

what God loves it is ill with me, and will continue to be ill until that dissonance ceases. In the very nature of things I must love what he loves and hate what he hates, and not merely conform outwardly to him. Religion is the obedience of delight, and not the obedience of slavishness. I must give my heart to the nature of things, or it and I are at war; and it is he.

When a man has harmonized all his faculties with each other, when he has learned to love what God loves and hate what God hates, then he is like some of those majestic representations of full-orbed human nature which Michael Angelo has given us, or which have come to us from the greatest of the ancients.

I stood in the basement of the Louvre the other day, and there was the Venus de Milo, and there, too, was the sleeping Grecian slave in the market-place, the marble creation of Angelo. The man was majestic in quantity and quality of being. He had in him the possibility of power unfathomable, and yet was tender as any drop of dew. A lion was in him; a dove also. A woman, a man. Not only was his massiveness overpowering when you took a full view of it, but his tenderness was equally overpowering at any full prospect of its possibilities in action.

For the massiveness standing there behind the tenderness might have been as the murky threat of the tempest thundering across league after league, and the tenderness concentrated was like the zigzag lightning to smite whatever is unjust or impure.

On the other hand stood a woman, marvellous in quantity and quality—both. It is easy to find a man large enough, but not easy to find a man of fine quality and great size combined. It is easy to find a woman fine enough, but not so

easy to find one remarkable at once for the greatest quantity and the highest quality of being.

I am a married man, if you please. I have no secrets to confess. There is in man a possibility of being full-orbed; and our great sculptors and painters have sometimes given us in art an example of such a nature harmonized with itself. When I stood there before Venus de Milo, I asked a young man, somewhat tempted by Paris life, whether that woman and this man, if they were turned out in modern wardrobe to go around the world, would come back dissipated.

"They would come back without the smell of fire on their garments."

"How do you know?"

"Look at them," said he; "they are too great to be tempted."

"But," said I, "they are to go around the world; they are to be free from family police, and they are to be subjected to all the temptations of modern luxury and poverty."

"They would come back without a thread of their wardrobe singed," said the young man.

"How do you know?" said I.

"Why, look at them," said he, "they are too great to stoop."

They had in them the full-orbed human nature, and that young man, no philosopher, simply a person of good practical instinct, felt that you cannot make a man who has all the wheels in him act against conscience and reason. The whole make of him is against this. Such action is not natural.

You, young man, want to be natural. Be full-orbed first, and then be as natural as you please. I affirm that any man who will not make a flat-headed Indian of himself, who will not bind upon his upper faculties some plank of evil habits

and press down the better instincts of his nature year after year, and who will cultivate all the moral part of his nature as sedulously as he does his intellectual or executive faculties, or his social or his animal, and who will let all parts of his nature grow North, South, East and West, I affirm that such a man, when the breezes of the holy Somewhat and Some One who is in nature breathed through him, will utter a resonance, not like the hiss of the reptile, not like the bellowing of the hollow-voiced calf, or the notes of the silly-throated goose.

There will be in that man, when God moves through his full growth, a sacred and commanding resonance like that of the forest of oaks on your prairie plains yonder, like that of your forests combining their tones with the roar of your Niagara yonder, like that of both those anthems conjoined with the eternal song of the sea, a hallelujah to the glory of organizing and redemptive moral law; and it is he!

It is therefore scientifically incontrovertible that harmonization without environment must include similarity of feeling with God, for we must love what the nature of things loves, and hate what the nature of things hate. Similiarity of feeling with God, or a love of what he loves and a hate of what he hates, is an unalterable, natural condition of peace of soul in this life and the next. But you say that thus far I have been endeavoring to prove the necessity of a new birth merely. Well, I have heard that this is a scriptural doctrine, but I have not opened the Bible yet. Let no man say I underrate the Bible.

There are four Testaments—the oldest, the old, the new, and the newest. The Old Testament and the New are written. The oldest testament is the nature of things. The newest is the present action of God in human history.

I interpret the oldest and the newest by the old and the new. Our surest guide beyond all doubt is the written Word; but God wrote the oldest testament or the nature of things, and God writes the newest current history, the last unrolling chapters in the acts of the apostles; whether in church, in science, in commerce, or in politics, he is here in the oldest testament and here in the newest, although not as visible in them as he is in the written Word, but the four testaments are his, and therefore one.

I have taken all my texts to-day out of the nature of things, out of the oldest records of God, the constitution of man and of the universe, and we find in that Testament, as well as in the New, it is written: "Verily, verily, I say unto you a man must be born from above. The natural mind is at enmity with God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be. How can two walk together unless they are agreed?"

You must walk with yourselves and with your record and with God, and how can anything exist here and exist there at the same time and in the same sense? How can you love and hate God at once and in the same sense? You must either agree or disagree. How can you walk with God and yourselves and your record without being agreed with them, and how can you be agreed with them without loving what God loves or without similarity of feeling with God?

