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world, but reason itself, and even one's own soul and individuality. For Erigena, on the other hand, God, while one and doubtless transcendent, is at the same time that which pervades creation to its ultimate particle, so that the world is a theophany, created precisely in order that man may know it and its Creator, and in that knowledge attain to union with the One who is all. Herr Dörries has worked conscientiously at the sources, attesting every step by citations from the original Greek and Latin, and his book is fairly entitled to be called a model of thoroughness and sustained interest.

ALEXANDER GRIEVE.

Glasgow.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

To Be Given Away.[1]

'He that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; without money and without price.'—Is 55[1].

THE other week I met a friend of mine who was just home from Spain. And he told me that one of the things there that had struck him most was the trees in the streets of some of their cities. We have trees in our streets too, hawthorns perhaps, a red one and a white one turn about. Bags a red one for me, a deep, deep lovely red one! But the trees yonder are—what do you think?—oranges, all covered over with great, glorious, golden fruit; and anybody, I suppose, can pick them, and one can picture rows of ragged urchins sitting on the curbstones, each of them getting inside a big juicy orange as fast as he can; far better ones than we ever get here. For ours have to be picked and sent off before they are really ripe, but there they are just perfect.

I know what you are thinking. To-night when it has got darkish, when you climb up into mother's lap, and wheedle a few minutes longer out of her, you're going to put your arms about her neck, and whisper something to her. It's a secret. Yet I know what it is. 'Mummie, let's go to Spain this time for our summer holidays!'

Well, it's a splendid scheme, but I'm afraid that it's no use. I know the poets tell us that the orange trees keep bearing all the year round. But do they, really? And if not, well, then, if they are at it now, will they be still bearing in your holidays? Hard luck! But, never mind, I have something to tell you better by far than that. Here is a man who knows of a market (he has seen it, he says, and has been at it often and often), full of such lovely things. All the shop windows are crowded with them, and he has stood staring in, not knowing what he would like best. For everything was nicer than the last. And then he looked at the tickets on them all. And what do you think he saw? Price—No pounds, no shillings, no pence, no farthings! It was marked in plain, clear figures. But, of course, he said, it must be a mistake. But he looked at the next, and it, too, was price—nothing; and the next, price—nothing; and all of them, price—nothing! What a lovely shop! It's not like that here. You have looked into the windows very hungrily at times, just itching to get something you saw there. The cover on that school-story was so dreadfully exciting. Did he really score; or, did that big chap, running across, get him in time? Or, that knife was such a beauty! You could almost build a house with it, you thought. Or, those sweets looked very good. And you felt in your pockets, the side ones, the inside ones, the little one, the top one. But they were empty, no, not empty; but there was never a coin, though you searched and searched among the twine, and the—what's this?—oh, that is or was an old lump of chewing-gum you had forgotten; and this?—oh, that's a bit of my bicycle; and this?—well, that was once a hanky, long ago—but never even a penny anywhere. And then you wished you hadn't got that other thing for which you used your money. It is all right, only these things in the window look so very thrilly. If only you still had that money now!

Ah, well! here is the place for you, a market where they give away things for nothing.

But, 'of course,' you say, 'you're only pretending.' No, indeed, I'm not. It's truly true and it's really real. God always gives for nothing, and all the best things come from Him. Just think it out.

To begin with, He gave you yourself, and a very

[1] By the Reverend A. J. Gossip, M.A., Aberdeen.

nice wee self it is. And you never paid for it, now, did you? The other week I was asking a dear little four-year-old where she got all that mass of yellow curls. And she looked at me pityingly, as at a very stupid person, 'I didn't get them, silly, they just growed.' And you, too, just 'growed'; you got yourself for nothing.

Yes, and you got the kind of you you are just for the taking. You might have been a little blackie! How would you have liked that? Oh, well, I fancy that would have been good fun too. They look fat and round and jolly; and you wouldn't have been bothered with many lessons—no tables, no horrid spellings. Yet, I think, like Stevenson's little girl, you would have grown tired in the end of always 'living abroad.' I'm nearly sure that had you got your pick, you would have chosen to be British. The French are very splendid. But I think it would have broken your heart to have to wear the kind of hats that their boys wear! And they don't seem to play games much. Oh, yes, they lick us fairly easily at tennis, and they are getting very good at football. But their boys seem to hang about a lot, instead of playing as we do. No, I think you would have chosen to be British. And you got that for nothing.

