

the court was opposed to the Protestant reformers, was no discredit to either the Protestant reformers or to the Jesuits.

I do not think, sir, that I need dwell on that branch of the subject any longer. I think that whenever we touch these delicate and difficult questions which are in any way connected with the sentiments of religion, or of race, or of education, there are two principles which it is absolutely necessary to maintain, for the sake of the living together of the different members of this Confederation, for the sake of the good will and kindly charity of all our people toward each other, and for the sake of the prospects of making a nation, as we can only do by living in harmony and ignoring those differences which used to be considered fundamental. These two principles surely must prevail, that as regards theological questions the State must have nothing to do with them, and that as regards the control which the federal power can exercise over a Provincial legislature in matters touching the freedom of its people, the religion of its people, the appropriations of its people, or the sentiments of its people, no section of this country, whether it be the great Province of Quebec or the humblest and smallest Province of this country, can be governed on the fashion of three hundred years ago.

DEAN STUBBS



VERY REV. CHARLES WILLIAM STUBBS, an eminent English clergyman and author, Dean of Ely, was born at Liverpool, Sept. 3, 1845, and received his education at the Royal Institution School in that town and at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he graduated with high honors. In 1868, he became senior curate of St. Mary's, Sheffield, and from there he was transferred to Granboro', Buckinghamshire, where he was vicar for thirteen years. From 1884 till 1888 he was vicar of Stokenham, South Devon, and from 1888 to 1894 rector of Wavertree, Liverpool. In the latter year he was appointed Dean of Ely. From 1881 till 1895 he was select preacher at Cambridge, and in 1883, and again in 1898-99 he filled a similar post at Oxford. He served for two years as president of the Liverpool Royal Institution. Among his publications are: "Village Politics," addresses and sermons on the labor question (1878); "Christ and Democracy" (1883); "The Conscience, and Other Poems" (1884); "God's Englishmen," sermons on the prophets and kings of England (1887); "Charles Kingsley and the Christian Socialist Movement" (1893); "Christ and Economics" (1893); "Christus Imperator" (1894); "A Creed for Christian Socialists" (1896); "Pro Patria" (1901). In 1900, he visited the United States, preaching at Harvard University and elsewhere. To visitors from this country to the English Cathedrals, he is perhaps best known by his "Historical Memorials of Ely Cathedral," and by his "Handbook to Ely Cathedral."

INTERNATIONAL PEACE

"A YOUNG MAN'S VISION"

[A sermon preached at The Hague in connection with the Peace Congress, Whit-Sunday, 1899.]

"And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."—Joel ii, 28.

THESE words of the prophet Joel had their fullest accomplishment, as you all know, in that new revelation of God to the world symbolized in the rushing wind and the fiery tongues of Pentecost, which we to-day are commemorating on this Whit-Sunday, on this great Church

festival of the Holy Ghost. But the prophetic words have also had a special fulfilment—have been fulfilled from epoch to epoch in the history of the Church of God.

In the ancient Church they found an immediate realization. For almost within the generation in which Joel lived we see the simultaneous rise of prophets of all degrees of cultivation and from every station in life. Amos, the sheep-master of Tekoa, the gatherer of figs, the prophet of simple style and rustic imagery; Zechariah, the cultured priest and gentle, courtly seer; Micah, the wild village anchorite, pouring out his terrible warnings on the drunkenness, the folly, the oppression of his country, and yet telling also of a reign of universal peace when men shall "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks"; and, greatest of all, Isaiah, the statesman-prophet of Israel, of great and faithful vision, "very bold," as St. Paul says of him, in extending and enlarging the boundaries of the Church, looking beyond the dark and stormy present to the onward destiny of the human race, when God "shall be found of them that seek him not, and made manifest unto them that ask not of him."

These are but a few. There are many prophets of that period whose very names are lost. Some, no doubt, were wild enthusiasts only, whose ravings did perhaps as much harm as good. Some were hypocrites, who "affected the black prophetic dress without any portion of the prophetic spirit." But all were characteristic of one of those great revivals of religion, one of those spiritual flood-tides in the history of humanity, which have, alas! their baser as well as their nobler aspect.

