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Hope sublimated

Clark, Henry Howard

Boston University

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Hope Sublimated.

H.H. Clarke

It is only in Christianity that hope attains its highest character and fruition. It is in the fields of Christian Truth it puts on its beautiful over-growth and emits the fragrance that renders it so sweet and distinctive amid the profusion of Heaven's gifts. When we attach this principle to the great influences and revelations of God it becomes an element of Christian Character and life whose beauty and power can not be adequately described. It is incipient
great in its peculiar manifestations. Men have given to it their best energies and their lives. Hope has had more martyrs than ever died at the stake or drank in death on dungeon floors. The world is full of its materializations. The locomotive, probing its way through tunnels and along mountain sides, hurling the snow into clouds on the wild revelry of its speed, molting at flames dash- ing the tree past poison trees are crossed now once but an idea of hope — the steamboat flecking the seas with palaces, making its
Highways as the streets of a beautiful city was once among the "Things hoped for and made." Every mechanical combination filling the world with luxury, ornament and knowledge once lived in the aspirations of hope. All literature, science and art have been the pleasant dreams of ambitious hope. If hope coexistent with material things can achieve so much what can it not accomplish with all its forces directed heavenward, with the supernaturalism of divine power? Hope is supernatural in Christian ility as it effects a rede-
real transformation of the soul. It finds the soul spiritually lifeless and re-vitalizes it with a new, mysterious life. We can conceive of a human form, radiant with mainly beauty, but with no dream of life as yet breathed into its nostrils to make it a living soul. Every line is perfect, every muscle in its place; firm and compact. The nerves are all taut like the well-tuned strings of an instrument of music. The eye is adjusted as the lens of the corresponding focal. How strange to us all. This design here is Dtie we attain! Not
a muscle moves; not a nerve vibrates; not a glance of fire breaks from the eye. But when the heart begins to beat, and the brain to think, and every nerve to thrill, what a transformation! This splendid organism can now be called a man.

The soul is a wonderful organism of capability. Every faculty and power are made for public and action. But with no divine impulse on it, it is dead. It needs a living hope to sustain its noble activities. "We are saved by hope," and in this salvation the soul reaches its true life. The influence of hope upon
The soul is like that of spring upon the world. Winter fled his place upon the earth, and the trees seem to have perished to rise their new foliage, and the flowers beneath their winding sheet are sleeping with no hope of bursting forth into a renewed and beautiful life. But soon the polar fire changes the occupation of this chilly reign. The trees snap their chains of frost, and the flowers wakened from their long slumber welcome the ministreries that quicken them into the blossoming of summer. How changed the landscape!
The world seems to have been caught up to a Paradise of Bloom. The soul with no Christian Hope is in a moral desert. Its religious forces are frayed as roots in the ground. There is no growth, nor beauty in it. A new life must vitalize it—a new power transform it. Hope is its spring. Introducing it to the sublimities of the Christian life, and feeding it with a growth and beauty so rich and fragrant as the flowers of heaven. Hope in fulfilling the Christian ideal becomes
of vast import. It is as present, as actual to
the bone as light to
the eye or music to
the ear. The bone seems
to be engraved upon
it as branches upon
a tree. It makes it
the trellis along which
its desires, all the acts
realizations of its better
life grow as vines.

So conspicuous is its
place occupied in the
Christian religion by
hope that itmbolds
itself in a person
Lord Jesus Christ. In
this representation it
makes itself every part
of the Christian religion
it so identifies itself
with every Christian element as to make the whole meaningless without it. Christian morals, faith and all experience would be void of power without hope. They would be as dead as the atmosphere boiled of its oxygen. Hope seems to be at the heart of religious life. As the body with no vital force would be but a dead meat, so Christianity with no hope would be but a beautifully wrought organization as dead as an image of marble. What would the world be with all its forms of material
clearly without an all-preceding life? It would be as dead as a picture.
As in every leaf of flower, in every bound, we are the splendid mirage we call nature a spiritual presence is manifest, so in every part of the Christian religion hope is enthroned in the person of the Lord and fulfilling His ordinance with its most splendid praise.
Hope is the strongest evidence of a Christian life. It opens the key to the inner treasury of Christian truth. It puts in the soul the
gem of immortality. It becomes to actual a possession that men superhuman by its influence the life of the Redeemer. As in a noble drama the thoughts and feelings of a wondrous mind are made to live in.

The splendid representations of historic art as in a more glorious manner. The very life of Christ finds expression in those who possess this exalted hope. We need not feed in merely books and read theologies for evidences of the Christian religion. This hope as an evidence transcends all the libraries of the world. It is so mystical.
and that—without it are pretensions to salvation are specious and are professions vain. One might as well think himself a musician who could not appreciate the sweetness of a song or who could not sound a pleasant note. We would not call a man an astronomer who could not calculate an eclipse or even write a world. If he could not trace the planets in their courses, if he were not as conversant with them as a boy is with the rocks and trees about his home he would not be an
it takes me to make an artist than a knowledge of the history and theories of art. It would be of but little use to me to know the properties of painting and sculpture if his hands were not educated to ply the brush and chisel. He might be familiar with art from its earliest records. He might be acquainted with its masters in every age and with its great productions in the galleries of the world. Every delicacy of shading, every harmony of color might reveal themselves at a glance.
yet if he could not draw a perfect line, nor mix an appropriate color, nor delineate nor would one except for the imagination into material form. He would not be an artist. That subtle life which delights to make itself in outward life, and to immortalize itself. The finest monuments of genius would not be his. So if hope he not be conspicuous element in a man's Christian life, he may question his faith. He has little without the jewels — the beautiful plan.
Write neither house nor ship of which it is the symbol. He has the beautiful landscape painting with not a living flower to shed its fragrance or live to cast its shade.

It seems then that hope in Christ is made perfect. That it reaches to the full light which it ever seeks to attain. In Christ we are in hope; our hope in the Christian sense we are on Earth—thus new and revolutionized hope becomes the Apostle Paul in The wide range opened to his vision saw...
great purpose of hope in the Christian life, and He made all the heavens never burned for He made it the Canopy in which God dwells. The stars of grace and gives all the visions of the Kingdom of heaven.