing the seed of the Kingdom, Lord
Some of it falls into ground that is good
Deep in the soil of the heart it takes ^{root}
Springs up and brings forth abundant fruit.
And what shall we harvest the?
Thirty fold, sixty, a hundred is given,
A harvest ^{of} ~~of~~ seeds for a thousand ^{times}

Samson, Like Any Other Man

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

December 4, 1881

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS



added gift of a divine, supernatural strength. His wife Delilah was bribed by the Philistines to get from Samson the secret of his great strength, and at last she succeeded; and while he was asleep, cut the seven locks from his head, and caused him to fall an easy prey to the Philistines. The cutting off of his hair did not deprive him of his natural strength. It simply left him as any other man. He was

still a strong, well-built, muscular man. He was still able to do the ordinary work of a man. The Philistines put him into the mill to grind, and there he was compelled to toil all day long, using the natural strength which was his in common with all well and strong men. But the shaving of his head took from him his supernatural strength. He still had the ordinary

strength of man; but he had lost the strength by which he tore the strong lion's skin from him, by which he slew the Philistine army alone and single handed, and by which he carried away on his shoulders the ponderous gates of Gaza.

He could still measure strength successfully with any other man; but that power which made him, single alone a terror to a whole host had de-

parted. He said, "If I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall be as weak as any other man."

Samson was a type of the Christian church. Connected with the Christian church, since the ascension of Jesus Christ, there has been a supernatural power the church has all the natural strength that any other institution of equal age, and numbers has.

It has the strength which
comes from substantial
men, from wealth, from
literary culture, and from
its history. It might suc-
cessfully measure strength with
any other existing institution.

But over and above
all this, having nothing to
do with history or numbers,
or influence, there is a
strength supernatural and
divine. ^{It could be of any other man or} Take away this,
cut away, as did Belshazzar,
from the head of knowledge,
that which is the source of

the Church's divine strength,
and you leave it like
any other institution.

There are many who say,
"We grant that the Church
has a natural strength -
that it stands well among
the other institutions of
earth. It has a history
that is brilliant even,
and a prestige that is
in its favor. Get up
your claim to anything
more than this and we
cheerfully acknowledge its
claim to notice by the

side of other great or-
ganizations." The Church
which allows this plea,
and yields assent to it,
is shorn of its strength,
and because like any other
human force. The source
of this supernatural strength
is an alien secret.

X said, "If I go away
I will send the Holy
Spirit unto you." Philip
boldly, I say unto you, be
that ultimate in all the
works that I do shall be
do also, and greater works

than these shall he do,
because I go unto my
Father." X ascended,
and seated in the
Throne of heaven, placed
a power at the disposal
of the Church, and in-
vokes a power into the
Church which makes her
unlike any other insti-
tution. She is connec-
ted with the Throne of
God. The power of that
Throne is her power -
The power of the Holy
Ghost is the power of the

Church of X. The Church
ignoring, or failing to see
that power because
weak, and is like any
other ~~man~~ institution.

I The existence of this
supernatural strength at
the command of the Church
explains the history of
the Church in the past.

The Church were consist-
ed of a mere handful
of obscure, despised, com-
mon men - no more,
no less. They were not
superior men to the average

about them. They were
men of good common
sense, and fair intellec-
tual ability - just such
men as you would
expect success from in
the ordinary business of
life.

These men
were commanded by their
departing Master to give
his gospel to the world,
and build up a Church
in every land. This
little company of un-
known, despised, com-
mon men proposed to
make the attempt.

As to ordinary help, they
had nothing on their side
save their own health and
energy, and good sense;
whilst against ^{them} was the
utter hatred and opposition
of the Jewish nation, and
the indifference and
silent contempt of the
gentiles. They stood on
equal ground with any
other men in similar
circumstances - not on
equal ground with the
Samborin, for they had not
the influence, the age, the
history behind them of the

August Samborin. They
were on an equal footing
with any other ordinary
men. Yet they proposed
to attempt the conversion
of the world - they proposed
to hurl themselves against
the gigantic obstacle of a
Jewish national hate, and
the cold indifference of
heathenism. What will
be the result? There is
no question from a
human stand point. They
will inevitably be crushed
to pieces. None the stronger

porcelain vase against a
heaving cliff, and the
vase, not the cliff, will
be shattered & atoms.

Warrior and swarthy black
people men and the
great established insti-
tutions of the times
approach each other. The
Jewish nation is uncon-
scious of any approaching
enemy, so feeble and
insignificant are they;
the disciples see the
collision imminent but

will not draw back.
Look at the two forces,
as they draw near each
other before the final
shock. It is one of the
great last days of the
Jews, and the city is
full of people gathered
from all parts of the
known world.

St. Paul, and Rome, and Alexandria,
and the disciples in Smyrna, and in
Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and
Asia,
in Phrygia, and Phoenicia, in Egypt,
and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene,
and citizens of Rome, Jews and proselytes,
Cretes and Arabians.

all these,
~~so~~ ignorant entirely of any
approaching force. On the
other hand a few bold
publicans, and ordinary
citizens. It seems they

a 19th century locomotive,
with a long train of heavy
laden cars pushing it on,
rounding a curve & where
a light vehical stands
upon the track. Which will
suffer from the onset?

Some strange influence
began to draw these multi-
tude together - as by one
impulse they all moved
toward one point. If
asked what drew them,
no one could have given
a clear answer, but some
thing drew them, and they

must go. What was it?
The narrative says. It was
noised abroad that a
strange influence and
power had come down
upon certain men who
called themselves dis-
ciples of Jesus. And
still the multitude
increased. Up every
street they came hurrying -
every house sent
out its representatives,
and the whole city felt
the drawing influence which
no one could account

for or explain. At last they were together, and what for? Who was to explain to this vast audience the meaning of a gathering? Same where, hidden in the surging mass there were 12 men, unaccustomed to public speaking - not orators, like ^{Demosthenes} trained to move men by public speech, not not philosophers upon whose lips men were accustomed to hang for wisdom; but 12 plain men. Out of them,

who but now had spent his nights in catching fish upon the lake, and his mornings in selling them thro' the village - one of them, Peter by name, arose, and lifting up his hand began to speak. The first sentence had not fallen from his lips before a profound silence of breathless attention fell upon the audience.

19. Ye men of Israel, hear these words of Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by signs and wonders, and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know.

20. Ye men of Israel, hear these words of Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by signs and wonders, and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know.

21. This Jesus hath God raised up whom we see and hear.

22. Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ.

So Peter proceeded with his sermon, the sentences fell upon their hearts and consciences like a hammer and like the fire that breaks in pieces the flinty rock. And when he had ceased, there came up from that vast audience, even from its remotest parts the cry: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And when Peter had answered this cry, and the apostles came to lay their hands upon the penitent,

following, self-surrendered men, there were three thousand of them. What did it mean? How is it accounted for? Why, simply that Peter standing up there was not an ordinary man; but a Samson, with his seven locks unshorn. Take away from Peter the power of the Holy Ghost which had come down upon him, and which breathed in every word he spoke, and you

would have him weak,
and like any other man.

This collision between the
disciples of Jesus and the
powers of this world is
only the beginning of an
endless series of collisions.

Thirty years after the
apostle Paul was speaking
of the two opposing forces
when he said to the Jews
of Corinth, "Ye see your
calling brethren, how that
not many wise men after
the flesh, not many mighty,
not many able are called.

But God hath chosen
the foolish things of the
world to confound the
wise, and God hath
chosen the weak things
of the world to con-
found the things which
are mighty; and base
things of the world, and
things which are despised
hath God chosen."

Mighty men have been
puzzled, wise men have
been confounded to see
this organization of the

X'ian Church, composed
of ordinary men, moving
on down success to
success, even against all
the predictions and expec-
tations to the contrary.

The predictions of the world
respecting the X'ian Church
have all been based upon
natural strength and ad-
vantages. "Such as a
man might" have estimated
the power of Samson.

He would have asked,
"How much does he weigh,

What is his height, how
large is his arm, in
what training are his
powers?" and then he
would have told you
just how much the man
could do. So the men
of Gaza estimated the
power of Samson. He
came to their city; and
when night came on
they said, "We have him
now secure: they shut
the massive ponderous
bars of the city gate, and

but Samson might force
the gate open, placed
across the door a
heavy bar of iron &
secured it in its place.
"Here," they said, "this
stray man is secure,
caught in a trap, and
in the morning we will
slay him." They had
failed utterly to esti-
mate his strength -
they left out of ac-
count that mysterious
power which was con-

cealed with the seven locks
of his head. At midnight
Samson arose and went
to the city gate. It was
shut and locked and
barred. What would he
do? Placing his back
against the door, and
grasping them with either
hand, he straightened
himself up, lifting the door
and the heavy posts on
which they swung, and
the iron bar that held
them together and
marched with the whole

to the top of a high
hill, and there left them
to be discovered by the
watchmen the next
morning. The church of
X is such a Samson.

The world has shut it
up in more than one
city, and having shut
and barred the gates
has said, "In the morning
we will slay it." ~~But~~
~~The church has risen~~
and "But," as X said

to Peter, "On this rock
I will build my church
and the gates of hell
shall not prevail against
it". Now the power that
rolled away the stone from
the door of the Sepulchre -
the power which struck
the chains from the limbs
of Peter when he was
sleeping in prison, the
power which shook to its
foundations the prison in
which Paul and Silas
were confined, the power
that shook all Germany

When Luther uttered the
truths of the Reformation,
the power which swept over
England and America
in the great revivals
under Wesley & Whitefield,
and Edwards - that is a
power of the Church to-
day. Take away this
power, and you cease to
be the Church like any
other human institution.

II In the second place
Samson was a type of the
individual Xthian.

Take away from the Xthian
the ~~superior~~ power of
the Holy Ghost, the power
of the resurrection, and you
leave him weak, and like
any other man.

The Xthian has the ordi-
nary strength and power
and influence of any other
man. His morality counts
in the world for just what
it is worth - His abilities
are measured just as
are those of any other
man. The trial has come
when it is no disadvantage
to a man to be a profane

Xthian. He is not cut off
from all social and
public privileges as
Xthians once were. Better
is it any special advan-
tage. In society - in
business a Xthian is
sought and prized, and
estimated like any other
man. His superior
influence and power, if
he possesses any, come
from the Holy Ghost, and
with this ^{gift} power there is
no limit to his ~~power~~.

Better, we are a chosen
generation, a royal priest-

hood, a peculiar people,
that we should show
forth the excellencies of
him who hath called us
out of darkness into
his marvellous light."

There lies upon us the
same kind of work which
lay upon the early
apostles. The apostles are
dead, their immediate
successors are dead, and
their successors also; but
we are the apostles to-day
to build up a Church
of X on the earth.

Xian. He is not cut off from all social and public privileges as Xians once were. There is it any special advantage. In society - in business a Xian is respected and prized, and esteemed like any other man. His superior influence and power, if he possesses any, come from the Holy Ghost, and with this ^{gift} ~~power~~ there is no limit to his ~~power~~ ^{power}.
Brethren, we are a chosen generation, a royal priest-

hood, a peculiar people, that we should show forth the excellencies of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light."

There lies upon us the same kind of work which lay upon the early apostles. The apostles are dead, their immediate successors are dead, and their successors also; but we are the apostles to-day to build up a Church of X. on the earth.

How can we do it:

1. not by argument.

The arguments are on our side - the reasons are on our side. Taking the ripe scholarship of the world, the Church can match man for man, any for the world can produce. Be it in science, in history, in literature, in Biblical criticism, the Church can present a solid front of profound scholars. But all that

like any other man.

Man needs man - argument needs argument - belief needs belief - ~~either~~ side yields. It is a human contest from first to last, with no special reason for either side. Not that the Church has no need of scholarship. She needs the best. She needs the best intellectual culture of the age, and such she has summoned to her side. But there is culture and refinement

intellectual power applied to her. The Xhain will no power save this is weak, and like any other man.

2. Not by love. We cannot be successful without it. Love is one of the strongest of the human instruments by which we work, and you will find its richest, fullest expressions on the lips of Xhain men. Hundreds of beautiful, powerful, helpful institutions for

blessing, helping, comforting, and saving men have sprung right out of the bosom of the Xhain Church. And it is sometimes said, The Xhain Ch is to save the world by love.

This is true in the sense that love is one of the most powerful of all human instruments for this work. But the world displays beautiful, touching, noble instances of love. It shows us examples of self-sacrifice

more the heart to such emotion. How far these may be the result of Xhain influences we cannot tell, but there they are, and the Xhain who has nothing beyond this is weak and like any other man. And so we might go on - it is not by display, by brilliant and talking methods, by strength of organization, many of which things may have their place and use.

It is not by any or all of these that the world

is to be won in our day. It is by that which added strength which is called the power from on high, which makes a man more than a man, which makes the man, with his reasons, and his love, and his methods, the fire of God and the hammer which breaks in pieces the stony.

Dear friends, we have among us to-day all these natural advantages of which I have spoken.

We have those who can

lay out before any
man or woman, old
or young the reasons
for loving and serving
Jesus X - those who can
state these reasons, clearly
& lovingly. Our need is
in the power which
shall make us, not like
any other man, but like
Samson before he lost
the divine symbol of
his strength. Perhaps the
love of this truth will
be felt more plainly from
a simple incident.

You may have read in
one of our religious papers
the main facts of the in-
cident which I have
lately heard from the
lips of one who knew the
parties personally.

There were not many
years since from one of
the churches in this state,
a young man of good
family - of culture and
reputation, of more than
average intellectual power.
He went to make his
home in Texas. He felt it

to be his duty to educate
himself with X's own work
in the city to which he
went, and he was soon
in church, and at the
head of a Bible class.

He soon drew around him
a company of men of more
than ordinary ability, and
his class became the an-
attractive center. Into it
there soon came a judge
of the city, a man at the
head of his profession,
a keen, strong, intellectual
man. At the head of the
class stood this young X's own
man, and Sunday after

Sunday taught, and ex-
plained, and reasoned.

With a thorough preparation
he went before his class.

But argument was not
by arg., appeal by app.,
reason by reason. At

first the teacher was satis-
fied with his outward
success - with the interest
in the class; but as
time rolled on, and not
a break in the ranks
before him occurred - not
a ~~man~~^{man} was converted,
a deep hunger of soul be-
gan to take possession of his

He was soon laid aside
by sickness, and soon
was told that he had
upon him an incurable
disease. In the silence
of his sick chamber he
began to review his work,
where had been the lack?
Why had not his teaching
taken hold of the heart &
conscience? And it came
down to him, "I have
lacked the power from on
high. I have been like
any other man, whom I
should have had the
help of the Supreme Spirit.
And in that chamber he

gave himself to the X, as never
before, and invoked the Power of
the Divine Spirit.

But of respect, and so-
lenn his class ~~gathered~~ in
and by one to see him. What
was it? What had happened?

A strange sickness and
power seemed to fill that
room, took sight of the eyes
of their leaders and struck
down his lips, whose words
threw us soon as they
crossed the threshold.

One
by one I in the presence
of that man of God. The men
here of that place were
converted - all but the
judge. The physician said
to the sick man, "You can
go to your old home in
mass if you go at once."

As the last one the
judge came in to hold him
good bye. He walked up
to his old teacher, and taking

him by the hand said cor-
dially, "Mr Ware, I am very
sorry you are going to leave
us - sorry to lose you from
our city - sorry to lose you
from the Bible Class. Per-
haps in time you might
have counseled me to what
to you do." "No, judge,"
said the teacher, "I never could
have counseled you, and
you never will be counseled.
You will go on reading the
Bible, retaining page X, and
will get down to death without
a parson, and having no help
and without God in the
world." Judge Ogden took
both steps, stopped, looked
upon his knife and said,
"Oh God, it must not be
so." "Pray for me please you
leave this place," and the
last one of that class was
converted.

Judges 16: 16, 17.

And it came to pass
when she pressed him
daily with her words,
and urged him, so
that his soul was vexed
unto death, that he told
her all his heart, and
said unto her se—

"Like any other man,"

He Turned and Said Unto Peter

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

1883

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

Matt. 16. 23 - "He turned
and said unto Peter, Get
thee behind me Satan."

— x —
'83

I have several times
been asked the meaning of
these words.

Usually when one
asks a question of this
kind, it is evinced that
others have thought the
same thing. In trying
to answer this question, we
may possibly meet other
cases.

In themselves alone

They are singular words
In Jesus to address to
any of his disciples.

What can he mean -
looking Peter right in the
face and saying "Get thee
behind me Satan."

But the words seem
stranger still when we
notice that they occur
in connection with the
strongest words of con-
mudation and praise
that Jesus ever bestowed.

Jesus had just been
asking the disciples who
men said that he - Jesus -
was. Then he turned to

the disciples with the
personal question - "Who
say ye that I am?"

Peter was the speaker,
and answered at once -
"Thou art the Christ, the Son
of the living God." To this
advanced, clear, and con-
fident answer Jesus had
said to Peter - "Blessed
art thou. x x x Thou art
Peter, and on this rock
I will build my church
and the gates of hell
shall not prevail against
it."

Then Jesus began to tell
his disciples of the future -
that he was to go to Jerusa-
lem, he would be crucified & crucified.

For this statement Peter
rebuked X. and said -
"that he far from this, Lord."

Jesus turned and said -
"The same Jesus said to
the same Peter whom he
had just praised & com-
mended so highly - "Get
this behind you, Satan."

Of course we say in
general at once the
change is not in X. but
in Peter.

The same sun which shines

down upon the fertile field
warms with grain, and causes
it to wax with a luxuriant
growth, ~~so~~ burns and
scorches the desert sands.

The sun's ^{bridle} hand of X. which
sings wide the door for
the nice virgins to enter, shuts
the door to the foolish virgins.
The same voice of the same
Jesus which says at last to
^{man} "Come ye blessed of my Father,
inherit the Kingdom. Pre-
pared for you from the
foundation of the world," also
says to others, "Depart from
me ye cursed into ever-
lasting fire, prepared for
the Devil and his angels."

Our relation of X. after our
our reception by him.

The main interest in these words, I think, gathers about two questions: "Why did K address Peter in such language as this?"

"Why did Peter so soon fall from the height of his inspired confessions into the error which merited so keen a rebuke?"

I. In answer to the first:

We may say Peter's peculiar temper must have contributed to do with it. It was not anything which manifested itself with any in Peter's life and then disappeared. Again, after this, Peter said to K, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I"; and that, any might demand him.

It was Peter's nature to

peer from one extreme to the other. But there is an answer, we think much broader than this, and not which takes in our common human nature.

It was the high praise bestowed upon him by his Master. He was proud of the distinction conferred upon him, filled with self-conceit, and so went to the opposite extreme. We are led to think this because it is so common for men to use the very blessings conferred against the giver.

Peter had no other boast but that he was blessed, and had uttered a divine truth, than he presumed

in his power and destination
to shake X. X's pride has
lifted him above X himself.

And is this not a common
occurrence among men.

God's gifts are used against
the giver. The very power
and destination conferred
upon men are used to
oppose the goodness, good-
ness, or plans of God.

God has given to one
man a splendid intellect.
The man instead of making
that an instrument to
promote the glory of God;
uses it in endeavoring to
prove there is no God - that
or that the Scriptures are
not the word of God,
or that the Plan of salva-
tion is not divine, or that

X is not to be obeyed.

There have been men,
so lifted up by pride in
their wealth that they have
thought themselves superior
to the God who made them.

There have been spirits
so filled with pride because
of some success, for which
they have been praised, that
they have thought themselves
superior to their teachers.

There have been children,
whose fathers, at the cost
of hard labor and self-de-
nial, have given them a
better education than they
themselves had - who have

been so happy up with
their knowledge as to look
down upon their fathers.

So Peter, from the
height of his improved con-
fession - from his pride
at being called blessed,
from his delight at being
the chosen one out of the
multitude to stand first
in the new Kingdom.

falls to the depths of a
severe and secreted rebuke.

As soon as he had
said to them that he must
go up to Jerusalem, and
there suffer many things of
the kind, Perils and be
killed, Peter took him
aside - the spirit bestowed
upon Peter had lifted him
above his Lord - and he

said to him - Do not look
in any such way as this.
You are hating your own
cause. You have it in
your power now to grasp
the scepter, and make your
self a King. Now just

as you are about to
establish your Kingdom.
Look not of suffering, or
of being killed. "That
be far from thee, Lord."
This shall not be unto thee."

At these words, Jesus,
turning to the disciples,
said to Peter, "Get thee be-
hind me, Satan."

II. Why, now, did he rebuke
Peter in such strong terms.

1. He recognized an old
foe under a new guise.

He recognized in Peter
his old adversary of the
wilderness. Satan. A glance
at the final words of X
with the Devil in the wilder-
ness will show that
they were the same on that
occasion, as on the
present: "Get thee behind
me, Satan" were the words
of triumph which ended
the conflict. But a
little study will also re-
veal that the temptations
were the same. This
temptation whose cause
through Peter - of taking the
crown without the cross -
the Kingdom without the
conflict, the victory without
the battle was the last
and most subtle tempta-

tion in the wilderness.
There Satan had said
pointing to the Kingdoms
of the world, "All these
will I give thee, if thou
wilt fall down and worship
me". As the glorious
words, "Get thee behind me,
Satan" had banished the
temptation then, he sees them
now. Looking, as it were,
respect through Peter, and
seeing Satan once more
on the ground, he seems
to say, "Is it you?
Are you still working on
that line? I require ^{that} ~~the~~ ^{the}
champion of my Church, to
stand beside the prayer of
my Kingdom? Again I say
to thee, Get thee hence!"

There was a terrible
blow inflicted by those
words. The victory triumph
was again defeated, and
Peter was rebuked for his
presumption and error.

As it said, Mr. Houghton
daban was defeated and
for all in the wilderness.

The decision battle
was fought there. The
idea of final & complete
victory was there secured;
but daban is not slain
yet; nor has he ceased
to present this royal
temptation. Daban was
afraid of the cross, and
labored to prevent it.

It was the sole purpose
of his conflict with X
in the wilderness - it

was his restraining fear -
None all thought that such
his career to prevent it;
and now that it is un-
accomplished yet, it is
his to endeavor to deny
it, or to explain it that
it will mean nothing.

He died on the cross.
Yes, but thousands have
not died as bravely as
he - thousands have
laid down their lives for
a cause. He suffered
willingly? Yes, and
so have multitudes; and
all that loss means is an
example, a lesson, a teaching,
an enforcement of a
moral lesson. This is
the veritable temptation

of the Devil - Satan, under
still another guise, trying
to ~~the~~ accomplish the worst
thing to preventing the
mass - destroy ~~my~~ etc
power. Whomever may be
the spokesman - however
high or low - however
prominent in the Church
or the world, X or Satan
is saying to them - to
the Satan working through
them, "Get thee hence".

It was this cruel
temptation, which Paul saw,
and which stung him
the most deeply of anything
in his whole experience.

He saw that man had
been working among the
Johannans trying to make a
cross of X of some effect

and he said, in the spirit
of X's words in our text -

"Though we or an angel from
heaven preach any other ^{gospel}
~~gospel~~ unto you than that
we have preached, let him
be accursed." "Get thee
hence, Satan", is the
real meaning of those
words.

We see then
the force and aim of the
words as used here, and
wherever used. The old
serpent lifting his head
in the wilderness received
a blow from X that fell
him to the earth. Lifting
his head again in the
warning of Peter, he received
another stunning blow.

Lifting his head again
in Galatia, Paul struck
him. Again in the
Middle ages, and Luther
pelled him to the earth.
and to-day raising his
head again, he is being
struck, not so much by
any man or man, as
by the achievements of his
cross of X.

2.

Not only because he would
strike down an old tyrant.
rising up in his death.
but for Peter's own good.
Get thee behind me, Satan.
Thou art an offence unto
me. These are strong
words, but the deepest kind of
is often shown by the use of
what seem to be harsh words.

Peter stood on dangerous
ground. He had done a
good thing - had said some-
thing which drew from X
the most distinguished
praise that ever fell from
his lips. X saw the effect
it was having upon Peter.

It was turning his head -
girling him with conceit -
making him feel as if there
was no one in all the
world equal to himself.

Nothing but quick, severe,
decisive measures would
answer the case. It was
the diseased hand that
must be cut off - the
evil eye that must be
plucked out. And X saw

the friend to do it.

By that bold stroke he saved Peter from himself.

He plunged Peter, to the sure, from the height of divinity almost, down to the depths of ordinary life; but the very severity of the blow broke the evil spell, and brought Peter to himself.

Is there not something here that accords with our experience? Have we performed a praiseworthy act, and have we been elevated by it in our esteem and

the praises of others, to think of ourselves much higher than our ought to think? - We have soon after, perhaps, found ourselves ^{almost} in the depths of despair. A man

wakeful hour is apt to be just after a signal victory.

While he is resting upon his laurels, and gazing in his crystal, the enemy comes and puts him off his guard - self-confident, and exposed. But these very defeats save a man from utter destruction.

They are God's merciful interposition in our behalf.

His measures are severe, but kind. How often when a sinner is proud of his morality and strength - boasts of his goodness -

that he is better than other men - God hedges up his way, and brings him face to face with the devil.

By a hard lesson he is

caught his gutter weakness,
and then broken-hearted
is in a condition to be
saved.

It was the
mighty famine in the land,
and the hunger and
scurvy that brought the
Prodigal to his senses.

If any of us here
are self-confident - and to-
day trusting to self for
salvation - the kindest thing
that could be done by the
Father would be to sweep
into our souls such hunger
and want, that we should
cry out for God's help and
mercy.

If any of us
are flattered above measure,
the quickest way returns to the
valley of humiliation and

prayer the better.

It was a severe stroke
when the prophet Nathan
said to David, "Thou art the
man", and it sent David
down into the depths of the
51st Ps. But out of the
valley, "A broken & a contrite
heart, a God, show wilt
not despise" he rose into
the favor and love of God.

III But I wish you
to gather together a few of
the lessons, that we may
look at them separately.

1. I detested and rebuked
a temptation of the Devil
in one who was accounted
his best friend.

If there is anything in
this world that requires
courage and strength of

to see and rebuke Satan
in a friend. A word, an
act, a look which in a bad
man we would despise
and shun, in a professed
friend we are apt to excuse
or even commend. A
temptation which we would
spurn coming from some
source, we yield to coming
from others.

"Come, take a glass," was
said to a young man.

Who said it? Ah there
lies the danger. Why said
it? A cunning man's
word? If so, the young
man is far safer, and safer,
than if no such word
had been spoken in his
hearing. A stranger?

If so, it will be no
hard matter to resist.

The young man has no
intention or desire to
run needlessly into danger.

But it is a friend.
One who has done him
many kindnesses - spoken
many words in his
praise - helped him out of
hard places - stood his
friend in times of need.

To say to such a one,
when he comes, bearing a
message from the Devil,
"Get thee behind me,
Satan" takes all the moral
courage, and stains
a man's possession.

Here is Peter, who says
to Jesus, "Thou art the Christ,
the Son of the living God."

And Jesus' heart is ours.
Thus at this expression of
compassion from Peter that
he says, "Blessed art thou
Peter". But - only a few
minutes short time passes
when Peter comes with a
temptation. To say to
that same loving friend,
"Get thee behind me, Satan,
is the proof of Jesus' devotion
to right."

Here comes our old
rags to you. Come, go
with me on this Sunday,
and let us have a day
of pleasure. These words
fall upon the ear of a
young person, and they
fall from the lips of a
professed friend. The

young person says, "I can't
refuse him. He has be-
friended me - he has
spoken many kind words
to me, and of me. He
has been with me many
times on matters of
mine; and so he yields
to the devil, because he
comes under the guise
of a friend. These tempt-
ations are cruel tricks
just before, than even to
women - before those known
to be the professed fol-
lowers of L. Now we
may as well set this
down as a principle
at once. The man who
knows this - who knows the
consequences to which he

exposing his acquaintance -
the possible effect it will
have upon his faith and
habits, and standing - and
still offers the temptation -
he is no friend; and the
sooner the Satan in his
paran and vice is detected
the better - the sooner his
enmity he cut the
better. If that be the
right hand cut it off -

If that be the right eye,
pluck it out. Better to
go through life half or
maimed - better to go
without an earthly friend
than to lose the eternal
friendship of God.

2. This apparently
was treated in some
essays on our part, and
may save our friends.
I not only saved
himself from this tempta-
tion of the Devil, but
saved Peter from the
snare of Satan.

"If thy brother trespass
against thee, go and tell
him his fault. Reconcile
him and thee alone; and
if he hear thee thou hast
gained thy brother."

Peter, we know, never
forgot - to his dying day,
those words which Jesus
spoke to him, soon after
this. Perhaps referring to
this very occasion: Simon,
Satan hath desired to have

you, that he might lift
you as wheat, but I have
prayed for thee". I said
myself, and now his
brother. X leads off in
this work of his X kind blood.

The Bible bids us do
this kind of work, one for
the other. There is no
hand like that of a printer
to do this - what can do
it so lovingly and so skill-
fully - with so large a
probability of success.

Our solemn covenant
calls us by the sacredness
of our work to do it.

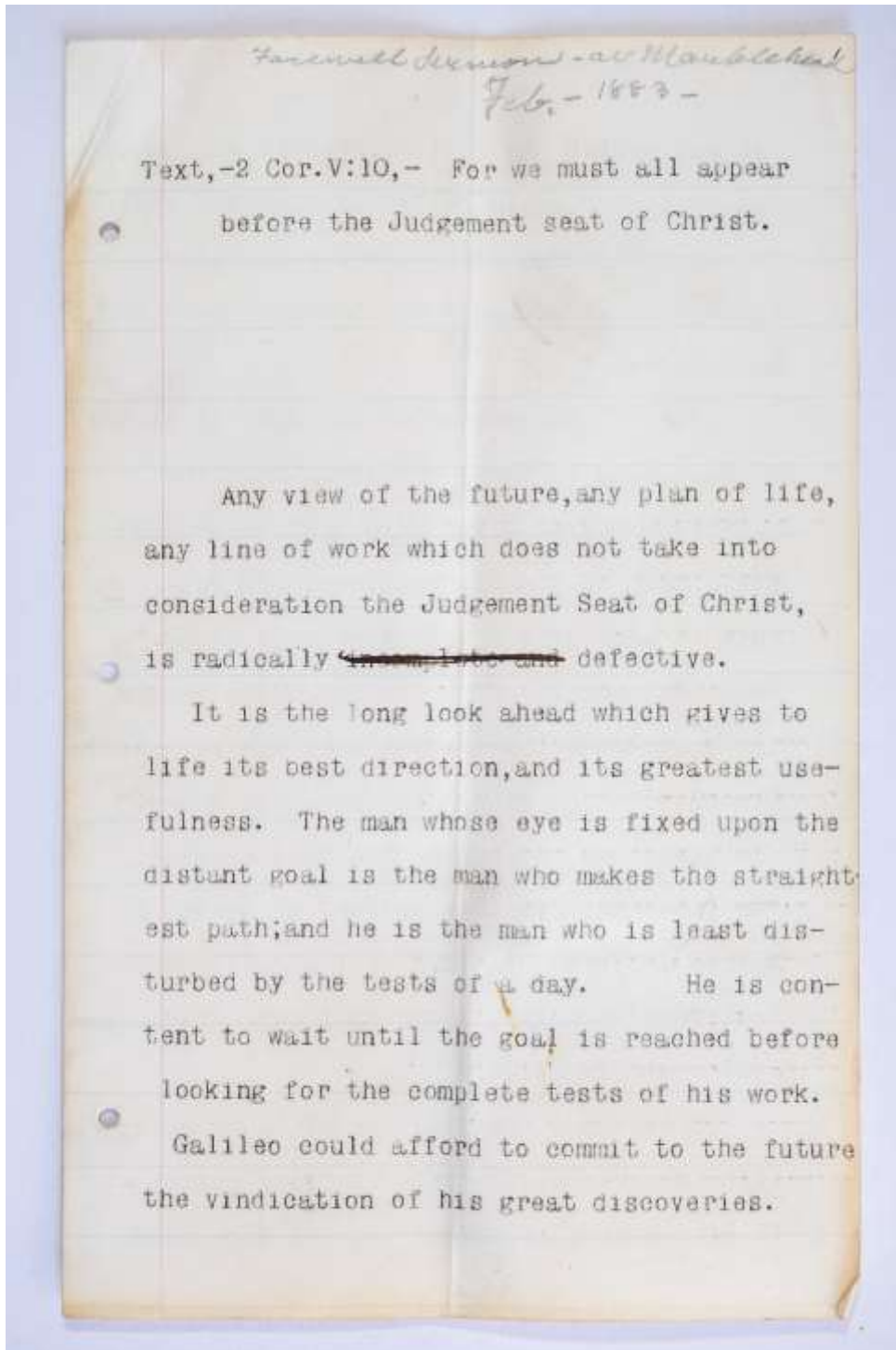
The worth of the souls
of those bound to us by
ties of friendship or
brotherhood calls us to

it; and "let him know
that he that loveth a
sinner from the error of
his ways shall save a
soul from death, and
shall have a multitude of sins".

For We Must All Appear Before the Judgement Seat of Christ

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Farewell Sermon at Marblehead – February 1883
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH – MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS



It was Kepler who replied, when it was asserted that his book would fall dead upon the public, - "I can wait a hundred years for a reader since God has waited four thousand years for an observer."

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, says to those who are struggling against opposition, and amid many discouragements, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." From the example of Christ a similar lesson is drawn: - "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross despising the shame."

In the verse preceeding the text we read, "We labor that whether present or absent we may be accepted of him." Then follows the text, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."

It has been the practice often on occasions like the present for the retiring pastor to give a kind of summary of the work done

during the years of mutual labor,-to gather up the results and glance over them. It is doubtless wise to do this at times;but I feel that this is not one of those times.

I have no desire to cry a halt,even for a moment. I have no wish to sit down to-day and count the trophies;but I would rather try to lift your thoughts to the point indicated in the text,toward which point our paths are so rapidly tending. The lines do not converge here at the end of these brief years of labor;but there at the great white throne. There the results are to be gathered up,-there the real tests are to be applied There every man's work shall be made manifest of what sort it is. If souls have already been saved we should be profoundly grateful,if Christians have been built up and strengthened we should rejoice and praise God;but we are right in the midst of the work, the lines converge far in front,

Adjusting our vision, then, to that point, let us see what suggestions the text has for us to-day.

1. The certainty that we shall all meet at Christ's judgement seat. We all must appear at the Judgement of Christ. All human paths converge to that point. There are no final separations, no final disappearances this side the judgement. We are held in the grasp of a law which will bring us all, every one, to that point.

The law of gravitation long since established the fact that no material substance is lost, or can be lost from this world. There are changes in form.

There are apparent disappearances; but from the strong grasp of the force of Gravitation, from the atmosphere which belts this planet, no substance can escape. But this earth and all it contains is in turn held by a more distant center of force, the sun; and out

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from its system there is no escape. But the sun and all its planets is held in the grasp of another more distant center, and from its powerful hold there is no escape. And where is the center of all centers?

The Bible reveals to us that there is a law also which controls the soul. There is a force which holds it. It has its nearer centers in the home, the church, the communion of saints; but the center of all centers is the judgement seat of Christ. Out from the strong grasp of that force no soul can escape.

~~Men~~ ^{Men} fall in battle, are lost at sea, disappear we know not how: men die at home and pass from our sight; but every one shall put in an appearance at the judgement seat of Christ. Every broad thoroughfare where human beings move in masses ends there. Every little path, with its solitary traveler, has the same end. The good and the bad, the rich and the poor, the learned

and the ignorant, master and servant, teacher and pupil, pastor and people, by an unerring law from which there is no possibility of escape, will all appear there. And not only men but their deeds and all connected with them will come into view there. Says Dr. Guthrie; "We shall meet again all we are doing and have done. The graves shall give up their dead, and from the tombs of oblivion the past shall give up all that it holds in keeping, to be witness for or witness against us." When the apostle Paul wrote the words of our text to the Corinthians he was many a long mile distant from them. But from his high point of faith he could see the point toward which they ~~all~~ all-they and he-were hastening. Distance, place, separation made no difference in the view as he saw it, -they were all tending toward one common point, and that was the Judgement seat of Christ.

Christ's

2. It is ~~the~~ judgement seat ~~of Christ~~
 before which we are to appear. That is
 the same as saying that it is Christ with
 whom we have to do now. The supreme question
 before the world to-day is the relation of
 man to Christ. "What think ye of
 Christ?" is the greatest question before the
 world. Moving on as we all are toward
 the Judgement seat of Christ, our present re-
 lation to him is the all-important thing.
 It is with him that we have to do. He is
 our Sovereign. The most serious question
 that a human being can ask is "What is my
 position before Christ? Christ is in every
 thing which in any way involves the welfare
 of the human race or of any single man.
 On this theme it would be easy to turn aside
 and notice the Christ of the world's history,-
 how he is connected with the rise and the fall
 of nations,-how all material progress follows

the march of Christ through the world,—how a kind of fatality in misfortune and decay attends the nation which rejects Him. The story of the wandering Jew is but a legend; but it illustrates a truth. The attentive reader of the history of the world can see the quaint form of the wandering Jew stalking through the centuries. Whether the world acknowledges it or not it is dealing with the Christ. Saul of Tarsus was only having dealings with the Chief Priests at Jerusalem, as he thought, when he was persecuting the Church; but the voice which came to him when on the road to Damascus was this, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" "Who?" "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." ~~Men to-day think they are simply having dealings with their fellow men, that to them simply they stand or fall; but they are dealing with Christ. It is to him they are to give an account.~~

Jonah thought it was a matter of indifference whether he obeyed God or followed his own choice, and when God sent him to Nineveh, he started for Tarshish; but there rose right up before him to stop him that mighty storm; and what was it but the Christ with whom he had to do? Balaam thought it was a matter to be decided simply between himself and the princes of Moab whether he went with them or not; but the angel with the flaming sword was the Christ which rose up and opposed his progress. And so every man has to ^{do} now with the same Christ toward whose judgement seat he is moving.

St. Paul when he was judged on one occasion, said, "~~It~~ is a very small thing that I should be judged by you, or of man's judgement; he that judgeth me is the Lord."

What then becomes the chief excellence in every man's life? Obedience to Christ. This is the great touch stone of human action.

Says one, "It is with us as with those actors on the stage whom men applaud, not because of the parts they play, but because of the way in which they play them."

It is not the great things, the brilliant things, the sounding things which of necessity meet with approval, but the things done in the right way. "Well done from God, well done from Christ, well done from ten thousand angels shall crown the lives of good servants. but not of bad kings."

And so I care not so much to-day to sit down with you and look over the amount of work we have accomplished during our association together, as to inquire with you, "Are we on the right road, are we doing the will of Christ?"

Glancing then into the future, the supreme question is, "Are we in the line of Christian service, - are we in the line of obedience?"

You have asked me of late some searching

questions. You have asked, "Is it right, when a pastor and people are working together in pleasant, harmonious, useful cooperation, to disturb those relations? Is it right to sunder ties so tender and so strong?"

Judged at the bar of this church to-day, the verdict might be, No! Judged at the bar of Christ in the future, I believe ~~it~~ would the verdict will be, Yes! I see the patriot at the call of his country, leaving all the tender ties of home and friends to obey the call. I see the soldier, breaking camp, leaving safety and certainty for the dangers and uncertainties of the field of battle and of death. I have a supreme faith in the Christ of the world, the Christ of our country, the Captain of our Salvation, the Commander-in-Chief of the church; and I believe he is issuing his orders, and placing his men. Gladly would I have remained

here, had this been the place of labor. Gladly do I go there; for it is at his bar that every one of us must give an account.

The calls of Christ are infinite in variety.

He has been calling many of late to come into his service, - to become Christians.

Some have obeyed, and some have not. Let me tell you who have obeyed, you have taking the path of joy and satisfaction. You are in the line of glory, of power, of success.

I would'nt for the world stand in the place of any who do not obey the call of Christ.

They are out of the line of happiness; they are out of the path which leads to success; they are setting their human wisdom, and human wills against the infinite wisdom and will of Christ. Oh, that we all might see

his colossal figure, standing above all other others! Oh, that all might see that to

obey him is **To** put the little life which has been given us into the line of complete suc-

cess! If in my ministry here I have ever lost sight of this great theme,-Christ the way, the truth, and the life,-if ever I have wandered off into the fields of human philosophy, and human wisdom, and human speculations, it is my sincere regret to-day. I am convinced there is but one thing worthy the attention of a Christian minister-there is but one theme worthy his proclamation, and that is, The Gospel of Christ, the Wisdom of God, and the Power of God unto Salvation!

Anything else is but the merest husks in comparison.

And right here I wish to express my thanks and gratitude that the lines ever fell to me in such a church as this,-in this old, solid, conservative church.

A young man just from the schools, with his ears full of all the wild theories and speculations which fill the air, is not the man to take the charge of a new enterprise

and shape its future. He often stands upon a foundation too weak, too uncertain.

But it is often a blessing for him to fall into the strong grasp of an old church with a great history behind it. The wisdom of the past pervades the very atmosphere, the sainted dead still live in the children, the pastor is borne up and on by the prayers of the living saints, and while he is preaching to them they are no less preaching to him. Under such influences have I had the privilege of living and working for ten years. ~~How~~ How many fatal gulfs of error I have been kept from falling into, ~~how~~ how many flickering lights of human wisdom and human folly I have been kept from following will never be known. But this I know, that the supreme desire which has been awakened in my soul under the influence of these scenes and teachings and examples

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is to know Christ, to live Christ, and to preach Christ.

3. These words show us the nature of our work. We are working, not for a day, or year, or ten years; but for the judgement of the future. This makes our work serious. A full realization of the nature of our work would almost paralyze our arms, and cause our tongues to cleave to the roof of our mouth.

A mechanic may do a bad piece of work, and hide it in a mass of merchandise, and send it out into the great world, never to see it again. If he knew that he would be brought face to face with that work again, it would not only inspire him to better work, but fill him with a healthy fear of sending out poor work to rise up in the judgement to face him. But we are to meet our work

again. Anything, everything, -good, bad, indifferent- will be at the judgement, when we get

there. You are all familiar with the story of the Spanish inquisition. A witness was called to the secret conclave, and asked to tell all he knew on the subject before them, with the assurance that it would not be used in any way against him. It was simply for their private satisfaction then and there. The witness began, but suddenly came to a stop; and neither promises, entreaties, bribes nor threats could move him, or unseal his lips. What was the reason? The witness had heard the scratching of a pen behind the curtains which hung just at his side. His words were being taken down as fast as he uttered them. He was to meet them again. His lips were locked from all further utterance.

And just so we shall meet all that has gone out from us in word or deed. Out from the babel of speech where we supposed all our idle words were hidden-up from the mass of rubbish where we supposed our imperfect work

was concealed-up from the earth where we supposed our sins were all buried, they shall all come to meet us again. It is not for us fully to understand and appreciate ~~this~~ momentous truth . It would blur our vision, and disturb our nerves. But the great truth has been revealed in outline, that we may realize that the work we are doing is not trifling or insignificant in its character.

This truth also brings into view the fact that the material upon which we are at work is infinite in value. We are not surprised that the German diamond cutter hesitated before he began to cut away the precious material of the Queen's diamond. We are not surprised that the celebrated oculist, though he had received a thorough training for his work, when he came to stand alone before his first case, twice let his lancet fall from his hands before he could

touch it to that priceless organ of the human eye. Are we surprised that a celebrated preacher once stopped in the midst of his sermon, overpowered by a similar thought, and exclaimed, "I am dealing with the immortal soul". He realized that his words were like the instrument which cuts away the precious dust from the diamond, - like the lancet which was to touch the delicate eye, - his words were fashioning, shaping, fitting a precious, never ^{dying}, priceless soul for the judgement seat of Christ.

And what is it, brethren, to have stood before an audience of such souls for ten years? What is the responsibility of having the ^{ir} trustful attention, and of shaping their religious life, and thought, and destiny? I only wonder I COULD have stood here with so little feeling and disturbance. It is a thought that takes hold upon eter-

nal issues that a hundred souls, living, acting, deciding, - a hundred who were here when my ministry began, - a hundred who have listened to the preaching in this house Sunday after Sunday, are now in eternity. On every one of those souls I have left some mark.

It could not be otherwise. On every one of those souls as they are now in eternity there is a mark which would not have been there but for my ministry here. I did not leave a single one of them as I found them. Each one was left either above or below the spiritual line where I found them.

Is there anything serious about this kind of work, friends? Is there anything serious about all the work which we do in this world? Who of us has not ~~already~~ ready some specimens of his work already sent in for divine inspection?

A hundred souls up there, on each one of which there is some specimen of the kind

of work I have been doing these years!

These souls are to me the pen behind the curtain, taking down for the record on high the faithful or unfaithful words. The protographer's plate, when it has been prepared, and put in the camera, and exposed to the light, receives and holds the impression of whatever object passes before it.

The human soul is like that plate. It receives and holds the impression of whatever object is made to pass before it. - If we had but the spiritual eyes to see, we might discern upon the souls of those whom we have influenced the kind of impression we have made, - whether it is an impression of ourselves, or an impression of Christ. If all these souls were ranged before us, we might see mirrored in their depths the image - the result of our work upon them.

What would it be? What will it be when the judgement seat reveal every man's

work? Our own blurred, and sin-scarred image, or that of the divine, holy Son of God?

The Greek king commissioned the sculptore Phidias to build him a temple on the front of which the name of the king was to be cut in the solid granite. The wily artist cut his own name into the granite, and filled the letters with a softer material, in which he put the name of the king. He has apparently fulfilled his mission; but the name of the king though it might remain during his life-time, would in time give place to that of the sculptor, whose name was in the stone. The King of kings has commissioned his followers to cut his name in the hearts of men. Do we sometimes, while apparently obeying the command, while teaching men an outward profession of Christ, really cut our own names into the enduring substance of the heart?

God's perfect image was once on the human heart; but that image is not there now in its ^{former} clearness; but sin has defaced it;

God made provision for putting his image back into the heart by putting Christ there.

If there is any man on earth whom I should feel like envying it is the preacher who could look back upon his ministry, and say, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified". Better than any likeness of himself, - better than any impression of himself, - better than any thought of his own wisdom or worth would be the fact that he had left the image of Christ on the hearts of his hearers.

To-day's service marks a point where our paths as Christian workers apparently diverge. Your work in the great field of Christian activity remains here; mine lies far to the west. It is simply a change in our relative positions, that is all.

I have been asked what it is that draws me into that western field. We are all familiar with the saying, "Westward the star of empire holds its way". We recognize the truth of the saying, though we may not be able to explain it. What is it implanted in the hearts of men which from the time when Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees until now has responded to this drawing? What is it that has drawn men and women from the culture and refinement and friendships of our New England homes to settle Iowa and Kansas and Minnesota and Missouri? We have seen the metal worker

plunge his magnet into a pile of dust and draw it out covered with steel filings.

God has put something into the hearts of men which springs to the magnetic touch of a western call. I confess that I have felt it. To some the magnet has been the

desire for the yellow gold; to others to build up a successful business; and to others to gain place and power among men. None of these have I felt, laudable though they may be. Mine has been a different ambition.

I have no ambition to dig from those western mines the gold to be stamped in the mint of the United States with an eagle or the head of a patriot; but I crave hearts, human hearts on which to stamp the image of Christ.

I have no desire to gather from the hill-sides the purple grapes which shall yield the red wine for the cellars of the nation; but I would gather the clusters of Christian families which shall yield the rich wine

of Christian living. I would not reap from those broad prairies the wheat which shall fill the graneries of the country; but sheaves of souls for the garner of God.

This drawing westward which God has put into so many Christian hearts is, I believe, his way of dividing his forces.

It is his way of salting the masses which are pouring in upon us from abroad, - his way of sending a gleam of gospel light across the continent. I confess to an ambition for this kind of work; and out from the sadness of separation, - out from the pain of parting there shines a gladness that God has counted me at all faithful, putting me into the western ministry.

And soon, as I go to another part of the great field of the Master, I have no farewells to utter, no words of final parting to speak, - only this, God bless you all in your work here; God reward you

for your abounding kindness and generosity to me and mine;the Lord bless the churches of this town whose fellowship has been so pleasant and helpful;and this old town,dear to us by so many pleasant memories,-peace be within her walls and prosperity within her palaces.

Our paths apparently diverge, but fixing our eyes on that distant goal, where they will all converge, let us live and labor for Him who sitteth upon the throne. And so, "The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord cause his face to shine upon you and give you peace."

Behold the Fowls of the Air

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

1887

CLYDE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

MATT. 6. 26, - "BEHOLD THE FOWLS OF THE AIR."

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The day which we call now, "Children's Day" used to be called, and is still called by some, "Flower Sunday."

Though we have dropped the name, Flower Sunday, we still keep to the custom of decorating with flowers just the same. Children and flowers seem to go together naturally in our minds. And there is one other word which may be added, and then we have the complete idea, - Children, flowers, birds.

Not long ago I chose for my text on Children's Day, "Consider the lilies", and to-day my subject is, Consider the birds, - "Behold the fowls of the air."

If any excuse were needed for such a theme as this to-day it would be sufficient to say that this subject formed a part of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount.

Jesus was seated on the mountain side, and close up to him were gathered the disciples, and a little farther down the hill the people were seated.

It was very early in the morning. The dew was on the grass, and sparkled in the morning sun. Looking at these lilies appearing as if bedecked with diamonds, Jesus said,

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

And then he called attention to the birds. "Behold the fowls of the air!" Probably their morning concert was just closing, and now they were flying about overhead, perching on the twigs of the trees, or balancing themselves on the spray s of the wheat or grass.

I wonder how many of our boys and girls ever heard a bird concert,--a real concert.

There may be places in this city where one may be heard almost any morning at this season of the year.

But the place to hear one in perfection is away from the houses of the city, at a country house surrounded by trees. If you are a stranger there, you will be awakened from your sleep very early in the morning by the birds.

At first the notes will mingle with your morning dreams, and seem to be a part of them; but soon you will be wide awake!

And now listen! A clear note or chirp sounds from a tree near the open window, answered by a similar note from another tree. Back and forth the notes are exchanged, and then both birds unite in a duett of liquid song.

Another and a different note now breaks in, answered by a similar one in another direction, and then they join; and now another and another, until in less than half an hour it seems as if there were a hundred in the chorus, pouring forth a volume of clear, sweet pure song. It seems as if the air were full of the liquid music. And though each bird has his own song, notes, key, there is not the slightest suggestion of discord, but all blend together in harmony.

One can hardly help the feeling that the little birds are having their morning devotions, and praising God before going out to feed from his hand.

I imagine it was to something of this kind that Jesus had been listening, when he said, "Behold the fowls of the air!" He must have heard something like this very often in that country abounding in birds.

Jesus spent a great many nights out of doors under the open sky, and early in the morning heard the birds singing their morning songs.

I want to act this morning as the friend of the birds, and I hope many who are here, young and old may become even more their friends than they are now from what is said.

The word behold in the text may have many meanings, such as, Notice, Study, Be kind to, and Protect.

WHY SHOULD WE GIVE THE BIRDS ANY THOUGHT?

I will name as the first reason, Because God made them, and Jesus Christ took notice of them.

There are some people who never notice such a thing as a bird or a flower. It is sometimes said that they have no sense of the beautiful. It would be truer to say that they never use their sense of the beautiful.

I do not believe there is any body in the world whom God has made, who has a sound mind, who would not become interested in birds or flowers if they gave time to notice

them or find out something about them.

Perhaps those rough disciples of Jesus, fishermen and tax gatherers, had never stopped to think about the little birds before. They were business men, industrious, practical men, and had something to do besides looking at the birds.

Some seem to think that a man or a boy who notices birds is a little weak, and will not amount to much if they notice or say anything about birds.

It is enough to say right here that Jesus was not weak, and he loved to look at the birds, and speak of them too. He soon had those practical disciples looking at the birds with a new interest. I do not believe they ever saw the little birds after that without thinking of what he said, "Your heavenly Father feedeth them."

I once visited an art gallery where there were on exhibition a great many great paintings loaned for the exhibition. As I entered, having no knowledge of art or artists, it was a wilderness of paintings, and where to spend my time I could not tell.

But I soon saw there an artist of considerable note. With a company of others he stood before a small painting. They were pointing to parts of it, talking about it, discussing it, and I knew that the picture must have a good deal of merit and must be worth examination to take the attention of that man for so long a time.

When he and his party moved on, I knew one painting in the exhibition worth studying.

In this great art gallery of the world which God has filled, and in which he has put so many things worthy our attention what shall I notice particularly?

I see the Son of God, Jesus, with his little party pause before the little birds, point to them, talk about them, discuss them, and I know there is one place worthy my attention

Jesus says to all of us just as he says to the disciples; "Behold the fowls of the air."

There must have been something beautiful, attractive about them to attract the notice of our Savior.

If I were to tell you of a beautiful place to spend the summer, I know it would add to the attractions of the place to say there were plenty of large trees, giving a cooling shade; and that there were springs of clear water, and that there hill-sides and fields covered with a carpet of wild flowers.

And now would it not also add to the beauty of the picture in your minds, and add to the attractiveness of the place, ~~to go to~~ if I said the trees were full of birds? They would give you their morning concert, they would flit about among the trees all day, build their nests overhead, and make it social with their company.

God put birds into this world to make it a more attractive place to live, and Jesus his Son says to us, "Behold them, look at them, admire them."

This, then, is one of the reasons why birds are worthy of our attention and may well have a place in our thoughts to-day.

2. Another reason I would give for noticing the birds, is that it is AN INTERESTING STUDY.

I want you to notice that Jesus says in the text, "Behold the fowls of the air," not, Shoot the fowls of the air." It is a hundred times more interesting to watch them, study them, find out things about them, than it is to shoot them.

Did you ever know a boy to go to his father and say, "I want you to get me a gun?" "What do you want of a gun?" "To shoot the little birds." Now I can tell you of something a thousand times better than a gun to ask him to get for you, if you want something. In stead of a double-barrel gun, a double-barrel ~~spyglass~~ spyglass, field-glass, opera glass.

Girls as well as boys can use this kind of a gun.

Find out, some spring, for example, where a pair of robins are building a nest. I used to know of half a dozen such places every spring. Perhaps it will be on a tree right near your house, perhaps out in the yard, or in a grove in a field.

Take your glass, and get a good position far enough away not to frighten the birds, and through the glass which will seem to draw them so near that you can touch them, watch them.

It will be better than a story, full of interest. Look at the birds as they look at the place they have chosen to build their house. Your father and mother were never more interested in a house lot which they had selected for a home than those two birds. Look at that male bird as he sits there!

Perfect in shape, with a head and neck that are grace itself! See how perfectly his garments fit him, and how smooth and spotless he keeps them! He has had his morning bath, and his feathers just shine.

Isn't it better to see him sitting there so happy and so proud than to bring down to your feet gasping, dying, his feathers all ruffled, and a shot through his heart?

No, Jesus did not say, Shoot that noble fellow, -he said, Look at him!

And now if you are a mind to watch him every day for a few weeks you will see some very interesting and skilful work, as they lay the foundations for their house, build up the sides, line the nest, and after a time you will see some little heads rising up from the nest, and two happy parents taking care of their darlings, as happily in their way as your fathers and mothers take care of you.

I shall have something more to say about the Robin by and by; but now let us look at another bird.

Some of you may live where you have an opportunity such as I used to have when a boy. On one side of the house there was a large Honeysuckle, with its sweet flowers, and out in the garden a little beyond some poles covered with beans in blossom, and these sweet blossoms attracted the little humming birds.

Take a seat now at this window right in sight of the flowers and with the glass to your eyes watch for one of the little creatures. It will not be more than two or three minutes before one will come.

There he is! He poises himself in front of a flower for a moment, his wings flying so fast that you cannot see them move. He remains perfectly still for a moment. What is he doing? What is he after? Some think he has come after the honey; and he does take a sip now and then just for a relish; but what he is after is insects, bugs which have crawled into the flowers; and that is why he moves from one to another, and does not put his bill into all of them. He takes only those that have insects in them.

But while he is poising himself in front of a flower look at him closely! I venture to say you never saw a more becoming, or a richer dress than that little fellow has on. This is the male bird we are looking at, and he belongs to the species called the Ruby-throat. Over his shoulders and back he wears a silky, glistening, golden-green mantle, clasped at the throat with a blazing ruby.

The female bird wears the same mantle, but on her breast wears what the ladies would call a stomacher of pearl white satin, and has her mantle trimmed with a band of the same material!+

Who dressed these little creatures in that rich, beautiful style? God planned those beautiful garments, and his fingers fitted them so perfectly. Is it any wonder that Jesus, his Son, said, "Behold the fowls of the air, -look at them!"

If you could be fortunate enough to find the nest of these little birds, you would have a treat indeed.

But I submit to all the boys and girls here to-day if it is not better far to look at these birds through a glass than to shoot them with a gun? And was not Jesus wise in saying, Behold the birds, instead of Kill the birds?

3. I want to name as a third reason for noticing the birds, THE GOOD THEY DO. Birds were not made simply to be admired. There is a greater reason in the good they render to man. I shall do some good to-day in speaking on this subject if I put you on your guard against what you will often hear, -That birds do more harm than good.

Don't take those statements without examination, for it is not true. I do not believe the worst bird known does more harm than good, if we only knew the facts.

It is easy to see the harm the birds do, but it takes examination to find out the good, and so the birds have got a great many enemies and few friends.

One man says, "O, if you want to get sentimental over the feathers and songs of the birds you can, but they are pests for all that." Now that man was slandering his best friend. If he only knew it the birds which he is calling pests are doing him a service without which he would fail in his business.

A few years ago the Robin was on trial before the legislature of the state of Mass. There was a strong sentiment against the bird, and a bill was brought forward to have a premium placed upon his head, that he might be

destroyed. It was astonishing how many enemies he had. He was on trial for his life. What are the charges against this bird it was asked? What has he done? What has he done?—he steals our cherries, he plunders our strawberries, he strips our currant bushes, pilfers our raspberries, and helps himself to our choicest grapes.

It did seem as if everything was against the poor Robin. But there were two men in the legislature—two at least who appreciated the value of the bird, and for the robin they worked, and instead of a bill being passed to destroy the robin, a committee was appointed to investigate the bird—to follow out the advice of the text, Behold the bird find out just what he did.

A skilful man was placed at the head of the committee, and he gave himself to the work, and for a whole season he studied the bird carefully, and when he brought in his report instead of a few friends a host rose up and said the Robin shall not go.

Early in the spring he began to examine the stomach of the robin to see what was in it. Every time he made the examination he found it full of insects, insects eggs, larvae, bugs that do a great deal of harm to plants.

By and by cherries came, and he found once in a while a cherry, but for every cherry he found there were a dozen insects or bugs which injure cherries.

It was the same with the strawberries, and the raspberries,—once in a while one for a kind of relish, but hundreds of insects. And he found that the young robins

were given no fruit at all. Cherries were ripe, but the baby could have none. They were fed entirely on insects. By actual experiment it was found that they were fed once and a half their weight each day of insects.

Think of the millions of insects and insects eggs and larvae that go down the throats of these birds young and old each day, and if all those insects lived and all the eggs were allowed to hatch the destruction that would take place. God it is said, feeds the birds. Christ said, "Your heavenly Father feedeth them." Feeds them on what? This answers the question what are so many destructive insects created for

To feed the birds! And if people would not foolishly kill the birds they would keep the insects down so they would do no harm.

There is a nice balance in nature, and if that balance is destroyed, woe to the land

One gardener who complained of the robins was induced to hire some boys to watch his cherry trees from the time they blossomed until the cherries were ripe. A good price was paid some boys for every robin they would shoot.

They were kept away from the trees, and the cherries grew and it was time for them to be gathered. But what was the matter with the cherries? They were small, out of shape, full of holes, and a worm in almost every one.

Why? Because the robins and other birds which would have eaten up the thousands of insects eggs that were on the tree,

and would have eaten up the worms and young insects as soon as they were hatched were kept off from the trees. And something like this would happen to all our gardens, fruits, vegetables and plants, if the birds were killed.

You know there is one bird that has no friends; everybody shoots him, or rather tries to, for he cannot be shot very often; and that bird is the crow.

There is a section of our country which a year or two ago presented an appearance as if it had been swept by fire. Where there were once beautiful grass lands, from which the farmers gathered in each an abundance of hay, there was the appearance of death and destruction, and why? Because the farmers had banded together and destroyed the crows.

What had they to do with the grass? Well, the crows used to light in great flocks on those meadows, and walk about and caw and scold. And the farmers used to scold too, and say, "See those miserable crows!" They didn't know those crows were working for them, and were worth thousands of dollars to them. What were they doing down there in the meadows. Picking up grubs, and worms, and something more useful than that. A flock never left one of those fields without having killed more than a score of moles.

Well, the farmers soaked some food in strychnine, the crows ate it and were killed off. Now farmers you have killed your servants, look out for the grubs, the cut-worms, and the moles! And they did come in like a flood. Gladly when it was too late would they have called back the despised crows.

Nobody can afford to work for nothing. And can we blame the robin for taking some of the cherries and the strawberries he has done so much to save?

What if the crow does pull up some of the corn from the land he has freed from grubs and cut-worms! The good they do is a hundred times greater than the harm, and our country is beginning to find it out to its cost; and this is one of the reasons why I want to impress the boys and girls to-day with this truth, - that there is no more useful workwr on the face of the earth to-day than the bird.

I might spend the hour giving instances of the invaluable service these birds of the air ~~do~~ render to man. But I want to give one more reason for giving attention to the birds, -

4. Because they are disappearing so fast.

How many do you suppose were slaughtered last year? I do not include those that were shot in sport, - just to kill them, without making any use of them. I mean just those that were killed as a matter of business? million

The number was upwards of 14 Millions! Fourteen little throats were stilled, fourteen million little useful workers were destroyed in one year! Imagine we are standing in a densely shaded grove in a neighboring state.

Hark! Hear that note, clear as a bell coming through the silence. Now it is a prolonged note, and now a trill.

There is the fellow up there on that branch!

Ah, if we had the opera glass now!

But what is that man doing? He is creeping up toward the spot where the bird sits, singing his song unconscious of danger. There is a sharp report, and there the little fellow lies, dead at his feet. That little song is finished forever. The man picks up the bird, puts it in a bag and sits down under a thick tree. What is he waiting for? Why does not the wretch go on with his slain bird?

He is waiting for the mate to come. There is a nest up there and the mother bird will come to see to it soon.

There is another sharp report, and he has them both, and now he moves on, leaving five little heads up there somewhere to lift up their mouths in vain for the coming food.

And what does all this mean? It means that that man has a contract with a firm in the city to supply ten thousand of those songsters before the season is over.

And next winter their wings and heads will adorn the hats and the bonnets of ten thousand ladies in the cities and town of the land.

I am sure this is done thoughtlessly simply because they admire the beautiful ornaments; and I am equally sure if they stopped to reflect there is not one of them that would ever wear them. For if the demand ceased, the destruction would cease, and the warblers of the land would again sing their beautiful songs free from fear of the fowlers gun.

God's Two Books

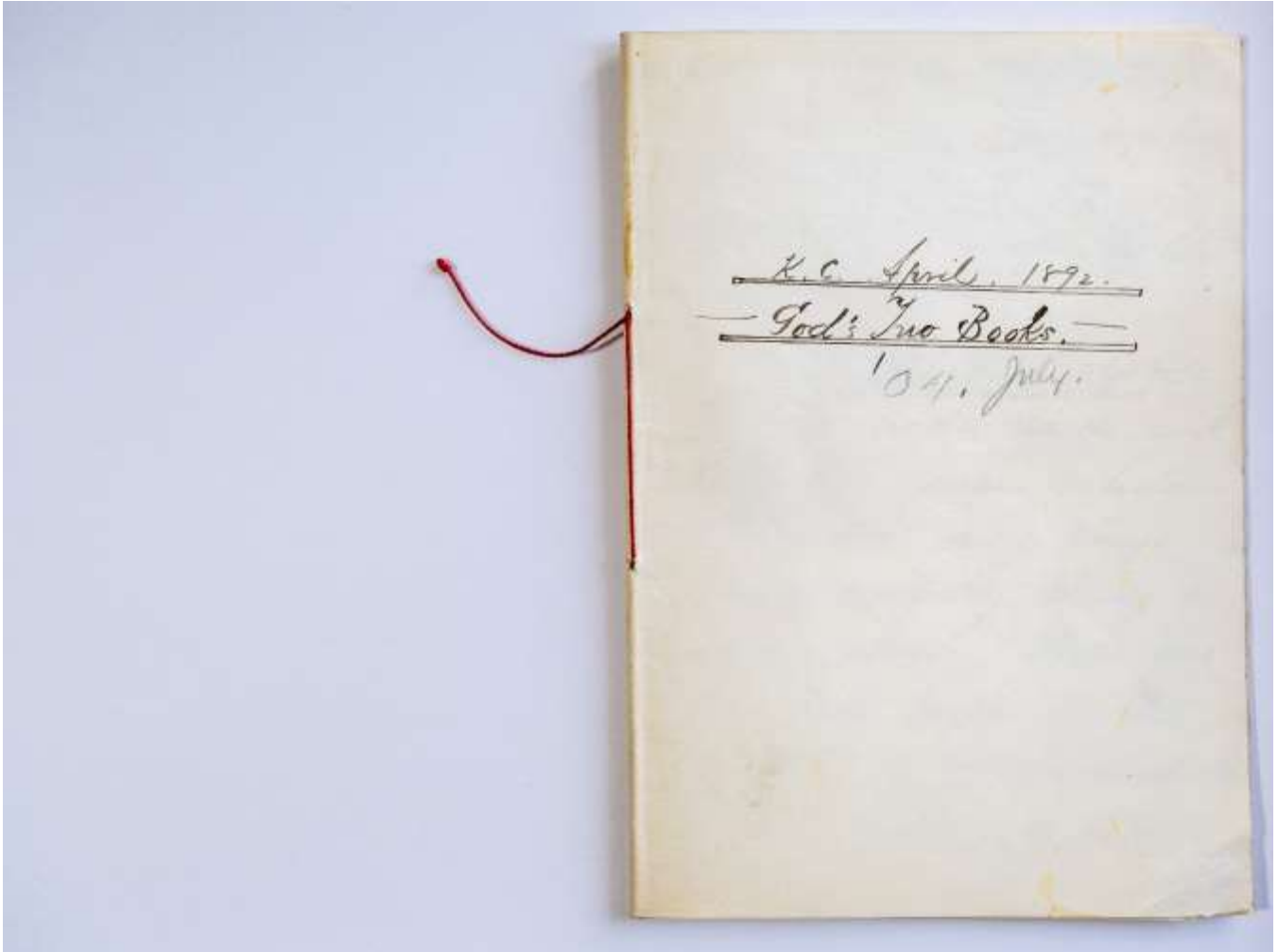
by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

April 1892

CLYDE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH – KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

July 1904

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA



John 5. 39 - "Search the scriptures----- they are they which testify of me."

Matt. 6. 28 - "Consider the lilies of the field."

Jesus called attention to two books, of each of which God is the author.

The words search and consider mean substantially the same thing - read carefully, study, or think about. There are two test books in the school of Christ, and he is the author of both of them.

^{Jesus,}
Christ in his teachings,
makes frequent use of
both of these books, and it
would be difficult to
say which he refers to
the oftener. He often
quotes from and reads
the scriptures; and as
often seemingly refers to
his book of nature.

The writings of Moses &
the prophets were on his
tongue and at his com-

mand always; and so were
the teachings of the birds,
the lilies, the foxes, the
fields, the seed, the trees
and the ~~fields~~ growing &
ripening corn.

The same books are
in existence now, and
are both of them X's books.

It is said that the
land of Palestine is in
itself a life of X.

Renan said that he
found a fifth gospel.

there, and that no man
could visit that land,
study it thoughtfully
without being convinced
of the reality of the his-
torical X. Few of us
however, can go to Pales-
tine, and follow the foot-
steps of X through that land.

Although 40,000 pilgrims
a year are said to land
at Joppa, and 20,000
thence to Jerusalem, that
large number means but

a small portion of the
Christian world. This, how-
ever, does not deprive
us of the privilege of
reading and studying the
book of Christ. Palestine
was only one page in the
book. The pages are in
all lands, and under
every sky. Jesus has
made the whole world
an open book to teach us
of him. He has left a
hundred things connected

with our earthly lives associated with some story, parable, incident, or thought. One has expressed his own thought about this book of the earth - My daily life reveals to me the lessons committed to it by the Saviour.

Of course I see X in the scriptures, but I see him, and hear him in the world around me.

The corner stone in the foundation of my house says - "Other foundation can no man lay that that is laid, which is Jesus X."

The corner stone of every imposing edifice says - "X is the chief corner stone."

The sun rising in the morning repeats the words - "I am the light of the world." In the face of my children, I read,

left we be converted &
became as little children
ye cannot enter the King-
dom of heaven."

The table spread with
the morning meal says to
me - "I am the bread of
life - I am the water of
life. I go out of doors,
and the grass under my
feet and the flowers just
opening are printed full of
X's sayings. The sparrow

sings of X, the hen brooding
her chickens tells of X's love,
the sheep, the raven, the
Dove, the lily, the plough,
the sickle, the threshing
floor - all are consecra-
ted priests ministering at
the altar of X."

Let us this morning
open both these books, and
re-name them ourselves,
in our thought, and
practice and study -
X's two books. He is the

author of them both.

He who said - Search the scriptures, also said - Consider the lilies - the birds of the air - lift up your eyes and look on the fields. Both books tell of X. Let us insist upon keeping these two books open, side by side - let us insist in reading on both the misprint of X.

1. For there are those who

say to us - Your Bible tells of a God, of a divine X. It is a book where are found teachings out of which you construct a system of doctrines on which the Church is founded. Keep to that book, if you believe it, and we will keep to nature, which says no word about - God.

about X, about any spiritual attributes - in a

word contradictions at many points your scriptures." Let us remind ourselves of the fact that X opened both these books, side by side, read daily from them both, and found no contradiction.

"If God so clothe the grass of the field."

"Consider the fowls of the air - your heavenly Father feedeth them."

A paper was read before a scientific association not long since on the subject - "Nature absolutely merciless". It took the ground that nature, as far as we know it, is absolutely without a touch of pity - that it is a cold, unfeeling, remorseless machine. The Bible, of course, claims to be a heart expression in part - is full of pity and compassion and mercy and love.

It is there and there
above the chain gets his
God; but there is no evi-
dence of feeling, of even
a shade of care for man's
feelings in the book of
nature." I do not propose
to have X's imprint on
this book torn out of it
for me. He found
God in it - found him
in a hundred manifes-
tations. I grant that

The evidences brought for-
ward in the paper of which
I spoke were strong, but
they were but partial.

The writer spoke of the
storms which swept away
whole villages & towns,
showing no discrimination
between good & bad,
strong men, and helpless
children. He spoke of
a broken law of nature
executing its utmost penalty,
without a tinge of pity.

This is but one of the chapters in this book of nature. The book, as a whole, has an infinite variety in it. It has its pages, like some pages in the Bible, where the lightnings flash and the thunders roll. The summits of the mountains, like Mt. Sinai are veiled in clouds, and earthquakes shake the base;

but there are other scenes which are full of beauty and care and love.

If nature is a hard, cast iron, unfeeling machine, it is difficult to account for the beauty or grace, ~~and~~ the grandeur and sublimity. The lavish expenditure on things which serve no other purpose than to please and rest and delight.

On one of our
National holidays I saw
a locomotive roll into the
Union Depot - elaborately
and profusely decorated
with flowers. The loco-
motive was a mere ma-
chine, made of iron &
steel. Even before the
flowers were added, there
were brass and nickel
trimmings which were
kept clean and polished
until they shone like a

mirror. These trimmings
added nothing to the
effectiveness of the ma-
chine. The flowers with
which on that day it
was decorated, helped
neither the speed nor
the safety of the locomotive.

Why were they there?
There was a design in it.
They expressed the love of
the beautiful in the soul
of the one who did the
decorating, and they were

Utter to be seen.
Why is this hard, un-
yielding, merciless machine
which they call Nature
decorated. Flowers, which
are strewn so thickly
over the surface of the
Earth add nothing to
the effectiveness of this
hard machine. The birds
that sing so sweetly, the
scenes of grandeur &
sublimity do not help

nature's laws to grind
out their pitiless results.
I claim Nature for God-
for X - this is another
book from the same
author, and full for
him who has eyes to
see of thoughts of beauty,
pity, mercy, and love.

No one will deny
that X expressed love
that day when he
wept over the city of
Jerusalem. Was it not

singular that he could find no other illustration to express his love than the one he drew from unreasoning Nature.

Why did he not compare his feeling to that of a mother for her child?

Why did he go to Nature. "How often would I have gathered you even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings!"