But Joel did more than utter a special prediction for his own time. He declared one of those great principles which,

as I have said, are fulfilled over and over again, and play so large a part in human history.

The principle is this: that ever and anon, in a nation's or a Church's history, after some great national calamity, after some long-continued ecclesiastical torpor, there comes a sudden and mighty out-flood of the Spirit, stirring a nation or a people to its depths, vivifying an almost dead Church, rousing dull spirits into energetic life, exalting common men and women above their ordinary selves.

On every side at such periods in the world's history there arise prophets and heroes, warriors and preachers, holy and devoted souls.

Five centuries after Joel, when Israel was a conquered and tributary people, its kings no more, its national and church life crushed down, there came such a flood-tide of the Holy Spirit of God, which is the spirit of holy valor, and patriotism, and national righteousness.

You may read the whole grand story in the Book of Maccabees. It was a time when the tameness and commonness went out of life for all men. New hopes and aims, new daring and strength seemed to pass into every heart. Men and women, in their daily task, lived not only for that, but for their country and their God. Old men dreamed dreams, and young men saw visions, and upon the servants and the handmaids was poured out the new spirit of faithfulness and truth.

Two centuries later the principle was at work again on a vaster scale. The old world was waiting for a new birth. Old religions, old philosophies, old political systems, all seemed to have reached a stage of decrepitude. The power of imperial Rome, the traditional wisdom of Greece, the narrow national cult of the Hebrew,—all seemed to be worn out.

The last element of good seemed to have gone, for hope was dead. The world seemed to have reached—

“ That last drear mood
Of envious sloth and proud decrepitude:
No faith, no ark, no king, no priest, no God,
While round the freezing founts of life in snarling ring
Crouched on the bare worn sod,
Babbling about the unreturning spring,
And whining for dead gods that cannot save,
The toothless systems shiver to their grave.”

But when the hour was darkest there came the new birth, the founding of the Christian Church, the preaching of the Apostles, the fervor of the Martyrs, the wonders of the first Christian age. St. Peter saw the fulfilment of the prophet Joel's words in their fullest sense on the first Whit-Sunday. The chill and gloom of the Crucifixion Day had passed. The little Church of the first Believers had awakened to a sense of its mighty mission, and every member of it felt the glow of inspiration in his earnest heart.

And ever since that time, nearly two thousand years ago now, men have been living under what is called a new dispensation, a new order of things. Ever since that time when the last great crowning revelation of God was made to man there has been in the world a society of men who looked out upon life in a new way.

They looked out upon this matter-of-fact world of ours, and somehow they came to see that it was not only what it appeared to be from outside; they came to see that life, human life, had not only to do with outward things; that they, as men, had not only to obey certain laws of conduct and living, under penalty of punishment from the governor, or the king, or the emperor, whose subjects they were; but they came to see that they were members also of a great invisible kingdom, ruled over by a Lord whose throne was not

upon earth, governed by laws whose sanction rested not in outward things, in penalty or punishment, but lay in a divine compulsion which they felt in their own hearts, in their own inmost spirit, in a conscience, they called it, not a mere outward authority saying to them at every turn. “Thou shalt,” and “Thou shalt not,” but an inner voice of the soul ever whispering “I ought,” and “I ought not.”

And this new way of regarding life these men came to think was the most important thing in all the world. They gave up everything, they left their secular callings, their business in life, to go abroad everywhere telling people of this new, wonderful way of regarding things. They could not help it. A mysterious divine compulsion was laid upon them. It burned in their hearts as a divine energy, it touched their tongues with a divine fire.

If we could have asked them what it all meant, they would have said, “It is the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire,—it is that enthusiasm, that influence, that energy, which our ascended King promised he would send down upon us, his own Spirit, the Paraclete, the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth who should guide us into all truth.”

And, full of this divine compulsion, and because of it, they were able to touch the hearts of other men; they got them to see life as they saw it, to obey the invisible King, as they obeyed him, from love and loyalty of heart; they drew men into their brotherhood, into this society of the Holy Ghost, this spiritual kingdom, this Church of the new believers, of the men who thought about life in a new way.

