

Subject: Growth and Salvation.

Text. For with the Heart man receiveth
unto Righteousness."

Scripture.

Lessing the great German Philosopher
once said. "If God should hold all truth
inclosed in his right hand, and in
his left only the ever active impulse
to the pursuit of truth, although with
the condition that I should always and
forever err; and should say to me: Come!
I should fall with submissio[n] upon his
left hand, and say: Father, give! True
Truth is for thee alone" Indeed Lessing
might well have said. I could only
choose the ever active impulse to the

pursuit of truth," for there is something
in our very nature, some power, which
is the very foundation of our physical
nature, and moral nature, that
always would bid us, yes, compel
us to strive to search out a truth
to grow up into a truth, rather than
to have the truth handed over to
us without any struggle on our
part. — mankind as a whole has to
find a moral nature to be willing
to accept grossly that for which
he ought to grow. As a matter of
fact no way has yet been discovered
by which we can arrive at any
truth except, that ^{we} ^{of} those who overflow

method of experience. The father cannot
touch our to the ^{his} son the wisdom
which he has become the possessor of
through his years of experience, but
the son has not had the experience that
would make clear to him the meaning
of his father's words. This moral nature
has always been much more keen
and sensitive than his intellectual nature
in accepting the Bible as "mechanical"
Revelation of God, and Christ as an atone-
ment for sin. Even while he has
outwardly accepted both these ideas, he
has never the less interpreted the
Bible in terms of his own experience
and Christ's statement in terms of

his own statement. His inherent moral
votive for overruleth his intellectual
error, and he has left himself essentially
true to this fundamental characteristic
of his being that he is endowed with
an irrepressible impulse to grow.

See how this impulse manifests itself
even when we are entirely unconscious of
it. We go to some familiar New England
town, expecting to find the same town
to day which we left ten years ago.
It is not true, the people have changed,
some are dead, others have left the
town, bokes have become children
children have become men. Even
the vacant and deserted farm is a

wornout to our growth, the sort of
shell of our ambitious days. Try to
find common ground upon which to
meet a friend that we have not
seen for years, and we soon become
conscious of the vast change both
in him and in ourselves, as we confare
the stained clifftop attempt to become
again as we were in the old days. It
brings home to us with a pang every
that is starting the truth that the
infidel to grow has been constantly
asserting itself. Only last year I knew of
a man, who had been seeking his fortune
in a foreign country, and had come home
to his native town to live the re-

waining year of his life among his old friends, and which furnished sun & soundings. He arrived in the morning found his old friends gone - not one in all the town that he knew, the very town itself so changed that he knew it not. He left in the evening sad and disheartened, still wondering why it had changed so.

Here few facts suggest to us that which we may forget, that we are living under the pressure of a power so tremendous, that we can see where stay its activity then we can stay the flow of a mighty river, we may check it for a moment but soon it breaks out with a great

intensity in new stormlets. But the
ineffable impulsion to grow is in
our natures, and it must, and will
express itself.

Yes. But does it express itself? What
do we see about us?

- (1) If the veil were lifted, what hell would glow,
Surely revealed to ancestral eyes.

Burning unquenchably below
Life and its common place disguise.

- (2) If the veil were lifted, what glories too,
Would burst their fragrant like flowers released;
Surely they look in us, me and you,
Took the angel and won the heart.

(3) *Now thot gromels avel roote in mine,
Hawfing pearls with ths greecly swine
Wor like the string of a god-suict lyne
Thilling with resonance divine.*

We can see how wor like the string of
the god-suict lyne, thilling with resonance
divine, can be worifering this chiricly
grovne influece to gromel, but how. how
can wor thot gromels avel roote in mine
hawfing pearls, with greecly swine.
How canst be be in any way giving
expurion to thot divine influece to
gromel. Can it be thot the degraded
mition of life, who fill our bours
of conection, avel our frisins. Can it
be thot they are human souls thot

One ever felt the impulse to grow
to expand, to be lifted up higher.

Put a lily bulb, into your cellar where
there is no light and air, and that same
bulb which in the free out of close air
would grow into a strong healthy plant
flowering in due season, will in the
darkness of the cellar grow up sick into
a pale, sickly plant without strength
and without beauty. Shut a human
soul out of the light of Knowledge, and
the warmth of high ideals, deprive it
of its freedom its right to seek these
ends towards which its growth impels
it, and that human soul will grow
into form of wretched sickly sin, and

were loathing criminosity. The drunkard whom we met on the street may be what he is because he has sought to express his social nature when the only opportunity he had was the saloon, and the only form of social intercourse he knew was the low vulgar buffoonery of the street. You and I have had better opportunities, and knew a higher plane upon which to exchange our interest in each other.

Look at the French revolution, and see the half crazed mob seeking in its blind ignorance to assert its rights and devouring with the frenzy of a wild heart the destruction of its foes - others. The divine influence to govern?

Yes, but undirected untrained, the stored up fomes of that enslaved force burst like a whirlwind across the political history of France, and descended at the point of the knife its right to grow. The flood from a similar outbreak in ~~Russia~~ Russia is hardly cold. Of all the terrible scenes that the Russian revolt presented, the most frightful, the most fitful, was that of the throngs of voxko covered workmen rushing blindly through the city streets, bent upon pillage, and slaughter, as little able to use properly their momentary freedom, as a child. So think that men have been so deprived of the rights of education, and freedom

of speech and thought, that in a movement of freedom they become as a drove of wild animals. God grant that not one word of curse may pass from our lips, but let us forgive them for they know not what they do.