Then there is Mummie. You didn't have to go into a shop, and when the man asked you what you wanted, say, 'I should like a Mummie, please. But she must be a pretty cheap one'; didn't have to look at this one, and that one, and at last say, 'I think with a little altering this one might do; please put her aside for me. I'll have to save up a good while more; she is so dreadfully expensive. You won't be having a bargain sale, will you? I wouldn't mind much if she were a little soiled, if she would wash'; and come away, saying, 'I think she may make quite a nice Mummie when I manage to save up enough for her.' No, you got her for nothing. All the best things come like that, because God in His kindness gives His gifts to us for the taking away.

And so with the best thing of all. And what would you say that is? Your books? Your stamps? Your bat? Your—whatever you are going to shout out. All very good. But Paul thinks there is something better by far than that. If, he said, I had to pick something, just one, no more, out of the whole world; if God said to me, 'Now, what will you have?—one choice, but take whatever you like,' I would have—what would you say? He says there is no doubt about it: he would never think even a moment, would cry, Give me Jesus Christ. For He is far, far better than anything and everything else. And he talks so much about this wonderful Friend, and this glorious Leader, and this best of all Comrades, that we too feel that we would like to have a share of Him. Halfers! we say. But no, says Paul, I can't give up any of Christ; and I don't need to do that. For you, too, can have all of Him for yourself. But we ask, feeling in our pockets and feeling a little shy for there isn't much there, how much does it cost? What? says Paul, Jesus Christ!—this best thing in the world? Other things, if they are worth while, are apt to be so dear, What does Christ cost? And Paul says, Why, just nothing: He is a gift from God to us. All the best things are, and so is Christ. And if you want Him, you can have Him, just for love. Isn't that glorious?

Let them keep their old oranges! We can have far better things than that, the best even God has, and all of them for nothing.

The Umpire.[1]

'Oh for some umpire.'—Job 9[33].

You will find the word 'umpire' in the margin of your Authorized Version of the Bible, but I am reading in the translation made by Dr. Moffatt, and the whole verse reads—'Oh for some umpire over both of us, who might decide our case.' The presence of the Australian Test Team will give us some keen and interesting cricket matches this summer, and at each match there will be two umpires. No keen cricket match is played without an umpire. Here is Job asking for an umpire, because he feels unable to make the decision which the crisis in his life seems to demand.

Now the duties of an umpire can be generally described in three ways. First of all, a doubtful incident in the game has to be decided by the umpire. 'How's that?' is often snapped out at him by the bowler or wicket-keeper, and the suspense is only ended when the umpire says 'Not out!' or 'Out!' Very often in life something happens to us quite suddenly. We have acted on the spur of a moment, and said or done something we are not quite sure about, as to whether it was right or not. But our umpire is there all the time,

[1] By the Reverend Charles Dimond, Manchester.

quietly standing by, undisturbed by any excitement in the game, and our question is immediately answered by the umpire's voice inside saying 'Not out!' if we have done right, but if we have done wrong, the voice will say 'Out!'

Then, an umpire is often some one who is called in to decide between two parties who disagree. It is surprising how often this occurs in cricket. A bowler may think he has got his man out l.b.w.—you don't know what that means? Oh yes, I see by your faces that you know what l.b.w. means! And the batsman doubts it; I think he nearly always does. In fact there are nine different ways in which a batsman may be got out. Nine? Yes, nine! Ranjitsinhji once said that he had noticed two others—being 'umpired out' and 'talked out by the wicket-keeper'! But of all the nine ways in which a batsman may be got out, there is always or nearly always a doubt or dispute about eight of them. The only way of being 'Out' which never seems to be disputed is being 'clean bowled!' But when these disagreements arise, the one who decides the question is the umpire, and his decision is final. Sometimes we disagree and fall out with our playmates and friends, and it is hard for us. And often we lose our friends through quarrelling because we do not call in an umpire whose decision we are prepared to accept. That is because we have forgotten Jesus. When our heart-breaking disagreements occur we ought to go to Him, and imagine ourselves in His presence, for by so doing we should make Him our Umpire and get many of our disputes settled. Job and his friends did not agree in the view taken of his sufferings, and he wished to have some one who would decide between them.

In cricket an umpire has to enforce the rules. He watches most carefully the bowler's delivery, and if the ball is not correctly sent he will cry—'No ball!' So, in the great game of life, whether we think about Him or not, our silent Umpire is always watching, and if we do wrong He speaks, and gives His decision through the voice of conscience. If we do right He praises us in the same way, a thing which ordinary umpires never do. You have learnt the rules of the greatest game of all from your mothers in your early years, from your Sunday School and your Church, and Jesus is your Umpire watching you, expecting you to keep the rules. Don't forget, never defy the Umpire! A player who defies the Umpire is not a sportsman! I want you to think of Jesus as the Umpire of the game of life, and so live that you will never incur His displeasure by breaking any of the rules He Himself has taught us.