The scientific writer

says - A man is caught in the rapids of Niagara.

The current seizes his frail boat as with a grip of steel. The inviolable laws of gravitation which ~~are~~ is sweeping that mighty flood on towards the abyss. It takes no heed of the man's desperate situation, of the fact that he has a wife and children at home who will be left destitute

Nature has no ear
for his prayer, but hurries
him on to his fate as
remorselessly as if he
were a criminal justly
condemned to die.

Yes, this is true, and
the reasons for the sure
working of Nature's law
are not far to find.

The penalties for broken
law are wholesome in
their effect, and are of

immense service to the
race. But we do not
follow the writer to his
conclusion that Niagara
is but an exhibition of
hard, inexorable law,
without a trace of sen-
timent or feeling.

One brief glimpse
of Niagara, stands out in
our memory above all
others. It was a
morning in February.
For a whole day before
a drizzling rain or mist

had been falling, freezing
as it fell. The morning
of which I speak dawned
clear and bright. Every
bush and shrub and
tree - every telegraph wire
and fence rail - was
hung and strung with
glittering pearls and
diamonds. It was in
this respect a fairy
scene. It seemed like
an enchanted land.

Then just as the
Falls came in sight,
with that mighty flood
pouring down into the
abyss, sending up a
great volume of spray
as a background, the
sun rose above the thick
tree tops and flung a
rainbow across the
chasm. It was one
of those moments in
life when one does not
know whether to shout

or be silent - whether
to sing or pray.

It ~~is~~ is, however, needless
to say that for me that
was an illuminated
page in God's book of
Nature. God made that.
He made it for us to
look at. There was sym-
tinent there. He had
kind thoughts towards
his creatures when he
made a world that
could produce such

a combination of the
grand and beautiful.

I say to him who would
make nature nothing but
a hard, pitiless, un-
yielding machine - you
shall not thus dispose
of one of God's books.

God has opened it
for his children - you
shall not shut it.

Least of all shall you
shut it now.

Nature is preparing

just now to fling over
the earth a wealth of
beauty recalling all the
seasons that are past.

She has miniature
rivers of display stored
up, and she is soon to
bring them to view. She is
a little late about it;
give us a few weeks
now of sunshine and
balmy air, and look
at her carpets of every
shade and hue on a

ground of green - look
at her decorations.

Sentiment! She is full
of sentiment.

What authority have
we for saying that she
does these things for dis-
play, to be admired, to
stir within us thoughts
of beauty, to tell us of
God? If I wanted
any other evidence than
that our feelings and
sentiments of beauty or
appreciation and love

are answered, it would
be this - X calls attention
to these things as the
works of his Father.

The minister on lecture
as stern and unfeeling
has been so good as to
say - "you may have your
scriptures, if you find
anything to comfort and
inspire; but there is
nothing of the kind here."

Thank you, I will
study my scriptures.

I do find in them
hope and inspiration -

I find words such as
never man unaided
uttered. I will study
it till faith in its
grovius teachings ends
in glad sight; but,
if you please, I will
study this other book,
too. It is to me by
the same author.

In the scriptures he
inspires a little pastor

Song, so exquisite in
Thought, so beautiful in
Expression, that from
childhood when we
learned that 23rd psalm
down to old age we
go to it as to a
perfect picture.

But out on the
hill-side, under a
pale sky, the sheep
feeding around, the
brook like a silver thread
running through the meadow

below, - there is another
picture by the same Master
and both tell the same
story of love and care
and thought for His
Creatures.

But some one says -
Is not Nature for the
great mass of mankind
a stern, unyielding mistress.
Are there not thousands
who are forcing just bread
enough from her un-
yielding hand to keep in

from starvation:

Do they not find her
laws grinding and pitiless,
and read nothing but
the sternest prose where
you have reading us
poetry?

There is a good
deal to say, and some-
times we may say some
of it - about the grind-
ing power of man -
about the cornering of
Nature's bountiful pro-
duction by the greed o

and vice of man.

But leaving that for
the present, I do not
believe I could be so
poor a child or slave
of Nature that I would
not make her give me
now and then a favor.

In one of the poorest
apologies for a house I
have seen in the vicinity
of Kansas City I saw a
beautiful geranium
blooming in the window.

If I lived in such a place I would once in a while make Nature give me a rose bud, sing me a little song thro' the throat of a wood thrush; and paint me some of her wonderful sunsets.

I have seen a company of men keeping time as they swung their scythes thro' the tall grass. Suddenly

The leader, at whose stroke all were keeping time, stopped. All stopped.

With his arms, bare, brown and brawny to the elbow he brushed away the grass heads and said, "Come here." all looked, and there was a bird's nest with five little nestlings. "Is it that a fine home?" said the mower. "And there is the mother! Is it she

a beauty. You need not be
so excited. I would not
destroy your little home
any more than I would
my own nest under
yonder roof. I'll move
around this little home,
and leave this tuft of
grass standing to guard
it." Then in a moment
all were swinging their
scythes again thro' the
grass. It was worthy
of a Burns.

He was reading in
Nature's open book a page
of beauty, of sentiment, of the
Creator's care for his creatures.

It seems to me a
fitting thing to repeat the
words of our Saviour just now
just as Nature is about
turning some of the pages
of her wonderful book, to
show us now the lilies, now
the roses, now the birds, now
the grass, the woods, the
summer sky— Consider these
things— Your heavenly Father
made them.

By his grace we mean
to search his scriptures,
for they tell us of X;
but we will also read
from this book which he
now opens again to our
view. In both these
books we will read the
thoughts and purposes
of God.

The Earthly Resurrection Life

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Easter Sunday, March 30, 1902

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Hosea 14:5 – "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily."

THERE is a resurrection that precedes *the* resurrection. What the nature of the resurrection which is celebrated today is, we have but a faint conception. We believe that Jesus died and rose again, and that because he lives we shall live also. This is the faith of millions, founded upon evidence of the weightiest kind, but just what that resurrection is in its nature doth not yet appear. But there is a resurrection in this life, which is a necessary condition of the resurrection to come. It was of this the Apostle was speaking when he said: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." "Be risen." now. here, in this life.

It is this resurrection that I wish to speak of first this morning. "Israel shall grow as the lily." Look at Israel, for a moment, and you will see our thought. For years, for generations, Israel had been growing as the thorn, as the thistle, as the noxious weed. Its life had been a hard, unlovely, bitter, wicked life. It was in Israel to grow as the lily, and blossom as the rose. It was in Israel also to grow as the thorns and thistles and weeds, and like these he had been growing.

A man comes into this town and he sees a hill. greasewood and sage brush. It is a wilderness. landscape gardener by nature, and he looks at that hill, and he looks from it. What does he see? In his vision the sage brush and the grease wood have disappeared and in their places are trees and shrubs, lilies and roses, winding drives and shady walks. All these are in that He buys it, he begins work upon it, a few years have passed over the hill and lo, a resurrection! A desert - a paradise!

There is a lily and rose side to this earth of ours. There is a thorn and thistle side. Hosea was a landscape gardener of human nature. He looked upon Israel; it was overgrown with weeds, a tangled thicket of buckthorn, a wilderness of briers. He looked at it long and earnestly. What did he see? He saw the hidden possibilities of Israel's nature. He saw, to use a frontier illustration, that it only needed water and I will be cultivation to become a garden of beauty; and he exclaims: as the dew unto Israel, and he shall grow as the lily." This hope of Hosea did not come to pass until Christ brought in the new Israel; but the possibilities of the lily growth, the rose and the vine, were there ready for the resurrection. There is a white lily and rose side to human nature. The great landscape gardener of all the centuries saw it, saw it even when it was a wilderness of thorns and briers, and he There came to give that pure, white, beautiful side a resurrection. are two or three thoughts connected with this truth worthy of our attention this morning.

First, it is our duty and mission in life to cultivate the lily side of God has said: "I will be as the dew unto thee." our nature. The other side-the thorn side-comes of itself. We do not have to cultivate the greasewood and the sagebrush. Thorns and thistles will spring up of themselves. From what wild banks were these lilies gathered? From what unplanted and uncultivated hedge were these white roses plucked? From what wild spot came these exquisite clusters of beauty and fragrance?

No, these flowers do not grow from that side of nature. There is, to be sure, a side of wild, uncultivated nature which is beautiful. There are beautiful yucca and cactus blossoms in the wash; there are exquisite ferns in shady nooks in the mountain canyons; there are wildernesses of wildflowers. There are traits of our wild and uncultivated human nature which are attractive. We talk and we read about the rough diamonds of character. Some go so far as to say that they are all the better for being untouched and unspoiled by cultivation. There is a loss that comes by cultivation; the wild yuccas have to go, the white plumes of the greasewood and the delicate blooms of the wild lilac have to yield; but would you strip yonder heights of their vestments to bring these wild beauties back again? Some have said: "It is too bad for Christians to enter Japan. The Japanese are so graceful, so pleasing, so artless in their natural condition." These remarks are made from a romantic standpoint, from the standpoint of the traveler, the tourist, the man who touches life at a distance--not from the standpoint of character, of daily life, the real essence. There is a side, a sense, in which I deplore the pushing of cultivation, of homes and gardens and groves into the surrounding foothills.

Where five years ago I made my way with difficulty into one of nature's wild haunts and gathered yellow violets and cream cups, and felt almost the exhilaration of an explorer, there is today a fine road over which one can drive with ease, and roses and lilies bloom about pretty cottages. Those wild spots, in their native state, are chiefly beautiful to visit on rare occasions, to tramp over, to explore; but for life, for the daily comfort and service, we choose the cultivation, the houses, the lawns, the roses, the lilies.

The best test is to bring it down into our own lives. Is it best to cultivate and train our minds and hearts, to cut out the thorns and thistles of passion, the weeds of selfishness, the wild undergrowth of natural inclinations, or let them have their way and sway, just for their natural beauty? What does conscience say about it?

There is a lily and rose side to our nature, induced by cultivation and care and training; and there is a thorn and brier side, with its wide sweeps of sandy wash, with here and there a beauty. Conscience. says, experience says, the advice of all the good, the best who have. lived, tell us cut out the wild growth, even run the plowshare deep among the tangled roots, and develop the lilies of purity and patience, and kindness, and faith and love.

The best qualities, the valuable traits, the prized characteristics of manhood and womanhood are cultivated. They are traits which come under such influences as our text suggests: "I will be as the dew unto Israel, and he shall grow as the lily." Suppose I could throw upon the screen before you two faces: one a cultivated face, a face behind which lie generations of discipline and culture, the face of one who in childhood looked up into the face of a Christian mother, was taught from her lips to say: "Now I lay me down to sleep," heard at the family circle the words of the "Shepherd Psalm" and the Beatitudes and lived and breathed the atmosphere of a Christian civilization. The other face is an uncultivated one, the face of one untouched by any civilizing, Christian influences. I can safely say that this last face, however striking may be some of its features, however much of wild beauty it may possess, will be the face expressing chiefly the thorn and sage- brush and cactus side of our nature; while the other expresses the lily and the rose.

Second: We were placed in this world not only to cultivate the lily side of our natures, but to bring out that side in our fellow men. The Christian church has taken the contract to clear this world, the spiritual world, from thorns and thistles and bring in the lily and the rose. It is the greatest contract ever given an organization to do. It is gigantic. Material contracts are being assumed by men and corporations today, which a half century ago would have sounded like a fable. Mountains are being literally removed and cast into the sea. Nothing seems too great for man's mastery. He is learning the nature and assuming the control over nature's forces. Material resurrections are occurring with bewildering frequency. But great as these are they fade away before the task assigned to the Christian church-to Christian men-which is, to convert humanity from a wilderness into a garden, to change its productions from thorns and briars into lilies and roses. Jesus has risen. That is a glorious truth. I should like to sing, and proclaim, and contemplate that great fact.

But He left a work for us to do. He said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me" He has risen. He has risen. Are men rising? Is human nature? A voice seems to come back to us from our risen Lord on this Easter day. "How about those for whom I died. Are they rising? How about the work committed to my disciples? How is the great field as you cast your eyes out over it, being cleared of the thorns of wickedness, wrong, oppression, violence and sin?"

Christ is risen. Are men rising? What did Christ rise for? To draw men up to him. Are they rising? Then this is an Easter day indeed. We can at least say this: There are some streaks of the dawn. We have been made familiar in recent years with Millet's painting, "The man with the hoe." You have that picture in your mind-the man, dressed in coarsest garb, with low, slanting forehead, heavy, drooping jaw, curved back, downcast gaze, leaning on a hoe.

Prof. Markham in his poem, which attracted so much attention, has perhaps given us one of the best interpretations of it. He says:

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face.
And on his back the burden of a world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back his brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?"

* * * * *

() masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light,
Rebuild in it the music and the dream,

Touch it again with immortality?

Christ is risen; that is settled, and that is our glorious song today; but how comes on his cherished work, the rising of humanity? Is Israel growing as the lily? Or is he growing as the thorn and brier?

But while the man with the hoe troubles us, and almost makes us stand appalled before the magnitude of the task before us, we will not forget the multitudes who have been lifted by Him- whose natures have been cleared of much that was wild and rough, and in whose lives the lilies are blooming today. And least of all will we forget Him whose whole life was upward looking, and who has taught us all how to look up. We will not forget Him who has put hope in our hearts, and is surely lifting us up.

A great Easter truth is given us in a simple incident given in one of our periodicals. Late one stormy evening the old doctor was summoned to see a man who had been taken sick on the cars, and had stopped at a little in near the railway station. The patient proved to be a judge from the neighboring county, whom the doctor knew. After an examination, and leaving a few medicines, the doctor rose to go. saying: "I think you will be better in the morning and will be able to go on your journey."

"Yes. Stay a minute, doctor. I want you to be honest with me. I have had such attacks as this before. I may have them again, any time. May I not?"

"Yes."

"I may die in one of them - soon?"

"Yes, but I would not waste my life anticipating them. We must all go through the same gate, some day."

"The gate-yes! But beyond the gate, what is there?" He fixed his eyes on the doctor's face. The two men were silent a moment. "What is beyond?" he repeated "You are a member of a church- a Christian. I have no religious belief. Tell me, what is beyond? If I may go tomorrow, what shall I find?"

"I do not know."

"I think I need your help more for this, doctor, than your medicine. I am sometimes greatly depressed thinking of this darkness into which I am going. For thousands of years men have gone out into it, leaving their loved ones behind, and not one has sent back a word to say how it fares with him-not one."

In the silence there came a slight whimpering cry from the door. "You are an old man, yourself, doctor. Are you not afraid of what is beyond the gate?"

"No. I am not. Look here!" He opened the door. Just outside lay a little fox-terrier, his eyes fixed on the door. "This is my dog, a bright, affectionate little fellow. He has followed me here through the storm, and has been lying outside the door, knowing that I was in here. He never was here before. He does not know what is in this room. He does not care to know. I am here - his master whom he loves, and he is not afraid."

"You mean ---"

"I mean I am like poor Punch. I am not afraid of the dark room to which I am going. I believe my Lord and Master is there. In all these later years of my life it has grown upon me that He loves me. My confidence in Him is such that I know He will not fail me there." "But I do not know Him."

"He knows you, and I believe I am warranted in saying that he now holds out His hand to you, and you can take that hand and you need not fear the gate nor what lies beyond."

The two parts of our text fit together perfectly. and they express the great plan of God for us: "I will be as the dew unto Israel; and he"-if he will, if he respond to my help he may "grow as the lily."

The
Earthly Resurrection Life

Hosea 14:5—"I will be as the dew unto Israel;
he shall grow as the lily."

SERMON PREACHED IN FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH OF REDLANDS

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D.D.

Easter Sunday, 1902.

THERE is a resurrection that precedes *the* resurrection. What the nature of the resurrection which is celebrated today is, we have but a faint conception. We believe that Jesus died and rose again, and that because he lives we shall live also. This is the faith of millions, founded upon evidence of the weightiest kind, but just what that resurrection is in its nature doth not yet appear. But there is a resurrection in this life, which is a necessary condition of the resurrection to come. It was of this the Apostle was speaking when he said: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." "Be risen." now, here, in this life.

It is this resurrection that I wish to speak of first this morning. "Israel shall grow as the lily." Look at Israel, for a moment, and you will see our thought. For years, for generations, Israel had been growing as the thorn, as the thistle, as the noxious weed. Its life had been a hard, unlovely, bitter, wicked life. It was in Israel to grow as the lily, and blossom as the rose. It was in Israel also to grow as the thorus and thistles and weeds, and like these he had been growing.

A man comes into this town and he sees a hill. It is covered with greasewood and sage brush. It is a wilderness. But the man is a landscape gardener by nature, and he looks at that hill, and he looks from it. What does he see? In his vision the sage brush and the grease wood have disappeared and in their places are trees and shrubs, lilies and roses, winding drives and shady walks. All these are in that hill. He buys it, he begins work upon it, a few years have passed over the hill and lo, a resurrection! A desert—a paradise!

There is a lily and rose side to this earth of ours. There is a thorn and thistle side. Hosea was a landscape gardener of human nature. He looked upon Israel; it was overgrown with weeds, a tangled thicket of buckthorn, a wilderness of briars. He looked at it long and earnestly. What did he see? He saw the hidden possibilities of Israel's nature. He saw, to use a frontier illustration, that it only needed water and cultivation to become a garden of beauty; and he exclaims: "I will be as the dew unto Israel, and he shall grow as the lily." This hope of Hosea did not come to pass until Christ brought in the new Israel; but the possibilities of the lily growth, the rose and the vine, were there ready for the resurrection. There is a white lily and rose side to human nature. The great landscape gardener of all the centuries saw it, saw it even when it was a wilderness of thorns and briars, and he came to give that pure, white, beautiful side a resurrection. There are two or three thoughts connected with this truth worthy of our attention this morning.

First, it is our duty and mission in life to cultivate the lily side of our nature. God has said: "I will be as the dew unto thee." The other side—the thorn side—comes of itself. We do not have to cultivate the greasewood and the sagebrush. Thorns and thistles will spring up of themselves. From what wild banks were these lilies gathered? From what unplanted and uncultivated hedge were these white roses plucked? From what wild spot came these exquisite clusters of beauty and fragrance? No, these flowers do not grow from that side of nature. There is, to be sure, a side of wild, uncultivated nature which is beautiful. There are beautiful yucca and cactus blossoms in the wash; there are exquisite ferns in shady nooks in the mountain canyons; there are wildernesses of wild flowers. There are traits of our wild and uncultivated human nature which are attractive. We talk and we read about the rough diamonds of character. Some go so far as to say that they are all the better for being untouched and unspoiled by cultivation. There is a loss that comes by cultivation; the wild yuccas have to go, the white plumes of the greasewood and the delicate blooms of the wild lilac have to yield; but would you strip yonder heights of their vestments to bring these wild beauties back again? Some have said: "It is too bad for Christians to enter Japan. The Japanese are so graceful, so pleasing, so artless in their natural condition." These remarks are made from a romantic standpoint, from the standpoint of the traveler, the tourist, the man who touches life at a distance—not from the standpoint of character, of daily life, the real essence. There is a side, a sense, in which I deplore the pushing of cultivation, of homes and gardens and groves into the surrounding foothills.

Where five years ago I made my way with difficulty into one of nature's wild haunts and gathered yellow violets and cream cups, and felt almost the exhilaration of an explorer, there is today a fine road over which one can drive with ease, and roses and lilies bloom about pretty cottages. Those wild spots, in their native state, are chiefly beautiful to visit on rare occasions, to tramp over, to explore; but for life, for the daily comfort and service, we choose the cultivation, the houses, the lawns, the roses, the lilies.

The best test is to bring it down into our own lives. Is it best to cultivate and train our minds and hearts, to cut out the thorns and thistles of passion, the weeds of selfishness, the wild undergrowth of natural inclinations, or let them have their way and sway, just for their natural beauty? What does conscience say about it?

There is a lily and rose side to our nature, induced by cultivation and care and training; and there is a thorn and brier side, with its wide sweeps of sandy wash, with here and there a beauty. Conscience says, experience says, the advice of all the good, the best who have lived, tell us—cut out the wild growth, even run the plowshare deep among the tangled roots, and develop the lilies of purity and patience, and kindness, and faith and love.

The best qualities, the valuable traits, the prized characteristics of manhood and womanhood are cultivated. They are traits which come under such influences as our text suggests: "I will be as the dew unto Israel, and he shall grow as the lily." Suppose I could throw upon the screen before you two faces: one a cultivated face, a face behind which lie generations of discipline and culture, the face of one who in childhood looked up into the face of a Christian mother, was taught from her lips to say: "Now I lay me down to sleep," heard at the family circle the words of the "Shepherd Psalm" and the Beatitudes and lived and breathed the atmosphere of a Christian civilization. The other face is an uncultivated one, the face of one untouched by any civilizing, Christian influences. I can safely say that this last face, however striking may be some of its features, however much of wild beauty it may possess, will be the face expressing chiefly the thorn and sagebrush and cactus side of our nature; while the other expresses the lily and the rose.

Second: We were placed in this world not only to cultivate the lily side of our natures, but to bring out that side in our fellow men. The Christian church has taken the contract to clear this world, the spiritual world, from thorns and thistles and bring in the lily and the rose. It is the greatest contract ever given an organization to do. It is gigantic. Material contracts are being assumed by men and corporations today, which a half century ago would have sounded like a fable. Mountains are being literally removed and cast into the sea. Nothing seems too great for man's mastery. He is learning the nature and assuming the control over nature's forces. Material resurrections are occurring with bewildering frequency. But great as these are they fade away before the task assigned to the Christian church—to Christian men—which is, to convert humanity from a wilderness into a garden, to change its productions from thorns and briars into lilies and roses. Jesus has risen. That is a glorious truth. I should like to sing, and proclaim, and contemplate that great fact.

But He left a work for us to do. He said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." He has risen. Are men rising? Is human nature? A voice seems to come back to us from our risen Lord on this Easter day. "How about those for whom I died. Are they rising? How about the work committed to my disciples? How is the great field as you cast your eyes out over it, being cleared of the thorns of wickedness, wrong, oppression, violence and sin?"

Christ is risen. Are men rising? What did Christ rise for? To draw men up to him. Are they rising? Then this is an Easter day indeed. We can at least say this: There are some streaks of the dawn. We have been made familiar in recent years with Millet's painting, "The man with the hoe." You have that picture in your mind—the man, dressed in coarsest garb, with low, slanting forehead, heavy, drooping jaw, curved back, downcast gaze, leaning on a hoe.

Prof. Markham in his poem, which attracted so much attention, has perhaps given us one of the best interpretations of it. He says:

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of a world,
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back his brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?"

* * * * *

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and unquenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape?
Give back the upward looking and the light,
Rebuild in it the music and the dream,
Touch it again with immortality?

Christ is risen; that is settled, and that is our glorious song today; but how comes on his cherished work, the rising of humanity? Is Israel growing as the lily? Or is he growing as the thorn and brier?

But while the man with the hoe troubles us, and almost makes us stand appalled before the magnitude of the task before us, we will not forget the multitudes who have been lifted by Him—whose natures have been cleared of much that was wild and rough, and in whose lives the lilies are blooming today. And least of all will we forget Him whose whole life was upward looking, and who has taught us all how to look up. We will not forget Him who has put hope in our hearts, and is surely lifting us up.

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"Yes. Stay a minute, doctor. I want you to be honest with me. I have had such attacks as this before. I may have them again, any time. May I not?"

"Yes."

"I may die in one of them—soon?"

"Yes, but I would not waste my life anticipating them. We must all go through the same gate, some day."

"The gate—yes! But beyond the gate, what is there?" He fixed his eyes on the doctor's face. The two men were silent a moment. "What is beyond?" he repeated. "You are a member of a church—a Christian. I have no religious belief. Tell me, what is beyond? If I may go tomorrow, what shall I find?"

"I do not know."

"I think I need your help more for this, doctor, than your medicine. I am sometimes greatly depressed thinking of this darkness into which I am going. For thousands of years men have gone out into it, leaving their loved ones behind, and not one has sent back a word to say how it fares with him—not one."

In the silence there came a slight whimpering cry from the door. "You are an old man, yourself, doctor. Are you not afraid of what is beyond the gate?"

"No. I am not. Look here!" He opened the door. Just outside lay a little fox-terrier, his eyes fixed on the door. "This is my dog, a bright, affectionate little fellow. He has followed me here through the storm, and has been lying outside the door, knowing that I was in here. He never was here before. He does not know what is in this room. He does not care to know. I am here—his master whom he loves, and he is not afraid."

"You mean—"

"I mean I am like poor Punch. I am not afraid of the dark room to which I am going. I believe my Lord and Master is there. In all these later years of my life it has grown upon me that He loves me. My confidence in Him is such that I know He will not fail me there."

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The Teacher's Calling

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

September 27, 1902

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Jeremiah 18:1,2 – “The word which came from the Lord to Jeremiah, saying, Arise and go down to the potter's house and here I will cause thee to hear my words.”

This does not mean, probably, that when Jeremiah got to the potter's house the Lord would address him in formal words; but he was to go there and let what he saw speak to him. When some people see anything, the thing itself is all they see; when others see anything, they see a picture of life, or they see great principles.

One man sees an apple fall from a tree and sees only apples and apple trees, and thinks only of them or the fruit market. When Newton saw the apple fall, he saw the principle on which the Universe is run. When one man sees a leaf, it means no more to him than beauty or shade. Another man sees one of the greatest contrivances in the world, the arrangement for turning inorganic matter into organic, the beginning of all life. One man sees a farmer sowing seed in his field, and it means to him simply a harvest-field by and by, and grain for the market. Jesus saw it, and from it preached one of the most practical and impressive sermons on human life.

The words of our text mean this-that Jeremiah was to go down to the potter's house and watch him at his work, and let what he saw suggest some of life's great lessons. A man like Jeremiah was sure to see more than simply the making of various kinds of vessels out of clay. He saw even in his day, that life is one, and things have their connections and intricate relations, and nothing stands isolated and alone.

There is something about the potter's work that has always interested thoughtful men. They have watched his revolving wheel and, with an interest which has never waned, have seen the clay take shape under hand. It is not strange that poets and orators, prophets and teachers have used the potter's art as an illustration. The art is very ancient. There is a drawing of a potter's wheel on a monument in ancient Thebes which dates back to 2000 B. C.

Let us stand with Jeremiah for a little while this morning and watch the potter at his work, and hear what the potter's wheel has to say to us. First, we cannot help noticing, with Jeremiah, that the clay is very soft. It responds to even the lightest touch of the potter's hand. We cannot forget today that our school houses are once more opening their doors to receive the soft and easily-molded clay of childhood, or that we have engaged the men and the women, the potters, who are to have the handling and the shaping of this clay for the coming year. The clay which the prophet saw on the wheel was common clay, and it did not very much matter if now and then a vessel was spoiled under the potter's hand. The clay we are entrusting to these teachers is very precious and it enshrines brains and hearts and souls. It yields to the lightest touch. By and by the duties of life will dry it, the ovens of adversity and care and responsibility will bake it; but now it is soft, and in this precious period of these lives we entrust the clay to these hands to touch it and mold it at their will. We believe they will do it well. been a time in the world's history when teachers came so

well fitted for it as now. There has never been a time when more conscientious, pains-taking work was done than now. But it is work fraught with far-reaching consequences and every touch on this soft clay means a turn, a form, a shape which is to last. It means beauty or deformity, use or loss.

How thoughtless we are sometimes about how we touch this clay: who shall touch it. We commit it to people, often, whose ability or whose character is unknown to us. Suppose the potter whom we were watching should say to us, "Come and try your hand on this bit of clay and see what form you can give to it." We should hesitate. We might injure it. Especially should we feel this way if the potter were to say to us, "This is a very precious piece of clay I have here now." But how readily we put our hand to the clay which holds a heart, a brain, an immortal soul.

It gives us confidence as we watch the potter at his work to know that no hand but his is to touch that clay. And his is a skillful touch, an interested touch. The potter would not care if some other hand than his did touch it if it were the hand of an artist. But, oh! the hands that touch the human clay! Sometimes they are not only unskillful, careless; but vicious.

If our children had no other formative influences upon them than the loving, tender, delicate touch of a Christian mother; or if no less skillful hand molded the clay than that of the conscientious teacher, the outlook would be robbed of a great element of uncertainty and anxiety.

In the second place we notice, as the prophet did, that sometimes a vessel is spoiled on the wheel. There are many causes for the spoiling of a piece of clay. Sometimes it is in the preparation. In ancient times the clay was pounded very fine, then mixed with water and kneaded with the hand. Even then some irregularities would occasionally remain, causing the vessel to burst into pieces in the baking. And sometimes the potter was unskillful or careless. There will be spoiled clay under the most conscientious touch.

Do you remember that sweet child's face you once saw? It was as pure a piece of clay as you ever saw, and so soft and pliable. The lines about the eyes and mouth were so pure and promising. The years went by and the face, when you saw it again, was marred. The lines were hard. How was that clay spoiled? Was it unskillful handling? Did some potter, who was careless or clumsy or worse, have that clay to mold? Or was there an un- seen and unsuspected hand that once in a while gave the clay a touch, giving it an evil curve, an ugly crook, until at last the devil's work was done? The evil one is a potter. He knows how to handle human clay, and sometimes when we least suspect it he is giving the clay a shape that will leave it marred forever. What spoiled that promising clay? Was it the boy's own will, that, in spite of the most interested and skillful handling, vitiated the whole result? Under the best of handling sometimes the work comes to naught.

But Jeremiah saw the potter shape another vessel and --- it was a success. Pottery is a successful business. If it were not, the factories would be torn down or go cut of business. Human pottery is a success. Our schools under the skillful, loving, faithful touch of teachers are turning out men and women of strength and power and usefulness.

There are not many of us who have reached manhood or womanhood, who do not carry memories of some grand teachers we have had. We tried their patience, we excited their fears, but their touch upon the clay was intelligent and confident, and their loving interest never flagged.

Heaven bless and reward the great army of workers in human clay to whom we have entrusted our children for the coming year. Their success will be something more than the salary they receive.

One turns with great pleasure from the examples he has known where the human clay has been spoiled to those cases which have been a conspicuous success. Sometimes the most unpromising bit of clay has, under the potter's skillful touch, been shaped into something of beauty and use.

We were riding in the cars last autumn between Boston and Portland, Maine, when a young man in the seat back of us reached forward and called our names, and asked, "Do you remember me?" He was well dressed, and had about him the air of a successful business man. We could not place him. "Don't you remember little C. who used to play in front of your house in the old seaport town?" No wonder we did not recognize him, for twenty years had passed since then. The boy was not in very promising conditions then. But helpful hands had been stretched out, good influences had been thrown around him, intelligent, conscientious school teachers had shaped the clay, and finally left him a rising young merchant of the city.

And who are these, known to us all, who are filling positions of trust and responsibility in the church and in business, in society and in the state and nation? The boys and girls of a few years ago, the soft clay we once saw turning on the potter's wheel. And who are these now turning on the wheel, passing under the hands of mothers and fathers, and especially of this army of school teachers just beginning their year of service in the potter's house? The future citizens of our cities, our state and the nation; the vessels of beauty and service, or of deformity and worthlessness. But on the whole the work is wonderfully successful.

Finally, the prophet saw, as we can see, that there hastens on the time when the clay ceases to be soft. When the clay gets dry and hard you can break it, smooth it a little, or paint it over; but the days of molding the clay are passed.

After about a certain age our opinions and ways of looking at things, and the general direction or trend of our lives are fixed. Habits are upon us, which hold us in a strong grasp not easily to be loosened.

We are off the wheel, and we are no longer pliable under the touch of outside influences. We flatter ourselves sometimes that we are just as easily molded by right and truth as ever we were; but tests keep presenting themselves which convince us that we are held by chains of habit, or rather that we are set in forms which are to keep substantially as they are. The clay is no longer soft.

How easily the little ones are moved! A kind look will wreath their little faces in smiles, a harsh word will instantly start a tear. What soft clay it is! If there is a place in the universe near to God, watched over by angels in tender solicitude, it is where the children and youth are thronging for their instruction and training.

There are brilliant intellects in our school rooms, and we prize them as teachers. But we are glad to see the thought coming more and more to the front that brilliancy is secondary to purity and

nobility of character. It is the personality of the teacher back of the hand, warming and thrilling it, which makes the touch upon the human clay a touch of power and blessing.



The Teacher's Calling

SERMON PREACHED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF REDLANDS

BY THE PASTOR

REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D.D.

Sunday, September 27, 1902.

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There are not many of us who have reached manhood or womanhood, who do not carry memories of some grand teachers we have had. We tried their patience, we excited their fears, but their touch upon the clay was intelligent and confident, and their loving interest never flagged.

Heaven bless and reward the great army of workers in human clay to whom we have entrusted our children for the coming year. Their success will be something more than the salary they receive.

One turns with great pleasure from the examples he has known where the human clay has been spoiled to those cases which have been a conspicuous success. Sometimes the most unpromising bit of clay has, under the potter's skilful touch, been shaped into something of beauty and use.

We were riding in the cars last autumn between Boston and Portland, Maine, when a young man in the seat back of us reached forward and called our names, and asked, "Do you remember me?" He was well dressed, and had about him the air of a successful business man. We could not place him. "Don't you remember little C. who used to play in front of your house in the old seaport town?" No wonder we did not recognize him, for twenty years had passed since then. The boy was not in very promising conditions then. But helpful hands had been stretched out, good influences had been thrown around him, intelligent, conscientious school teachers had shaped the clay, and finally left him a rising young merchant of the city.

And who are these, known to us all, who are filling positions of trust and responsibility in the church and in business, in society and in the state and nation? The boys and girls of a few years ago, the soft clay we once saw turning on the potter's wheel. And who are these now turning on the wheel, passing under the hands of mothers and fathers, and especially of this army of school teachers just beginning their year of service in the potter's house? The future citizens of our cities, our state and the nation; the vessels of

beauty and service, or of deformity and worthlessness. But on the whole the work is wonderfully successful.

Finally, the prophet saw, as we can see, that there hastens on the time when the clay ceases to be soft. When the clay gets dry and hard you can break it, smooth it a little, or paint it over; but the days of moulding the clay are passed.

After about a certain age our opinions and ways of looking at things, and the general direction or trend of our lives are fixed. Habits are upon us, which hold us in a strong grasp not easily to be loosened.

We are off the wheel, and we are no longer pliable under the touch of outside influences. We flatter ourselves sometimes that we are just as easily moulded by right and truth as ever we were; but tests keep presenting themselves which convince us that we are held by chains of habit, or rather that we are set in forms which are to keep substantially as they are. The clay is no longer soft.

How easily the little ones are moved! A kind look will wreath their little faces in smiles, a harsh word will instantly start a tear. What soft clay it is! If there is a place in the universe near to God, watched over by angels in tender solicitude, it is where the children and youth are thronging for their instruction and training.

There are brilliant intellects in our school rooms, and we prize them as teachers. But we are glad to see the thought coming more and more to the front that brilliancy is secondary to purity and nobility of character. It is the personality of the teacher back of the hand, warming and thrilling it, which makes the touch upon the human clay a touch of power and blessing.



Worthiness in God's Sight

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

October 12, 1902

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Revelations 3:4 – “They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.”

WHAT is the relation of personal worthiness to acceptance with God, or to salvation? There is sometimes an impression created that there is no relation between them. One thing that has helped to produce this impression is the fact that we mistrust a man who claims to be worthy of God's approval.

A well-known English minister was once asked what he thought of a certain man. He replied, "I thought he was perfect until he told me that he was." There is an instinctive feeling that a true man with the essential grace of humility would never claim worthiness. We hear, without question, certain ones spoken of as worthy, but if they themselves claim to be worthy we at once suspect their unworthiness. A Roman Centurion had a favor to ask of Jesus. The Jews who knew the officer crowded around Jesus and told him not to hesitate to grant the favor, for the man was worthy. But when Jesus turned to the man and said, "I will go with you," the man himself replied: "I am not worthy to have you come under my roof." And because he said that, we are all the more ready to believe what the Jews said of him was true, that he was worthy. The fact that a man without a great deal of self-esteem cannot speak of himself as worthy has helped to make the impression that unworthiness has nothing to do with acceptance with God. Another thing that has helped to make this impression is the fact that salvation is the free gift of God. "By grace are ye saved, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." The common theological definition of that word grace is favor to the un-deserving. This would seem to shut out worthiness as a condition of salvation. And yet Jesus, speaking of the redeemed and saved, says, "And they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

One day when the Jews were trying to entrap Jesus with hard questions concerning the conditions in the future life, Jesus used this expression in his reply: "They that are accounted worthy to attain that world."

The contradictions which these two sides present are only seeming. We recognize each as true on its own side and plain, and one does not contradict the other. We are ready to believe the ancient testimony that Socrates was the wisest of men, and we are all the more ready to believe it when we hear Socrates himself say, "I do not know anything." We believe Jesus when he commends as worthy the character of the publican who went up into the temple to pray; and we are confirmed in our opinions because of the publican's exceedingly low estimate of himself. Grace is favor to the

undeserving and yet it is true, although it sounds like a contradiction, that it is bestowed only on the deserving.

Here is a great university, heavily endowed, which opens its doors and offers education as a free gift-but a free gift to worthy students. And so we have the two truths, each from its own standpoint, true: the saved saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and worship and might and honor and blessing," and Jesus saying of them, "They shall walk with me in white for they are worthy." In that graphic picture which Jesus sketched of the Judgement, the Judge says: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Then he tells what they had done. On the other side those thus welcomed disclaim the excellences the Judge has ascribed to them. But the great fact stands out that Jesus demands not only the penitence for sin and the belief in Him, but a life worthily answering to his grace. The penitence and the faith are the entrance conditions of a Christian, the worthy life, the continued condition. Nothing could be plainer than the teachings of Jesus and his Apostles on the conditions of entrance. "Believe in Jesus, no man cometh unto the Father but by me. I am the way, the truth and the life." Nothing could be plainer than the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles as to the other conditions. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." "They that are accounted worthy to attain to that world."

We sometimes get an impression from a kind of emphasis that is laid upon the first conditions that the Christian faith is a kind of labor-saving device. "Jesus paid it all." This is a wondrous truth. This is a wondrous truth. The very heart of the gospel is in it; but we may get a wrong impression from a great truth. That impression Jesus had to correct, the Apostles had to correct; and we have to get the symmetry of truth by balancing one great truth with its answering truth.

Is it true that no one can be saved without the grace of God-that grace which he has shown in Jesus Christ? It is also true that none but the worthy can be saved. What is it to be worthy? First, it is to have in our lives something which corresponds to the life of God. It is in our way and sphere and capacity to be like Him. One of the apostles has expressed it this way: "The spirit of God witnesseth with our spirit that we are the sons of God. They shall walk with me. How can two walk together except they be agreed-be alike in their spirit? Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Not as great as God is great, not as good as God is good, but of the same kind. There may be an infinite difference in degree, but a perfect similarity in kind. One of the closest and most beautiful friendships I ever knew existed between a mature, cultivated, talented woman and a little girl who had not then even a high school education. They were kindred spirits --- congenial. In a way, in the broad, comprehensive way of general benevolence, the woman might have loved the girl if she had possessed nothing of a spirit similar to her own. Just as God loves all mankind. But the girl would

not have been worthy and the woman's friendship would have been of no worth. "They shall walk with me," means congeniality of spirit-loving things that are of the same nature. I know that the salvation of Jesus has conveyed the impression to some minds that it lifts the responsibility of a personal fitness entirely off, because Jesus has done it all. But it has lifted no responsibility. We are under just as much obligation to be good and true and right as before, and more.

Again, worthiness is in some true sense being on a level with that which we receive. In God's kingdom there is no lifting of one to an exalted position. In some true sense one is on a level with what he receives. Men are often elected to positions they are totally unfitted to fill. The position, with all its ennoblements, has been secured through influences other than personal worthiness. As a rule, in the largest offices in the gift of the people of our nation the people elected to fill them have been on a level with the positions. In the largest and highest sense it mattered not whether they were elected or not. The ballots of the people would have carried them no higher than they already were.

A great steamer is sailing up a canal on the border of the St. Lawrence river. It comes to a place where it can sail no farther, for the canal continues twenty feet above the level of the steamer. Undoubtedly mechanical contrivances could be devised for lifting that steamer out of the water in which it rests and place it in the higher water of the canal above the lock. But instead, a gate is closed behind the steamer, a gate is opened in front, the water flows in and the steamer rises to the level of the upper waters and sails straight on. Undoubtedly the omnipotent power of God might lift one bodily and place him on the streets of the heavenly city; but this is not the way God works. It would be morally impossible. The man who enters into a spiritual possession is on a level with it. He is not lifted to it. That would be unnatural and, therefore, in God's kingdom, impossible.

During a great concert by a celebrated orchestra, a young man was overheard to remark concerning the famous leader, "I wish I had his place." What did the young man mean? Did he mean that without any knowledge of musical art, without acquaintance either with musical composition or the instruments, he should like to be placed upon that platform with the baton in his hand? I cannot imagine a more humiliating experience, a more painful position to be placed in. That famous leader had not been lifted to that platform, he was on a level with it before he stood upon it. He was an educated musician, he was a composer, and he knew the exact place and value of every instrument in the orchestra, and could play most of them himself. I could hardly imagine a more humiliating experience than to be in the presence of God, of infinite holiness and purity and truth, in the presence of Jesus, without first being on a level in one's loves and sympathies, and aims and choices and spirit. To stand there without this worthiness would be torture. I admire the spirit with which Paul says that he fears that after he has preached to others he himself shall be a castaway. But at the same time I say, impossible! Cast out to where? No matter where, in his spirit and loves and choices he is his own heaven. To be fitted for anything in

God's kingdom is to possess it. To be fitted in one's life and spirit and motives, to walk with Christ is to walk with him.

Jesus takes no pains to conceal or in any way to disguise the fact that walking with him is a reward or consequence of fidelity or worthiness. "They shall walk with me because they are worthy."

There is a young man occupying a position of trust and of good remuneration in the Congressional library at Washington. If any one should say of him that he earned that position, what would he mean? Not that he reared that magnificent structure, that he earned those marble stairways and columns and those massive doorways. Not this, but that he successfully passed the examinations; that by faithful service in one department after another he at last stood where the Government said to him: "This place is yours"" It was the splendid gift of the Government to him, but he was worthy to take it. And if we were to say of a man whom we knew who had gone to his reward, that he was entitled to heaven, what should we mean? That he was entitled to the wealth of splendor about him in the home of God? Had he paid for the city which John could find no words to describe save by using the richest words he knew that the streets were of pure gold and the gates of pearl? Not this, but that in his spirit and choices, and desires and spiritual living he was on its level--was fitted for it. We can imagine one facing the future in this way: "I haven't lived a spiritual life; I haven't loved truth and purity and righteousness, and I do not now, but I believe I shall be saved. I believe God will give me heaven." There is certainly a vast difference between such an attitude and that of the old Apostle when he was about to let go his earthly life. "I am ready--ready, glorious word! I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." He was up there on a level, and the old steamer has nothing to do but to sail right on. No word could be more appropriate of such a one--not necessarily one of such abilities and achievements, but of such desires and spirit- "He shall walk with me in white, for he is worthy."

WORTHINESS IN GOD'S SIGHT

SERMON PREACHED IN THE FIRST CON-
GREGATIONAL CHURCH, REDLANDS,

BY THE PASTOR,

REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D.D.

Sunday, October 12, 1902.

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In Memory of Rev. J. M. R. Eaton

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

May 8, 1904

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Job 5:26 – “Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season.”

A PROMINENT and familiar figure has been removed from our Church and Sunday School and community. His white head, which the Bible speaks of as a crown of glory, has for many years lifted itself into view like one of our highest snow-capped "Father Eaton," as we loved to call him, has come to his grave in a full age, like a shock of ripened grain.

Nearly ninety years of life! Do we realize what such a life spans, at such a period in the world's history? He was six years old when George the Third died who was king of England during the Revolutionary war. Three such lives as his reach back and clasp hands with the last of the Pilgrim Fathers.

He was fifteen years old before steam cars began to run in America. How little he could have foreseen, when he saw the first train of cars running carefully over its few miles of track, that he should live to see the day when this great country would be covered by a net-work of railways, and upwards of six trans-continental lines would bind together the Atlantic and Pacific. The change between that early time and the day when I saw him passing through Kansas City enroute for California, seems almost incredible. He was nearly thirty years of age when the first telegraph line was put in operation in the United States. Try to imagine the inventions and improvements which have come in bewildering rapidity since his early days. What enlargement of vision, what quickening of thought must such a period in the world's life bring to a man of responsive heart and open mind!

The first foreign missionary society in America was only four years old when he was born, and the impulse to give the gospel to the world was fresh and strong all through the early years of his life. When he was twenty-three he must have been thrilled by the news from the Sandwich Islands, that one of the greatest revivals since Pentecost had brought into the church in a single year, between seven and eight thousand converts. And when right in the midst of his ministerial life, a great revival started in the United States and spread from city to city, and from town to town, bringing into the churches of all denominations more than half a million people. To have been in such a movement and to have felt the touch and power of it was a spiritual education.

He saw the rise and development and culmination of the great anti-slavery movement. He was a young man, scarcely twenty years of age, when Garrison started the American Anti-Slavery

Society, edited the paper called "The Liberator," and made his stirring appeals to young men to join the cause of human freedom. When he was a boy, the temperance movement was just beginning to make headway. Dr. Lyman Beecher had preached his great temperance sermons, temperance organizations were springing up, and temperance pledges had been signed by millions of people, in England and America. It was a healthful atmosphere for a boy to breathe, and he must then have imbibed some of those temperance principles which followed him through life.

But it would seem that to no movement did he ever more thoroughly give his heart, than to the Sunday School. The Sunday School was in its infancy in America, in Father Eaton's boyhood, but it was growing with great rapidity. He joined its ranks at a very early age and continued in them, as pastor, superintendent, teacher or scholar, through his long life. The work which a man actually performs, the words which he speaks, these are of great value; but often, the very presence of a man like Father Eaton, faithful and unremitting, is a power even beyond deeds and words. Who that has been a member of our Sunday School for any length of time can ever forget his interest in his class, his face and form at the front, and the very benediction of his look, had he spoken no word!

He came to Redlands about twelve years ago, and became an interested witness of the city's growth and prosperity. It would seem to be not an easy matter for one so old, to transfer his love and interest to a new part of the country, and to adopt a new city, and give these the place in his interest and love which old Massachusetts and the city of Fitchburg had so long held. But this city's interests have been his interests, its problems his problems.

And how heartily and warmly he adopted this church! It became his church, and to it he gave of his thought and time and prayers. No heartier welcome could have been extended to anyone than that which he gave the present pastor and his family as he extended to them the right hand of fellowship and welcomed them into the church. As he extended his hand he repeated the words of scripture, "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." He invariably brought his diary to church, and in it put down the text and heads of the sermon. His seat was a pivotal point to the preacher, a source of inspiration; and when it was vacant, something seemed wanting. He has felt for many years that his days were few, and that his life might end at any time; and it has been very interesting to see how he has set stakes ahead, marking points he hoped to reach. First it was the enlargement of the church, adding to its seating capacity. Then it was the building of this new edifice. He expressed the wish more than once that he might see it completed before he died. Then came the movement to secure the organ, and it seemed as if, feeling more and more insecure of the hold on life, he was more than ever anxious to live to hear its music in our services. He was more than pleased, and the "sweet tones," as he loved to call them, helped him in his worship for more than a year.

In his theology, Father Eaton belonged to the older school. The teachings of these earlier days made a deep impression upon him. They seemed, as one has lately expressed it, "to have worn deep ruts into his mental composition, out of which no later thinking could lift him." But note this remarkable trait, he could listen, not only without bitterness, but with a kindly charity, to the preaching he heard from Sunday to Sunday, and give his pastor the warmest words of appreciation. The pastor knew Father Eaton was missing many of the old phrases with which his own theological thinking was saturated; but he was helpless to supply the lack, for it was to him an unknown tongue; but it was a delight to see, that under other forms and in a different dress, he was recognizing the same great essential truths. And often we do not appreciate as we should the value to the world's thought and life of the conservative life which is always among One generation very fortunately overlaps another. Why do the fibers of cotton, spun together, make a strong thread? Because they overlap each other. No two end at the same place. They overlap, fasten to, and hook on to each other. So the old overlaps the new; the conservative reaches forward and hooks on to the progressive; and so society holds together. In our haste in our age to emphasize truth in new forms, we might part with some essential elements, were it not for these faithful reminders. And after all, what is a man's religious creed, his system of belief? It is the mold into which he pours his convictions, the channel through which God and truth come to him. At best it is a human system; but the test of its value is what it does for the man. Does it bring Christ to him? Does it make him better and happier and more useful? What did his system of belief, in his day and circumstances, do for Father Eaton? You who knew him best; you who have felt the grasp of his hand, have looked into his face, have heard his words, answer. It certainly gave him a love for the souls of his fellow men the world over. It certainly made him reverent. If it lacked anywhere it was in failing to give him a sense of rest and security respecting his own future. Even the Apostle Paul expressed a fear that while he had preached to others, he himself should be a castaway. The feeling of such saints for themselves is not shared by those who know them best. Their friends long to see them as trustful and secure of the future as they are for them.

If I were to name one quality of Father Eaton, which seemed to me to stand out more prominently than any other, it would be STEADFASTNESS. I am sure I shall be betraying no trust, or revealing a secret, when I give an illustration from his early life. He was engaged to be married before he had decided to enter upon those studies which led to the ministry. Turning aside, then, from the farm, and the occupations which had engaged his time, he entered upon that course which would consume ten years before he could be united to the woman he had chosen. Many a young man grows away from his early choice as he goes on with his studies; but he remained true, and they were united, not to be separated until he laid her to rest twelve years ago in our own Hillside Cemetery.

There is a ripeness about such a life, a life full of years and experience, which cannot be found in a younger man. His sorrows are deeper, his joys are higher, his life is fuller than is possible to fewer

years. Things mean more, they mean what the years with their sunshine and cloud, their storms and calms have put into them.

Ninety years of experience expressed in a smile; ninety years of life condensed into a tear!

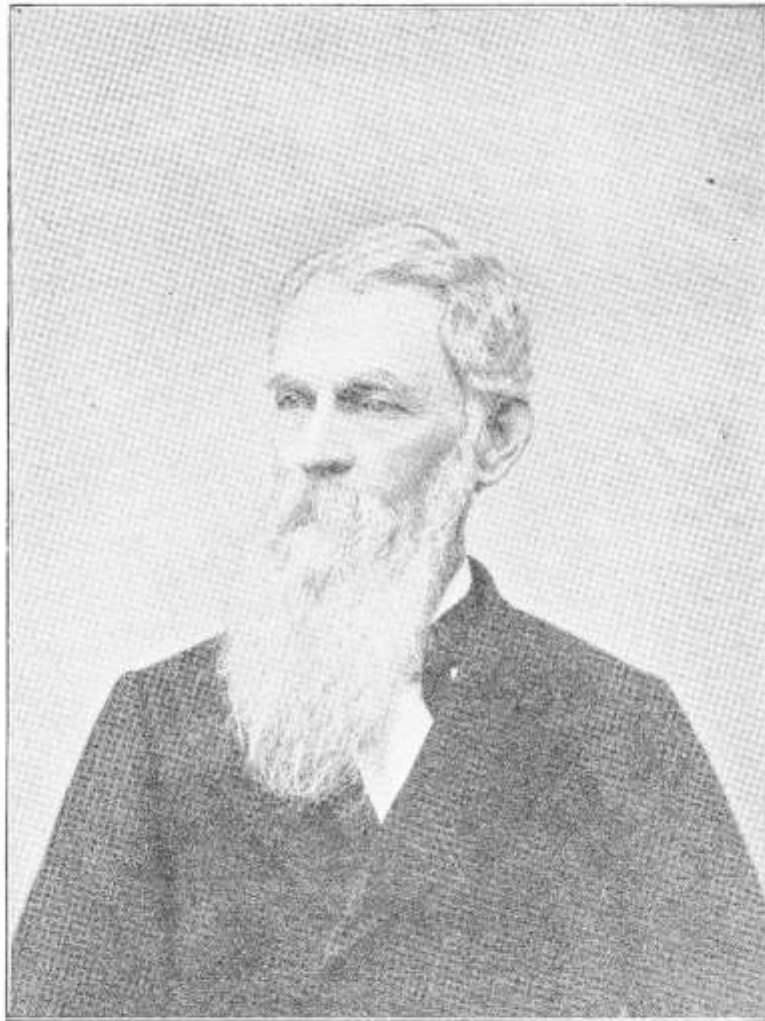
When Paganini was complimented on the wonderful tones he was bringing out of his violin he replied, "You must remember that three hundred years are speaking to you from this old Cremona." If from his heavenly home Father Eaton can look down upon this scene today, I am sure nothing in it all delights him more than to see the young people of the Sunday School, who are surrounding his seat. Respect for age and experience is one of the most beautiful traits of youthful character.

There is only one thing that could delight him more, and that is to see all these walking the path which leads to a meeting with him above. You have loved to see him come into the Sunday School, you have been glad to meet him there; will you meet him above?

Original printed handout

Sermon in Memory

—OF—



Rev. J. M. R. Eaton

By Rev. J. H. Williams, First Congregational
Church, Redlands, California, May 8, 1904

JOB 5:26—*“Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season.”*



PROMINENT and familiar figure has been removed from our Church and Sunday School and community. His white head, which the Bible speaks of as a crown of glory, has for many years lifted itself into view like one of our highest snow-capped mountains. “Father Eaton,” as we loved to call him, has come to his grave in a full age, like a shock of ripened grain.

Nearly ninety years of life! Do we realize what such a life spans, at such a period in the world’s history? He was six years old when George the Third died who was king of England during the Revolutionary war. Three such lives as his reach back and clasp hands with the last of the Pilgrim Fathers.

He was fifteen years old before steam cars began to run in America. How little he could have foreseen, when he saw the first train of cars running carefully over its few miles of track, that he should live to see the day when this great country would be covered by a net-work of railways, and upwards of six trans-continental lines would bind together the Atlantic and Pacific. The change between that early time and the day when I saw him passing through Kansas City en route for California, seems almost incredible. He was nearly thirty years of age when the first telegraph line was put in operation in the United States. Try to imagine the inventions and improvements which have come in bewildering rapidity since his early days. What enlargement of vision, what quickening of thought must such a period in the world’s life bring to a man of responsive heart and open mind!

The first foreign missionary society in America was only four years old when he was born, and the impulse to give the gospel to the world was fresh and strong all through the early years of his life. When he was twenty-three he must have been thrilled by the news from the Sandwich Islands, that one of the greatest revivals since Pentecost had brought into the church in a single year, between seven and eight thousand converts. And when right in the midst of his ministerial life, a great revival started in the United States and spread from city to city, and from town to town, bringing into the churches of all denominations more than half a million people. To have been in such a movement and to have felt the touch and power of it was a spiritual education.

He saw the rise and development and culmination of the great anti-slavery movement. He was a young man, scarcely twenty years of age, when Garrison started the American Anti-Slavery Society, edited the paper called “The Liberator,” and made his stirring appeals to young men to join the cause of human freedom. When he was a boy, the temperance movement was just beginning to make headway. Dr. Lyman Beecher had preached his great temperance sermons, temperance organizations were springing up, and temperance pledges had been signed by millions of people, in England and America. It was a healthful atmosphere for a boy to

breathe, and he must then have imbibed some of those temperance principles which followed him through life.

But it would seem that to no movement did he ever more thoroughly give his heart, than to the Sunday School. The Sunday School was in its infancy in America, in Father Eaton's boyhood, but it was growing with great rapidity. He joined its ranks at a very early age and continued in them, as pastor, superintendent, teacher or scholar, through his long life. The work which a man actually performs, the words which he speaks, these are of great value; but often, the very presence of a man like Father Eaton, faithful and unremitting, is a power even beyond deeds and words. Who that has been a member of our Sunday School for any length of time can ever forget his interest in his class, his face and form at the front, and the very benediction of his look, had he spoken no word!

He came to Redlands about twelve years ago, and became an interested witness of the city's growth and prosperity. It would seem to be not an easy matter for one so old, to transfer his love and interest to a new part of the country, and to adopt a new city, and give these the place in his interest and love which old Massachusetts and the city of Fitchburg had so long held. But this city's interests have been his interests, its problems his problems.

And how heartily and warmly he adopted this church! It became his church, and to it he gave of his thought and time and prayers. No heartier welcome could have been extended to anyone than that which he gave the present pastor and his family as he extended to them the right hand of fellowship and welcomed them into the church. As he extended his hand he repeated the words of scripture, "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." He invariably brought his diary to church, and in it put down the text and heads of the sermon. His seat was a pivotal point to the preacher, a source of inspiration; and when it was vacant, something seemed wanting. He has felt for many years that his days were few, and that his life might end at any time; and it has been very interesting to see how he has set stakes ahead, marking points he hoped to reach. First it was the enlargement of the church, adding to its seating capacity. Then it was the building of this new edifice. He expressed the wish more than once that he might see it completed before he died. Then came the movement to secure the organ, and it seemed as if, feeling more and more insecure of the hold on life, he was more than ever anxious to live to hear its music in our services. He was more than pleased, and the "sweet tones," as he loved to call them, helped him in his worship for more than a year.

In his theology, Father Eaton belonged to the older school. The teachings of these earlier days made a deep impression upon him. They seemed, as one has lately expressed it, "to have worn deep ruts into his mental composition, out of which no later thinking could lift him." But note this remarkable trait, he could listen, not only without bitterness, but with a kindly charity, to the preaching he heard from Sunday to Sunday, and give his pastor the warmest words of appreciation. The

pastor knew Father Eaton was missing many of the old phrases with which his own theological thinking was saturated; but he was helpless to supply the lack, for it was to him an unknown tongue; but it was a delight to see, that under other forms and in a different dress, he was recognizing the same great essential truths. And often we do not appreciate as we should the value to the world's thought and life of the conservative life which is always among us. One generation very fortunately overlaps another. Why do the fibers of cotton, spun together, make a strong thread? Because they overlap each other. No two end at the same place. They overlap, fasten to, and hook on to each other. So the old overlaps the new; the conservative reaches forward and hooks on to the progressive; and so society holds together. In our haste in our age to emphasize truth in new forms, we might part with some essential elements, were it not for these faithful reminders. And after all, what is a man's religious creed, his system of belief? It is the mold into which he pours his convictions, the channel through which God and truth come to him. At best it is a human system; but the test of its value is what it does for the man. Does it bring Christ to him? Does it make him better and happier and more useful? What did his system of belief, in his day and circumstances, do for Father Eaton? You who knew him best; you who have felt the grasp of his hand, have looked into his face, have heard his words, answer. It certainly gave him a love for the souls of his fellow men the world over. It certainly made him reverent. If it lacked anywhere it was in failing to give him a sense of rest and security respecting his own future. Even the Apostle Paul expressed a fear that while he had preached to others, he himself should be a castaway. The feeling of such saints for themselves is not shared by those who know them best. Their friends long to see them as trustful and secure of the future as they are for them.

If I were to name one quality of Father Eaton, which seemed to me to stand out more prominently than any other, it would be **STEADFASTNESS**. I am sure I shall be betraying no trust, or revealing a secret, when I give an illustration from his early life. He was engaged to be married before he had decided to enter upon those studies which led to the ministry. Turning aside, then, from the farm, and the occupations which had engaged his time, he entered upon that course which would consume ten years before he could be united to the woman he had chosen. Many a young man grows away from his early choice as he goes on with his studies; but he remained true, and they were united, not to be separated until he laid her to rest twelve years ago in our own Hillside Cemetery.

There is a ripeness about such a life, a life full of years and experience, which cannot be found in a younger man. His sorrows are deeper, his joys are higher, his life is fuller than is possible to fewer years. Things mean more, they mean what the years with their sunshine and cloud, their storms and calms have put into them.

Ninety years of experience expressed in a smile; ninety years of life condensed into a tear!

When Paganini was complimented on the wonderful tones he was bringing out of his violin he replied, "You must remember that three hundred years are speaking to you from this old Cremona." If from his heavenly home Father Eaton can look down upon this scene today, I am sure nothing in it all delights him more than to see the young people of the Sunday School, who are surrounding his seat. Respect for age and experience is one of the most beautiful traits of youthful character.

There is only one thing that could delight him more, and that is to see all these walking the path which leads to a meeting with him above. You have loved to see him come into the Sunday School, you have been glad to meet him there; will you meet him above?

Lay Up for Yourselves Treasures in Heaven

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

January 1908

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Math. 6:20 - "Lay up for
yourselves treasures in
heaven."

Jan. '08.

Laying aside all that
is mysterious and
unknown about the
word heaven, the
great truth under-
lying these words is
this - Provide for
the future. Taken in
its narrow lower.

Senses this is a
Common maxim

taught by everybody
who professes to be a
leader of men.

The word heaven
does not change
at all the nature
of the teaching. That
is simply a goal
set far enough
ahead to cover all
life. Lay up for
yourselves treasures
for the future.
Of course we
know that Jesus

lifts the whole sub-
ject out of gross
materialism. That
is too evident to
need emphasis.

Things that rot
can eat, and rust
decay, and things
can steal are not
the kind he is
speaking of, but
the things which
really enrich you
and me — the real
you and me.

Jesus' words contain no denunciation of the activities of life - no discouragement of them.

Such activities flourish nowhere so well as where His teachings have sway. Jesus' teachings promote intellectual, material, commercial activities. The religious atmosphere created by the teachings of Jesus

provide just the
climate for the
growth of all such
activities. But
Jesus' analysis of
life: activities, and
things is very search-
ing, conclusive and
true. What is per-
manent in all these
things? What lasts?
This is the same as
asking, What is of
real value?

There are only two
elements in a career,
in a life, intellec-
tual or commercial,
which are perma-
nent, which are
really valuable.

They are suggested
by these two questions,
first, what have
contributed to the
worth of the man
himself, and, second,
what have they con-
tributed to make other

lives better?

Such things as these cannot rust, moths cannot eat them, thieves cannot steal them. A business man of whom I knew many years ago, a man who through many years of successful work had built up a large business was caught in one of these infamously

financial disasters
which swept away
his so-called "ac-
cumulations".

That is a good word.
accumulations.

What had he lost?

I think a friend of
this man rightly
sized up the situa-
tion when he said,

The man has lost
only a small part
of his accumula-
tions. During these

Twenty years of the
man's business career
he has been accum-
ulating business
habits and prin-
ciples and methods.
Those he has not
lost. He has been
accumulating a
reputation in the
community as an
honest, capable,
judicious citizen.
That he has not
lost.

He has been accum-
ulating the good
will of all the
people whom he
has had in his
Employ, giving them
the work by which
their families have
been kept in Cam-
port - that he has
not lost. And he
had been accum-
ulating, nobody knew
how much gratitude

from the secret,
quiet deeds and
gifts of helpful-
ness which had
gone out from his
hand - these he
could not lose.

Something real, of
course went with his
loss - He would be
curtailed in his
usefulness by the
money loss; but
when a balance

was struck it would
be found that the
case was small
when compared
with what he had
left. Now this was
the nature of the
comparison Jesus
makes. There are
some things in-
evitable and uncer-
tain. Rust and
mottis and thieves
endanger them here,

and they cannot be
carried across —
so, lay up that
which cannot be
injured or lost.

We know very well
now, what was not
so well understood
ance that when
Jesus said, "Lay
not up for your-
selves treasures upon
Earth" he did not
mean in any way
to discourage any

The legitimate activities of life.

His whole influence has been to foster them. If religion were a discouragement to the multiplied activities of the intellectual, material, commercial world

world, then it is a
positive hindrance
instead of a help.

But, whatever may
have been the teach-
ings of individual
men respecting this,
as an actual fact
religion has been
the greatest inspi-
ration to all kinds
of legitimate ac-
tivities. Jesus has
laughed the world as
it had never been
laughed before, to see

and use wisely ~~the~~
material ~~world's~~ resources.

Thought has been
stimulated in the
atmosphere of Chris-
tianity as nowhere
else.

It would be a
sad mistake, and
a mistake that has
some times been
made, to interpret
the teachings and
the example of Jesus
as against enterprise

and business activity.

It was a misinterpretation of the very spirit of the Master.

It has been an equally great mistake to charge upon Christianity that its influence is in the direction of discouraging Enterprise and activity. The most superficial glance at the history of Christianity

Shows the opposite.
The head of a great
commercial firm
in Boston was asked
many years ago if
he felt like contribu-
ting some thing
towards the expenses
of sending the first
Christian missionaries
to the Hawaiian Is-
lands. He replied,
"Not a penny towards
that which is the enemy
of trade."

But the direct result
of the launch of Xty
upon the Islands was
to bring to his house
a trade within twenty-
five years a thou-
sand fold greater
than ever before.

We will seek, then,
to understand Jesus
when he speaks about
the fleeting, perishing
nature of earthly things,
and the abiding,
lasting nature of
heavenly things.

We understand him well enough now to say that Jesus does not mean when he says, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven"; turn your back upon the world's activities, and give your time and thought to spiritual themes and pursuits.

There was one period in the history of the Church

When this interpretation was given to his words and rigidly practiced.

Asceticism was the aim and the practice of thousands of people honestly seeking by cutting themselves off from all contact with the world—society and business—to cultivate Christian grace, and lay up for themselves treasures

in heaven. While
this period, as a
period, has passed
away, traces of it
linger and influence
thought and prac-
tice. I knew a
good woman who
went down to her
grave carrying with
her one deep re-
gret that she had
not been able to
spend her life lay-
ing up treasure in
heaven. I verify

believe she has found
out long since that
this is just what
she did do. I have
heard her say that
it was a sore dis-
appointment to her
when circumstances
compelled her to
turn aside from
a life of Bible
study and special
religious work,
and take up instead
a life of commonplace

Drudgery and toil.

I may be mistaken,
but it seemed to
me that while she
might have been
a second-rate re-
ligious worker,
she made a first-
rate wife and mother;
and though she gave
her strength to
baking and washing,
mending, cleaning,
and acting as a
ministering presence

in the humble hands
of a farming com-
munity, she was, I
believe, laying up
most substantial
treasures in heaven.

The striking words
of Jesus, Lay up
for yourselves treas-
ures in heaven
almost compel us
to think just of
some conspicu-
ous deeds, some
spectacular or

large deed which
would appreciably
tell upon the
world's life. And
this seems to have
been the idea in
the minds of those
whom Jesus pic-
tured as gathered
before him at the
Judgement. "Then
shall the King say
unto them on his

right hand"—

That is a grand
introduction, and
grand exploits are
supposed to follow

It is like some
great general
addressing the he-
roes of a hundred
campaigns— the
men who had
risen from the
ranks, and had
been rewarded for
some conspicuous

Service: David's
three mighty men,
Napoleon's Old Guard,
Rosenet's Rough
riders. To be con-
spicuous means to
belong to a small
and select few.

Then shall the King
say to them, "Come
ye blessed of my
Father, inherit the
Kingdom prepared
for you from the

foundations of the
World. far — Now,
imagine that assembly
holding its
breath to listen to
Jesus' description
of the deeds of con-
spicuous merit.

Most of the great
assembly must feel
that they are out
of place there, for
they cannot think
of any great things

They have done.

Whose deeds
will be maintained?
Surely Peter, great
address in the
streets of Jerusalem;
Stephen's heroic
death, Paul's brave
espousal of Chris-
tianity, and his
long list of heroic
sufferings. Just
a few maintain
places of disting-
uished service

turning into the sky.

Imagine the surprise, when instead of such flats and deeds Jesus draps his list of deeds and exploits right down among them all - Inasmuch as you have contributed in unselfishness to make even the least of God's children

more comfortable—
Whatever you have
done to add to the
sum of human
happiness— you
have done to me.
Do great deeds?
Certainly if a
man has it in
him to do great
and conspicuous
things he ought
to. This world
is an arena for

man to display all
that is in him, all
that the noblest am-
bition calls for.

But there are pos-
sibilities which come
within the range of
every capacity.

If any one has
been anticipating that
in this sermon I
shall tell how we may
lay up for ourselves
treasures in heaven,
he will be disappointed.
Is it not one of those

Elusive things, like
happiness, which es-
capes us when we
chase it, but comes
to us when we forget
it in doing our
every-day duties?

Even Jesus did
not tell how to lay
up treasures in hea-
ven. Hept in this
negative way. He
that loseth his life
shall find it."

This much we may
confidently say—

The man who is
faithful - faithful
even in that which
is least - will be
surprised at the
accumulations of a
life of fidelity. You
hath not seen nor
ear heard, neither
hath entered into
the heart of man
the things ~~God~~ -
changing the wording
but not the spirit

- The things he will
find his has gathered.
Some years ago,
in an Eastern city
an old building
which had been in
use far more than
thirty years, was to
be torn down and
a larger and more
substantial build-
ing erected in its
place. What would
the old building be

worth if offered
for sale? Perhaps
a hundred dollars
for pine wood?

Its carrying was
weather-beaten, its
timbers were very
old, the planking
was worn and
splintered. But
the old building
was not offered
for sale. It was
carefully taken

down, piece by
piece, and each
board and plank
and timber burned
where the ashes
could be saved,
and out of the
ashes gold and
silver taken to the
value of \$40,000.

It was a jewelry
manufacture,
and little by little,
thru the years the

gold and silver
filings and dust
had sifted down
and entered the
wood.

I have in my
mind, at this mo-
ment a man
whose years are
many, whose steps
are getting uncer-
tain and slow,
whose frame is
weak and tremble-
ing. How much

is that nearly name-
ant tabernacle
North? North? Why,
it is trembling on
the brink of Eternity.
Yes, but that life
has been one long
service in the
world's work. How
much gold of
kindly deeds, and
noble purposes,
and willing steps
and cheering words

and helpfulness
with those hands -
has sifted into that
soul? Don't try to
estimate. It is be-
yond all thought.

If the earthly haire
of that laterwoole
were dissolved, ^{or burned,} there
would be gold e-
nough found in
the ashes to build
one of the tallest
of mansions on the

banks of the river
of life.

There is a God Here Who Hath Five Barley Loaves and Two Fishes

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

March 1908

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

John 6:9 - "There is a lad
here who hath five barley
loaves, and two fishes."
Mar. '08

The Bible, in its interest
and sympathy, embraces
all ages. From the
little infant, helpless
and dependant, to the
white haired veteran
all are embraced in
its thought and love.
The lad spoken of here -
you can easily picture
him in your mind.
It was not a child;

it was not a youth.

It was a lad, between the two. He had passed out of thoughtless age of childhood, and had not reached the extremely self-conscious age of youth - a very interesting time. Inguenans, artless, transparent - a lad. That expresses it better than any other words.

This lad is dismissed with the brightest mention here but

it is impossible to read the narrative closely without seeing more in it than is told. It might all have been expressed in an impersonal way. Andrew might have said, "I have only seen one basket here containing provisions", or, "I have only seen one person who had brought anything, and he had

but five barley loaves
and two fishes.

But no, he says, and
we cannot help hui-
gering on the word,
"There is a lad here
with a small basket
of provisions".

And another thing,
You cannot help in-
agining the meeting
between Jesus and the
Lad. We know from
Jesus' words and acts
on other occasions

how he felt towards
boys and girls. This
boy, we may be sure
was not robbed of
his little store. There
was a little conference
between the two which
it would have been a
delight to witness.

You can see the hand
of Jesus laid on the
lad's shoulder, the
boy looking up into
a face full of sym-
pathy and love, and
listening, while a thrill

ran through him, to
same remarkable words.

It is a picture for an
artist - that brief meeting
between Jesus and
the Cad. We have
had pictures of Jesus
and Nicodemus, Jesus
and Pilate; I should
like to see one on
canvas as a great
artist could paint
it of Jesus and the
Cad.

The scene was on a hillside near the lake.

Jesus and the disciples were, of course, near together, and that large audience of five thousand people pressing as near as possible. But this lad had wormed his way, as lads will up to the very front, where the disciples had caught sight of him. Here he stood, with his little basket of loaves on his arm,

Looking and listening.

Standing there Andrew saw him, and so, when the question of something to eat for the hungry multitude came up, Andrew said "Here is a Lad with five barley loaves and two fishes, but what are they among so many?"

But this morning
let us in imagina-
tion put ourselves in
the Lord's place in
this remarkable meet-
ing; - try to imagine
ourselves Lord's in
that great crowd who
went out to see and
hear the great prophet.

1. Let us, in imagi-
nation, look through
his eyes. One of the
disciples, Andrew prob-
ably, finds him, and

says to him, "Here, lad-
die, the Master wants to
see you." "To see me?
The great Teacher whom
all these people have
come out to see and
hear, wants to see me!"

See those eyes open
as they meet. See him
look up into the Master's
face. It is an event
in his life never to
be forgotten. He is
at a time in his life
when everything inter-

ests. Nothing has be-
come tame and com-
mon place and state.