And now nearly two thousand years, as I said, have passed away, and to-day that little society of earnest believers in that far-distant land has become a mighty corporation, having branches in all parts of the world, with a long history behind

it, a record of heroes, and saints and martyrs, and doctors and teachers, the holiest and the noblest of our race, and with a long future before it of beneficence and salvation for the world.

And in that long history, over and over again as the ages went on, the words of the prophet Joel have been fulfilled. For although, alas! it is true that over and over again also the vision has faded and the prophecy has disappointed; that at times even the Church itself has only seemed to be Christian to its own shame and to its Master's dishonor—*"Christiana ad contumeliam Christi"*; that the new heavens and the new earth have never yet fully come; still, still, thank God, there has been progress—who can deny it?—progress by periodic movements, flood-tides of the Spirit of God, on which the ark of humanity and civilization and social order, the ark of the Church, has ridden nearer and nearer to the haven where it would be.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright."

For "when Christ ascended up on high, he led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men": for the individual the gift of true life, for society the gift of prophecy and vision and of dreams. "I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

The gift of Prophecy: the power to recognize new truth from God and to speak it forth; to interpret it to mankind in words of fire or deeds of light.

The gift of Vision: the strong, clear grasp of master-ideas, the keen, living sense which a young and generous mind feels for great principles struggling perhaps for life in some mean age of scrambling and selfishness and greed; setting the heart strong and resolute to uphold the cause of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost through the coming years.

And the gift of Dreams: no longer the fantastic vision of minds half-dazed with new light, but the conviction of the old man's dearly bought experience, that what perhaps he may be unworthy to see or bring to pass shall yet surely come, shall yet be a common thing full of blessing for the world, and while his own hopes depart of seeing it, yet suffers not his heart to harden, but passes solemnly in spirit into another age, and sees God surely bringing life to its perfect end at last.

It would be impossible, of course, in a single sermon to characterize fully any one of those great epochal movements in the history of Christian civilization which has made modern Christendom what it is to-day. And even if I ask you to think only of one aspect of that civilization,—the origin and growth of sentiments of international morality and law,—a subject which must be in all our minds at this time, in this place, on this historic soil,—it is impossible to do more now than place a cursory finger from point to point on that marvellously diversified chart which shows the onward progress of humanity toward higher and nobler and more Christ-like conceptions of statecraft and government.

It has been said that when Charles the Great knelt by the high altar of St. Peter's, at Rome, and received from the hand of Pope Leo III the crown of the Cæsars, and the shout of the people rang out through the church,—"*Karolo*

Augusto, a Deo coronato, magno et pacifico imperatori, vita et victoria."¹—modern history began.

Certainly with him began a new vision of power in Europe, new in reality, new in its relations to society. For the first time since the fall of the Roman Empire in the West a great king had arisen among the new nations to rule with strength and glory, a founder of social order, a restorer of religion, a patron of education, a statesman, a legislator, an emperor, as the popular acclaim had entitled him, truly "great and peace-giving," because his aim was not only to conquer and overthrow and selfishly to enjoy, but to labor long and resolutely, and with deliberate purpose, to bring order out of chaos, government out of confusion, for the benefit of man and the good of the peoples.

It is true that his romantic reign of nearly fifty years was but an episode of political order and statesmanship in a wild and tumultuous age, but the work of Charles—a genius pre-eminently creative—was not lost in the anarchy which followed, for he had laid the foundations upon which, for many generations, men continued to build.

His policy and deeds were gradually wreathed round with a gorgeous mist of legend and romance, but at least he left behind a memory and a tradition of a settled government and of a noble and extensive scheme of polity, an ideal of imperial duty and obligation, to which his successors in a later age could look back with a devout admiration. For so wisdom is justified of all her children, and God fulfils himself in many ways.

And again, in that later time of turbulence and political confusion, through all the disasters of private war and public

¹"To Charles Augustus, crowned of God, the great and peace-giving Emperor, life and victory."

feud which characterized the peoples of Europe from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries, who shall say that the old prophecy of Joel, the newer promises of Pentecost, had no fulfilment? Into "that wilderness of the peoples" the Church of Christ had gone forth, and had proved herself "not only a herald of spiritual blessings and of glorious hopes in another life, but a tamer of cruel natures, the civilizer of the rude, the cultivator of the waste places, the educator, the guide, and the protector" of the weak and oppressed. When little else could be done, was it nothing, do you think, that the Church organized "the Truce of God"?

