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DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS.

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COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

AT

SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, FINSBURY,

FEBRUARY 22, 1874.

WITH A DISCOURSE

BY

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

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ii, SOUTH PLACE, FINSBURY.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY

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I.

I CANNOT plainly see the way,  
So dark the grave is; but I know  
If I do truly work my day  
Some good will brighten out of woe.

For the same hand that doth unbind  
The winter winds, sends sweetest showers,  
And the poor rustic laughs to find  
His April meadows full of flowers.

I said I could not see the way,  
And yet what need is there to see,  
More than to do what good I may,  
And trust the great strength over me?

Why should I vainly seek to solve  
Free-will, necessity, the pall?  
I feel, I know that God is love,  
And knowing this I know it all.

*Alice Carey.*

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II.

READINGS.

WHOSO seeketh wisdom shall have no great travail; for he shall find her sitting at his door. She goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, showeth herself favourably to them in the highways, and meeteth them in every thought. Love is the keeping of her laws. The multitude of the wise is the welfare of the world.

Wisdom is the worker of all things: for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, simple, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good; kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things; and going through all understanding, pure and most subtle spirits. Wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness. And being but one, she can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new: and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets. She is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of the stars: being compared with the light, she is found before it; for after day cometh night, but vice shall not prevail against wisdom.

#### WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

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THE Duke Gae asked about the altars of the gods of the land. Tsae-Wo replied, "The Hea sovereign used the pine-tree, the man of the Yin used the cypress, and the man of the Chow used the chestnut,—to cause the people to be in awe."

Confucius, hearing this, said, "Things that are done, it is needless to speak about; things that have had their course, it is needless to remonstrate with; things that are past, it is needless to blame."

Kee-Loo asked about serving the gods. The Master said, "While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve the gods?"

Kee-Loo said, "I venture to ask about death."

The Master said, "While you do not comprehend life, how can you comprehend death?"

"If a man in the morning hear of the right way, he may in the evening die without regret.

"Yew, shall I teach you what knowledge is? When you know a thing, consider that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, understand that you do not know it. This is knowledge.

"For a man to worship a deity not his own is mere flattery.

"To give one's-self earnestly to the duties due to men, and while respecting the gods, to respect also their distance, may be called Wisdom."

CONFUCIUS.

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MAHOMET said, Instruct in knowledge! He who instructs, fears God; he who speaks of knowledge, praises the Lord; who disputes about it, engages in holy warfare; who seeks it, adores the Most High; who spreads it, dispenses alms to the ignorant; and who possesses it, attains the veneration and goodwill of all. Knowledge enables its possessor to distinguish what is forbidden from what is not; it lights the way to heaven; it is our friend in the desert, our society in solitude; our companion when far away from our homes; it guides us to happiness; it sustains us in misery; it raises us in the estimation of friends; it serves as an armour against our enemies. With knowledge, the servant of God rises to the heights of excellence. The ink of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr. God created Reason, and it was the most beautiful being in his creation: and God said to it, "I have not created anything better or more perfect or more beautiful than thou: blessings will come down on mankind on thy account, and they will be judged according to the use they make of thee."

MOHAMMED.

IF Morality is the relation of man to the idea of his kind, which in part he endeavours to realise in himself, in part recognises and seeks to promote in others, Religion, on the other hand, is his relation to the idea of the universe, the ultimate source of all life and being. So far, it may be said that Religion is above Morality ; as it springs from a still profounder source, reaches back into a still more primitive ground.

Ever remember that thou art human, not merely a natural production ; ever remember that all others are human also, and, with all individual differences, the same as thou, having the same needs and claims as thyself : this is the sum and substance of Morality.

Ever remember that thou, and everything thou beholdest within and around thee, all that befalls thee and others, is no disjointed fragment, no wild chaos of atoms or casualties, but that it all springs, according to eternal laws, from the one primal source of all life, all reason, all good : this is the essence of Religion.

STRAUSS : “ *The Old Faith and the New.* ”

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### III.

FALL, fall ye mighty temples to the ground !  
 Not in your sculptured rise  
 Is the real exercise  
 Of human nature's brightest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,  
 'Tis in the gifted line,  
 In each far thought divine  
 That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,  
 'Tis in the generous thought  
 Of all that man has wrought,  
 Of all that yet remains for man to do.