Such a thing as en-
vy is unknown to
him. He is looking
through eyes which
have not grown weary
with seeing, and it is
just thrillingly de-
lightful for him to
stand near Jesus and
look up into his face.

If we could only
keep the freshness of
the Lad all throughout

lives. If we could
only keep from reaching
that point when simple
sights and scenes fail
to interest us.

Many a man who feels
that he has seen it
all, and nothing inter-
ests him now would
give a great deal ~~if~~
he could be behind
that lady's eyes, and
look at things once
more from the lady's
standpoint. The nerves
running from that lady's

eyes to his brain have
not been burned out
or shattered by blinding
visions. They smile
thrive with fresh health
and vigor, and carry
an impression to his
brain beyond all words
to express. Try to put
yourself in that crowd
on the eve of the feed-
ing of that multitude,
behind that lad's eyes.

But, the lad thinks
to himself, what is the
master going to do with

my loaves and fishes -
make a meal for him-
self and his disciples:

Dont you believe Jesus
said to him, "You watch,
and see what I do
with your little basket
of food." And he
watched as only a
lad named, and as
only a lad whose
own basket was being
used in that mar-
velous way, could,
as that great mil-

titude was fed.

I can hardly help thinking that Jesus, busy as he was breaking the loaves to feed the people, more than once looked up to see the look of unconcealed wonder on the face of the lad.

Some of the most delightful experiences many of you who have grown to manhood and womanhood

have ever had, I am
sure, have been when
you have taken some
had to see something
which was beautiful,
but had grown common
and familiar to you.
and while he was
gazing in delight upon
the spectacle you
were most of the time
looking into his face.
And when you looked
at the scene it took
much of its interest

from the delight of the
Word.

2. In imagination,
listen through his ears.

There were all kinds
of people in that
crowd. There were
pharisees there listening
to criticize, to entrap,
to antagonize. Every
word which fell from
the Master's lips, which
ought to have been of
precious value to them
reached them filtered
through prejudiced and

hate. There were others
there who listened to
weigh and consider
and afterwards de-
cide. This was well
enough. It is the
attitude of fairness.
It conforms to the
the direction of the
apostle, "Prove all
things, hold fast
that which is good."
And yet such peo-
ple would part of
the richest enjoyment

and benefit from
the words Jesus was
speaking. There is a
barrier between the
speaker and hearer

You do not listen
to your best friend
that way, weighing and
measuring each word
and sentence. You
surrender completely
to what he is saying, and
receive all the benefit
of his words:

And there were

others there whom
some of Jesus' words
touched. Life had
used them roughly,
losses and humbles
had rendered them
incapable of some of
the finer parts of his
teachings. But he
touched their hearts by
his evident compassion
and sympathy, and
did them good. If
they had not under-

stood a word. The kindness and gentleness of Jesus would have reached them.

But the lad! With no animosity or prejudice, with every avenue to his brain and heart open he just looked up into Jesus' face and drank in every word. Such trust is liable in the long run to be imposed upon? You can trust

a lad to see and
detect a sham. Arians
exterior would not
deceive him for a
moment. His lad
knew instinctively
that Jesus was gen-
uine. That face and
that voice were true.
They appealed straight
to his deepest con-
victions. Would it
you like to go back
for a little and
listen once more as

you used to listen
when you were a lad:
The period in which a
boy is a lad is a
short one. I can re-
member it well. I had
come out of childhood;
I had not reached
youth. I was not
young enough to be
thoughtless, nor old
enough to begin to be
critical - I think I know
more than mother
and father - self em-
pirians.

It is in same respects
the fairest, clearest,
most transparent age
in all one's life.

The grain of one's
life is the straightest.

There has been no
twisting and warping.

And so imagine being
a lad out there on
the hill side listening

to Jesus. Imagine
Jesus' pleasure in
speaking to a listener
like that.

A man was once
giving an account of
his travels and adven-
tures to a small com-
pany of people. A
friend ^{who had heard} ~~told him~~
the story before said
to the man, You never
told it so well be-
fore as you did to-
night. Said the man,
"Do you know the rea-
son? It was that lad
sitting in the corner.
I was telling that story

to him. To some of you
the story was old, to
others it was only
half interesting. I had
to look into that lad's
face every now and
then, and when I
did I got a new
inspiration.

3. In imagination
put yourself back of
those lips as the lad
tells the story of that
day.

Whom of all that
crowd would you
select from whose
lips to hear the story
of what transpired?

Possibly John whose
narrative is before us.

But it is disappoint-
ingly short. He leaves
it so incomplete as a
story. He gives enough
to serve his great
spiritual purpose,
but leaves us bristling
with questions.

You would not
choose that Pharisee,
who sat all through
Jesus' teachings with
contracted brows.

I wonder what he
said to the officials
of the synagogue to
whom he gave some
account of the day's
experiences. Some-
thing after this sort
I imagine: Jesus is
a dangerous man.
The people are just

wild over him, and to
fasten their interest
and turn their heads
he in some mysterious
way fed them. How he
did it I have no
idea, but that was
something meany
about it. It is by
some evil spirit.
That he bewitched the
people, and deceiving
them with tricks. The
sooner he is arrested

and put out of the way the letter for us all." Others gave more or less one-sided accounts of the day.

But the lad! He bursts into the house, and it is "O mother, mother, I wish you could have been there. You know those barley cakes and fish you put up for my luncheon. O, it is the

most wonderful thing.

How many do you suppose had a meal out of those barley loaves you baked?"

"Why, there were not enough for many. How many, pray? You must be hungry if you divided them with somebody else."

No, mother, Jesus, the great prophet asked me for them, and he fed the whole crowd, and gave me more to eat

than was in the basket
in the first place.

And matter, he's all
right. I believe in him."

The vivid impression
of the feeding might
wear off in time, but
his belief in the kind-
ness and love of
Jesus would never be
lost.

Jesus got but little
out of that day in the
way of results. It is
doubtful if out of the
five thousand he se-

cured tin who were
ready to champion his
cause. But I am safe
in saying he had a
champion in that Cad.

If I were going to
write a story padded
on that day's events,
and the years follow-
ing I would take
that Cad as my hero.

With what assurance
would I do it? On
the results which his-
tory and observation

have brought before us
in every-day life.

The lads - and the
lasses, too - of our
hamlet are receiving
impressions for good or
ill which they will carry
through life. And with
a keenness of vision,
a quickness of hearing,
and a facility of ex-
pression unsurpassed
they are taking in and
giving out good and
bad. Keep them in as
close contact as possible
with Jesus of Galilee.

And, as has often hap-
pened some little lad
watching in the temple
may become a Samuel
the prophet.

You remember the words
which Arthur Sullivan set
to choice music:

"Hushed was the evening,
The temple courts were dark
The camp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark
When, suddenly, a voice divine
Rang through the silence of a shrine.

Oh! give me Samuel's mind
A sweet murmuring faith

Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden
from the wise.

Oh! give me Samuel's ear
The open ear, O Lord
Alive, and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word
Like him to answer at thy call
And to obey thee first of all.

Man's Dominion Over the World and Over Himself

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

December 1908

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

February 27, 1921

CLAREMONT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH – CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Genesis 1:26 – “Have Dominion.”

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They occur in that vivid, picturesque description of Creation in the opening chapters of Genesis. When the description reaches man, the summit of creation, something is said which completely separates him from all the rest of Creation. Everything else, from the lowest forms of life upward through all the ranges of vegetable and animal life, is to be in subjection. To man alone---to that order of beings to which you and I belong---was it said, "Have Dominion."

The words were not addressed to our physical nature---they were not addressed to our instinct. All these we have in common with the brutes. They were addressed to that intelligent, conscious part of our nature which separates us from all the rest of Creation, an incalculable distance. You are aware that the foremost scientific scholars at the present time tell us that between the highest specimen of animal life and man the gulf is immeasurable.

The lower ranges of our being we have in common with the rest of Creation. Our conscious intelligence is our own peculiar possession. The difference between the ape, concerning which we sometimes say, "How human he looks and acts"---the difference between that ape and the being who wrote "The Marble Faun," computes an eclipse, composed Beethoven's Sonatas, painted the "Transfiguration," is beyond all computation. The gulf between them is infinite.

Up to the point where conscious intelligence comes in, man was looked out for by evolution, environment, natural selection, providence, or whatever we may call it by, looked out for us just as it looked out for the lilies and the birds. But at the point of conscious intelligence, there comes to us---to man---"Have Dominion."

That which Nature did for him up to this point, man is now commissioned to do for himself.

It is a gift we are proud of, but a gift fraught with possibilities, both fearful and glorious---fearful, because man may exercise that gift for his own destruction; glorious, because he may make his dominion brilliant for the world and for himself. The Bible picture of Creation is something wonderful. What is its plan? This---step by step Creation unfolds, one class succeeding another, reaching higher and higher levels---all forms of life irresponsible, absolutely controlled and

governed by surroundings, until the climax is reached when the reins of control are handed over, with the thrilling words, "Have Dominion."

Here Creation ends, because it has reached conscious intelligence. An independent, responsible moral agent has come upon the stage of action and evolution, development, as far as man is concerned, is done.

This is the Bible plan, as outlined in the opening chapters of Genesis. And this is the teaching also of modern science.

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Why has Creation stopped? Because a free and independent will has come in and the Creator has put the reins in his hands. This is the Bible language: "Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

This had never been said to any part of Creation before. No dominion or authority had been entrusted to any created beings; each was controlled by its own surroundings, nature, and instincts. But to man came the words, "Have Dominion."

Will evolution some time produce a higher being than man? Impossible. Evolution has stopped, as far as man is concerned, and has handed over to him the control. He can progress and improve, developing his power to greater and greater efficiency, but evolution will do no more for him. You are familiar with Drummond's illustrations of this truth. One of the lower orders of being needs a longer arm and a stronger hand. Nature sets in operation forces to supply that need. She consumes long ages in doing it, but in time it comes.

Man wants a longer arm and a stronger hand. He will not wait for the long processes of nature to supply the want. He has an independent intelligence which gives him inventive skill. He invents a tool which gives him the longer reach, and a mechanism which gives him the stronger grasp. Man wants a clearer vision, so that he can see farther into space, but instead of waiting on the long processes of evolution to give him this keener vision he invents a telescope. So we see that in man the summit has been reached; and this is the testimony of Science and Revelation. But few words are given to this truth in the Bible, but a momentous stage and epoch in the destiny of this world was reached when those words could be spoken, "Have Dominion."

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First, man assumed control over the world. "Take your place," says Creation, "and assume control over the soil under your feet, over the plants which grow, over all living things that swim in the sea or fly in the air or roam over the land."

The earth soon discovered her king. Man has begun a dominion, the end of which no one can foresee. The face of nature has been changed, forces have been laid hold of and subdued, the results of the working of nature's laws have been modified, and there are intimations of changes yet to come that are bewildering, and almost past belief.

I find this description in a scientific journal: "In the southwest corner of France, about a hundred years ago, there was a great barren waste of land, almost uninhabitable. Sun and wind vied with each other in making the land drier and dustier. Over the stormy Bay of Biscay came winds that set up great sandstorms, and sometimes buried whole villages of people who attempted to live there. The whole region was one of hopelessness and despair, fate was against it. But one day there came along a man who acknowledged Fate only as something to be overcome. He took in the situation. He saw the possibilities of the region if it could be redeemed. He built a fence between the desert and the sea. Behind the fence he planted the seeds of the broom, and behind the broom the seeds of a species of pine. The fence protected the broom and it grew; the broom protected the pine and it grew and spread, and by its roots bound the soil together, and today the region is a place of beauty, famous as a health resort and teeming with life."

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In the second place, man was to have dominion over himself.

Until man, with a conscious intelligence and will came upon the stage of the world's life there was no such thing as the application of the terms right and wrong to action.

There was no moral quality in the lives of the lower animals. They followed their instincts. They were absolutely governed and controlled by forces which they made no effort to resist. Each followed its course as surely and inevitably as a river runs to the sea, without inclination or temptation to do otherwise.

But man! With his advent, a whole new order of things begins. For the first time in the life of the world commands are known, and for the first time there is possible obedience and disobedience. Appetites, passions, desires, lines of action, instead of being fixed and determined by instincts and outward restraints, were handed over to the human will to take care of. Was it not a dangerous thing to do, to remove all these things from the absolute control and care of other forces and entrust them to an independent will?

Yes, it was fearfully dangerous, and the wrecks of souls fairly encumber the shores of life. But in no other way that we can conceive could character be achieved.

Would we rather be a man or a thing? ---a free will or a machine? Nature did a wonderfully fine thing when she handed his destiny over to the keeping of man. She said to him, "My Son, you are a man now, with intelligence and a will, take care of yourself." It was a fine thing to do; but it was fraught with consequences to millions of the human race, awful to contemplate.

Thousands of them took the gift from her hand and went off like the prodigal to spend their substance in riotous living; but unlike the prodigal, they never came back. They showed that they had not risen to the stature of true manhood. They needed to be under the dominion of nature like the lower orders. But the prerogative of manhood was not taken back. Nature had given him this franchise and she never withdrew it. Looked at from a narrow view, without taking in long periods of time, it seems as if the plan was a mistake---as if the franchise of an independent will were given too soon.

But nature makes no mistakes---she tries no experiments. It is the end which justifies, and the end will be character, manhood, Godlikeness.

Under this new dispensation, inaugurated when "Man became a living Soul," there became possible methods and plans and the play of forces which had no place under the reign of pure nature. There was no Savior for the lower orders of animal life. They needed none. Love had no field for exercise. There was no faintest flush of emotion playing over the face of the world's life. Tears and smiles, sorrows and joys, sympathy and love--- all came in when to man was given the dominion.

With all its risks, that is a better world to live in than one of irresponsible compulsion. And, so, fearful as the risks are of taking our destinies into our own hands, we will accept the risks and try to be men.

If we were controlled, if instead of having dominion ourselves, outside forces had dominion over us, we should simply be innocent. A true man would rather live a life of success and failures, victories and defeats, and achieve character than live in a world where only innocence is possible. For to win out in a world of free choice and personal dominion is something grand. We know what Jesus meant when He said there was joy among the angels of heaven when a soul won out. We know what the writer of the Book of Hebrews meant when he said, "Seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and run the race."

That we may know what is expected of us, that we might have before us an example of the possibilities of our manhood, Jesus came and lived and taught and died. We were making poor work of it. The world was much like that desert in the south of France.

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desert he built his cross. Inside the cross he planted his church, and inside the church he planted the seeds of a Christian civilization. The cross has protected the church; the cross and the church have given life to civilization, and the results---the work has only begun, but it points to a glorious success. The wisdom of Him who said to man, "Behold, I place before you life and death---choose," is being justified.

Sometimes, when we see the ravages which sin has made in the world we begin to question the love of God. Can it be that there is a loving heavenly Father, caring for his children when he allows them to be subjected to influences under which thousands are defeated and make a wreck of their lives? Would we have it otherwise? Would we surrender our franchise? Isn't it the most precious thing we have---the power of free choice---the possibility of achieving character? Was it an evidence of indifference to man's welfare, or of thoughtful love when God said to man, take command---have dominion?

Are there defeated ones, wrecked lives, ruined beings who feel like denying God's wisdom and love, and charge him with subjecting them to the forces of evil? But what say those who haven't sold their birthright--- who have won out?

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Man's Dominion
Over the World
and Over Himself



SERMON PREACHED IN THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA
DECEMBER
1908
BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. H. WILLIAMS

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“New Thought”

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

January 24, 1909

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Luke 13:24 – “Strive to Enter in at the Narrow Gate.”

The Greek word translated strive is from Agonizo, from which our English agonize comes. It implies strong effort. The narrow gate means things worth having, the choicest and best. The meaning of the text might be expressed in these words, things worth having come by strenuous effort. The question is being asked in many quarters by earnest men today, "Are we going to lose out of our thought and life the old-fashioned ideas of struggle and endeavor, and substitute for them quick and easy methods of reaching valuable results? Our fathers believed that character was achieved by endeavor. They knew no royal road to knowledge, wealth, or virtue. Success meant with them self-denial and hardship, toil and struggle. But what is this New Thought which is coming in so fast? Is it a new way to arrive at character? We were aware that many of the old physical appliances and modes of travel had been left behind. Instead of creeping slowly and laboriously over the road to some distant point, we can go to sleep in a luxuriously appointed car and wake up at our destination. All the old discomforts and delays are things of the past. But we had supposed that no new methods or devices could ever supersede the old ways of reaching character---that strength of soul, like strength of muscle, could come only by exercise. Has it at last come to pass that we can be ---

“Carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?!”

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now, it seems to be taught that a man may be careless or abusive of himself, neglect his health, presume upon his constitution until he becomes a nervous wreck, and then, sit quietly down and in a short time think himself back into health. One has said, "I will believe this when I can see a man mortgage his resources, squander his money, and then, when he has spent all, think himself back into plenty again. Men used to grow strong by resistance---strong in body and mind and soul. They used to come down to a healthy, calm, and peaceful old age by obedience to the laws of health in their youth and early manhood. Men used to work out problems by being wide awake, studious and alert; but now I understand they can lose consciousness, drop to sleep, and hand their problems over to their sub-conscious minds to work out."

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This, then is the idea of the present day, and it is of the nature of the so-called New Thought, --- work, even the hardest work, may be so wisely directed that it becomes a pleasure.

This is New Thought, new, and yet as old as when Jesus said to his disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled" --- "Be not anxious." But it has come as a new thought to the generation of which we are a part. When one of the greatest educators of this country opened up to the students of his university a wider range of elective studies, and propounded this truth, "There is just as much profit and mental discipline in a student studying what he enjoys as in studying what he hates," he was opposed on every hand. "No," it was said, "this is radically wrong. Discipline comes from pain, not from pleasure. If there are two courses of study, one of which is distasteful and painful, and the other along the line of our likes and tastes, take the distasteful one every time." The old Puritans brought up their children that way. They first found out what they did not like and then made them do that. But President Eliot's plan has prevailed. Not that there are not some things, many things, perhaps, which are hard and at the same time necessary to learn, but it does not detract from the mental discipline and profit when they are made as attractive as possible.

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Have you ever paused long enough over those words concerning Jesus to have them sink deeply into the consciousness? ---" Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame." Jesus agonized to enter into his kingdom, but a great love bore him up and on to the joyous end.

Second --- There has been a change in regard to ways of exercising the human will.

How is character formed? The question is answered today just as it was more than a thousand years before Christ when Joshua said, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Character is the result of choices.

The human will is the great agent in forming character. Yet this is a fact in the history of the world's life --- the will has been one of the greatest consumers and devourers of human energy connected with life. At its feet lie more physical and moral wrecks than at the feet of any other force. People have worn themselves out willing --- exercising their wills. Ought we not to use our wills? Certainly, but there are wise ways of exercising our wills, and terribly expensive ways.

I have known people who have become physical and moral wrecks fighting sin and temptations.

Shouldn't one fight sin and temptation, summon all the powers of his will to face sin and conquer it? No. I will run the risk of not being misunderstood, and repeat it --- No. It is too costly, and it is too fruitless. Doesn't one grow stronger by resisting sin face to face? No, he grows weaker. A man cannot afford to use his will in this way, and the world cannot afford to have him.

Let me relate a little story taken from the early history of the Christian church. There were two young men who lived in northern Africa. They had been brought up together and had become almost inseparable companions. There came to the region where they lived a preacher of the new faith --- Jesus, the Christ. They both went to hear the preacher, and both came to believe his message. One of them said to the other, "I never knew the evil in my nature till now. The sins and temptations to evil that are within me are legion, and it will take a lifetime to eradicate them. I am going to devote my life to the conquering of my evil nature. I am going at once into the wilderness, and there, face to face with the evils and sins of my heart, am going to fight the campaign to the bitter end." The other young man said, "Must we part? I cannot go with you. My nature is as full of evil as yours. Habits have fastened themselves upon me with a tenacious grip. But I am going to forget it. I am going to stay right here in this city and work for my new Master, and set my heart upon him and his righteousness, and his work."

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honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, and if there be anything else virtuous or praiseworthy, think on these things."

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“New Thought”



SERMON PREACHED IN THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA,

JANUARY 24,

1909

By the Pastor—REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

Luke 13:24--"Strive to Enter in at the Narrow Gate."

The Greek work translated strive is from *Agonizo*, from which our English agonize comes. It implies strong effort. The narrow gate means things worth having, the choicest and best. The meaning of the text might be expressed in these words, *things worth having come by strenuous effort.*

The question is being asked in many quarters by earnest men today, "Are we going to lose out of our thought and life the old-fashioned ideas of struggle and endeavor, and substitute for them quick and easy methods of reaching valuable results? Our fathers believed that character was achieved by endeavor. They knew no royal road to knowledge, wealth, or virtue. Success meant with them self-denial and hardship, toil and struggle. But what is this *New Thought* which is coming in so fast? Is it a new way to arrive at character? We were aware that many of the old physical appliances and modes of travel had been left behind. Instead of creeping slowly and laboriously over the road to some distant point, we can go to sleep in a luxuriously appointed car and wake up at our destination. All the old discomforts and delays are things of the past. But we had supposed that no new methods or devices could ever supersede the old ways of reaching character--that strength of soul, like strength of muscle, could come only by exercise. Has it at last come to pass that we *can* be

—————'Carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?'¹"

Such questions as these are being asked by earnest people of the older type. They remember how one of the great masters of music practiced so long and continuously on the piano that he wore away the ivory on the keys. But in this way he became a master. They remember that one of the world's great scientists studied eight hours a day, for long years, that he might become possessed of some of Nature's secrets, and expound them to the world. They remember that one of our great historians gave ten of the best years of his life to research and study, and to the perfecting of his style before he put pen to paper on his great histories. And they also remember that the finest characters have been achieved by struggle and self-denial. And they find it hard to believe that a royal road has at last been discovered by which all these results can be achieved without cost or struggle. They say that they used to be taught that a man must reap as he sowed--that a man could not be careless or abusive of his health or powers without paying for it dearly in after life. But now, it seems to be taught that a man may be careless or abusive of himself, neglect

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CITROGRAPH PRESS

The Supreme Event in the Life of Abraham Lincoln

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

February 7, 1909

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

February 11, 1917

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH - HONOLULU, HAWAII

Printed by request of the Young Men of the Baraca Class

2 Corinthians 12:10 – “When I am weak then am I strong.”

One great name is before the American people today. Friday of this week is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. It is fitting that we should consider, today, this great man, and draw some lessons from his life. It has been said that we are always "attracted by the career of a man who has passed from the humblest station in early life to positions of honor and fame in mature years. With Lincoln this space was the broadest possible in civilized life. His childhood was spent in a cabin, upon a mud floor, and his youth and early manhood were checkered by more than the usual share of vicissitudes and disappointments. His means of education bore no logical relation to the position he finally reached as a thinker, writer, and speaker." A man was once asked what he considered the best reply to those who claimed that Shakespeare did not write the plays that bear his name - could not have written them because of a deficiency in the educational training of his youth? He answered, "Abraham Lincoln. By the same process of reasoning that is used to show that Shakespeare did not write Hamlet it may be proved that Lincoln did not compose the speech which he delivered at Gettysburg." That speech ranks with the greatest utterances which have ever been made. There is nothing finer in Cicero, Demosthenes, Burke, or Webster. And yet Lincoln's training in the schools and in elegant letters was exceedingly meagre. It is the man that accounts for it - the man which a school or letters can neither make nor unmake.

All predictions and arguments based upon Lincoln's lowly origin and bringing-up fall to the ground before the actual facts. It was said by some, when he was first elected President, that it was a disgrace to a civilized nation to place in the President's chair a man of such coarse and unrefined instincts.

Unrefined! Do you remember the letter which Mr. Lincoln wrote to a lady in Boston who had given five sons to the War for the Union? Let me read it to you, to refresh your minds, and to show an example of writing, the most chaste, refined and elegant of which our English tongue is capable:

"Dear Madam: -I have been shown in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died

gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

There is nothing of its kind simpler, tenderer, finer, in all literature.

I desire this morning to sketch that part of the career of President Lincoln when he touched the zenith of his greatness.

The materials for such a sketch have to be taken from many sources and piece put to piece. If certain gaps have to be filled by the imagination, there can be little doubt of their substantial truth.

The year 1862 was dragging its weary length along. The war which had been begun with such high hopes and promises of victory, now hung like a dark pall over the whole land. Hundreds of thousands of the flower of the young men of the land were in the camps, reaching from Virginia to Missouri. Not a city, town, village, hamlet, or scarcely a home which was not represented in the army.

Defeat had followed defeat, loss had followed loss, delay had succeeded delay. The air was full of criticisms. A feeling of impatience and almost discouragement pervaded the North. The one man who had to bear the brunt of all this criticism and blame was Mr. Lincoln. Why are our armies inactive? Why do you pursue this policy? You are slaughtering our sons on the battle field, or killing them by exposure and disease in the camp. That one great heart at the White House had to bear the brunt of all this.

Upon his sensitive soul rested the burden of the nation. Other people might relieve themselves by criticism, he must keep still. Other people might be discouraged, he must be cheerful. Others might lose heart, he must be brave. It was only when he was alone that he could sink into a chair and bury his face in his hands and cry, "O my God, how long, how long?" In the meantime there came up from one class of men in the country the demand, "Free the slaves, and free them at once! From another class, and many of them men of note and influence in the country, came a protest, "You have no right to free the slaves. By our constitution slavery has a place in our nation, and you may not touch it."

"Why should I emancipate the slaves?" he asked of one class. "Because slavery is at the root of all our trouble, and we are fighting for its overthrow." "Why should I not emancipate the slaves?" he asked of the other class. "Because this is a war to save the Union, not to free the slaves. If that is ever done it must be done in other ways.

"If you emancipate the slaves you will divide the North, alienate one large part of the loyal people of the country and imperil the nation's life." Between these two fires stood this great man, keenly sensitive to the situation, feeling in a large measure responsible for the sacrifice of life and treasure. There was no question as to his own feeling about slavery. That it was wrong was as clear to him as the light. When only twenty-two years of age, as a common deck hand on a river boat he went to New Orleans. There he saw slavery in its most repulsive forms in the slave market. He saw them herded like cattle, treated like dumb beasts, bought and sold, whipped, and in every way treated as animals, with no feelings or rights to be respected. The iron of it went into his soul. But he was now President of the nation, sworn to guard and uphold its interests, support the cause of the Union, and uphold the constitution. He was there and the responsibilities were upon him, This was the situation. "England was threatening war; congress was full of murmurs; his own cabinet was divided; but, worst of all, the Union troops were suffering defeat after defeat. The army, crushed and torn, was falling back upon Washington. The Union seemed doomed, and all the guilt of it was ascribed to this lonely man."

One who was near him then said that he had aged ten years in six months. It seemed to Mr. Lincoln that the end of his reputation in the estimation of his fellow citizens was near - that he was weighed in the balance and found wanting. He did not know that he was nearing the supreme moment of his life, the zenith of human greatness, that when he was weak then he was strong.

In speaking of this supreme event in his life I shall follow, in the main, the authority of a recent writer, Mr. James Oppenheim.

A busy day had ended, and night was settling down around him. The last caller had gone, the last piece of advice given him, the meeting with his cabinet over and he was alone, and he asked himself the great question as to his duty. He could not see his way clearly. Burying his face in his hands he said to himself, "Shall I do it? Shall I proclaim liberty to the slaves? If I do, will it be the mistake of a lifetime? -the mistake of a century? Will it send my name down to the future covered with disgrace and shame? Will it divide the North and destroy the Union? If I do not do it shall I be guilty of a great wrong to four millions of human beings, and sin against God? It is too much for me!"

Then he turned to God. "O God, send us victories! Victories! Then I will issue the proclamation." He went to his room and lay down, and tried to sleep, but could not. The situation in the army was grave. But his brain was in too much of a tumult to sleep. His heart was too heavily burdened. Lee was at that moment in Maryland, headed for the North, and if not stopped, if the Union forces suffered another defeat, no one could foresee the consequences. Then, suddenly, in the midst of the night he heard a quick, eager tramping outside, hurried steps on the stairs, then a loud knocking at his door. "What is it?" he asked. A dispatch from McClellan - important." What could it be? McClellan defeated and Lee marching on Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia - the North!

With trembling hand he tore open the dispatch and with blurred vision tried to read. Finally the miraculous words came out: "Lee is beaten. Battle at Antietam. The enemy is retreating. Am pursuing." Can you imagine the hopes and fears of thirty millions of people concentrated on one man, loaded upon one great heart? If so you can also imagine how those words floated as in a golden light before his eyes. He could only exclaim: "God, thy will prevails. Victory! Victory!" Then he said to himself, "Tomorrow it shall be done." Yes, on the morrow, as between himself and his God, he would brave a hostile England a critical North, a wavering congress, a divided cabinet, and issue the proclamation. With that great purpose he dropped to sleep. In the morning the city was wild with excitement over the falling back of Lee's army across the Potomac. Towards noon the members of the cabinet gathered at the White House in the President's office. The cabinet members looked at each other - Chase, Seward, Stanton -- and, "Will he do it? Will he dare do it?" was the question on their lips. They waited for the President to come in. Why did he delay? Finally they heard a step outside and the tall, dark form of Lincoln appeared in the doorway. "Good morning, gentlemen!" He sank into a chair at the head of the table. It was, perhaps, the most exciting moment in the lives of those men. They could scarcely breathe. The President settled back comfortably in his chair. They looked at him in silence. The moment was at hand that was to decide the destinies of four millions of slaves, and perhaps of thirty millions of people.

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The Supreme Event in the Life of Abraham Lincoln



Printed by request of the Young Men of the
Baraca Class.

SERMON PREACHED IN THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA,
FEBRUARY 7,
1909
By the Pastor—REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

2 Cor. 12:10—"When I am weak then am I strong."

One great name is before the American people today. Friday of this week is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. It is fitting that we should consider, today, this great man, and draw some lessons from his life. It has been said that we are always "attracted by the career of a man who has passed from the humblest station in early life to positions of honor and fame in mature years. With Lincoln this space was the broadest possible in civilized life. His childhood was spent in a cabin, upon a mud floor, and his youth and early manhood were checkered by more than the usual share of vicissitudes and disappointments. His means of education bore no logical relation to the position he finally reached as a thinker, writer, and speaker." A man was once asked what he considered the best reply to those who claimed that Shakespeare did not write the plays that bear his name—could not have written them because of a deficiency in the educational training of his youth? He answered, "Abraham Lincoln. By the same process of reasoning that is used to show that Shakespeare did not write Hamlet it may be proved that Lincoln did not compose the speech which he delivered at Gettysburg." That speech ranks with the greatest utterances which have ever been made. There is nothing finer in Cicero, Demosthenes, Burke, or Webster. And yet Lincoln's training in the schools and in elegant letters was exceedingly meagre. It is the *man* that accounts for it—the *man* which a school or letters can neither make nor unmake.

All predictions and arguments based upon Lincoln's lowly origin and bringing-up fall to the ground before the actual facts. It was said by some, when he was first elected President, that it was a disgrace to a civilized nation to place in the President's chair a man of such coarse and unrefined instincts.

Unrefined! Do you remember the letter which Mr. Lincoln wrote to a lady in Boston who had given five sons to the War for the Union? Let me read it to you, to refresh your minds, and to show an example of writing, the most chaste, refined and elegant of which our English tongue is capable :

"Dear Madam:—I have been shown in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

There is nothing of its kind simpler, tenderer, finer, in all literature.

I desire this morning to sketch that part of the career of President Lincoln when he touched the zenith of his greatness.

The materials for such a sketch have to be taken from many sources and piece put to piece. If certain gaps have to be filled by the imagination, there can be little doubt of their substantial truth.

The year 1862 was dragging its weary length along. The war which had been begun with such high hopes and promises of victory, now hung like a dark pall over the whole land. Hundreds of thousands of the flower of the young men of the land were in the camps, reaching from Virginia to Missouri. Not a city, town, village, hamlet, or scarcely a home which was not represented in the army.

Defeat had followed defeat, loss had followed loss, delay had succeeded delay. The air was full of criticisms. A feeling of impatience and almost discouragement pervaded the North. The one man who had to bear the brunt of all this criticism and blame was Mr. Lincoln. "Why are our armies inactive? Why do you pursue this policy? You are slaughtering our sons on the battle field, or killing them by exposure and disease in the camp." That one great heart at the White House had to bear the brunt of all this.

Upon his sensitive soul rested the burden of the nation. Other people might relieve themselves by criticism, he must keep still. Other people might be discouraged, he must be cheerful. Others might lose heart, he must be brave. It was only when he was alone that he could sink into a chair and bury his face in his hands and cry, "O my God, how long, how long?" In the meantime there came up from one class of men in the country the demand, "Free the slaves, and free them at once!" From another class, and many of them men of note and influence in the country, came a protest, "You have no right to free the slaves. By our constitution slavery has a place in our nation, and you may not touch it."

"Why should I emancipate the slaves?" he asked of one class. "Because slavery is at the root of all our trouble, and we are fighting for its

overthrow." "Why should I *not* emancipate the the slaves?" he asked of the other class. "Because this is a war to save the Union, not to free the slaves. If that is ever done it must be done in other ways.

"If you emancipate the slaves you will divide the North, alienate one large part of the loyal people of the country and imperil the nation's life."

Between these two fires stood this great man, keenly sensitive to the situation, feeling in a large measure responsible for the sacrifice of life and treasure. There was no question as to his own feeling about slavery. That it was wrong was as clear to him as the light. When only twenty-two years of age, as a common deck hand on a river boat he went to New Orleans. There he saw slavery in its most repulsive forms in the slave market. He saw them herded like cattle, treated like dumb beasts, bought and sold, whipped, and in every way treated as animals, with no feelings or rights to be respected. The iron of it went into his soul. But he was now President of the nation, sworn to guard and uphold its interests, support the cause of the Union, and uphold the constitution. He was there and the responsibilities were upon him. This was the situation. "England was threatening war; congress was full of murmurs; his own cabinet was divided; but, worst of all, the Union troops were suffering defeat after defeat. The army, crushed and torn, was falling back upon Washington. The Union seemed doomed, and all the guilt of it was ascribed to this lonely man."

One who was near him then said that he had aged ten years in six months. It seemed to Mr. Lincoln that the end of his reputation in the estimation of his fellow citizens was near—that he was weighed in the balance and found wanting. He did not know that he was nearing the supreme moment of his life, the zenith of human greatness, that *when he was weak then he was strong*.

In speaking of this supreme event in his life I shall follow, in the main, the authority of a recent writer, Mr. James Oppenheim.

A busy day had ended, and night was settling down around him. The last caller had gone, the last piece of advice given him, the meeting with his cabinet over and he was alone, and he asked himself the great question as to his duty. He could not see his way clearly. Burying his face in his hands he said to himself, "Shall I do it? Shall I proclaim liberty to the slaves? If I do, will it be the mistake of a lifetime?—the mistake of a century? Will it send my name down to the future covered with disgrace and shame? Will it divide the North and destroy the Union? If I do not do it shall I be guilty of a great wrong to four millions of human beings, and sin against God? It is too much for me!"

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Seed and Soil

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

March 1909

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

January 21, 1917

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH - HONOLULU, HAWAII

Matthew 13:8 – “Others fell upon the good ground.”

Others fell upon the good ground. Then some did not. The seed was the same in both cases - good seed. In another parable Jesus speaks about another kind of seed which produced tares. The same thing would be true respecting that kind of seed - some would, and some would not find congenial soil. What is known today as the germ theory is simply the carrying of this illustration of the seed sowing into the realms of the infinitesimal. When Jesus said of the mustard seed, "Which is indeed the smallest of all seeds," he was simply using the common ideas of the time. The microscope has revealed to us seeds - we call them germs as much smaller than the mustard seed as that is smaller than the largest of seeds.

Many years ago a great scientist set a cup of prepared liquid one side for a few days, and when he examined it he found it full of minute living organisms. He at once sprung to the conclusion that it was spontaneous generation. He did not know then, what he afterwards learned, that the seeds of that life were sown in the cup - that the air was full of seeds of living organisms.

But of all seeds, of all kinds, two things are necessary - seed and soil. There are seeds of disease - germs we call them -- but we might as well call them seeds for our convenience now.

Because they are so infinitesimally small does not remove them from the sphere of the Parable of the Sower. They are seeds. There are good seeds and bad seeds, all the way through; and there is congenial and uncongenial soil.

Seeds of disease are perfectly helpless and powerless alone. They have to have a soil. Jesus said, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground it abideth alone." Alone it is helpless, powerless. That is just an illustration of all seeds of all kinds, good and bad.

So this great fact confronts us - there are these two sides: the seed side, the soil side. Some of the seed fell on the hard wayside, some on rocks, some on thorns - "others fell upon good soil." Every life is the product of the two. We are learning more and more, as our knowledge advances that what is true in one sphere is in a measure true in another. Our physical life is full of analogies of the higher. This is nothing new, only we seem to be rediscovering it. Jesus was pointing out these

analogies at every step. Nature was a great book, teaching religious as well as physical truths. There is a germ theory of character, of morals, of spiritual health.

I see one upon whom disease has fastened, and he may say to me, "I know where this came from - when the seeds of this disease came into my system." That would seem to be all there is to it, and fix the whole responsibility in a source entirely outside the individual himself. But there is the soil side to the question. The seed found a welcome, congenial soil, a home in which to live and flourish. It may have been an inherited soil of weakness and congeniality to disease; it may have been the result of carelessness, neglect of the laws of health, exposure, indulgence; but the two - seed and soil - enter into the result. For it may be that side by side with this man has stood and walked and worked another, exposed to the same outside influences, but has remained unscathed. On the other hand two might live in a region where the atmosphere is charged with abundant elements of life and force, and one of them furnish no soil for the elements to live in, and the other take in tonic and strength at every breath.

The clearness with which these things are understood to-day makes very clear many of the teachings of Jesus, and throws light upon the laws of character and spiritual growth.

1. It throws light upon the question of sin. Sin, actual sin, is a two-fold result. It is a seed from the outside, borne from some source, sowed by somebody, planted by some hand. It did not start in the heart, in the life of the sinner. Words or deeds, or suggestions, or influences from without, were the seeds. The world's atmosphere is full of them. We take them in at every breath. That little child has no sin in him, for he has made no choice. There may be in his being some soil congenial, susceptible; but not until seeds of sin from without have been welcomed will there be sin.

One may say, "I know where this sin came from. I know its origin, and how it came into my life, and how I came to be what I am."

Does he mean that the whole responsibility for the sin or the character lies in the source or the seed?

Then I will tell him of another who has lived by his side, upon whose ears have fallen the same sounds, whose eyes have seen the same sights; upon whose life have been poured the same influences, but who turned them off, from whose life they fell utterly powerless. The man who sinned gave them a welcome, gave them a soil to lodge in, moisture of desire to germinate in, cultivation to flourish in; and the two, seed and soil, produced the result.

On the other man's life the seed fell as on a rock. Soil there was none, nor moisture, and cultivation was out of the question.

It has been said, "No thief ever invented theft. The temptation dropped in through the open channel of the eye or ear. But once in, it became his. His nature seized it; his passions colored it; his choices developed it."

The question comes to us, what are we to do about these germs of evil which are afloat? What is our duty and our work in view of the young lives that are growing up to manhood, to citizenship and public responsibility about us-in our homes, our churches, our schools? Destroy these germs? Seek to remove all temptations? Yes. This is one part of our work. What shall we do in our towns and cities as a means to promote physical health? Destroy or prevent the multiplication of disease germs? Certainly. Clean streets, enforcement of sanitary rules, watchfulness against the coming in of seeds of death - all these are a part of the work which modern discovery and thought have made necessary. But after all has been done which modern thought and skill can do, it remains, and long will remain true, that germs of disease will abound. They will pervade the air we breathe, enter the food we eat, lurk in dark places and obscure corners, spring upon us from many an ambush. So it will always remain the most important thing to do, to cultivate a vigorous health. Considerable attention has been given by scientific students to the study of methods of quieting the waves of the ocean, reducing the force of storms, and lessening the strength of attack from great seas. But a great deal more attention and skill and money are employed in building ships large enough to ride the waves, and strong enough to meet the attacks. Their mighty prows meet and turn aside the wave battalions; and the great throbbing engines send the ship on in the face of the hurricane.

It is now and will be for a long time to come, apparently the chief work of society and the individual to cultivate a health that can resist the waves of disease, a heart power that can defend the whole physical frontier with its red corpuscle soldiers.

Temptations to sin! Yes, it is a part of the duty of the church and society and the home and individuals to lessen the germs of sin as much as possible, to make our homes and schools and public places as morally sanitary and safe and clean as possible. But after all has been done in this direction, it will be true that seeds and germs of evil will fly thickly enough through the moral atmosphere to destroy the whole moral nature. The most important concern, then, will be for a long time to come, surely, to cultivate a moral health that can turn aside evil suggestions and temptations as the iron prow of the steamship turns aside the waves.

What was Jesus' mission to the world? Was it to lessen the forces of evil, destroy the germs of sin and death? Yes. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the Sin of the world." "I am come that I might destroy the works of the devil." One part of his mission was certainly to make the air purer, society safer and cleaner. He taught us to pray, "lead us not into temptation." But on the other hand he says, "I am come that ye might have life and might have it more abundantly." Abounding life can go anywhere. It furnishes no soil for sin to lodge in, no congenial home for it to rest in. The

most important work of the Christian world to-day is the communication of life - a healthy, strong, moral and spiritual life.

A modern biography contains the following suggestive letter written by a father to his son who had but recently gone out from his home to live in a great city:

"My Dear Son: I am very grateful for the years we have lived together. When I bade you goodbye the other day it was without a fear or a misgiving. I knew you were going into a great and wicked city, whose atmosphere fairly teems with suggestions of evil. But I can trust you. You have such a high sense of honor, such noble and pure ambitions, and such a love and loyalty for Christ and his church that evil suggestions will not touch you."

No other legacy can compare with this. No possession is to be mentioned by its side.

2. This truth of the seed and the soil throws light upon the growth of character. Whence comes character? What makes a good man what he is? Whether or not this side of the germ theory is true in our physical life, whether or not there are such things as microbes of health as well as disease, it is true in the moral and spiritual world there are germs, seeds of goodness, and seeds of spiritual life. But these seeds, too, must have a soil to welcome, receive and nourish them. Either one without the other is powerless.

Martin Luther had a great thought come into his life. He welcomed it. It rooted itself in his nature, and grew into strength and power. What will become of it? It may remain with him, live with him and die with him. He may be quarantined so that it will not spread.

The probabilities are that if he gives voice to it, it will find soil in other lives. When Rome knew he was possessed with this idea they tried to quarantine him; but he gave it out, it began to take root in other lives, and the result was the Reformation, and from that seed came the whole Protestant Church.

All this was the result of two forces - the germ and soil for it to grow in. The question is sometimes asked, "If Jesus was the Son of God, if He came from heaven, if He sowed broadcast over this earth the seeds of divinity, why was not the world Christianized long since?" I will ask another question on the same principle, "If germs of disease pervade all habitable space - if the homes we live in, the cars we ride in, the assembly rooms we meet in, the streets we walk on are full of deadly germs, why are we not all sick or dead?" Because we do not furnish a soil for the germs; they find no home in thousands of lives. Why is not the world morally ruined from the germs of sin flying everywhere? Because they find no resting place, but fall dead and powerless to the earth. And now repeat the question, why has not the world been Christianized? Not for want of seeds of Christian truth. It takes two things to make a Christian, just as it takes two things to make a harvest. Why is not all the world Christian? Seed! Can you count the stars? Then may you count the Bibles that have come from the printing presses of the world since printing was invented. Can

you count the grains of sand on the sea shore? Then may you count the words of truth, spoken with passionate love, which have fallen from saintly lips since the beginning of the Christian era. Is it true we have to give them a welcome or they will not grow? Is it true we have to give them soil or they fall lifeless? Is it true we can live in a house, close to a sweet and saintly life, and shed every germ with which the atmosphere is charged? Can we walk the street breathing the germs of the Christian lives which have hallowed them, and shed these germs as the prow of the steamer parts the waves?

Yes, it is true, and I am glad of it, and so are you. You would not have it otherwise than to be made a partner, an agent, in your own future destiny.

Whatever we may say and teach about being saved by grace, and it is true, we are. What have we that we did not receive? We did not create the earth and the heavens. We did not endow the human soul with its wonderful faculties. But, whatever we may say about being saved by grace, it is also true that whatever character we shall possess, or of felicity we shall come to, we can say, "I did it."

And whatever of loss and failure shall be ours, we shall also have to say, "I did it." We are not responsible for the good seed - we are for the stony ground, and the wayside trodden down to hardness. We did not sow the seed, but we did give it a welcome and a home.

Seed and Soil



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I see one upon whom disease has fastened, and he may say to me, "I know where this came from—when the seeds of this disease came into my system." That would seem to be all there is to it, and fix the whole responsibility in a source entirely outside the individual himself. But there is the soil side to the question. The seed found a welcome, congenial soil, a home in which to live and flourish. It may have been an inherited soil of weakness and congeniality to disease; it may have been the result of carelessness, neglect of the laws of health, exposure, indulgence; but the *two*—seed and soil—enter into the result. For it may be that side by side with this man has stood and walked and worked another, exposed to the same outside influences, but has remained unscathed. On the other hand two might live in a region where the atmosphere is charged with abundant elements of life and force, and one of them furnish no soil for the elements to live in, and the other take in tonic and strength at every breath.

The clearness with which these things are understood to-day makes very clear many of the teachings of Jesus, and throws light upon the laws of character and spiritual growth.

1. *It throws light upon the question of sin.* Sin, actual sin, is a two-fold result. It is a seed from the outside, borne from some source, sowed by somebody, planted by some hand. It did not start in the heart, in the life of the sinner. Words or deeds, or suggestions, or influences from without, were the seeds. The world's atmosphere is full of them. We take them in at every breath. That little child has no sin in him, for he has made no choice. There may be in his being some soil congenial, susceptible; but not until seeds of sin from without have been welcomed will there be sin.

One may say, "I know where this sin came from. I know its origin, and how it came into my life, and how I came to be what I am."

Does he mean that the whole responsibility for the sin or the character lies in the source or the seed?

Then I will tell him of another who has lived by his side, upon whose ears have fallen the same sounds, whose eyes have seen the same sights; upon whose life have been poured the same influences, but who turned them off, from whose life they fell utterly powerless. The man who sinned gave them a welcome, gave them a soil to lodge in, moisture of desire to germinate in, cultivation to flourish in; and the two, seed and soil, produced the result.

On the other man's life the seed fell as on a rock. Soil there was none, nor moisture, and cultivation was out of the question.

It has been said, "No thief ever invented theft. The temptation dropped in through the open channel of the eye or ear. But once in, it became his. His nature seized it; his passions colored it; his choices developed it."

The question comes to us, what are we to do about these germs of evil which are afloat? What is our duty and our work in view of the young lives that are growing up to manhood, to citizenship and public responsibility about us—in our homes, our churches, our schools? Destroy these germs? Seek to remove all temptations? Yes. This is one part of our work. What shall we do in our towns and cities as a means to promote physical health? Destroy or prevent the multiplication of disease germs? Certainly. Clean streets, enforcement of sanitary rules, watchfulness against the coming in of seeds of death—all these are a part of the work which modern discovery and thought have made necessary. But after all has been done which modern thought and skill can do, it remains, and long will remain true, that germs of disease will abound. They will pervade the air we breathe, enter the food we eat, lurk in dark places and obscure corners, spring upon us from many an ambush. So it will always remain the most important thing to do, to cultivate a vigorous health. Considerable attention has been given by scientific students to the study of methods of quieting the waves of the ocean, reducing the force of storms, and lessening the strength of attack from great seas. But a great deal more attention and skill and money are employed in building ships large enough to ride the waves, and strong enough to meet the attacks. Their mighty prows meet and turn aside the wave battalions; and the great throbbing engines send the ship on in the face of the hurricane.

It is now and will be for a long time to come, apparently the chief work of society and the individual to cultivate a health that can resist the waves of disease, a heart power that can defend the whole physical frontier with its red corpuscle soldiers.

Temptations to sin! Yes, it is a part of the duty of the church and society and the home and individuals to lessen the germs of sin as much as possible, to make our homes and schools and public places as morally sanitary and safe and clean as possible. But after all has been done in this direction, it will be true that seeds and germs of evil will fly thickly enough through the moral atmosphere to destroy the whole moral nature. The most important concern, then, will be for a long time to come, surely, to cultivate a moral health that can turn aside evil suggestions and temptations as the iron prow of the steamship turns aside the waves.

What was Jesus' mission to the world? Was it to lessen the forces of evil, destroy the germs of sin and death? Yes. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the Sin of the world." "I am come that I might

destroy the works of the devil." One part of his mission was certainly to make the air purer, society safer and cleaner. He taught us to pray, "lead us not into temptation." But on the other hand he says, "I am come that ye might have *life* and might have it more abundantly." Abounding life can go anywhere. It furnishes no soil for sin to lodge in, no congenial home for it to rest in. The most important work of the Christian world to-day is the communication of life—a healthy, strong, moral and spiritual life.

A modern biography contains the following suggestive letter written by a father to his son who had but recently gone out from his home to live in a great city:

"My Dear Son :—I am very grateful for the years we have lived together. When I bade you goodbye the other day it was without a fear or a misgiving. I knew you were going into a great and wicked city, whose atmosphere fairly teems with suggestions of evil. But I can trust you. You have such a high sense of honor, such noble and pure ambitions, and such a love and loyalty for Christ and his church that evil suggestions will not touch you."

No other legacy can compare with this. No possession is to be mentioned by its side.

2. This truth of the seed and the soil throws light upon the *growth of character*. Whence comes character? What makes a good man what he is? Whether or not this side of the germ theory is true in our physical life, whether or not there are such things as microbes of health as well as disease, it is true in the moral and spiritual world there are germs, seeds of goodness, and seeds of spiritual life. But these seeds, too, must have a soil to welcome, receive and nourish them. Either one without the other is powerless.

Martin Luther had a great thought come into his life. He welcomed it. It rooted itself in his nature, and grew into strength and power. What will become of it? It may remain with him, live with him and die with him. He may be quarantined so that it will not spread.

The probabilities are that if he gives voice to it, it will find soil in other lives. When Rome knew he was possessed with this idea they tried to quarantine him; but he gave it out, it began to take root in other lives, and the result was the Reformation, and from that seed came the whole Protestant Church.

All this was the result of two forces—the germ and soil for it to grow in.

The question is sometimes asked, "If Jesus was the Son of God, if He came from heaven, if He sowed broadcast over this earth the seeds of divinity, why was not the world Christianized long since?" I will ask another question on the same principle, "If germs of disease pervade all habitable space—if the homes we live in, the cars we ride in, the assembly rooms

we meet in, the streets we walk on are full of deadly germs, why are we not all sick or dead?" Because we do not furnish a soil for the germs; they find no home in thousands of lives. Why is not the world morally ruined from the germs of sin flying everywhere? Because they find no resting place, but fall dead and powerless to the earth. And now repeat the question, why has not the world been Christianized? Not for want of seeds of Christian truth. It takes two things to make a Christian, just as it takes two things to make a harvest. Why is not all the world Christian? Seed! Can you count the stars? Then may you count the Bibles that have come from the printing presses of the world since printing was invented. Can you count the grains of sand on the sea shore? Then may you count the words of truth, spoken with passionate love, which have fallen from saintly lips since the beginning of the Christian era. Is it true we have to give them a welcome or they will not grow? Is it true we have to give them soil or they fall lifeless? Is it true we can live in a house, close to a sweet and saintly life, and shed every germ with which the atmosphere is charged? Can we walk the street breathing the germs of the Christian lives which have hallowed them, and shed these germs as the prow of the steamer parts the waves?

Yes, it is true, and I am glad of it, and so are you. You would not have it otherwise than to be made a partner, an agent, in your own future destiny.

Whatever we may say and teach about being *saved by grace*, and it is true, we are. What have we that we did not receive? We did not create the earth and the heavens. We did not endow the human soul with its wonderful faculties. But, whatever we may say about being *saved by grace*, it is also true that whatever character we shall possess, or of felicity we shall come to, we can say, "I did it."

And whatever of loss and failure shall be ours, we shall also have to say, "I did it." We are not responsible for the good seed—we are for the stony ground, and the wayside trodden down to hardness. We did not sow the seed, but we did give it a welcome and a home.

The Earthly House and the Heavenly

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Easter Sunday, April 11, 1909

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

2 Corinthians 5:1 – “For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made of hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Every one of us represents in himself two habitations. One of them we inherited; our physical, bodily life. The other, with God's help, we are building. One of them is, at best, a temporary affair, which reaches in time its limit, grows old and falls. The other, if we will, may increase in strength and beauty, and last forever.

When the apostle says that when our temporary house falls we have a building of God, he means, on the face of it, just what Jesus meant by the "many mansions." But, underlying both expressions is the deeper meaning - the spiritual house we are building. The real heaven is, after all, what we are, more than the place where we are. It would not be apart from the spirit of our text and from the teachings of Jesus to read it this way: "We know that while our bodily house is wearing out and will fail, we are with God's help, building another in which we shall live forever." We are building our own eternal house.

Does it not say, a building from God? Yes, in him we live and move and have our being. It is God, and it is we. Paul loved to state this great truth in apparently contradictory ways. He says, "Work out your own salvation," and then he adds, "for it is God that worketh in you." He says, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

So, we make no mistake when we say, you and I are building the house we are going to live in permanently. And when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, and we move out of it, we shall move into the eternal one.

As far as we can learn, Paul's earthly house of this tabernacle was not a comfortable one. To the natural, inherited imperfections of it were added the abuse from the outside. It had been attacked again and again. It showed marks and scars, and it was battered and bruised. From some hints that are dropped it was not a very imposing structure at best. But he was cheerful. It mattered but little to him. He had another house building, a splendid structure. Just wait a little and he would move out of the old battered and scarred house into the new and eternal.

One can be very patient, and put up with almost any kind of accommodations for a time in the anticipation of what is coming.

Many a man has come to Redlands and lived in a barn, or some temporary rude structure while his better house was building; and if it was a good house he was building, commodious, tasty, convenient, the anticipation threw a glow over the plain board structure where he was living.

1. I need not stop to emphasize the fact that the earthly house of this tabernacle will not last always - will not last long. But this is no reason why we should not make the most of it while we do live in it - make it just as strong and comfortable and attractive as we can. I have been in structures used as temporary homes that were as neat and attractive and home-like as one could imagine. A house was in building near by. But the dwellers in the temporary home have said, "We shall be sorry to leave our cosy barn. We have been as comfortable and happy here as one could wish." We must not forget that the earthly house of this tabernacle is the handiwork of God. It is committed to our keeping to guard and train and develop. It is the temporary home of the soul, and no palace built by the hand of man, no modern house, with all its appliances of pipes and tubes and wires, bears any comparison to the construction of the earthly house of this tabernacle. The five senses, each with its own nerve connecting with the brain; the brain, with wires laid reaching to every point, so that like the master of some great establishment it can sit and send its orders everywhere; every member an obedient servant to execute the orders -altogether it is the finest piece of workmanship of which we have any knowledge.

But it wears out. After a time the wires are down in places; these servant members grow slow and feeble, and this splendid piece of workmanship shows that there is a limit. This means that we must move; and this has all been provided for in the plan of our existence.

2. The house we have been building all our lives is the one we are to live in permanently. You and I have been building it - we are building it now. And we shall have a good house or a bad one, a commodious house or an uncomfortable one, spacious or contracted, according as we have built.

When we build a new house here we are quite particular about the plans and specifications, and well we may be, for it is to be our home. We have got to live in it. No, perhaps we are not obliged to live in it. We may sell it, build another or rent. But the house we are every day building, to move into when the earthly home of this tabernacle is dissolved - we have to live in. We must live with ourselves.

We do not consider sometimes when we make light of religious observances, of systems of truth, of Christian creeds, that these are the plans and specifications for building homes for the soul. The wisest and best spiritual architects of the world have given their best thought to these plans. Architecture is a progressive science, and men improve in it as the years go by. Spiritual architecture is also progressive, and perhaps we today can construct better systems and plans; but the aim of it all is this a suitable home for the soul - a permanent home, for this earthly tabernacle is wearing out. What kind of a permanent house are we building, for some kind we are

building? Every good purpose adds a line of grace, every worthy enterprise we engage in supplies some feature of strength or comfort; every faculty trained sets a window in the house looking out upon some pleasing view.

Every debasing thought, purpose, deed, enterprise, adds something of deformity, ugliness, contraction.

One way or the other we are all the time building the home we are to live in permanently.

The thought sometimes comes to us that we are doing all this to please God, - that we are his servants, and that he is exacting obedience from us. He has certain laws under which he has put us, and so we are under a compulsion to a ruler. For example, he has given us the law of the sabbath, and we are to keep it for him. This thought sometimes starts a feeling of rebellion in us. It is irksome to be under laws, to be obliged to render obedience to arbitrary dictation. How far this is from the real condition Jesus tried to teach! The sabbath? Why, it was made for man, not man for the sabbath. Laws? Yes, but they are the rules of the great architect, telling us how we may build the best home for the soul. There is not a law, a rule, a command in the whole Bible made for the sake of the law. The commands of God are not a fetich, before which we are to bow. They are the directions of a Father telling us how to make a house for an eternal home. When we disregard those directions we are hurting ourselves, not him, failing to provide for ourselves a good, beautiful, commodious home.

A true story has been told of a contractor and builder. In some way he had come into financial straits, and needed money, but did not know where to look for it.

He had done work for many years for an acquaintance, whose business had been to build and sell houses. This acquaintance came to the contractor one day and said, "Here are the plans and specifications for a house I want you to build. I have deposited in the bank funds subject to your call. I shall be away for several months, and I want you to build the house while I am gone." After the man had gone the contractor looked over the plans and said to himself, "Here is a chance to raise some money. The man is gone, and has left it all in my hands, and that sum in the bank. By putting in cheaper materials, poor work which will not show on the outside, which can be covered up, I can make a neat sum." After a time the work was completed, work sure to make trouble for the owner sometime. The man came back, and the contractor handed him the keys, saying, "The house is finished." "My dear friend," said the man, "it has long been my purpose to do something for you. You have built a great many houses for me, to my advantage; and now I have the pleasure of informing you that this house is yours. I want you now to have the pleasure of knowing that during these past months you have been building your own home."

Do any of us sometimes feel that the commands of God are exacting, that to do that which Christ asks of us is sometimes hard? Some time he will say to us, substantially what the man said to the contractor, "My dear sir, you have been building your own home."

3. The moving from the earthly house to the heavenly is something to be anticipated, not dreaded, if we have been building a good house.

You have noticed this, that this transition is never given a single note of dread by our Lord or his apostles, but it is always spoken of on the plain of the realization of life's hopes. "Be not afraid" is written over the passing from the earthly to the heavenly.

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How those words of Jesus have come echoing down the years, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Many a good soul has fallen asleep, dreading, perchance, the future, only to feel a gentle hand upon the shoulder, and a familiar voice of one gone on before saying, "Heaven, mother, sister, brother."

The Earthly House and the Heavenly



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA,

SERMON PREACHED ON
EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1909

By the Pastor—REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

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What John Saw

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

May 2, 1909

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Revelations 7:9 – “After these things I saw, and behold a great multitude which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all the tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes and palms in their hands.”

The writer of this book of Revelation says, “After these things I saw.” - What did he see? It was an extraordinary man who could see anything good, situated as he was, and at the time when he lived. Christians were being persecuted on every hand, Christian blood was running like water in the streets of many a city, and he himself was a banished man, living on a lonely island. Between Jewish fanaticism on the one hand and Roman cruelty on the other, it looked like the extermination of Christianity. To live at such a time, and witness such things as these, would seem to be enough to quench the faith of the most ardent. But he saw something else and something very different from all these things. Like the apostle Paul he must have been able to say, "While we look not at the things which are seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." "After these things I saw" - Let us stand by his side, try to get his point of view, and try to see what he saw.

First, he saw, in spite of persecution and banishments, a growth of Christianity beyond all human reckoning. It was "a multitude which no man could number." John's was an intelligent, optimistic faith. He looked out over the loneliness surrounding him, and his faith saw unnumbered hosts of believers. He looked across the water and knew that in Ephesus and Corinth and Rome, Christians were being driven into hiding, and in many cases overcome and slain; his faith saw them gathered in exultant joy, waving their palms of victory.

One such man as that means more to the world's prosperity and progress than armies and navies. It was an intelligent optimism, based upon his knowledge of Jesus Christ and his gospel, and seeing the certain outcome and triumph of truth. John says, “After these things I saw.” How much such words as these have meant to the world: “I saw.” Thirty years or more ago a man stood on the heights yonder and looked out over this valley and saw. What did he see? Perhaps if you and I had stood by his side we should have seen something like this - sage brush and cactus, buckthorn and greasewood. We should have seen the yellow and blue wildflowers, brought into bloom by the winter and spring rains, beginning to turn brown and black under the rays of the sun. What did this man see? Water brought from the mountains turning this desert into a paradise, clothing the valley with orange groves, dotting it with homes, and spreading over it a riot of roses. He saw it. It was no

dream. It was no fiction of the imagination. He looked not, then, at the things which are seen, but at the things were not seen.

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"And I saw a new heaven and a *new earth*, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, *coming down* out of heaven from God. ** and I heard a great voice out of the throne, saying, behold the tabernacle of God is *with men*, and he shall dwell with them and they shall be his peoples."

It is not simply then, that in another world there will be recompense, and for all the persecutions and martyrdoms here there shall be compensation beyond. He has no thought of a lost cause *here*, - this world given up to sin and Satan. Here, on this earth as well as beyond, the hosts of God should be marshalled.

Another thing *he saw* was the wiping out of all distinctions of race and tongue and nationality and color; for, as they stood together before God, all these distinctions blended into the white light of humanity. The idea of a chosen, select people, who were at last to be masters of the world was universally prevalent in John's day. The Jews, of course, believed this. *They* were God's favorites, and from them there would sometime come universal dominion.

But the Greeks had the same idea. At this time they had lost heavily, and were being overshadowed by Rome, but there was no one in all the world like the Greek. *They* were the people, and the time would surely come when they would again be in the ascendant, and rule the world.

And the Romans knew also that they were the people. Universal dominion they practically held then, and no people would ever supersede them. Think of a man, trained to this thought, looking into the future and saying, I see the gathering of a mighty host, centering in upon one point, all influenced and swayed by one great impulse. Who are they, Jews? No, not Jews. Romans? Greeks? No, no one of these. Then who can they be? All of these and many more. It is a combination so much better than any one nation could supply.

There was a time when the idea - "America for Americans," was a very popular motto, and there were many who profoundly believed in it, and stoutly stood for it. But whether the idea was a good one or not circumstances over which we had no control took the whole matter in charge, and gave us a population from every tribe and nation and tongue, and, as a result, we have something in its best elements, better and finer and stronger than one nation could have made. The American today is a composite picture. The American nation is not only a union of states, but a union of about all the elements of humanity the world possesses. We have the maturity of the English, the rugged strength of the Scotch, the solidity of the German, the good nature of the Irish, the politeness of the French, the stanch morality of the Scandinavian- a mixture and blend which makes an American superior to what would have been the result had we only the Plymouth and the Jamestown stock. There were some wise enough to see this result a hundred years ago, and predict it.

And when the Kingdoms of this world become the Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, who will compose the multitude? John was enough of a seer, far-sighted and wise enough, to see a combination of all that was finest and choicest and strongest brought into the final result. Religions and spiritual forces over which we have no control are working in the world to bring about this result.

A portrait was once exhibited in one of the art stores in Boston that attracted a great deal of attention and aroused discussion. Was it of a man or woman? Nothing about the dress or hair or features decided it one way or the other. Was it American, English, French, German, Spanish, Italian? Each nationality claimed it. Finally the artist was appealed to, and directly asked what the portrait represented. What is it? He answered: "It is a portrait of a *human being*."

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One thing more he saw. He saw all these people, gathered from every part of the world, *safe home*. Two things characterized them, character and triumph - white robes and palms. John himself in other places tells us what these emblems mean. He tells us of a company clad in "fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." And palms are ever symbols of victory.

When Jesus talked with his disciples often, telling them of the temptations to be met with in the world, the dangers that were lurking to defeat righteousness, they would turn to him, and anxiously ask, "Are there few that be saved?" Or, "Who then can be saved?" Will it be a straggling few, some strong, bold, aggressive souls, who like David's three mighty men, can hew their way through the battalions of the world, the flesh and the devil? John gives us pictures, in the opening chapters of this book, of the Seven Churches of Asia. Some danger threatened each one, but he closes the description of each church with the words "He that overcometh - he that overcometh - shall be a pillar, shall be arrayed in white garments, shall eat of the tree of life." But he leaves us with the impression that the number might be small, and we feel like asking him, "Will there be few that overcome?" Now he is ready with his answer: "I saw an innumerable company, out of every nation, and of every tribe and people and tongue - wearing white robes and waving palms." How did they get there, if the dangers are so great, if sin works so subtly in our natures, if foes to our spiritual life ceaselessly lie in wait to defeat us? Jesus answered this question of his disciples by saying, "With man it is impossible, but not with God." There is a God in this world, watching over his own. Man is not fighting the battles of life alone. The forces of the Almighty are on his side for him to lay hold of. The forces of evil lie in wait to find us off our guard, but, "He watching over Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." And this is why so many will "throng up the steeps of life."

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What John Saw



SERMON PREACHED IN THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA,

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1909

By the Pastor—REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

Rev. 7:9—"After these things I saw, and behold a great multitude which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all the tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes and palms in their hands."

The writer of this book of Revelation says, "After these things *I saw*."—What did he see? It was an extraordinary man who could see anything good, situated as he was, and at the time when he lived. Christians were being persecuted on every hand, Christian blood was running like water in the streets of many a city, and he himself was a banished man, living on a lonely island. Between Jewish fanaticism on the one hand and Roman cruelty on the other, it looked like the extermination of Christianity. To live at such a time, and witness such things as these, would seem to be enough to quench the faith of the most ardent. But he saw something else and something very different from all these things. Like the apostle Paul he must have been able to say, "While we look not at the things which are seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." "After these things *I saw*"—Let us stand by his side, try to get his point of view, and try to see what he saw.

First, he saw, in spite of persecution and banishments, a growth of Christianity beyond all human reckoning. It was "a multitude which no man could number." John's was an intelligent, optimistic faith. He looked out over the loneliness surrounding him, and his faith saw unnumbered hosts of believers. He looked across the water and knew that in Ephesus and Corinth and Rome, Christians were being driven into hiding, and in many cases overcome and slain; his faith saw them gathered in exultant joy, waving their palms of victory.

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Anxiety

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

September 1909

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Matthew 6:25 – “Be not anxious.”

Standing recently on one of our mountain summits, and looking out over this populous valley, stretching from mountain to the sea, these words of the text came to me. The impression had come up from that valley that many there were anxious --- anxious about crops, about the market, about business. The question came to me, are these words suited to the quiet of the mountains and the seaside, but unsuited to the life of the business world? Was it a kind of ideal, but impossible, condition of things Jesus was picturing to his disciples in the discourse on the Mount? Is the tension too great and pressure too strong for the philosophy of the sparrows and the lilies in our busy, twentieth century world? Is it possible that Jesus was speaking to slow-moving, unchanging oriental society, and not to the fevered conditions of our time?

Some of you will remember the visit of Dr. Eastman, the educated Sioux Indian, to our city a few years ago. It was just after he had written, by request, an article for one of our magazines on his first impressions of our American civilization. To read that article and hear him speak of these impressions was almost like listening to a voice from another planet.

Dr. Eastman's father was a converted Sioux, but too old to leave the plains and tents of his fathers and enter civilized life; but he desired that his son should go out into the world and study its books and take up its life. Under the guidance of a white friend the young Sioux started east. The first great city he saw was Chicago. He was led from the train through some of the busiest streets, and the boy looked with great interest at the throngs of people. They all looked to him very unhappy. They seemed to him to have a strained, careworn, anxious look. He had set out to learn the "white man's way," to enter civilized life; but his almost irresistible impulse was to turn and flee --- back to the plains and the tents and the wild life of his fathers. But he thought of his own father's disappointment if he returned to the camp, and he kept on.

On the streets of Boston he saw the same unhappy, anxious look on the faces of the people, and he could not resist the impression that civilization meant anxiety and unhappiness. What shall we say to this picture? How do we enjoy seeing ourselves as others see us?

Is the philosophy of Jesus sufficient for the plain and the forest, but insufficient for the busy world? Are the stress and the strain of life, and the competitions of business too great for the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount? In order to escape from the worry of life must we flee to some quiet retreat, far from the sound of business? In order to restore a look of rest and peace to our troubled

faces must we leave the world? Is there no relief nearer? Is there no antidote to care and labor which will smooth out the wrinkles? Have the words of Jesus lost their potency, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest"? But is the Indian's characterization of our life true? Was his picture overdrawn? Was it an exaggeration? I think we shall be obliged to admit that it was true, and understated if anything. He drew his conclusions from what he saw in the faces of men, and in their hurried, nervous step. He knew nothing, then, of what he found out when he became a physician, of the nervous breakdowns, the prostrations, the story told so impressively by our asylums and sanitariums. Had he seen it all, it might have so appalled him as to send him back to his own people, and his old life.

Speaking of impressions afterwards, Dr. Eastman said, "I resolved upon two things, first that I would enter this civilized world and assume my share of its burdens and responsibilities; and, second, that, God helping me, I would not carry the additional burden of worry.

Well, how could he help it? We answer, in the same way Jesus pointed out to his disciples. The directions he gave them to escape from worry were two. Let us consider them separately.

First, take into their lives a sense of God, their heavenly Father. Not an intellectual sense; not a theological sense. They believed in God. They very likely had a theology for which they would have been willing to fight. What Jesus would have them possess was a sense of the reality of a heavenly Father who cared for them with an interest exceeding that which he gave to the birds and the lilies.

Are we losing out of our own lives the sense of a personal heavenly Father? This was the trouble with the early disciples. They were facing the problems of life alone. To be sure they knew nothing of the strain and stress of our modern business world. Business methods were very simple and the nervous wear and tear very light in comparison with our own times. And yet the same essential wants were theirs, and the same essential problems. There must be some visible means of support. They must eat, they must be clothed, they must have shelter. They were much above the beggar class in the land who were content to live on the charity of the public. They wanted to see where their living was coming from, and how their dear ones were to be provided for. And trying to see these things clearly their brows were growing contracted, their foreheads were growing wrinkled.

Jesus was quick to see and feel this condition on the part of his companions, and as quick to see the cause. They were facing life alone. They were losing the sense of a personal heavenly Father. He had practically gone out of their lives. Jesus proceeded at once to build under them the great truth, and a philosophy as simple and elementary as a child's story, but profounder than the teachings of Gamaliel or Plato. The birds in their care-free life, but utter dependence on God's bounty; the lilies of exquisite beauty, with no intelligence or exertion, but clothed by God's thought and skill --- both these were summoned to the witness stand to tell these men that God was in his

world, and to restore to them a sense of their personal relation to their heavenly Father. And how would this help them to get their daily bread, their clothing and shelter? For one thing it lifted from their minds and hearts a load of care. It set them free from unnecessary and useless labor. It cleared their brows. It reduced the friction of life to a minimum. Jesus did not want twelve anxious, unhappy looking men as companions of his travels. Cheerful faces and an elastic gait would open doors everywhere, in places where a disconsolate look and a heavy gait would leave them fast closed.

The philosophy of the birds and lilies is just as applicable to our day as to theirs. These beautiful creations of God's thought bring us the same messages. The logic of the words is just as unanswerable --- "*If God feeds the birds, if he clothes the lilies, will he not much more you?*"

It has been truly said that we have improved in the management and running of everything except man. Friction in the running of machinery has been reduced to a minimum. The first steam engine I ever saw, of not more than one or two hundred horse-power, worked with such a noise and clatter that conversation was impossible in the same room. To-day a thousand or ten thousand horse-power engine works so quietly that ordinary conversation can be carried on in the same room.

But while the friction of machinery has been so wonderfully reduced, the friction, the wear and tear and nervous strain of human life have increased. Build again under the life the sense of a heavenly Father's care. It will smooth the brow, and lighten the step. We do not say it will surely bring food and clothing and shelter. It is not an unheard of thing for the birds of the air to perish; but we are assured that in this case not a sparrow falleth without the notice of our heavenly Father. It is not an unheard of thing that the most cheerful and trusting Christian should suffer; but suffering and trial and want with the consciousness that the heavenly Father knows, and cares, and presides over all, almost became a joy.