The Christian Year.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Magnetism of the Cross.

'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.'—Jn 12^{32}.

A more unlikely prophecy than this was never addressed to human ears. Jesus had proclaimed His Divine message, and it had fallen on deaf ears; He had performed mighty works, and they only credited Him with the help of Beelzebub. What greater thing would He do to change unbelief into faith, to transmute indifference into devotion and hatred into love? The reply was that the transformation would be brought about not by doing, but by suffering.

And it is matter of history that the prophecy has been accomplished both as to result and means. Jesus has drawn unto Himself, if not all men, at least representatives of all races and classes of the human family. He has brought into existence a spiritual society which links together nineteen centuries and holds the world in its embrace, and He wields this power because He endured the Cross.

The Cross of Christ has at least three different aspects, of which each makes a strong appeal to heart or mind, and which, in acting together, have invested it with a unique significance for the spiritual sense of mankind.

1. *The tragedy of the Cross.*—Beginning with its human aspect, we observe that the sufferings and death of Christ arrest our attention and claim our sympathy as the most tragical event recorded in history. Upon this earth there appeared once a teacher who preached a gospel of Divine and human love—who sought to persuade men to love the God who loved them in spite of their sins, and also to love one another, and to show their love by being kind, merciful, and forgiving. And as was His message, so was His life. He held communion with the Father in a life of filial trust and obedience and of stainless purity, while He spent Himself and was spent in preaching the glad tidings of the gospel to all, in saving outcast men and fallen

women from their degradation, and in assuaging, whether by the power of His sympathy or of His gifts of healing, the distress of many who had been sorely stricken by disease or left poor and desolate by the ravages of time and death. The world, with its burdens of sin and sorrow, had need of Him; there were reasons enough, one thinks, why it should have welcomed Him; but as a fact, it united its forces against the holy and loving Jesus, and condemned Him to suffer on the Cross the extremity of shame and agony which was reserved for the worst of malefactors. Little wonder, therefore, that when the world came to know the true facts, its heart was stirred to its depth with sympathy and remorse, and that the story of the death of Christ was burned into its memory as a crime which is without parallel for a combination of self-deception and wickedness.

2. *The discovery of the Cross.*—The sufferings and death of Christ have taken their place in history as the occasion and means of a stupendous discovery. The Cross of Calvary stands out memorably as the spot on which the human mind became assured of the certainty of the most sublime and important of all religious truths. In the same event which revealed the deceit and wickedness of the human heart was found the revelation of the truth that God is love. The world had before this some conception of the Divine greatness and majesty. That God was inconceivably great and infinitely wise was written upon the face of Nature. That He was just and benevolent was also disclosed in the realm of Nature, and His righteousness had been confidently proclaimed by the great prophets of the Old Testament. But was there reason to believe that in the Divine Being, mercy met with justice, and that He loved man with a love of the kind that is equal to self-sacrifice?

How did the death of Christ serve as a revelation and confirmation of the love of God? In two ways. In the first place, as is expressed in many passages in the New Testament, we can read the mind and heart of a giver from the nature of his gifts; and when we consider the gift of God to the world in Jesus Christ who lived to do good, and who suffered death in the discharge of His vocation of loving service, we can believe that that stainless and self-sacrificing life was the gift of a God who was holy as Jesus was holy, and who loved man as Jesus loved. This argument of faith is of the same kind as that which might be framed by some tribe of degraded savages who, coming to understand the work and to revere the personality of a devoted missionary, would draw a trustworthy inference as to the character and aims of the society which had sent him to minister to them, or as to the mind of a saintly mother who had dedicated her son to their service.

But besides the argument from the nature of the gift, it is an element of the faith of Christendom not only that God was witnessed to by Christ, but that God was in Christ—that He who suffered and died upon the Cross was in a unique sense Divine. What, then, is meant by affirming that the crucified Christ was Divine? There is one school which calls Christ Divine because in His person and life He revealed the character of God, and because in His influence upon men's souls He does the work of God. In Him, they say, we saw manifested the qualities that are highest in God—a power that had mastery over the world, a superhuman wisdom, a perfectly holy will and an infinitely loving heart. Those who hold the Divinity of Christ in this limited sense of His Godlikeness have seized a part of the truth, which is also a profoundly important truth, and which supplies a spiritual provision by which a soul is helped to live. But while the faith in the Godlikeness and godlike work of Christ may help us to grope our way through the darkness, and to struggle against the difficulties and temptations of the world, it is in the power of a fuller conception of the meaning of Christ's Divinity that the Church has done its enduring work, and that the saints have lived and died. For them the Divinity of Christ has meant that He who was born in Bethlehem and crucified on Calvary was not merely a manifestation in time of godlike qualities and purpose, but eternally God.