It takes a Balzac to see the divine spirit working in the sullen peasant life of Buope. It takes a Victor Hugo to bring out the beautiful soul from wrunged life of Jean Valjean, the giddy slave criminal. Hawthorne to see in Hester Prynne, an injured, buried soul trying to find its way through sin to God. Only Dickens could picture the terrible deeds of the French Revolution

so that we could see the inevitable
influence to growth manifesting itself
in those terrible days.

Somewhat, even the one that grieves and
wrings in the mine, and tramples fears with
the greedy swine, is working his way out
of darkness, ignorance and sin into the
light of freedom. - and it may be, it
may be that you and I are as much at
fault as they of the mine.

But what shall we do? Shall we leave
them to find their way out as best they may.
No, we cannot do that, the inevitable
influence to growth is in us also. We
can not stem the infection which as

carrying us beyond the borders of our own selfish interests, and forcing us to regard the good of others. Alas! only the ideals are in our minds which must carry us in sympathy and desire to help the less fortunate over the rough places, and through the darkness into the ways of life, where sin gives way to virtue, where high and noble thoughts drive out the low and vulgar, where peace and happiness and opportunity for free growth, suffuse want, and fair, and crippled con-
stituents.

A few years ago one of the most interesting parts of nuclear engineering

were accomplished at the mouth of the Mississipi River. The great strength of the river current was constantly bringing down to the mouth of the river vast quantities of sand which were deposited at the mouth of the river as the river widened and the strength of the current lessened. This formed an apparently insurmountable barrier to shipping, until finally a man of power conceived of a plan for rendering the conditions. His plan was simply this. He constructed huge moatasses of brush firmly woven together. Then these moatasses were heavily weighted with stones, and sunk on either side of the river leaving a narrow channel.

between of sufficient width to for
shiffing. There washouses filled one on
top of the other became effectual in turning
the gulf so back of the water into the
channel between them, and the very
force of the water which had spread
itself out over so vast an area, and
caused so much trouble, was now turned
to the work of keeping clear a channel
for shiffing. The sand and clit which
the river had formerly deposited in such
a way as to hinder shiffing, ^{is} now
carried by the river itself out into
the gulf out of the way. The principle
of it is this, the very force which had
brought with it the sand and refuse

we make use of by directing it into
proper channels, in furthering that sand
out of the way where it would no
longer interfere with shifting. But some
inevitable impulse to growth, which
carries such a burden of farrin, appetit
and desire of the flesh through which
and deposits them in the way of progress
it must plow, will if directed into
proper channels, carry those same farrinous
appetites and desires safely out of the
way where they can by possibility
injure or attack the progress of man's
growth into higher and nobler con-
ceptions of life. As we look back over
the history of man, and see the great
souls who grew to the heights of

called witness of the ^{Truth} lights, or we study the truth which they have disclosed to us, and estimated the direction in which it leads us, it seems as if this great free people, with its free government, with its freedom of thought, and freedom of press, with its freedom of religious life; it seems as if this great democracy with its system of education, and its high religious ideals, is the great engineer who is to direct the flood of growing humanity into its proper channels, and who is to won his soft fangs through the years of passion and appetite and selfishness, into the open sea of noble work, where great

thoughts, and high conception of duty
and we too may have free full
flight.

We cannot over estimate the tremendous
obstacles to be overcome. Sometimes they
seem so great as to overwhelm us by
their very greatness. The great inroads
that we being made of growth, by the
terrible diseases which we have in
our midst, must be reduced to a
minimum. Great intellectual errors
which cast a shadow over us like a
fog must be removed. Great
wicked misconceptions which are eating
at the very vitals of the family, state
and the church, must be set aright.

The task calls for noble men and women
inspired by the highest religious and
world aims of which the human soul is
capable, men and women who have a
righteous hatred of all sin, all error, but
who have a deep sincere love for the
sinner, and the erring; The task calls
for men and women, who in their
homes, in their churches, in the towns
in which they live, may by the very
simplicity, and consecration of their lives
become a powerful force in doing this
great work of ours, of givings us into
the truth of God. We must remember
always the fact that it a growth. It can
not come to us as Divine Fiat, we must

give it to others as remedy which will
cure in a moment. The truth of Christianity
transplanted into the lives of the German
people, could not produce a Luther for
hundreds of years. It took five
hundred years for the seeds of the English
Reformation to take root, and grow
and bear fruit in the religious freedom
of modern thought. It takes time for a
people to absorb a truth, and have it
become a vital fact of daily life and
duty. If we get discouraged let us
look back over the centuries of history, and
see the things we have effected, if we
get discouraged let us look to the
ideals of life and work which have

been revealed to us by witness of
the truth. If we get discouraged let
us remember that the impulsive virtue
to the pursuit of truth is very foundation
of our virtue, and that pure truth is
with God, all the sin, all the ignorance
all the selfishness of man cannot
stem for one moment the working of
that impulse to grow into the truth.

You and I are consecrated to this life of
growth. It so happens that it leads us into
fields of noble thoughts, and and great hopes
but let us not forget the when this impul-
sive impulse leads into ways of sin, and
fame and shame. With the heart every
human being behineth unto righteousness

but the road be travels, woy defend you
you and me.