The second direction Jesus gave his disciples, by word and by example, was to cultivate and develop their own personal lives so as to become largely independent of material surroundings. A rich soul life is a possession so superior to every other, that one can almost forget his material environment. The Christian religion is capable of making its possessor to a great extent independent of material circumstances. "The kingdom of God is within you," said Jesus. A fund of enjoyment in one's own life keeps a man from the incessant fluctuations of material things. If for calmness and steadiness, for peace of mind and inward joy, we are wholly dependent upon indications of rain or the condition of the market, then are we sailing a troublous sea.

Things of this kind do affect our lives, and influence our feelings, for we are human, and concerned with the things which affect humanity. The steamer has not yet been built which is independent of the waves. But steamers have been built which ride several waves at once, and in the midst of

great disturbance on the sea carry their passengers and freight with great steadiness. There are hosts of people who ride the waves of trouble, of material change and preserve a wonderful steadiness. It is one of the tests of strength of character, the degree to which one is independent of outside aids for happiness. It is a suggestive question, where would all these unhappy looking people whom Dr. Eastman saw on the streets of Chicago spend their evening?

A company of fifteen or twenty people were assembled one day in the cabin of an ocean steamer, when one of them asked, "Suppose you were put down a stranger in a great city, and, because of some peculiar emergency all the places of amusement were closed, what would you do?" Half of them replied that they would go to bed. Half of the others said they would walk the streets and look in the store windows. One man who had said nothing was appealed to for his answer. Taking a small book from his pocket he replied, "I should spend the evening in the companionship of a great man, the writer of this book." A trained soul, a rich inner life helps to make one independent of surroundings.

A ministerial friend asked me, "What do you find to do on the mountains? I should die of loneliness in a week." Not if he loved the mountains. Then the time would be all too short for what the clouds and the sunlight, the rocks and the canyons, the birds and the wild flowers, the trees and the chaparral have to tell him. The man who has within himself the resources of joy and happiness, who has availed himself of that which the religion of Jesus can do for a human being, is practically independent of environment. He creates his own environment.

Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

And there are such people --- many such. There are Marthas to whom Jesus says, "Thou art careful and troubled about many things." And there are Marys of whom he says, "She has chosen that good part which shall never be taken away from her."

Jesus does not say in the Sermon on the Mount, be not active, alert, vigilant, thoughtful; but, be not anxious. Carry into life such a trust in God and such resourcefulness of spirit that we shall be masters of circumstances and not their slaves.

"We ask for peace, O Lord;
Thy children ask thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That thought bright, sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day;

'Tis not for such a peace
That we would pray.

We ask thy peace, O Lord;
Through storm and fear and strife
To light and guide us on,
Through a long and struggling life;
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls
Our wasted might;
Yet, passing through the darkness
To the light.
For such a peace, O Lord, we pray."

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Is the philosophy of Jesus sufficient for the plain and the forest, but insufficient for the busy world? Are the stress and the strain of life, and the competitions of business too great for the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount? In order to escape from the worry of life must we flee to some quiet retreat, far from the sound of business? In order to restore a look of rest and peace to our troubled faces must we leave the world? Is there no relief nearer? Is there no antidote to care and labor which will smooth out the wrinkles? Have the words of Jesus lost their potency, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest"? But is the Indian's characterization of our life true? Was his picture overdrawn? Was it an exaggeration? I think we shall be obliged to admit that it was true, and understated if anything. He drew his conclusions from what he saw in the faces of men, and in their hurried, nervous step. He knew nothing, then, of what he found out when he became a physician, of the nervous breakdowns, the prostrations, the story told so impressively by our asylums and sanitariums. Had he seen it all, it might have so appalled him as to send him back to his own people, and his old life.

Speaking of impressions afterwards, Dr. Eastman said, "I resolved upon two things, first that I would enter this civilized world and assume my share of its burdens and responsibilities; and, second, that, God helping me, I would not carry the additional burden of worry."

Well, how could he help it? We answer, in the same way Jesus pointed out to his disciples. The directions he gave them to escape from worry were two. Let us consider them separately.

First, take into their lives a sense of God, their heavenly Father. Not an intellectual sense; not a theological sense. They believed in God. They very likely had a theology for which they would have been willing to fight. What Jesus would have them possess was a sense of the reality of a heavenly Father who cared for them with an interest exceeding that which he gave to the birds and the lilies.

Are we losing out of our own lives the sense of a personal heavenly Father? This was the trouble with the early disciples. They were facing the problems of life alone. To be sure they knew nothing of the strain and stress of our modern business world. Business methods were very simple and the nervous wear and tear very light in comparison with our own times. And yet the same essential wants were theirs, and the same essential problems. There must be some visible means of support. They

must eat, they must be clothed, they must have shelter. They were much above the beggar class in the land who were content to live on the charity of the public. They wanted to see where their living was coming from, and how their dear ones were to be provided for. And trying to see these things clearly their brows were growing contracted, their foreheads were growing wrinkled.

Jesus was quick to see and feel this condition on the part of his companions, and as quick to see the cause. They were facing life *alone*. They were losing the sense of a personal heavenly Father. He had practically gone out of their lives. Jesus proceeded at once to build under them the great truth, and a philosophy as simple and elementary as a child's story, but profounder than the teachings of Gamaliel or Plato. The birds in their care-free life, but utter dependence on God's bounty; the lilies of exquisite beauty, with no intelligence or exertion, but clothed by God's thought and skill--both these were summoned to the witness stand to tell these men that God was in his world, and to restore to them a sense of their personal relation to their heavenly Father. And how would this help them to get their daily bread, their clothing and shelter? For one thing it lifted from their minds and hearts a load of care. It set them free from unnecessary and useless labor. It cleared their brows. It reduced the friction of life to a minimum. Jesus did not want twelve anxious, unhappy looking men as companions of his travels. Cheerful faces and an elastic gait would open doors everywhere, in places where a disconsolate look and a heavy gait would leave them fast closed.

The philosophy of the birds and lilies is just as applicable to our day as to theirs. These beautiful creations of God's thought bring us the same messages. The logic of the words is just as unanswerable--"If God feeds the birds, if he clothes the lilies, will he not much more you?"

It has been truly said that we have improved in the management and running of everything except man. Friction in the running of machinery has been reduced to a minimum. The first steam engine I ever saw, of not more than one or two hundred horse-power, worked with such a noise and clatter that conversation was impossible in the same room. To-day a thousand or ten thousand horse-power engine works so quietly that ordinary conversation can be carried on in the same room.

But while the friction of machinery has been so wonderfully reduced, the friction, the wear and tear and nervous strain of human life have increased. Build again under the life the sense of a heavenly Father's care. It will smooth the brow, and lighten the step. We do not say it will surely bring food and clothing and shelter. It is not an unheard of thing for the birds of the air to perish; but we are assured that in this case not a sparrow falleth without the notice of our heavenly Father. It is not an

unheard of thing that the most cheerful and trusting Christian should suffer ; but suffering and trial and want with the consciousness that the heavenly Father knows, and cares, and presides over all, almost became a joy.

The second direction Jesus gave his disciples, by word and by example, was to cultivate and develop their own personal lives so as to become largely independent of material surroundings. A rich soul life is a possession so superior to every other, that one can almost forget his material environment. The Christian religion is capable of making its possessor to a great extent independent of material circumstances. "The kingdom of God is within you," said Jesus. A fund of enjoyment in one's own life keeps a man from the incessant fluctuations of material things. If for calmness and steadiness, for peace of mind and inward joy, we are wholly dependent upon indications of rain or the condition of the market, then are we sailing a troublous sea.

Things of this kind do affect our lives, and influence our feelings, for we are human, and concerned with the things which affect humanity. The steamer has not yet been built which is independent of the waves. But steamers have been built which ride several waves at once, and in the midst of great disturbance on the sea carry their passengers and freight with great steadiness. There are hosts of people who ride the waves of trouble, of material change and preserve a wonderful steadiness. It is one of the tests of strength of character, the degree to which one is independent of outside aids for happiness. It is a suggestive question, where would all these unhappy looking people whom Dr. Eastman saw on the streets of Chicago spend their evening?

A company of fifteen or twenty people were assembled one day in the cabin of an ocean steamer, when one of them asked, "Suppose you were put down a stranger in a great city, and, because of some peculiar emergency all the places of amusement were closed, what would you do?" Half of them replied that they would go to bed. Half of the others said they would walk the streets and look in the store windows. One man who had said nothing was appealed to for his answer. Taking a small book from his pocket he replied, "I should spend the evening in the companionship of a great man, the writer of this book." A trained soul, a rich inner life helps to make one independent of surroundings.

A ministerial friend asked me, "What do you find to do on the mountains? I should die of loneliness in a week." Not if he loved the mountains. Then the time would be all too short for what the clouds and the sunlight, the rocks and the canyons, the birds and the wild flowers, the trees and the chaparral have to tell him. The man who has within himself the resources of joy and happiness, who has availed himself of that which

the religion of Jesus can do for a human being, is practically independent of environment. He creates his own environment.

Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

And there are such people---many such. There are Marthas to whom Jesus says, "Thou art careful and troubled about many things." And there are Marys of whom he says, "She has chosen that good part which shall never be taken away from her."

Jesus does not say in the Sermon on the Mount, be not active, alert, vigilant, thoughtful; but, be not anxious. Carry into life such a trust in God and such resourcefulness of spirit that we shall be masters of circumstances and not their slaves.

" We ask for peace, O Lord ;
Thy children ask thy peace ;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,—
That thought bright, sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
 In smiling day;—
'Tis not for such a peace
 That we would pray.

We ask *thy* peace, O Lord ;
Through storm and fear and strife
To light and guide us on,
Through a long and struggling life ;
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls
 Our wasted might ;
Yet, passing through the darkness
 To the light.
For such a peace, O Lord, we pray."

“Count It All Joy”

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

December 1909

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

James 1:2 – “Count it all Joy when ye fall into manifold temptations.”

The writers of the Bible are in perfect agreement in the truth of these words. Peter agrees with James, and states the truth in similar language. He says: "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trying of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Praise and honor and glory were to be the results of tribulation.

Paul's letters are full of the same truth. He says, "I rejoice in tribulations also" - knowing the good things which came from them.

But, most striking of all, this same truth forms the climax of the beatitudes of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount. We have become so familiar with the wording of this sermon that the statement, it may be, has ceased to surprise us; but if we were reading it for the first time would it not strike us as very strange that this should be reserved as the last great blessing? "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely. Rejoice and be exceeding glad." What a condition of things to rejoice over! What a beatitude!

Why do James and Peter and Paul, and above all Jesus, consider it a blessed thing that their disciples and followers should have an environment of evil?

Of course this precipitates the whole question of evil. Why is there evil in the world? What if we should answer that, as far as we can understand, there can be no such thing as virtue, as character, without it! The beautiful qualities of meekness, mercy, peace, and purity of heart are painted on the background of evil. The men who wrote the Old Testament were great thinkers and they invariably show us virtue on this back-ground, and in this setting. And the writers of the New Testament are worthy descendants of the old prophets.

Without making any further attempt to solve the "mystery of evil," as it has been called, farther than to say that it is the environment of virtue, but, taking the world as we find it, let us ask, what part does evil play in the development of human life?

There have been, from far back two thoughts which have entered into men's beliefs on this question. One of them, in a word, is this, that creation to begin with was very imperfect, and that God has in these later times come into it to eradicate evil. The other idea is, that the world was

created pure and sinless by the Creator, but that through a powerful opposing influence, evil has been forced into it.

It is easy to see that either one of these limits the power of the Creator. This has been carried so far in the thoughts of some that they practically believe in two gods, one powerful in goodness, and the other in evil.

Whatever may be thought of the teachings of John Calvin, - of his harshness, and he was harsh; of his unlovely conceptions of God, and they were unlovely; he performed one splendid service. He marshalled all the forces of his powerful logic to drive from the throne of this universe, where the thoughts of many had placed him, a rival deity to the Almighty. He claimed for that throne the one sovereign God. In answer to the question, who is the author of evil? he replied, "There is not one single thing in this universe, from the remotest star to the nearest earthly object, that was not in the Creative thought and plan of God." And the most advanced science teaches the same. It says there is evidence of but one mind and will in Creation. The farthest star from which modern telescopes can gather the light shows evidence of being governed by the same laws as our own world. There is no evidence that two minds, hostile to each other, are working.

Prof. Fiske quotes John Stuart Mill as stating clearly the idea of a limited Deity. He writes: "An all-wise and holy Deity is perpetually at work eliminating evil from the universe. His wisdom is perfect, his goodness is infinite, but his power is limited by an unexplained viciousness in the original constitution of things which it must take long ages to over-come.' This means, of course, that evil has in some mysterious way got a foothold on the earth in spite of God himself. If this is true then there is no escape from the conclusion that God has not always been master in his universe.

This theory escapes many troublesome facts. Widespread disasters, pestilences, famines, and the thousand ills to which flesh is heir do not then impugn the goodness of God. They are his enemies who obtained a foot-hold in some unguarded moment, and he is now engaged in driving them out. In time they will be overcome. John Calvin said, God is sovereign. He divides his authority with no one. He has no problems to solve, no difficulties to meet. The world is just such a world as his plans and purposes contemplated. Modern science adds, it is moving on in accordance with one great master mind towards higher and higher levels.

It is easy to understand how a strong thinker like Carlyle would be attracted to the great prophets of the Old Testament with their clear declaration of the Lord God omnipotent; and to Paul in the New Testament with his firm grasp on this great doctrine.

The question in some minds is this, "Do you mean to say that God is the author of evil?" We *do* mean to say this: - nothing has ever entered this world or this universe because God was unable to keep it out. He created this world - or it was in his creative plan - with doors opening to the good and to the evil. He created man with the power to know both good and evil, and the power to

choose either. No door has been opened which he did not open, and he has never been surprised. And we do mean to say this - God is God and there is none else.

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It leaves us to reconcile two sides, so clearly stated in the Bible and left. One is the side of God's goodness and love. He is good, he is love. All his thoughts towards us are thoughts of goodness and love.

The other side is that of his seeming severity, concerning which the Bible has this to say - "Who art thou that repliest against God?" "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counselor?"

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There are a few things, however, which seem to be clear in regard to evil. Instead of saying that evil obtained a foothold in the world against God's purpose and desire, we may say ---

First - Creation is progressive, and meant to be. And progress is one of the most exhilarating things of which we know. There is nothing more so. If it were not for the things we call evil could there be such a thing as progress? If there were no immature or imperfect conditions could there be perfect conditions?

I have listened as men with flushed faces and kindling eyes have told of the hard conditions out of which they have risen. It was easy to see that the poverty, and obstacles, and privations out of which they had risen constituted a real element of their joy. The goal of success which they had reached was not the best part of their satisfaction. And the best thing in their success was the moral fibre acquired in overcoming evil. So that, instead of being overcome by the evils which surrounded them, they made the evil things actually contribute to their success. It is a fair question to ask, Could they have secured success in any other way? Stimulated by opposition, aroused by antagonists who disputed their way, they summoned all their powers to the front and developed a sturdy manhood.

I have in mind a man whom I have heard spoken of as a very fortunate man. The word fortunate is not the right one to use in connection with this man. A better word would be victorious. When other people were timid he was courageous; when they were skeptical he believed; when they were discouraged, he was hopeful; and when at one time it seemed as if disaster must, for a while at least, overwhelm the whole enterprise, and men refused to invest, and even withdrew, as far as possible, their investments, he invested all he had, believing the enterprise must succeed. When others left it he threw himself with all his powers into the work anew; and at last when the tide

turned it swept him into fortune, dollar of which he had earned. But if fortune had not been his, a every success greater than money would have come to him, and did come to him in the splendid development of his powers. Evil makes progress possible.

Modern thought has given us a wide enough view to see that there is an upward trend. "The lesson of life is to believe what the centuries have to say against the hours." The hours sometimes seem to tell us that the trend of things is downward. What do the centuries say about it? When one is skeptical as to progress he simply does not look back far enough. But if he looks back far enough he will look into a past apparently black with despair of all advance. Out of that past has come the splendid present, and across this whole vast stretch of time may be written the one word, Victorious.

Second - Evil is a necessary setting for virtue. We mean by this that we cannot conceive of virtue except in this setting. It would certainly be a hard task to mention one good thing in the way of experience that can exist apart from what we call evil. Try to make a sketch with a perfectly white piece of chalk on a perfectly white board. There is no sketch because there is no background for it.

An employer one day said to his clerk, "I am going to give you a holiday tomorrow." What a delightful announcement! It had been months since he had had a day to himself. The delight of it! Pictures came up before his mind of what he would do and where he would go.

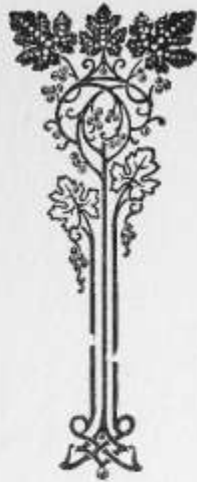
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In a painless or sinless world human conduct might be more perfect than any saint; but the moral element would be lacking. Goodness would have no significance. What is strength? Power to resist. What is rest? Relief from toil. What is character? The attainment of virtue under difficulties; the choice of the right under temptation to choose the wrong. It is impossible to even think of character in any other setting than this.

There has very likely come under your observation a case similar to this: A boy was born to a very careful father and mother; both resolved that as far as they could make it possible the boy should never hear or see evil. He was shielded and guarded on every side. His education was largely carried on at home, lest by contact with evil in the public schools he might contract the contagion of evil. When about fifteen the mother died. The father was too busy to continue the guarding process, and the boy began his contact with the world. Innocent, but not righteous; blameless, but with no character, evil first frightened then fascinated him, then lured him on to destruction.

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“Count It All Joy”



SERMON PREACHED IN THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA,

DECEMBER, 1909

By the Pastor—REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

James 1:2. "Count it all Joy when ye fall into manifold temptations."

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The Awakening of a Soul

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

February 1910

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

January 14, 1917

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH - HONOLULU, HAWAII

March 2, 1919

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH – SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

John 4:4-42 – (The Story of Jesus and the Woman of Samaria)

There are many kinds of awakening that are interesting. In many parts of our country vegetation sleeps during the winter, lying under a covering of ice and snow. When the spring comes it awakes to a new and beautiful life. The awakening of an infant to conscious intelligence is an object of still more interest-to see the little face which at first showed no consciousness either of itself or its surroundings take on intelligence.

Of still greater interest is the awakening of a mind from seeming indifference to the world of thought that lies about it to intelligent and eager interest in it. But the most important and interesting of all, when rightly considered, is the awakening of a soul, - its awakening to its relation to humanity and to God, to its possibilities and destiny. Such an awakening, Jesus tells us, causes joy among the inhabitants of heaven. We can conceive of nothing greater than this in the world.

One such awakening is described in this fourth chapter of John.

The scene of the story is laid in the heart of Samaria, in a small town called at that time Sychar, about ten minutes' walk from Jacob's Well. In that town there lived a woman in age somewhere between young woman-hood and middle age, attractive, light-hearted, popular. Her morals were on a level with the average standards of the time and place. She had just religion enough to satisfy her conscience for something of the kind, but not enough to interfere with anything she wished to do. The religion of the Samaritans was a sort of counterfeit Judaism.

There came a day in this woman's life that dawned like any other day, and gave no token of ending differently from any other. Indeed, she did not expect anything different to the end of her life. She expected to live on and on in that narrow circle, working, playing, eating, sleeping, until either from old age or sickness she should die as all her fathers had and be laid in the tomb. She had caught no glimpse of anything larger than this, any greater destiny for a human being. She had not the slightest conception that before that day closed the contracted limits of her horizon would break over their boundaries, and henceforth she would live in another world and be another woman.

Along towards the middle of that day she issued from her home and entered the narrow street. With easy grace she swung the water jar, which she carried in her hand, on to her head, and erect and straight walked along the path. We can imagine her exchanging greetings with her neighbors, inquiring for their welfare. We can hear her laugh ring out as she exchanges banterings with the men.

"Well," she finally says, "I must move on down to the well and fill my jar with fresh water for dinner." She saunters down the path, perhaps humming a tune or smiling over some bright remark she had just heard.

You have seen all that life is to her, all she ever expected it would be, or cared to have it. But, as she walks down that path she is approaching the crisis of her life history.

She had almost reached the well, and was, perhaps, shaking out the long cord by which to draw water from the well, when she suddenly stopped, for there, right before her, sitting on the well curb, was a Jewish rabbi! But of course he will not deign even to look at her, and she will have nothing to do with him, and so she moved on to the well. But he does look at her, and she is conscious of it, and, a moment after is thrilled to hear him address her. "Will you give me some water to drink?" She had never before, in all her life been courteously addressed by a Jew, and never at all unless it was to be called a dog. She looked at him in wonder. "Sir, I do not understand this." "Understand what?" "You are a Jew, and I am a Samaritan woman. You must know that the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans, and for a Jew to accept a drink of water from a Samaritan woman would be a disgrace." He replies, "Woman" --- . Before that word, in the tone of voice in which he spoke it, and the friendly look that accompanied it, all distinctions of race and rank and creed fell away. It was one human being speaking to another, one soul addressing another soul, one child of the heavenly Father talking with another. Here is a man great enough to disregard all traditions and human limitations, and speak to this woman as a member of the human family. The woman had never come in contact with such a man before, and as the conversation progressed, and finally reached its climax in the words, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," she listened wide-eyed, stirred as she had never been in her life. A little later, her water jar forgotten, she sped back up the path to the town. Look at her! What has happened? What has come into her life, since, careless and indifferent, she went down that path an hour before? That is what the village people wanted to know, as they saw her eager step and looked into her glowing face. "Where is your water jar? What has happened? Tell us." "Come down to the well, come down to the well! There is a great man down there! O, such a man! Come and hear him speak! I have never heard such words! Must he not be the Christ?"

An awakened soul! Life could never be the same thing to her again. The sunrise, ushering in a new day, her household duties, the children growing up around her, her fellow men of every race, the

birds, the flowers, the water in the well—all would have a new meaning because of the great words of the great man there at the well.

There are some truths in this story which it is impossible to miss.

One of them is the possibilities which lie in every human being. Suppose that woman had never been awakened. What is a lost soul? A soul that loses the larger meanings of life, that never comes out from its narrow confines into the larger life of God. It may never consciously miss anything. It may be satisfied with its outlook, and narrow horizon.

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Another truth standing out in this story is the influence of one life another. One soul that is alive, and has caught the meaning of existence, touches another soul into life. The soul of Jesus there at the well in Samaria touched into life the soul of that woman. To do such work as this was Jesus' mission to the world. "I am come," he says, "that ye might have life and might have it more abundantly."

This is the divine method of awakening souls. If we were to give our personal experiences, there are many of us who could point to some one who woke us up, whose touch upon our lives gave us a new view of duty and opportunity. History is full of examples. This truth is made the key note of Victor Hugo's great work. Jean Val Jean, the criminal, the vagabond, the thief and outlaw, meets the

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But are there not many people in the world who never come into contact with any one who wakes them to life? There ought not to be. There are enough Christians in the world to make it impossible for anyone to pass through life without touching a live soul, coming under some awakening influence somewhere. This is the mission of Christianity to our world. If you and I were all we should be, as those who profess to know God, could anyone escape touching a live soul?

Think of the gauntlet a child must run who is born in a Christian land: his father, if he is worthy the title; his mother, if she deserves the honor; the public school teachers, if they are doing their work for something besides money; his Sunday school teacher; his Christian acquaintances, is it possible he can pass all these and not touch a live wire on one side or the other? No, there is a great soul among them who will touch his own soul into life.

There are Jean Val Jeans roaming the world all the time, but in this day of our Lord there are Bishops at every turn; there are Samaritan women in our towns and villages; but there are now Jacob's Wells all over the world where followers of the great-souled Master sit to awaken them to life.

The Awakening of a Soul



SERMON PREACHED IN THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA,
FEBRUARY, 1910

By the Pastor—REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

John 4:4-42. (The Story of Jesus and the Woman of Samaria.)

There are many kinds of awakening that are interesting. In many parts of our country vegetation sleeps during the winter, lying under a covering of ice and snow. When the spring comes it awakes to a new and beautiful life. The awakening of an infant to conscious intelligence is an object of still more interest—to see the little face which at first showed no consciousness either of itself or its surroundings take on intelligence.

Of still greater interest is the awakening of a mind from seeming indifference to the world of thought that lies about it to intelligent and eager interest in it. But the most important and interesting of all, when rightly considered, is the awakening of a soul,—its awakening to its relation to humanity and to God, to its possibilities and destiny. Such an awakening, Jesus tells us, causes joy among the inhabitants of heaven. We can conceive of nothing greater than this in the world.

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The First Church Christmas in Redlands

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Article in Redlands Daily Facts – December 24, 1910

THE FIRST CHURCH CHRISTMAS IN REDLANDS Redlands Daily Facts, December 24, 1910

Twenty-three years ago tomorrow the first church Christmas celebration was held in this section of the country within the territory now embraced in the city of Redlands. The celebration was held in the Terrace Congregational church and Rev. C. A. Stone was the pastor. He was the first ordained minister to be settled at this church, although the church building had been erected several years. Services had been held intermittently, the pulpit being supplied by Congregational pastors from Colton and elsewhere. In fact the church when built was given the name of the Second Congregational church of San Bernardino. It was subsequently changed to the First church of Lugonia and after the First Congregational church was started in 1890 and a building erected at the corner of Cajon street and Olive avenue, the name was again changed to the Lugonia Terrace Congregational church.

The first church edifice in the country where Redlands now stands although of the Congregational denomination was in reality a Union church as members of several denominations joined in supporting it. It was located on the southwest corner of what is now Terrace avenue and Church street, taking its name from the avenue. The site is now occupied by the H. Gregory residence which was remodeled from the old church building.

The Rev. C. A. Stone, bringing his family, had come in the fall of 1886 as the minister of the church, having been asked to do so through Rev. J. T. Ford who was in charge of missions and active in securing supply ministers before Mr. Stone was called to be the regular pastor. One son, Charles H. Stone, still a resident of Redlands, had preceded his father as a resident. Another member, Mrs. J. C. Reeves is also a resident to the present day.

The First church observance of Christmas was a merry one, and great preparations were made for it, and when the day arrived, all the

village, then Lugonia, turned out to the celebration. Previously some sort of a celebration had been held in the school house on Lugonia avenue. The Sunday school had much to do with the one in 1887.

A magnificent Christmas tree was provided and laden with presents and decorations and Santa Claus in the person of Harry G. Crafts, appeared upon the scene in the characteristic garb of the loved saint from the region of perpetual snow, and distributed the gifts, chiefly for the children, although the grown ups received their share.

Active upon the committee for the event were Mrs. Lon C. Haight, Miss Kate Candee, J. S. Edwards, John P. Fisk and Isaac Ford. Miss Hale, now Mrs. Harry Crafts, was the church organist and had charge of the music. Others prominent in the celebration were Miss Ella Hammond, (now Mrs. E. G. Judson) and her sister, Miss Lottie Hammond (now Mrs. F. M. Townsend of Los Angeles). Miss Mary Hale and Edson D. Hale were also prominent in the gathering. Mrs. F. B. Brown, another active in the affair has been deeply interested in the church work and particularly in the Sunday school. Dr. J. M. Wheat and family had come to the settlement a few weeks before. Mrs. E. B. Seymour, Mrs. James W. Garrison, George A. Cook and Mrs. I. N. Hoag were among the pioneers attending services at that church.

There were many others at that first church celebration, twenty-three years ago, and of the large number still living all look back with much pleasure upon that gathering. Most of the young ladies of that day are now known by another name, having found partners in life's journey, some of them perhaps in that Christmas Day festival in 1887.

The Power of Choice

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

November 1911

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

February 4, 1917

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH - HONOLULU, HAWAII

Isaiah 7:15 – “When he knoweth to refuse the evil, and choose the good.”

The prophet Isaiah takes for granted that the child of whom he is speaking will reach the age of choice. But the question is asked, are we not creatures of forces over which we have no control? Are we not creatures of God's hand, creatures of heredity, creatures of environment? To what extent, if any, is anyone of us self-made? How much has personal choice to do with the final result?

Do not fear that I am about to enter upon a learned discussion of this subject, and attempt to settle it in twenty minutes, when the shelves of university libraries of every civilized nation groan under the weight of the books that have been written upon it. When, however, the philosophers lose themselves in the mazes of such a theme, we laymen can often see clearly some simple facts. To a few of those simple facts I wish to point.

Our text shows us how the subject is looked at by the public in general. Isaiah speaks of a child gradually coming up from infancy to the time when it is able of itself to refuse the evil and choose the good. Now, Isaiah was a very devout man and believer in the creative and sustaining power of God over human lives. He knew something also about heredity - the influence of ancestry upon a child's life, and he knew a great deal about the influence of environment upon a life. Taking all these for granted, and allowing for them all, he looked straight at the other great fact the child would reach a time, an age, when he would have the power to refuse the evil and choose the good. And the good men of every age have held firmly to this great fact. To abandon it leads towards the loosening of all moral obligations. To hold to it furnishes a tonic to human action.

No man does us a kindness - does any human being a favor - when he says to him, "You couldn't help it."

According to a certain philosophy, the time in a child's life, spoken of in the text, never comes. It is said that if we knew all of this child's antecedents, in just what proportions the natures of his ancestors had entered into him and made up his nature - if we knew all his surroundings, we could tell with mathematical exactness what he would do. He is the creature of circumstances, and though apparently free to choose any one of several courses, or whether to live what we call right or wrong, he will certainly act according to the nature that is in him, modified by his surroundings.

The so-called scientific method reduces even human conduct to a mathematical certainty. And it is said that predictions as to human conduct fail only because we do not know all the hidden influences.

There are two words which have been used as corner stones of this philosophy, and which really bear the weight of the whole structure heredity and environment. These two, perfectly understood, it is said, would enable us perfectly to account for human conduct. This of course makes us all helpless in the grasp of forces over which we have no control.

This is no place for any extended answer to this philosophy. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that humanity has steadily rejected it, has persistently refused to be classed with the bird and the bee, the ox and the horse. It has insisted that it had the power, if it chose, to descend from the highest plane on which heredity and environment had placed it, to the lowest depths of sin; and it has also insisted that it had the power to climb out of the deepest pit of moral degradation into which these forces have ever left a human being.

A sarcastic writer has thrown the two sides of this question into a contrast in a little stanza entitled, "The Earth, the World and I:"

Child, said the Earth to me,
What can you do?
Why do you try?
Can you not see
That all you are and can ever be
Is the product of heredity -
Merely the outcome sure and true,
Of other lives gone by?
Because your ancestors were such,
Back to primeval slime,
Therefore you ail and sin so much,
Therefore 'tis waste of time
For you to seek to steer your course."

This philosophy has been applied to Jesus. He has been called the consummate flower of his age - the perfect flower of Judaism. Once in a while a rose bush produces a perfect rose. It often produces beautiful specimens; but once in a while comes a perfect rose. So it is said, the plant of the Jewish race, which had produced great lawgivers, statesmen, prophets and wise men, at last produced one perfect man.

This statement is very, very old, but it has gained no headway, as the years and the centuries have gone by. The religious world has been utterly unable to accept it. The power of birth and

surroundings has not been denied by thoughtful men. It is something to be reckoned with, and it is something wise men are dealing with all the while. Nothing is saner than the saying that it is the right of every child to be well born; and it is also true that we owe it to the child, that he shall have the best environment we can furnish; but along with these two, goes the other fact contained in the text --- the child knows, and has the power to refuse the vile and choose the good.

There lived many years ago in the city of Salem, Massachusetts, when that city was an important seaport, a young man, the son of a wealthy ship owner. He inherited a love for the sea. He early began the study of navigation, then added to his theoretical knowledge several voyages in his father's ships. When he came of age his father presented him with a full-rigged ship, and said to him, "You are the owner and master."

Now he did not make that ship. It was given to him ready-made. He did not make the ocean, the medium in which the ship was to sail. But when that ship weighed anchor and stood out of Salem harbor, the young man walked the deck, the ship's master, and named its destination and business.

This child whom Isaiah describes did not make himself. He did not make the world in which he was to live. These things were furnished him; but he was master both of himself and his surroundings. Our birth and surroundings are forces to be reckoned with, but we are conscious of a power to command, and an ability to execute.

No man with a spark of nobility and manhood left in him was ever comforted in his soul by being told that he couldn't help leading the base life he had lived --- that he was the creature of heredity and environment. He denies it, and feels that you have insulted him.

If it were true that birth and surroundings determined conduct, there could be no progress in the world. There is an old equation which would tie human society down to one plane forever: "A barbarous birth, plus barbarous surroundings, equals barbarism." There is no getting out of that pit. Well, the world was once there, but we are out. How did we get out? Personal choice did it.

That which gives color to the philosophy we have spoken of is the fact that men do not overcome heredity or environment in masses. You can predict, often, how masses of people will act. It is the individual in numberless cases who climbs out.

Jacob had twelve sons. What kind of men were they as a whole? They were sheep herders, without ambition, even low and coarse and brutal in their instincts. What will come of such a family? You feel that you can safely predict that nothing high and noble will come of it. Their children will be like them.

But there was one boy among them who had ambition, who saw visions and dreamed dreams; and he climbed out of the barbarism by which they were surrounded, and lifted his brothers after him, and started them on the road to become the most influential nation in the world.

Paul climbed out of the Pharisaic bigotry in which he was born and trained, and turned around and helped thousands of others out. Luther climbed out of a corrupt church life and then helped Germany out. Africa lay under a cloud of barbarism and David Livingstone opened a door towards the light. And we have climbed out of a barbarous past into the light, and other Macedonias and German nations and Africas look to us for help. But in each case the pioneer and leader is the personal human will - the power of choice.

But now it may be asked, "If we are self-made, if we determine our own destiny, what has Christ to do with our lives? What is the message of the gospel? What need we of Christ whom we call the Savior of the world?" Does not this teaching throw us back into the condition described by Paul in the seventh chapter of Romans, when he says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me, so that the good I would I do not, and the evil I would not, that I do." If he could not make a success of it what can we do? What did Christ bring into his life? What has he brought into ours?

We may answer for one thing, surely he did not bring a release from personal responsibility. The fight, the struggle, did not end with Paul when Christ came into his life. The exercise of his will, of the power of choice, did not cease. The seventh chapter of Romans is a hopeless "I can't." The eighth chapter is a reply of the divine Christ: "You can! You can!" And that he *did* use that power of choice which he possessed is shown by his testimony as the end was nearing: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

When the disciples of Christ were dismayed at the prospects before them, fearing that the world was too much for them, Jesus said, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Did he mean by this that therefore they need not try? It meant --- "So can you!" This is the message of Christ to us all. The power of choice is our birthright, wherein we are like God. We did not know its marvelous value until Christ told us what it is capable of doing. He calls us, not to any loosening of moral obligations, but to better knowledge of the power of the human will and what it may accomplish in the light of his perfect life.

The Power of Choice



SERMON PREACHED IN THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

NOVEMBER, 1911

By the Pastor—REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

Isa. 7:15 — "When he knoweth to refuse the evil, and choose the good."

The prophet Isaiah takes for granted that the child of whom he is speaking will reach the age of choice. But the question is asked, are we not creatures of forces over which we have no control? Are we not creatures of God's hand, creatures of heredity, creatures of environment? To what extent, if any, is anyone of us self-made? How much has personal choice to do with the final result?

Do not fear that I am about to enter upon a learned discussion of this subject, and attempt to settle it in twenty minutes, when the shelves of university libraries of every civilized nation groan under the weight of the books that have been written upon it. When, however, the philosophers lose themselves in the mazes of such a theme, we laymen can often see clearly some simple facts. To a few of those simple facts I wish to point.

Our text shows us how the subject is looked at by the public in general. Isaiah speaks of a child gradually coming up from infancy to the time when it is able of itself to refuse the evil and choose the good. Now, Isaiah was a very devout man and believer in the creative and sustaining power of God over human lives. He knew something also about heredity — the influence of ancestry upon a child's life, and he knew a great deal about the influence of environment upon a life. Taking all these for granted, and allowing for them all, he looked straight at the other great fact — the child would reach a time, an age, when he would have the power to refuse the evil and choose the good. And the good men of every age have held firmly to this great fact. To abandon it leads towards the loosening of all moral obligations. To hold to it furnishes a tonic to human action.

No man does us a kindness — does any human being a favor — when he says to him, "You couldn't help it."

According to a certain philosophy, the time in a child's life, spoken of in the text, never comes. It is said that if we knew all of this child's antecedents, in just what proportions the natures of his ancestors had entered into him and made up his nature — if we knew all his surroundings, we

could tell with mathematical exactness what he would do. He is the creature of circumstances, and though apparently free to choose any one of several courses, or whether to live what we call right or wrong, he will certainly act according to the nature that is in him, modified by his surroundings. The so-called scientific method reduces even human conduct to a mathematical certainty. And it is said that predictions as to human conduct fail only because we do not know all the hidden influences.

There are two words which have been used as corner stones of this philosophy, and which really bear the weight of the whole structure — heredity and environment. These two, perfectly understood, it is said, would enable us perfectly to account for human conduct. This of course makes us all helpless in the grasp of forces over which we have no control.

This is no place for any extended answer to this philosophy. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that humanity has steadily rejected it, has persistently refused to be classed with the bird and the bee, the ox and the horse. It has insisted that it had the power, if it chose, to descend from the highest plane on which heredity and environment had placed it, to the lowest depths of sin; and it has also insisted that it had the power to climb out of the deepest pit of moral degradation into which these forces have ever left a human being.

A sarcastic writer has thrown the two sides of this question into a contrast in a little stanza entitled, "The Earth, the World and I:"

“ Child, said the Earth to me,
What can you do?
Why do you try?
Can you not see
That all you are and can ever be
Is the product of heredity —
Merely the outcome sure and true,
Of other lives gone by?
Because your ancestors were such,
Back to primeval slime,
Therefore you ail and sin so much,
Therefore 'tis waste of time
For you to seek to steer your course.”

This philosophy has been applied to Jesus. He has been called the consummate flower of his age — the perfect flower of Judaism. Once in a while a rose bush produces a perfect rose. It often produces beautiful specimens; but once in a while comes a perfect rose. So it is said, the plant of the Jewish race, which had produced great lawgivers, statesmen, prophets and wise men, at last produced one perfect man.

This statement is very, very old, but it has gained no headway, as the years and the centuries have gone by. The religious world has been utterly unable to accept it. The power of birth and surroundings has not been denied by thoughtful men. It is something to be reckoned with, and it is something wise men are dealing with all the while. Nothing is saner than the saying that it is the right of every child to be well born; and it is also true that we owe it to the child, that he shall have the best environment we can furnish; but along with these two, goes the other fact contained in the text — the child knows, and has the power to refuse the vile and choose the good.

There lived many years ago in the city of Salem, Massachusetts, when that city was an important seaport, a young man, the son of a wealthy ship owner. He inherited a love for the sea. He early began the study of navigation, then added to his theoretical knowledge several voyages in his father's ships. When he came of age his father presented him with a full-rigged ship, and said to him, "You are the owner and master."

Now he did not make that ship. It was given to him ready-made. He did not make the ocean, the medium in which the ship was to sail. But when that ship weighed anchor and stood out of Salem harbor, the young man walked the deck, the ship's master, and named its destination and business.

This child whom Isaiah describes did not make himself. He did not make the world in which he was to live. These things were furnished him; but he was master both of himself and his surroundings. Our birth and surroundings are forces to be reckoned with, but we are conscious of a power to command, and an ability to execute.

No man with a spark of nobility and manhood left in him was ever comforted in his soul by being told that he couldn't help leading the base life he had lived — that he was the creature of heredity and environment. He denies it, and feels that you have insulted him.

If it were true that birth and surroundings determined conduct, there could be no progress in the world. There is an old equation which would tie human society down to one plane forever: "A barbarous birth, plus barbarous surroundings, equals barbarism." There is no getting out of that pit. Well, the world was once there, but we are out. How did we get out? Personal choice did it.

That which gives color to the philosophy we have spoken of is the fact that men do not overcome heredity or environment in masses. You can predict, often, how masses of people will act. It is the individual in numberless cases who climbs out.

Jacob had twelve sons. What kind of men were they as a whole? They were sheep herders, without ambition, even low and coarse and

brutal in their instincts. What will come of such a family? You feel that you can safely predict that nothing high and noble will come of it. Their children will be like them.

But there was one boy among them who had ambition, who saw visions and dreamed dreams; and he climbed out of the barbarism by which they were surrounded, and lifted his brothers after him, and started them on the road to become the most influential nation in the world.

Paul climbed out of the Pharisaic bigotry in which he was born and trained, and turned around and helped thousands of others out. Luther climbed out of a corrupt church life and then helped Germany out. Africa lay under a cloud of barbarism and David Livingstone opened a door towards the light. And we have climbed out of a barbarous past into the light, and other Macedonias and German nations and Africas look to us for help. But in each case the pioneer and leader is the personal human will — the power of choice.

But now it may be asked, "If we are self-made, if we determine our own destiny, what has Christ to do with our lives? What is the message of the gospel? What need we of Christ whom we call the Savior of the world?" Does not this teaching throw us back into the condition described by Paul in the seventh chapter of Romans, when he says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me, so that the good I would I do not, and the evil I would not, that I do." If he could not make a success of it what can we do? What did Christ bring into his life? What has he brought into ours?

We may answer for one thing, surely he did not bring a release from personal responsibility. The fight, the struggle, did not end with Paul when Christ came into his life. The exercise of his will, of the power of choice, did not cease. The seventh chapter of Romans is a hopeless "I can't." The eighth chapter is a reply of the divine Christ: "You can! You can!" And that he *did* use that power of choice which he possessed is shown by his testimony as the end was nearing: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

When the disciples of Christ were dismayed at the prospects before them, fearing that the world was too much for them, Jesus said, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Did he mean by this that therefore they need not try? It meant — "So can you!" This is the message of Christ to us all. The power of choice is our birthright, wherein we are like God. We did not know its marvelous value until Christ told us what it is capable of doing. He calls us, not to any loosening of moral obligations, but to better knowledge of the power of the human will and what it may accomplish in the light of his perfect life.

The Eyes of the Heart

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

January 1912

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Ephesians 1:18 – Having the eyes of your heart enlightened.

Perhaps you are more familiar with the reading, "Having the eyes of your understanding enlightened." But I have given the revised translation, which goes deeper than the understanding - to the heart. This is no new thought. The psalmist prays, "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." In this case it was the eyes of the heart which he desired to have opened. And Paul says, "With the heart man believeth," and Jesus says, "The pure in heart shall see God."

Seeing is a very broad term, and embraces far more than natural eye sight. When Jesus said to his disciples on one occasion, "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see," he meant more than what unimpaired natural eyesight beheld. Many of the people about the disciples saw the same natural objects which they saw, and yet in the deeper sense saw nothing. There are eyes of the heart which need enlightening often more than those of the body.

We know how true this is mentally. Before we can see certain things at all certain lobes of the brain have to be educated to see them. A child goes to school for the first time. He looks upon a printed page, and his natural eyes see certain characters there, but they have no meaning. As the process of education goes on, the characters become words, the words become sentences, full of meaning. He had good natural eyes to start with, but they saw so little.

As far as the structure of the eye is concerned it is the same thing for an animal and a man to see. Indeed some of the lower animals have eyes of wonderful powers, but they see but little, and not at all below the surface of things. Some men with wonderful eyes see but little, while others with defective vision see a great deal. One of my old instructors in science was so near sighted he could not distinguish the different members of the class from each other, but he saw far into the beauties and wonders of God's creation. Great as is the possession of good eyes, it is one of the least of the possessions necessary for seeing. Two men and a boy were driving past a great rock near an Eastern city. As they approached the rock the horse saw it and shied. The little boy saw it and wished it was near his home that he might call it his castle. One of the men saw it and computed in his mind its value for building material. The other man saw it, stopped the horse, read upon the surface of the rock the action of the ice period of the world, and something of the mind of the Creator. So when a man says of any object, "I have seen it," it may mean much, it may mean

little, it may mean almost nothing. It depends a little upon his physical eyes, more upon his mental eyes, and most of all upon the eyes of his heart.

From what has been said two or three things follow.

1. The difference between men lies largely in the distance, and the amount, they see beyond their senses. A man may be the slave of his eyes. They may tie him to a point beyond which he will not go. "When I see it I will believe it," he says.

One day Pasteur, the great French chemist, before a company of scientists and medical students, propounded the truth that a certain dread disease was caused by microbes in the system, in the blood.

"Show them to us," the assembled company demanded. "I cannot," said Pasteur. "Have you seen them yourself?" they asked. He said, "No." Then they did what such men have since learned not to do, they denied his assertion, and held his theory up to scorn. In vain he said to them, "Though I cannot see them, I find the results of their working, results which nothing explains but the theory I have mentioned." Holding up a little viol he said, "There are millions of them in there. No microscope has been able to bring them into view; but I will show you and show the world, in time, the mighty destructive power in that viol." He made good his claim.

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There are some to whom the Bible does not mean much. They have looked into it, and have seen nothing wonderful. Their eyes are good enough; their intelligence is not at fault; but they do not see. It would seem as if the sweet spirits they must have known whose lives have been fed by it; the forces which have been at work for centuries and are now at work which are kept alive by it — it would seem as if these would show to them that the book contains unseen germs of power. The prayer, "Open thou my eyes," sincerely asked, would reveal wondrous things out of God's law. The eyes of their hearts need enlightening.

2. We do most of our seeing - real seeing - not with the eyes, not with the intelligence merely; but with the heart.

Can this company of men see God - God in the human soul, God in his book, God in his world? Take them to an oculist and have their eyes examined; but he can give no answer to the question. Take them to the highest university, and have their intelligence tested. The university cannot answer the question. We shall have to go to a source higher than any of these --- to him who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

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Stand with me on the shore of the world's best thought and life to-day. The tide has turned. Great waves of spirituality follow each other over the once dry flats and break at our feet. This is the condition to-day along the whole coast of human thought-the best human thought. The National Association for Christian Education several years ago held a convention in Boston. The make-up of

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The Eyes of the Heart



SERMON PREACHED IN THE
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

JANUARY, 1912

By the Pastor—REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

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Endure Hardship as Good Soldiers of Jesus Christ

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

"Before the freeze." - 1913

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

2 Tim. 2:3 - "Endure
hardship, as a good
soldier of Jesus Christ."
(-13-)

This could hardly
be called the usual
New Year's wish; but
it is one of Paul's
good wishes in his
letter to his dear
young friend, Timothy.
And it is not, I
am sure, an inap-
propriate wish. Hard-
ships were sure to meet

This young man. The advice of the veteran Soldier Paul to him was. "Face them, like a good soldier of Jesus Christ." It is not an advice to know trouble; that is needless and worse; but meet life as it comes unflinchingly, courageously, cheerfully.

Hardships were sure to come, if his young friend took the path of duty and service.

He might turn aside
into easy ways, avoid-
ing the paths which
might bring him
into collision with
difficulties and
dangers. But so early
as Paul loved his
young friend Tim-
othy he greatly hoped
and prayed that he
might not take this
path. He desired
that he might be-
come a man, with
manly qualities.

and not an easy-
going, underdeveloped
creature the time.

And so he says to
him, as the revised
version has it:
"Suffer hardship with
me, as a good soldier
of Jesus Christ."

1. In the first place
there is no sugges-
tion in this letter
that Paul wishes his
ground may be helped
over hard places.

There are two ways

in which we grow up to manhood and womanhood. One is to have everything done for us, all our difficult problems solved, all our questions answered by others, and all our burdens lifted. The other way is to face our problems ourselves, dig out the answers to our questions, and bear our own burdens.

So Paul begins this chapter with which the text comes with the words: "Be strengthened in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." A well-known preacher once said to his people: I hope you are not praying that your burdens may be removed or even lightened so much as you are praying for strength to carry

them. When one sees a weight to be lifted, a heavy burden to be carried it is infinitely more delightful thing to be strong enough to lift it or carry it, than to have it done for you. Ask some friend of yours who may be in perfect health, whose strength may have become impaired what his dearest wife would be

far hurried for the
new year. Would it
be this - that he
might be cared for,
provided for, lifted
out of all difficul-
ties? No, if he were
a genuine man he
would say this: "my
dearest wish, just,
would be that I
might have strength
to do for myself, solve
my problems, clear
any path of my own
difficulties."

Still more a young
man like Timothy.
What is your wish?
That some one might
do something for
me you, carry you,
enrich you? Paul
knew very well that
he was giving Tim-
othy just the words
that the young man's
own heart would
thrill at, that his
own desires would
swell more than
half way.

Paul did help
Timothy in a great
many ways, and
received from Timo-
thy profound grati-
tude. but it was
helping a man who
was willing and anxious
to help him-
self. Often it
happens when a
company of people
meet together - old
acquaintances -
that they review the

past. They relate
their early experiences
and the one who
is the most en-
thusiastic, whose
voice has the
clearest ring is not
the man who has
a story to tell of
how many burdens
have been lightened
for him, how
many problems have
been solved by

Somebody else,
how many diffi-
culties have been
removed from his
path by somebody
else. The enthu-
siastic note, the
clear ring is in
the voice of him
who has ~~had~~ endured
hardship and tri-
umphed over it.

Paul's advice,
then, is to take that

course which he
will look back upon
with the greatest
pleasure.

2. Neither does Paul
counsel his friend
to run into danger—
to invite hardships.

There is a dif-
ference between
foolhardiness and
courage — a dif-
ference between
bravado and bravery.

There is plenty of
room in this
advice of the apos-
tle's for diplomacy.
Trinty life and
energies and powers
ward the most pre-
cious things he
possessed. They were
his capital. Hand
and heart and
brain - a hained
hand, an enriched
heart, a cultured
brain - these were

his equipment with
which he was to
enter the world's
battles. Don't throw
them away; don't
lose them. Sell them
as dearly as pos-
sible. Jesus said
to his disciples.

"Be wise as serpents,
and harmless as
doves."

Tact and diplo-
macy were used
many times by Paul.

He was let down
in a basket from
the wall of Damas-
cus, and saved
his life for future
use. It would
have been throwing
his life away had
he at that time
gone out upon the
streets of the city.
A mob would have
made short work
of him, and nothing

would have been
gained by it.

Once when seized
by a band of Roman
soldiers he saved
himself from cruel
usage and perhaps
death by announcing
that he was a Roman
citizen. And again
when surrounded by
a mob of Jews he
joined with them in
their religious forms
to show that he was
a Jew. Fact, diplo-

inacity that he might
save his life for
years of use for
Christ. But when
he was in the path
of duty, and was
forbidden to preach
the gospel, or live
his Christian life,
went boldly forward,
facing Jews and
Romans alike; and
when at last he
sold his life it
was dearly exchanged.

So it was not to
any foolhardy ex-
pensing of his life to
which he summons
Timothy.

3 But that to which
he summons Timis-
thy is, the unflinching
bearing of the hard-
ships which come
in his way in the
line of duty. These,
instead of harming
him would be the
making of him.

The old shipbuilders
of Maric used to
select the wood for
the keel of their ships
from the oaks which
had braved the
blasts of the tempests.

The ~~same~~ wood from
which the bow of
Ulysses was made,

the bow that none
but Ulysses could
bend, was toughened
by the same process.

And the characters
of the men whom
the world honors
to-day have been
hardened and tough-
ened by the same
also. It might
seem as if it were
not a very safe
wish that a flood
of curs should
enforce hardship.
To be sure some
are crushed by it;
some are embittered

by it. But Paul
and Peter and —
Jesus; and Luther
and Savanorela,
and Lincoln are
built by it into the
toughest, staunchest
figure.

Hardship is repre-
sented by a recit-
poet as saying:

Between each seedling
of a tree

I stand, with a grain
And all the world is green
In spite of me, where trees
reach up
to Him.

I st. bet. m' kind & life
Dupl. & gamut & grin
Forever doing men to
And thus' our ^{rise} match
God: best from him

If there is danger
that many will be
crushed by hardship,
and that many
others will be em-
bittered in charac-
ter is it a safe
or wise wish for
Paul to utter?

Is it a safe one
for us to repeat?
We have to run
risks for great re-
sults. The law of
risks runs thus
nature. When the
mother eagle on
the dizzy height of
the mountain crag
crowds the young
eagle out of the nest
on to the rock, and
then pushes it.

nearer and nearer
the edge, she is run-
ning same risk.

For young eagle
may fall and be
crushed upon the
cruel rocks below.

But it must learn
to fly, it must try
its wings, or re-
main a weak and
helpless bird.

Smooty will never
become strong winged,
unless he braves the
tempests & grows

strang by hardship:

Let me repeat, if
necessary, that I am
not wishing anybody
a year of hardship,
any more than
Paul wished Anis-
thy such a year.

That would be
actually unkind.

No, but such a
whetting of all life's
experiences, the
little irritations,
temptations, provo-

cations, as well
as what we call
the big hardships,
in a way that
shall leave us
stronger, not weaker,
larger hearted,
greater-souled.
Hardly a day
comes in the life
of any one who
tumbles much
in the world's
activities which does
not furnish an

opportunity for
self-mastery. Every
time we meet some
temptation, some
opportunity to say
something against
some one else that
might injure his
reputation - some
impulse to act
hastily and re-
sist it we add
something of firmness
and strength to

our lives. No
one else can
help us in these
matters. These are
battles we have to
fight alone; but
many a man's
Waterloo for success
or defeat lies in
these apparently
small things.

Shall the year
upon which we
are entering build

into our lives
some added beauty
and grace and
strength from a
personal facing of
hardship:

It is a beautiful
kindness when we
seek to help a
friend over one
of these hard
places. Many a
wise mother had
quietly let a daughter
or son fight out

in their own hearts
these personal
battles.

A kind hearted
and well-mean-
ing man saw
a butterfly trying
to emerge from the
cocoon which had
imprisoned it
until the right
time came for it
to emerge into the
light. After
watching the struggle

for a time she
took the cocoon in
hand to assist
in the operation,
gently tearing it
open, and releas-
ing the wings, and
in a few moments
accomplished what
otherwise might
take hours. But
when the beautiful
creature was re-
leased it was
too weak to fly.

and never did.
It needed the
struggle of releasing
itself. You and
I need the strug-
gle, to cast off,
little by little, the
bands that hold
us, until at last,
God willing, we
come out into
God's ^{His} beautiful
sunshine in all
the beauty of holiness.
This is my New Year's
wish.

The Bend in the Road

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

September 1913

PLYMOUTH CHURCH - OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

February 4, 1917

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH - HONOLULU, HAWAII

January 5, 1919

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH – SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

January 2, 1921

CLAREMONT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH – CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

James 4:13 – “Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.”

This is not of necessity a sad fact which the writer here states. It is, on the whole, a happy one. It is well we do not know what shall be on the morrow. It would not only be a source of trouble to us often to know, but it is a source of pleasure not to know. It is not an unfortunate thing that the path of human experience is not straight. It is a happy condition. The path of life which Jesus speaks of is straight only in its purpose. It has an undeviating purpose, but it has its thousands of bends.

Bunyan in *Pilgrim's Progress* pictures the journey of Christian from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. He enters the straight and narrow way, but, O the bends in that way before he gets through! It is up-hill and downhill, now winding up a mountain side, and now descending into meadows; now crossing a stretch of desert, and now following the course of a river with fertility and verdure on every side. Pleasant and sad, easy and strenuous, peaceful and warlike, victorious and defeated. Such was his journey.

Life is not monotonous. If it were, even if the monotony were uniformly easy or pleasant, life would grow almost unbearably dull.

It is one of the charms of life that it is the unexpected that happens. Monotony is not wholesome for the body, mind or soul. The unprecedented things, the conditions which are rare, which have not existed before in the "memory of the oldest inhabitant," the wildest winter in twenty years - all such occurrences add zest and vigor to life.

They serve to keep us awake and alert. The skillful landscape gardener never confines himself to straight roads and paths. It is the bend in the road which holds the charm. The change of scene, the new view, the unexpected opening - these are the effects he seeks to produce.

In my boyhood I once went with my father on a long drive across the state of Connecticut, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. On the way down we struck the Boston and Hartford turnpike. There were long stretches of road, straight as an arrow, reaching far into the dim, dusty distance. O the tediousness of it as the old farm horse jogged slowly on! O for a bend in the road, with the anticipation of what might lie around the corner! On the return trip I begged my father to take another route, and over common country roads. It would take a day longer to make the return, but he consented. The charm of those New England country roads lingers with me still. Just ahead of us there was a bend in the road. What should we see around the bend? Something easy or something hard? Perhaps it proved to be a long, steep hill, typical of a New England road. We had to walk by the side of the wagon to lighten the load. But what should we see when we reached the top? A corresponding descent, and in the valley below a river which we must cross on a ferry-boat. Across the river lay a forest through which our road lay - a woodland road, coming out at times into little clearings, where we found an abundance of berries, and then plunging into the deep shadows. Emerging from the forest we found we were approaching a village, where we must seek lodging for the night. Would there be an inn, or should we seek entertainment at a farm house? And so the journey continued - always, always some bend in the road to add zest and interest to the trip. There were experiences we should not wish to repeat, and some it would be delightful to go over again, but, taken as a whole it was a journey to be remembered with pleasure.

"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." We are ignorant of what lies around the bend in the road; but we owe many pleasant things to that fact. Let us look at a few of them.

For one thing we owe *the blessing of anticipation*. Take anticipation out of life and you leave it well nigh unbearable. Even anticipation of hard things often strengthens the will and toughens the moral fiber. The effort to rise and meet what is coming adds to our strength. Almost anything is better than an unvarying monotony, with no bend in the road. But by far the majority of life's changes are pleasant, and so the most of our anticipations should be pleasant. There is more health than sickness, more ease than pain, more success than failure. Around the bend there is more likely to be a pleasant sight than a painful one. In this way life is not only bearable, but interesting. Is a man sick today? Health most likely lies around the bend. Is he failing in his plans and endeavors? Success may lie concealed under the cover of tomorrow. Is he successful today, the fact that a bend in the road may conceal a failure unless he is awake and alert should stimulate him to his best. It is said that a large proportion of the insane come from the wives of farmers living on the isolated prairie farms of the West. Under the monotony of their lives the heart grows sick and the brain reels. They needed, but they lacked, the bend in the road to make life worth living. Life needs to be so broken up into new vistas and curves that there shall be a constant anticipation of something lying just around the bend. It was to bring relief to this class that Mr. Roosevelt, when President, undertook to do some mental landscape gardening, breaking up the monotony of their lives, by giving them often a bend in the road.

Again, the bend in the road brings into life *the blessing of the unanticipated*.

Providence often takes our lives in hand, and makes a bend in the road to some entirely unforeseen result. We think we see far ahead, and we conclude things are to continue as they are, on and on to the end. We can see the road, or think we see it, losing itself in the distance of the coming years, when, lo! a turn and the current of our life is changed. It might be an interesting thing to know how many of us who have reached middle life are where we expected to be years ago.

Surely with many of us there has come a bend in the road which has opened up an entirely new view. Saul of Tarsus saw, or thought he saw, the road of his life leading on and up, until the highest position in the gift of the Jewish nation was his. He started for the city of Damascus to exterminate Christianity in that city. What could hinder him? What obstacles which he could not overcome lay in his pathway? But a bend in the road, before he came to the gates of the city, changed his whole life, and he entered the city a devout believer in the faith he started out to destroy. He said afterwards, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Providence takes a hand in the shaping of our lives, and gives *us* a vision just around the bend, and a blessed thing it is for us if we are not disobedient unto the vision.

Again, the bend in the road develops within us a *quiet but real courage*. Do you realize how quietly courageous you have become? Consider the possibilities which lie hidden in tomorrow — what may come to you ere the sun sets. Yet you go calmly forward, taking your life interests in your hands. You cross the threshold of your home, and bid good morning to your dear ones, not certain you will cross it again alive, or look those dear ones again in the face. Yet you go, and without hesitation. You take up your evening paper on your return and see the news that a score of your fellow men in a neighboring city started out as you started out, and did not return alive.

The amount of latent heroism in common, every-day men and women is something to make one proud of our race. It is not a quality which exists in a few historical characters, but in men and women all around us. Daniel displayed a splendid heroism when he faced the den of hungry lions, but would not give up his religion. The three Hebrew youths showed courage when they faced the fiery furnace; and the list might be extended to a great length; but just as brave things are being faced or being done every day by ordinary men and women. They move on with unfaltering step to meet what may lie in wait for them just around the bend in the road.

But a short time ago a wife and mother entered the operating room of a city hospital to undergo a capital operation. Extending her hand to her husband just before she was to pass into an unconsciousness from which she might never awake, she said calmly: "Good-bye, dear. We may not meet again in this life. Tell the children mother was not afraid." What a world of experience. What a reserve of strength lay in that calm awaiting of what lay around the bend.

You and I step out every day into a world of possible contingencies. We breathe the germ-laden air, knowing that one in twenty of the population die of the "Great White Plague;" we cross the street which needs a hundred eyes to ward off the dangers. There may be a bend in the road for us any moment. "Well, what of it?" we say, not flippantly, but bravely. We prefer to face danger even on life's active field than to hide. We are willing to meet that which may be awaiting us around the bend.

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But there is another kind of sowing which never fails: "He that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." For this man what lies around the bend in the road? No mildew can blight it, no drouth can wither it. For him there lies a treasure around the bend and "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath there entered into the heart of man the richness and the beauty of it."

The Bend in the Road

"Ye know not what ye shall be on the morrow"

A SERMON BY
REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D. D., OF REDLANDS, CAL.
DELIVERED IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OAKLAND
SEPTEMBER, 1913

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Can War Be Justified?

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Probably about 1915

1 Rom. 12: 18 - "If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men"

We are asked by the President to pray to-day for the success of the Allies in the war against Germany. It brings the whole question, in a very concrete form, close home to us. Is it right, is it Christian to pray for such an object? Is it by any possible divine authority that one Christian nation should go to war against another. Can a Christian possess the spirit of Christ and do this?

7 Men for whom we have
held the highest opinions
have questioned the pos-
sibility of such a thing.

This chapter in Paul's
letter to the Romans is a
very tender one. Be
kindly affectioned one
to another, with brotherly
love; in honor pre-
ferring one another.

Bless them that persecute
you; bless and curse
not. Recompense to no
man evil for evil."

Then come in the words:

"If it be possible, as
much as in you lies,
be ^{at} ~~two~~ peace with all men."

It may not be pos-
sible. After a man has

3 dare all that in him
lies, it may be the
only Christian thing
open to him - a con-
dition of war.

Was Jesus ever forced
into our attitude of
hostility? Did he ever
assume the position
of a warrior? We love
to speak of him, as the
prophet Isaiah fore-
told of the coming One -
"the Prince of peace".

We love to think of
the angel chorus, sing-
ing over the plains of
Bethlehem. Peace on
Earth & good will.

We do not often
dwell upon these other

4 words of the prophet:
"Who is this that cometh
from Edom, with dyed
garments from Bosphorus—
this that is gloried in
his apparel, marching in
the greatness of his strength?
That speaketh in righteous-
ness, mighty to save."

Wherefore art thou red
in thine apparel, and
thy garments like him
that treadeth in the wine
press? I have hoddan
the wine press alone &
& for I will tread
them in mine anger,
and hampell them in
my fury; for the day of
vengeance is in my
heart, and the year of
my redeemed is come.

5 Make a composite picture of the sayings of the wonderful peace-loving and noble-minded Isaiah and you are led to this conclusion that love in the mind & heart of the prophet was not only tender but strong. But you would rather get your examples from the New Testament - from the character of the Christ who lived and taught on earth.

The Sermon on the Mount is the finest peace picture in all the world. It stands, and will always stand.

as the goal of Christian
thought and life.
The Beatitudes are worthy
to be the daily compan-
ions of the heart.
This is Jesus, the
consummate example
of peace. At the very
threshold of his min-
istry he announced his
mission, which was to
seek and save the
lost. This meant with
him, first the Jews,
then all mankind.
And in the Jews he in-
cluded the Scribes and
Pharisees, the rulers and
leaders as well as
the common people.
// Steadily and persistently
the leaders

7 rejected him and
his message, and
set hate to take him
and kill him. This
in no way altered
his spirit towards
them. He offered
them all the treas-
ures of his love;
and after their
hate and sin and
pruigy had done
their worst his last
word as he hung on

8 The crass was this,
"Father forgive them,
for they know not
what they do." This
as far as their con-
duct affected him
personally. But there
is another path which
we may follow which
is equally clear.

They stood in the
way of others; they
kept the people from

9 Hearing and receiving,
and believing him;
they oppressed and
wounded the poor;
they trampled on the
rights of widows
and orphans. What
does Jesus say about
this part of their char-
acter and history?

You listen in vain
for any such words
as, Father forgive them
for they know not

10 What they do. Another
principle is now in-
volved, and another
line of action; but
are just as much
the fruit and out-
come of love as the
other. Jesus first
describes these men
and then addresses
them. This is a good
time to hear his words
"They bend heavy bur-
dens and grievous

« to be borne and lay
them on men's shoul-
ders, but they them-
selves will not move
them with one of
their fingers. Woe
unto you, for ye shut-
up the Kingdom of
heaven against men,
for ye neither enter
in yourselves nor
suffer those who are
entering to go in.
Woe unto you, for

12 ye devour widows
houses, and for a
pretence make long
prayers: therefore ye
shall receive the greater
damnation: We can-
pass sea and land
to make one proselyte,
and when he is be-
come so, we make
him two-fold more
a son of hell than
yourselves.

Ye are the children
of them that killed the

13 prophets: fill ye up
the measure of your
fathers.
~~prophets~~. Ye serpents,
^{appearing}
ye ~~generation~~ of
vipers, how can ye
escape the judgement
of hell? As you
read these words,
as you hear these
words think of the
picture — Jesus stand-
ing with his hand
on the head of the
pure, defenceless child,

14 and with extended
right hand exclaim-
ing - Take heed.

Jesus was the em-
bodiment of love.
Love means two things,
a direct, simple going
out toward the ob-
ject loved; and
protection. ^{- John Aiden -} We may
profitably review in
our minds what
should be our own
attitude toward ^{person -} persons.

15
nal grievances and
injuries. "Beloved,
avenge not your-
selves, but rather give
place unto wrath,
for it is written,
Vengeance is mine,
I will repay, saith
the Lord. Therefore
if thine enemy hun-
ger feed him, if he
thirst give him drink.
Love your enemies,
bless them which curse

16 you, and pray for
them which despitefully
use you and per-
secute you". The high
and strong and
right teaching of the
New Testament is ~~right~~
unmistakable on
this subject. So root
of ill feeling, of ven-
geance, ever found
soil in the heart of
Jesus. It has no
business in the heart

17 of his followers.

Render to no man
evil for evil; but
contrariwise good.

A man owes it to
himself that no root
of bitterness should
be allowed to grow
in his heart. It
hurts him more than
the hatred hurts
its object. It shows
a heart-lovely in

¹⁴ its spirit and na-
ture — more than this,
divine — When Jesus
prayed for his mur-
derers, "Forgive them".
And such a spirit
re-acts upon a man's
own life to-day, and
blesses the possessor
more than the object.

The grandest men
in history — the great
men whose names we

19 will not let die,
have been character-
ized by this spirit.

Charles Sumner was
once asked how he
felt towards his as-
sailant, ^{Preston Brooks,} who had
savagely struck him
down on the floor of
the United States senate.

He replied, "He was
but the unconscious
instrument of a

²⁰ malignant power.

I care not for the personal attacks upon myself, if they will let my people go". During all those years of his public life he pleaded for the weak men. Just in proportion as we approach the standards of true greatness personal animosity and

of hatred, the spirit of retaliation and vengeance, will die out of our lives; and a spirit that wishes all men well will take its place.

But there is another side to this subject, leaving the question as settled as it affects us personally.

What is the Christian's attitude towards the

22
oppressed and down-
trodden? The tractings
and example of Jews
are no less explicit.

The Christian is by
the very nature of his
life in kindest sym-
pathy with all such,
and, when occa-
sion demands, their
champion. I have
sometimes, in magi-
nation, changed the

23 parallel of the Good Samaritan a little in its details. Aside from the example of Jesus there is not a tenderer more humane scene in the Bible than that of the Good Samaritan as he bends over the poor man lying by the wayside. His touch is as tender as a

24
The man's as he cleans
the wounds of the
supper and applies
the soothing remedies
and then lifts the man
to a seat upon his
horse. But if this
man had arrived
on the scene a half
hour sooner, while
the bloody villains were
doing their work, if he
was the man I think

25
our Lord was de-
scribing. You would
have seen another
phase of his love
which might be called
to-day "muscular
Christianity". Suppose
he tenderly cared for
the traveler he might
have sent two other
men rolling in the
dust with broken
heads. One of my
predecessors in a few

26
England ^{pulpit} used to go
to his Sunday service
with a sermon, possi-
bly on the text, "God
is love", in his pocket,
and a musket on his
shoulder. And one
Sunday when he was
interrupted in the
last part of the sermon
by the alarm of a
sentinel crying, "The
Indians", the parson's
command as he seized

27
his musket, "Butter, fall in" was not out of harmony with his theme. The same love which was laying a foundation for a Christian civilization on these shores, built at once a defense of bayonets and musket balls around their homes.

What a picture the grand old hero, is -

28. Hemiah gives us of
the rebuilding of the
walls of Jerusalem.

"With one hand," he
says, "Every one wrought
in the work, and with
the other held a
weapon. And I said
unto ~~the~~ all the people,
"In what place ye
hear the sound of the
trumpet—" they had a
man stationed on a

29
lower to blow a
trumpet - if he saw
the enemy coming -
"in what place ye
hear the sound of the
trumpet report ye
hither, and our God
shall fight for us".

The question, "Am
I my brother's keeper?"
has been answered in
the affirmative all the
way down the path of
history. Some body's

3^o keeper, somebody's de-
pendent; sometimes
guiding ourselves in
circumstances where,
not to defend or pro-
tect another would
be unfaithfulness to a
high trust, cowardly
and unchristian.

"If it be possible, as
much as in you lies,
be at peace with all
men." But there may be
times when even the
Good Samaritan cannot
do it and still be a
man, when a child
of God cannot do it
~~and~~ answer at the bar
of God the question: "where
is thy brother?"

31 ~~years.~~ I ~~say~~ It is
certainly
possible that our
country has come into
such relations with the
~~such~~ German
nation, that,
having exhausted
every device suggested
by reason and re-
ligion, not to meet
her with battle ships
and brigades would
be a crime against
humanity. But we
should carry into

32 such a struggle the
spirit Christ carried
into his denunciations
of the scribes and
pharisees — a spirit
which could ex-
press itself only in
tears and the words,
"How often would I
have gathered you,
but ye would not."

|| This war may be
the last struggle of
the old despotism with
the new era of freedom

33 and humanity.

And so we have tried to look at this question from the standpoint of Jesus and the New Testament. Jesus and the New Testament furnish us with the highest imaginable expression of divine love; but that love is expressed in two ways — good will and protection.

34 I once stood upon
a high promontory
overlooking Mass. Bay
during one of the
severest gales which
I had ever seen
sweep the Mass. coast.

Just below me
lay the harbor around
which stretched an
arm thrown out from
the ~~main~~ main land.

Inside that arm,
in the harbor, lay

35 a fleet of yachts, two or three merchant vessels, and innumerable small boats. And they were perfectly safe as they lay on the inside of that long sheltering arm of land. But what about the outside of that arm? Great beetling cliffs of trap-rock and granite hurled back the mighty waves, and kept them from pouring destruction into the harbor.

We pray to-day for the allies. God make their arm a protection for the weak and defenceless, and mighty to

96

Resist a power that
would make the world
unsafe for democracy.

••

The Good Samaritan

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

October 22, 1916

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Luke 10:30-37

In company, I presume, with thousands with thousands of others, I shall respond to the President's proclamation, and speak upon the critical condition of a whole nation and its call upon Christian sympathies of the country. A need must indeed be serious when a president focuses the attention of a whole nation upon a single race. I have selected the parable of the Good Samaritan as expressing world conditions in general and Armenia and Syria in particular.

And I am going to try to answer such questions as these: Who, today, represent the thieves and bandits who attacked the defenseless traveler? Who is the man plundered and left half-dead?

Who represents the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side?

And, who is the Good Samaritan?

The answer to these question lie, I believe, on the surface of events today.

We were all trying a year and a half ago to live up to the requirements of our president that neutrality be observed, not only officially, but by the people. Our lips were sealed, even after protests were struggling in our hearts to escape.

Belgium, a simple, industrious, home-loving people, had been ravaged, its women and children driven from their homes and left destitute and starving, and the country left smoking and black with ruins. A sacred treaty had been thrown aside as a mere "scrap of paper". But we guarded our lips, and waited patiently, lest we do a great nation an injustice.