Fall, fall, ye ancient litanies and creeds :  
 Not prayers or curses deep  
 The power can longer keep,  
 That once ye held by filling human needs.

The quickening worship of our God survives  
 In every noble grief,  
 In every high belief,  
 In each resolve and act that light our lives.

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 IV.

 MEDITATION.
 

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## V.

THE future hides in it  
 Gladness and sorrow ;  
 We press still thorow,  
 Nought that abides in it  
 Daunting us, —Onward.

And solemn before us,  
 Veiled the dark Portal ;  
 Goal of all mortal :—  
 Stars silent rest o'er us,  
 Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,  
Comes boding of terror,  
Comes phantasm and error ;  
Perplexes the bravest  
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,  
Heard are the Sages,  
The Worlds, and the Ages :  
" Choose well ; your choice is  
Brief, and yet endless.

" Here eyes do regard you  
In Eternity's stillness ;  
Here is all fulness,  
Ye brave, to reward you.  
Work, and despair not !"

(GETHE, *tr. Carlyle.*)

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## DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS.

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TOWARDS the close of the last century a young German student was climbing amid the Swiss Alps—alpenstock in hand—gazing with wonder on glaciers, scaling the dizziest peaks. His Alpine wanderings were preliminary to the climbing of nobler summits, commanding vaster prospects. For this was Friedrich Hegel, destined to create an epoch in the history of the human mind. Amid those barren heights and weird chasms of Switzerland there was born in his mind a doubt which has influenced the world. Before those wild desolations he asked himself whether it could be possible that this chaos of rock and glacier had been specially created for man's enjoyment? It was a problem which required for its solution not only his own long, laborious life, but many lives; yet, to the philosophical statement of that one man we owe a new order of religious thought. If I may borrow an expression from geology, it may be said that we are all living in the Hegelian formation; and this whether we understand that philosophy or not, and even if we reject its terms.

For Hegel was as a great vitalising breath wafted from afar, beneath which, as under a tropical glow, latent seeds of thought were developed to most various results. From afar; for really Hegel's philosophy was an Avatar for cultivated Europe of the most ancient faith of our race. Its essence is the conception of an absolute Idea which has represented itself in Nature, in order that by a progressive development through Nature it may gain consciousness in man, and return as mind to a deeper union with itself. It is really the ancient Hindu conception of a universal soul of Nature, a vast spiritual sea in which each animal instinct, each human intellect, is a wave. Or, in another similitude, every organic form, however great or small, represents some scattered spark of a central fire of intelligence, on the way back to its source, bearing thither the accumulated knowledge gathered on its pilgrimage through many forms in external Nature.

Briefly, the Hegelian philosophy means a soul in Nature corresponding to the soul of Man. Of course—I have already stated it—it did not originate with Hegel. It may be traced from the Vedic Hymn to the cry of Kepler, when, looking up to the stars, he said, "Great God, I think thy thought after thee!" But with Hegel it gained

an adaptation to the thought of Europe, and passed into the various forms of belief and feeling. It inspired all the poetry of Wordsworth. It is reflected in the materialism no less than in the idealism of our age, and may be felt in the philosophy of Huxley no less than in that of its best exponent, Emerson.

Among the many German thinkers who sat at the feet of Hegel there was but one who comprehended its tremendous bearings upon the theology of Europe ; but one through whom it was able to grow to logical fruitage ; and that one was the great man whose life has just closed—David Friedrich Strauss. Strauss proved himself the truest pupil of Hegel by throwing off the mere form of his forerunner's doctrine, just as that philosopher had thrown off the formulas of his forerunners. The literal Hegelians, of course, regarded Strauss as a renegade ; on the surface it would so appear : Hegel called himself a Christian, Strauss renounced Christianity ; Hegel was designated an idealist, Strauss a materialist. But we must not be victims of the letter. Fruit is different from blossom ; but it is, for all that, blossom in another form.

