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He says of the Kingdom is in any way discounted by this fact. The struggle of Good against Evil is inherent in all moral progress. The challenging presence of evil does not detract from true goodness. The society of His believers is seed of His own planting, having in it the very life of His Spirit. Every single member, therefore, is to Him of invaluable preciousness, to be most carefully preserved from loss. To His disciples He emphasizes the fact that a certain award of eternal punishment is laid up for Evil, but for the multitude He lingers on His care for those who are His own. That these may have the fullest opportunity for development, the Master will endure to be hindered and misrepresented. But let the man who holds aloof refrain from judging lest he trample the weak and lowly with the cunning and deceitful. Jesus would say that the place for the man who sincerely desired to work for the Kingdom was within its fellowship, provided he was content to pay the price.

Entre Nous.

IMMORTALITY.

Harry Emerson Fosdick.

No month passes without some book which makes its contribution to the problem of Immortality. It is a subject which teases at all men's minds. A man must wonder whether or no he can say 'I also believe.' But lately the subject seems to be even more prominent than usual. Perhaps the emphasis on it is a necessary corollary of the present emphasis on life and works. We find that we cannot see properly the ordinary facts of life except against the background of immortality. Four books have come to our hand within the last few days—one of which is dealt with in the 'Notes of Recent Exposition.' Dr. Fosdick in delivering the Ingersoll Lecture for 1927, now published in this country by Mr. Humphrey Milford with the title *Spiritual Values and Eternal Life* (pp. 26; 4s. 6d. net), says: 'My belief in life eternal springs out of the haunting faith which Ralph Waldo Emerson puts into words characteristically compressed:

> What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent.'

It is from the spiritual values which man experiences and creates here that Dr. Fosdick argues to eternal life. 'Upon a planet that once was uninhabited and that some day will be uninhabitable, the dominance of death means not simply the final end of individuals, but the final end of those spiritual values which we have known here, which inhere in individuals and their relationships, and which have seemed to us the supremely precious fruits of the creative process.'

It will be seen from this quotation that he has no happy confidence in the fulfilment of men's spiritual values in this planet. He accepts the more modern scientific position that a time will come when 'the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will not longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude.' What then? There must be a continuance of spiritual values. And this postulates the existence of personalities to express them.

'Pierre Loti in one of his stories describes the death of his hero, a French soldier in Africa. The man is mortally wounded with an Arab knife, and is left to die alone. Loti describes with pitiless detail the sensations of his dying: . . . until at last comes the end—a body left to be devoured by hyenas, jackals, and vultures, and a naked skull turned over and over by the desert winds. And that is all! Is it all? If it is, then some day upon a played-out planet all humanity will be dead, and of a race that once loved timeless values nothing will be left but naked skulls rolled by cosmic winds across a desert. It is that *dénouement* which I do not believe.

'Obviously, in this realm no compelling demonstration that will force assent is possible, and no dogmatism is intellectually credible. There is adventurous risk in man's living and dying.

> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.

For myself, however, confidence in personality's victory over the grave is deep, and, as the years pass, it grows more assured. Charles Kingsley's attitude toward death seems wise and true: "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity." To enter

here and now into the world of spiritual values so that truth, goodness, beauty, and love are one's very being, its substance and its glory—that is the present possession of eternal life. And to have faith that these spiritual values are no casual by-product of a negligent universe, but, rather, the very essence of the real world, and that death has no dominion over them or their possessors—that is faith in immortality.'

Hastings Rashdall.

Twenty-six of the sermons and addresses of the late Dean of Carlisle have been collected by Dr. H. D. A. Major, and published in attractive form by Mr. Basil Blackwell. The title is *Principles and Precepts* (6s. net). One of the sermons is on the text 'Our Saviour Christ Jesus, who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.' After tracing the process of thought by which the Jewish mind was brought to the conviction of immortality, he goes on: 'At bottom the argument is the same as that which still appeals to us. The only God that is conceivable to the modern mind, once enlightened by the teaching of Christ, is a God of Justice and a God of Love: and if there be such a God, it is inconceivable that He should have created man merely for so poor and so unsatisfactory a life as this life is for a large proportion of those who live it. If there be a God of Love, His love cannot cease with death; if there be a God of Justice, there must be some closer correspondence between happiness and goodness than is discoverable here on earth.