Then the Lusitania, with more than 1300 passengers on board, more than 100 of them Americans, was sent, without warning, to the bottom of the sea. And still, wonderful to tell, our lips were sealed. It could not be that Germany meant what these deeds apparently expressed. With wonderful patience we waited for explanations which never came. But as the weeks and months went by and atrocity followed atrocity, one inhuman act succeeded another, submarines launched their deadly torpedoes at defenseless ships, Zeppelins dropped their bombs, not on military camps and army posts, but on quiet villages, defenseless towns, and women and children - at last the sealed lips began to open. The embargo was off. We are no longer a neutral people. Neutral government, yes; neutral people, no. It is estimated on the authority of some of our ablest men that ninety-nine hundredths of our people are in sympathy with the allies, and against the German leaders. We say German leaders, not the German people. We owe an immense debt to

the German people, and multitudes of those who have made their home among us are among our most loyal citizens. But our indignation against the war party in Germany is deep and strong.

One of the tests of the strength of public sentiment in the United States is the attitude of our newspapers, the vast majority of which sympathize with the allies. As one has expressed it: "Whenever the armies of Germany have triumphed, a wave of depression, plainly reflected in the press, has gone over the country; and whenever the combined armies of France and England have gained the victory there has been a wave of rejoicing." We do not try to conceal this any longer. The lid is off. A loud protest now rises against a policy which disregards all humane considerations, shrinks from no acts of cruelty, and except when prevented by outside pressure, sets aside all the restraints of international law.

And so, when we ask, who are the bandits into whose hands the traveler from Jerusalem to Jericho fell, we answer - the vast majority of our people answer, German militarists. Directly, as well as indirectly, behind atrocities unnamable there stands German authority.

Some of you heard Dr. Ussher, of Van, Turkey, when he was here, say that a few months before the war broke out, a high Turkish official said to him that by the last of July Germany would begin a war that would place her armies in Paris by the middle of August. When asked where he got his authority for the statement, he replied: "From German officials." His statement was only a few days out of the way as to the time of the beginning of the war; but the prediction that the German armies would be in Paris by the middle of August, did not reckon on the courage, and honor and spirit of self-sacrifice of little Belgium, who flung herself between the advancing army and the territory of France. Belgium has covered herself with glory, but she lies desolate and plundered.

It might be asked: Is it right, is it Christian to cherish indignation against any one? It would be un-Christian in this case not to. It is surely an unfeeling heart which is not roused in view of the cruelties which have been practiced.

The occasion in Jesus' life when his eyes flashed with indignation, and his cheeks burned, was when he saw the weak and defenseless plundered. "It were better for the man who does this," He said, "that a great millstone were hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

In the second place let us ask, who today is the man beaten, robbed, and left half-dead by the roadside?

Answers to this question come to us so thick and fast that they appall us by their magnitude and urgency. The particular cases which answer it for us today are those to which the president's proclamation directs our attention.

But, in passing, we might just glance at Belgium. Of the 7,000,000 population, 3,000,000 are virtually destitute, and but for the stream of benevolences constantly pouring in from outside, are within three or four weeks of starvation.

We might glance at Poland. Paderewski's plea for that people, where practically the whole people - 11,000,000 of them - are homeless, is one of the most pathetic utterances of the war.

But it is to Armenia that our attention is chiefly directed. Two-thirds of the race have already been destroyed - blotted out of existence and with Germany's sanction. One-third, left, on the brink of destruction! To help save that third is the call which our president brings to us today.

The amount of material which has been coming to us through the mails for the past few weeks is amazing; and the portrayal of the condition of these people makes one's heart sick. Do not fear that I am going to bring these details before you this morning. But there lies the plundered traveler by the side of the road - humanity's road. And while we are enjoying our peaceful homes, our friends and our comforts, it is impossible to shut our eyes to our suffering, starving, dying brothers.

May the United States today be a mighty water-shed down which the dollars shall flow, until they form a mighty river of salvation!

I need hardly stay on the question, Who today represent the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side?

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In a way America is the Good Samaritan. American physicians and surgeons, in considerable numbers, are in English and French camps. American nurses are in hospitals and close to the trenches. Thousands of women have given of their time and means to prepare hospital supplies, and clothing and comforts for the relief of the destitute. Several millions of dollars have been

contributed for relief work. Supply ships loaded with flour and food supplies and clothing have crossed the sea.

But the need continues. If ever in the history of the world the church has had an opportunity to see Jesus hungry and thirsty - sick and in prison, with a chance to minister to him, that time is now.

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The Good Samaritan

Luke 10:30-37.

SERMON PREACHED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH, REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 22, 1916,
BY THE PASTOR EMERITUS, REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

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Honolulu

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Notes - Nov 1916

— Honolulu. —

One thing comes home very forcibly to the visitor to the Hawaiian Islands, and that is their isolation from the world. This is true in a general way.

They are more than two thousand miles from anywhere, from any center of civilization. We were advised by those who knew the conditions here to register at once on arriving at Honolulu for our return trip. And so we gave our names
(over)

for a state room on the
Steamer Siberia a month
in advance. We could
not be assured of ac-
commodations. Not until
the Siberia left Yokohama,
seven days before its
time of sailing from Hon-
olulu could we know.

The probabilities were
that it would be all
right. As it turned
out the cablegram from
Japan was - State rooms
all ^{taken} ~~full~~. Can take in
no families at Honolu-
lu - only single indi-
viduals to be scattered

through the various rooms.³

It makes one feel the isolation - the sense of being a prisoner on the islands, two thousand miles of ocean separating one from his home.

This in the general sense. But religiously this same thing is eminently true - painfully true.

The pastor, for example, of our Union Church at Honolulu has no associational connections, no churches with which his Church feels any connection, no brethren

with whom ⁴ he may come
into fellowship. He is
alone, and not because
his Church is practically
Congregational, independ-
ent, but because of the
isolation, because of
the ocean rolling be-
tween. A Methodist
Church, or Episcopal
Church feels it just as
keenly. For this reason
our sympathies ought
to be warmly alive towards
the Christian work in
Hawaii, and to this end
we do well to inform
ourselves concerning the

5

Christian work of the ~~Islands~~.
Islands. Dr. Luddler is
doing much to compensate
for this isolation and want
of fellowship among the
native churches by consoli-
dating and unifying the
work as much as possible
throughout the Islands.

There has just been held
at Honolulu the Eighty Fourth
Annual Meeting of the Hawaiian
Evangelical Association. The
sessions were held in the
old Kawaiahae Church, from
May 12 to 21. Some of the
features of that meeting are
interesting to notice:
A sunrise prayer each day
at 6.15 a.m.

Lectures in five
different places in five
different languages - English,
Hawaiian, Japanese, Chinese,
Portuguese.

And the week days a time
set apart during the after-
noon for recreation -
For example, Monday, May
14, 3 to 6 P.M. Swimming at
Maikiki; Tuesday, trip to
Mocualua - a beautiful
private park, owned by Mr.
Laman; a drink up
Punch Bowl to the extinct
Crater; Thursday, games
at the Boys' Athletic field.
and so on through the
sessions.

7
It would be a sight worth
gaining far to see these Ameri-
cans, Chinese, Japs, Hawaiians,
and Portugese engaged in
these different forms of
recreation.

Other features of the
program were very simi-
lar to those of like meetings
in the States; but the Cas-
mopolitan character of
the people who attend, gives
to their meetings a peculiar
interest.

I received a vivid
impression of what this
Casmopolitan gathering
would be from the great

8

Flower Parade held the
day after I reached ~~the~~
~~the~~ Honolulu, when it was
said there were 50,000
visitors from different
parts of the Island of
Oahu, and from the other
islands, ^{visitors} in the city.

But I am to speak
particularly of the religious
and humanitarian work
which came under my
own observation during
my five weeks stay in
Honolulu. Arriving at the
Islands I ~~we~~ came into
contact at once with one
form of religious life in

Honolulu - The Y. M. C. A.

Finding the first class hotels full or their prices out of the reach of the means at my disposal,

I went to the Y. M. C. A. rooms for information as to hotels or boarding houses. (By the way, we had been specially charged not to go to anything lower than the first class hotels - that anything lower would be unbearable. I want to say, too, that the charges at the three or four principal hotels are not exorbitant. A room for two persons - plain room, without bath, and the

Excellent hotel service may be obtained at 48 or 50 dollars a week.) Well, at the Y.M.C.A. we were directed to a family boarding house which proved to be a charming, typical Honolulu house, where we were brought into intimate contact with Christian people who were either born on the Island or ~~was~~ had lived there many years. A comfortable room, and good board were secured for half the price of the great hotels, and besides good companionship, and unlimited information on all

11
These subjects in which we
were specially interested.

I want to speak first of one
thing which interested me
greatly, significant of the
condition of things in the
city of Honolulu religiously.

One of the men who sat
at the same table with us
now is a man who has given
a good deal of study to the
religions of the world,
making himself very famil-
iar with the details of their
worship. On the walls of
his study, on three sides
of the room, he has built
the shrines representing some

of the world's greatest religions. Mohammedan, Shinto, Buddhist, Greek Church, Roman Catholic, Protestant &c - These are accurately represented, so that one familiar, or a believer in any one of these would at once recognize his own shrine.

Pointing to the shrines, after we had examined them separately, he said, "These are all ways in which God's great family are seeking to find Him."

But the simple pulpit, with its open Bible at the end, speaks eloquently of the

Simplicity and the power of
the Protestant Christian's faith
and life". And this is the
way we are dealing with
the many religions which
are coming to Honolulu.

We do not say to them.
"You are utterly wrong,
there is no goodness or
truth in your forms of
worship. There is much
that is good, and yet
show I will to you a
more excellent way".

Into that study there
go almost every day
representatives of these

different ¹⁴ religions, interested to see the shrines. And they never fail to go out without having some quiet impression left upon them from the comparison, or the contrast.

Honolulu is a city of upwards of 40,000 population; but somewhat less than 10,000 of these are Caucasians. The others are Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese, with a sprinkling of a dozen other races.

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Among all the foreigners,
a great work is being
done, Educationally and
religiously. There are
at least a score of
missions carried on
in a most successful
way by the different
denominations, pre-
sented by the Con-
gregationalists.

The Educational work
is remarkable. A Mr.
Bishop came to Honolulu
and married into the
royal Hawaiian family

His wife was a devoted
Christian woman, of good
education, of fine abilities.

She had an independent
fortune of her own, and
when she died in 1884
she left money and land
for a school to be known
as the Kamehameha school
for the training of Hawaiian
youth in learning, morals
and religion. There are
now splendid grounds,
fine buildings, an excel-
lent corps of teachers,
and about 100 boys. The
boys are fine specimens of
young manhood, and in
their gray uniforms make a

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fine appearance.

Nearly opposite these grounds is located the Kamehameha girls school, also founded by Mrs. Bishop, where about 75 girls are trained for intelligent and useful womanhood. They have a fine church of their own on the grounds of the boys school, where services are held every Sunday at 11 a.m. Once a month the boys come in a body and attend the service at the main church in the evening.

Under the direct auspices of the Congregationalists is what is known as the Kanaehao boarding school for girls, where some sixty girls are under excellent training.

Then there is boarding school for Chinese and Japanese boys, where, under Xian influences they are receiving a training specially fitting them to be teachers and Christian leaders to their own people.

Among the Christian forces of the Island is the so-called Oahu college, located at Punahoa, a

close suburb of Honolulu.

The extensive grounds for this college were given by Mr. Bingham, a son of Rev. Hiram Bingham the early missionary. ~~The~~ ~~Christian~~ ~~after~~ This college is for white youth exclusively - originally children of missionaries. The Christian influences of this school are strong and far-reaching.

But I have never been in a city where there were so many vigorous, successful missions as in Honolulu.

The Union Church - Congregational - has missions among the Chinese, Japanese,

Portuguese, and are mission among a mixed population of many races.

Next to the Congregationalists in mission activity stand the Episcopalians.

We attended ~~the~~ morning ~~the~~ prayers once in St. Andrews Cathedral, as it is called, where the pupils from their mission schools were gathered, and afterwards were shown through the schools by the bishop.

The schools are located on grounds formerly owned and occupied
(own)

by Mr. Armstrong, one of
 the early missionaries,
 father of Gen. Armstrong
 who was at the head of
 Hampton Institute so many
 years. ^{Showing the house, now used for}
^{School in which Rev. A. Barn-}
 In all ^{rooms}

there were twenty pupils,
 and the teacher told us
 there were represented
 there eight different
 nationalities. There
 was no color line,
 even felt, in the school
 life. They preferred,
 however, in their Sun-
 day worship, to be by
 themselves largely

On the same grounds as the Cathedral and the schools stood a commodious church for the Chinese, where every Sunday as we passed on our way to church, we saw a crowd of Chinese men, women and children enthusiastically engaged in worship led by a Chinese pastor.

There is a vigorous Japanese Congregational Church, led by a Japanese pastor with whom I became well

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acquainted. I could not meet many of the men of his Congregation; but some of the women whom I met in a social way were as refined and cultured ladies as one often meets.

One of the most interesting places we visited was the Kaaka mission located in the slums of the city. It is in the very heart of a district unsafe for a woman to walk alone at night.

(over)

An attractive mission house has been erected here, and meetings are held every night in the week. ~~I was~~ Mr. Parkes, the leader, and his wife live in the house, and conduct all the services. I was asked to come to the platform, and I was glad to do so, and look into the faces of the most motley group I ever saw. Faces were there from jet black to the lightest blonde.

I had the pleasure of speaking to them for about fifteen minutes, and a more attentive, alert audience I have never spoken to. I asked Mr. Parker how many nationalities there were in the audience, and he replied, "We will find out at the close of the meeting. When they closed, he said to them, "We will gather around the piano and have an informal sing." So they gathered as near as they could get, and he said, "Let us

see how many countries
are represented here.

Name the places you
came from." Thirty eight
were represented. I
saw a perfectly black
Porto Rican looking over
an the same book with
a blonde Swede.

And how they did
sing. Mr. Parker, not
an educated ^{man,} is yet
a perfect genius in
managing the crowd,
and they love him,
and will do anything for
him. Men and women,

boys and girls, from 75 to 150 in number, meet here night after night, and sing and pray and testify, while revelry in the saloons and pool rooms and on the street is going on all around them.

But you are, perhaps, interested to know a little more in regard to the native population - the Hawaiians. There are, on all the islands only about ^{30,000} 63,000 of them left - that is of pure blood.

There has been a good deal of intermarrying with other races, principally with the Chinese, but also with Japanese and ~~also~~ with Americans.

The native Hawaiian in complexion looks very much like our Mexicans; but he is very much the superior to him in hearing, in intellectual ability and in character.) Why have they diminished so rapidly since civilization has touched them?

Why have they diminished so rapidly since Civ. touched them? You are familiar with the general answer - that the vices and habits & diseases introduced among them by foreigners have slain multitudes of them.

This is true, but it is not all of it. There is another answer which covers the case more broadly than this. They are not strong enough the rank and file of them - to stand civilization. For example, before the advent of

civilization among them they were children of nature. They wore almost no clothing, of course wearing nothing on their feet ever. When they adopted the dress of civilization they did not adopt the habits of life of civilization. They were just as free to wade in water, to expose themselves to rain without protection, and then would sit and shiver with wet feet and

drenched clothing. The result you can readily foresee — Colds, throat and lung troubles, and deaths in large numbers. But under training in the schools, as thousands of them are to-day, they became robust and strong, and fine specimens of manhood and womanhood.

They are bright and able; but they lack the initiative and the push

of the Anglo Saxon.

They follow, but they cannot lead. They were offered every chance to lead in the business development of Honolulu, but they lacked in financial management and business originality, and hence all the business of Honolulu is done by the few Maori and Caucasians, and the Hawaiians are clerks and subordinates.

Very truly in time the

pure native race will
become extinct by in-
termarriage and absorp-
tion by stranger races,
and that wonderfully
interesting people will
be no more.

I want to say in closing
that Honolulu is one of
the most attractive spots
I have ever visited. There
is a fascination about
it hard to describe.

No place which I visited
in Europe has left upon
my mind a stranger or
more pleasing impression than this
"Paradise of the Pacific".

The Hawaiian People

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Notes - Nov 1916

The Hawaiian race is a remarkable one. In the veins of the youth of the Islands runs the blood of heroes. I do not know in history a finer thing than that related of Queen Kapiolani, at the time she embraced Christianity.

All the superstitions of her race were upon her as an influence - the signs and tokens.

It was death to do this, it was fatal to eat that. Life was all tied up with the traditions and

superstitious. She resolved to break away from them, and lead her people out of them, and for this purpose, she chose one of the most difficult and, in the minds of the people the most fatal.

Selecting seventy to accompany her she walked to the volcano of Kilauea. ~~For~~ This volcano was under the special care of the Goddess Pelee.

There were berries growing near sacred to the goddess, and the goddess

would instantaneously kill
any one who ate these
berries. Kapiolani ate
them freely in the presence
of her followers who looked
on to see her fall dead.

Then advancing to the
mouth of the fiery crater
she hurled stones into
the heart of it, exclaiming,

"I defy thee O goddess!
For there is no goddess—
there is only Almighty
God, and him only do I
fear and serve."

The people waited with
bated breath for the fire
and hot stones to be

hurled at their queen and
them, and when they saw
her stand unafraid and
unharm'd they took up
the cry, "There is no god
but Jehovah."

There is nothing in
the Bible or out of it
grander - it was great,
when you consider
that centuries of super-
stition lay back of her.

There is pure blood
in the veins of the Hawaiian
people.

King Kamehameha I
was a man of good gen-
eralship, and a leader of
ability.

Religion, An Exchange

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Unknown Date

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

November 26, 1916

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH - HONOLULU, HAWAII

December 8, 1918

PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH – SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

January 23, 1921

CLAREMONT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH – CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Matthew 5:17 – “I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill.”

The poet Goethe's definition of religion was, "Religion is renunciation" - a giving up. This was not Jesus' definition. From his life and teachings and example we may gather instead this definition, "Religion is an exchange." If religion were renunciation it would be something unnatural, something different from God's world as we know it, something different from life as we find it. But religion as an exchange accords with nature, with the manifestations of God as we see them in the world which he has made. Jesus did not come to put upon us a life of renunciation. That would be to destroy. He did not come to destroy, but to fulfil. There is an appearance of renunciation demanded, there is an appearance of destruction; but these are such only in appearance. It is instead the laying down of one thing for another; a lower for a higher, a good for a better - an exchange.

Jesus traced the principles of religion back into nature itself. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." That looks like renunciation, like destruction. "Except it die." But he carries the truth on into an exchange. "If it die it bringeth forth much fruit." The kingdom of heaven he likened to the growth of a stalk of wheat - "first the blade, then the ear (or wheat head), then the full wheat in the head."

Nature is all the while presenting herself to the myriad forms of life as a trader. "Come buy of me," she says. "Give me that which you have for what I have." A beautiful tree stands before you covered with pink and white blossoms. It is a thing of beauty. The tree is rich in grace and color. But it will not hold all that beauty long without an offer for it from Nature. She will go to it with an offer so liberal that it will be accepted, and the exchange begins. See the agents of Nature go to work to strip that tree of its beauty. The sun begins to turn those delicately tinted petals yellow or black; the wind begins to tear them off, and perhaps the rain beats them down into the soil. Isn't that renunciation? Isn't that destruction? Look first and see what nature has given in exchange: tiny little fruit formations which the sun and the wind and the rain will nourish and develop into a golden harvest. "I am not come to destroy but to fulfil." And this is the kind of world man is born into, and it is under this same law of exchange that he lives.

A mother looks down into the face of the babe lying in her lap. It is a bunch of dimples and smiles - precious beyond all price. But Time soon presents himself before the mother and asks for those baby dimples and smiles, the cooing and the prattle; and in a wonderfully short space they are gone. She has lost her baby. But instead, in exchange, there is a little boy on his feet, breaking in and out of the house like a sunbeam - a little fellow asking questions, listening to her answers, riding about with her - a little man. But time makes her another offer, and asks for the little man; and her little boy is gone. But who is that walking by her side, tall as his mother, strong enough for her to lean on, from whose lips there falls something better than the baby prattle of mama - the tender, thoughtful word, "mother"?

But what has life been saying to this child, this boy, this young man, from point to point? It says to him, "You love play and fun, freedom and sport - just a life of joyous abandon, free from all restraint. I want two hours of your time; I want you to keep quiet for two hours each day." A little later it is three, then four or five hours. Why must he sit still, why must he be under restraint? In exchange for an education, a training, a discipline, a manhood, a position of strength in the world. If he is wise, he will give all that Life asks, he will lay down her price. For Life does not come to him demanding renunciation, does not come to destroy, but for the purpose of generous exchange.

Go out into the world's great market place today where men are, and question the men with trades, in business, artists, writers, scholars, teachers and men of all professions: Where got you that mechanical skill, that business capacity and success, that art? They will answer, "We bought them." "What did you give in exchange?" "Time, and personal ease, thought and study. Hours and hours of sport and pleasure we laid down." Ah, then life is a great renunciation. Surrender and giving up are constantly demanded! No, life is a great exchange, and that which is laid down buys something better.

Religion is an exchange. It follows the same law. It has sometimes been thought that Jesus' answer to the young ruler was a severe one hardly less than a demand for renunciation. "Go and sell that which thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven, and come and follow me " Before we can say that this was a demand for renunciation we need to know what the young man have in exchange. We do not know what Jesus had in mind for that man. It was something of wondrous worth. It was a bargain such as never came to him before and probably never would come again. There come times in the business world when investments are offered which unlock millions of dollars. The offer is so great, the inducement is so exceptional that the money is forthcoming without solicitation. This opportunity in the life of the young man was one, had he but realized it, fitted to unlock all his material treasures and pour them out like water. It was not Jesus' aim to destroy, to impoverish the life of that young ruler. His desire was to fulfill it - to fill it out, to lead it on to a worthy end.

It is hard to understand how so bright a mind as Goethe's could have understood the mission of Jesus to man as a mission of destruction; that obedience to him meant renunciation. But this mistake is not infrequent. It was the mistake of the young ruler.



The world's market place is full of traders who make us their offers - offers for our time, our abilities, our work, our money. If we could believe all the statements which are made, investments of wondrous profits are just waiting for our acceptance. But wise men are cautious about

promises of large and quick returns. Really good investments rarely clamour to be heard. But in the babel of calls and offers there is heard an offer from some solid and safe company, from the government, perhaps, of an investment at a moderate rate of interest, and it is taken in a day.

What claim has Jesus to enter into the world's life with his offers, to steal into our homes and places of business, into our counting houses and stock exchanges, into all the places where men do congregate, with his quiet call, "Buy of me"? Let us try to answer.

The claim of one who alone can fulfil our lives. What fulfills a human life? What justifies a life, makes it worthy of itself? We know what fulfills inferior, lower kinds of life. We know what fulfills a fruit tree. Step by step we can follow its development upward, until in its highest reach it touches fulfillment. We know what fulfills the life of one of the lower animals. We know what training and development they are capable of and when they reach a point which justifies their living. Will you tell me what justifies a human being, what fulfills a human life? Go out into the world's markets and watch a human life make its exchanges, and tell me when it reaches its fulfillment, when it touches the top of its destiny. It trades the lower for the higher through all the ranges of its human needs, and among the thousand offers from human lips. Then there would be silence, and this would be the end but for one voice which rings clear and true and distinct - "Buy of me; I am come to fulfill."

Do any of you remember when you looked forward with something of dread and foreboding to the time when you would be too old and too big for marbles and kite, for blocks and top, when you looked with something of pity upon the more sober and quiet life of your elders, who did not seem to see the delights which you did in your playthings? But do you remember any wrench in your life, any great effort to lay the playthings aside? No such day of renunciation ever came. You grew up into young manhood and young womanhood, then into maturer life, as naturally as the tree grows into thriftiness and fruitage. And do you not believe that, if it were not for the wrong ideas which have taken possession of us that we might grow right up into religion as naturally as the flower expands to the touch of light? Why has the thought become so deeply imbedded, that there must first come, somewhere in our experience, a great day of renunciation, a day of the destruction of all we have been and are? Would not multitudes be today in the church of Jesus Christ, as naturally there as a tree stands in the grove, but for this thought of a preliminary destruction? Jesus seeks no destruction; what he seeks is fulfillment. Was it not his desire that those children whom he one day took in his arms and of whom he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," should grow right up into his kingdom, developing until their lives should be fulfilled in Him? Under his training would not this have been the result? He said to Peter, and through him to his church in all time, "Feed my lambs, tend my sheep, feed my sheep." This means development, this means growth - in other words, fulfillment.



Religion, An Exchange



Matt. 5: 17.—"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."

SERMON PREACHED IN FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH OF REDLANDS

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D.D.

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The Best Things Are In The Future

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Unknown Date

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

December 17, 1916

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH - HONOLULU, HAWAII

John 14:12 – “He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.”

It is natural to feel that the great things are in the past. The great days of the church, we are apt to feel, lie back of us. The golden age is in the past. Much of the teaching respecting the second coming of Christ takes for granted that the present does not compare with the past. Those were great days, it is taught, when Jesus was on the earth, teaching in person, working miracles, meeting with his disciples.

Those will be great days when he comes again, and once more leads his forces in person. But between these two - it is struggle, and waiting, and failure. But this is not the teaching of Jesus, this is not the law of life, this is not the way the world is made. God has not built that way. There has been progress, sometimes rapid, sometimes slow, sometimes inappreciable, but never ceasing.

The days when Jesus was on the earth were great, the days of the apostles were greater, the days of their successors greater still, and so God's world grows and will grow. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," says Jesus; and he goes on in the words of the text, "and greater works than these shall ye do."

That was a great day in the world's history when Jesus took the little basket of barley loaves and fishes from the little lad, and setting it down before the five thousand hungry men, said to his disciples. "Feed them." But that was a greater day, larger in results and bigger in promise, when Peter stood up before the vast assembly on the Day of Pentecost and out of his scanty supply and equipment fed them in such a way that three thousand of them became transformed in their lives. That was a greater day still when the great apostle to the Gentiles, in answer to the Macedonian call, crossed the Aegean Sea and first stepped foot on the continent of Europe. And the greater days keep coming, and the greater works, and there will be no cessation of them, for this is the law of life, this is the way God has made the world. And this is just as Jesus said it would be. "It is expedient for you that I go away."

Those were great days when the great revivalists of New England were shaking the churches, and adults were being added to the churches by the thousand. Those were better days when the church built a great high way to her doors in the young people's movement, over which the feet of more than three million young people are today traveling. Let us study the days of our Lord's life on the earth, and let us be profoundly impressed by the beauty and the power of that miracle of the frugal store of a little lad multiplied to provide an ample meal for five thousand people; but let us

not study it to wish ourselves back there. Jesus was satisfied to use such methods in the initial work of his kingdom, but only because the world was not ready for the greater; but he said to his disciples: You, you are to see better conditions than these, and do greater things. Some respects in which the disciples were to do greater things:

1. They were to come out into a larger life.

For three years they were at school; Jesus was their teacher. He performed before their eyes sample problems, and taught them to do typical examples. But their after life bore about the same relation to those three years that the large practical life of a man bears to his school days. There is a little dread which comes over a young man as he comes to the end of his specific school life. His teachers have been his examples, his guides, and best of all, his friends. He has received credit for all his excellences, warm words of appreciation for every good performance.

But now it is the world - a world which does not know him or care anything about him. But the teacher has more than once said to him, in effect, "Greater works than these shall ye do." Let any teacher run over in his mind the pupils who have gone out from under his hand - pupils who once sat before him working on the trial problems, sample questions, experimental examples. Where are they now, some of them? There is one whose tastes ran to figures, finance, mercantile pursuits. He is president of an establishment with a capital stock of millions. Think them over, and see what they have done along the bent of their genius. There is one on the supreme bench of the United States; there is a railroad president, a physician of note and scores or hundreds doing some less conspicuous, but real work, out in the larger life.

The disciples were at school three years. How timorous and faint - hearted they were as they approached the time of the Master's withdrawal, and their entrance upon the world's life. Peter trembled in the presence of a maid; they all forsook him and fled. Jesus almost took their breath away as he pushed them out and said, "Go ye into all the world - disciple all nations." Trembling they went out. Look at them after a few years. Are these those timid, shrinking pupils? They now face high priests, scribes, the august assemblies of the rulers, officers of the law, soldiers and violent mobs, and they carry the standard of their faith and love to every land in the known world. Greater things than their Master had done within the confines of their Palestine school, they accomplish in this wider sphere. Jesus had said to them, "Ye shall be brought before rulers and kings for my sake."

We can almost detect a tone of sadness or regret in the words of Jesus, "It is expedient for you that I go away." As if he had said: "I should like to go with you out into the larger life of the great world. You are to face its problems and meet its obligations. You are to apply on a large scale those principles which we have been studying together. It is a wonderful privilege, a glorious opportunity. It will cost you your freedom, it will cost suffering, some of you will pay with your lives. You will be brought before magistrates, thrown into prison, condemned to death; but the results shall be the building of a church, a kingdom that shall never be overthrown. I should like to stay and join you in this useful campaign of self sacrifice and struggle and victory; but it is best for you that I go away." They had stood in awe and amazement before their Master's miracles. When he stilled the storm on the lake, they exclaimed, "What manner of man is this that even the winds and the sea obey him?" But after the Day of Pentecost, when they were preaching Jesus and the Resurrection, their

emotions were deeper and grander than wonder; they were filled with the glory of losing their lives for Christ's sake - and for the price of their lives buying a world.

2. The work of Christ's followers was to be greater *because more spiritual*. Was not Christ's own work on the earth *spiritual*? The fact is this: The work of Jesus was preparatory and of a material nature, and much of it of a kind that he deplored - we may say it was distasteful to him. It was with a sigh of disappointment that he said, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Those times in his life when he could talk to people about their souls were oases in his history - when Mary sat at his feet and as she listened to his words chose for herself the one thing needful; when he sat on the well in Samaria and talked with the woman about the water of life and saw her leave her old life and believe in him and become a Christian; when he had that quiet evening interview with Nicodemus and taught him the great fundamentals of the gospels - were great. But when the multitudes thronged him, eager to see some new miracle to gratify their curiosity, then he tried to escape by taking a sail to the other side of the lake.

In one sense there is no greater and less in the work of God's kingdom. Preparatory work is as important, as necessary, as the work itself the foundation as the superstructure. But in another, the distinction which Jesus made is true. He made very few permanent disciples, and accomplished very little in the way of spiritual building; but he did the preparatory work for all time.

For months a large force of men were at work in one of our mountain canyons. At great expense of money and time and labor the work was prosecuted, tunneling and building; then came the erection of heavy poles, stretching of the wires, and putting in the heavy machinery. And what was accomplished? All this work was done for an electric company, and yet not a spark of electric power has been generated or used. But the plant has been established. Greater works are just ahead. When the time comes to turn on the water and start the machinery and make connection between the wires and the dynamos, then the power, the tremendous energy, will be conveyed to the city.

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What is spiritual power? Who knows? All we know is that it is the mightiest thing in the world. Its limits have not been discovered. It is at the disposal of the church; it is at the disposal of the humblest Christian.

Let us make a few comparisons, based on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, to which we have referred. That was a great thing when Jesus said to the disciples: Make these faint people sit down on the grass; take this supply, as I bless it and break it, and feed them. And they were fed. But hunger came again the next day, when there was no divine One near to supply their needs. It was, save from its spiritual lessons, a short-lived work.

Almost two hundred years ago ten ministers brought each one book and made a contribution of it as the foundation of a school for the education of young men; and lo, Yale College came into being. These men laid their little offering down in the name of Christ, as the lad of old laid his basket; and the miracle was repeated, not in feeding a company once, but the years have come and the years have gone, students have come and gone, and still the store holds out, and still the multitudes are fed.

Again, that was a thrilling day for the disciples when they took the bread from the Master's hands and carried it to the hungry men, and coming back, found as much more ready for them. It was delightful to be made the instrument of such a work; but it stopped as suddenly as it began, and the multitudes dispersed. But now - "Bring me your name," says the same Master, "your influence, your ability, your contributions, let me breathe a prayer upon them and send them out, use them here, multiply them in a never-ending miracle to feed the world." It is a wonderful thing to live and be a Christian - a servant and friend of him who said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth." I wonder if we realize how great it is? And to live now, better than at any previous age the world has known. Jesus spoke some warm words of appreciation of John the Baptist: "Of them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." Then he adds, "He that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."

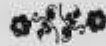
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The grandest, strangest, happiest day the apostle Paul had ever seen was when he wrote, "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept

the faith." If we are working against God, things are growing worse; if we are working with him, they are going from good to better - from the great to greater.

The Best Things Are In The Future



SERMON PREACHED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF REDLANDS

BY THE PASTOR

REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D.D.

JOHN 14: 12.—*He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.*

IT IS NATURAL to feel that the great things are in the past. The great days of the church, we are apt to feel, lie back of us. The golden age is in the past. Much of the teaching respecting the second coming of Christ takes for granted that the present does not compare with the past. Those were great days, it is taught, when Jesus was on the earth, teaching in person, working miracles, meeting with his disciples.

Those will be great days when he comes again, and once more leads his forces in person. But between these two—it is struggle, and waiting, and failure. But this is not the teaching of Jesus, this is not the law of life, this is not the way the world is made. God has not built that way. There has been progress, sometimes rapid, sometimes slow, sometimes inappreciable, but never ceasing.

The days when Jesus was on the earth were great, the days of the apostles were greater, the days of their successors greater still, and so God's world grows and will grow. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," says Jesus; and he goes on in the words of the text, "and greater works than these shall ye do."

That was a great day in the world's history when Jesus took the little basket of barley loaves and fishes from the little lad, and setting it down before the five thousand hungry men, said to his disciples, "Feed them." But that was a greater day, larger in results and bigger in promise, when Peter stood up before the vast assembly on the Day of Pentecost and out of his scanty supply and equipment fed them in such a way that three thousand of them became transformed in their lives. That was a greater day still when the great apostle to the Gentiles, in answer to the Macedonian call, crossed the Aegean Sea and first stepped foot on the continent of Europe. And the greater days keep coming, and the greater works, and there will be no cessation of them, for this is the law of life, this is the way God has made the world. And this is just as Jesus said it would be. "It is expedient for you that I go away."

Those were great days when the great revivalists of New England were shaking the churches, and adults were being added to the churches by the

thousand. Those were better days when the church built a great high way to her doors in the young people's movement, over which the feet of more than three million young people are today traveling. Let us study the days of our Lord's life on the earth, and let us be profoundly impressed by the beauty and the power of that miracle of the frugal store of a little lad multiplied to provide an ample meal for five thousand people; but let us not study it to wish ourselves back there. Jesus was satisfied to use such methods in the initial work of his kingdom, but only because the world was not ready for the greater; but he said to his disciples: You, you are to see better conditions than these, and do greater things. Some respects in which the disciples were to do greater things:

1. They were to come out into a larger life.

For three years they were at school; Jesus was their teacher. He performed before their eyes sample problems, and taught them to do typical examples. But their after life bore about the same relation to those three years that the large practical life of a man bears to his school days. There is a little dread which comes over a young man as he comes to the end of his specific school life. His teachers have been his examples, his guides, and best of all, his friends. He has received credit for all his excellences, warm words of appreciation for every good performance.

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The disciples were at school three years. How timorous and faint-hearted they were as they approached the time of the Master's withdrawal, and their entrance upon the world's life. Peter trembled in the presence of a maid; they all forsook him and fled. Jesus almost took their breath away as he pushed them out and said, "Go ye into all the world—disciple all nations." Trembling they went out. Look at them after a few years. Are these those timid, shrinking pupils? They now face high priests, scribes, the august assemblies of the rulers, officers of the law, soldiers and violent mobs, and they carry the standard of their faith and love to every land in the known world. Greater things than their Master had done within the confines of their Palestine school, they accomplish in this wider sphere. Jesus had said to them, "Ye shall be brought before rulers and kings for my sake."

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2. The work of Christ's followers was to be greater *because more spiritual*.

Was not Christ's own work on the earth *spiritual*? The fact is this: The work of Jesus was preparatory and of a material nature, and much of it of a kind that he deplored—we may say it was distasteful to him. It was with a sigh of disappointment that he said, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Those times in his life when he could talk to people about their souls were oases in his history—when Mary sat at his feet and as she listened to his words chose for herself the one thing needful; when he sat on the well in Samaria and talked with the woman about the water of life and saw her leave her old life and believe in him and become a Christian; when he had that quiet evening interview with Nicodemus and taught him the great fundamentals of the gospels—were great. But when the multitudes thronged him, eager to see some new miracle to gratify their curiosity, then he tried to escape by taking a sail to the other side of the lake.

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For months a large force of men were at work in one of our mountain canyons. At great expense of money and time and labor the work was prosecuted, tunneling and building; then came the erection of heavy poles, stretching of the wires, and putting in the heavy machinery. And what was accomplished? All this work was done for an electric company, and yet not a spark of electric power has been generated or used. But the plant has been established. Greater works are just ahead. When the time comes to turn on the water and start the machinery and make connection between the wires and the dynamos, then the power, the tremendous energy, will be conveyed to the city.

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The Two-Talent Man

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

May 13, 1917

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH - HONOLULU, HAWAII

Matthew 25:22 – “Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.”

Every life is above the average moral and spiritual tone of the world, is just on the average line, or is below it. If it is below it, it is impoverishing the world, it is drawing upon its moral and spiritual life, and leaves the world worse off than it found it. It has not only made no positive contribution to the world's strength, but has weakened it.

If just on the average line, it has done neither the one thing nor the other. It has neither subtracted anything nor added anything. It has neither piled additional burdens on humanity to carry, nor taken any burdens from humanity's shoulders. If above the average, it has contributed something to the world; life, strength, tone, happiness. This world's life is like a car being drawn through the street by a long rope. Some are either resting back on the rope or riding in the car; some are taking hold of the rope, but neither pulling back nor drawing; and some are helping draw the car forward. If the car continues to move forward on its upward road it is entirely because of this last class who are above the average, who make a positive contribution to the world's life.

A boiler contains water of a certain temperature. You pour some more water in. Is it of a lower temperature? - then it lowers the temperature of the whole. Is it of the same temperature? - then it leaves the whole as it found it. Is it of a higher temperature? - then it raises the whole, and makes a positive addition to the tone.

I am stating a simple scientific fact when I say that every man, every life, is in one of these three classes - reducing the moral and spiritual temperature of the world's life leaving it unchanged, or positively raising it.

Practically that middle class has to be thrown out. The neutral edge is too sharp to balance a life on it. It is theoretically possible for a life to be neutral, but actually impossible. If a man grasps the rope at all, even if with the purpose of neither drawing nor being a burden, he will actually now be a weight and now a help, and the two will not exactly balance. And so in actual life we recognize but the two classes - those who add something to the world's life, those who subtract something. Let us look at these two a little more closely and separately. First, those whose life in the world lowers its moral and spiritual temperature. There is no question but that if we count lives the immense majority is on that side. It does not follow that the world's life, the world's character, is growing worse. That has to be decided on other grounds. Sometimes one life may be so powerful a force in the way of positive contributions that it will more than over - balance a thousand in their negative influence. But, to leave out of account now all consideration of another life, and the relation of this

life to the next, can we conceive of a worse thing to be than a pauper of humanity? Is there a more repelling thought that can come to one than that his life has actually brought down the world's healthful temperature? I do not mean a pauper materially. I do not use the word in any restricted sense. Many a noble soul, through influences which he could not control, has been driven perhaps to the poor house, whose life counted on the positive side of humanity. He had rendered in a thousand ways equivalents for all he had received. Many a one becomes a pensioner for years on society's gifts and then dies with a large amount to his credit. But to be a real pauper on the world's life! To have one's life, when emptied into that of the world, cool it down; to require additional heat from other lives to keep it up to where we found it - this is the most forbidding thing that can come to a sensitive soul. Many a man who never asks a material favor from anyone, who not only supports himself and his own, but distributes widely of material wealth, is really a pauper. He has taxed the world's real wealth, health, tone, life, to counter-balance what he has subtracted. The influence which has gone out from his life has been chilling; contact with him has been morally debilitating. Though poor house or mansion, dependence or favor has never been allowed within his horizon, he has actually been both pensioner and pauper, drawing heavily on the world's vitality. Some day we shall see this scientific fact connected with every life, and begin to apply it more widely than we do today.

The world has not half waked up to the fact that every neglected people on the face of the earth, every benighted race, every heathen race, every dark section of our land, the slums of our cities, every home of wickedness and want, every individual life neglected, lowers the tone and temperature of the whole. This water is all in one boiler. Every life born in sin poured into it lowers its temperature - every one. When we work to raise up any heathen or neglected people we do not work simply to lift them, we are raising the temperature of the world - of the whole. It is speaking with scientific accuracy to say that every life, in the whole great mass, affects the whole. Every life which in its spirit and purpose and tone is below the average of the world's light and moral and spiritual temperature is lowering its life. And to know what a man may be to all appearances, materially, intellectually, in act and speech and still be a pensioner on humanity's life, we have to read the Apostle's keen analysis in the 18th chapter of First Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned" - all these may be a part of the life and yet one be humanity's pauper. Aside from these things which can be seen and heard and measured there is a spirit pervading, flavoring, giving tone to the whole, which either adds to or detracts from the world's life. And surely the worst thing one can conceive of, this side eternity, is having his life emptied into the world's life to bring down its averages.

Consider the class whose life in the world lifts and improves the moral tone. Bring together all the sources of so-called happiness - which cause people to rejoice, which give the heart satisfaction, and they all disappear before this one -- the consciousness that one's life is, perhaps, raising the average, that out of one's life there are proceeding influences which are a positive contribution to the world's condition. When one of this class seizes the rope which draws the car of life onward, a thrill of power is felt all along the line. It moves easier. In stating his mission to the world, Jesus once said, "I am come that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly." When He poured His life into that of the world He brought up the temperature, and His life has been bringing it up ever since. What puts a life on that side? What causes it to tip the scale for good? Not what

one has in the way of material, intellectual or spiritual equipment to begin with. The man whose capital stock to begin with was but two talents received just as cordial, hearty and ringing a "well done" as the man whose capital was five. And had the man with the one talent put it into the world's work in the right spirit it would have been just as hearty for him. There has been a long and unending procession of the five-talent men from Christ to our day, who have done strong, grand, conspicuous work; and the world's tone and temperature has been constantly rising, and still they come, make their offering, and pass on. I love to think of them, read of them, hear of them, come into contact with them. We believe such men more than counter-balance those whose lives are lowering the average.

I watched last summer the turning of a wheel which was set across a stream of rapidly flowing water. Around its rim ran an endless chain of cups or little buckets. As the wheel turned by the force of the flowing water the buckets went down under the surface, and filled, were carried to the top, where, just as they turned to descend, they emptied their pure, sparkling water into a flume, which carried it away for use. There was a fascination about it, it was suggestive. It seemed to me like the endless succession of the world's great and good men. They come into life, they rise into view, each empties his cup of influence and work and power into the world's life, and passes on. Still they come and still they go, leaving the world's life fuller and richer than they found it.

And yet, great as is the power for good of these five-talent ones, well-known and conspicuous ones, yet the influence on the positive side of the great unknown, uncounted, inconspicuous host of two and one-talent men and women, is vastly greater. And they are coming and going, emptying their smaller buckets, but in such numbers as to raise the reservoirs of strength and righteousness. Much as you and I owe to the five-talent men and women who have now and then touched our lives with their influence, we owe vastly more to the two-talent men and women. Our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, a long list of dear souls whom we have known have made their contributions to our lives, and are making them today. Someone has said that God must have thought a great deal of common people or he would not have made so many of them. It is inspiring and thrilling to come into contact once in a while with a five-talent man; but it is wonderfully restful and comforting and helpful to live among the two-talent ones.

The Two-Talent Man

Matt. 25: 27—"Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them."

Sermon Preached in First Congregational
Church, Redlands, Cal.,

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D.D.

EVERY life is above the average moral and spiritual tone of the world, is just on the average line, or is below it. If it is below it, it is impoverishing the world, it is drawing upon its moral and spiritual life, and leaves the world worse off than it found it. It has not only made no positive contribution to the world's strength, but has weakened it.

If just on the average line, it has done neither the one thing nor the other. It has neither subtracted anything nor added anything. It has neither piled additional burdens on humanity to carry, nor taken any burdens from humanity's shoulders. If above the average, it has contributed something to the world: life, strength, tone, happiness. This world's life is like a car being drawn through the street by a long rope. Some are either resting back on the rope or riding in the car; some are taking hold of the rope, but neither pulling back nor drawing; and some are helping draw the car forward. If the car continues to move forward on its upward road it is entirely because of this last

class who are above the average, who make a *positive* contribution to the world's life.

A boiler contains water of a certain temperature. You pour some more water in. Is it of a lower temperature?—then it lowers the temperature of the whole. Is it of the same temperature?—then it leaves the whole as it found it. Is it of a higher temperature?—then it raises the whole, and makes a positive addition to the tone.

I am stating a simple scientific fact when I say that every man, every life, is in one of these three classes—reducing the moral and spiritual temperature of the world's life leaving it unchanged, or positively raising it.

Practically that middle class has to be thrown out. The neutral edge is too sharp to balance a life on it. It is theoretically possible for a life to be neutral, but actually impossible. If a man grasps the rope at all, even if with the purpose of neither drawing nor being a burden, he will actually now be a weight and now a help, and the two will not exactly balance. And so in actual life we recognize but the two classes—those who add something to the world's life, those who subtract something. Let us look at these two a little more closely and separately. *First*, those whose life in the world *lowers* its moral and spiritual temperature. There is no question but that if we count lives the immense majority is on that side. It does not follow that the world's life, the world's character, is growing worse. That has to be decided on other grounds. Sometimes one life may be so powerful a force in the way of positive contributions that it will more than over-balance a thousand in their negative influence. But, to leave out of account now all consideration of another life, and the relation of this life to the next, can we conceive of a worse thing to be than a pauper of humanity? Is there a more repelling thought that can come to one than that his life has actually brought down the world's healthful temperature? I do not mean a pauper materially. I do not use the word in any restricted sense. Many a noble soul, through influences which he could not control, has been driven perhaps to the poor house, whose life counted on the positive side of humanity. He had rendered in a thousand ways equivalents for all he had received. Many a one becomes a pensioner for years on society's gifts and then dies with a large amount to his credit. But to be a real pauper on the world's life! To have one's life, when emptied into that of the world, cool it down; to require additional heat from other lives to keep it up to where we found it—this is the most forbidding thing that can come to a sensitive soul. Many a man who never asks a material favor from anyone, who not only supports himself and his own, but distributes widely of material wealth, is really a pauper. He has taxed the world's real wealth, health, tone, life, to counter-balance what he has subtracted. The influence which has gone out from his life has been chilling; contact with him has been morally debilitating. Though poor house or mansion, dependence or favor has never been allowed within his horizon, he has actually been both pensioner and pauper, drawing heavily on the world's vitality. Some day we shall see this scientific fact connected with every life, and begin to apply it more widely than we do today.

The world has not half waked up to the fact that every neglected

people on the face of the earth, every benighted race, every heathen race, every dark section of our land, the slums of our cities, every home of wickedness and want, every individual life neglected, lowers the tone and temperature of the whole. This water is all in one boiler. Every life born in sin poured into it lowers its temperature—every one. When we work to raise up any heathen or neglected people we do not work simply to lift them, we are raising the temperature of the world—of the whole. It is speaking with scientific accuracy to say that every life, in the whole great mass, affects the whole. Every life which in its spirit and purpose and tone is below the average of the world's light and moral and spiritual temperature is lowering its life. And to know what a man may be to all appearances, materially, intellectually, in act and speech and still be a pensioner on humanity's life, we have to read the Apostle's keen analysis in the 18th chapter of First Corinthians: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned"—all these may be a part of the life and yet one be humanity's pauper. Aside from these things which can be seen and heard and measured there is a spirit pervading, flavoring, giving tone to the whole, which either adds to or detracts from the world's life. And surely the worst thing one can conceive of, this side eternity, is having his life emptied into the world's life to bring down its averages.

Consider the class whose life in the world lifts and improves the moral tone. Bring together all the sources of so-called happiness—which cause people to rejoice, which give the heart satisfaction, and they all disappear before this one—the consciousness that one's life is, perhaps, raising the average, that out of one's life there are proceeding influences which are a positive contribution to the world's condition. When one of this class seizes the rope which draws the car of life onward, a thrill of power is felt all along the line. It moves easier. In stating his mission to the world, Jesus once said, "I am come that they might have *life*, and might have it more abundantly." When He poured His life into that of the world He brought up the temperature, and His life has been bringing it up ever since. What puts a life on that side? What causes it to tip the scale for good? Not what one has in the way of material, intellectual or spiritual equipment to begin with. The man whose capital stock to begin with was but two talents received just as cordial, hearty and ringing a "*well done*" as the man whose capital was five. And had the man with the one talent put it into the world's work in the right spirit it would have been just as hearty for him. There has been a long and unending procession of the five-talent men from Christ to our day, who have done strong, grand, conspicuous work; and the world's tone and temperature has been constantly rising, and still they come, make their offering, and pass on. I love to think of them, read of them, hear of them, come into contact with them. We believe such men more than counter-balance those whose lives are lowering the average.

I watched last summer the turning of a wheel which was set across a stream of rapidly flowing water. Around its rim ran an endless chain of cups or little buckets. As the wheel turned by the force of the flowing water the buckets went down under the surface, and filled, were carried to the top, where, just as they turned to descend, they

emptied their pure, sparkling water into a flume, which carried it away for use. There was a fascination about it, it was suggestive. It seemed to me like the endless succession of the world's great and good men. They come into life, they rise into view, each empties his cup of influence and work and power into the world's life, and passes on. Still they come and still they go, leaving the world's life fuller and richer than they found it.

And yet, great as is the power for good of these five-talent ones, well-known and conspicuous ones, yet the influence on the positive side of the great unknown, uncounted, unobscured host of two and one-talent men and women, is vastly greater. And they are coming and going, emptying their smaller buckets, but in such numbers as to raise the reservoirs of strength and righteousness. Much as you and I owe to the five-talent men and women who have now and then touched our lives with their influence, we owe vastly more to the two-talent men and women. Our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, a long list of dear souls whom we have known have made their contributions to our lives, and are making them today. Someone has said that God must have thought a great deal of common people or he would not have made so many of them. It is inspiring and thrilling to come into contact once in a while with a five-talent man; but it is wonderfully restful and comforting and helpful to live among the two-talent ones.



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The Brook

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

September 30, 1917

CENTRAL UNION CHURCH - HONOLULU, HAWAII

Proverbs 21:1 – “As the rivers of water.”

Except in its general purpose no man's life should be a straight line. You have seen roads which, as far as the eye can reach, are perfectly straight. On and on into the distance they run until they disappear on the horizon. Perhaps, in its general purpose, a man's life should be like that; but in reality, in the every-day living of it, the life should not run that way. A brook is more like the ideal life. It runs between no artificial banks, but it runs straight here, curves out into a meadow there, almost stops in another place - stops long enough to grow deep and silent, and mirror the sky - then hurries on, foams and roars, wanders into a wood and hides among the foliage, then out again into the sun, but never for any length of time runs in a straight line. A brook is so much a part of the world. It is so accommodating!

You have seen lives that were like a canal, running between artificial banks. They were set and straight, unbending and unyielding. If you have seen one day of such a life you have seen it all; and your keen interest in it is gone. Who would think of exploring a canal? But a brook, a natural brook! You follow it with the keenest interest, anticipating something new at every turn.

You have known men of that kind. They were full of surprises. You never knew what you might discover next. Their lives accommodated themselves to the conditions which they met.

The brook, as to its general direction, is not an uncertain thing. In every curve and winding, in every disappearance in the shade and emergence into light, it is bound for the sea. That one purpose never dies out of its life. A life may, like the brook, accommodate itself to the conditions it meets and not be an uncertain life. As grand a life as that of Paul, with its one absorbing purpose, yielded itself to the world's needs and conditions. He says of himself: "I am become all things to all men." That does not mean that he became a wicked man among wicked men, a purposeless man among purposeless men; but his life, like the brook, cut for itself a channel to suit the conditions and needs of the world in which he lived. Yes, and that matchless life of our Lord, marked out for itself no artificial course. It was a life full of unexpected turns and surprises. It took the disciples a long while to get accustomed to this. They could not anticipate an hour ahead. Sometimes they protested against the interruptions. Jesus had just started on one occasion upon a deep and interesting talk on eternal things when some mothers came bringing their little ones that he might touch them and bless them. The disciples tried to keep the mothers away, and so prevent the interruption. But the learned discourse was dropped, the straight course abandoned, that he might curve out among the little ones.

How like a free and unrestrained brook that life of Jesus is as you follow it! It winds in where the grasses grow, and the birds sing, and the lilies bloom; it curves out where the foxes have their holes and the birds build their nests; on past the field where the farmer is sowing his grain, and where the reapers gather the sheaves; it flows past the city with its commerce and busy life; then through the olives and under the willows; but never following a straight line for a day.

Let the brook bring us a message today, and tell us why our lives should run as the brook runs.

1. There is always something new for us to know and experience. There are great fundamental truths which we may possess at the outset, and hold all the way through. When that brook first issues from the earth, a little rill, the great law of gravity, like an arm reached out from the sea, lays hold of it, and continually draws it toward the great But before the brook sees the ocean, it has many an experience to meet. It will curve and wind, and sometimes seem to flow backward, but that arm reached out from the sea never loosens its hold, and the brook never escapes from its grasp.

We all know that a little child may hear a definite call from God, and that with his first conscious choice he may begin the service of the Master. Through all its turnings and windings, that life will mean God. Like its Master it will grow in wisdom and in stature. It will gather volume as it flows. From every meadow and wood, from every stony ravine and every clay bank it will gather something to swell its volume or give it color, as it moves on to its end. A life that has become set and fixed in its banks is a life of prejudices and conceits.

Let a man who has grown and developed, mentally and spiritually from youth to manhood, look back over his course, and what does he see? Turnings and changes and revisions and enlargements. The great purpose of his life, like the impulse of the brook to find the sea, runs through the life, but the life has curved and turned and flowed in and out of many a field and wood and meadow of experience. When such a life is asked: "Whence came you?" its answer may be as comprehensive as that of Tennyson's brook:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.
By thirty hills I hurry down
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges."

The man of sixty may assent to the same statement of faith, and accept the same Bible which he received as a boy of twelve; but if he has grown and thought and really lived, every line of the statement has taken on new meanings, and the Bible has become a new book.

It is not a pleasant sight to see a man who has cut a channel for his life to run in, and then has refused to turn to the right or the left from his determined way. Men do not enter other lines of life - literary, scientific or business - in this way. Success in those callings comes only from vigilance, open-mindedness, and a willingness to adapt one's self to conditions.

The religious life, rightly understood, is the most progressive of all. To the man whose mind and heart are responsive, there are surprises at every turn, and there are frequent turns. Moses' course had been a pretty straight one for several years, as he kept the sheep of his father-in-law on the plains of Arabia. But when the burning bush came into view one day, he wisely said to himself, "I will turn aside and see this great sight." Now watch the brook of Moses' life as it flows down into Egypt, out of Egypt into Arabia, along and around the base of Sinai, and in and out among the hills and canyons for forty years, and all the time increasing in volume and strength.

The Apostle John in the book of Revelation says, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and I heard a voice behind me saying, * * * and I turned to see the voice that spoke to me." That turn of the brook of his life led into all the wonderful fields of that wonderful vision until its gathered volume seemed to become the "river of the water of life." John was an old man when he made this turn to see who it was speaking to him, but not too old to yield his life to new conditions and experiences.

2. The world will have frequent occasion to interrupt us. It is sometimes pleasant to map out a life course free from interruptions. It looks so straight and plain, and it seems to get somewhere. To call our time our own, to be able to keep to our business or thought or study - this seems a very desirable thing. We have to do this to quite an extent. We must have a system and run by it. But did you ever think what the world would do without the people who are willing to be interrupted? If you were to remove this class from the world's life, the loss of some most valuable people would be keenly felt. It would take away a very large number of mothers. What kind of a channel does the life of a mother with several little ones to look after run in? Not very straight; not very much like a canal; more like a country brook. How many interruptions does she have in an average day? How many questions has she answered? Had she kept to a straight line some little ones would have been stepped on, and many a want would have gone unmet. Never mind, my good woman, if you do not accomplish that great thing which you had set your heart upon. Some day God will draw a line under all those interruptions you have met, those little wants you have supplied, and those innumerable questions you have answered, and, adding them all together, show you a result a hundred times greater than the big thing you had hoped to do. What useful people they are whose lives curve in and out among the world's needs, whose lives run on like the brook from which the cattle and the birds drink, by the side of which the flowers and the trees flourish, and which now and again reflects the blue sky.

3. The man whose life is like the brook finds in some of his life's curves and windings his most valuable opportunities. It sometimes seems as if the great main lines of our life work are of less importance than the incidental things which come in our way. The man who uses his official or business or social position as a vantage ground from which to make life a little easier or happier for some one else is making the supreme use of his life. I stood one day in a city railroad office talking with a friend who was an official. Once and again we were interrupted by people who had questions to ask. In most cases a little study of the time-table would have rendered the questions unnecessary. Said the official, "I have to answer scores of such questions every day, and I consider it the most useful part of my work. The average traveler," he said, "in a strange country, off his regular beat, finds the plainest kind of a time-table a puzzle.

To me it is perfectly clear; and to see people come in here with anxious faces and go out smiling is to me a delight." Model official! All the charm and beauty of the brook are in such a life. "No admittance," "Keep out," and like notices are doubtless necessary to save the business man's time; but the wise man will make these expressions very elastic, and often let the incidental things of life have way.

When Jesus says to us, follow me, he shows us a path which winds about among the needs and wants of his fellow men. Look at a single day in his life. He has just come back from the east side of the lake where he has had a hard and wearying experience. There would seem to be every prospect that when he reaches the city of Capernaum he can go quietly to the house of Peter for much needed rest, and do some of the things which have been crowded out. He has just seated himself and drawn a breath of relief, when to use a modern expression. the door bell rings. A group of publicans and sinners want to see him. "Show them in." Just as he has settled himself for an earnest talk with them, the door bell rings again. It is Jairus who has come to say that his little daughter is dying and to plead with Jesus to come and save her. "Tell him I will come." With his disciples he starts, but in the narrow street he is recognized, followed, jostled and interrupted. He is delayed by a woman, who in her great need has touched the hem of his garment. While he is disclosing her and her faith, there comes a second message from the house of Jairus that the maiden is dead. He goes on to the house and heals the girl, and when he leaves the house the day has only begun in its demands upon his time and strength. The sun set that night upon a day of interruptions. But, Oh, the blessing of it! To be able to touch so many lives with the tonic of his health and sympathy - what a privilege! Surely one way of looking at the interruptions - these curves and turnings and windings in our lives - is to regard them as so many opportunities to touch other lives for good. Let us not lament if we have not succeeded in making our lives run like the canal. It is better to be like THE BROOK.



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Sermon Preached by Rev. J. H. Williams, D. D., First
Congregational Church, Redlands, California.

PROV. 21:1.—*“As the rivers of water.”*

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The Present Status of the League of Nations

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

About 1920

58

Present Status of The League of Nations.

I believe most of us will agree with a statement put forth by the League to enforce Peace: "The Covenant of The League of Nations is the most important document the world has seen since our forefathers framed the Constitution of the United States" In trying to give the present status of the League I realize that I am undertaking a very difficult task. There are a few things which are clear.

One is the leading opponents of the League ~~have~~ and the leading advocates have greatly modified their statements during the past few weeks. It was a matter of sur-

prise that a man of the character and standing of Senator Lodge, a man of undoubted integrity and universally respected, it was a surprise that he should say of the people who were harassing him with protests:

"These people who are protesting so strenuously against our opposition I have neither studied nor read the Covenant, but are simply afflicted with hysteria." The content of a statement of that kind is almost unbelievable, and yet it is not unnatural.

Senator Lodge is a great student. Probably a better read man or a harder worker cannot be found in the Senate. Such

men often think that their critics are ignorant or superstitious.

But, as the character of the man behind these protests has become better known, Senator Lodge has dropped such utterances and confined himself more closely to the sects of the League itself.

Senator Johnson started out with an unequivocal denunciation of the League. No adjectives seemed to be too strong to use in describing the League as a whole. But any one who has followed his speeches as he has been following in the wake of President Wilson, has noticed that he has shifted

to a discussion of special sections of the League.

He, too, said some very bitter things about the advocates of the League.

One was that they were men whose ideas were in the air, men who lacked practical knowledge of the world's life and needs. One could not help thinking of Ex-President Taft, and more recently of Herbert Hoover. Such statements only react against the man who makes them, and are beneath contempt, even.

On the other hand

The advocates of the League have grown more temperate in their utterances

Such utterances as these were common: "Those who are criticizing the League of Nations are men who nailed pine planks in the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments!"

It has come to be recognized by thinking men that a document so important should not be hastily adopted, and a reasonable time should be given to its examination and discussion.

One of our leading periodicals

6

61

icals put the importance
of the League in this way
It is an instrument
which guarantees, when it
is adopted and carried
out in good faith
that it will prevent
Germany from con-
quering her neighbors,
compel her to make res-
titution for her crimes,
safeguard new repub-
lics, outlaw war, set
up a League of Nations
with machinery for
settling international
disputes, reduce ar-
maments, exert econom-
ic pressure against law-
breaking nations, recog-
nize the Monroe Doc-
trine, abolish secret di-
plomacy, maintain
Sex Equality, improve

improve labor conditions,
 guard the welfare of back-
 ward nations, prevent dis-
 ease, promote health, and
 internationalize science."

Professing so much it is
 recognized that there
 must be time given to ex-
 amine the claims, and
 see if they are likely to
 help or hinder the ac-
 complishment of the
 claims. In examining
 and discussing these
 claims, and the different
 sections of the League, it
 is coming to be recog-
 nized by men whom
 we must respect that
 personalities should be
 left out, and "politics
 should be adjourned".

The criticisms of the Lodge
 and Borah, Johnson and

Reed that the advocates of the League had not given the matter real thought and study came back upon themselves. Scarcely had the Covenant of the League been given to the world than these leading opponents came out with their criticisms.

Surely a document of that kind deserves careful reading and being and careful study before being unqualifiedly condemned. They spoke hastily. God may have discovered what I have

not been able to. I have
watched the speeches of
these men ever since
their first utterances;
and not one new
argument have they
brought forward
only some charges
ring on the old ar-
gument that America
cannot afford to take
herself up with the
nations of the world.

The old, long un-
grown words of Wash-
ington against "entangling
alliances" have been
repeated. It is in-
teresting to see how

public opinion.

As far as we can judge of it from leading newspapers, College presidents, governors of States, and Judges of the highest Courts, as well as multitudes of the common people, has risen above this old statement. It is possible that this objection might have carried with the people six years ago; but multitudes of people who then thought nationally, to-day are thinking internationally. Europe was far away in thinking -

ton's day; to-day it is
at our doors. When we
entered the great
world war we parted
forever with our is-
olation and became
one of the world pow-
ers. And a world
power we shall re-
main, and those
members of the League
who are demanding
continued isolation
are opposing a move-
ment which has be-
come irresistible.

There might have
been cause for alarm
regarding the League,
and we might have

thought that men with
the standing and a-
bility of the opponents
of the League ought to
be heeded and fol-
lowed when they
pointed out the dan-
gers to our Republic
hidden within the
covenant of the League.

We might have
thought so had not
equally strong and
capable men assured
us, backing their
words of assurance with
abundant proofs,
that the dangers were
largely imaginary.

When Senator Johnson
 said, "The men who
 favor the League of Na-
 tions are men who
 lack judgement and
 who do not know
 the world of fact,
 many of ^{us} placed over
 against Senator John-
 son Herbert Hoover
 who knows the world
 to-day as almost no
 other living man
 a man of rare judge-
 ment, wide experience,
 and marked ability
 The rising tide of
 popular favor toward
 the League of Nations

is something unexampled in the history of our country. Putting together the facts as they have been published singly we have a veritable tidal wave of protest pouring in upon the Senate. Almost without exception the colleges of the land from Harvard down have voiced their advocacy of the League without amendment. Fifty professors and instructors of Stanford University have voiced

their protest against
the delay in ratifying
the League.

With one or two ex-
ceptions the Churches
in the Conferences and
Councils have man-
imously favored the
adoption of the League

Only last ^{there was inaugurated} week a
nation-wide women's cam-
paign to urge the Senate
to immediate action on
the League. Mrs. J. B. Harrison
was elected Chairman and
Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt
an honorary Chairman.

Few of us, I think can
doubt what the effect
of all these protests and

Demands has been.

More than one Senator
has read the hand-
writing on the wall.

There can be little ques-
tion that the recent vote
in the Senate were the
result of a strong and
persistent expression of
public opinion.

We can but admire
the ~~stead~~ independence
of Senator Lodge, who
in spite of a deluge
of protests from all over
the Country has stood by
his guns, and spoken
& voted consistently with
his convictions; but the

country as a whole
believes that these con-
victions are poorly
founded, — are narrow
and one-sided

As to Johnson and
Dorah the least said
the better; but this is
true that thousands of
his old admirers in
California have felt
that the once progressive
leader whom they en-
thusiastically followed
has become a reac-
tionary.

It has become un-
necessary that I should
discuss at all the two
principal amendments.

The Shantung matter
and the Japanese amend-
ment on the question
of the number of votes
England and America
should have respect-
ively. Both have been
disposed of. The dangers
involved in the two cases
have been seen to be
provided for in the
structure of the League
itself. This leaves the
whole situation, as it
now stands, free
from the complications
which would have
resulted if the League
had been sent back to

1925

the Peace Congress at
Versailles to be re-con-
sidered. The majority
of the Senate has evi-
dently seen that the
~~of~~ League was a League
of Nations; not a
plan of action for the
United States alone.

It is a wonderful thing,
and one of the most won-
derful in the world's
history, that the great
nations of the world
could come to such
an agreement. Con-
flicting interests were
bound to appear, and
were vanquished of necessity.

be a clashing of interests; but out of it all there emerged this wonderful document

It has been interesting to note that in the recent discussions, attacks upon Pres. Wilson have been conspicuous by their absence. People have come to feel at last that it is the League of Nations that was before the country, not Pres. Wilson. Jealousy of the Presidency, for fear he will get too much honor, or his party too

much honor is beneath the dignity of any thoughtful man.

Few of us, I believe, Whatevers may be our party affiliations, will deny to Pres. Wilson the honor rightly his due. He has practically given his life for the League.

He was neglected on the words "he has kept us out of war".

If it shall inspire through this League that he has contributed something towards ^{permanent} keeping the world out of war, his name will

go down in his
History as one of the
World's great benefac-
tors.

But it is a brave
man who, even to see
ventures to predict
just what the out-
come in the Senate
will be. Scores of
resolutions have
been proposed, which
have been winnowed
down to eight. We
have seen curious
things in Congress in
the past, and it is
possible that ~~with~~

When the Senate comes
up for its final vote
"tactics will be intro-
duced by one party or
the other that will de-
feat the adoption of
the League. It is re-
ported that a threat
has been made by the
Administration leader
that no compromises
will be allowed - that
it must be the whole
covenant, just as it
stands or nothing.

But it is to be
hoped that wisdom
will prevail among

our Senators

And it also to be
hoped that expres-
sions of public opin-
ion will continue
to pour in upon our
the Senate, until the
League is safely
landed, and this
great hope for the
world realized -

Williams Anniversary Reception

by Kirke H. Field

October 5, 1923

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

ABSTRACT OF REMARKS MADE BY KIRKE H. FIELD AT THE CHAPEL
OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA,
OCTOBER 5th, 1923, AT AN ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION TENDERED
TO THE REV. DR. AND MRS. JOHN H. WILLIAMS.

It is a strange feeling to suddenly find myself a veteran and pioneer in this church. This conclusion has been reached because I have been examining the books which comprise the church record. This Society has been especially fortunate in its church clerks, having had Prof. McPherron, Dr. Lockwood, Mrs. Lockwood, Dr. Major, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Tucker, and now Miss Bertha King who is splendidly sustaining the high standard. These records have been kept with the greatest care and are extremely comprehensive. They are of priceless value to the church and comprise extremely valuable local history. If they are not already kept in fireproof safe, I beg that the Trustees of the Church will make such provision for them.

Dr. Williams accepted a call to this Church on May 18th, 1893 and he and Mrs. Williams came here on the first of October following. I do not know to what good fortune Redlands should attribute the coming of such a very able minister to such a small church. Perhaps as on many other occasions, I must attribute this blessing to the climate.

January 1, 1894, shortly after his arrival, the church had 190 members. October 1, 1913, the day of his resignation, the membership had increased to 590.

It may be well first to note the physical growth of the church premises. The original church comprised a portion of this chapel reaching back as far as the edge of the present Sunday School platform. The pulpit was on the south side but was soon changed to the north side. The congregation sat in chairs arranged in rows and the choir was placed in the rear of the pulpit. I can see now those who sat about me in the old chapel -- the Smileys, the Fremdergasts, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hayes, Deacon Morey and his wife and many others, all glorious characters.

In May 1894 it was decided to solicit funds to add 18 ft. to the south side of the church, a space now comprised in our chapel. It was estimated that this would seat 200 more and answer for some time. The cost was \$1200.

On October 7th, 1894, services were first held in the enlarged chapel. The next year the attendance was such that the grounds did not furnish sufficient space on which to tie the horses. Most people in those days came to church with a horse and carriage. It was therefore decided to buy the lot just north of the church at a cost of \$600. In those days before the building of the new church, the whole corner space was vacant and bare. It was dusty in summer and muddy in winter. There was no sidewalk, curbs or gutters. In 1896 the Smileys offered to put coping and curbing around the lot and they also planted all the vacant land to shrubs and flowers. The next year the Smileys volunteered to paint the parsonage and the barn. That same year, 1897, \$400 was put in the budget for the Music Fund. This was the first attempt to raise special revenue for the music.

In 1899, a committee was appointed to consider the problem of building a new church; the membership had increased so that this was absolutely necessary. April 16, 1899, the Committee reported in favor of building a church immediately and of raising \$15,000 for that purpose. This report undoubtedly was a great surprise and disappointment to the congregation. We had had two dry seasons, the community had suffered severe financial reverses and the outlook was not altogether hopeful. However, the money was raised at one morning session of the church. The new building was erected at a cost of \$19,000.00. A little later it was decided that we must have a pipe organ and \$8000 was raised for that purpose. It will be remembered that there was some difficulty in finding space for the arrangement of the pipes, but the arrangement finally arrived at by which they are placed in the upper openings above, although the choir loft was suggested by Dr. Adams, ex-President of the University of Wisconsin, who was then attending our church.

In 1903, Rev. Albert W. Palmer supplied our pulpit during the absence of Dr. and Mrs. Williams in Europe. Our church became so attached to Mr. Palmer, now Dr. Palmer, that he was called as Assistant Pastor and was with the church from 1904 until 1907. Under his administration the Sunday School system was wholly revised and grades introduced. The Sunday School grew so rapidly that it was necessary to add to the north end of the church and to provide a large number of separate rooms for the Sunday School classes. Dr. Palmer has since met with great success in the ministry and is now pastor of the remarkable Union Central Church at Honolulu. I am sure that he will be most glad to admit that his association with Dr. Williams has proven exceedingly helpful in attaining that success which has since crowned his efforts.

In October 1913, Dr. Williams resigned the pastorate on account of ill health and was immediately made pastor emeritus which position he has since held.

Now for a moment we may consider the spiritual growth of the church organization. In June 1894 Dr. Williams and all of his family were made members of the church. A committee on installation was then appointed and it consisted of Mr. Samuel Hayes, Mr. Francis Prendergast, Dr. Bedford, Rev. Mr. Park and Rev. Mr. Spoor. Feb. 20, 1894 the installation took place. It is recalled that only two questions were asked Dr. Williams and manifestly those were answered satisfactorily.

In 1894 the receipts of the church were \$2682.00. The next year, 1895, Union Services were held during the summer with the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Williams always worked in harmony with the pastors of the other churches and it has been fruitful of our combining with other churches to our great benefit during the summers which have succeeded.

In 1896 the membership had reached 249 and our church ranked as the sixth Congregational Church in the Southern California Conference. In 1897 the General Congregational Conference of Southern California was entertained by our church. June 29th, 1898, Amherst College, his Alma Mater conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Mr. Williams. It was regarded as a high honor as there were an immense number seeking to obtain the degree for friends and only one such degree is granted at each Commencement. The petition from Redlands requesting the conferring of this degree, was signed by 47 persons possessing college degrees.

January 1st, 1899, Rev. O. H. Spoor and 61 members of the Terrace Church joined our church in a body. It was a splendid exhibition of the broad friendly spirit always exhibited by Rev. Mr. Spoor.