3. *The efficacy of the Cross.*—There is another feature of the Cross of Christ which has exercised a still more potent influence than its deep pathos and its thrilling discovery, and that is that it has been felt to possess a peculiar efficacy—to be the means by which unique benefits have been brought within the reach of sin-stricken and sorrow-laden souls. Let us touch briefly on two main aspects of the efficacy of the Cross of Christ as it has been experienced in relation to sin and sorrow.

(1) In the first place, the death of Christ is bound up with the necessary and comforting gospel of the forgiveness of sins. It is said that men of our

generation no longer have the same sensitive consciousness of the guilt of sin, and of the need of pardon; but I believe that deep down in the being of all of us there goes on an ineradicable work of conscience which brings home to us in our times of solemn self-communing that we have grievously offended against a just and holy God, and that the deepest need of our souls is the assurance of His mercy and forgiveness. And in the hour when we thus realize our unworthiness, not only do we say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' but we instinctively add, 'for Christ's sake.' We feel that we can more confidently trust in the pardoning love of God when we not merely plead our penitence and the grace of the Heavenly Father, and His own name's sake, but when we link our unworthiness to that of the altogether worthy, and urge the merits of Him whose soul was without spot or blemish, and who was obedient unto death in the sacrifice of Calvary.

(2) In the second place, it is evident that a new power comes into the life, in the battle with temptation, and in the bearing of our burdens of sorrow, through the gospel of the tempted and sorrowing Saviour. It is a trite observation that only those can truly sympathize with trial and grief who have themselves been shaken and harrowed by a similar experience. And there is nothing in the Christian gospel, save its message of a gracious forgiveness, which has so powerfully appealed to the heart of men as the truth that God can sympathize with us in our trials, because the worst which can befall in human experience has been gathered up into the life of God in the experience of the Son of God. We may find it difficult to formulate precisely in our own thoughts what is meant by the presence of Christ at God's right hand, and the ministries of His Heavenly Priesthood; but the practical significance is that we can trust God for a human heart as well as for infinite wisdom and power, that we can be assured that the way of the Cross, when appointed by God and followed in trust, is the way to the everlasting crown.

Let us ask how we are to make our own the benefits of our Lord's passion? With what motive do we stand before the Cross, and what response should it evoke? When we study the hymns which have this theme, we find that they express a variety of moods, and reflect different attitudes of soul. Perhaps the most edifying is that which voices itself in an appropriating and a triumphant faith:

How came the everlasting Son,
  The Lord of Life, to die?
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's power,
Why, Jesus, in Thy dying hour
  Endure such agony?

To save us by Thy precious blood,
  To make us one in Thee,
That ours might be Thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, Thy cross, Thy strife,
  And ours the victory.[1]

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

On Judging Others.

'Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'—Mt $7^{1.2}$.

This searching saying of Jesus is a precept honoured even by professing Christians far oftener in the breach than in the observance. Some of the saintliest souls have sinned in this respect, especially in youth. As Frédéric Godet wrote in his *Journal* at the age of nineteen: 'Oh, how difficult it is not to judge! That is perhaps the reef that lies nearest to the haven, the rock on which the best and holiest strike: they judge.' His words are re-echoed by F. D. Maurice in a letter to his mother: 'Of all spirits, I believe the spirit of judging the worst: and it has the rule of me—I cannot tell you how dreadfully and how long.'

The verb 'judge' used here by Jesus does not, of course, refer to the legislation of the law court, which is a necessary part of our civilization in its present imperfect state. Nor does His command imply the suspension of the critical faculty. But it impugns the exercise of a harsh censoriousness in our survey of the motives and actions of others. It is only natural for us to take an interest in the lives of those we meet and see around us. Man is a social and gregarious creature; he cannot live in isolation. He is intimately and deeply affected at all times by the doings of his fellows: and he is therefore bound to compare them, whether favourably or unfavourably, with his own. But what our Lord here warns us so sternly against, is the practice of ill-natured criticism and hasty, half-formed opinion, the open or unconscious assertion of our own superiority, the sly innuendo, the venomous slander, the malicious gossip, the cruel sneer, which do so

[1] W. P. Paterson, *In the Day of the Ordeal*, 62.

much harm in the everyday relationships of human life.