"From Thursday evening among all Christians"—so ran the words of an ordinance of the Council of Limoges in 1031—"friends or enemies, neighbors or distant, peace must reign till Monday at sunrise: and during these four days and four nights there ought to exist a complete security, so that every one can go about his own affairs in safety from all fear of his enemies, and under protection of this truce and this peace. Let those who observe this peace be absolved by the Father, All-powerful, by Jesus Christ his Son, and by the Holy Ghost. Let those who have promised truce and have voluntarily broken it be excommunicated by God."

There are many sad chapters, it is true, in the history of Christendom, humiliating to the disciple of Christ, but surely that chapter in the "Gesta Christi" of the Middle Ages is at least a touching one, which, although it tells, first, of desolated towns, depopulated villages, wasted fields, plundered peasants, widows and orphans weeping under the curse of war, yet goes on to speak of that "Crusade of Peace" preached by the Church for two centuries and more, made the subject of conciliar and synodical and episcopal enactment, quieting, if only for a time, the waves of strife, in-

spiring men with a new spirit of good will and concord and brotherhood, under which, it might be for months, or weeks only, or days, the bloody sword was suffered to rest in its sheath, the homes of the poor to go unplundered, and the unwonted "Peace of God" to fall upon a land drenched with tears and blood.

It was not, however, until the fifteenth century was passed, and the various communities of Europe, each retaining characteristics of its original source, but each also taking to itself, with the assertion of individual freedom, new characteristics, had finally separated by definite national signs into free and liberal States, that the foundation was laid of the modern system of International Policy.

The adoption of standing armies, although they may seem to have created new dangers for our modern industrialism, it must never be forgotten, disarmed war of half its terror. But the need of some recognized code of law to regulate the intercourse of the new nations became pressing. In 1625 the groundwork of such a code was laid by Grotius, Advocate-General of the Treasury of Holland and Pensionary of Rotterdam, in his treatise, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," a work which has been said by jurists to have contributed more than any other uninspired book to the commonwealth of nations.

And indeed, in memory of the Pentecostal promise, ought we to speak of the book as uninspired?

It is true that such a code as that of Grotius could not have arisen in any country where the jurisprudence of ancient Rome had not been the fountain of all legal ideas and the groundwork of all positive codes, nor could it have been written by any man who was not a learned student of that ancient system.

But Hugo Grotius was not only a student of Roman juris-

prudence; he was something higher and better. He had been a great Christian poet before he became a great Christian publicist. I venture, therefore, to say that it was because in his youth he had seen poetic visions of the ideal truths of Christianity that in his old age he dreamed wise dreams of the true relations which should bind together the nations of Christendom, and saw clearly how necessary to the maintenance of the social State is the recognition of the sphere of spiritual as well as of temporal government. Certainly his immortal work is permeated, every line of it, in every chapter and in every section, with the Christian spirit. In the first words of his preface he touches the keynote of all Christian progress through comradeship and association when he says:

"The Sacred History doth not a little provoke us to mutual love, by teaching that we are all of us born of the same first parents."

And in the last chapter of his book he strikes once again the true chord of Christian fellowship as he recalls to the memory the parting benediction of the great Master in the memorable words with which he closes:

"A safe and honored peace is not too dearly bought if it may be had by foregoing as well the offending as the charges and damages of war, especially to us Christians, to whom our great Lord and Master hath bequeathed peace as his last legacy. . . . God, who alone can do it, instil these things into the hearts of those who manage the affairs of Christendom!"

Once more, and lastly, for I must hurry to a conclusion, can we doubt that in our own age the Pentecostal prophecy has been and is being fulfilled? Have we no young men

nowadays who see visions, no old men who dream dreams, which it will be good for the world to see realized, even in part, of that divine order in which "God shall fulfil himself," not only "in many ways," but in the one way of perfectness—

"When shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?"

