

**PERFECT FREEDOM.
PHILLIPS BROOKS'
ADDRESSES**

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Perfect Freedom. Phillips Brooks' Addresses by Phillips Brooks & Julius H. Ward

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PHILLIPS BROOKS & JULIUS H. WARD

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Brooks, F.

PHILLIPS BROOKS' ADDRESSES

WITH INTRODUCTION

By REV. JULIUS H. WARD

ETCHED PORTRAIT

By W. H. W. BICKNELL

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INTRODUCTION.



PHILLIPS BROOKS never spoke on public occasions without saying something notable. His Lenten addresses at Trinity Church were so good that people hung upon his lips for the simplest word that he uttered. When he went to New York to give addresses in the venerable old Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, it seemed as if the whole financial world was eager to crowd into that ancient edifice and hear of its duties and have pointed out its way to the kingdom of heaven by this greatest of modern evangelists. Phillips Brooks had the rare faculty of never speaking nonsense: he never gushed in religion; he always respected the inborn nobility of men and addressed himself to a sinner as if he were a child of God. This accounts for the almost perfect accord which was at once

established between himself and his hearers. He did not deal out to them the terrors of the Lord, but he drew them by the silken cords of love to see some phase of the great Father that had escaped their notice, and he left them nearer to the kingdom of God than they were before. He was not simply a great preacher, but a master of the oratory of the heart. It was possible sometimes to say that his method was not logical, and that the intellectual appeal could have been improved, but no one could listen to him for five minutes without feeling that this man had a message from God, and that he was trying to bring men nearer to the Christ whom he loved and served. The greatness of his preaching lay in its complete separation from his own personality. This may seem a paradox; but when one considers addresses like those contained in this volume and analyzes them to see what the method was and what part Phillips Brooks had in it, he is surprised to find that the same things might have been said by any one else, if he knew how to present them with equal grace and truth.

Phillips Brooks was at his best often in his more familiar talks, in his confirmation addresses to his own people, in his conferences with young men, in his Lenten addresses to his own people, and especially in his short sermons at the Noon-Lent service in St. Paul's Church. For several years he was always on the list of special preachers at this service, and for the last two years the ancient edifice has been crowded to overflowing during the days that he spoke. His addresses were listened to eagerly by the brainy men of State Street, the merchants and the lawyers of the city, and by the devout women of the Back Bay, and by the poor and plain men who found a sitting at the noon hour in St. Paul's Church in order to see how beautiful life was as Bishop Brooks was able to set it forth in the Christian light. He knew how to touch all the keys of the human heart, and yet he touched them like a man of genius whose spirit had been consecrated to Jesus Christ. No one could equal him in these appeals and presentations of truth; they were his own fashionings of the Gospel; and in the

discourses here presented, most of which were taken down from his lips by the short-hand reporters, he finds an utterance that is equal to anything that he ever said. He had the natural way of putting things, the habit of the orator and the preacher who moulds language and thought as the potter does his clay.

When I once ventured to say to Emerson what his poetry had done for me, he instantly replied, as I sat by his plain table in that memorable study where he wrote his "Essays," "I am not a poet; I have not the lyrical faculty; I can only speak imperfectly in plain prose." I believe that I am the only person who ever interviewed Phillips Brooks with his own consent, but I never dared to ask him how he made his sermons. One of his manuscript sermons he kindly loaned to me, and I studied it more faithfully than any boy ever learned his lesson in Greek. It was a sermon printed by his permission in the *Andover Review* for May, 1892, and which let one into the very heart of his intellectual and religious life. I found that it had been used on three several occasions, and