And so in the oldest testament I read from the nature of things what is in the old and the new and the newest. The four accord in thought, and ought to solemnize civilization to its last fibre. If you and I do not learn similarity of feeling with God, it is ill with us, and we know that just as well as we know that the law of gravitation governs the world. We understand perfectly well by mere induction the neces-

sity of the love of what God loves, and the hate of what God hates, as a natural condition of peace of soul. That condition being a natural one, it is irreversible by our will. If you please, the universe is not managed by count of heads or clack of tongues. There is no vacancy among the supreme powers that will be filled by an election in the Mississippi Valley or that of the Hudson. We must ascertain meekly these conditions. Exact science proclaims that continuous joy in all the faculties is the only decisive sign of their natural action, and that continuous joy in all the faculties can come only to him who has acquired, not morality merely, but religion in the sense of the supreme love of what God loves, and supreme hate of what God hates, or similarity with the nature of things, for it is he!

It is scientifically incontrovertible—

Twelfth. That even after we have acquired similarity of feeling with God, the record of our past sin is behind us in an unchangeable past.

Thirteenth. That the conscience, in the absence of expiation, forebodes punishment.

Fourteenth. That for harmonization with our record in an unchangeable past, therefore, we need more than our own reformation and personal excellence.

Fifteenth. That, therefore, not only the necessity of similarity of feeling with God, or the new birth, but the necessity of the atonement also, is scientifically inferable from the necessity of our harmonization with our whole environment.

You will allow me to assert, in the name of Herbert Spencer, that the unchangeable past is a part of our environment. We must be harmonized with it. Am I harmonized with it when I have reformed?

There is an unchangeable record of my sin in the past. I have learned to hate that sin, but ought the record of it to be treated precisely as though it never had been?

Here is a deserter. Here is a soldier who never deserted. The deserter comes back. He is ready to re-enlist. Ought he to be treated just like the soldier that never deserted? Now I have deserted. I know that if what is done in the universe is what ought to be done, I shall be treated rather differently from Gabriel and Abdiel, and all those who have been faithful from the first. I ought to be treated differently, and God always does what he ought to do. Therefore I feel an unrest as to this record in the past, even after I have reformed.

Say what you please, I hold it to be scientifically incontrovertible that after a man has reformed, the record of his past sin is behind him. When the deserter comes back and re-enlists, the record of the desertion is behind the soldier, is it not? His re-enlisting and facing the enemy does not change the fact that he has been a deserter, does it?

I affirm that in the absence of expiation, man's conscience forebodes punishment. Why it does that, it is not important for me to discuss. That it does that, all history proclaims. We know that the ages have been thrown into unrest on this point, and that when we take human nature through a large range, when we endeavor to ascertain how the ages have acted, face to face with the irreversible record of sin in the past, we find that they have foreboded punishment in the absence of expiation. "Plato, Plato," said Socrates, when Greek philosophy stood at its height, "it may be that God may forgive wilful sin; I do not see how he can, for I do not see that he ought to."

That thought, which I have put into shorter words than

those of Socrates, has been the fundamental conviction in the bottom of the soul of those heathen tribes that have sacrificed holocaust after holocaust to God to give themselves peace of soul, face to face with this record.

I know not, my friends, what can be made clear from human history, if it is not certain that in the absence of a deliverer, and of an expiation, man forebodes punishment. That is the way we are made, and even after we have reformed, human nature acts in this manner. I say that the greatest saints, in the absence of expiation, or when they have known nothing of it, have had this foreboding, and in all ages have had it.

This action of man's nature is not a mere sickly eddy of sentiment, coming up here and there in peculiarly educated circles: it is the great natural operation of conscience. The record of desertion behind a man makes his past permanently different from that of a man who has never deserted. That past which was an effect becomes a cause, and will perpetually produce appropriate effects of foreboding unless, unless, unless God's hand as a screen be let down between us and it, and between his face and that black, irreversible past.

I know I need such a screen. But from mere reason I cannot prove that such a screen has been provided for me. Revelation says an atonement has been made. That key turns in the lock of human nature. That fits the wards of this foreboding. That washes Lady Macbeth's red right hand.

You know Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth say that she regretted her crime. She had killed Duncan, or connived at his murder, and she was so moved by her crime that she became insane in view of it. Shakespeare makes her rise in the night and try to wash her hands, and the gentle physician

who looks upon her is accompanied by the watching servant maid, and the latter says to the former: "Look how she rubs her hands! Sometimes she does this for the quarter of an hour together." Lady Macbeth, pacing up and down, and put there, one might think, by Providence, to illustrate in the forefront of literature, and to all time, one of the greatest of religious truths, exclaims: "Out, accursed spot! All the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten this little hand!"

Her husband, in similar circumstances, says: "This red right hand the multitudinous seas it would incarnadine, making the green one red." Now, undoubtedly Macbeth and Lady Macbeth had learned to hate their crime, but how can they wash their hands? If you please, it is getting to be a deep question in philosophy, now that conscience has been scientifically investigated as it never was before, how Lady Macbeth's red right hand can be washed.

I am talking about facts. There is nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that Lady Macbeth's hand is red; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she would like to wash it; nothing shadowy, nothing uncertain about the fact that she cannot. Who can? Not Plato, not Socrates, not Goethe, not Strauss, not Parker, not Emerson—only Christianity can wash Lady Macbeth's red right hand!