1. The first reason for not judging others is our ignorance. In every other sphere of human activity and achievement, the critic must be an acknowledged expert. But when it comes to analysing the motives or exploring the impulses of that most delicate and intricate of all mechanisms, the human brain, it seems as though every person, however uneducated or inexperienced, thinks that he or she is capable of forming final and conclusive opinions. We are not only, for the most part, in ignorance of the simplest psychological truths, but we also fail in most cases to make allowance for the influence of heredity and environment and the facts of personal history. We know little or nothing of the history, the character, the hidden temptations, the silent aspirations towards something higher, of those whom we so glibly and confidently criticise. It is as though a child of six were to find fault with the mechanism of an electric dynamo. Little wonder, then, that our estimates tend to be superficial. The philosopher Locke has justly remarked that 'he that judges, without informing himself to the utmost that he is capable, cannot acquit himself of judging amiss.'

In a public law court the evidence is strictly analysed and weighed, the verdict impartially decided. In our own private tribunals we should exercise the same caution in our dealings with those whom we are too apt to condemn unheard, and often on the flimsiest of testimony.

2. The second reason for not judging others is our own unworthiness. 'Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.' We behold the tiny mote of dust in our brother's eye, says Jesus, and adds, with a touch of keen though kindly humour, that we consider not the great beam of wood that blocks up our own. The first requisite for a judge is personal integrity and righteousness; his own hands must be clean; the pot cannot call the kettle black. Some words of Robert Burns in this connexion—that much judged and often misjudged man—have a pathetic interest all their own. 'No man,' he writes in one of his letters, 'can say in what degree any other person besides himself can be, with strict justice, called wicked. Let any of the strictest regularity of conduct amongst us examine impartially how many vices he has never been guilty of, not from any care or vigilance, but for want of opportunity, or some accidental circumstance intervening: how many of the weaknesses of mankind he has escaped, because he was out of the line of such temptation; and (what often, if not always, weighs more than all the rest) how much indebted he is to the world's good opinion, because the world does not know all; I say, any man who can thus think, will scan the failings, nay, the faults and crimes of mankind, with a brother's eye.'

Why is it, one wonders, that many so-called 'good people' are often censorious and harsh in their judgment of others? Our Lord, in this same chapter, sternly calls such Pharisees 'hypocrites.' He Himself, in all His purity and goodness, was ever tender and gentle and compassionate towards the fallen and the tempted. He told His impetuous disciples that even in the Kingdom of Heaven the tares must remain with the wheat till Judgment Day, and not be rooted out by human agency, since only God Himself could sometimes distinguish between the two. This great, wise toleration of His was attacked by the men of His own age, and is still for the most part ignored by His disciples, who forget that mere fault-finding and scandal-mongering are not virtues, or a proof of virtue, but are the most insidious of vices. When we think of our own exceeding unworthiness, our secret sins, our negligence and cowardice and infidelity in the service of God, we shall surely resolve to amend our own lives before we cast contempt on those of others.

3. This brings us to the crowning reason for not judging others—and that is, that we are given by God no right of private judgment at all in this respect. Even our Lord Himself refused to exercise so great and dangerous a power. 'If any man,' He once said, 'hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not: for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.' He came to us, not to condemn, but to deliver; and in our own humble way we His followers must seek to follow His example and imitate His wonderful charity. Only God in highest heaven, the searcher of hearts, is Judge of all the earth. He only, being perfect and holy, is in a position to amend His own creatures, to judge His own children, to apportion aright both the blame and the praise.

Consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

In proportion as men have spent more time in the company of Jesus, they become more charitable in their dealings with others. Shallow people are always 'right'; they have never any difficulty in deciding the issues, whatever the evidence; their judgments are narrow and illiberal. But the life lived in Christ deepens human nature and sweetens it. We know that it is the judgment-seat of Christ, and not of Pilate, that is final. The last word is always with Him, who is Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End.[1]

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Problem of Pain.

'For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.'—Ro 8^{22}.

Let us admit that it is doubtful if any solution of the problem of pain is possible in our present stage of evolution: pain seems to be part of the general mystery of a universe which is too great for us to understand in our few years. We seem to hear the voice which Job heard out of the whirlwind, 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?'—there was no other answer to the complaints of the sufferer.