I need not dwell on the outward biography of Friedrich Strauss. The greatest men live in

their intellectual works. The sixty-five years of this man were not marked by many salient or picturesque incidents. As a student of theology at Tübingen, and as a professor, he travelled an old and beaten path,—poverty, hard study, hard work. At the age of twenty-seven he publishes his great work, the *Leben Jesu*; is driven from his professorship; offered another at Zurich University, he is prevented by persecution from holding it; and finally settles himself down to a life of plain living and high thinking. He is elected by his native town Ludwigsburg to the Wurtemberg Legislature, but surprises them by his “conservatism,” as it was called, and answers their dissatisfaction by resigning. He marries, and, alas! unhappily. Agnes Schebert was an actress, and she was also a clever authoress; but when she was married to Strauss there was shown to be an incompatibility of disposition which led to a quiet separation without recriminations on either side. The lady once wrote a parody on the writing of Hegel, which is amusing, but suggests that she could hardly have been fortunately united with a philosopher who had sat at the feet of Hegel. She left with him a daughter and a son, who were devoted to their father through life, and for whom he wrote a tender and touch-

ing account of their mother that they might think of her with affection.

He lived a busy life, and wrote a large number of admirable works, the absence of most of which from English libraries is a reproach to our literature. His biographies are among the most felicitous that have been written, and have brought before Germans noble figures which are for most English readers mere names,—Ulrich von Hutten, the brilliant radical of the Reformation; the discoverer of lost books of Livy, Quintilian, and other classic authors; the fellow-fugitive of Erasmus before the wrath of the Pope; the lonely scholar who has made classic the islet of Lake Zurich where he died:—the Biography of Hermann Reimarus, who one hundred years ago was the leading prophet of Natural Religion:—the Life of Friedrich Daniel Schubart, poet and publicist, who, beginning as an organist in Ludwigsburg, lost his place for writing a parody on the Litany; who in later life was invited by the Duke of Würtemberg to dinner, on his arrival seized and imprisoned in Asberg Castle for ten years, because of an epi-

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\* His chief works are "The Wolfenbüttel Fragments," edited by Lessing; "The Principles of Natural Religion," and "The Instincts of Animals."

gram written by the poet,—who, for the rest, has left songs which the Germans still love to sing.\* The work of Strauss on Voltaire consists of a series of lectures prepared by request of the Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt (daughter of Queen Victoria), who listened to them; and the work is written in a spirit of high admiration of the great French heretic. If, as I doubt not, the two biographies which he has left—"Lessing" and "Beethoven"—are of equal value to those I have mentioned, Strauss will have left six works at least, apart from his contributions to theology, of a character which must write his name very high among the literary workers of this century.

When the life of Strauss is written, no doubt the details of it will be found of great interest; but nothing relating to his private and personal history will ever be so impressive as the unfolding of his intellectual and religious nature. Fully told, even as traceable in his works, this represents the pilgrimage of a Soul from the crumbling shrines of Superstition across long deserts of doubt, and the rugged passes of adversity, even

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\* The principal is one entitled "Caplied" (Cape Song), supposed to be sung by soldiers, sold to the Dutch, on their way to the Cape of Good Hope. Another celebrated poem of his is, "Die Fürstengräft" (The Tomb of Princes).

to the beautiful temple of Truth, where his last hymn of joy ended in the gentle sigh of death.

Of this, his mental biography, I can give here but a slight outline. I have already taken up the thread of his life at the point where he was learning the secret of Hegel. That implied a foreground with which many of us are familiar; for he was born to orthodoxy, and had to flee that City of Destruction. So much he had accomplished in his youth, and was ready to set himself to the real task of his life. The philosophy of Hegel left room for mysticism, but none for miracle. Paulus, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and others, each endeavoured in their several ways to bridge over the gulf between supernaturalism and reason; they wanted reason, they must have Christianity, and so held on to the miracles without believing them miraculous. But Strauss had already placed before his mind Truth as the one attainable thing worthy of worship; and he set himself to the task of studying the life of Christ, with all its investiture of fable, as a historical phenomenon. The fables he knew were not true, but he would know how they arose, and he would know what form they would leave were they detached from the New Testament narratives. In reaching his sure result he was aided

by the veracity of his mind no less than by his learning. He had but to apply to a miracle found in the Bible the same test which everyone applied to a miracle when found in Livy or Ovid. He had but to take the method which Christians used when dealing with the wonders of Buddhism, and apply it honestly to the marvels of Christianity. The result was that he tracked all the New Testament marvels back to their pagan or Judaic origin; he found that they were the same stories that had been told about Moses, Elijah, David, about Isis and Osiris, Apollo, and Bacchus. In a word he proved that they were myths, such as in unscientific ages—when the laws of Nature and the nature of laws were unknown—had arisen and gathered about every teacher who had become an object of popular reverence.