English churchmen, at any rate, cannot certainly at this time forget the example of one great English statesman whose body, just a year ago at Whitsuntide, they were burying in Westminster Abbey "with a nation's lamentation," whose splendid political achievements have left an indelible mark on English statesmanship and on English citizenship, whose voice, in the plenitude of his power and strength, had ever been raised, not only for what he thought the good of his own countrymen, but for the deliverance of the oppressed and downtrodden peoples in any part of Christendom, and whose example of Christian fortitude and patience at the last taught lessons to the English people concerning the reality of religion and the power of prayer in daily life, more potent for the inspiration and ennoblement of national life than all the splendid achievement of the strenuous years that lay behind.

And when we recall these things we cannot forget that it was also to Mr. Gladstone that we owe the Geneva Arbitration of 1872, an event by which two great nations, at a time of great bitterness of popular feeling, and when one side felt itself deeply injured, under circumstances which in all past history would have been thought to justify a declaration of war, deliberately controlled their passion of resentment and

determined to submit their differences to impartial arbitration, a decision which in its issue has not only largely contributed to the happy brotherly relationship of England and America to-day, but has also thus enabled the modern world to take probably the greatest step forward in history toward the application of right reason and Christian wisdom to the settlement of international disputes.

Nor can we forget many another occasion in which that great Englishman seemed to be taking a prophet's stand, looking forth on the nations, reading the secret causes which make them living or dying, and then, "looking beyond the results of the moment," in the sure conviction of his long and dearly bought experience, dreamed the old man's dreams, among others—can we doubt it?—of the golden year of International Peace, "satisfied"—I quote his own words—"that though to-day may not see it and to-morrow may not see it, yet the fruits of patience and perseverance will be reaped in the long future of the nation's existence, when the reckoning cannot fail."

And, my friends, if, happily synchronizing with the holy memories of Whitsuntide, the commemoration this week by English churchmen of their great statesman's death-day a year ago takes us back in thought to an old man's prophetic dream, certainly the great event of this week in this place, to be held by history—God grant it—as a perpetual memory of blessing to all civilized peoples, speaks in unmistakable tones of a young man's vision.

Can there be any Christian in this place to-day who, recalling the ancient Pentecostal prophecy and promise of which I have spoken to you, would wish to think that these last words of the young Tsar's rescript are anything but an aspiration and a prayer, sincerely responsive to the leading,

piously pleading for the guidance, of God's holy Spirit of Wisdom, Peace, and Love?

"This Conference shall be, by the help of God, a happy presage for the century which is about to open. It would converge in one powerful focus the efforts of all the States which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of Universal Peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord. It would at the same time cement their agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right on which rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples."

What is it that blocks the way—do we ask?—to this land of Utopia, to the present earthly realization of the young man's vision, the old man's dream?

I can only answer that the mountains of difficulty which some tell us stand in the way are moral difficulties for the most part, faults of character and will, failure of moral courage and purpose,—in a word, want of faith.

And yet, if we be Christians, we cannot, we must not, lose heart. The mountains of difficulty may be there. We cannot deny it. They do block the way to the promised land. But we walk by faith, not by sight. It was a saying of the great Napoleon, looking out from France on the neighboring country of Spain, "There are no more Pyrenees!" The power of the human will, the vaulting ambition of one man, was—so he thought—sufficient to remove this greatest of natural boundaries.

My friends, do we forget the promise of Him who said that by faith we too should remove mountains?

Mountains of difficulty, mountains of misunderstanding, mountains of prejudice, will only vanish before the courage which despises difficulty, before the insight which sees into the heart of stone, before the love which compels confidence.

Ah, yes! the true Christian faith is like that fabled sword of which one reads in the "Song of Roland," by which that renowned Paladin cleft a way for his army through those same Pyrenees mountains to the open land beyond. Such a breach of Roland, doubt it not, will one day be made through the mountain walls of national jealousy and national pride and national prejudice, and open out a way to the land of International Peace.

May God, of his great mercy, send into the hearts of each member of this Peace Congress his great gift of vision! Let us pray for them—and what words could we better use than those in which for so many generations the Church of Christ has yearly sung her Advent antiphon of preparation for the Christmas message of Peace on earth, good will to men—

"O Sapientia! quæ ex ore Altissimi prodisti, attingens a fine atque ad finem; fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia: veni ad docendum eos viam Prudentiæ!"