One thing, however, is sure: insensibility to the world's pain is the sign of a low and bounded nature. The suffering around us often seems unbearable: 'we hide, as it were, our faces from it.' But science forces us to realize the struggle for existence in both the animal and the human world. Christianity has quickened our unselfish powers. The tides of human pain and passion flow through many a heart. It seems as if the innocent are swept down more inexorably than the guilty, and to some there is the added suspicion of the justice of God.

Let us try and see, however, that pain is limited as far as may be, that it is utilized for the driving back of evil, and that God is Himself the greatest sufferer. Let us remember that pleasure and pain are polar forces. When we demand a world without pain, we may be asking for the removal of pleasure as we know it, which may have been given as compensation for the pain which entered through sin into the universe. The same faculties that are capable of pain are capable of pleasure.

Then, many pains are automatic danger-signals, without which we would mutilate or kill ourselves without knowing it. 'The burnt child dreads the fire'; but for the pain, it would probably burn its fingers off. Martineau says: 'Reason itself, were it universal, would be a poor substitute for this sharp reminder. If each creature had to study its own case, and, like an outside physician, prescribe its diet and its meals, where to rest and how and where to build, how long would it be before it slipped into some fatal forgetfulness, like the patient kept alive by art, and blundering among his medicines?' Take from human beings the sharp pain of hunger, and, the necessity of work being gone, the discipline of work would go with it.

Turn to the sufferings of the animals. The Cartesian school held that animals are mere automata, which go through the outward forms of pain, yet feel none. It is difficult to think how intellectual men could thus delude themselves. Yet we should remember the alleviations of their sufferings. They have neither memory nor anticipation to create the imaginative world of pain peculiar to men. We may take comfort to ourselves also in the idea that animals of prey so fascinate their victims at the moment of capture that they feel no pain. Livingstone, in his *Journeys*, tells us that he felt none in a lion's grasp. 'The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. . . . This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.' Again, the struggle for existence tends to bring the animal nearer perfection—giving swiftness, strength, quickness of the senses. The deliberate opinion of the great naturalist, Dr. Russel Wallace, is that 'animals in a state of nature have an almost perpetual enjoyment in their lives.' 'Given the necessity of death and reproduction—and without these there could have been no progressive development in the natural world—it is difficult even to imagine a system by which a greater balance of happiness could have been secured.' And of the struggle for existence he says, 'It brings the maximum of life and enjoyment with the minimum of suffering.'

In the human world the problem deepens. To us, as to the animals, 'painful sensations,' to quote Le Conte, 'are only watchful vedettes upon the outposts of our organism to warn us of approaching danger. Without these, the citadel of our life would be quickly surprised and taken.' But in man there enters in the moral element of pain. However

[1] T. B. S. Thomson, *The Quest of Youth*, 69.

we may account for it, all experience shows that nothing refines character like suffering—when nobly borne. No man has ever touched the world to fine issues who has not himself passed through the fire. 'Ease and prosperity,' says Martineau, 'may supply a sufficient school for the respectable *commoners* in character: but "without suffering is no man *ennobled*." Every highest form of excellence, personal, relative, spiritual, rises from this dark ground, and emerges into its freedom by the conquest of some severe necessity. In what Elysium could you find the sweet patience and silent self-control of which every nurse can testify? or the fortitude in right, which the rack cannot crush or the dungeon wear out? or the courage of the prophet to fling his divine word before the wrath of princes and the mocking of the people?' Thus suffering ennobles the sufferer. And it also teaches those around him the sympathetic virtues, patience, sympathy, compassion. It seems strange that the most beautiful qualities of human nature are ones which would scarcely need to exist, but for the misery and imperfection of the world. Certain it is that the principle, 'strength is made perfect in weakness,' underlies everything.

Very often, again, suffering is simply the punishment for wrong-doing. Penalty is the reaction of the nature of things against its own violation. If we could trace the origin of all pain, disease, want, hunger, rags, melancholy, restlessness, discontent, insanity, we would find that by far the greater part came from moral wrong-doing somewhere—from the inhumanity of man to man. And it is just here that the true problem begins. Why is not each individual made to stand by himself—to receive the good or evil he has personally deserved? Think, however, what this would mean on the good side. How much of good have any of us earned by our own personal merits? Our whole life has come to us from the earnings of others—social law and order, knowledge, science, art, education, ethical ideas, and great religious conceptions: whence did these come if not from that constitution of society which we call heredity? If you and I were condemned to possess nothing, mental, moral, spiritual, but what we personally earned and deserved, we would at one stroke lose that vast and unspeakable heritage.