In denying the value of miracles as historical events in the life of a particular man, Strauss was impressed by the perception that these myths which had come from every human race to invest Christ represented something more important than the career of any individual; they represented humanity. They were born out of the human heart in every part of the world, and were types of its aspirations, hopes, and spiritual experiences. That which could not be respected



as history could be revered as a reflection of the religious sentiment. He would place an idea where the church set an individual. "Humanity," he wrote, "is the union of the two natures—God become man, the infinite manifesting itself in the finite, and the finite spirit remembering its infinitude; it is the child of the visible Mother and the invisible Father, Nature and Spirit; it is the worker of miracles, in so far as in the course of human history, the spirit more and more completely subjugates nature, both within and around man, until it lies before him as the inert matter on which he exercises his active power; it is the sinless existence, for the course of its development is a blameless one, pollution cleaves to the individual only, and does not touch the race and its history. It is Humanity that dies, rises, and ascends to heaven, for from the negation of its phenomenal life there ever proceeds a higher spiritual life."

When this lofty faith in Humanity as the true Christ, which had unconsciously symbolized itself as the life of one man, shone out upon the mind of Strauss, all interest in the individual Jesus paled under it. Since his great work was published—near forty years ago—we have, by standing on the shoulders of such men as he, been

able, no doubt, to see somewhat further. The rational study of the New Testament has disclosed certain fragments of real history, and by piecing these together we can shape out the figure of a great man,—great enough to show why it was that the human heart brought all its finest dreams and marvels to entwine them around that single brow. But the grand generalization of this scientific thinker, who pierced the veil of fable and recognised beyond it the face of humanity transfigured with divine light, is one which can hardly be paralleled by any utterance since the brave words of Paul: “We henceforth know no one according to the flesh; and if we have ever known Christ according to the flesh, yet now we no longer know him.” “The Lord is a Spirit!”

Having disposed of the old Christology, Strauss proceeded to apply his method—the method of Science—to all the theories of Nature and of human life which were intertwined with it. What the results of his inquiries were are summed up in his last work, “The Old Faith and the New.” And at the outset I must say that the whole purport of that book has been falsely interpreted for English readers by the blundering exposition of it given by Mr. Gladstone in a speech delivered in Liverpool. The

late Prime Minister, it will be remembered, held up Dr. Strauss before the school-children as an awful example of what they would come to if they once began exercising their own faculties. He admitted his own incompetence to answer the arguments of Strauss ; it would have been well if he had also acknowledged his inability to translate his words correctly. In describing that "Universum" which Strauss had declared to be the highest and divinest conception of human intelligence, the Cosmos which man should adore in place of the old deity of dogma, Mr. Gladstone said that the author represented it—the adorable Universe—as without reason. The word which Strauss really uses is "Vernunftvoll"—full of reason ! This inexcusable error makes all the difference between Theism and Atheism. "Our highest idea," says Strauss, "is the law-governed Cosmos, full of life and reason ;" and he censures Schopenhauer, who declares Nature to be hopelessly evil. "We consider it," he says, "arrogant and profane on the part of a single individual to oppose himself with such audacious levity to the Cosmos whence he springs, from which, also, he derives that spark of reason which he misuses. We recognise in this a repudiation of the sentiment of dependence which we expect from every

man. We demand the same piety for our Cosmos that the devout of old demanded for his God."