'The belief in immortality is, then, a direct consequence or corollary of our belief in God.'

Towards the end of his address, Dr. Rashdall makes a point which is not unlike that of Dr. Fosdick. 'It is precisely on account of the higher capacities of human nature,' he says, 'its capacities for something higher and better and more permanent than this life affords, that we cannot persuade ourselves that the wages of virtue are dust. It is the best men whom we cannot believe that God will willingly let die.'

His last point is that it is in Christ that the Christian's hope of immortality centres, and this even apart from the testimony of the Apostles in their vision of the risen Lord. 'Not only by His teaching, not only by the brief visions which followed His departure, but also because He has raised our ideal of humanity to its highest point, it is true that it is Christ, above all others, who has brought life and immortality to light.'

William E. Barton.

Safed the Sage is an even more familiar name to us than William E. Barton. For it is under this name that the Rev. W. E. Barton contributes to that very alive periodical 'Public Opinion' a short weekly study in which he says many wise and enduring things in his own delightful way, and endears to us the figure round which most of the parables are woven—the little granddaughter, 'the daughter of the daughter of Keturah.' It is with real sorrow that we learn that on the very day on which the final touches were put to the manuscript of *My Faith in Immortality* 'the wife of his youth, well beloved for forty happy years,' passed from this life. *My Faith in Immortality* (Sampson Low; 3s. 6d. net) is not a book for the scholar, although its foundations rest on sound scholarship. It is a book for every man. In it we seem to hear Dr. Barton saying, 'Come and let us talk over together what science has to say about immortality, and philosophy, and the Old Testament and the New Testament. Do you believe in communion with the dead? Do you believe in hell and in heaven? Discuss these things frankly with me and I will tell you those beliefs which have led me to faith in immortal life.'

In an early chapter he writes: 'What concerns and profoundly impresses me is, that in a world where death is universal, a belief in life after death is almost, if not quite, universal also. That fact, whatever its explanation, is one of profound significance. Indeed, I shall go further, and shall say that *faith in immortality is even more astonishing than the fact of immortality.*

'Let me illustrate that statement. Suppose I had power to transform a frog into a bird, and wished to prepare the frog in some degree for what I was about to do. It is easy to imagine how I could perform the transformation, granted I had the power which the illustration assumes; but how could I possibly make the frog understand, being a frog?

'Is the illustration grotesque? Let it be so, if it makes clear my meaning. It is much easier for me to imagine myself touching a frog with a wand and telling him to fly, and seeing him rise on newly created wings, than it is to conceive of any method by which I could educate him in froghood for the high privileges of birdhood.

'Now if there be a wise and good and Almighty Father in Heaven, it is certainly possible for Him to grant eternal life to His children; but how can it have been possible for Him ever to have given to them the faintest glimmering of such a future?

It seems so utterly inconceivable that one is tempted to declare it impossible. But just before we do this, we encounter the fact that men very generally, and in all conditions of society and civilization, have received in some way an intimation of immortality.'

For the words 'I believe in the resurrection of the body' Dr. Barton prefers 'I believe in the survival of personal identity,' and with regard to the survival of the physical body, he finds an illustration helpful. 'It is not quite true that the body which we now have is identical in its parts with what constituted the body of the unborn child. In the embryonic period it was only a part of his body, and in the early stages of life, a minor part. The other part enveloped it, and gave it life. . . . But they were soon separated, and the part that had been so useful was discarded immediately as being no longer of use. . . . I think of this present wonderful body of ours as a kind of placenta for the spiritual organism that shall relate itself to our spiritual life and express our spiritual nature in the world to come. I do not despise these beautiful bodies of ours, but I like to think that our spiritual life is capable of developing for its expression an organism as well adapted to its future existence as this one is to our present existence. This present body is but the placenta of the spiritual organism that is to be.'

In the chapter on hell, Dr. Barton corrects once more—it cannot be done too often—the wrong ideas which have centred round the word 'hell' through misunderstanding of Jesus' figure of speech on that occasion when he used Jerusalem's city dump to illustrate God's method of dealing with refractory material. 'This figurative use of Jerusalem's dump has done much to define the popular idea of hell, and its very name, "Gehenna," is preserved in the translation: for "Sheol" in the Old Testament and "hades" in the New, ought never to be translated "hell." Let us recall for a moment the Jerusalem garbage pile, and the method of sewage disposal.