Many a mystery doubtless remains—as, for instance, the ultimate fate of those who seem to be mere victims of this hereditary system. Perhaps those who have every advantage of heredity and training will be more severely judged for some slight meanness than these poor victims for what we count great sins. As Francis Thompson says:

> Heaven . . .
> . . . . .
> Must of as deep diversity
> In judgement as creation be.

But there is no final comfort save in the very being of God. The most important statement that can be made is that God is the greatest sufferer—that He takes on His own heart the heaviest burden. He that hath seen Christ hanging on the Cross, bearing the sin and suffering of the world, hath seen what the Father was doing all the time, is ever doing. 'The Lamb was slain,' not simply some nineteen hundred years ago, but 'from the foundation of the world.' Having made it, He would see it through the great adventure—would shrink from nothing to bring the whole creation into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. That is the meaning of Love—Love suffers for those it loves. Suffers, yet is happy; not to be allowed to suffer would be the unhappiness. Philosophers deny that God can suffer. They are right, in a beautiful way of which they do not dream. Even among ourselves perfect love transmutes suffering into perfect joy—as those know who have suffered for the sake of one they deeply loved. And so when you get infinite Love, you may get infinite suffering, and the suffering will be infinite peace and joy. And that is God, and He is Himself the solution of the problem of pain. He is solving it by bearing it, and if life offer you opportunities of suffering for the good of others, remember it is God offering to share with you His own life.[1]

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Revelation in the After Days.

'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'—Jn 13^{7}.

There are numberless things to which at present we have no clue. Many of the Master's words have no immediate significance for us. Many of the things which He does to us hide their secrets. But the veil is only for a while. In after days the dark word will unfold a wealth of strength and grace, and the confusing experience which perplexed us like a fog will find a minister of interpretation in some later experience and it will become transparent.

[1] J. S. Carroll, *The Motherhood of God*, 8.

And so revelation waits upon life. We cannot force its secrets by the strenuous grappling work of the intellect. We do not reach the most precious light of God by the venturous journeys of the reason, but by faithful commonplace pilgrimage of daily life. That is to say, later events hold the keys to present mysteries. When the later event arrives, it opens the lock of some perplexity, as though the puzzling thing had been touched by a magician's wand. It is not a bit of good struggling for a premature unfolding of the Divine mystery.

Let me recall to you the incident in which the words of our text occur. At a certain stage of the Last Supper, our Lord somewhat abruptly rose, took a towel and a basin and knelt down before each of His guests—to wash their feet. Why He did this we cannot say. It may have been that for Him, and for them alike, the moment had come when mere words fail; when it becomes too poignant, too harrowing, to go on speaking—speaking about something which cannot now be altered. It may have been that our Lord's own emotions were beginning to be too much for Him. Such times there are—when words fail. It is well for us if at such times we can arise and do something *with our hands.*

When it came home to the disciples that the Master was at their feet, they protested. But our Lord appealed to them not to hinder Him, and appealed to them with this saying: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' It is as though he had said: 'A day is coming when it may help you, to recall this that I am doing to you. At the moment it may seem little to you; but time and life will bring out its hidden value.'

That, I say, is a deep truth; but, I repeat, it is a very simple truth. It is something which we all learn in the school of life. We are poor judges of the value of the things that are happening to us or of the things in which we are taking a part—at the very moment when they are happening, or when we are taking a part. But time and the later necessities of life as they beat upon us may cause some little thing from earlier days to glow and flash with meaning—like a gem in the darkness.

This is the principle we follow in the training of our children. They have to receive many things whose inner secrets are hid. Many of their lessons are little else than words, and their treasures may not be realized for many years. Our children can bear the elementary lesson, but they could not receive the more profound explanation. The teacher could not unlock the words for his pupils; they can only be unlocked by the maturing years. There is a passage in *Sentimental Tommy* which says all this well. It is a reference to the Shorter Catechism. 'One of the noblest books which Scottish children learn by heart, not understanding it at the time, but its meaning comes long afterwards, and suddenly, when you have most need for it.' That is life's process of revelation.[1]

Now what were the prospects which, we may believe, our Lord had in view for those disciples—prospects of such a kind that He believed it would help them to meet them and pass through them with an unbroken spirit to remember that He had stooped down and washed their feet. At heart they are the prospects, the inevitable experiences which await us all. There is the prospect that one day we shall suffer; and the prospect that face to face with life we shall one day lose heart.