In this his last work, "The Old Faith and the New"—the translation of which we owe to a woman as we do that of his first work—Strauss embraces with enthusiasm the theory of Evolution. Thereby his old Hegelian idealism is transmuted to Darwinian Materialism. Of course, many people fancy that Materialism is something which is inconsistent with belief in a deity or even in religion. But really, with regard to divine existence and religion there is no difference between Idealism and Materialism. Strauss justly pronounces the religious issue between the two a quarrel about words. They both and alike "endeavour to derive the totality of phenomena from a single principle—to construct the universe and life from the same block;" in this equally opposing the Christian dualism which divides man into body and soul, and severs God from Nature. In their common endeavour after unity Idealism starts from above, Materialism starts from below; "the latter constructs the universe from atoms and atomic forces, the former from ideas and idealistic forces. But if they would fulfil their tasks, the one must lead from its heights down to the very lowest circles of

Nature, and to this end place itself under the control of careful observation ; while the other must take into account the higher intellectual and ethical problems." In short, all that the Idealist says of soul the Materialist says of brain ; all that any worshipper can say of his God, Strauss says of Nature.

What the creed of this thinker was may be found in this last work, wherein it is expressed with an exaltation which becomes more impressive now that we know that even while he was so uttering his perfect faith in the fair universe, the terrible cancer was destroying him. These are his words : " We perceive in Nature tremendous contrasts, awful struggles ; but we discover that these do not disturb the stability and harmony of the whole,—that they, on the contrary, preserve it. We further perceive a gradation, a development of the higher from the lower, of the refined from the coarse, of the gentle from the rude. And in ourselves we make the experience that we are advanced in our personal as well as our social life ; the more we succeed in regulating the element of capricious change within and around us, and in developing the higher from the lower, the delicate from the rugged. This, when we meet with it within the circle of human life,

we call good and reasonable. What is analogous to it in the world around us, we cannot avoid calling so likewise. The Cosmos is simultaneously both cause and effect, the outward and the inward together. We stand here at the limits of our knowledge ; we gaze into an abyss we can fathom no farther. But this much at least is certain,—that the personal image which meets our gaze there is but the reflection of the wondering spectator himself. At any rate, that on which we feel ourselves entirely dependent, is by no means merely a rude power to which we bow in mute resignation, but is at the same time both order and law, reason and goodness, to which we surrender ourselves in loving trust.”

In one very important matter many of the admirers of Strauss have felt distress at his position and influence. Politically, he has the reputation of being a reactionist and conservative. This reputation—obtained when he resigned his seat in the legislature because of disagreement with his radical constituency—has been confirmed by his treatment of political subjects in his latest work. My own belief is that the views of Strauss on these matters are very seriously misunderstood by reason of the fact that they are altogether conceived from the

Hegelian standpoint. Those who study Hegel know that his apparent conservatism was the crust outside a fiery radicalism. The political philosophy of Hegel is contained in the following extract from his writings:—"Moral liberation and political freedom must advance together. The process must demand some vast space of time for its full realisation; but it is the law of the world's progress, and the Teutonic nations are destined to carry it into effect. The Reformation was an indispensable preparation for this great work. The history of the world is a record of the endeavours made to realise the idea of freedom and of a progress surely made, but not without many intervals of apparent failure and retrogression. Among all modern failures the French revolution of the eighteenth century is the most remarkable. It was an endeavour to realise a boundless external liberation without the indispensable condition of moral freedom. Abstract notions based merely on the understanding, and having no power to control wills of men, assumed the functions of morality and religion, and so led to the dissolution of society, and to the social and political difficulties under which we are now labouring. The progress of freedom can never be aided by a

revolution which has not been preceded by a religious reformation."\*

That a similar conviction was rooted in the mind of Strauss I became aware by personal intercourse with him. Some years ago, as I walked with him on the banks of the Neckar, he declared to me that the motives he had in publishing his "Life of Christ" were hardly less political than religious. "I felt oppressed," he said, "at seeing nearly every nation in Europe chained down by allied despotism of prince and priest. I studied long the nature of this oppression, and came to the conclusion that the chain which fettered mankind was rather inward than outward, and that without the inward thralldom the outward would soon rust away. The inward chain I perceived to be superstition, and the form in which it binds the people of Europe is Christian Supernaturalism. So long as men accept religious control not based on reason they will accept political control not based on reason. The man who gives up the whole of his moral nature to an unquestioned authority has suffered a paralysis of his mind, and all the changes of

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\* See Gostwick and Harrison's "Outlines of German Literature," p. 481.



outward circumstances in the world cannot make him a free man. For this reason our European revolutions have been, even when successful, merely transfers from one tyranny to another. I believed when I wrote that book that, in striking at supernaturalism, I was striking at the root of the whole evil tree of political and social degradation."