Dr. Williams at all times manifested the greatest interest in the public welfare and in advancing the best interests of this community. In charity, education and all welfare work he was intimately associated and he was always fearless in denouncing wrong. Many of you may remember that we once had a saloon here which paid a license of \$3000 a year and offered I believe to pay a license of \$5000 a year if it continued in business, but Dr. Williams stood like a rock against maintaining a saloon in Redlands. He came to our church at a very difficult period; it was a transition age in general, - Higher Critics had disturbed many people. It was thought that Science was antagonistic to Religion. Many were drifting; some had lost faith and hope. For 20 years Dr. Williams taught a School of Religion from his pulpit. He gradually unfolded new truths and harmonized Modern Thought and discoveries with the teachings of the Gospel. He constantly brought new light on the Bible and separated Theology from Religion. Thus gradually he led all to a saner faith and a more certain hope. And he made our church a Missionary Church which it has continued to be today subscribing liberally for the maintenance of the many missionary organizations.

I consider it one of the great privileges of my life that for 20 years I could listen to the 20-minute sermons preached by Dr. Williams; they were always concise, scholarly, logical, abounding in apt illustrations, deeply spiritual, moving steadily to the climax and leaving a dominant message, and to me it was a constant delight to listen to his pure and accurate English. On one occasion I was discussing church affairs with Alfred Smiley. Alfred Smiley had been

a college professor and from my own association with him on the Library Board I know that he was a man of unusual literary discernment and he was deeply spiritual in his thought and life. He told me that the two persons whose sermons had most impressed and helped him were Phillips Brooks and Dr. Williams. The sermons and teachings of Dr. Williams were always manifested in his life. He was especially happy in making occasional addresses on any subject which might be before the public. They had an ever failing appropriateness and we all recall their delicate humor and rare wisdom. I cannot forbear to express my own deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams. I had never before taken much interest in the church although I had always attended. Children who grow up in Puritan families soon learn that the question of the attendance at church by children is not a debatable question. Dr. Williams brushed away all confusion of religious thought and revealed to me the simplicity of the Gospel. His sympathy and instruction and example have been a guide and a help to me all these years.

When Dr. Williams resigned on October 1st, 191³, it was feared that his health was permanently impaired, but to the great joy of his people he regained his strength quite rapidly and was again able to take up the duties of the ministry, and in later years he has supplied pastorates at Woburn, Mass., Los Angeles, Palo Alto, the great Central Union Church at Honolulu, Seattle and the Union Church at Claremont. Everywhere he has been greatly beloved and filled the pulpits most acceptably and with great ability and spiritual force.

The Men's Class in our church has been most fortunate in having Dr. Williams as leader during the past year. It is a notable fact that before his coming the class was studying various social problems, but when he took the leadership they voted unanimously that they would prefer spiritual topics.

I cannot close without reference to a source I believe, that to a very large degree, produced the remarkable career and achievements of Dr. Williams, and in my judgment I know that no one will concur more heartily than Dr. Williams. I do not believe that he could accomplish what he has without Mrs. Williams. She has been his inspiration and Guiding Spirit. She has completely supplemented all his efforts. As an organizer of church work for women, as a director, counsellor, ministering angel in trial, sickness, need, and a leader in the social activities of the church, she has been a powerful factor in building up the church and building their lives into the life of the community.

We trust that their health which is temporarily impaired, may very soon be fully regained and that they may long be spared to continue the blessing which they brought to us thirty years ago.

And Jacob Rose Up Early

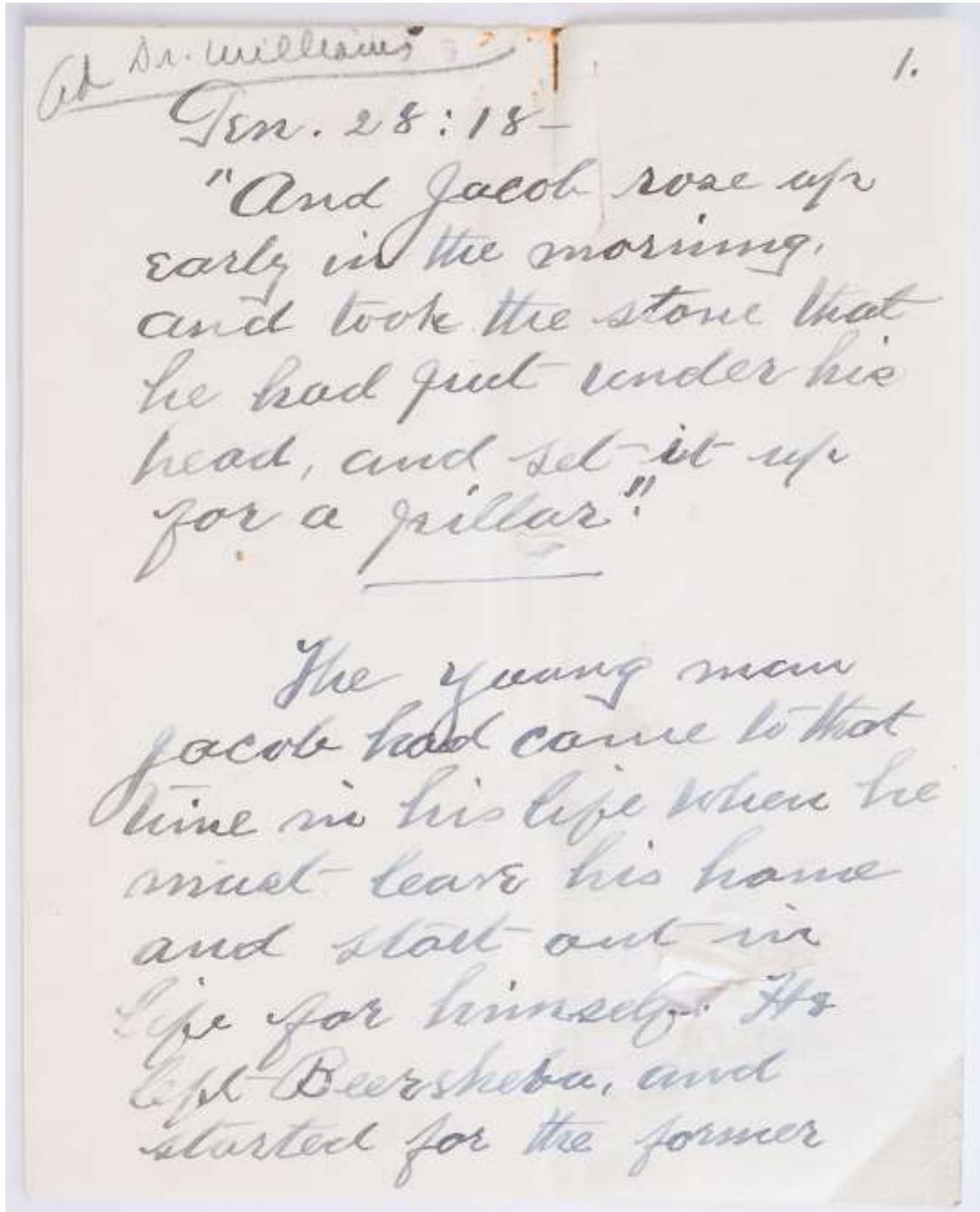
by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

30th Anniversary Sermon

Printed in Redlands Daily Facts October 9, 1923

Last Sermon Preached

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA



home of his mother at²
Haran, in the north.

On the way he spent
a night at Bethel, out
in the open field under
the ~~stars~~^{stars}. He took one
of the common stones
of the field for a pillow,
very likely spreading
over it a soft muffler.

11 He fell asleep, it is
likely, thinking of the
God of whom his father
had taught him - the God
of his grand father a-
braham. In that mood

he fell asleep and had³
a vivid dream. He saw
the earth connected with
heaven by a staircase,
and angels of God
moving up and down.

The dream impressed
him wonderfully, so
much so that he took
the stone he had used
for a pillow and set it
up for a kind of mon-
ument to commemorate
the experience.

Jacob continued on
his journey to Haran

where he worked for⁴
his uncle. Many years
|| passed over his head
before he saw Bethel
again, but he never
forgot the dream,
or what that simple
stone stood for, which
he had set up. But

✶ What was it? Only a
humble stone of the
field, but, as he looked
at it, all the events of
that wonderful night
grouped themselves about

5
it, and it became
more than a common
stone. It was a monu-
ment. It ^{was} ~~became~~ a
common practice
among the Israelites,
in ~~the~~ all their history
to set up some stone
or building to commem-
orate any important event.

X It has been said that
an outline of Jewish
history can be formed by
simply tracing the erection
of these stones or build-
ings.

The Israelites, however,⁶
were not alone in
this custom. It has
been a universal cus-
tom. Egypt not only
built her pyramids
and temples, but erec-
ted monuments to mark
every important event.
And it is just as com-
mon to-day. Are we
inclined to smile at
Jacob's regard for a
common stone of the
pasture?

11 Was not one of the first⁷
monuments in our coun-
try's history a stone?
Some people sailing up
Plymouth harbor kept
out of their boat upon
a rock and made it
immortal, and Plymouth
Rock became one of the
foundation stones of
our Republic. During
the past four years
hundreds of thousands
of people have looked
with intense interest upon
that rock. Yet it ^{is} only

a rock of the seashore?⁸

|| And we have gone on like the Druids of old erecting monuments to mark important events. And they have their use. When

| Daniel Webster was speaking at Bunker Hill, he said: "Some people are asking, what good will the monument do? What good does anything do? We cannot measure such things by material weights

and measures. Only as⁹
they promote patriotism
and loyalty to high
ideals of citizenship can
we answer the ques-
tion, "What good do they
do."

The monu-
ment at Gettysburg re-
calls to every loyal A-
merican the indomit-
able courage of the
Union soldiers who stood
like a wall against the
charge of the enemy which
would carry defeat and

disaster into the North. ¹⁰

And that monument
is also a reminder of
Mr. Lincoln's speech
which has become one
of the great classics of
the English tongue.

11 Churches have their
monuments or memo-
rials which mark events
of importance in their
history. There are not
only monuments of
stone and marble and
bronze, but years often

stand as such me-
morials, and around
these years facts group
themselves in our minds.
To every intelligent school
child 1492 is such a
monument. Around that
year he gathers the
whole romantic story
of Christopher Columbus
and his voyages. 1620
is another, around which
the whole Pilgrim move-
ment gathers.

XI Dotting the thirty years
 which we have in mind
 to-day are several such
 dates, - years that have
 stood for something
 important in the life of
 our Church. To a few
 of these I would like to
 call attention this morn-
 ing.

1893 stands out clearly
 against the sky of the Past.

It means to me not
 simply ~~on~~ the date when
 I began my ministry here.

but for something far ¹³
deeper and more sig-
ificant. It means a
| group of men and
women of whom any
pastor might be
proud. They inspired
confidence at once,
and made the pastor
feel that he was sup-
ported by a band of
people of one mind
and purpose, who had
~~got~~ put their hands to
the ^{plow} ~~plough~~ with no
thought of looking back.

Dr. William E. Lockwood,^{13 1/2}
who was sadly taken from
us in a few years, was an
illustration of the spirit
of the people. He and we
at the station as we
arrived, took us to his
home, and work un-
ceasingly to help us un-
pack our goods, and
settle in the parsonage.

thought of looking back. ¹⁴

X Another monument
left its head close be-
side the first - 1894.

We had outgrown the
small church, and
already faced the need
of enlargement. This
meant the immediate
raising of funds; but
the people were ready to
face the call, and that
very summer two hun-
dred sittings were added
to the church auditorium
at a cost of over \$1200

This gave us a seating^{15.}
capacity of nearly four
hundred. Wouldn't
it be natural for the
people to feel that now
they were equipped for
years to come?

Four short years,
however, brought us
to 1898, when a larger
problem than ever
loomed up ahead.
More room was needed
for every department

of the church, and ¹⁶
nothing short of a new
church on the corner
was in any way ad-
visable. Early in
* 1899 saw the money
raised, plans ac-
cepted; and the sum-
mer saw the work of
building fully under
way. That was a
busy year. Every part
of the old church, which
was remodelled for

Sunday school and 17
social purposes, was
filled with work-
men and materials.

Our Sunday services
were held in the Y.M.C.A.
auditorium, now the
City hall; and all other
meetings of committees
and of a social and
religious character, were
held in the parsonage.

It was said there was
more going out and

in at the parsonage¹⁸
that year than at any
hotel in town. All
the thresholds in the
front part of the
parsonage were worn
out, - but in a good
cause. It was with
great joy that we
came to the dedication
of the finished church
in April, 1900.

X The year 1898 also
stood out as a me-
morial of another

interesting and impor-¹⁹
tant experience. Rev.
C. H. Spoor, pastor of the
Terrace Congregational
Church, resigned his
pastorate, the Terrace
church voted to dis-
band, and on the
first Sunday in January
1899. Rev. Mr. Spoor and
sixty of his former
flock came into our
membership. Associa-
tion with Mr. Spoor was
one of the delightful

20
Experiences of those
years. He was a man
of fine spirit, univer-
sally loved, and to the
extent of his strength
entered heartily into
the plans and work of
our church.

Two events made the
year 1902 an impor-
tant one in our Church
and in our city as well.
The installation of our
pipe organ, and the
coming of a talented

young musician to ²¹
play it, - Miss Edith
Rounds from Wisconsin.

Miss Rounds had not
been here many weeks,
before it seemed as if
she and the organ be-
longed together. It
was a fortunate com-
bination. Her recitals,
and the high ideals she
set before us, as well
as her regular Sunday
services were an inspir-
ation. She made a
distinct musical ^{contribution} ~~gift~~ to

our Church and City. 22

1904 suggests to me one whom I remember with great pleasure - the name of Rev. J. M. R. Eaton a retired minister. He illustrated to me a principle in which I firmly believe - that when there is a spirit of Christian tolerance there need never be friction between those of different theological views. On the other hand there may be the heartiest co-operation.

XI Father Eaton belonged^{ed} to an older school of theology, and in theology we differed widely; but in religion we differed not at all. It seemed to me that I hadn't a stancher friend in the church than he; and how loyally he stood by the church and worked for its interests. The Sunday school for several years was closed with a lone-

dictum by Father Eaton.²⁴

His very presence there
was a benediction.

X I cannot forget
the pillar erected by
the church, marking the
fiftieth anniversary of our
pastorate - a vote of
six months vacation
and the means to
travel in Europe.

Three years later the
people showed a
similar spirit in send-

ing us to Honolulu,
to recuperate from a
sickness. In this way
* We were started in
upon our second ten
years of pastoral
service, bound more
closely than ever to so
loyal a people. And
it was during these
years that Mr. Palmer
did such splendid
work among us, endear-
ing himself to the hearts

of the people.

26

X A pastor who has
had many years in
the ministry is some-
times asked: "As you
look back over the
years what gives you
the most satisfaction
in the review?"

One might think
it would be ^{some} ~~the~~
great occasions when
large audiences have
been before him and
he has addressed

on some topic of ²⁷
stirring interest. Or
it might be when he
received a large
number at one time
into the Church; such
a time, for example,
as in 1905, when on
one Sunday ~~fifty~~ ^{to}
fifty-seven joined
the Church on con-
fession. Satisfactory
as such times are
there is something

28

else which stands out
above such as these,
in my view, as I look
back, and that is the
times when I have been
assured I have helped
some individuals to
a Christian life; when
individuals have come
to me for a spiritual
talk, and have said
I had cleared away
difficulties from their
path, and have made

the way clear into the ²⁹
Church. It seems to
me, Jesus took a spec-
ial delight in his
conversations with
Mary of Bethany, Mary
of Magdala, the woman
at the well, Nicodemus
who came to him by
night. Such as these
more than address-
ing the thronging
multitudes. To bring
from a man like

Doubting Thomas the³⁰
words, "My Lord and
my God" must have
filled his soul with
delight.

And now, it is pleas-
ant to know that there
stands at the head of our
Church a strong and de-
voted leader, one who is ^{giving}
his very best and most conse-
crated work to the Church.

With the loyal co-opera-
tion of this people the
possibilities for the
future are bright.

~~Faithful thousands the
words "My Lord and
my God," filled his
soul with delight.~~

Finally, I cannot
shut out from my
vision to-day the
pillar which you
have so recently e-
rected at the end of
the fifty years - the
golden pillar. Ac-
companied, as it was

by a beautiful testi- 32
monial, expressing the
love of those who er-
rected the pillar, it is
appreciated, beyond
words to express, by
~~those to whom it was~~
~~dedicated.~~

As the years have
come and gone there
are some things which
have remained and
can never pass. Among
these is the affection
of a devoted people.

33
"And now abideth
faith, hope, love; but
the greatest of these
is love."

Capital Punishment

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

Capital Punishment.

This is a very old question, and one that has been discussed for many centuries. Judging by the countries still employing capital punishment, and by the number of states in our country which still keep it in the statute books, its advocates are still in the majority.

2

But majorities
never settle ques-
tions of right and
wrong. At least the
presence of a ma-
jority at any pe-
riod in the dis-
cussion of a sub-
ject is no evi-
dence that it is
right. There was
a time in the mem-
ory of our race
living when human
slavery in our
country had a

majority in its³
favor. The oppo-
nents of Capital
punishment have
gained in numbers
and influence dur-
ing the past Cen-
tury, and very rap-
idly during the past
ten years, and from
all appearances
will continue to
gain more and more
rapidly in the next
ten years.

And another sig-⁴
nificant thing is
this that the charge
can no longer be
made that the oppo-
nents of Capital Pun-
ishment are weak
men and women-
effeminate and
sentimental. Large
number of them are
among the most
intelligent and thango
ful in the world.
I believe it is only

a question of time³⁻
When most thinking
people will regard
it as a relic of
barbarism.

One of the things
that has fastened
its continuance is
a belief that it is
sanctioned by the
Scriptures. Some of
us remembered
when human slav-
ery was defended

an this ground.⁶
And there are those
who would de-
pend polygamy on
the same ground.

The Scripture nar-
rowly rests on the
old plan of "an
eye for an eye and
a tooth for a tooth."

"He that sheddeth
man's blood by
man shall his
blood be shed."

But Jesus gave[?]
this his positive
denunciation.

"Ye have heard that
it hath been said
by them of old time
an eye for an eye
and a tooth for a
tooth; but I say unto
you—" That the
Sermon on the
Mount is a great
advance upon the
ancient custom

and law is very
evident. It would
be impossible to go
back to-day to the
so-called Mosaic
code. What other
crimes were pun-
ishable by death be-
sides murder?

Here are a few:
Kidnapping, eating
leavened bread dur-
ing the Passover, ob-
taining a cross or
to kill a man, witch-
craft, idolatry, appres-

slain of widows and
orphans, making holy
ointment, violation
of the sabbath, strik-
ing father or mother,
eating the fat of of-
fered beasts, eating
any manner of blood
blasphemy, &c. The
list might be con-
tinued. We are
back at a time
where there was a
very crude state of
society, a crude pro-

ple to be dealt ¹⁰
with. We are also
in a time when
the sight of blood
was a familiar one,
and the taking of
human life com-
mon. The cases
of Cain, Moses and
Lamech, who com-
mitted murder,
used to cause ad-
vocates of Capital
punishment on
scripture authority,

a great deal of "trouble. All three of these were spared.

One advocate of capital punishment said that in regard to our God enacted special legislation.

It has been said, and I believe with truth, that if the culprit of the lance should come out against capital pun-

12

ishment it would
soon be abolished.

The argument
which, next to the
Scriptures has had
large influence in
keeping capital
punishment an our
statute booke is its
so-called necessity
as a preventive
of crime.

After looking at
this argument very
carefully, and gather-

all the statistics¹³
I could find I
have come about
to this conclusion
that it is a very
unsatisfactory ar-
gument. This is
putting it very con-
servatively. There
are very able
men, jurists and
statesmen and
philanthropists on
both sides. Per-
sonally I believe the

Evidence is very ¹⁴
strang on the other
side - that Capital
Punishment not
only does not pre-
vent murder, but
promotes it.

The governors of
several of our states
have declared they
would not dare
to abolish it, while
the governors of the
states that have
abolished it have
declared as emphatic.

15
ideally that they
would not go back
to it. One of them
writes: "There has
been a decided
falling off in mur-
ders, and it would
be impossible to re-
instate the old law.
The civilized world
is tending rapidly
toward the abolition
of the law of death
for crime, and the
number of specu-
lators is constantly decreasing."

In nearly all the¹⁶
cantons of Switzerland
the death penalty has
been abolished, and
with satisfactory re-
sults. Holland,

Denmark passed the
death sentence on
94 persons, and
executed one.

During a certain
period Germany con-
victed 1300 persons
of murder, sentenced
to death 484, and
actually put to death one.

This is the state-¹⁷
ment of many of
our wisest lawyers
that it is not the
severity of the pun-
ishment that de-
t^{er}ms men from
crime but the cer-
tainity. The Chief
Justice of Rhode
Island wrote many
years ago: My ob-
servations justifi-
fies me in saying
that conviction
for murder is far

18
more certain now
in proper cases
than when death
was the penalty".

And another
man of wide ex-
perience says: "When
society insists that
it must still
strangle some of its
members in order
to impress others
with the ^{value} ~~importance~~
of human life,
that it must teach

people the sacred-¹⁹
ness of life by
maintaining a school
of murder, it
condemns itself
a lamentable
failure."

There are many
strange ^{reasons} arguments
~~why~~ Capital Pun-
ishment should be
abolished. The
danger of putting to
death an innocent
person is almost

reason enough in ²⁰
itself. Some states
where capital pun-
ishment is still
a law do not
permit the death
penalty where the
conviction rests on
circumstantial ev-
idence. And there
are cases on record
where innocent
persons have been
hung. In such a
case what name

will you give to the
crime of the state
which permitted it?

When a man is con-
victed of murder
it must be ^{in most cases,} an
circumstantial evi-
dence from the very
nature of the case.

A few years ago
the governor of Michi-
gan pardoned a
man who had
been in prison twenty
years under convic-
tion of murder.

22
The man on whose
testimony he was
convicted confessed
on his death bed
that he had sworn
falsely. When the
prisoner was re-
leased he said he
was glad capital
punishment had been
abolished in Michi-
gan, for otherwise
he would have
been one of its in-
nocent victims.

23

The cases or record
of innocent men
convicted are too
numerous to be
repeated. One man
in Pennsylvania
under sentence of
death saw his own
gallows built.

Only a few days
before the execu-
tion was to take
place the real
murderer was dis-
covered.

24
Another reason
against the death
penalty is the dis-
grace connected
with the office of
hangman. Some
of you may have
read a story in
one of our popu-
lar magazines a
few months ago
in which the of-
fice was begging,
and no one could
be found who would

Send the man
into eternity. The
man whose official
Duty it was had
become well ac-
quainted with the
prisoner during the
term of imprison-
ment, was greatly
attracted to him,
had come to know
that the murder
was not character-
istic of the man.
When they came to

the gallows the ²⁶
hangman said, "I
just cannot do
it." As the story
ran it passed
from one to another,
coming even to the
priest, his relig-
ious advisers. No
one would cut
the fatal cord.
Though only a mag-
azine story it was
grounded upon
actual cases.

27.
Same one has said.
"If governments
were what they
should be Jesus
could hold any
office connected
with them". You
cannot caricature
Jesus taking the
part of hangman.

This is a picture
one writer has
drawn from life:
"As described in the
newspapers the reader

knows for days before²⁸
the execution just
how the prisoner
looks, acts, and puts
in his time. He
sees the scaffold
erected. He knows
what the prisoner
has eaten the day
before, and what
he had for break-
fast on the morn-
ing of his last day.
He is told whether
the victim smokes
a pipe or cigar, and

how he slept ^{the} night before, and how many times he started up in his dreams. He hears what he says to the spiritual adviser, and his attitude towards religion. The reader sees the sheriff and attendants going to the cell, and binding the culprit's arms and legs. He hears the death warrant read, sees the march

to the scaffold.
The prisoner perhaps
the least concerned
of all. He sees
them mount the
scaffold, see the
noose adjusted. the
black cap pulled
over the face, see
the body shoot down-
ward, and the
death struggle, and
so on". And this
in our twentieth
century civilization.

31

Such a description
belongs to the dark-
est of the dark ages.

You know some
of the speculations by
the electric current
have been of the
most guesswork
nature in their de-
tails.

The effect of these
details on the pub-
lic are the very
opposite that in-
tended. After some
celebrated case of

execution boys have
been observed play-
ing the ghastly
performance in
same back yard,
and in one case
a party of little
girls were observed
hanging one of
their dolls.

There was a sym-
posium a few years
ago, printed in
Littell's Living Age.
One of the writers

drew a vivid picture³³
ture of the conviction
and speculation of
a noted criminal.

He described the
agony of the last
few days, the last
few hours, the
trial launching
into the museum,
and made a plea
that this legal murder,
with all its
attendant horrors
and terrors be

34
gorenr aledistud
gram aur leud.

I read very carefully the answers, and sifted down they came to about this: The writer in his sentimental feeling for the murderer seems to have forgotten ^{his} ~~the~~ innocent victim. ~~of the~~ ~~murderer~~ Why does he not dwell upon the horrid details of the murder?

34
What was the impres-
sionment and the final
speculation but the
deserved punish-
ment for the terrible
crime?" What is the
argument here? Is
it not simply this:
the avenging of the
crime? Did it
bring back the in-
nocent life? It was
simply the ^{old} only law
"an eye for an eye,
and a tooth for a tooth"

36

Life for a life!
Not a word about
the execution being
a deterrent of crime.
The avenging theory
belong to a crude
and almost bar-
barous age, and
not to our Christian
civilization. Most
murders are com-
mitted in same
heat: the state
kills deliberately,
and in cold blood.

37
The strangest reason
of all - except the
Command Thou shalt
not kill - why the
State should cease
to inflict the death
penalty is the debt
it owes the Crimi-
nial. The old
theory was that
the Criminal has
forfeited all rights.
No man ever does
this - no man ever
forfeits the right

to be taught, to be ³⁵ reformed. This is the very essence of Christianity; and one of the brightest signs of the times in social work is the shifting of the emphasis on the part of the State from the punishment of crime to the prevention of crime - from vengeance on the

criminal to his ³⁹
reformation. The
work being done to-
day in this direction
is full of encour-
agement and hope.

The State is slowly
learning that the
best way for a gov-
ernment to teach
the sacredness of life
is to hold it sacred.

All law should
teach by example
as well as by precept.

There are wardens, in ⁴⁰
some of penitentiaries
to-day who are in
the front rank of
educators. They are
large hearted, humane,
successful reform-
ers. When such
men shall come
to be the rule in
our prisons we
shall begin to hear
the last of Capital
punishment.

Over the door of a
prison in Rome the

Paper caused to be⁴¹
inscribed: "It is idle
to coerce the bad by
punishment without
making them better
by instruction".

"The thought of
reforming a criminal,
of having him come
out of prison better
than when he went
in seldom occurs
to the average mind."

I will close with
a few quotations
from eminent men.

The late Senator In⁴²
galls of Kansas says:
It cannot be de-
nied that as the
conscience of nations
becomes more sen-
sitive, and the sacred-
ness of life more
apparent, the inflic-
tion of the death
penalty becomes more
repulsive. The pub-
lic sentiment for the
abolition of capital
punishment is evi-
dently growing stronger
in all parts of the

43
civilized world. The
idea of vengeance is
being eliminated. No
gentleman can be
considered as being
reformed by being
hanged, and the
only remaining con-
sideration is public
utility; and this is
debatable ground,
and is not suscepti-
ble of proof." This is
the language of one
who still held to
capital punishment
when he uttered the words.

44

Roscoe Conkling once
said: "At no time
should a man's
life be in danger.
Our civilization is
too far advanced to
permit the killing of a
man by process of
law. It is bad en-
ough, God knows,
to hang a man. A
man's life should
never be taken, even
though she has been
found guilty of the
awful crime of murder.

The hastening to eternal judgment of a man's soul, by order of a civilized judge, in a civilized court, of a civilized country, is a blot upon the manhood of this nation."

It may be difficult for some of us to see why the force of this argument does not apply to men as well as women.

Robert F. Ingersoll⁴⁶
once said: "The
greatest danger in
a republic is a
mob, and as long
as states in im-
plicit the penalty of
death mobs will
follow the example"

W. D. Howells, writing
to Harper's Weekly says:

"I have long thought
it cruel to the sheriff
and his deputies to
force them to the
hangman's work, and

manshans to let ⁴⁷
same wretch make
legal killing his trade;
and I have pro-
posed that the spe-
ctator be drawn
from society at large,
as jurors are, and
no excuse should
be allowed except the
oath of the person
drawn, that he is
conscientiously opposed
to Capital punishment.

This would in time
give to men of every

profession and ⁴⁸
station the opportunity
to attest their
devotion to the great
principle that, if it
is wrong to take life,
a second wrong of
the kind makes it
right."

John G. Whittier said,
toward the end of his
life: "I have given
the subject of capital
punishment much
consideration, and
have no hesitation in

49

saying that I do not regard the death penalty essential to the security and well-being of society; on the contrary, I believe that its total abolition, and the greater certainty of conviction which would follow would tend to diminish rather than increase the crimes it is intended to prevent."

And Henry Ward Beecher

may be quoted, as ⁵⁰
in my mind sum-
ming up the argu-
ments against capi-
tal punishment.

He says: "In our age,
and with the re-
sources which Chris-
tian civilization has
placed within reach
of civil governments
there is no need of
the death penalty;
and that every con-
sideration of reason
and humanity pleads

51

far its abolition.
It does not answer
well the ends of
justice, and often
defeats them. As an
example it tends
rather to brutalize than
to quicken the moral
sense of the public
And yet, while the
fear of hanging does
not deter men from
crime, the fear of
suffering death deters
many a jury from
quitting a just verdict,

and favors the ⁵² escape of criminals.

It is the rude justice of a barbarous age. We ought long ago to have done with it."

~

If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Easter - Date Unknown

Job 14: 14
If a man die
shall he live again?

It is no exaggeration
to say that this is the
most important ques-
tion in the world.

There has been of late
an increasing interest
in it. More people
are asking it to-day
I believe, than ever be-
fore. More people are
saying than ever before,

"If I could be sure
there was life beyond
the grave, it would

Satisfy me as nothing
else could do. The
- interest in spiritual-
ism, since the war, is
an evidence of the
deep desire to have
this question visibly
or audibly answered
Millions of loved ones
crossed the border, and
other millions, in
their love, followed
them.

Are these departed
ones living, and can
we communicate
with them? Many be-
lieve that we not only
can but do commu-
nicate with them, and
among these are some
distinguished names.

But to the vast major-
ity of searchers for evi-
dence the methods do not
appeal. Their hopes
rest upon faith, and
not upon the senses.
They have a belief that
the question has been
answered, but not by

mediums, ouija boards
and rappings. They
turn to other sources
for their answer, and
find comfort in
the words that come
to them.

We show our interest
in the general question
by the analogies we lay
hold of to express our
faith. Easter emblems
carry with them some-
thing of delight; but of
course they prove nothing.
(We ask for bread &c.

→ If one were to come
from another planet to
our earth, & witness what
takes place in our northern

latitudes in the fall—
the leaves falling from
the trees and leaving them
bare and apparently
dead; the flowers all
dying, and nature itself
apparently taking on the
garb of mourning, he
might well think he
had arrived just in
time to attend the world's
funeral. He might
ask will it live again?

Then in the spring he
would witness a resur-
rection. I shall never
forget my first Easter
in California

As this year, Easter came
early ~~that year~~ In my
Eastern parish decorations
were comparatively few
and expensive.

And then California!
Nature was living again,
and in a marvel of
beauty. But it only
expressed what we be-
lieve - what our faith
holds to and will
not let go. But we
will let the beauti-
ful Easter decoration
help our faith, re-
light our eyes, and

cheer our hearts; but
we will go further
and ask, Is there
anything better?
"If a man die shall
he live again?" Does
anybody say yes? many.
Do they say it strangely,
confidently? We know
there are those who
have speculated about
it - from Socrates and
Cicero down to the
present. Are there
those who have given
a ringing yes?
There certainly are

Are they reliable
people whose words
have weight? We
know there are plenty of
people who believe in
immortality, who are
teaching as I am for
evidence of it, who
will give us the proba-
bilities. Are there any
dependable, perfectly
trustworthy men who
know, or confidently
say they know that
if a man dies he will
live again? If so.
let us go to them with

our question - with
Everybody's question.

Let us marshal
these men, and hear
what they have to say
^{Good times to Refresh our minds}
One name naturally
heads the list:-

Jesus. By common
consent this is the
world's most trust-
worthy, most sane,
reliable, and wise
man. The learned
men, the lawyers, the
scribes of His time
reasoned on His sub-
ject of immortality.

But Jesus taught "as
and having authority,
and not as the scribes".

He certainly seemed
to be speaking of things
of which he had knowl-
edge - something stronger
than belief. And he was
too true, too sincere to
deceive. What does he
say in answer to our
question?

In a sense his whole
life was an answer.
He knew - he took it
for granted; but occa-
sionally he put his
knowledge into words

for the sake of those
about him.

As if there was a
sect - the Sadducees - who
did not believe in a
life beyond the grave.

Jesus said to them -
one day: "Have ye
never read how God
said to Moses, I am
the God of A. Is. & Joe.

Now God is not the
God of the dead, but of
the living". We cannot
help being grateful to
the Sadducees for their
attempt to obscure the
teaching of Jesus concerning

ing a future life, for
it brought from Jesus
these great words:

"He is not the God
of the dead but of the
living." Men A. L. & J.
were living. God had
not ceased to be
their God - not the
God of a handful of
dust - not the God of
a memory, but the
God of living men.

Mark, the unquestioned
historian, records
this word of Jesus.
We cannot get a
more direct answer

to our question,
"If a man die shall
he live again?"

Yes, the fathers are
living. Then my
Dear ones are living.
God is their God now,
as he was their God here.

This utterance of Jesus
really covers the whole
ground. He is not or-
quing; he is testifying.

He said: "We speak
that which we know,
and testify that which
we have seen"

But, to show his
perfect sincerity and

honesty, let us take
one more word of
Jesus: "In my Father's
house are many
mansions. If it were
not so, I would have
told you." Then it is
so, on the word of His
greatest of all men.

Whom shall we call
next to answer our
question? Let us ask
the man who judged
by his writing is the
peer intellectually of
any ^{mere} man who has ever
lived; judged by his
life morally pre-em-

erit; and judged by
his works the man
to whom the Christian
world - our Christian
civilization owes more
than to any man next
to Jesus -

Paul.

What answer has
this great thinker,
great-moral charac-
ter, great worker, to
give to our question?

His whole life as a
Christian preacher was
given to make known
the continued life of
Jesus, which he knew.

How did he know
it? There was no
doubt - but that he
believed it, but how
did he know it?

His testimony is un-
impeached.

Hear what he says of
Jesus like after death:
"He appeared unto
Cephas, - Peter - then to
the twelve, then he ap-
peared to above five
hundred brethren at
once, of whom the
greater part are still
living, (more than 250
were still living when
he wrote these words, and

he must have talked
with many of them)
then he appeared to
James, then to all the
apostles, and last
of all he appeared to
me also."

Shall we go on with
the list? Why do we need
any one except Jesus?

Isn't his word con-
vincing? Yes, but
we love to hear their
ringing affirmations.

The next one to whom
I feel like asking
our question is a
man whom only the
strangest evidence can

move; who even re-
fused ~~to~~ to believe
his own intimate
friends— a con-
firmed sinner—
Thomas.

Thomas, do you
believe Jesus lived
again after the
Cross? You saw him
die. You saw his
lifeless form laid
in the garden tomb,
and a great stone
rolled against the
opening and sealed
with the Seal of Rome.
You saw the Roman

guard stationed at
the tomb to prevent
interference by any
one. Did Jesus come
forth alive?

Well, I refused to
believe he did. I
wouldn't have taken
any man's word that
he did - not even my
own brother's. I stood
out for a whole
week against the
cautious testimony
of the brethren and the
women. I couldn't
believe. Why the skep-
ticism of the ages was

against it. Oh, I saw
them die - die!

But now I know.
How do you know.
He came to me. He
showed me his hands
and his side."

"All I could say was,
my Lord and my God!"

I believe you would
like to listen to one
more individual -
a rough and ready,
practical man of the
world:-

Peter.

(The writer of the fourth

is, I suppose, speaking
of himself when he
uses the expression,
"that disciple whom
Jesus loved." It al-
most seems as if
there was a good deal
of assumption in that
expression, as if he
didn't also love Peter.

Jesus thought a
great deal of Peter.

He singled him out
on several occasions
for commendation;
once after Peter had
made the great con-
fession: Thou art the
Christ; the Son of the

living God."

After his resurrection
he said to Mary: "Go and
tell my disciples, and
Peter." I am sure Peter's

testimony will be of
interest. Peter, do you
know your Master is
living? Know it? I
saw Him. Standing
up before a great
concourse of people
on the day of Pentecost
he said: Ye men of
Israel hear these words:
You crucified Jesus
by the hands of lawless
men. But God has
raised him from the

dead." There were
hundreds in that au-
dience when Peter was
speaking who could
confirm from their
own knowledge what
Peter was saying.

And in that crowd
three thousand believed
what he said, and
joined the Christian
Company.

It is an acknowledged
fact that no other event
in human history is
so well confirmed by
human testimony, as the
resurrection of Jesus.
And that event carries with

it immortality
"Because I live ye
shall live also," said
Jesus. And this
great event has cap-
tured the world's faith.
From St. Peter's at
Rome, where 20,000
people will gather to-
day down to the humblest
chapel this great truth
is being celebrated. ~~to day.~~
Even outside of be-
lievers in the Bible, the
question we are asking,
"If a man die shall he
live again?" makes an
appeal which men cannot
resist. It holds this

attention and they
cannot drop it.

You remember ^{Mr.} ~~the~~
Emerson in one of his
essays states that he
and a friend were
accustomed to meet
and discuss the ques-
tion of immortality.
They were searching
for evidence. They be-
came separated for
many years. They met
finally at a reception
in Washington. Each
caught sight of the
other across a room full
of guests. They made
their way slowly towards
each, and met with this

greeting: "Anything new
Ralph?" "Nothing, any-
thing, Albert?" "Nothing."
"And yet", says Mr Em-
erson, "perhaps one of
the strangest evidences
of immortality is the
fact that for all those
years of separation we
had held on to our
search, and could not
let it drop."

And so, notwithstanding
our search for evi-
dences of immortality,
and our deep de-
sire that it might
be demonstrated be-
yond a doubt, we

feel that no other
belief is tenable.

I once visited a
piano manufacturing
and was shown thru
the different depart-
ments, from the raw
material, through the
assembling of the
various parts, to the
tuning and the final
touches. At last I saw
the perfected instru-
ments. What next?
Suppose one of the
workmen had ans-
wered, "There is nothing

further - this is the end,
except to cart them
out into the big fields
yander, knock them
to pieces, burn up
all that is combust-
ible, and it all
return to ashes and
dust. No, the man
is naive, or foolish
enough he can de-
ceive me by such
words.

I have read, from
time to time, the bi-
ographies of some of
earth's great men.

guring through, as it
were God's manu-
factory of Character
and ability. I have
traced their growth
from stage to stage,
many of them con-
scious, and reaching
out with mental
keenness to the last;
and I felt I was
looking upon some
of the finest products
of the Almighty's skill.
What next? Some
one says: The cre-
matory and the
cemetery—ashes and dust

No - no - No!!

It is unthinkable.
"He is not the God
of the dead, but of
the living!"

"Death is no longer death - Faith
sings exultant in the strain!
Afar o'er rocks and rills & hills,
Earth echoes the refrain
And hearts erstwhile overcome,
with grief
repeat the wonder song

Closing their ears to earthly woe
the joyous strains prolong
Heaven's arches ring, while angel
choirs with triumph fill
Overcome are all the hosts of sin,
in fear & haste they fly;
The long years of their cruel power -
the hopeless, failing breath
Like shadows fade away & die
There is - there is - no death"

I Came Not to Judge the World

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

John 12:47 - "I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."

We may well ask ourselves whether modern civilization is based upon the New Testament or upon the Old. Whether we have yet outgrown the law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth". This Old Testament method is the more in harmony with our human nature. Thou shalt

love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy falls in more naturally with our inclinations than Jesus' method. Love your enemies. It is more natural to retaliate than to forgive; it is more in accord with our natural feelings to do to others as they do to us, than to do unto others as we would that they should do to us. It is more natural to quarrel than it is to make up. More natural to go to war than to arbitrate.

A large part of Jesus' unpopularity with the authorities in his day was due to the fact that he was a peacemaker. Even his disciples were offended with him because of his forbearance and love in the treatment of his enemies. They would have called down fire from heaven to consume the Samaritans who refused them hospitality. Jesus said to them, I am not come to destroy men's

lives, but to save. But this did not accord with the ideas of even the disciples. Nearly two thousand years of Christian teaching have passed away and still the world is very far from the New Testament Standard. What is the New Testament Standard? The work of society in its dealings with men; the work of the individual, is ~~no~~ reformation, restoration, salvation, and not destruction.

I was taught by a Christian professor in a Christian College that the sole end and aim in the punishment of criminals was the protection of the public. As the years have gone by since I have found myself unable to harmonize this with the teachings of Jesus. This end kept steadily before the public may shut out humane treatment, and blind us to no end of inhumanity and cruelty. It has covered up practices in the treatment of criminals which ought to have shocked every moral sense.

Why has the world been so slow in adopting the New Testament standard?

We may not be able to answer this question in full, but there are a few things very clear.

1. One is that the standard of the old Testament law is easier. It is easier to act in accord with, "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time" than in accord with Jesus' "But I say unto you".

The prison systems of the English speaking people reached a degree of cruelty a half century ago, that is almost incredible. When Charles Dickens began to uncover these shocking conditions, thousands of people exclaimed, "It is not true, it cannot be true." But it was true, and the direct result of the system believed in and sustained by the general public - that the sole object of punishment was to protect the public.

The criminal? Simply make him powerless to harm the public. And so he was handed over to men who could manage him, control him, keep him away from the public, and the public then forgot him. He has committed a crime. What shall we do with him? Put him within walls of granite, behind iron bars, turn the key on him and ~~the thing is done~~ ^{forget him} ~~the thing is done~~.

It is the easiest way. It is easier to pay our share of the taxes to build jails, hire men who can keep them shut, and care enough for the criminals than it is to try to reform and save.

A man has committed murder. What shall we do with him? Kill him, says the Law of Christian America. Kill him, and he will be out of the range of endangering Society—disposed of once for all.

That is good Old Testament doctrine, and the most summary and easy way to dispose of him.

Am I ^{suggesting} ~~favoring~~ the abolishment of jails and iron bars and locks and keys? No, what I am speaking of is this—the end in view in building these.

As long as the sole end kept before the public is the protection of Society, so long this easy, but in the end

immensely costly method ear-
time. We read with horror
of the feuds among the
Mountain Whites of Tennessee
and Kentucky - where for a
generation two families are
arrayed against each other.

A member of one family or
clan never goes far from
home without ^{two knives} ~~a~~ ^{in his pocket} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~carry~~ ^{carry} ~~it~~ ^{it}; and
when men of opposite families
chance to meet, it is simply
a question which can shoot the
quicker.

Horrible! and yet cut from the
same cloth as our system of
punishment when it makes its
sole aim to protect the public.

That phrase protect the public,
protect society, is capable of
covering up ^{up} the end of inhumanity.

The Jews bring to Jesus a
woman caught in a great
sin. They say to him, "Our
law says, Stone her to death.
She is a moral leper, put her
out of the way in the quick-
est manner possible. Two

things will be accomplished by it: it will be an object-lesson to deter others from sin, and it will keep her from being a source of contamination to others.

But it was pure and simple barbarism. It was quick and easy, and saved all the trouble of trying to save the woman, but it was inhuman, not to say unchristian. You cannot by any stretch of the imagination imagine Jesus responding, "See, stone her, and I will

help you do it."

But some one asks, "Isn't it good Christianity to protect the public, even by the summary cutting off of the Criminal?"

If we say this, then let us be honest about it. Let us step out into the open, and having our pinnares to the eye of him who knows us thoroughly, say, "I will cast the first stone." "I need no consideration, I ask for no mercy, I am pure and holy."

2. Another reason why the world has been so long in adopting the New Testament standard is the ridicule men have to face who advocate humane methods.

All humane reforms have had the meet it. The ship of reform has had to beat up into every harbor it has entered against ^{head} winds, tide and current. When nearly fifty

years ago Henry Bergh began to plead for the protection of animals against cruelty, his words were received with ridicule and contempt. A favorite expression on the platform, and in newspapers, and on the street was "Sentiment gave to seed." But the reform came sailing in, gaining

& foot ~~scarcely~~ at by foot, un-
til now more than forty states
have stringent laws against
cruelty, and most of the coun-
tries of Europe. Garrison and
Phillips and Whittier were called
sentimentalists; but they pre-
vailed; but only against a
storm which threatened to wreck
the ship of state.

Man's inhumanity to man gives
way but slowly to the advance
of humane methods, and only
after plunging at the reforms
every year of ridicule.
And now if we venture to
suggest that there is some
other end to be suggested along
with the protection of society,
namely the saving of the crimi-
nal, he is invariably met with

the charge of being a sentimentalist - are whose Sentiments have run away with his judgement.

This ^{Spec- Capital Pun.} is an easy charge to make, and often is made to take the place of argument and reason. But notwithstanding all opposition humane and Christian methods have been gaining ground steadily, pushing back the inhuman and the barbarous. At the

opening of the 19th century there were in England two hundred offenses for which Capital punishment was inflicted. Stealing two pence - ten dollars - in a house was punishable by death.

The ethics and spirit of the New Testament have been driving back this appalling number until from 200 the number has been reduced to four:-

In our own country it varies in the different states. There are from one to ten grounds on which the death penalty may be inflicted.

But does not the protection of the public, the safety of society demand this penalty, or at least one crime?

It is at least an open question whether the extreme penalty is a deterrent of crime. It is a well-known

fact that when executions were public, each execution was followed by an epidemic of crime. But how much better is the condition, when a private execution is described by ten thousand newspapers. Human life is cheapened. The public is endangered. At least these are open questions, and some of the wisest minds in our

Country believe that Capital punishment does more to refine passion and brutalize the public mind than it accomplishes in protecting the public.

Q The pages of history are very red with man's cruelty to his fellow man. You have some of you been in the Doge's palace in Venice and been shown the

torture chambers. Some of you may have hanging on the walls of your houses pictures of the Bridge of Sighs, over which condemned men walked to unimaginable horrors — a monument of man's inhumanity.

Some of you have visited the old German city of Nuremberg, and been shown in an old

latter on the hill the ingenious
instruments of torture by which men
were put to death by inches.

Well! Why do I mention these
things? Because all these things
were done under the plea of pro-
tecting the public. Instead they
fostered cruelty and a disregard
for human life. And I mention
them also because they show that the

ward moves. We have moved a
long way from such practices.

But have we not still farther to
go? Yes, and what is more we
are gaining. Has it not struck you
as exceedingly significant that
it is growing more and more dif-
ficult to secure a jury in a case
involving the life of the prisoner,
and when a jury is obtained that

it is growing more and more difficult to secure a verdict of guilty, when such a verdict involves capital punishment. It is a significant fact that for many years there were ^{no} executions in Kansas because successive governors refused to sign the death warrant. "No," said governor after governor. I will not take a Jew in hand.

and sign a warrant that sends a fellow man into eternity.

Sentiment? Yes, Christian Sentiment, but call it also Conscience.

But is not this saving the life of a criminal, and endangering the lives of a score of innocent persons?

No, it is not proved that it does.

New York state once discontinued capital punishment, but reinstated

it again, because of the effect in increasing crime; but since its re-instatement there has been a period of crime unparalleled in the history of the State.

The eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth method was never a success among the tribes of Israel. It fostered the very evils it was intended to correct.

What then? When Jesus said

"I came not to destroy men's lives," he did not stop there.

His message to the world was not a negative message. It was positive. "I came to save".

That is the hard side of it, the side that takes money and consecration and love, and Christian Social Service.

It has been said repeatedly by

high officials in Chicago that
Jane Addams has done more
for that whole section surrounding
Hull House to make it sweet and
wholesome and safe than all the
police agencies of the district.

She went there, lived there, worked
there, identified herself with the
 joys and sorrows, wants and
needs of the people, not to condemn

but to save. Jane Addams, Mrs.
Booth, Gen. Booth, and their kind
are the modern Celists showing the
world how to do it; and when we
have learned the lesson we will
begin to empty the jails, cut down
the gallows, and learn that life
is a precious thing.

“If”

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Matthew 2:4 – “If Thou be the Son of God” Matthew 6:30 – “If God so Clothe the Grass of the Field.”

We have here two uses of the word "if," and they are exactly opposite in their meaning. In the first case Satan is represented as saying to Jesus in the temptation: "If thou be the Son of God." It is an expression of doubt, of uncertainty, of question.

In the second example Jesus says to his disciples; "If God so clothe the grass of the field." That is, since he does, it is an expression of assurance and certainty. I wish to contrast these two uses of the word, for they represent two different ways of looking at life, two attitudes of mind, two ways of living.

Let us look first at the attitude of mind suggested by the use of the little word "if" as a word of doubt and distrust. It is not denial or contradiction. Satan does not say to Jesus: "You are not the Son of God. I do not believe you are what you claim to be, or that which has been claimed for you." He simply says, "If you are." Some of us take life this way. We question everything and every assertion and everybody.

We may secretly pride ourselves on what we consider a cautious, philosophical attitude. We think it shows self-poise, balance and strength. We carry ahead of us into all places, and into all subjects this questioning "if." Instead of taking life as it comes and meeting it as it opens before us, we question it and probe it with this little word "if." The place where we live, the climate we live in, the food we eat, the persons we meet all are subjected to the same process. We do not say all these are not good, we simply say, "if they are." We do not say that people are dishonest, impostors, unworthy of confidence, we only say, until we know for a certainty - "if." This becomes the mental attitude of some of us. You have known people, in the keen scrutiny of whose eye, in the conservative grasp of whose hand, in whose speech and attitude you felt there was a reservation. You felt it. They were weighing you, holding you off until their questions were all answered.

They might just as well have said to you: “I do not trust you. I suspect you. I don't believe in you. I fear some motive back there which is wrong.” I am not saying that we should give every man our confidence and take his note without security.

But there is an attitude of distrust on which some seem to pride themselves. They take life on suspicion, instead of meeting it with open palm, and confident eye, and hearty welcome. It strikes some people as philosophical to do this. Some call it caution. But it is not caution, true caution, I am speaking of. It is nearer suspicion than caution, a suspicion that poisons all life, tinges everything with a lurking fear. Common law is built on the healthy principle: Count every man as innocent until proved guilty. The principle I have been speaking reverses this and counts every man guilty until proved to be innocent. People of this kind treat great moral questions in the same

way: If it is better to be honest and square than loose and untrustworthy; if it is better always to be truthful and keep our word; if it is better to carry Christian principles into all business relations and intercourse with our fellow men; if it is better to be temperate and pure in our lives! We do not say it isn't; we simply give life the benefit of an "if." It gives a little more freedom of choice; it is easier to change our attitude if we want to. It gives a little easier swing to our motions. It doesn't key us up to so high a pitch, if we hold these great moral questions loosely, tentatively.

And, then, we carry it into the realm of religion. If there is a God, if the soul is immortal, if there be a future life, if Jesus was divine, if the Bible is the message of God to man. We do not deny that all these things may not be so, we simply hold them in question, we simply touch them with an "if." But someone may ask, "Would you have me believe everything I hear, take everything as true, give my confidence to every man I meet, and assent to every creed?" Questions of this kind mistake the meaning of what we have been saying. There are things true and things false, there are things and persons and doctrines trustworthy and untrustworthy. The Apostle wisely says: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Suppose, without exercising any judgment or discrimination, we understand this to mean literally everything to be tested by every man. We are to test, each for himself, whether water will drown and fire will burn and poisons kill, whether good air and wholesome food and personal care are really good for one; whether truth and honor and temperance and purity are essential things; whether God and the soul and religion are necessary. This is not his meaning. Some things are settled - settled by the way we are made, settled by the nature of things. There are certain great things along the line of the way we are made which we are not to experiment with. They are counterparts of ourselves. I have heard a remark like this: "I never act upon anything until it is reduced to an absolute certainty." If that were so he never would act at all. There are a thousand things which are not absolutely certain or proved, but which for all practical purposes are true, and we act upon them as true. Suppose a man says: "If the sun rises tomorrow morning I shall act," and waits until he has the demonstration of his senses before he decides!

For all practical purposes a thousand things are true and essential which are not absolutely certain to our knowledge; and there are other things which our well-being demands which we question at great cost to ourselves. Here is a machine which runs with a rattle and clatter which seems to threaten its very destruction. On examination it is found that almost every screw and nut in the whole machine is loose. Ask the operator why he doesn't tighten them up and make the machine firm and tight. Imagine him replying: "Because I am not absolutely sure every part is in the right place. Suppose I tighten a nut or screw and found it was wrong. I keep them loose so that I can change if necessary. I do not say they are not in the right place, but I hold myself open to new light by keeping them all loose." And yet some of us are trying to run the machinery of our moral and spiritual natures that way. Everything is held loosely, uncertainly - open to light, we say. But we cannot live, as God made us to live, that way. Oh, that word "if," that lets us down, that eases up on our convictions, that takes the moral and spiritual stamina out of our lives.

Let us turn now to the use of the word as a positive, certain, definite assertion. Jesus said: "If - since - "God does clothe the grass of the field." The keynote of this life is given us in those words. From childhood to manhood His face turned toward the great verities of life, not with suspicion and distrust, but with confident assurance. As a child He grew in stature and in favor with God and

man. At twelve, as a boy in the temple, He said: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Suppose this promising youth finds on reaching manhood and years of thought, that there is no good evidence of His Heavenly Father's existence. There is no "if" of this kind in His life. His life is opening at the touch of His heavenly Father. Suppose that plant which saw one morning the past summer, as I rode up the canyon long before sunrise - suppose that flower which was turning its head towards the sunrise, and opening its dewy petals in anticipation of the coming light, should find that those gray streaks were not heralds of the sun? It is the nature of that plant to expand at the touch of the coming sun. It does not first question and then act. It responds to the influences acting upon it. That young life of Jesus, as fresh and beautiful as the canyon flower, is opening at the touch of God. And He moved on, taking life's great teachings that way. It is natural to do that. Why do we not all live that way, then? We have grown unnatural. We are free moral agents, and we have used our freedom to hold ourselves in, and hold ourselves back. We keep our petals from opening at the touch of the sun's rays. Instead of living in the great verities of life, we puncture every great truth with the spear point of a doubting "if." We have outgrown our naturalness.

One morning, we will suppose, I find a cluster of belated, tight-closed buds, as I ride up the canyon toward the rising sun. "Why are you not opening your heart of yellow and gold to the sun, soon about to fling its splendor over the eastern crest?" "Yes, if it is the sun. But that is the question." And O, brothers, why are you not living the glad, confident life of God, with a strong grasp on eternal life? "Yes, if there is a God, and all these things are true."

This attitude shows why Jesus used that word: "Ye must be born again." "Ye must become as little children." Go back to where we lost the road of faith and trust and certainty. Many of you will remember in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" the character of the "Bishop," a simple, childlike character which had never lost the road of confidence and faith. He was like the quality of love described by Paul in the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, that "heareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." He believeth his fellow men, from the lowest tramp on the street to the old, staunch friend of years. He was sometimes deceived and imposed upon? Yes, but less and less. But what did a plan of life like that do for him? Living on the positive verities of life, taking them as the plant takes the dew and the rain, as the flower takes the sun, he grew into a character of exceeding beauty and strength. And what did it do for others? Inspired them to lives of trust and an ambition to be more like him.

Someone once said to Lady Henry Somerset: "You are a thinking and progressive woman. As you study and think, are you not beset with doubts?" She replied: "There are many things on which I study and think and question; but I long ago said to myself: 'You cannot live on denials and questions.' So I took the great fundamentals as true - God, the soul, immortality, Christ as my Savior and Lord. I assumed these to be true without reserve and without question, and committed my life to them, and they have been my strength, my stay and my happiness."

The only "if" in her life was the positive one of Jesus since these things are true. And this should be our only "if."

“IF”

Matt. 2:4 “If Thou be the Son of God”—*Matt. 6:30*—“If God so Clothe the Grass of the Field.

SERMON PREACHED IN FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH OF REDLANDS

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D.D.

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For all practical purposes a thousand things are true and essential which are not absolutely certain to our knowledge; and there are other things which our well-being demands which we question at great cost to ourselves. Here is a machine which runs with a rattle and clatter which seems to threaten its very destruction. On examination it is found that almost every screw and nut in the whole machine is loose. Ask the operator why he doesn't tighten them up and make the machine firm and tight. Imagine him replying: "Because I am not absolutely sure every part is in the right place. Suppose I tighten a nut or screw and found it was wrong. I keep them loose so that I can change if necessary. I do not say they are not in the right place, but I hold myself open to new light by keeping them all loose." And yet some of us are trying to run the machinery of our moral and spiritual natures that way. Everything is held loosely, uncertainly—open to light, we say. But we cannot live, as God made us to live, that way. Oh, that word "if," that lets us down, that eases up on our convictions, that takes the moral and spiritual stamina out of our lives.

Let us turn now to the use of the word as a positive, certain, definite assertion. Jesus said: "If"—*since*—"God does clothe the grass of the field." The keynote of this life is given us in those words. From childhood to manhood His face turned toward the great verities of life, not with suspicion and distrust, but with confident assurance. As a child He grew in stature and in favor with God and man. At twelve, as a boy in the temple, He said: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Suppose this promising youth finds on reaching manhood and years of thought, that there is no good evidence of His Heavenly Father's existence. There is no "if" of this kind in His life. His life is opening at the touch of His heavenly Father. Suppose that plant which I saw one morning the past summer, as I rode up the canyon long before sunrise—suppose that flower which was turning its head towards the sunrise, and opening its dewy petals in anticipation of the coming light, should find that those gray streaks were not heralds of the sun? It is the nature of that plant to expand at the touch of the coming sun. It does not first question and then act. It responds to the influences acting upon it. That young life of Jesus, as fresh and beautiful as the canyon flower, is opening at the touch of God. And He moved on, taking life's great teachings that way. It is

natural to do that. Why do we not all live that way, then? We have grown unnatural. We are free moral agents, and we have used our freedom to hold ourselves in, and hold ourselves back. We keep our petals from opening at the touch of the sun's rays. Instead of living in the great verities of life, we puncture every great truth with the spear point of a doubting "if." We have outgrown our naturalness.

One morning, we will suppose, I find a cluster of belated, tight-closed buds, as I ride up the canyon toward the rising sun. "Why are you not opening your heart of yellow and gold to the sun, soon about to fling its splendor over the eastern crest?" "Yes, if it *is* the sun. But that is the question." And O, brothers, why are you not living the glad, confident life of God, with a strong grasp on eternal life? "Yes, *if* there is a God, and all these things are true."

This attitude shows why Jesus used that word: "Ye must be born again." "Ye must become as little children." Go back to where we lost the road of faith and trust and certainty. Many of you will remember in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" the character of the "Bishop," a simple, childlike character which had never lost the road of confidence and faith. He was like the quality of love described by Paul in the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, that "heareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." He believeth his fellowmen, from the lowest tramp on the street to the old, staunch friend of years. He was sometimes deceived and imposed upon? Yes, but less and less. But what did a plan of life like that do for him? Living on the positive verities of life, taking them as the plant takes the dew and the rain, as the flower takes the sun, he grew into a character of exceeding beauty and strength. And what did it do for others? Inspired them to lives of trust and an ambition to be more like him.

Some one once said to Lady Henry Somerset: "You are a thinking and progressive woman. As you study and think, are you not beset with doubts?" She replied: "There are many things on which I study and think and question; but I long ago said to myself: 'You cannot live on denials and questions.' So I took the great fundamentals as true—God, the soul, immortality, Christ as my Savior and Lord. I assumed these to be true without reserve and without question, and committed my life to them, and they have been my strength, my stay and my happiness."

The only "if" in her life was the positive one of Jesus—*since* these things are true. And this should be our only "if."

John Knox

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

JOHN KNOX.

*****XX*****

The great ideas of the Reformation found a congenial soil in which to grow and bring forth fruit among the hardy people of Scotland. The first impulse to the Reformation came from Germany and Switzerland. The first preacher of the ideas and doctrines of the R. was Patrick Hamilton, and he was soon silenced, condemned by Archbishop Beaton, and burned at the stake.

But those who thought in this way to put an end to the spread of the R. mistook gravely the temper of the Scottish people. But the man under whose influence and energy the R. was carried to a great success was JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX was born in Haddington, Scotland in the year 1505. It was at a stirring time in the history of the Christian Church that he was being trained for his life work. He was early sent to a grammar school over which there was a most excellent master. From there he was sent to the University of Glasgow, though there is no evidence that he ever graduated; but his education was of the best that the time afforded. When he was about 25 years old he seems to have taken orders in the Romish church as a

priest, and was connected in some capacity with the work of the church for about ten years. His name appears as a witness to several deeds, this fact showing that he was attracting no special attention. There was nothing precocious about him. He matured like an oak tree, slowly, but he had the fibre and toughness of the oak. In 1546, when he was forty one years old there came the event which was the turning point in the career of John Knox.

Previous to this he had been thinking very seriously on the doctrines of the Reformation. He was growing more and more dissatisfied with the practices and the teachings of the Romish Church.

He was at this time engaged as private tutor in the families of two landed gentlemen in the county of East Lothian. A young man by the name of Geo. Wishart, eight years younger than Knox came to the place where he was living and began to preach the doctrines of the Reformation ~~was his theme~~, and Knox went to hear him. He was already prepossessed in favor of these doctrines, but the clear, forcible preaching of this young man convinced him, and he at once came out and declared himself a convert to the doctrines.

Wishart was seized by the emissaries of Archbishop Beaton, and brought to trial for preaching heresy. Knox at the risk of being apprehended himself and brought to trial, came forward as the defender of the young man. In his defense of Wishart he preached as boldly as the young man had done. His efforts were of course unavailing, and Wishart was burned at the stake.

The archbishop witnessed the burning from a window overlooking the open space, and taunted the sufferer as the flames enwrapped him. Wishart looking up, reached out his hand towards him and said, "Within a few days, you yourself shall die by the hand of an assassin, at those same windows where you now are taunting me." This prophesy came true, and the archbishop fell in that very room, within a few days of the young preacher's death.

But the death of this young man, innocent of all crime, whose only fault was that he had preached the truth, completely opened the eyes of John Knox, and it may have been the spark which set his life on fire. John Knox was of that solid, sturdy stock that he might not have come out in any marked way if something had not set him on fire; but when once set on fire, burns with an intense heat.

The flames which consumed young Wishart kindled a fire in the soul of Knox that was to go out.

Of course Knox was under suspicion at once and he saw that his life would not be safe in Scotland, and he resolved to leave for Germany; but the two men in whose families he was teaching persuaded him to remain, and with his pupils enter the castle of St. Andrews where he would be safe from Romish persecution. He lived there several months with his pupils, and while there was formerly set apart to the protestant ministry. Knox in his history of the Reformation, has described how he felt on being called to the ministry, and what a scene it was when in the great church he was formerly

ordained. But the quiet of his life was to be rudely interrupted. The Catholic forces of Scotland united with the forces of the French to avenge the death of Cardinal Beaton. They laid siege to the castle of St. Andrews. The Scottish forces were on the land and the French fleet was in the bay when St. Andrews unable to hold out against them surrendered.

An agreement was made that no one should be put to death, but that the inmates of the castle should be conveyed to France, and such of them as declined to enter the French army should be conveyed to any country they desired except Scotland. But as soon as the prisoners were removed and were in the hands of the enemies, every provision of the treaty was grossly violated, and Knox and his companions were made galley slaves. For nineteen months he was kept at this life. Those of you who have read Ben Hur have a vivid idea what kind of a life that of a galley slave is. His hardships and privations were intense. The year following his capture the galley in which he was confined sailed for the coast of Scotland, and while lying off the coast Knox was taken sick with a violent fever, and all hope of his recovery was abandoned. While lying thus too weak to help himself in the least, a fellow prisoner raised his head so that he could look on shore, and asked him if he saw anything familiar. He replied, "Yes, I see the spire of the church where I was ordained to the ministry, and where I preached my first sermon; and weak as I now appear, I shall live and preach again in that same church."

He recovered his health, and during the remaining months that he was prisoner, strange as it seems, he pursued at the leisure moments that were afforded, literary work, and wrote letters to the protestant friends in Scotland, signing them "The bound servant of Jesus Christ."

At the intercession of King Edward VI, or the English government, he was set at liberty and went to London, where he was well received, by Cramer and by the king. He was appointed preacher at Berwick, where he began with the greatest boldness to denounce the practices of the Romish church.

The Bishop of the parish was Dr. Tunstall, and he was attached to the old faith, and called the preacher to account. Knox wanted nothing better than to be called to account, for it made him known, and gave him an opportunity to publish more widely the doctrines he was preaching. KNOX published a defense in a treatise called, "A Vindication of the Doctrine that the Sacrifice of the Mass is Idolatry." This went far and wide, and was read, and made such a stir in favor of the preacher that the bishop did not dare condemn him.

Knox was soon transferred to a more important station, and finally was made one of the six chaplains of Edward VI. It was while he held this position that Cramer drew up the "Forty Nine articles for the Church of England, and these were submitted to the Chaplains for their examination before being published.

On the death of the king Knox continued his preaching,

But he was too bold and outspoken a preacher to be allowed to go on quietly. He was an out and out reformer. If he had preached more mildly many would have tolerated him, who did not embrace Protestantism; but he had seen too far, and felt too much to be moderate, and he went all the time to extremes.

This kept trouble brewing all the time for him, and finally he was obliged to leave the country and went to Geneva. Here he came in contact with Calvin, and a warm intimacy sprung up between them. At last he thought he ought to go back to his own Scotland. He was home sick for Scotland, and more than all else he wanted to preach in Scotland. He applied to the English Government for permission to pass through the realm on his way to Scotland, and they refused him. ---How strangely this sounds to-day! Knox, a man of whom both England and Scotland are justly proud, refused permission to pass through the country on his way to his native Scotland!!

He arrived at Edinburgh on the 2nd of May in the year 1559, when he was fifty four years of age. From this time until his death the life of John Knox became a part of the history of Scotland. No history of that country would be intelligible which did not embrace the work and the words of this great reformer.

The Romanists interceded with the queen regent and caused Knox to be proclaimed a rebel and an outlaw. This placed him in a position of great danger, but nothing daunted him in the least, and he at once openly identified himself with the interests of Protestantism in the country.

in the country. Knox went to St. Andrews, and openly announced his intention of preaching in the Cathedral. The archbishop told him it was impossible; but I must, replied Knox. Then the Archbishop threatened him, telling him that his life would be the forfeit. Still he persisted, but his friends besought him not to think of it, but to work quietly and he would gain more than by exposing himself to attack which would undoubtedly cost him his life but do no good. Now under ordinary circumstances such advice would have been sound and wise; but this was one of those cases where boldness, -unflinching boldness- was the course and Knox felt it. He entered the cathedral. The very boldness of the course drew together an immense audience. Four successive days he preached there, using no guarded language, but attacking the abuses and doctrines of the Romish Church, and at the end of the time, the leading men of the city, with an immense backing of the inhabitants declared themselves ready to set up at once the Protestant Worship. Following this action, the images and pictures were removed from the church, and the people went out to tear down the monasteries.

By the last of June of this same year Knox was again in Edinburg and preached in St. Giles and in the Abbey, but when the Queen's party came to the city the protestants left taking with them their minister, for they said it would be leaving him to a certain death in the city.

This proved to be the very best thing they could do for the cause, for they traveled all over the realm and Knox preached everywhere the Protestant faith.

In the following year--1560--the Scottish Parliament assembled at Edinburg. The protestants thought that the country had been made ready by the preaching of Knox for a decided action. They accordingly laid before this parliament a petition that the Romish doctrines be abolished, that purity of worship and of faith be established, that education be fostered, and the interests of the poor be looked after. And in connection with the petition they laid before the parliament a summary of the doctrines of the Reformation. Knox was the principle mover in all this and the summary of doctrine was largely the work of his hand. After a long discussion, and voting the petition was granted, and ratified by act of parliament, and the Protestant faith was the established religion of Scotland.

You know it had been the prayer of Knox, "Lord, give me Scotland, or I die." And now the Lord had given him Scotland.

Of course no act of parliament could settle men's minds. There were troublous times after this. Knox came into collision with the queen, was obliged to leave Edinburg, often remained for a time in private life, but his teachings were working in the hearts and the minds of the people.

He came out into public ~~to~~ at the coronation of the infant James VI; and he also preached the opening sermon of the parliament in 1567, when the act passed seven years before was ratified.

The last stronghold of ^{Catholicism} ~~Protestantism~~
in Scotland was Edinburgh. This place
being the center of political life for the
country - here the queen & her party
made their stand. The country at
large was now, and a strong prot-
estant party was in the city.

This party grew, until by the end
of August, 1572, it was too hot
for the Romanists in the city; and
they abandoned it: the banished
protestants came back, and their
inquiry was - Where is John Knox?

Knox was then 67 years old - not so old in years, but old in bodily weakness. He was broken in constitution by his exposure and privations as a galley slave. Travelling slowly and with pain and fatigue he reached Edinburgh on the 23rd of August in the year 1572.

It was thought he never would preach again, but in September news came of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

This fired Knox. He was like an old war horse excited by the smell

of powder and the blast of the bugle.

He was ascended into the pulpit, and there, gathering up all his energies, with the same old flash to his eye and force of mind he thundered out his denunciations on the King of France.

This was the last sermon Knox ever preached. He appeared in public but once more, and then crept home, never to leave his house again alive. He died on the 24th day of November, 1572.

As his body was lowered into

the grave the Earl of Morton uttered
these words - smiling from a citizen's
standpoint - "Here lieth a man, who,
in his life never feared the face
of man; who hath been oftentimes
threatened with the dagger, but hath
ended his days in peace and
honor." The place where he
was buried has been swept by
fire, and to-day no stone marks
the place of his burial. But
his monument is in the hearts
of Scotland's people - in the
laws and liberties and institutions.

trains of that remarkable land.

Knox lives to-day in the sturdy faith and piety, honor and virtue of the Scottish people.

This ends the present series of lectures on the great Reformers.

- I have caused to pass before you six men, products of Xij-leaders in Xham reform. Xij is often represented as fostering weakness; but I submit if they are not the peers of any six men the world has ever produced - in their

sterling worth - in the service they
performed for mankind, and in their
contributions to the church: -
John Wycliff, Savonarola, Thomas
Crammer, Martin Luther, John
Calvin, and John Knox.

But Xty has not ceased to
produce such men. They are not
all in the past. The day of mar-
tyrdoms is over, but the spirit
of the martyrs lives. At some
future day I to bring the history

of the church dawn still nearer
to our own day, in a crisis on
• some of the great preachers of
the church. May the courage
and spirit of the good and great
who have served the world so
• well take possession of us all.

Manhood

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Ephesians 4:13 – “Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.”

What should be the height of man's ambition? In other words, what is the highest attainable position which can be reached? What word expresses it?

We know what the answer to this question too often is. It is easy to see where popular thought places the crown. Such names come at once to our thought as king, ruler, general, bishop, poet, historian, orator, artist. But you are aware that these names grow less and less significant as the years go by.

These are not, on the pages of the Bible, the significant names. There is a greater word than king, a grander title than general, statesman or artist. That word is *man*. Unconsciously to itself the world has always held this to be true. It has always asked, either silently or publicly, of king, philosopher, artist, orator, general, "What kind of a *man* is he?" The answer to that question has not always determined the placing of the crown, but it has determined the silent, private judgment. But more and more the estimate of the world is coming to be the estimate of the Bible standard, and is placing the crown, not on the title, but on manhood.

The president of one of our principal colleges, addressing the young men, said: "A great change has come over the study of history. The old methods are being outgrown and abandoned. Once English history was divided into eras, each named for the king in power - as the era of Edward I, Henry VIII, or Elizabeth. Now English history is the story of the English people. Once we studied the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Now, we realize that the decay of empires is but the breaking of the clouds above the growth of man. Once we studied the eight decisive battles of the world; but now we know that battles decide, it may be, the fate of a king or dynasty, but never the fate of humanity. The growth of manhood is all that is vital in human history."

These words reveal a change in thought and practice. The only thing worth considering in history is man. We recognize this in the life of nations today. Nations exist for the sake of their people. The nation or the ruler which does not recognize this fact has only to wait a little, and the handwriting on the wall will spell out their doom.