(1) Our Lord was well aware that those, who in His own day had taken His side and should hold to Him, would be called upon to suffer at the hands of the world. And so it was. For three hundred years indeed, off and on, to be a Christian was to run the daily risk of a cruel death. And all the time, even in the pauses of actual persecution, to be a Christian was to be in a minority, was to be living by hopes and dreams which the great world despised. Now that in itself is to suffer. We can overhear, in the later musings of Jesus, His anxiety as to what may happen to His followers when He is no longer with them. He is always recommending them to count the cost, to sit down and test themselves. At the same time, He welcomes those who think that they will be able to bear the strain. He cannot give them the kind of gifts which the world has at its disposal. He can offer them only a task. But with that task He can promise them a Holy Companionship, a deep and steady greatness of the soul. If they continue to love Him, such suffering as they may be called upon to bear will never seem too heavy. For they will never be called upon to bear what He their Master had to bear. And that He bore it all without bitterness they may well believe;—for here on this night in which He is to be betrayed, on the eve of sufferings so great that they will be taken by mankind for ever as the symbol of all human suffering—here He

[1] J. H. Jowett, *The Friend on the Road*, 175.

is not thinking of Himself, but of them, kneeling before them and washing their feet.

(2) The second prospect is not unrelated to that other. For there is another danger which besets all who are seeking to live for Christian ideals in this world. From time to time they feel that things are too firmly settled, and that the drift against themselves and against the things they seek, is all too strong. Thereupon they lose heart. It is not that they blame anybody. The finer sort in this world are almost too apt to blame themselves. They feel that if they were better, other people would be better and everything would be easier. But they lose heart. And was it not that they might not quite lose heart that our Lord stooped down and washed their feet? For nothing could ever deprive them of that experience. And as they recalled it in after days, and amid other scenes, that He, who through the sheer greatness of His Person had become the Lord of Glory, had once upon a time, in the crisis and preoccupation of His own darkest hour, humbled Himself to wash their feet, they might begin to see that that only is true greatness, this spirit which endures to the end, which stoops and stoops, never quite evading some triumph of this world, yet persisting for the love of God.[1]

[1] J. A. Hutton, *Our Ambiguous Life*, 115.

Theology and Archaeology.

By the Reverend T. Crouther Gordon, D.F.C., B.D., British School of Archæology, Jerusalem.

It might seem at first sight that Archæology has little bearing on Theology. It is open to the pure linguist and scholar to ask, 'What has digging an old hillock to do with the dogmas of the faith?' and approached in this way, as it has too often been, it admits of no dispute. The theologian in his study has never been identical with the trained excavator in the field and camp, and it is to be feared that both have as a result lost not a little. But if we give a broad enough meaning to Theology, we find that nothing human is alien to it, and no truth can finally lose its place there.

But the supreme fallacy in popular thinking lies in making Archæology a mere raking among old ruins, the doleful pastime of superannuated professors. The truth, however, is that no activity of mankind—aviation alone excepted—gives greater zest and thrill to the worker. Apart from the unspeakable expectancy of not knowing what the next spadeful will contain, the scope for the disciplined imagination is quite unexampled. At Tabgha in Galilee, for instance, we struck a deep layer of Mousterian cultural implements made of flint, and as these weapons came up out of the red earth, handful by handful, who could resist seeing once more the man who shaped them, smashing his bones to powder, pinning down his skins, stretching and scraping them, throwing his heavy missiles at a swooping bird, and staring pensively down the wadi into the rushing waters or the parched oleanders? And the same science which deals with earliest man takes in also the twin peaks of Roman and Greek culture, and nothing short of the tawdriness of the present is outside the scope of the archæologist. Here, at least, the two great sciences meet.

But the Holy Land is the happiest hunting-ground for the excavator, and here lies the chance for theology. The interesting fruits of the digger would be material for the thinker in any case, but coming as this latest work does, from the home and centre of the three great religions of the world, theology can neglect it only at its peril. And least of all can the Christian theologian afford to be blind to the chances of the present when archæology is touching the very vitals of his religion. One of the foremost archæologists has said that the Church is losing the opportunity of the hour in neglecting, as she is neglecting, the importance of archæology.

Not only in the results of excavating expeditions in themselves, is there material for Theology; not only in the fact of these being in the land of Jesus, but also, I believe, in the very nature of the present possibilities. We should not forget that the War has gone, and with it many of the hindrances to really effective work, so that now great ventures may go forward in Palestine, not only untrammelled by the authorities, but actually aided and en-