At another time, when speaking of Renan, whose portrait was the most prominent in his study, he said: "Renan has done for France what I had hoped to do for Germany. He has written a book which the common people read; the influence of my 'Life of Christ' has been confined to scholars more than I like, and I mean to put it into a more popular shape. Germany must be made to realise that the decay of Christianity means the growth of national life, and the progress of humanity."

After this it was very plain to me what Strauss's conversatism amounted to. It means only that he had no faith in the abolition of an abuse here and there when the conditions which produce every abuse remain unaltered,—no faith in sweeping away a few snow-drifts when winter is still in the air, the whole sky charged with snow. We may wish that he had felt more

sympathy with some of the popular movements around him ; but we must remember that as a philosophical radical he regarded the ever-recurring enthusiasms of the people,—believing that they would reach the millennium by abolishing capital punishment, or abolishing a throne,—as so much waste energy. He saw hopes born in revolutions only to perish in disaster and reaction. He came to rest his hope for Humanity, which he loved, on his faith in the omnipotence of that Truth which he sought to enthrone above it.

Such was the faith, such the work, of the great man, to whose memory we pay this day our heartfelt homage. In his writings I have met with but one allusion to himself. It is in the last pages that he ever wrote, and is as follows : —“It is now close upon forty years that as a man of letters I have laboured, that I have fought on and on for that which appeared to me as truth, and still more perhaps against that which has appeared to me as untruth ; and in the pursuit of this object I have attained, nay, overstepped the threshold of old age.” Then it is that every earnest-minded man hears the whisper of an inner voice : “Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou may’st be no longer steward.” Now, I am not conscious of having

been an unjust steward. An unskilful one at times, too probably also a negligent one, I may, heaven knows, have been; but on the whole I have done what the strength and impulse within prompted me to do, and have done it without looking to the right or the left, without seeking the favour or shunning the displeasure of any."

These few words represent the benediction of Conscience upon a faithful man, felt by him as life was ebbing away, and the dark portal growing more distinct before him. His bitterest enemy need not impugn that approving smile of his own heart. It was all the wage of his work. Others have toiled in full view of heavenly reward. He laboured on with hope of no recompense for devotion and self-sacrifice beyond the consciousness of having made his life an unfaltering testimony to truth. Even those who believe that they see gleams of light irradiating the dark valley may count his honour not less but more that he gave his service uncheered by such visions.

In Heilbronn, where he was residing, he once pointed out to me, near an ancient church, the trace of the old and sacred fountain which gave the town its name, which signifies "healing fountain." He said, with his gentle smile: "The

theory of the priests is that the fountain ceased to flow when I came here to reside." When I looked up to his magnificent eyes, and the grand dome of his forehead, I could but marvel at the depth of that superstition which could permit this man to live as a hermit in communities which will one day cherish each place of his dwelling as a shrine. Holy wells may dry up, and the churches beside them crumble, but men will repair to the spots where the lonely scholar sat at his task, and tell their children—here it was that in the wildernesses of superstition living waters broke out, and streams in the desert.

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## V.

EVERLASTING ! changing never !  
 Of one strength, no more, no less ;  
 Thine almightiness for ever,  
 Ever one thy holiness :  
     Thee eternal,  
 Thee all glorious we possess.  
  
 Shall things withered, fashions olden,  
     Keep us from life's flowing spring ?  
 Waits for us the promise golden,  
     Waits each new diviner thing.  
     Onward ! onward !  
 Why this hopeless tarrying ?  
  
 Nearer to thee would we venture,  
     Of thy truth more largely take,  
 Upon life diviner enter,  
     Into day more glorious break ;  
     To the ages  
 Fair bequests and costly make.  
  
 By the old aspirants glorious ;  
     By each soul heroical ;  
 By the strivers, half victorious ;  
     By thy Jesus and thy Paul,  
     Truth's own martyrs,—  
 We are summoned, one and all.  
  
 By each saving word unspoken ;  
     By thy truth as yet half won ;  
 By each idol still unbroken ;  
     By thy will yet poorly done ;  
     O Almighty !  
 We are borne resistless on.

*Adapted from Gill.*