Who is the real head of the English nation today? You have not answered this question when you tell me who is King, or who is the Prince of Wales. Men govern England. Behind the throne, behind the premier, behind the lords and house of commons, are the English people. Nothing shows more clearly the radical change in methods of thought and practice than a truth which may be stated in a single sentence, "Once the people existed for the sake of kings and emperors and lords; now, kings and emperors and lords exist for the sake of the people." The real crown is placed by the

world today on the head of man, just where God has always placed it. The only title Christ was proud of was - Son of Man.

Let us examine this truth which has been introduced to us in our text in some of its features. First, it is so evident that, when Jesus began his public ministry, and would select his followers and attendants, he sought for men. Where could he find them? Whom will he select? Were they not already marked out for him? Let him look for the crowns and purple robes and breastplates. These are the men whom the world has honored. He may find them there. Crowns and robes and decorations do not make a man; neither can they conceal one. He may find his men in the garb of fishermen and publicans. Such a condition would not shut them out.

What he must have is men. And he set aside all the deep-rooted customs of the age, and sought for manhood. And when he found them he put upon them no titles. Be not ye called rabbi. They never took titles or badges, or insignia of office. Their honor was in doing their Master's will - the highest position among them was held by the one who did the most service. The Romish church has put a crown on Peter's head which neither he nor the Master ever put there. The only one he ever wore was a crown of martyrdom, as his Master had worn a crown of thorns.

There were two classes when Jesus came to this earth - rulers and masses. The rulers he turned into servants, and the masses he broke up into men. It has been expressed -

"God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
For to my ear each morning brings
The outrage of the poor."

And then, Jesus saved men. The lost piece of money, the lost sheep, the prodigal son, showed his estimate of man's exceeding worth. A pause on the highway in the midst of his work, to talk with a woman, shows his method.

But, second, what is meant by man? "Till we all come unto the perfect man." What is it to be a *man*? - taking that word in its generic sense of both man and woman.

It is a high place - or ought to be - to be a ruler, a king, a prophet, a philosopher; but far and away a higher and grander thing to be a *man*. It is a higher place to reach, a harder thing to be; it is the highest attainable position. To be a man, in the fullness of the word, to become what the apostle speaks of when he says, "unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ," is to reach the summit.

We all recognize the fact that to be a man is above all other titles when we ask of any dignitary, "What kind of a *man* is he?" "But he is a *king*," some one answers. "Why do you ask what kind of a man he is?" Because, in the long run that is all we care to know. The titles fade. Manhood is all that endures, What kind of a man is he? "But he is President of the United States," some one replies. We do not care about that. Man is a greater title than president.

Pilate was procurator when Jesus lived in Palestine. What kind of a *man* was he? That is all we care to ask, as we look back through the centuries. The other title fades out. Herod was King of the

Jews. What kind of a *man* was he? This is the world's question, and, according as that question is answered, is the verdict.

But you say I have not answered the question yet. What is man? What do we mean by man? What is that goal which the apostle places as the highest position we can reach? "Till we all come to the perfect man." Paul answers this question by repeating a name. What is a man? Jesus Christ. What is it to be a man? He answers, to reach "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Paul was too wise to give any other answer. He was too familiar with the history of the world not to know that any other answer would be folly.

The history of man on this earth is not very pleasant reading to a sensitive soul. It is chiefly a record of man's inhumanity to man. Who, in the long history of the world's past, who that have possessed power, haven't used that power to grind and oppress the people, and exalt and enrich themselves? Power in the state, power in finance and business, power in the army, power in the church, have been used to increase the power of the individual despot, at the expense of the defenseless. Power has assumed different forms in different circumstances. The political despotism in Russia has not been possible in the United States, and so here it has assumed the form of a financial despotism. It is war and bloodshed, and struggle and oppression on the one side, and it is resistance and protest, and vain attempts to break chains and throw off oppression, on the other; and it is this which makes the pages of history such a fascination, in spite of their lurid character. And this is the history of *man*.

And if things were reversed - the poor were given the ascendancy, and the weak were given the power - it would make no difference. It would simply be a change of oppressors. For there is just as much unsanctified human nature on one side as on the other. That is man as we know him on the pages of history. It has been truly said, "That would be a happy nation whose history is uninteresting" - uninteresting because free from the record of oppression and struggle. Is *this* what it is to be a man? Is that the kind of creature he is - some stages removed from the tiger of the jungle, from the claws and fangs of the beasts of the forest; but in his own way preying upon his fellow men?

Exceptions dot this black history of the past, like oases in the desert, promises of a better day; possibilities lying latent in humanity. No, the dark picture history paints is not *man*. It is a travesty, a caricature, a perversion of man. God virtually said, "I will show to the world a man. I will send into the world my Son, not in the form of an angel or some unfamiliar being, but in the form of a man." "Ecce homo," said Pilate. "Behold the man." He knew not how significant his words were. The world had never seen the ideal, the pattern, the perfect man, before. Approaches to it they had seen, but never before that which the Creator had in mind when he said, "Let us make man in our image and likeness."

The apostle in the text, when he speaks of the perfect man, is speaking of the flesh and blood Jesus, the Jesus who worked and ate and slept, who laughed and cried - the citizen, the neighbor, the friend Jesus. What is a man? That is a man, unselfish, noble, pure, strong, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Shut the book of history, cover up man's inhumanity to man, shut your eyes to the imperfect examples, and look on a man. What is the best day that will ever dawn on this earth, in the estimation of the apostle? It is when the sons of earth "shall come, in the unity

of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the perfect man"- when they shall measure up to that glorious standard.

Finally, how do we reach - how can we reach - this high standard? One of the best things about the condition of the world today is its dissatisfaction with things as they are. There is such a dissatisfaction, deep and wide- spread. We do not like the way history reads. The world is ashamed of the wars which leave in their track ruin and suffering, ashes and desolation.

We are not proud of the methods by which man gets the ascendancy over his fellow man. We are proud of those *flashes* of sympathy which burst out when a great city and district lie waste from earthquake and fire; but we are very much dissatisfied with the methods into which life will settle again in the old ruts. Why are we thus dissatisfied? Because we have caught sight of something better.

The story is told, in letters of an English lady, of a German boy living in a provincial town, who showed very early a taste and skill in drawing. And while he kept to his father's occupation, he spent his leisure time in drawing and painting. But his ideals were low, and his sketches were for the vulgar crowd. There came a day when for the first time he went away from his native village, accompanying his father to a distant city. He had never before seen a city. He looked with wondering eyes on the stately buildings and the people. But there was something else which he saw. All the way home he was silent, replying only in monosyllables to his father's conversation. Soon after reaching home his father found him with his face buried in his hands. What is it?" asked the father. "Are you ill? Are you exhausted from the journey?" After a while the boy looked up and said, "O father, I've seen a painting! I did not know before that art meant such work as that." He had seen the Sistine Madona! He could never be the same boy he was before. He might go on making his cheap sketches, but he would always do it with the picture of that great painter floating before his eyes.

Paul was once a young man, giving his splendid talents to the persecution of men and women. His ideals were low. All his fire and ability went to low pursuits. There came a change, a point from which he loathed his old life, and himself for ever living it. What had taken place? He had seen Jesus Christ. After that it became the passion of his life to present that Jesus to his fellow men, that they, seeing him, might have all their old, standards broken to pieces. And so he works and prays and hopes for a day when we all, "through the unity of the faith and knowledge of the Son of God may come to the perfect man."

MANHOOD

(Eph. 4:13—Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

SERMON PREACHED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA,

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. H. WILLIAMS.

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The president of one of our principal colleges, addressing the young men, said: "A great change has come over the study of history. The old methods are being outgrown and abandoned. Once English history was divided into eras, each named for the king in power—as the era of Edward I, Henry VIII, or Elizabeth. Now English history is the story of the English people. Once we studied the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Now, we realize that the decay of empires is but the breaking of the clods above the growth of man. Once we studied the eight decisive battles of the world; but now we know that battles decide, it may be, the fate of a king or dynasty, but never the fate of humanity. The growth of manhood is all that is vital in human history."

These words reveal a change in thought and practice. The only thing worth considering in history is man. We recognize this in the life of nations today. Nations exist for the sake of their people. The nation or the ruler which does not recognize this fact has only to wait a little, and the hand-writing on the wall will spell out their doom.

Who is the real head of the English nation today? You have not answered this question when you tell me who is King, or who is the Prince of Wales. Men govern England. Behind the throne, behind the premier, behind the lords and house of commons, are the English people. Nothing shows more clearly the radical change in methods of thought and practice than a truth which may be stated in a single sentence, "Once the people existed for the sake of kings and emperors and lords; now, kings and emperors and lords exist for the sake of the people." The real crown is placed by the world today on the head of man, just where God has always placed it. The only title Christ was proud of was—Son of Man.

Let us examine this truth which has been introduced to us in our text in some of its features. First, it is so evident that, when Jesus began his public ministry, and would select his followers and attendants, he sought for men. Where could he find them? Whom will he select? Were they not already marked out for him? Let him look for the crowns and purple robes and breastplates. These are the men whom the world has honored. He may find them there. Crowns and robes and decorations do not make a man; neither can they conceal one. He may find his men in the garb of fishermen and publicans. Such a condition would not shut them out.

What he must have is men. And he set aside all the deep-rooted customs of the age, and sought for manhood. And when he found them he put upon them no titles. Be not ye called rabbi. They never took titles or badges, or insignia of office. Their honor was in doing their Master's will—the highest position among them was held by the one who did the most service. The Romish church has put a crown on Peter's head which neither he nor the Master ever put there. The only one he ever wore was a crown of martyrdom, as his Master had worn a crown of thorns.

There were two classes when Jesus came to this earth—rulers and masses. The rulers he turned into servants, and the masses he broke up into men. It has been expressed—

"God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
For to my ear each morning brings
The outrage of the poor."

And then, Jesus saved men. The lost piece of money, the lost sheep, the prodigal son, showed his estimate of man's exceeding worth. A pause on the highway in the midst of his work, to talk with a woman, shows his method.

But, second, what is meant by man? "Till we all come unto the perfect man." What is it to be a *man*?—taking that word in its generic sense of both man and woman.

It is a high place—or ought to be—to be a ruler, a king, a prophet, a philosopher; but far and away a higher and grander thing to be a *man*. It is a higher place to reach, a harder thing to be; it is the highest attainable position. To be a man, in the fullness of the word, to become what the

apostle speaks of when he says, "unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ," is to reach the summit.

We all recognize the fact that to be a man is above all other titles when we ask of any dignitary, "What kind of a *man* is he?" "But he is a *king*," some one answers. "Why do you ask what kind of a man he is?" Because, in the long run that is all we care to know. The titles fade. Manhood is all that endures. What kind of a man is he? "But he is President of the United States," some one replies. We do not care about that. Man is a greater title than president.

Pilate was procurator when Jesus lived in Palestine. What kind of a *man* was he? That is all we care to ask, as we look back through the centuries. The other title fades out. Herod was King of the Jews. What kind of a *man* was he? This is the world's question, and, according as that question is answered, is the verdict.

But you say I have not answered the question yet. What is man? What do we mean by man? What is that goal which the apostle places as the highest position we can reach? "Till we all come to the *perfect man*." Paul answers this question by repeating a name. What is a man? Jesus Christ. What is it to be a man? He answers, to reach "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Paul was too wise to give any other answer. He was too familiar with the history of the world not to know that any other answer would be folly.

The history of man on this earth is not very pleasant reading to a sensitive soul. It is chiefly a record of man's inhumanity to man. Who, in the long history of the world's past, who that have possessed power, haven't used that power to grind and oppress the people, and exalt and enrich themselves? Power in the state, power in finance and business, power in the army, power in the church, have been used to increase the power of the individual despot, at the expense of the defenseless. Power has assumed different forms in different circumstances. The political despotism in Russia has not been possible in the United States, and so here it has assumed the form of a financial despotism. It is war and bloodshed, and struggle and oppression on the one side, and it is resistance and protest, and vain attempts to break chains and throw off oppression, on the other; and it is this which makes the pages of history such a fascination, in spite of their lurid character. And this is the history of *man*.

And if things were reversed—the poor were given the ascendancy, and the weak were given the power—it would make no difference. It would simply be a change of oppressors. For there is just as much unsanctified human nature on one side as on the other. That is man as we know him on the pages of history. It has been truly said, "That would be a happy nation whose history is uninteresting"—uninteresting because free from the record of oppression and struggle. Is *this* what it is to be a man? Is that the kind of creature he is—some stages removed from the tiger of the jungle, from the claws and fangs of the beasts of the forest; but in his own way preying upon his fellow men?

Exceptions dot this black history of the past, like oases in the desert, promises of a better day; possibilities lying latent in humanity. No, the dark picture history paints is not *man*. It is a travesty, a caricature, a perversion of man. God virtually said, "I will show to the world a man, I will send

into the world my Son, not in the form of an angel or some unfamiliar being, but in the form of a man." "Ecce homo," said Pilate. "Behold the man." He knew not how significant his words were. The world had never seen the ideal, the pattern, the perfect man, before. Approaches to it they had seen, but never before that which the Creator had in mind when he said, "Let us make man in our image and likeness."

The apostle in the text, when he speaks of the perfect man, is speaking of the flesh and blood Jesus, the Jesus who worked and ate and slept, who laughed and cried—the citizen, the neighbor, the friend Jesus. What is a man? That is a man, unselfish, noble, pure, strong, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Shut the book of history, cover up man's inhumanity to man, shut your eyes to the imperfect examples, and look on a man. What is the best day that will ever dawn on this earth, in the estimation of the apostle? It is when the sons of earth "shall come, in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the perfect man"—when they shall measure up to that glorious standard.

Finally, how do we reach—how can we reach—this high standard? One of the best things about the condition of the world today is its dissatisfaction with things as they are. There is such a dissatisfaction, deep and widespread. We do not like the way history reads. The world is ashamed of the wars which leave in their track ruin and suffering, ashes and desolation.

We are not proud of the methods by which man gets the ascendancy over his fellow man. We are proud of those *flashes* of sympathy which burst out when a great city and district lie waste from earthquake and fire; but we are very much dissatisfied with the methods into which life will settle again in the old ruts. Why are we thus dissatisfied? Because we have caught sight of something better.

The story is told, in letters of an English lady, of a German boy living in a provincial town, who showed very early a taste and skill in drawing. And while he kept to his father's occupation, he spent his leisure time in drawing and painting. But his ideals were low, and his sketches were for the vulgar crowd. There came a day when for the first time he went away from his native village, accompanying his father to a distant city. He had never before seen a city. He looked with wondering eyes on the stately buildings and the people. But there was something else which he saw. All the way home he was silent, replying only in monosyllables to his father's conversation. Soon after reaching home his father found him with his face buried in his hands. What is it?" asked the father. "Are you ill? Are you exhausted from the journey?" After a while the boy looked up and said, "O father, I've seen a *painting!* I did not know before that art meant such work as that." He had seen the Sistine Madonna! He could never be the same boy he was before. He might go on making his cheap sketches, but he would always do it with the picture of that great painter floating before his eyes.

Paul was once a young man, giving his splendid talents to the persecution of men and women. His ideals were low. All his fire and ability went to low pursuits. There came a change, a point from which he loathed his old life, and himself for ever living it. What had taken place? He had seen Jesus Christ. After that it became the passion of his life to present that Jesus to his fellow men, that they, seeing him, might have all their old standards broken to pieces. And so he works and prays and hopes for a day when we all, "through the unity of the faith and knowledge of the Son of God may come to the perfect man."

Sermons on Isaiah

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

Sermon No. 1

Sermons on Isaiah.

No. I.

All Christians are agreed in calling the book of Isaiah one of the great books of the Old Testament canon. The name of Isaiah stands easily at the head of the list of Old Testament prophets in our thoughts.

And yet the use of the book of Isaiah is confined to about half a dozen brilliant passages, and the rest is obscure and almost meaningless. We are all of us familiar with those wonderful chapters or paragraphs. We associate them at once with the name of

Travels when we hear them,
or when we hear the prophets
name. Listen a moment to
the familiar refrain, "And there
shall come forth a rod out of
the stem of Jesse, and a
Branch shall grow out of
his roots. And the Spirit of
the Lord shall rest upon
him, the spirit of wisdom
and understanding, the
spirit of counsel and might,
the spirit of knowledge, and
of the fear of the Lord."

"The wilderness and the
solitary place shall be glad
for them; and the desert
shall rejoice and blossom
as the rose."

"Awake, awake, put on thy

strength, O Zion; put on
thy beautiful garments, O
Jerusalem!"

"He is despised and re-
jected of men; a man of
sorrows and acquainted with
grief. Surely he hath borne
our griefs and carried our
sorrows. He was wounded
for our transgressions, he
was bruised for our in-
iquities."

"Unto us a child is born,
unto us a Son is given;
and the government shall
be upon his shoulder, and
his name shall be called,
Wonderful, Counsellor, the
Mighty God, the Everlasting
Father, the Prince of Peace."

"So, every one that thirsteth,
came, yet to the waters, and he
that hath no money: Come ye,
buy and eat; yea, come,
buy wine and milk without
money and without price."

The chapters introduced
by the well-known words we
have read stand out in
our memories, and really
represent to us the book of
Isa. There are 66
chapters in the book, and
about six constitute the
oasis in the desert of
the other sixty.

Now these six chapters
are beautiful and each
great truths of themselves,
but their beauty and
power are seen only as

we take in the force and
meaning of the book as a
whole. It is to give a
kind of bird's eye view, or
outline of this book that
I have begun this course
of sermons.

We know almost nothing
about the personal life of
the writer of this book.

There is not a word about
his birth, training, childhood,
personal appearance, or
death. And yet we
seem to know a great
deal about him. It has
been said, that, notwith-
standing the silence on
these points of personal
biography, this is one of
the most finished and

intelligible lives in history. This so became we can follow the prophet from step to step in his mental and spiritual struggles, in his hopes and aspirations, until we came to feel perfectly acquainted with.

This is one of the cases in which we are surprised, when we look for facts concerning his life, to find that we know nothing about him.

He is like one who might come among us a stranger. By his words or works, and spirit among us he endeared himself to us, and we came to know and love him.

But if some are here

to ask us about the man's antecedents and connections, about his early life and subsequent training, we might not be able to answer a word. We feel wonderfully well acquainted with this man, but as to facts from which to construct a biography we know almost nothing!

There is one thing we may say with almost absolute certainty — he belonged to a family in Jerusalem. How do we know this? Not from any word to that effect, but from the fact that his citizenship in Jerusalem colors all his prophecies. "Jerusalem," says one, "is more to this

man than was Athens, to
Demosthenes, Rome to Juvenal,
or Florence to Dante."

Traits of Character in
this grand young Jew will
come out grand time to
time as we proceed in
our study of this book.

I wish to-night to con-
sider for a little time the
prophet's preface to his book
which is given us in
the first Chapter.

This preface was evi-
dently written last, as its
very first verse shows.

He says this is his
vision of things which
occurred in the reigns of
Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz &
Hezekiah.

Look at that statement a
moment. Suppose a man
living in the presidency of
Abraham Lincoln had begun
a kind of journal of historical
events, and had continued
them through till the close
of President Arthur's admin-
istration. His journal of
events is then published in
one book and in the
first chapter he writes,
"Events which I was familiar
with, in the administrations
of Lincoln, Johnson, Grant,
Garfield and Arthur."

Of course this ~~last~~
statement which stands first
in the book must have
been written the last thing

Lincoln began to keep or
write his prophetic journal

when Izziah was king,
and continued to write
down to and through the
Kingdom of Hezekiah.
Then he gathers his
prophecies all together and,
when an old man, writes
a preface which he pre-
pares to the whole, saying,
"The vision which Isaiah
the son of Amoz saw con-
cerning Judah and Je-
rusalem, in the reigns of
Izziah, Jotham, Ahaz &
Hez." The Preface is a
sort of summary or con-
densation of the state of
things during all of
Isaiah's life. I wish
simply to call atten-
tion to the striking

picture presented in this
preface. It is a master-
piece of word painting.

This first chapter of
Isaiah is a trial at law,
and as readers and students,
if we would imagine ourselves
stepping into a court room,
we have just the correct
idea, and the right stand-
point from which to look.

The people of Israel
have been summoned into
court and stand as the
defendants at the bar. God
is both plaintiff and judge,
the heavens and the earth
are the counsellors at law,
and Isaiah is the witness.

The Lord begins by read-
ing the indictment, and
calling upon the counsellors

at law - the heavens and
the earth to listen to see if
what he states is not good
law - the law of all righten-
ness. "Hear O heavens, &
give ear O Earth. I have
nourished & brought children
and they have rebelled vs
me." The indictment is
rebellion. Then the witness
is called to the stand -
"Traitor!" "Here". Tell what
you know about this
people. "Their land is
desolate & sown by
strangers. Their cities are
burned with fire. They
are in the greatest trouble
and all because they
have forsaken the Lord.
All this is true, and no
one can deny it."

Then the people are called upon to reply and tell what they have to say in defence. Listen to their long story:— "You say we are rebels against God. See what we have done, and are doing— We have brought a multitude of sacrifices. We have brought burnt offerings of rams & the fat of red beasts— we have offered the blood of lambs and the goats. We have faithfully attended meeting, brought oblations— kept the new moons and sabbaths, & all the appointed feasts. We have spread forth our hands and made many prayers.

Then, the case being all
in, the witnesses heard, &
the defence listened to, and
every point in the indict-
ment examined by the
counsellors to show that it
is according to law, the
Judge rises - And God is
the Judge - and sums
up the case. "Come now,
and let us reason to-
gether" or as many of
the students of this were
give - "Let us bring our
reasoning to a close" You
are found guilty of every
count in the indictment.

It is nothing to the
purpose that you have
said all you say. You
have done it all, but
in all these things

That has been no worship,
no love, no righteousness,
but just a thoughtless, un-
reasoning performance

I am your God, a being
of reason, but you act
as if a fool were on
the throne who can be
deceived by an outward
show. What do I care
for church-going, if you
are not sincere. What do
I care for all your
postures, and attitudes,
and new moons & great
assemblies, when you
make them a cloak for
sin, and a drug for
your consciences.

You are guilty, but
come now and let us
bring our trial to an

end. Guilty; but I am
not only your judge,
but your father. You
have rebelled against
your father. Guilty,
but, put away the evil
of your doings - Cast
tho' do evil - Learn to
do well. And though
your sins be as scar-
let - they shall be as
white as snow, and
though they be red like
crimson - as they are -
they shall be as white
as snow.

This is surely a
peculiar kind of trial
at law - found guilty,
and no possibility of
appeal - and yet an
offer made right on

the spot of pardon so
complete that the record
shall be spotless!

This is one of the
most striking types of
Xtianity and the gospel
to be found in the
Old Testament.

Tried and found
guilty, even when heaven
and earth are appealed
to, and the guilt com-
pared to scarlet & crim-
son, and yet a grace
offered that shall make
the record white.

But, the Judge goes
on to say, the dis-
obedient, those who con-
tinue now, after this
offer in their old
attitude, shall be ut-

terly destroyed together.

This Preface, as I have said, was written at the close of the prophet's life, when he could look back over four reigns. It gives a kind of key-note to the whole book. The people as they came before us in the successive prophecies are continually repelling, but from first to last the attitude of God is -

Come now O let us sum it up - Put away the evil of your doing - Cease to do evil, learn to do well, and I will now,

and that now goes
clear down to the
last page of the 39th
chapter — I will make
the Crimson red white.

There is one thing we
shall find true of this
book of Traide — though
it deals with affairs in
the reigns of Uzziah, Jotham,
Shaz, & Hezekiah, it is
just as applicable to
the reign of Queen Vic-
toria or the presidency
of Mr. Harrison.

I want you to notice some
of the points which stand
out from this book as
shown in the preface.
See what an advanced

thinker Isaiah was.

When we get to feeling that we are very wise in this wonderful 19th century, it will require our pride to sit a little while & listen to this Jew who lived 750 years B.C.

1. God reasons with men - meets men on the plain of their reason. This is not simply the advanced thought of our age, but the advanced thought of Isaiah's inspired mind.

Do the people say - We cannot understand God-religion, spiritual things.

They are above us, beyond us. God requires us to believe what we

cannot understand, and
tattle on faith that our
reason may consider
absurd. In reply I re-
presents God as saying,
Come now and let us
reason about it, and
I will show you that
there are things enough
that are within reach to
prove the things that
are not. When an
astronomer tells me about
things which I can verify
by my own eyes and
calculations, and rea-
sonings, and I find him
correct in them all, I
am not purloining
when I follow him by
faith beyond where I
have the ability to verify.

We shall find things in this book that pass beyond the reach of our eyes & even our powers of logic, but all of them are based on a solid foundation of that which we can verify. The God Isaac pictures to us, then, in this book, is one who sits down and reasons with his children.

(2.) Another point - which is made to stand over against this - that ceremonies & performances and observances are of no account without a heart of purity, a purpose of righteousness back of them.

The only instance we find in the New Testament of X reading the scriptures in public is when he entered the synagogue & read a selection from Isaiah. It seems as if this was a favorite book with him.

On other occasions he quotes from it. The fact is here in this book a spiritual & remarkable picture of true worship that might be called a foretaste of the sermon on the Mount, the parable of the Prodigal son, the discourse on the New Birth with Nicodemus.

It is said that every
book in the Bible is a
road which if followed
will lead to X! The road
from the book of Isaiah is
so plain that it needs no
guide board, and all
the way through we shall
guide ourselves, if we study
the book reverently that we
are near the cross.

Sermon No 2.

— Isaiah's World. —

We are to consider this evening the world as Isaiah and his contemporaries looked out upon it in the eighth century before Christ. And I wish to look upon the world not simply in a geographical sense, but also in a political and religious.

The people of Isaiah's time not only looked out in their knowledge upon so much territory, but they had peculiar ideas of what the world was in its government & its religions.

As we look at this subject, we shall see how the character and office and work of Idrisi tower above his country and his times.

Look, however, first at Idrisi's geographical world.

The map will help us to hold in mind what is said about Idrisi's world was western Asia.

This world was bounded on the east by a line drawn from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf; on the west by a line drawn from about the centre of what we know as Asia Minor to the northern coast of Africa. This world extends north

not quite to the Black Sea,
and south only across a
comparatively narrow strip
of Northern Africa.

Europe had not come
at all into their vision, and
the great continent of Asia
proper had not come into
view. Take this whole
world of Traial's time
and place it upon the
United States, and it would
cover but one half of it.

Let the eastern line of
Traial's world be placed on
the Miss. River, and the
western line west of the
Rocky mts, and there would
be left uncovered all
east of the Miss., Minn.
Dak. and Mon. north, and
Nevada, California, Oregon & Wash.

west.

But let us see what kind of a world this was politically, and we shall have one important key to the meaning of many of Isaiah's prophecies. To the north east is the great and rising power of Assyria, with Nineveh as the capital; and on the southern border of Assyria, Babylonia with Babylon as its capital.

Babylon is Assyria's rival, and a constant check upon her movements.

In the south western part of this world is Egypt, a wealthy power at the mouth of the Nile; but up the river

There is a nation of Ethiopians, more hardy than the Egyptians, who are a check upon their movements.

Between these two great powers of Assyria in the north east, and Egypt in the south west lies Palestine, with Edom & Moab at the south and south west, Syria at the north, Phoenicia along the coast, and a little inland and surrounded by these - Israel and Judah, both together only about the size of Conn.

The two great powers in this world were Assyria & Egypt, and neither of these could make a move of any kind without disturbing all the rest of

this known world.
To show what cause
these smaller nations wedged
in between the two great
powers had for fear-no-
tice, that the highway
both of trade and war
lay either through or
near them. When Egypt
with her caravans of trade
or her armies went to
Assyria they followed the
coast up as far as the
plain of Euphrates, when
they crossed Israel north of
the Sea of Galilee to Damascus.
When Assyria went down
into Egypt they followed the
same route. There was
in Isaiah's time almost
constant disturbance
between the two great

powers. These great movements either of peace or war were all the time surging past, and Israel and Judah were in danger of being sucked into the vortex.

Fig.
P. 245
II

What would be the natural effect of this state of things upon the kings of Judah & Israel, if they studied policy simply, & forgot to trust to God's promises? Why, just what we find them doing.

When Assyria seemed to be preparing for war they said, let us make an alliance with Egypt for our own protection.

When Egypt seemed to be threatening, they said,

Let us make an alliance
with Babylon. In the
midst of all this fear
and excitement Isaiah
rises up, a statesman,
a prophet of Jehovah, and
says - Maintain your neu-
trality. You have nothing to
do with making alliances
with the nations. You are
located inland, on the
hills, out of the direct
path of the nations; but
above all and beneath
all is the fact that you
are God's people. In
all of Isaiah's counsels
as we read them to-
day there is seen, not
simply a confidence in
God, but a mastery of
the situation which

shows a great leader
and statesman. Like Moses,
Isaiah, judged by the severe
standards of Modern times
stands out as one of
the world's greatest states-
men.

With a mind
that grasped the entire sit-
uation, uninfluenced by either
flattery or threats, he con-
stantly outlined a state
policy that would have
glorified Judah.

Unite yourselves with
any one of these world
powers, and you become
a plaything in their hands,
or a prize to be fought over
and sure to be captured
& carried away by one
of them. Stand neutral -
stand in the strength of

The Lord of hosts, and you hold against the world a commanding position, and you will become the great example and teacher of the whole world.

But this great man, great even by the side of great statesmen of our century, stands almost alone. The people, led by their kings, are un-
governed and demand alliances with the world

There was another respect in which I said he stood out above the times in which he lived, and on a level with any age that should succeed him.

Every nation had its

God or gods, and when
they engaged in war these
gods were looked to for
the victory, and were car-
ried with them into the
campaigns. If Egypt
conquered in a battle
with Assyria then it was
said her gods were the
stronger that time.

This same idea had
become prevalent among
the Jews, so they came to
call their God the God of
Israel - meaning, Assyria
has her God, Egypt hers,
and we have ours.

We believe ours is the best,
but he is only one among
scores.

Ahaz, King of Judah
boasted that he had

achieved a wise stroke
of statesmanship when
he could by alliance or
victory or strategy get
any of the other gods on
his side, and he exclaims
at one time in his
reign - We have with us
on our side Moloch
and Chemosh and Rim-
mon, and the gods of
Damascus and Assyria".

But Isaiah comes in
with his clear vision, and
prophetic statement, which
was new to the nation -

"Jehovah is the god of
all the earth." "The gods
of the nations are silver
and gold, the work of
men's hands, but our
God is in the heavens.

and his Kingdom is over
all."

Look at Isaiah's
Prophetic position and
outlook a manum, and
see what advanced
ground he was taking.

Israel & Judah together
the size of Wales in Great
Britain or of Conn. in
the United States, a little
state in the midst of
great empires, rich &
powerful! But Isaiah
says to them, if we trans-
late his words into Christian
phrase - Ye are the light
of the world - You are the
educators of the unnumbered
nations - you are the Kingdom
from which all other
Kingdoms in all future

time will I draw the
inspiration. Stand by
your principles - trust
in the Lord, and no
power on earth can
harm you.

It was like X 700
years afterwards saying to
his little band of fisher-
men - "Ye are the light
of the world, and the
salt of the Earth."

How shall we account
for the fact that while the
people and their Kings ad-
mitted to an equal place
in the national temple the
gods of the victorious na-
tions around them, the
prophets boldly took posses-
sion of all the world
in the name of Jehovah?

They never admitted for a moment that any god of the heathen was worthy of mention.

Who or what lifted these men head and shoulders above their fellow men? It was the God in whose name they spoke and in whom they trusted.

This subject illustrates two or three truths.

The Xian man's position in the world is like that of Israel in the midst of these nations. X's prayer for his disciples which we have been studying, was - "I pray not that thou shouldst

take them out of the
world, but that they
should not keep them
from the evil.
"Stand?" Isaiah
kept saying to this nation
of Israel, "stand, and
let these nations look,
and wonder. Stand, un-
til these nations shall
say of you, 'There is
a nation different from
the rest of ~~you~~ us.
They will make no al-
liances, no compromises,
but assert that the
Lord is their King, and
not only so, but the
King of all the earth.
& standing thus
you can defy the world
But even if you

were to fail, you would
still fly the flag of
eternal principles.

The Church oc-
cupies to-day that po-
sition before the world.

There is always an
opportunity for the Church
to maintain her pre-emi-
nence by refusing all
connections with the
methods of the world.

Any organization that
stands for a great prin-
ciple would be stronger
to-day - would be more
solidly entrenched in the
good sense & judgment
of right-thinking men, if
they never lowered them-
selves to touch suspicious
or evil methods!

Take that grand organization of men known as the Grand Army of the Republic, made up of men who fought to preserve our flag & institutions - they would be strangers to-day and command more support for their charitable work, if they would let those "dumplings" alone which set at defiance the very laws they fought to maintain.

There is a battle going on in this country to-day between the Louisiana lottery & the best moral sentiment of the country. It is as really a battle in

where great issues are
at stake as was the battle
of Gettysburg. What an
immense advantage in
overturning this institution
if we do not use their
same methods in raising
money! Dr. Deems
said recently in a ser-
mon in New York - The
La. Lottery seems to many
of you a great way off,
but it lays its offers
and schemes before
the young men of all
our communities.

The Church has shaken
herself clear of all lottery,
raffling or chance schemes,
and it is time she
did.

There is one other
point in Isaiah's faith
and teachings that is
remarkable - he taught
even then, the Fatherhood
of God, & the brotherhood
of man.

As he heard his
brethren around him
saying - Assyria has her
god, and she constitutes a
family by herself; and
Egypt - has her god, and
is another, and we
have the Lord, and we
are his family, Isaiah
taught - God is the god
& Father of the whole
world, without distinction
of race or color or
position. He says to
Israel - God has made

you a teacher and
leader of the nation,
but our God is over
all. It is difficult
now to realize what
high and advanced ground
this was to occupy.

Why, the Church of this
19th Cent. has but just
reached that position, but
she has reached it, or
is fast coming there.

Some of you may
have noticed in the last
number of the Chautauquan
a narration of an occur-
ance which recently took
place in Washington, D.C.

A young mulatto girl
had been taking lessons
in crayon & oil drawing
& painting in a free art

school, until her lecturer
said, "I can carry you
no further in this - you
must have better ad-
vantages." The lecturer
took specimens of her
work to the Coreogan Art
School and exhibited
them to the members.

They gattered about
them in unfeigned ad-
miration, and all
pronounced them ex-
cellent. Her name
was proposed for mem-
bership & she was
unanimously elected.

But when the girl,
whose excellence they had
admired & praised,
presented herself to be
introduced, it was seen

that she had negro
blood in veins, and
the frown was shut in
her face.

It is a healthy
sign that the Church
will but an occasional
exception utters his con-
demnation of such un-
christian & narrow policy.

But here is our
lecture, even on these
advanced questions -
"The nations of the Earth
are his."

Sermon No. 3.

Isaiah's Call and Consecration.

It is not our purpose to make these sermons on the book of Isaiah a commentary. We shall attempt but very little of what is called exegesis. I want to keep in mind what we stated in the opening sermon, that the object is to give a kind of setting for the book, or outline of facts which may make the book clearer when it is read. For example, no one can read these prophecies intelligently who has not in mind the

main facts given in our last sermon on Isaiah's World. We must have those nations surrounding Judah in mind to know what Isaiah is talking about when he speaks of the generals and kings who led armies and ruled over the peoples of those nations.

Our sermon this evening shows us how Isaiah came to be the great prophet of the Lord that he was, and writes the prophecies of this book. If we were to put our subject into Christian phrase we would say - "Isaiah's Conversion".

The facts are given us in the 6th Chapter of the book.

The conversion of Izaiab took place in the year that King Uzziah died, and the death of that king had something to do with. Uzziah was on the throne, and at the height of his glory when Izaiab was born, and during his boyhood and youth, and he was the most illustrious and successful king that had sat on the throne since Solomon's day. Izaiab as a boy had lived near the Court, had seen its splendor, and had caught something of the admiration & enthusiasm which

which filled Jerusalem
as their King gained re-
nour from his successes.

Under Uzziah the King-
dom of Judah was enlarged
and strengthened. With
thousands of other youths
Israel must have been
dazzled by this brilliancy
and glory.

But there
came a change. Uzziah,
lifted up, and made ar-
rogant by his power &
successes, goes into the
temple, and boldly takes
it upon himself to offer
the incense, setting at
defiance the laws & cus-
toms of their religion.

When he came out
of the temple a leprous
spot was on his face-

head, and he was sent to a separate house, kept there in seclusion until he died. This event seems to have made a deep impression on the young man Izziah, & profoundly stirred his whole being with the greatness of God, and the awfulness of sin.

And so this 6th Chap. begins - "In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up."

And so Izziah's conversion began, every notable conversion does, in a vision.

Uzziah's awful death was the occasion of making

up this man's nature, or
fitting him to see a vision.
Moses' career began
in a vision - he saw
the Lord in a burning
bush. Paul's career
began in a vision - he
saw Jesus in the heavens,
while he was struck down
by the great light.

And so Isaiah's begins
in a vision. And does
not every conversion be-
gin in some kind of a
vision? We see the
Lord in some way or
form - we get a glimpse
of his goodness or love
See what grand
language the prophet uses
to describe his vision -
His train - that is his sweep -

ing garments of light-
filled the temple. Above it
stood the Seraphim - that
is the mysterious sacred
creatures with their out-
stretched wings of gold;
and one cried unto
another, "Holy, holy, holy
is the Lord of hosts, the
whole earth is full of
his glory."

For a man who
has got to face the sin
and opposition and
persecution that Isaiah
did, what a help - what
a strength, what a power
to have such a vision
to start with!

He will need it all
when the dark days
come. When King Slay

fills the land with his
abominations, and there
is scarcely an evidence
on any side of the
reverence due to God, he
has need to remember
his vision.

When one of
New York's princely merchants
was leaving his country for
the city, he had a vision
which he never forgot.

His mother said to
him - William, to-day you
step out of your quiet
home into the bustle &
temptation of a great
city. Don't forget what
you have learned here.

Then for the last time
they all knelt at the
family altar, and, said

the man in after years,

what a prayer that was

The faith of that father
and mother were so
great that it seemed
to open the heavens and
give me a glimpse of the
Throne of God. I went,
he says to the city, was
surrounded by men who
ridiculed all spiritual
things; but that vision
never left me. I had
seen the Lord.

Says Isaiah, "In the
year that King Uzziah
died, I saw the Lord."

The next thing that hap-
pens - the next experience
in this conversion is
look at himself

Up to this time he had
thought himself a polished
gentleman, surrounded by
the very cream of society.

He was of good birth,
good education, talented,
and of excellent character.
He never thought
of abasing himself before
any man. He could stand
with the best; but he
has seen the Lord:

His train filled the
temple, and he was
holy - holy - holy.

How dear this name
man, as he looks back
from the vision of the
Lord to himself - "Woe
is me!" for I am
unclean, for I am a
man of unclean lips,

and I dwell in the
midst of a people of
unclean lips, for mine
eyes have seen the King,
the Lord of Hosts."

It is easy to remem-
ber that that is the man
who said - "All our
righteousnesses are as
filthy rags". He never
would have known it,
had he not seen the
radiant garments of
the Lord, as in their
gleaming whiteness they
filled the temple.

When he looked back to
his own garments which
he had before thought
were excellent, he could
only exclaim, - "Hol is he!"

Who are the men that
talk about the excellence
of human character - that
feel complacency in their
moral garments? Those who
have not seen the Lord.

One clear view of
him, and they can only
say - "He is me!"

The Pharisee says - Lord,
I thank thee that I am
not as other men - I -
I - I do thus and so.

The publican prayed -
"God be merciful to me a
sinner!" He had seen
the Lord. The Pharisee
had seen only himself
and other men.

But Isaiah is ready now for the next step in his conversion. When he reached the point where he could see himself in the bright light of the Lord's holiness, he was ready for the Lord's hand which would lift him up.

Confession opens the door to pardon.

Jesus said of the Pharisee - "I tell you this man went down to his house justified."

It is a principle that humility always goes with true greatness. There comes a vision to every man ^{upon} whom calls for special

service rest. In the light
of that vision he sees
himself and falls in
the dust. Then! Then!
begins the man's ca-
reer of greatness.

David uses
with great force of mean-
ing, the little word "then".
Then flew one of the
separatim into me, with
a live coal which he
had taken with the
tongs ~~from~~ off the
altar, and laid it on
my lips, and said,
Lo, this has touched
thy lips, and thine in-
iquity is purged."

how he says - "And
I heard the voice of the
Lord saying - Whom shall
I send, and who will
go for us?"

Have you ever
thought what it was
that distinguished Isaiah
from many of the Old
Test. prophets? Why was
his office so long con-
tinued - indeed life-long?

You know Isaiah was
sent on a mission.
"The Lord said to him,
"Go". Hosea, and
Amos was both sent
on a mission, and
having completed their
work, their mission
ended. Isaiah is a
prophet till death in

old age ends his
earthly work

The work of most
of the old prophets was
compulsory; Isaiah's was
free - voluntary.

The Lord does not
say to him - Now go;
but - I have an im-
portant mission, who
will perform it - Whom
shall I send? And
this young man -
this Christian Endeavourer
of the 8th Century B.C.
says, "I will go. Here
am I, send me!"

It has been said
of Isaiah - He is one
of the great Kings of
writing. He has a

versatility that few command, being master of every style of writing.

He is master of poetry and prose, of the subtle and the tender & comforting. Few impress us with their personality as does this man; but it is a personality consecrated.

It is not simply - "Here am I, but - "Here am I - send me."

A great many people impress us with their personality - with the "Here am I"; but there is no consecrated personality.

How I think is ready
to know what the work
is. Is it not
singular that I think
promised to go be-
fore he knew what
was wanted of him? -
that he should say - Here
am I, send me, before
he knew whether and
for what he was to be
sent? No, not sin-
gular, at all, after
he had seen the
Lord. A man once
said to a trusted
friend, "I would do
for you what I would
not for any other
living man". What is
that? I would sign

a blank cheque, and
leave you to fill it up".
I think puts his
name to a blank cheque,
before he knows what the
Lord will write in it.
The service wanted
of him was a hard one
& translated freely it
was this - "Go to a people
who have ears, but will
not hear; who have hearts,
but will not feel; who
have eyes, but will
not see". What a
damper for a glowing
enthusiasm! It is
comparatively easy to
speak to an appreciative,
responsive people, but
to have for one's life
mission to speak to un-

appreciative, and unfeeling
people was disturbing.
Will I make a mistake
by his signature — his
promise? Will he
still say — "Here am I,
send me?"

How could he do
it? How can a man
work all his life to
the current, the wind, &
the tide? By beginning
with a vision.

Did the
commission almost take
Izrael's breath away —
almost felled him to the
earth.

Suppose a man
were wanted to work in
a great public gar-
den. He asks — And

What is my work to
be? The reply is - To
cultivate & water the
plants & flowers; but
under your most care-
ful, and pains-taking
cultivation you will
see the plants wither;
under the watering you
give them they will
die as if fire dropped
upon them. What a
task! It is delightful
to a lover of flowers
to see the beautiful
plants respond to
every touch by verdure
& beauty; but who
could endure the
opposite! I raise, faith
in the God of his vision

led him to sign the blank cheque; but when he reads the amount filled in he is stunned for the moment.

He exclaims - "Lord, how long?"

The answer came - until cities have no inhabitants, and farms no occupants, and fields no fruits, and the people are carried away; but there will be a remnant, just as when an oak tree is cut down there is a stick left out of which green shoots will spring.

This 6th chap. is a key to a large part of

the book of Isaiah.

What is the reason
some of the Chaps. of
of this people are so
exultant, and some
so dark and discour-
aging? In one chap-
ter we are on a
mount of glorious vision,
perhaps in the next we
are in a valley of
mourning. The key is
this commission of
Isaiah. At times his
eye is fixed on the
End, when out of
the remnant which are
saved there shall be
built up a new life;
and then at times he
thinks of the devastations
which lie between.

The hope by which Isaiah
started out on his
Commission, and by which
he was sustained was
this - a remnant shall
survive the wreck.

He thinks of it when
Sag is doing his worst.

He thinks of it when
wickedness, extortion and
drunkenness fill the
land, and he says to
the few who do hear
him, and who love
God - a remnant
shall be saved.

Ask Isaiah at any
point of his ministry -
what sustains him,
and his reply will be
in brief - the prom-
ise of a remnant.

Is not that a small
thing to work for?
No, for the remnant
implies two things - and
notice how the remaining
lectures in this course
work out - these two -
the remnant will furnish
a rallying point - and
there, a coming a Mes-
siah.

Up to and thro' the 6th chap.
there is no hint of the Messiah:
he has not scanned upon the
prophets' vision yet. One thing
at a time. God works in an
orderly manner. He is working
out his plan by bringing this
young man into his service,
thro' a vision of God and a
view of himself. By and by
this instrument of the Lord - this

Telescope with its object glass
clear and transparent will be
turned on the heavens, and
the Messiah will be seen.

Sermon No. 4.

Isaiah's Development.

—x—

Anyone who has read the book of Isaiah in course has often been surprised, not to say puzzled, at the sudden changes in thought and feeling that take place.

He reads, for example, a chapter that is full of brightness and hope - that is intensely optimistic; and then passes to a chapter full of dark and gloomy predictions, only to leave this for another chapter which unites the two.

Without a key to those sudden transitions, one is at a loss how to explain them. It is to furnish or suggest such a key that I present this evening, the subject of Isaiah's Development or Growth.

In our last sermon we spoke of Isaiah's conversion, and left him at the point where he had offered himself to the Lord with the words, "Here am I, send me!" With all the energy of youth, with all the enthusiasm of a young convert, with all the ambitions of a man whose future is to be made—

full of pity and full
of patriotism, this man
starts out on his mis-
sion. I say starts
out; but let us remem-
ber that he does not
leave Jerusalem, that
city is from first to
last his head quarters,
and the hill from which
he looks out upon the
world. Now what will
be the nature of the
first words this young
prophet speaks?

We can safely predict
before we have seen a
line, or heard a word.
Every young reformer is
an optimist, a dreamer,
an idealist. He has
but to speak, he thinks,

with earnestness and
fire, and the world is
at his feet. He has but
to blow his trumpet, and
an army is at his
back with which to
conquer the world.

We are not surprised,
at, but are prepared for the
first words in the
ministry of this young
coursier - the newly con-
secrated prophet: -

"And it shall come to
pass in the latter days
that the mountain of the
Lord's house shall be es-
tablished, in the lot of
the mountains, and ex-
alted above the hills,
and all nations shall
flow into it."

This is a picture of
the ideal Jerusalem.

This is the optimistic
view of the young reformer.

His eye seems to be
fixed on the far-off
future. He seems to
see Jerusalem sending out
a knowledge of the true
God to all the nations of
the Earth. He sees his
native city lifted up upon
a throne, a diadem on
her brow, and all the
kings of the Earth bowing
before her as queen.

The light that fills the
city is the glory of the
Lord.

We always like to believe
to an optimist. The world
will turn always from a

prophet of dark things,
no matter if he is speaking
the literal truth, to the
man whose words are
full of brightness and
hope. As Isaiah
sees Jerusalem, in his
Day-Dream thus exalted
and shining, he exclaims,
"Oh house of Jacob, come,
and let us walk in
the light of the Lord."

This hopeful man believes
that at once, in response
to the words which he speaks,
the house of Israel will
see things just as he sees
them, and come up to
the standard of holiness
which he sets up.

Such men, with their
Dreams and visions are

of great service to the world. If it were not for them our highest ideals would die out.

Such men are called all kinds of names. The world does not call them reformers. It calls them fanatics, enthusiasts, dreamers.

It calls them impractical, and visionary; and yet it is by such men that the world is slowly but surely being moved. Men who stand some clear mountain top see a vision of things to come, descend to the valley, and tell their vision.

Men laugh at them, and hold their words up to ridicule, but the next generation builds a man-

ment to their fame.

The mistake these reformers make is in supposing that the things which stand out so clearly to their vision are at the door. Your inexperienced vision tells you that the snow clad peak seen so clearly through the transparent air of Cal., is but a few hours journey away; but a whole day's travel scarcely seems to bring it nearer!

But the question may arise in some mind - Has not Isaiah inspired, and are not these the words of God? Certainly; but we have all learned the fact, which is such an important key to Bible

study, that God speaks thro
human lips; and those human
lips speak more wisely than
they know. Isaiah may
note the divine vision,
thinking that the scene he
depicts is at the door, but
God knew the scene he was
painting with such fidelity
was far away. Isaiah
paints a picture of his
beloved city of Jerusalem,
believing it is the actual city
of brick and stone which
he is describing; but God
knows that the actual city
will be blotted out over
and over again, and its people
scattered to the ends of
the earth, and that it was
the spiritual Jerusalem which
Isaiah was describing.

There is little question
but that the atmosphere was
so clear to the early apostles
that they thought the coming
of Christ the second time
was exceedingly near; but
to the mind of the Spirit
who inspired their words
that coming was in the
far future. Peter caught
something of the true state of
the case when he wrote - "With
him a thousand years are
as one day, and one day
as a thousand years".

In repeated cases in
the Bible we find men
speaking, having an idea of
their own of what their words
mean; and, at the same
time God has a far-reaching
purpose for those same

same words. But in the case before us, it helps us to understand the meaning of the words to know that Isaiah is speaking words which to him have an almost-immediate fulfilment. Through the transparent air, above the haze of the city streets, he sees a Jerusalem pure, bright, exalted, pecking the earth with its glory. But God's thought in those same words reached on over thousands of years to the triumphs of the Christian dispensation! This young reformer is in a hurry, and wants the ideal Jerusalem now. God is never in a hurry, but

will first get the world ready for it.

We are ready to pass now, understandingly, to the second stage in the development of the prophet — from the ideal to the real.

What will be effect on this youthful enthusiast when he comes down from his mountain top of vision and walks the streets of the actual Jerusalem? Up there, he saw a holy city; down here he sees a wicked city; up there he imagined he could hear the ring of the smith's hammer as he "beat the swords into ploughshares, and the spears into

pruning hooks", but down here
he hears the sound of vio-
lence and the clank of
hostile arms. We can
imagine the shock of sur-
prise to the prophet not to
find his vision already
far on towards realization -
not to have people come
crowding about him eager
to learn of the Lord.

This is just the point
where Isaiah will suffer
shipwreck, unless he is
staunchly built. It is on
this rock that thousands of
would-be reformers have
gone to pieces. They have
uttered their first words
of glowing enthusiasm;
they have predicted the
downfall of every enemy,

and the speedy triumph of
their cause. Then they
have opened their eyes, ceased
their dreaming, mingled with
men, and learned that few
care for them or their words.

Then, unless they are
true reformers, they are
disappointed, become cynics,
or retire entirely from the
field. At the opening
of the third chapter we
find this young prophet's painful
face to face with his first
great disappointment.

But he has in him
the stuff of which true
reformers are made, and
instead of retiring from
the field in despair - in-
stead of becoming a cynic
or a rebel, he settles him-

self to read just his ideas, and attack the actual situation. As an idealist, we had great faith in man alone. He begins his second period of development with a stranger, deeper faith in God. He thought men were to spring to their feet in ready obedience to his call. But now, with his added experience exclaiming, "Cease ye from man whose breathe is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

It will be helpful to recall a little of the history of the time at this point. Uzziah's brilliant sun had set in gloom, Uzziah dying

of leprosy in a pest house.
Jotham, his son succeeds
him, and enters upon a
short-but brilliant reign,
but he is succeeded by Ahaz,
a mere child. This child
has been misguided, and
behind the throne is the
child's mother, a woman
ferocious of pity or principle,
almost a Jezebel in morals.

This is the state of things
the prophet now faces as
he comes down from his
vision. The man is e-
qual to the strain, and
meets the demands of the
times. He becomes the
true reformer as he lends
to his heart his faith in
God and attacks the
situation just as he

guids it. Hear him —
"As for my people children
are their oppressors, and
waxen rule over them."

It has been said that
"we can scarcely estimate
what it cost Haink to say
these things of his beloved
city. What a change is this
that has come over him,
who speaks not now of
tomorrow, but of to-day,
who has brought his gaze
from those distant horizons
to our streets, who stares
every man in the face, and
makes the women feel that
no pin and trimming, no
ring and bracelet, escape his
notice". It is only a
step from a true ~~free~~
reformer to what we call

a scold. Often it is impossible to draw the line. The true reformer differs from the scold in the fact that he has seen a vision of things to come, and all his words are inspired by his faith in the great outcome. The scold ~~often~~ speaks out of his own impatience and ill nature. Garrison & Phillips were often called mere scolds, even by those who were in sympathy with the great reform in which they were engaged; but we see to-day that they had many elements of the true reformer.

Isaiah loved Jerusalem. He was a

patriot; but when he
turned and looked at her,
through the eyes which
had been cleared by his
spiritual conversion, he
saw sin - he saw a cor-
ruption which could end
only in utter overthrow.

His hot denunciations
reached their climax
when he turned to the
women. "Tricks was a
young gallant before his
conversion. No one
could go beyond him
in respect for woman-
hood, or in polite at-
tentions; but when he
saw fashion, dress,
pretension and high heads
in public, and behind
all these things corruption

in private and evil hearts, he breaks out into those words which have no equal in all literature — See Isaiah and read rapidly the list of details. —

It is easy to see and feel at this point that the popular young optimist has become the unpopular realist.

But what are we to do with these two classes of predictions, which seem so utterly hostile to each other that like oil and water they can never mingle? How can the prophet with any

consistency, ever recon-
cile his two opposing
predictions?

Israel begins now a
third stage in his devel-
opment - a stage reached
by every true reformer,
that of re-adjustment.

He has had his vision
of a future enveloped in
a halo of glory. Like
Peter at the Mountain of
the Transfiguration, he
would gladly propose
to make three tabernacles
and stay there. He
has seen the actual
in the streets of Je-
rusalem, and predicted
the Judgment of God.
He now finds these
two gets a new stand-

spirit from which to
look again and re-
vise his judgement.

A remnant shall
survive, the down fall
and became the seed
of a new Jerusalem.

Listen to these words,
marking the third stage
of his development, and
constituting its key note -
"When the Lord shall have
washed away the filth of
the daughters of Zion, and
shall have purged the
blood of Jerusalem from
the midst thereof by the
spirit of judgement and
burning, then, the es-
caped of Israel, and the
lefts in Zion, and he

That remnant in Jerusalem, shall be the beginning of a new history.

You may say - How are the mighty fallen!

What a change has come over the prophet!

From a vision of Jerusalem becoming the centre and standard toward which all the nations shall flock, he comes down to this - a remnant shall be saved.

Is this what Isaiah's great hopes have come to? Yes, and this is about where every great reformer lands.

He starts out with a vision of Utopia; then

he turns to society to apply it; but, as he flashes the light of his vision upon society as it is, he is almost sickened at heart by the view. This great reformer who began by thinking he could carry the world a mile on the road to the millennium ends by being satisfied with moving it an inch.

Frank's development in this respect illustrates not alone the career of a reformer, but the life of every earnest soul. A young convert

starts out to work
for Christ. The grandeur
of the work, and the
possible results of it
rise upon him like
a vision. What a
conquest of his own
soul - what trophies from
the world he will win
for X! But the
difficulties multiply in
his pathway - now I do
not yield to his per-
suasions as he thought
they were going to -
Everything does not fall
at his feet as he had
dreamed. Now one
of two things will hap-
pen. He will get
discouraged, grow silent
and retire into him-

self; or he will re-
adjust his plans, grip
his reins more tightly for
the contest, and settles
down to a strong and
efficient life.

But these youthful
visions are valuable.

They stir the stagnant
~~currents~~ pools of society.

They keep before us an
ideal inspiring to con-
template, even though
we fall back again into
the hard and slow
struggle of life.

Edmond Bellamy
catches a glimpse of
state of society that fires
his soul to a white heat
of enthusiasm, and he

write a book that
stirs the pools of society
for a year. And he
asks - "Why can we not
have it, and have it
now?" But unforeseen
obstacles rise on every
hand, human nature,
the greatest of all, and
so our prophet of a
speedy Utopia becomes
the apostle of distant
Nationalism.

"Be patient, brethren, until
the coming of the Lord."

The world was not
made in a day. Reforms
do not come about sud-
denly, except it be by
convulsions involving
bloodshed and disaster.

all the same, God's plans
are being wrought out.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

History of more than plains,
— one prophet - Elijah. —

Sermon No. 5.

The Vineyard of the Lord.

— x —

We saw in our last sermon, how Isaiah, beginning with the most hopeful views of Judah's future, came finally to see the real state of things, - that Judah was to be destroyed for her wickedness, with only a remnant spared as a seed for a future history.

We saw how much it cost Isaiah of struggle with his nature and his patriotism to say such things. He was naturally hopeful and boyant in his views and feeling, and was, besides, an ardent patriot.

To tell his people, then, of
the coming destruction and
overthrow was not a pleas-
ant duty. But we saw
how he overcame all that,
and straightened up to his
task of becoming a true re-
former. It remains to show
how he dealt with the peo-
ple. — He may conquer his
own reluctance, to speaking
hard things — he may swallow
his own feelings in the
matter, and become the
Lord's true witness, but he
has a people to deal with
who will not hear a man
predict that the Lord is
about to destroy his own
favored people, and blot
out the city which for
hundreds of years he has

worn as a Diamond upon his
breast. We can easily im-
agine the storm of indigna-
tion which the predictions of
Isaiah aroused, and it was
~~in~~ the consummate manner
in which Isaiah met the
storm that I wish to bring
out to-night.

Suppose a man were to
rise up in our own land,
over which float the stars and
stripes, - a land purchased
once and again by blood -
marked by signal providences,
and with a history to make
more glorious than the past -
suppose a man of command-
ing genius for eloquence were
to proclaim that her days were
numbered, and she was to be
destrayed from the face of

the earth! How we would
repel such a prediction by
all the glories of the past,
by the fact that our history
had but just begun, by
the marked favor of God to us;
and it would be our
feeling that the man who
could ~~such~~ utter such dark
forebodings must be a traitor
to our country's interests.

But Judah knew God had
chosen them to be a peculiar
people - the promises of a
thousand years centered in
them, and their destiny was
not yet fulfilled; but here
was a young man so lost
to respect for the past, to
patriotism, to hope & spirit
for the future that he can
actually predict the wiping

out of Judah and Jerusalem!
Isaiah soon sees that he
has raised a storm which is
every hour gathering force, &
which will break upon his
own head, unless he can some-
how break the fury of the
tempest, and shew its lightning.

Let me introduce you,
then, to-night to another key
chapter to the life of Isaiah &
the book which bears his name.

For literary finish, for
tact and skill, for adroitness
Chap. V of the book of Isaiah
is not excelled. If the
last part of the chapter had
been given the people first,
it would most likely have
cost the prophet his life.

But he did not give the
people the predictions in the

last part of the chapter first:
He did not give the
predictions of swift and
sure and complete de-
struction until after he
had paved the way with
causative skill.

As the people roused to
excitement and indignation,
gather about Raiah and
demand to know what he
means by predicting evil
he says - to put it into our
common, every day phrase -
"I will tell you a little story",
or, as we say, "once upon a
time". Those are often
magic words. They have
still, for a moment at
least, many a storm of
ill feeling.

You remember David

once committed a great sin; but so wrapped up was he in the possession of the coveted prize, so allied was it with his selfish desire, that he would brook no interference. Woe be to the man who faces the King with his sin. But just at that time, when David will ~~to~~ not listen to a word from any body, his aged spiritual adviser and prophet enters.

We can imagine David looking at him with the question in his eye—"What are you here for? Are you going to blame me for what I have done, and demand a restitution or confession?" Beware! Remember, I am King. I am in no mood

to listen to a scolding."

Nathan knows all this as well as if David had said it aloud. He knows the air is charged with electricity and at any moment the bolt may strike, and not even his gray hairs can shield him.

But Nathan began—
"There were once two men who lived in the same city—"

It is a story, an incident, an account of some interesting affair in one of David's cities—perhaps some thing that needs his judgment and action. It is a relief to have his attention diverted to some other men's affairs or sin.
Nathan went on— "One of

These two men was very rich.

His flocks were large, his sheep and lambs, almost unnumbered, covered the hillsides and valleys.

The other man was very poor, his only possession in the wide world was one little ewe lamb.

He kept it in his home, fed it from his hand, and it slept at night by his side.

Something like a friendship grew up between the poor man and his one little pet and solace.

But one day a traveler came to the city and visited the rich man; and the rich man, instead of taking a lamb from his great flocks from which it would scarcely be missed, sent

and took and killed and
dressed and set before his
guest the poor man's one
little ewe lamb! In a
passion of indignation,
David springs to his feet,
and exclaims, "The man that
did this thing shall surely
die." Now Nathan looks
the king in the eye and
says, "How art the man."

7 "But to return to Isaiah.
Once upon a time," he says to
the aroused and sensitive
men of Judah, "a friend of
mine planted a vineyard."

Their attention was caught
and their interest secured.

They could look out
from the walls of Jerusa-
lem upon hill-sides
covered with vines

The illustration was under their eyes, as the story of the sower of the seed was before the disciples. "My friend planted this vineyard in a very fruitful hill." Yes, they think, just the place for it, and with proper care it will do well. Isaiah continues while his hearers can picture every feature of it in their minds - "He fenced it, gathered out the stones, planted it with the very best vines - excellent stock - built a tower in the midst of it, and made a wine press." His hearers follow him and realize that this represents good, thorough work, and the expenditure of a considerable capital, and

the returns - the Sividines
ought to be ample - they
will be ample. Good soil,
a fence to keep out wild
beasts, a tower for the
watchman - every thing means
a good return.

Isaiah continues while
they are all attention - "And
what do you think, - when
the season for the harvest
came and he went and
looked for grapes, he found
nothing but wild grapes -
a hard, sour, worthless grape
of no use to anybody.

The prophet has now the
intense sympathy of every
Jew present. The prophet
now introduces his friend
in imagination, as coming
forward and saying "What

more can I do to my vineyard
than what I have? Nothing!
What would you do with
such a vineyard. The verdict
which carries the assent of
all is this — "Take down the
hedge, lay down the wall,
let it grow up to briars
and thorns, and spend
no more money on it."

"But," says Isaiah, "the
vineyard is the house of
Israel, and the men of
Judah his pleasant plant,
and when the Lord looked
for judgment, behold op-
pression; for righteousness,
behold a cry."

And now Isaiah begins
predictions and denuncia-
tions which never had
been endured before he

spoke his parable.

He applies this parable now with terrible plainness, fearless of consequences to himself; but the people, like David, have given their own condemnation when they let their sympathies go out to the owner of the vineyard.

In the application of this parable, Isaiah shows first, why Judah must be destroyed, and second, the certainty and nature of the destruction.

Why must she be destroyed:
Because of the "wild grapes" she is bringing forth, after all God has done for her.

Judah made the mistake,
nations and individuals
often make that prosperity,
success means simply a
right to glory, or to enjoy
one's self. "What does a
man plant a vineyard
for?" So, asks the Jews.
They answer with one
accent, "Why, for the fruit."

Well, then, if you are
the vineyard of the Lord
you are for fruit.
Possession means, first,
not enjoyment, but
responsibility, not to
glory and pride, saying,
the Lord will never
cut us off, for we are
a glorious country, but
for fruitage.

Then he tells them what
their wild grapes are -
Monopoly and Intemperance

"Hoe into them that join
house to house and field to
field until there be no
room, and ye dwell
alone in the midst of the
land." Some one has
said, commenting on this
chapter, Every civilized
nation develops sooner
or later its monopoly
question, and its drink
question; and they are
tremendous questions.

Isaiah is not a
man of method. He
does not come forward
with some theory of
suppressing these, but

appeals to the highest-
court in the land, in any
land, then and always, the
conscience of the people.

He lays down great-
principles. God did not-
make the land, its products,
property, to be the plaything
of the few, but to be the
support and comfort of
all his children who are
willing to work. The land
is not for speculation,
the wheat is not for
gambling in the grain
pit. In one form or
another this condition of
things arises in every civil-
ized state, and cries to
heaven.

Our country was
startled, a few days ago,

by an explosion in New York which came near costing the life of one of the great monopolists of that city. One of the reporters of a New York paper speaking of the explosion which came so near ending the career of Russell Sage, says, "There fell a tragedy yesterday in that old gray hole at the corner of Broadway and Rector Street, and in the old gray rooms where have been hatched more salacious financial schemes than in any other room in all the world, ~~it~~ a tragedy which we might almost call expected."

It is a correct picture. Plans and schemes as truly gambling and lottery as the great Louisiana Scourge. ~~are~~ ^{have} there been conceived and carried out. If the reporter meant, by saying the tragedy was expected, to uphold and sanction Dynamite as a cure for this it was the roughest anarchy. Traiah's method was the only one, which in the long run ever reaches the case - Dynamite for the consciences of the people, not their bodies. Legislation, government, correction of public abuses reached thro public opinion and a roused public conscience.

And the other kind of
wild grapes - drinking,
drunkenness.

Talk about
Temperance reform! We
sometimes think that this
reform is a modern
thing. It has had
its modern history; it
had its ancient history.

Talk about strong
language used by tem-
perance reformers!

I have never found
anything stronger any-
where than the language
used regarding this sin
by Isaiah.

When he comes to
this sin it is not with
any expectation or

Reformation - it had gone too far, the conscience of the people was dead.

Whisky kills the conscience like drinking.

It makes people with perfect self-complacency, as I said says, "Call evil good and good evil".

Instead of trying to correct their drinking habits he states the effects upon men and upon the nation; and this is the way he puts it - and could anyone ever forget it? -

There is not only the results on men themselves, blighting and degrading; there is not only the expense and the want and misery caused

by drunkenness; not only
all these things which can
be taken account of on
the earth, but hell had
to be enlarged for the
accommodation of the
results. Why Satan him-
self, I think would say,
did not plan for this.

He would have been
satisfied with the thou-
sands who voluntarily
choose the ways of de-
struction. He was not
prepared for such a
flood as drunkenness
has poured into his
dominions.

Destruction's natural
appetite was satisfied
before, but it had
to increase its appetite.

so great was the havoc
caused by strong drink.

Some have asked, Why do
temperance reformers is-
olate drunkennes and
make it stand out alone?

Why not treat it simply as
any other sin. It is only
one of the ways in which
our nature manifests it-
self.

No, says I think, it
is a superfluous thing - an
audacity of sin that even
the devil did not an-
ticipate, and that hell
itself had to be enlarged
to accommodate.

And now, he says
do you ask me again,
why do I predict the
overthrow of Judah &
Jerusalem?

I repeat my question -
What shall my friend do
to his vineyard on which
he has expended so much
of toil, time, and expense,
and it brings forth only
wild grapes? You say,
Plough it up, and lay
it waste. So shall
Judah and Jerusalem be
ploughed, and laid
waste, because for all
these years when the
Almighty came seeking
grapes - looking for re-
sponsibility where he had
placed opportunity -
looking for fruit where
he had given soil &
vines and cultivation, -
he found only wild
grapes.

I will close this sermon with one of those pieces of word painting for which Isaiah is so famous. The people silenced at least by the earnestness of this young prophet, venture to ask -

In what way will this destruction come? How shall we be blotted out?

For answer he sums it up in the single expression - "Assyrian Invasion".

Then as if he could see the mustering, equipping, marching hosts in the far away land of Assyria he says: -
"Behold they come with speed; there is no weary one nor straggler among them;

None slumbers nor sleeps;
nor loosed is the girdle
of his loins, nor broken the
placet of his shoes; their
arrows are sharpened and
their bows bent. Their horses
hoofs are like the flint, and
their wheels like the whirl-
wind; a roar have they
like lions, and their
round is like the growling
of the sea; and the
light is darkened in
the heavens."

This is a picture
of the Resister's advance
of a great army.

All of this was fulfilled,
and all taught the great
lesson - Opportunity means
responsibility.

Responsibility continually
ignored, and sinned a-
gainst means destruction
But he ends with his
old refrain—

A remnant shall be saved.

— x —

Sermon No. 6

— The Messiah. —

The ninth Chapter of the book of Isaiah is the great Messianic Chapter of the Bible.

There are many prophecies which are like rivers on the continent of Bible history, running to their sea, which is Christ; but they are all either inferior or tributary to the one of Isaiah, which is the Mississippi of them all.

We saw when we were considering Isaiah's Conversion that he offered himself to be the Lord's messenger before he knew what the message was to be. That message was revealed to him gradually.

He was allowed the freest play

of his own faculties with certain
great lines. God set the limits
and lines within which he was to
run, and let the fulness of the
message come upon him from
point to point. We saw, then,
how at first he burst out
with a magnificent prediction
of Jerusalem's glory; true, as
God meant of a distant and
a spiritual Jerusalem, but
which Isaiah's youthful zeal
thought was at once.

Then we saw the re-action,
as he came down from his
elevated position and walked
the streets of the actual
Jerusalem, and that he then
predicted the utter downfall
and destruction of Judah &
Jerusalem.

Then came the mingling

of the two in the final view—
a remnant shall be saved.

Now the prophet is ready for the
very fruit of his whole ministry—the
consummation of the message—
a truth grander than he had
dreamed—the coming of the Messiah.

It says to be patient—it says
to wait God's time and way. If
Isaiah had become discouraged
when he found that the immediate
future of his country and city
was not to be exaltation but
destruction, he would have lost
the grandest view ever given
to mortal man, and God would
have given the announcement of
his Son's advent to another.

But Isaiah waited. He laid
aside his own desires and feelings
when there were dark predictions

to utter, and uttered them.

God was really saying to him all the while, - Be not discouraged, wait, and you shall see a vision that will thrill your very soul. All the rivers of prophecy are about to unite in one great river; and that river, if you wait the unfolding of my plans, shall be your own predictions. At last, when Isaiah was in the prime of his manhood, the vision came, and the ~~greatest~~ ^{greatest} picture which God allowed any man to see was brought before the vision of Isaiah.

I. We will notice, first, the condition of things in the Kingdom when the vision of the Messiah burst upon him.

It ^{was} not in the brilliant ~~reigns~~
reigns of Uzziah and Jotham;
it was not in the reign of
the pure and noble Hezekiah,
the last one of Isaiah's time;
it was in the dark and
hopeless reign of Manasse. It was
when a despotic, a weakling, a
tool in the hands of a very
Jezebel sat on the throne that
Isaiah saw the Messiah.

— The stars and the constellations
came out to view only in
the night. It is then that the
heavens present a picture which
thrills the appreciative beholder.

— It was only in the night
that the kings of the orient
saw the "Star in the East," and
followed it towards the birth-
place of him who was born king
of the Jews.

— It was when our American Colonies were oppressed by an unjust taxation that the Declaration of Independence was conceived and written. It
— was at the darkest period of the Civil War that Abraham Lincoln penned the Emancipation Proclamation. The best
— visions that the world has ever seen — the most useful works that the world has ever projected — the clearest and brightest that have ever come to man have been uttered on the dark background of sorrow or want or trouble.

Out of the midnight darkness of Gettysburg & the cross came the blessing of the world's redemption.

It was too bright in the reigns of Uzziah, Jotham and Hezekiah to see this celestial vision. Isaiah's time and thought were too much occupied by the prosperity and successes of the Kingdom to look above with any keen expectation.

But when that dark night of Sarg's reign settled down upon the land, and down in which ever direction he would there was nothing but discouragement and gloom, then Isaiah turned his prophetic telescope toward the skies, and this is what he saw written there:

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor.

The Mighty God, The Everlasting
Father, The Prince of Peace.

During from this golden
vision of the future, he seemed
to say to Shaz, "Live out your
miserable life, carry out, as
far as you can, your petty
schemes: we can wait, we can
endure, for there is coming a
King of the increase of whose
government and righteousness
there shall be no end."

II

And this vision was
not only seen during the
Dark Days of Shaz's reign,
but it was proclaimed to
the people at the time of
their greatest need. It was
a truly message. The people
were groaning under the
wrongs of a cruel and
oppressive rule; God men

were in a condition of mind bordering on despair. Isaiah's message came to them full of light and hope. Had it been spoken in the brilliant reign of Uzziah, the people would have exclaimed, We want nothing better than this. Had it come to their ears under the beneficent rule of Hezekiah they would have dismissed it as a useless and unnecessary promise. The life boat has no attractions to the mariner sailing in a staunch craft before a fair wind; but it is a very angel of mercy as it comes ploughing through the waves that are swamping his ship. Had the Declaration of Independence been announced to the Colonies when enjoying the

Kindly, fastering care of the Mother Country, it would have been received with cold indifference; but coming out of the Old Liberty Hall to the ears of a people tingling with notes of oppression, it was received with deafening shouts of approval.

This vision of the Messiah is the key to all the prophecies of Isaiah. We have spoken of certain historical events & circumstances as being a key to the right understanding of this book; but in the vision of the Messiah we have the Key of Keys. It was a key to Isaiah himself.

That first brilliant prophecy of Isaiah must have been a puzzle to him many

Twice after he had uttered it. He had come forward, a young man, with all the fervour of a newly chosen messenger of God, and exclaimed - "The Mountain of the Lord's house shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." Then, going down into the streets, he heard the clash of arms. Instead of beating swords into ploughshares he sees the fields deserted,

untilled, growing up to
brars and thorns, and the
plough made over into
swords, and the pruning
hooks made into spears.

He had enough of the
prophetic spirit to know
that his words were not
unmeaning - that the Lord
had a message to the
world wrapped up in
those first glowing words
of his. But what was the
message? He knew that
some time and somehow
it would be true.

The circle of his prophecies
is now complete. The answer,
full and satisfactory
has come - The Messiah -
the government shall be
upon his shoulder, and
his name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor,
the Mighty God, the Everlast-
ing Father, the Prince of
Peace. The Prince of
Peace! The circle is
complete. His exact
prediction of his manhood
comes around and
touches the first predic-

tion of his youth - explains
and illustrates it, and so
every question is answered.

^{2nd} It detracts nothing
from the greatness of
Isaiah as a prophet to
say that when he saw
this vision and pro-
claimed it, he believed
~~believed~~ it to be near-
at the very door. There
are indications that
he thought the child
was already born who
was to be the Messiah.

It detracts nothing from
the value of this prophecy
to say that it would very
likely have almost broken
the prophet's heart had he
been authoritatively told

that the advent of the
Messiah was 700 years
away. The vision or
words were for him -
the perspective was God's.

The ideal man - the
ideal King - the perfect
One - was coming. Isaiah
had no idea it was
to take so long for him

to come. Traiati's prophe-
cy, like a river, had
risen, and had begun
its flow to its sea, which
is Christ; and he may
have supposed the sea
was right at hand.

God knew it was to
swell in the history of
the Jewish nation from
a brook to a river,
from a small river to
a navigable stream,
from a large river
to a Miss. carrying ~~to~~

in its volume all other
rivers of prophecy, and
at last 700 years away
reach its sea in Jesus
Christ. This same truth
attends all prophecy of
the Messiah from the
earliest to the latest, -
that each prophet has
thought the time was
near. To the first
parents it was predic-
ted - "The seed of the
woman shall bruise
the serpent's head," meaning
there is coming one

Who shall conquer
Death or sin; and when
Eve saw her first-
born, she exclaimed,
"I have gotten the man!
This is he"; but it was
Cain the first murderer,
and the man was 4000
years away. But the
hope never died out
from Israel. The Lord
reversed it by giving
some vision, either
faint or strong to

every great man.

Moses saw it - and said, - "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you."

David saw it, and it was so near that he saw the wounded hands and parted garments; but it was ~~a~~ 1000 years away! But the ideal was filling up and filling out, and the very expectation - the prophecy - was a certainty he must come.

But the people in
Israel's time were getting
very skeptical and very
cynical on all such
spiritual and hopeful
utterances. They had
come to be Troopers,
and they often went
about the streets and
in a strained voice
repeated the words of
Israel over in mockery.

They asked the Prophet
to tell them who was to
bring in the Messiah,

and by what power all
the grand and victorious
things were to come
about. And this was
his answer - "The zeal
of the Lord of hosts shall
perform this."

There came, after
Shaz, the strong, godly,
temperate reign of Hez-
ekiah; and when this
prince, at the age of
25 came to the throne
Isaiah almost thought
his Messiah had
come; but reviewing
his vision, and con-

paring

^ Even the good and noble Negakiale with it; the two did not match, and once more he pushed it on into the future.

Tradition says that Iraiale lived to be nearly if not quite a hundred years old.

He must have been quite old to have lived and prophesied vigorously through the

2

reigns of the four kings
Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz
and Hezekiah. Whether
he died a violent
death, as some tradi-
tions assert, or died a
natural death, he died
full of the ideal man
that was coming - his
eyes filled with the
glory of the Messiah,
Even though so many
centuries away.

Think of the value
of such men as David

in this world!

We cannot lose this series better than by glancing at the kind of service he, and such as he, render to the age they live in.

God seems to give them a special susceptibility to spiritual realities; and having once seen these things

Everything else is as chaff to the wheat of

their vision. They may be naturally timid and shrinking men; but the vision they have seen renders oblivious to all fear. Such men have lived in every century of the world's history. ~~They~~ are the true reformers.

Henry Ward Beecher, of our own time, was of such a nature.

Timid and sensitive naturally to pain, and

yet when he saw a
duty to be performed
perfectly fearless of
consequences - oblivious
of everything but this -
I must speak. In the
remembrances of him
now being written by his
widow is the case of
rebuking a notoriously
wicked and reckless
man, in a public
way in one of his
sermons. His people
gattered about him

at the close of his sermon, and said he must be more careful - that the man if he heard of it would not hesitate to take his life. "I said it," said Mr. Decker, "that he might hear it!"

On his way through the street the next day he is met by the man ^{with a loaded} who ^{replied} asked if he meant him in the sermon of the day before. "I did."
"Take it back or I shoot." Any one ^{who} has

seen Mr. Decker when
possessed by some great
idea can easily imagine
how he would expand
his nostrils and straighten
up into a perfect rep-
resentation of moral
courage. He looked the
man in the eye and
said - "shoot away"; turned
on his heel and walked
calmly away.

Out of the darkness
and corruption of Judah
700 years B.C. there
sprang, as the water lily

springs out of the
muddy soil of the
river bottom the pure,
 noble, clear eye, far-sighted
Isaiah, the greatest of
the Old Test. prophets.

God gave him a vision
of his own infinite holiness,
and there came with it,
as a natural consequence,
a vision of man's sin.

With these two he becomes
the ideal reformer—perfect-
ly fearless in life and
utterance. As his proph-
ecies rolled out upon the
people, we can seemingly

hear them responding -
"Take that back! Take
that back!" And we can
in imagination hear this
man replying - Yes, take
back the sunlight! Tell
the sea to take back
the tide. Through all the
years of his life after
his consecration he
held up before the
people a standard -
an ideal - a perfect
law of right and justice,
and finally - the Messiah.

(Misplaced pages? Found tucked inside of 2nd notebook of Sermons on Isaiah)

Now, as to prophecy in general, there are some who say, "Prove to me that centuries before they came to pass certain things were predicted, and I will be content re". Now, no great spiritual truth will ever be proved or demonstrated like a proposition in geometry. When the Christian religion is reduced to a matter of Dem. no place will be left for faith. Faith will be displaced by sight. That time is not here. It is rather a trend, a great probability which leads us up to the

point where faith begins.

In regard to spiritual matters there is always a chance for unbelief.

There is no such chance in a math. demon.

But I wish briefly to call attention to the traits unbelief is put to to explain this evident trend I have spoken of. The account I am to give would be almost amusing, if it were not so serious.

Unbelief takes the line of thought that is most convenient for its purpose.

A century ago, the

leader of Eng. Deism is
the person of X man
Anthony Collins. The point
to be proved was that there
had been no Messiah.

"The great tap root of
"Messiahship", as now
believed, was prophecy,
hence he must cut
this up. So he wrote
to disprove that there
had been any predic-
tions or speculations of
a Messiah.

In our century there
has risen a greater
than Collins - the great
German leader of step. the
Strauss. But his is
a new line of arg.
Too bad to tear down

what his predecessor, of
kindred spirit, had
so laboriously built
up; but he must.

Strauss wanted to
prove that X was a
creature of the imagi-
nation, clothed with
qualities which had
their origin only in
hairs of his followers.

To do this he must
give P. its full weight,
and this is his line
of arg.

A messiah was ex-
pected - had been long
expected - He had been
clearly and definitely
predicted. This great
expectation lacerates the

person of Jesus & clothes
it with all these ex-
pected & predicted qual-
ities.

We can only
to-day thank this great-
scholar for the clearness
with which he brought
out the definitions of
P. For of his work
this only remains, now.

Three conditions must
meet in an utterance
to warrant its being
considered as P.

1. It must be beyond
human conjecture. How
about "clear prophecies" of X?
Granting H. C. of Moses - 1000.

2nd P. must precede fulfillment. Surely these clear utterances of Moses, David, Isaiah precede.

3: Real Fulfillment - took place. The reality and the definite details of X's life are now so well established to leave room for any doubt here.

And Isaiah is so full of predictions or definite descriptions of Jesus X, that many of his chapters read like a biography rather than a P.

The Kingdom of Heaven

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Matthew 13:47 – “The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea.”

A great many definitions have been given of the Kingdom of Heaven, but they have never satisfied any considerable number of people.

Jesus never attempted to define it, but he did in a great variety of ways tell what it is like. You will readily recall them: The leaven in the meal, a grain of mustard seed, a field sown with wheat and tares, and a merchant seeking pearls.

The comparison before us is that of a net cast into the sea. I wish to make use now of just the two features - the net and the sea.

FIRST, THE NET.

The Kingdom of Heaven, in its operations is like a net. There are some who draw back from the thoughts of religion implied in such comparisons as these. They suggest something of compulsion, of bondage, of being held fast. Jesus says, "Take my yoke upon you," and, "If ye love me keep my commandments." And the net suggests being caught, and held - it means bondage. I will not say it does not mean this; but this I say, that it is a kind of bondage which is a glory and a strength.

The Kingdom of Heaven is like a net with meshes fine and strong.

It is not the wisest man who calls those meshes an evil, or who regards them as irksome and galling. To the best and wisest they are a sweet constraint, a delightful bondage, a most valuable compulsion. Let us look at some analogies of the kingdom of heaven.

(1) It might be said, one's country is like a net. How one's country weaves its meshes about its subjects. So silently, so gently, the work goes on that before you are aware that it is done, or how it is done, the invisible silken threads have become strong cords. A little patriotic music here, the sight of the beautiful flag there, a story of courage and devotion, the name of a patriot, the record of a campaign of defense - line upon line, here a little and there a little, and - you are a patriot.

When was the first cord woven, when did the meshes first begin to weave themselves about you?

How old were you when you were first thrilled at the mention of your country's history and deeds, or when was your blood first stirred at the sight of the stars and stripes? You cannot tell. A score of influences, a hundred it may be, began their work almost before you were out of infancy, and the meshes of patriotism were being woven about you. And it is today a veritable net. Hard to bear, galling, of the nature of an irksome bondage? No, and yet it is hard to break - a net, holding you within its far-reaching meshes.

This net held a million of people, the flower of the nation, by its meshes in the civil war, in defense of the Union.

(2) It might be said one's home is like a net. We do not feel the threads draw and pull always; but for thousands of good people in the world the net of home is absolutely unbreakable. Its strands, though made of no stronger materials than love and affection, are practically as strong as steel.

When those threads and strands and meshes began to be woven you cannot tell. Some of the silken threads were being spun when your mother sung you to sleep with a gentle lullaby, some threads shot from her eyes when she knelt by your cradle, and the meshes were still being woven about you when you had grown taller than she and she placed her hand on your shoulder and had to look up to see your face.

And if you are a good man and had as good a home as I think you did, I should like to know what earthly power could break the net which home has thrown about you.

When Jennie Lind first came to this country she sung before an immense audience in the city of Washington. She had sung a difficult piece - a classic of a high order. The audience loudly and persistently applauded. She came back, struck a chord or two on the piano and sang "Home, Sweet Home." Scarcely half a dozen notes had fallen upon the air before a thrill ran through the whole audience and hushed it into breathless silence. As she went on the tension of feeling became almost unbearable, and when she ended, a half suppressed sob filled the whole room. What made it possible for her to draw so powerfully upon that audience, upon those highest officials, upon senators and representatives, judges and generals? She drew with the magnetism of her wonderful voice, upon the strings of the net in which they were already caught - the love of home.

(3) And it might be said that friendship is like a net, the tie and bondage of whose meshes are not a burden but a joy. There was a time when your friend was no more to you than anyone else. You could go your way and he could go his; and absence and separation made no gap in your life. When did the invisible threads begin to be spun; when did the strands begin to bind and the structure of the net begin to hold and draw - When did you find yourself caught in the meshes of love?

You cannot break them now, you are a prisoner, and you are glad of it.

So we might say, changing a little the language of the text, the kingdom of country, the kingdom of home, the kingdom of love - is like unto a net.

God's kingdom, the kingdom of religion, works in the same way. It is like a net. When religious influences begin to weave themselves about us none of us can tell. All we know is that they are about us, and that escape is not an easy matter.

One of the most pronounced unbelievers in the gospel said that it took him years to disentangle himself from the net of religious influences which had been woven about him: his mother's life and words, his father's belief, the teachings of the church, the gospel lessons interwoven into almost every page of every good book he read, the atmosphere of the society in which he moved - all these were upon him, a force hard to overcome. Had he but known it they were a part of the

divine order of things - a part of God's gracious plan to quietly and strongly entrap the human soul for righteousness.

There are some fishes which no net can hold, and no line can secure. There is a fish called the carib which cuts with its teeth the strongest steel wire, and which makes nothing of the meshes of the strongest net.

There are men who can and who do break through the whole gracious network of influences which home and church and society and the Bible have woven about them. But the kingdom of heaven is like a net, and it holds thousands within its folds, willing prisoners of right and truth and righteousness.

How many of the letters of the apostles in the New Testament begin, "A prisoner of Jesus Christ," "A servant of Christ," caught in his net, glad captives of his will and word!

If there is one thing a man born in a Christian land ought to be thankful for more than another it is that from his earliest years influences and forces and truths have been forming about him a net hard to break. I know there is something in the expression, "callous against religious influences - hardened against oft-repeated and familiar truths;" but this is more than offset by the advantages which come from the protecting forces which have grown up about him. His conscience is tender at a hundred points.

I once asked an old friend of my school days who was then living in another city where he was attending church, and he replied: "Usually I go to the Congregational church, but once in a while I have to go to the little Quaker church.

It does me good, rests me to look into their calm, pure, sweet faces, and even if nothing is said, to sit in such surroundings and calmly meditate. "I always come away," he said, "feeling stronger."

Influences of this kind are a part of that net to which the kingdom of heaven is likened.

SECOND, THE SEA.

The value of this net which closes us is seen when we look at the second feature of the comparison in the text - *the sea*. The net is "cast into the sea." The sea is the world. That is where we are - in the world. Enclosed in the net in the sea. It is alive within a life.

The difference between a man who has thrown off all religious influences, and a man who is encompassed by them as with a net is very great. Both are in the sea - in the disturbed and dangerous world, but one is held by a thousand strands of the net and the other is helpless.

The man standing on the deck of a staunch steamer and a man swimming in the waves are both in the sea, but their conditions are very different.

"What a terrible world this is," one says, "full of temptations and snares and pitfalls. My child is out in it. He has a susceptible nature, open to evil attractions, and I do not have a moment's peace when I think of him and his future."

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Some day your loved ones will go out from the old home into the great world; the time comes all too quickly. Weave a strong net of love and truth and righteousness - a net of religion about them before that day comes.

This world within a world, this life. within a life is the Christian's safeguard. Ancient cities were built with great wisdom and skill to stand a siege. The city itself was surrounded by a wall; but the wall could be scaled or battered down by a persistent foe; but in the center of the city was the citadel rendered as nearly impregnable as human skill could make it.

History records many instances where the people of the city, after a brave defense of the walls, were at last dislodged. Then they fled to the citadel, where they kept the enemy at bay until relief came. "In the world" says Jesus, "ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." A citadel within the city!

There are two ways of reading the text, each of which conveys a whole-soul truth:

In the net, but in the sea! Beware! In the sea, but in the net! Take comfort!



“The Kingdom of Heaven Is Like Unto a Net That Was Cast into the Sea”

—Matt. 13:47.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY THE
REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D.D.

AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, REDLANDS, CAL.

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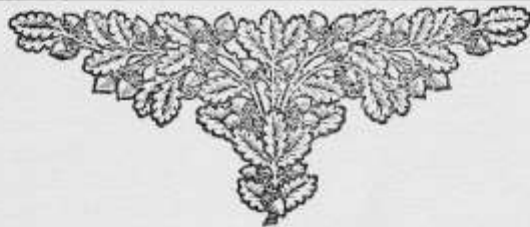
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The Morning Vigil

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Mark 1:35 – “And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.”

There is a picture here which we may look at in its setting. It is an Eastern house, the sleeping quarters (for the guests at least) being on the roof. Booths or tents were erected there, under whose shelter, but at the same time with fresh air, the sleepers might rest. The sun had set upon a hard and trying day in the experience of Jesus and His disciples. They had gone up to the roof to rest for the night. The disciples were soon fast asleep. They were simply tired, and they dropped all care as they lay down. Not so with Jesus. The experiences of the day, the condition of things in the city and the country, the problems to be solved - all these kept His heart too sensitive and His brain too busy to sleep for a time. But at last weariness overcomes Him and He falls asleep. But between two and three in the morning He is again awake. We imagine Him rising upon His elbow and trying to look about. All is still except the heavy breathing of Peter, James and John. Quietly He puts on His sandals, throws about His shoulders His cloak, and steals down the stairs and out into the darkness. No streaks of the dawn are yet seen, the birds have not begun their morning songs, everything is quiet. Jesus takes a path leading out of the town, across the fields, until He reaches a solitary place, and there He stops. There, where no human ear can hear His voice, where no human eye can see Him, He prays. This is the picture. What does it mean? It does not mean anything to us unless we understand the conditions which called for such a picture. Without such conditions we should be justified in saying that He might better have thrown care to the winds, dropped off to sleep with an easy mind, and slept until the morning sun shone down upon His place of slumber. Then He would awake refreshed and cheerful and brave, and been abler to meet His privileges and opportunities as the new day presented them. What is the meaning of that solitary figure, unable to sleep, out there in the darkness and damps, earnestly praying? If we could answer that question fully we should give the explanation of that life, give the key to the gospel, and explain some of the deepest things connected with the world's life.

First, the condition of the world is such as to disturb the sleep of good men. It is not a world all sunshine. It is not a world where things will all come out right, if left to themselves. It is a world where the conditions are such that some will have to lose sleep or change their nature. Someone says: "Why should this be so? Why not each one attend to his own interests and character and welfare? If other people will go wrong, abuse their privileges, or even destroy themselves, why should we distress ourselves? Why should we lose sleep?" Well, ask the mothers of the world that question. Ask them if they do not fulfil their duty by looking out for their own character and welfare. Tell that mother not to keep awake just because John has not come in. Suppose he is in bad company, suppose he is in danger of forming habits which will some day be like bands of steel which cannot be broken. That is his life and destiny, not yours. Why lie awake or sit up because Mary is out and you do not know where. She has her own future to make.

Why not let the world run itself in its own way, each man bearing his own burdens? When a good man asks a question like this it means that no conditions have yet touched his life to disturb this kind of philosophy; or it may mean that somebody else has done the waking and saved him his sleep.

There were conditions in the city of Capernaum which drove sleep from the eyes of Jesus. Things were moving towards a catastrophe in Palestine which weighed upon the head of Jesus so heavily that He had to take that path out of the city long before the sun was up. Peter and James and John slept on peacefully and restfully. But when they awoke there was one couch empty. Somebody else was waking that they might sleep.

You have known a dark thunder cloud to come rolling up over a city - a cloud charged with electric bolts sufficient to shatter every dwelling in the city. But the tall spires and rods and points have conveyed the bolts harmlessly from the cloud to earth. Thunder clouds of impending destruction were coming up over the land that night when Jesus and the disciples lay down to rest on that housetop in Capernaum. There was at least one spire pointing heavenward that was drawing its fury away. It has been said that there are two kinds of optimism in the world, one of which believes that everything is coming out right, and drops to sleep in that calm assurance. The other believes that all things are coming out right, but lies awake to solve the tremendous problems, lift the heavy burdens, meet the fateful issues to make things come out right. This last was the optimism of Jesus.

I venture to say there is some one here this morning who carries with him a memory essentially like this: I was once a thoughtless, unconcerned, willful child. Life not only sat easily upon my shoulders, but alluring ways which verged on sin, held strong attractions for me. There was at least one member of the household who said: "Don't worry about him; he will come out all right. He will have his time, as all live boys have, of thoughtlessness and perhaps of sin, but he will by and by turn to the right." Perhaps it might have been so; but there was also one member of the household who could not run the risk and feel easy about it. What if the enticements of sin should grow stronger and stronger, and at last become a bundle of habits too strong to be broken. And so that member of the household couldn't sleep for thinking of it. Do you remember when in the small hours of the night she came into your room and knelt by your bedside and asked you some very tender questions? What would the world be today without these sleepless ones, these guardians of our homes and communities? What would some of us have been but for somebody who cared where we were and what we were doing - cared enough to rise a great while before day to think and to pray?

Mrs. Booth tells of two young men, in the grasp of the law, with lives ruined at that early age, who were talking together. One said to the other, "You have no business to be here, Fred. It is a shame that you have come to such an end as this." "And how about yourself?" asked the other. "Nobody cared what became of me, nobody loved me enough to concern himself about my future. Nobody ever lost any sleep over me. If I had been loved as you have been, do you think I'd be here? You had to break somebody's heart to come here."

The very heart of Christianity is wrapped up in those words. That, which was not being done for earth's children Jesus came to do. He came to love us, to lose sleep over us, to break His heart

because of us. There is no better evidence that Jesus lives today in the world and in the hearts of men, than the fact that there are people who lose sleep over the condition of their brethren.

There is another thought: We are so constituted that we are made anxious by the condition of things in the world. That is, when we are at our best, when we are ourselves the most sensitive to right and wrong we are the most troubled by the condition of others. But you ask: "Is this the ideal condition to live in? Did not Jesus teach, 'Be not anxious.' Did he not teach that we should live in a place where nothing could disturb? Be not anxious for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Yes, but he was talking of those things which concern our temporal welfare. "Be not anxious what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, and wherewithall ye shall be clothed. Your Heavenly Father feeds the birds and clothes the lilies and he knows ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." And He went on to tell us the nature of the kingdom of God. "He that saveth his life shall lose it. And he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." It would be equally true if we changed the wording of this sentence: He that saveth his sleep shall lose it, and he that loseth his sleep for my sake shall save it. We come out at last into that large peace where we can sleep because we once thought and planned and rose a great while before day. And there are those who will never know restful sleep again because they have not lost sleep in the past.

We sometimes think of Mr. Lincoln as a genial, happy, joy-loving man. And so he was. We think of him as a great, calm statesman, guiding our nation's affairs through the storm and stress of civil war. And we think rightly. But we do also think of him as a man who for five years never knew a night of calm and peaceful sleep, or a day of peace and care-free life. That great-souled watcher, sleepless and vigilant, bore the burdens of this great nation on his heart. We can sleep now because he did not sleep. We are all made that way. Other's needs touch us, appeal to us, move us. Vicariousness enters into the very structure of the world's life. We cannot live to ourselves without in some way stifling the highest and most Christ-like instincts of our nature.

We begin with one solitary figure - Christ. He went out alone. There was, as far as we know, no other heart in all Palestine, if there was any in the world, which the world's condition touched. He went out alone while the disciples slept the sleep of light hearts. He went into Gethsemane, and while the disciples slept, prayed alone. He went to His trial, while all the disciples forsook Him and fled. But the cross where he died because he loved the world and cared so much became the point from which burdens began to be distributed. It is no wonder that the world's burdens resting on one heart crushed it. But Jesus has taught the good people of the world to care, to love, to think and plan and lose sleep, and now there is not a land under the sun, not a nation or state, or community which has not its watchers. Every church has its representatives. If any of you are called in the providence of God to be among these burden bearers, to be among those who watch while others sleep, to sometimes rise a great while before day, to go to some solitary place to pray - consider it an honor. You are being led into the most sacred paths of human life - paths in which are plainly outlined the footprints of Jesus. It is worth rising a great while before day to walk down that path marked with the fresh foot-prints of the Master.

This sermon is not a plea for sleepless nights. I would not help to promote insomnia; but if you possess a fidelity to your Master deep enough, a heart large and tender enough, shoulders broad

and willing enough to meet some of the world's needs - be profoundly grateful. Sleepless hours will be a small price to pay for the results sure to follow such an experience.

The Morning Vigil

Mark 1:35—"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

Sermon Preached in First Congregational
Church, Redlands, Cal.,

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D.D.

THERE is a picture here which we may look at in its setting. It is an Eastern house, the sleeping quarters (for the guests at least) being on the roof. Booths or tents were erected there, under whose shelter, but at the same time with fresh air, the sleepers might rest. The sun had set upon a hard and trying day in the experience of Jesus and His disciples. They had gone up to the roof to rest for the night. The disciples were soon fast asleep. They were simply tired, and they dropped all care as they lay down. Not so with Jesus. The experiences of the day, the condition of things in the city and the country, the problems to be solved—all these kept His heart too sensitive and His brain too busy to sleep for a time. But at last weariness overcomes Him and He falls asleep. But between two and three in the morning He is again awake. We imagine Him rising upon His elbow and trying to look about. All is still except the heavy breathing of Peter, James and John. Quietly He puts on His sandals, throws about His shoulders His cloak, and steals down the stairs and out into the darkness. No streaks of the dawn are yet seen, the birds have not begun their morning songs, everything is quiet. Jesus takes a path leading out of the town, across the fields, until He reaches a solitary place, and there He stops. There, where no human ear can hear His voice, where no

human eye can see Him, He prays. This is the picture. What does it mean? It does not mean anything to us unless we understand the conditions which called for such a picture. Without such conditions we should be justified in saying that He might better have thrown care to the winds, dropped off to sleep with an easy mind, and slept until the morning sun shone down upon His place of slumber. Then He would awake refreshed and cheerful and brave, and been able to meet His privileges and opportunities as the new day presented them. What is the meaning of that solitary figure, unable to sleep, out there in the darkness and damps, earnestly praying? If we could answer that question fully we should give the explanation of that life, give the key to the gospel, and explain some of the deepest things connected with the world's life.

First, the condition of the world is such as to disturb the sleep of good men. It is not a world all sunshine. It is not a world where things will all come out right, if left to themselves. It is a world where the conditions are such that some will have to lose sleep or change their nature. Someone says: "Why should this be so? Why not each one attend to his own interests and character and welfare? If other people will go wrong, abuse their privileges, or even destroy themselves, why should we distress ourselves? Why should we lose sleep?" Well, ask the mothers of the world that question. Ask them if they do not fulfil their duty by looking out for their own character and welfare. Tell that mother not to keep awake just because John has not come in. Suppose he is in bad company, suppose he is in danger of forming habits which will some day be like bands of steel which cannot be broken. That is his life and destiny, not yours. Why lie awake or sit up because Mary is out and you do not know where. She has her own future to make.

Why not let the world run itself in its own way, each man bearing his own burdens? When a good man asks a question like this it means that no conditions have yet touched his life to disturb this kind of philosophy; or it may mean that somebody else has done the waking and saved him his sleep.

There were conditions in the city of Capernaum which drove sleep from the eyes of Jesus. Things were moving towards a catastrophe in Palestine which weighed upon the head of Jesus so heavily that He had to take that path out of the city long before the sun was up. Peter and James and John slept on peacefully and restfully. But when they awoke there was one couch empty. Somebody else was waking that they might sleep.

You have known a dark thunder cloud to come rolling up over a city—a cloud charged with electric bolts sufficient to shatter every dwelling in the city. But the tall spires and rods and points have conveyed the bolts harmlessly from the cloud to earth. Thunder clouds of impending destruction were coming up over the land that night when Jesus and the disciples lay down to rest on that housetop in Capernaum. There was at least one spire pointing heavenward that was drawing its fury away. It has been said that there are two kinds of optimism in the world, one of which believes that everything is coming out right, and drops to sleep in that calm assurance. The other believes that all things are coming out right, but lies awake to

solve the tremendous problems, lift the heavy burdens, meet the fateful issues to make things come out right. This last was the optimism of Jesus.

I venture to say there is some one here this morning who carries with him a memory essentially like this: I was once a thoughtless, unconcerned, wilful child. Life not only sat easily upon my shoulders, but alluring ways which verged on sin, held strong attractions for me. There was at least one member of the household who said: "Don't worry about him; he will come out all right. He will have his time, as all live boys have, of thoughtlessness and perhaps of sin, but he will by and by turn to the right." Perhaps it might have been so; but there was also one member of the household who could not run the risk and feel easy about it. What if the enticements of sin should grow stronger and stronger, and at last become a bundle of habits too strong to be broken. And so that member of the household couldn't sleep for thinking of it. Do you remember when in the small hours of the night she came into your room and knelt by your bedside and asked you some very tender questions? What would the world be today without these sleepless ones, these guardians of our homes and communities? What would some of us have been but for somebody who cared where we were and what we were doing—cared enough to rise a great while before day to think and to pray?

Mrs. Booth tells of two young men, in the grasp of the law, with lives ruined at that early age, who were talking together. One said to the other, "You have no business to be here, Fred. It is a shame that you have come to such an end as this." "And how about yourself?" asked the other. "Nobody cared what became of me, nobody loved me enough to concern himself about my future. Nobody ever lost any sleep over me. If I had been loved as you have been, do you think I'd be here? You had to break somebody's heart to come here."

The very heart of Christianity is wrapped up in those words. That which was not being done for earth's children Jesus came to do. He came to love us, to lose sleep over us, to break His heart because of us. There is no better evidence that Jesus lives today in the world and in the hearts of men, than the fact that there are people who lose sleep over the condition of their brethren.

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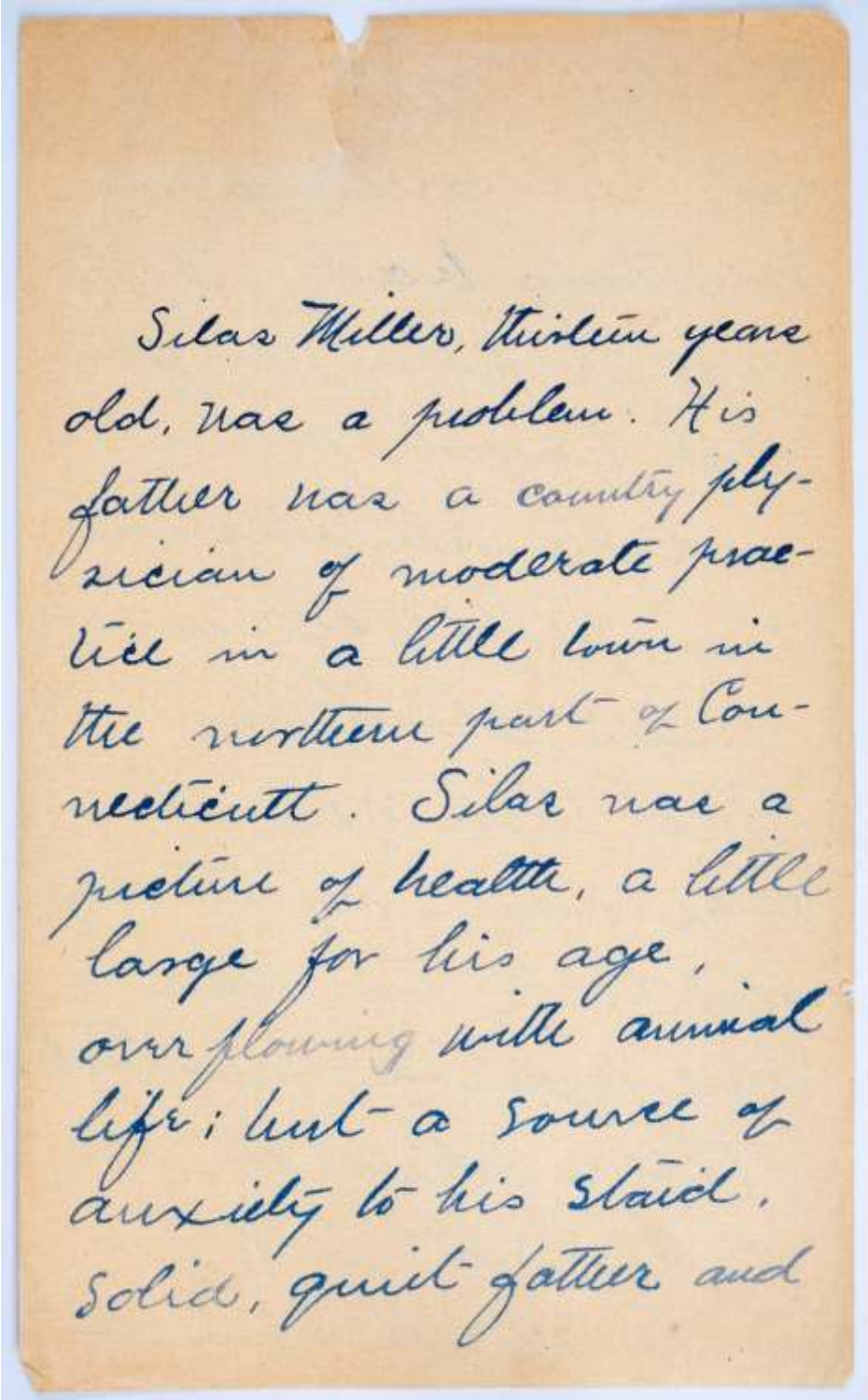
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The Story of Silas Miller

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown



Silas Miller, thirteen years old, was a problem. His father was a country physician of moderate practice in a little town in the northern part of Connecticut. Silas was a picture of health, a little large for his age, overflowing with animal life; but a source of anxiety to his staid, solid, quiet father and

mother. Their anxiety
did not arise so much
anything bad in the
boy as from his gen-
eral boyish abandon,
and the remarks the
townspeople occasionally
made about him.

And these remarks
were more in the way
of dark hints than of
any positive complaints.

Often when the old
doctor sat in his
carriage talking to a

neighbor whom he had
met the remark would
be dropped, "That boy
of yours!" The town,
in the early forties of
the last century, made
too sober and staid a
setting for so tremen-
dous a boy. The
good people shook their
heads and prophesied
vague things as they
talked at their fire-
sides about the

"doctor's bay".

The only grave of-
pense which they could
mention in particular
was in connection
with the first Fourth of
July after the bay be-
came straitened. The
guild of the town had
in previous years hun-
dred or three times dis-
turbed early on the
morning of the Fourth
by the ringing of the
Church bell. This year

the boys were told to
let the bell alone, and
the precaution was taken
to fasten heavy bars
across the door on
the inside of the Church
in addition to the
heavy lock. But
scarcely had the hour
of midnight passed
when the deep full
tones of the bell sounded
out over the quiet
houses of the town, waking
the good people from their

heavy slumbers; and
many a one ex-
claimed, "O that doc-
tor's bay!" And to
make suspicion al-
most a certainty a
man returning home
late the night before
reported seeing a
dark form about the
size of the doctor's
bay moving up the
lightning rod towards
the bellry. Emphasis
was added to this grave

offense by the murder of
an old avvil which the
boys, under the lead of
Silas, fired at inter-
vals until morning.

The burden of this boy's
future rested very heavily
upon the hearts of father
and mother Miller.

One Monday morning
the minister, Rev. James
McCarthy, was seen
driving up the long
stretch of road lead-
ing to the doctor's house.
He was a man

about thirty-five
years of age, about
medium size and weight,
a well-knit frame,
and a healthy, kindly
face. Most people of
judgment who chanced
to be visiting in this
small country town
prophesied that he
would not long re-
main in that parish.

But he seemed sat-
isfied, loved his
parish ardently, and
was interested in the

Welfare of all his
people. He had one
hobby which was a
source of some ans-
iety to some of his
parishoners. He loved
a good horse. And
he owned such a
one, and knew how
to handle it. His
horse was a picture.-
trim, light of foot,
full of spirit, a beau-
tiful head, with an eye
full of intelligence.
The minister was holding

He drove over this beautiful animal as he came speeding up the road on this Monday morning. The air was bracing, as it came in the minister's face, the horse's feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and a kind of electric thrill seemed to come from the horse to him.

His people little knew how much of the freshness and spiritual

life and interest of
their pastor's sermons
came to him ~~and~~ thro'
the lines which he held
over that horse's back.

Driving up to the
doctor's house he
loosed the lines to Yanny
Silas who was stand-
ing at the door, and,
at the urgent invitation
of the doctor, went in-
side. He had
scarcely seated himself
when the old doctor
began his tale of woe.

"Parson, we are glad
you have come. Wife
and I want to talk
with you about our
boy. He is a source
of great trouble to us,
not that he does any-
thing bad, more than
that fault of July affair
which you know about,
but we cannot inter-
est him in those things
which were a part of
our training when we
were young. We used
to spend the last half

of Sabbath afternoon
learning and reciting
the Catechism or reading
some religious books.

But we cannot in-
terest Silas in these
things, and we really
are at a loss to know
to know what to do.

The minister thought
to himself, as he lis-
tened, but he did not
say it, that a boy who
had been at the morning
service in the Church,

an hour in Sunday
School at noon, and
then another hour in
Church had received about
all the spiritual im-
pressions he could
profit by for one
day; and one could
hardly expect a boy
of thirteen would show
a keen interest in
the Shorter Catechism or
in Baxter's Saints Rest
for the remainder of the
day. And then, while
the doctor was talking

the minister was glancing
now and then out of
the window. A little
scene was being enacted
there which greatly
interested him. Silas
was walking round and
round the minister's
beautiful horse, occa-
sionally patting him on
the neck or smoothing
his soft nose. The
sight confirmed the
minister in the purpose
he had in mind when
he started for the doc-

car's house that
morning. "Doctor",
said the minister,
"had you thought of
going to Farmer Perkins'
auction this afternoon?"

You know he is selling
off all his stock and
farming utensils; and
all his horses are to
be sold except his old
family horse. And
do you know I came
up here to advise
you to buy that four

year old colt of his".

"What for?" asked the doctor. "Well, for Silas," said the minister. "I suppose one of the things that troubles you about Silas is that he is inclined to be away from home, and you do not know where he is or what he is doing."

Now fasten him at home by an attraction too great to be resisted.

Your boy hasnt-taken
his eye from my
horse since I came
here. I think that
colt- of Perkins. has
in him the making
of as fine a horse
as mine. Buy it
and give it to Silas
to take care of and
train, and it will
keep him at-home
or driving the horse
on the road many
an hour."

The advice was taken, reluctantly, and within two days Silas was the proud possessor of a black horse which was all he wanted to handle; and the horse furnished a good safety valve for the boy's abundant energy and strength.

The result of this horse purchase was just what the minister had hoped, — it threw

Silas with his company a great deal,
and the minister
studied the boy as he
would studied a
horse. He said to
himself many a time:
"he has the metal in
him; he has the spirit;
and, once get him
trained, he will be
worth something."

About a year after
the purchase of the

Colt something came
about which the min-
ister had been
quietly laying plans
for for a good
while. Silas drove
his horse one bright
winter morning down
to the minister's house
hitched to a sleigh.

The sleighing was
superb. The horse
scarcely felt the load,
and seemed to enjoy

the jingling of the
bells. The minister
led out his own
horse, and leading
it up by the side
of Silas's drew from
the bay the exclaima-
tion, "What a span!
How I would like
to see them together!"

"I have a pole," said
the minister, "and a
set of double lines,
and we can soon

attach the pole to my
Cutter and fit the
harnesses" It was soon
done, the minister and
the boy were seated side
by side in the light
Cutter sleigh behind as
handsome a pair of
horses as the state
of Connecticut
could show, and they
were off. Did you
ever have such an
experience? Have you

Ever started out on
a frosty morning,
warmly tucked in under
fur robes, the sleighing
superb, the horses
full of life and
enjoying it as much
as you, for a brisky
mile ride? Silas
held the reins, and
for an hour and
a half neither hardly
spoke a word. Crossing
the line into Massachu-
setts, they drove into

a string manufacturing town, when the minister took the reins and guided the horse into the stable yard of a public house. They saw the horses safely sheltered and cared for, and went into the public house to get warm and lunch before starting back. While sitting

near the great red-hot stove, a young man came into the room and sauntered towards them. "Hello, Si," he said. "Hello George!" Evidently an acquaintance of Silas.

The minister just glanced up, and took in the kind of young man it was.

The muscles a little drawn around the

mouth, the eyes
too old and knowing
for a boy of fifteen.

The young man spoke
a few words in a
tone to Silas and
both of them left the
room. "That means
mischieif", said the
minister to himself,
"and it shall not
come off if I can
help it," and he
quietly followed

He reached the door
just in time to hear
the words, "A good
hot shing such a
day as this—"

The minister stepped
up to Silas and
slipping his arm into
his said, "Suppose
we go and see if
the horses are all
right, and Tim
lunch will be ready."

Silas looked a little
bit ashamed, but
followed the minister
out, down deep in
his heart glad to
have escaped the
temptation.

On the way home
they drove more
leisurely. There was
more up grade,
and the opportunity
for conversation
was improved by Mr.

McCarthy. He very naturally led the conversation up to the question, "Silas, what are you going to do in life? You will soon have all the education this small town can give you. Then what?" Silas did not know.

Then the minister pictured two possible ways for a young,

vigorous man to use
his life. He could
throw it away or he
could save it. He
showed him some of
the possibilities that
were open to him then,
but would not
always be open.

Serman after ser-
mon in the old
meeting house had
gone over the bay's
head, but he at
least knew that this

was meant and
very kindly meant for
him. As they sep-
arated at the statue
of the Minister, Mr.
McCarthy realized
that two forces were
struggling for the
mastery of the boy.

There were some
companions, just a
little older than
Silas who were smart.
They were beginning to

Smoke and chew-
he had never seen
Silas do either; and
on occasions they
drank. They were
evidently having an
influence on Silas.

Which way would
the scale tip? Who
would get the boy?

The minister re-
solved to watch.

It was too much of
a boy to lose.

O that he might
give him a temper-
ance lesson he would
never forget.

The time came sooner
than he expected.
About a week after
the sleighride the
minister was awakened
from sleep one
night by a ~~a~~ ~~same~~
one pounding on
the door. Getting
down and opening

the door he found
Silas' father, the
old doctor. "What
is it?" asked the
minister. "Is anything
the matter?"

"Yes", answered the
doctor. "Steve Brad-
ley has the deli-
cious venues. He
has been off on a
spree for a week,
and now ~~it~~ is
raining. I have left

two men trying to hold
him, but his wife
wants you, and I
must get one other
man besides, until
I can give him
something powerful
enough to quit
him." "Another
man?" said the
minister, "where is
Silas?" "At home
asleep" "He is the

man for us." The minister gave as his reason that Silas was strong and active, but his real reason was that he wanted Silas to have such an awful scene burnt into his soul. All night long the three men and Silas struggled

With the raving
man; and all
night long the
minister in the lull
that came let drop
bits of the man's
history - how once
his prospects were
as fair as any tall
young man's in
the town, how he
began to toy with
drink, saying he
could never be over-

Came by drink.

Before the morning
dawned Mr. Mc Carthy
was convinced it
was one of the most
profitable night's
work he ever did.

The drunkard was
a wreck and past
reformation, but
the boy had got
his lesson. The face
of that raving man,
the words that had

fallen from his
lips. The visions
which that brain
maddened by drink
had painted vanished
never to be effaced
from Silas' memory.

It was terrible
medicine to admin-
ister to a boy, but
it was a critical
time in his life,
and the medicine

expected a cure.

The winter passed away and spring came on, and with the spring came the last term of Silas' schooling in the little Connecticut town.

One morning towards the last of May Silas drove up to the minister's house and told Mr. Mc Carthy he would like to have

a little talk with him.

"Suppose we take a little ride thru in your buggy," said the minister. Silas

told the minister he wanted to go to school some where, he hardly knew where; and, that he was more interested in scientific than in literary subjects, and he

wanted advice.

The result of the conversation was a decision that in the fall Silas should go to New Haven, and eventually take a course in the Scientific department of Yale College. The minister was encouraged by this interview, at the same time that he

trembled somewhat
at ~~the~~ what might
be the result of the
college companionship
on a strong,
impulsive nature
like that of the young
man. Silas was
not a Christian,
and seemed to have
no leaning in that
direction. There was,
however, one other
thing besides this

conversation which gave the minister encouragement. The leading alto singer in the Choir of the Village Church had evidently attracted Silas's attention. She was as fine a flower as the stony soil of that New England town had ever grown. She was a sweet and

noble Christian
girl. And she
seemed attracted
to Silas. And now,
since Silas had
cut loose from his
drinking companions,
and had no evil
habits, he believed
she might become
the star to guide
him to Christ.

In the fall Silas

left home for New
Haven. The village
was glad, and
breathed more easily,
all but the father
and mother, the
minister, and — the
member of the vil-
lage choir. Silas
promised to write
occasionally to the
minister, and one
letter came, soon
after the boy reached

New Haven, but no
more came. The
minister timidly in-
quired of the doc-
tor once in a
while, but got no
very satisfactory
answer as to the
boy's progress, and
he could see that
the parents were
troubled about some-
thing. The minister

had a very intimate
friend in the college
and he wrote to him
to quietly look the
boy up. The friend
replied something
to this effect. The
young man seems
to be doing fairly
well in his lessons,
and seems to have
no bad habits, but
appearances are
that he is a neglecter

in most of the mischief that is going on in college, and he will have to be pretty shrewd to escape detection and possible expulsion from the college.

His shrewdness, however, availed to keep him out of the clutches of the authorities for two years, at the end of

which time he entered the medical department of the University. I will not relate the particulars of his escapades as a medical student, at one time coming very near falling into the hands of the civil authorities. But he got through,

passed his examinations, and obtained his degree of M.D. as a practitioner of the old school.

The minister knew that the intimacy between Silas and the young woman had been strengthening during the years.

One day the opportunity came for a

frankly talk with
her about Silas.

She frankly said,
"If ~~had~~ he had
bad habits I would
not marry him, es-
pecially if he drank.

I would not risk
my life and hap-
piness in the keep-
ing of a drinking
man, though he
drank but moder-
ately, and gave me

every assurance
he would never
drink to excess. But
he is a noble young
man at heart, and
I am sure he
will some time be
a Christian." The
minister found an
opportunity to talk
with Silas one day
about his religious
life. After listening

to what the minister
had to say, Silas
said, "I tell you,
I can never be-
lieve what Christians
do. I believe in you,
and believe you are
sincere. I believe
in your preaching;
but I do not be-
lieve in a great
many things which
one must assent
to to be called a Chris-

tion". Nothing the
minister could say,
in the way of making
religion a simple
matter between him-
self and his Lord
seemed to disabuse
the young man's
mind from the
absurd things, as
he deemed them,
which he must be-
lieve. For aile

thing", he said, "I
don't believe in
prayer. I believe
in Law. If a man
obeys the laws of health
he will be healthy,
and if he trans-
gresses he will suf-
fer".

Silas and Mary
were married, went
into the old home
of Silas' father, where
for a month or two

he assisted his father
in his cases, when
an opening came to
associate himself
with an old phy-
sician in a small
town in Massachu-
setts. The old phy-
^l~~l~~ ^{car} ~~l~~ did not long
survive, and Silas
was left the only
physician in the
town. His love for
a fine horse had

not left him, and
as soon as he was
fairly settled he
drove the finest
horse that had ever
been seen on the
streets of that old
town. His horse
won him his first
marked success.

A farmer, living
two miles from the
village, had cut him-
self badly, and in
spite of all his

our friends could
do for him was
bleeding to death.
A man on horse
back came for the
doctor. The doctor's
horse chanced to
be hitched to the
buggy. Seizing his
case of medicines
and instruments,
he sprang into his
buggy. Those who

Saw him ride on
that occasion never
forgot it. Those
who were boys then,
now grown to man-
hood, who saw him
ride through the
street can see now
how he looked.

In six minutes, it
was said, from the
time ~~the~~ he took the
hills in hand he
was at the man's
side, and the peril

was soon passed.

But a few years passed before he covered in his practice a radius of ten miles in all directions.

The old church on the hill he did not enter.

His sweet young wife took her place in the church, among the workers, and

had soan endeared
herself to all who
knew her. But she
went to church alone.

She said to herself,
"If my husband were
a Christian what
spiritual comfort and
light and peace he
might carry to many
a sick one". So she
went where he had
been. Where he left
medicine and coun-
cil, she carried

prayer and the Bible
and a word of com-
fort. Many a fevered
head felt the touch
of her soft hand.

The doctor had not
been in town many
weeks before he
met one of the
mothers in Israel
of that town, a woman
whose presence in
sick rooms was
earnestly sought for

Dejare he knew
that Naman's power
he used to say to
her as he saw her
coming into a
Sick Chamber, "This
patient must have
absolute quiet. There
must be no talking".
And then he would
see, to his amaze-
ment, the woman go
to the bedside, take
the patient's hand,

Speak a few calm,
low words, and as
if by magic, charm
the patient into quiet.
Then he would hear
the sweet words
fall from the wo-
man's lips, "Come
unto me all ye
that labor and are
heavy-laden and
I will give you
rest." "I am the

good shepherds and
know my sheep".

"O, rest in the
Lord". And then,

he would see the

Woman with the
pursed bound still

in her's drop quietly
on her knees by

the bed-side, and

breathe a prayer

that seemed to do

what all the doc-

tor's skill had

Failed to accom-
plish.

One day this
Christian man
said to the doc-
tor, "You ought to
be a Christian,
doctor. O, how can
you let the gol-
den opportunities
pass which God
is throwing in
your way ⁱⁿ ~~all~~ these

hammer. He answered
her much as he
had answered
Mr. Mc Carthy.

"Doctor", she said,
"you are living
a very narrow
life in what you
call the realm of
law. You think
you are free, but
you are not. You
are shut up in

a narrow prison
house. There is a
spiritual world,
with its spiritual
laws outside and
all around this
world of sense in
which you are
living. You are
like a Canary in
a cage. It has
never known the
fields and the

sky, and so is
captive in its cage,
and thinks it is
free. You think
you are free, doc-
tor, but you are
not. You need to
know God. "I know
only what my senses
tell me", said the
doctor.

There came into
the doctor's family
some children;

All but one pic-
tures of robust
health, like the
doctor him. It
completely upset
the doctor's philo-
sophy to know
why little Mary was
frail and sickly.
There was some-
thing the matter with
her spine. With the
sweetest face in

the whole family
group, there was
about her some-
thing almost un-
earthly - spiritual.

It was a singu-
lar fact that the
mother was not
drawn to Mary.

The strange children
were her pride and
joy. Mary was the
doctor's child. It
was touching to see

them together. Her
sweet face would
turn up to his
strang face; her
tiny arms would
twine about his neck-
suggesting a tender
vine climbing a
strang pillar.

One day the doc-
tor came in from
a long ride, tired
from his exhausting
work, and not seeing

Mary in her accustomed place
among the pillows
in the corner in-
quired where she
was. She has not
felt as well to-day,
said his wife, and
did not feel like
getting up. She has
been asking for you.

The doctor went to
~~her~~ bed-side.

"Papa, I want to tell
you something," said

Mary. "I am going
to heaven!" "Heaven!"
I want you here,
Mary. How do you
know there is such
a place. This is your
home! O, I know
it, just as the birds
know that is a sun-
ny land away from
the snows of winter.
I know it; and,
Papa, when you get
through all your

Work you came and
we will be together
again always, and
I shall be well."

That night, a
little past mid-
night the Christian
Naman, the mother
in Israel, was
wakened by a loud
knock at her door.

The doctor was
there with his buggy,

and wanted her
to go with him.

She saw he was
deeply shaken, and
neither spoke a word
until they had
reached the house
and entered the
sick room. "Doc-
tor, what can I
do?" she asked.

"Pray", he said.

She dropped down
by the little girl.

She knew its little
life was gaining out,
but she prayed
that spiritual life
might come through
her sweet death
into the soul of her
father.

The funeral ser-
vice was conducted
by the Village Minis-
ter and Rev. James
McCarthy.

The next Sunday
a strange step was

heard in the old
village church, Doc-
tor Silas Miller
leading his wife
down the aisle to the
family pew. At the
Evening meeting that
Sunday night the
doctor rose and
said, "My friends,
I had my first-
glimpse of heaven
through the grave of
little Mary. For thirty

years I have been
a selfish man and
served self and the
world. For the rest
of my life I want
to serve my Lord."

The doctor never
did anything by halves,
and for years the
doctor with his beau-
tiful horse carried
the gospel of Christ
as well as medicine
up and down the hills
and through the valleys of
More Country towns.

Unto Every One Which Hath Shall be Given

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Luke 19:26 – “Unto Every One Which Hath Shall be Given”

Ten men were entrusted by their master with certain responsibilities. Nominally, while their master was away they were working for him; really, they were working for themselves. Every thought which they gave to their master's interests, every effort which they put forth in his behalf - every trade they made - increased their own business ability, enlarged their capacity, and fitted them to fill a higher position. Most of them seemed to catch, in a measure, the real idea of service, and entered into it heartily. But at least one man made the great mistake of standing in his own light. He said: "My master is a hard man, reaping where he has not sown. I am not going to give my time and strength to advance his interests." Even if his master had been all he thought he was - even if, out of what he might make by skillful trading, not a penny came out of the close fists of his master to himself, the knowledge and ability acquired by doing the work would have been the best possible compensation. He lost a chance to enter the business world with a capital to work with, and as this was evidently characteristic of the man, he lost the chance to make a success of his life.

The master said: "Take the pound from this man and give it to the man who has gained the ten pounds." It sounded to those who heard the command, a little unfair. "He already hath ten pounds." Very true, and for that reason can be intrusted with more. Take from the man who made no use of his pound and give it to him who made the best use of his pound. Then he stated a great law of life: "To everyone which hath shall be given." This is a principle which is of wide application, and most beneficent in its working. There are hardships connected with it, but hardships which are wholesome, which act as a stimulus to exertion.

If there were removed from the world's life today the principle that in order to receive something we must have something, in order to get something we must be something - there would be lost one of the most powerful incentives to action known to the world. Of course there are exceptions, or seeming exceptions. There is what we call fortune and misfortune. There are accidents. There are circumstances beyond our control; but the great law holds and works everywhere - they who have receive. Iron and steel filings fly toward the magnet. They might accidentally get piled on or around an object which is not a magnet, but the law is, the magnet attracts the steel. This great law then has been placed before us by our Creator - life's prizes, life's best things come to those who are fitted to receive them. But would it not be more equitable and fair if things were given to those who have not? Suppose the ten pounds had been divided, and a liberal share had been given to the man who had but one. If this were the law, instead of the principle stated in the text,

the world would grow indolent and careless. The push and energy now displayed on every hand would disappear. The spur to endeavor would be removed.

This world is so made that it wants certain things - those things are at a premium, and the world is willing to pay for them. Not always in money - that is only one of the compensations of life. To be something, to make something of one's self, is to be in a position where things come one's way.

A young man once asked Mark Twain to help him get a position on some prominent newspaper. Mr. Clemens replied: "If you will follow my advice you can have a position on any paper you may select. Go to the office where you would like a position and tell the proprietor you want work. You do not ask for pay, you want work, and you will do anything. He will take you. Then do not always be asking, what shall I do now? but find out what needs to be done and do it. Make yourself useful. Be on the lookout for interesting items of news which you can furnish the paper without expecting compensation. Do this - and the rest will follow. You will become indispensable to the office, and when another paper wants you and makes you a good offer, the place where you are will not let you go."

It all came out exactly as predicted. This law begins its operation with us in our childhood, before we come to years of personal choice and action. Those are golden years in a child's life, between one and four. Blessed is the child who during those years looks up into the face of a Christian mother, breathes the atmosphere of a Christian home, stands at a Christian mother's knee and listens in implicit faith to all she says. He carries something out into the world's life which will bring other things his way. He may never exactly know where he got his high ideals of honor, his respect for authority; his deep-seated belief in God. He can never be as if those years had not come into his experience. Around those years, as a kind of standard, his life will gather. Because he has something, other things come.

An act done for a child, a Christian influence thrown about him, a Christian example set before him, is not simply a certain thing done which is to end there, or with the immediate impression. It is a deposit in the savings bank of the child's life which will draw interest. You have increased his working capital. Because he has he will have. If we had the power to do so, it would be interesting to analyze a congregation gathering for worship in a Christian church. Why are they there, respectful, reverent, worshipful? You can analyze, often, a man's fortune - the large or the small amount of property he owns. One wealthy man was asked what was the foundation of his prosperity, and he replied: "The first dollar I ever earned, and the thought that that dollar was my ally, and would help me earn another." Follow back the path which has led the steps of the members of a congregation to the house of God, and to what will it bring you? What was the first dollar in their moral and spiritual possession? In more than one case, I am sure, the path would lead back as far as a Christian cradle.

One of our representatives in Washington many years ago had a wonderful command of the scripture narrative and language. From the scriptures he would draw some of his most telling illustrations, and make some of his most effective points. He was asked where and when he obtained his intimate knowledge of the scriptures, and familiarity with their language. He answered that probably the beginning of it went back beyond his memory, but that the chief causes which he remembered were his Sunday afternoons in his old home when a Bible conference or lesson, and a few chapters from Pilgrim's Progress were the usual program. The mental grasp and power which such an experience is sure to bring is something beyond estimation. There is nothing to compensate for it in the floods of light literature which roll into and through many homes today. But I would not let such a remark as this stand as being fairly representative of the present condition of things. There is a vast amount of good literature, and it is read. Behind this literature there stands an array of writers which for clear and sound thought, for high ideals of truth and honor, has never been surpassed. We haven't by any means fallen upon times of mental weakness, or moral looseness in the men and women who widely influence the public. But the fact remains that there is nothing that can take the place of the scriptures as a deposit in a young man's life, which will bring to him afterwards mental grasp and power.

When we learn the great principle that it is most important to be ready for life - to have something - we shall have the key to the higher success.

You are familiar with the picture of Mr. Lincoln when a young man, stretched on the floor before the open fire. As he opens his books for evening study, after his hard day's work, he says: "I will get myself good and ready, and then perhaps something may come my way." May come his way! Something was bound to come his way. Something always comes to the man who is ready -- who has something.

You may follow this principle out in any direction you please and find it of universal application. He who reads good things acquires a taste for good things, and then in increasing rapidity good things in that line come his way. You cannot stop them. The law is as sure as the tides. The world is full of riches waiting for him who is "good and ready."

This principle is true in the field of morals. That man would make as great a mistake as did the unprofitable servant in the parable who should say, "I do not acknowledge any moral law as binding upon me; I am free to do as I please; I do not acknowledge any rightful law-giver behind any law whose mandates I am obliged to obey. I do not believe in any judgment bar and beyond it rewards and punishments." If he acts on this line he is forgetting that bound up in his own being there is a moral law, and behind it a law-giver; and in his own life, rewards and punishments.

Jesus spoke this parable of the pounds to illustrate the kingdom of heaven.

Does it seem like holding up a selfish motive, like obscuring the Master and his service, to hold this at the front as an incentive? It is enough to say that it is the Master himself who is putting it at the front. And this is not the only time. He says, "I am come that ye might have life, and might have

it more abundantly." He came to bring us life, which should in turn beget more life, and so on in an endless chain. He does not say, I am come that I might get some work out of you, secure your service and enrich myself. I am come that ye might have life. And how do we get it? By serving him. Every service done him, every thought expended in his interests, every gift to his causes, enlarges us, and lifts us higher in the scale of being. It is not true that the religion of Christ, as is sometimes charged, gives something for nothing. It is not true anywhere in God's universe. God's gifts are not thrust upon us They are gifts? Yes. Air is a gift - for lungs ready to inhale it. Light is a gift - for eyes that can bear it and revel in its beauty. The landscape is a gift - for the sensibilities ready to appreciate it. Spiritual life is a gift - to the soul ready for its entrance. Heaven is a gift - for the life on a level with it, ready for it.

—(Luke 19:26)—

“Unto Every One Which Hath Shall be Given”

SERMON PREACHED IN FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH OF REDLANDS

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D. D.

TEN men were entrusted by their master with certain responsibilities. Nominally, while their master was away they were working for him; really, they were working for themselves. Every thought which they gave to their master's interests, every effort which they put forth in his behalf—every trade they made—increased their own business ability, enlarged their capacity, and fitted them to fill a higher position. Most of them seemed to catch, in a measure, the real idea of service, and entered into it heartily. But at least one man made the great mistake of standing in his own light. He said: “My master is a hard man, reaping where he has not sown. I am not going to give my time and strength to advance his interests.” Even if his master had been all he thought he was—even if, out of what he might make by skillful trading, not a penny came out of the close fists of his master to himself, the knowledge and ability acquired by doing the work would have been the best possible compensation. He lost a chance to enter the business world with a capital to work with, and as this was evidently characteristic of the man, he lost the chance to make a success of his life.

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Variety in Unity

by Rev. J. H. Williams, D.D.

Date Unknown

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH - REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Exodus 28:29 – “Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breast-plate of Judgement upon his breast.”

Among other garments which the Lord instructed Aaron to make and wear was a breast-plate. In this breast-plate there were twelve precious stones set. They were set in four rows, with three stones in each row. These stones were all different. Their names were ruby, topaz, carbuncle, emerald, sapphire, diamond, ligure, agate, amethyst, beryl, onyx and jasper. Although it is not certainly known just what precious stone, now known to us, is meant by each one of these, yet enough is known for us to say that the combination was one of great richness and beauty.

There was the ruby red, the sapphire blue, the emerald green, and the violet amethyst; the transparent diamond and the golden jasper; the ruddy topaz and the white onyx. All of the hues of the breast-plate so blended as to make the most attractive ornament worn by the high priest. Upon each one of these twelve stones was engraved the name of a tribe of Israel, so that the high priest wore upon his breast, as our text says, the names of the children of Israel.

That breast-plate, set with twelve rich gems, may fitly represent the church, which today the great High Priest wears upon his heart. Looking at the text in this way, let us notice some of the points of likeness between the breast-plate of the high priest and the Christian church.

The church, like the breast-plate, contains a variety. There were twelve different kinds of stones in the breast-plate. No two of them were alike. One was a decided red - another was as decided a blue. One, perhaps, was a brilliant jet, and another a pearly white. One seemed to reflect the green of a rolling sea wave, and another the rosy hue of an early dawn.

There were twelve stones, each with some marked peculiarity of its own, all finding a place in the rich breast-plate. The number twelve seems to be a favorite one to express the idea of variety.

There were twelve tribes of Israel. In the Revelation the city which John saw - the New Jerusalem - had a wall in which there were twelve gates; and at the gates twelve angels. The wall of the city had twelve foundations, garnished with twelve kinds of precious stones. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls.

Jesus chose for his disciples twelve men, and secured in those twelve a great variety. No two of the disciples were alike. There was Peter, bold, impetuous and talkative; Andrew, quiet, less given to words, but more to deeds; there was John, confiding and truthful, and Thomas, full of doubts and suspicions; there was James, active, energetic, forward, and Nathaniel, retiring and meditative; there was Matthew, self-forgetful, even to the giving up of a lucrative employment, and Judas, at first only prudent, sagacious, saving. Twelve different dispositions, temperaments and tastes found a place in the discipleship of the Lord. The tree of life bears twelve manner of fruits.

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“Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles?”

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As the jeweler sets the precious stones in the breast-plate, so God sets in the church the stones of different colors - the men and women of different views. There is a variety in the work of the members of the church. Taken separately, the jewels which composed the breast-plate served different purposes, according to their brilliancy, color, composition or hardness.

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Nothing else, perhaps, corresponds so exactly with that breast-plate of twelve jewels as the company of Christ's disciples - the twelve whom Jesus gathered together, and set as jewels in the breast-plate which He wore upon his own heart.

Those disciples represent just what the church needs as a working force. They represent a great variety. One interesting writer has divided them into three groups:

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In the second place, the members of Christ's church, like the jewels in the breast-plate, should so blend together as to form one harmonious. whole.

There is an individual, independent beauty in one precious stone; but the combination produced by the twelve in the Jewish breast-plate was of exceeding beauty. They were so arranged that each added something to all the rest, while losing nothing of its own beauty. The bright diamond, the ruddy topaz, the green emerald, the golden jasper, the milk-white onyx, the blue sapphire, and the

violet amethyst, each, with a beauty of its own, combined with all the others, produced a combination upon which the eye delighted to rest.

Representatives of all or many of these are found in any one church. Not all of us are particularly interested in the same lines; but Christ takes all these different individuals, and setting them in the church, says, "Let your light shine."

As Christ shines down upon me, I may reflect one of his excellencies, you may reflect another; but the combined reflections will more fully represent Christ than any one of us. Look at the expressions of the doctrines of Christianity. John Calvin wrote and preached a strong and vigorous gospel. It was a gospel that had iron in its composition. John Calvin was one of the jewels of the church - of a positive color, adding strength and tone to the effect. John Wesley taught a more pliant, tender gospel - a gospel possessing a softer hue or color. Edwards, Lyman Beecher, Finney, Hodge and Bushnell, each was a jewel with his own peculiar color. Each vigorously wrote or preached what he deemed to be the truth as it is in Jesus. But all of them together, as history gathers them up and blends their utterances into one, express that truth more nearly than any one of them alone. That is to say, just as one stone in that breast-plate reflected only blue, and another red, another only green and another only yellow, but all combined reflected the whole spectrum, so in the church. Christ shining down upon the church gets a full reflection from no one man, but from the church comes back the full spectrum of his light.

How wonderfully this is illustrated between the covers of this Bible! Forty different writers, writing at different times, and independently of each other, produced the books which compose the Bible. These, under the Providence of God, are brought together and set in such a way as to produce that combination upon which the world gazes with ever-increasing wonder from age to age.

These examples are but illustrations of the combination which Christ is to look upon hereafter in His church. When He has polished these precious stones to exceeding brightness, the combined membership will shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever. Out of such a variety of views, and works and experiences, Christ is at last to get His perfect church, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. You may know that if a wheel were constructed of the seven colors, so that as you looked upon its side you would see them all, that if this wheel were made to revolve very rapidly, all the colors would apparently run together and blend, producing a pure white. So shall the colors of the Christian Church blend at last into one of spotless white.

Friends, there may be things we do not understand; there may be truths we cannot comprehend; there may be kinds of work we cannot do; but are we willing to be Christ's? - are we willing to let His light shine down upon our souls? Of such willing ones He says: "And they shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."

Variety in Unity

Ex. 28:29: Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breast-plate of Judgement upon his breast.

SERMON PREACHED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
CHURCH, REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA.

[BY REV. J. H. WILLIAMS, D. D., PASTOR.]

Among other garments which the Lord instructed Aaron to make and wear was a breast-plate. In this breast-plate there were twelve precious stones set. They were set in four rows, with three stones in each row. These stones were all different. Their names were ruby, topaz, carbuncle, emerald, sapphire, diamond, figure, agate, amethyst, beryl, onyx and jasper. Although it is not certainly known just what precious stone, now known to us, is meant by each one of these, yet enough is known for us to say that the combination was one of great richness and beauty.

There was the ruby red, the sapphire blue, the emerald green, and the violet amethyst; the transparent diamond and the golden jasper; the ruddy topaz and the white onyx. All of the hues of the breast-plate so blended as to make the most attractive ornament worn by the high priest. Upon each one of these twelve stones was engraved the name of a tribe of Israel, so that the high priest wore upon his breast, as our text says, the names of the children of Israel.

That breast-plate, set with twelve rich gems, may fitly represent the church, which today the great High Priest wears upon his heart. Looking at the text in this way, let us notice some of the points of likeness between the breast-plate of the high priest and the Christian church.

The church, like the breast-plate, contains a variety. There were twelve different kinds of stones in the breast-plate. No two of them were alike. One was a decided red—another was as decided a blue. One, perhaps, was a brilliant jet, and another a pearly white. One seemed to reflect the green of a rolling sea wave, and another the rosy hue of an early dawn.

There were twelve stones, each with some marked peculiarity of its own, all finding a place in the rich breast-plate. The number twelve seems to be a favorite one to express the idea of variety.

There were twelve tribes of Israel. In the Revelation the city which John saw—the New Jerusalem—had a wall in which there were twelve gates; and at the gates twelve angels. The wall of the city had twelve foundations, garnished with twelve kinds of precious stones, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls.

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Catalog of Sermons & Writings

1. "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters; For Thou Shalt Find it After Many Days" , Ecclesiastes 11:1, 1880 and 1904, in handwriting
2. *Samson, Like Any Other Man*, Judges 16:16-17, 4 Dec 1881, Marblehead, MA, in handwriting
3. "*He turned and said unto Peter, put thee behind me Satan.*" , Matthew 16:2-3, 1883, in handwriting
4. *For we must all appear before the Judgement seat of Christ*, 2 Corinthians 5:10, Feb 1883 (farewell sermon at Marblehead), typed
5. "*Behold the Fowls of the Air*", Matthew 6:26, 1887, typed
6. *God's Two Books*, John 5:39, Apr 1892, Kansas City, MO, Jul 1904, in handwriting
7. *The Earthly Resurrection Life*, Hosea 14:5, 30 Mar 1902 (Easter), printed handout
8. *The Teacher's Calling*, Jeremiah 18:1-2, 27 Sep 1902, printed handout
9. *Worthiness in God's Sight*, Revelations 3:4, 12 Oct 1902, printed handout
10. *Sermon In Memory of Rev. J.M.R. Eaton*, Job 5:26, 8 May 1904, printed handout
11. "*Lay Up For Yourselves, Treasures in Heaven*" , Matthew 6:20, Jan 1908, in handwriting
12. "*There is a Lad Here Who Hath Five Barley Loaves, and Two Fishes*" , John 6:9, Mar 1908, in handwriting
13. *Man's Dominion Over the World and Over Himself*, Genesis 1:26, Dec 1908, printed handout
14. "*New Thought*", , 24 Jan 1909, printed handout
15. *The Supreme Event in the Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Corinthians 12:10, 7 Feb 1909, printed handout
16. *Seed and Soil*, Matthew 13:8, Mar 1909, printed handout
17. *The Earthly House and the Heavenly*, Corinthians 5:1, 11 Apr 1909 (Easter), printed handout
18. *What John Saw*, Revelations 7:9, 2 May 1909, printed handout
19. *Anxiety*, Matthew 6:25, Sep 1909, printed handout
20. "*Count It All Joy*", James 1:2, Dec 1909
21. *The Awakening of a Soul*, John 4:4-42, Feb 1910
22. *The First Church Christmas in Redlands*, 24 Dec 1910 (printed in The Daily Facts, Redlands, California newspaper), typed
23. *The Power of Choice*, Isaiah 7:15, Nov 1911
24. *The Eyes of the Heart*, Ephesians 1:18, Jan 1912
25. "*Endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ*" , 2 Timothy 2:3, 1913 (with note, "Just before the freeze."), in handwriting
26. *The Bend in the Road*, James 4:13, Sep 1913

27. *Can War Be Justified?* ,Romans 12:18, abt 1915, in handwriting
28. *The Good Samaritan*, Luke 10:30-37, 22 Oct 1916
29. *Honolulu*, Nov 1916, in handwriting
30. *The Hawaiian People*, Nov 1916, in handwriting
31. *Religion, An Exchange*, Matthew 5:17, 26 Nov 1916, printed handout
32. *The Best Things Are In The Future*, John 14:12, 17 Dec 1916, printed handout
33. *Calendar of Sermons and Notes*, 1916-1921, in handwriting
34. *The Two-Talent Man*, Matthew 25:22, 13 May 1917, printed handout
35. *The Brook*, Proverbs 21:1, 30 Sep 1917, printed handout
36. *Present Status of the League of Nations*, abt 1920, in handwriting
37. *30th Anniversary Sermons*, in handwriting
38. *And Jacob Rose Up Early*, Genesis 28:18, 9 Dec 1923, in handwriting, last sermon preached
39. *Capital Punishment*, date unknown, in handwriting
40. *If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?* , John 14:14, Easter (date unknown), in handwriting
41. *"I Came Not to Judge the World, But to Save the World"*, John 12:47, date unknown, in handwriting
42. *"If"*, Matthew 2:4, date unknown, printed handout
43. *John Knox*, date unknown, typed
44. *Manhood*, Ephesians 4:13, date unknown, printed handout
45. *The Morning Vigil*, Mark 1:35, date unknown, printed handout
46. *Sermons on Isaiah*, date unknown, in handwriting
 - a. *No. 1 - Isaiah*
 - b. *No. 2 – Isaiah's World*
 - c. *No. 3 – Isaiah's Call and Consecration*
 - d. *No. 4 – Isaiah's Development*
47. *"The Kingdom of Heaven is Like Unto a Net That Was Cast into the Sea"* , Matthew 13:47, date unknown, printed handout
48. *The Story of Silas Miller*, none, date unknown, in handwriting
49. *"Unto Every One Which Hath Shall be Given"* , Luke 19:26, date unknown, printed handout
50. *Variety in Unity*, Exodus 28:29, date unknown, printed handout