'The undying worm and the unquenchable fire are not symbols of torture, but of conservation. They are the symbols of the utilization of waste. The worm does not die, not because any one maggot is miraculously endowed with immortality, but because the dump waggons are continually carting in more material for worms to feed upon and to lay eggs in. It is not because any one worm continues to gnaw, or because any one carcass survives to be gnawed.

'The fire is not quenched because more fuel is continuously added. It is not because any one scrap of waste paper continues for ever to burn. So far as the Jerusalem dump is concerned, when fuel ceases to be carted there will be no more devouring worm, and no more unquenchable fire.

'Meantime, the unquenched fire takes filth and makes of it clean ashes, good fertilizer, or even if leeched, good antiseptic. And the worm, ugly as he is to look at, converts garbage into something less repulsive. Then a bird flies over the valley and eats the worm; and the carrion becomes a carol; the stench is transformed into a song. Even the worm and the fire are God's beneficent agents for turning the elements of destruction into products of constructive value to the world. They are not the symbols of despair, but of God's apparently thwarted but ultimately triumphant hope.'

Dr. Barton is a master of helpful analogies. In the following one he signifies his faith in heaven.

'I was once riding on a Pullman train and with me, among other passengers, rode a mother and a little girl of five. The little girl and I got acquainted. . . . As we travelled we approached a town and I said, "This is our last stop. Here we shall slip the dining-car, and here, perhaps, we shall change engines. We run home in two hours and twenty minutes."

'She said, "I don't care if this old train never gets me home."

'I inquired of her why she held her destination in such low esteem, and she told me that it was because she would be required to learn "very hard letters."

'With a little investigation I learned these further facts: She had just started to go to school in the middle of September, and had attended not more than three weeks when her mother for business reasons had to remove her home. The little girl had heard her mother say that she was sorry to leave just then, as the little girl had just got nicely started in school, and now would have to begin all over again. The little girl understood this to mean that she would encounter in her new school an entirely new alphabet, and she dreaded the "very hard letters." . . .

'I told the little girl that I had journeyed through her town a hundred times, and that I had reliable information that she would not need to learn any new alphabet. I told her that the same twenty-six letters were employed there, and that the spelling was identical. I told her that very few people spelled c-o-w with a "k"; that it was not con-

sidered good form; and that d-o-g and c-a-t were spelled exactly as they were elsewhere.

'I succeeded in convincing her, and the information comforted her. She grew more interested in the approach of the end of the journey, and I think she appreciated my great knowledge of the state of education in various parts.

'It is in some such way I like to think of the relations of this life to that which is to come. Our education here is just begun, and we find ourselves caught up out of this kindergarten of the soul and taken to where it seems everything will be strange and we shall have to begin all over again. I wonder if our Heavenly Father has not some experienced angels who have nothing better to do than to meet us somewhere near the terminus, and tell us better.

'Kind deeds, and loving words, and helpful acts, and noble aspirations, and worthy resolves, and heroic faith, and struggles to overcome temptation, and desires to serve others, are the alphabet, the primary forms, out of which, I am confident, all the words in the unabridged dictionary of the language of heaven are to be spelled.'

SOME TEXTS.

'Now he that wrought us for this very thing is God' (2 Co 5⁵, R.V.).

'"Now he that wrought us for this very thing is God." Have you discovered that man has before him a high destiny? St. Paul answers that it could not be otherwise. God hath wrought us, he declares, for a mighty and triumphant purpose; a purpose disclosed in our present possession of the Spirit of God, by whom the work now in progress is to become complete. Hear these exalted words of his concerning the Godlike character to which we are ordained, and the glorious immortality to which we are bidden to aspire. "Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the spirit."

'One day there came a village pastor to see the exhibits of a big exhibition, and having a bent for mechanics, and some experience and skill, he soon sought the machinery; and, wondering that machines so many and varied should be running with power from a single source, he found his way to the engine room.

'And what do you think he said when he saw the great engine?

'He said, "I made it!" No; he was not insane, or deceiving. And the discovery was as complete a surprise to him as to those who heard him.

'He examined the massive giant from end to end; there was no doubt about it; it was his very own. He had crept through its bulky boilers before they had a single flue; he had crawled beneath them when they were first set up; he had witnessed and superintended the casting of every part; he had overseen the adjustment of every bolt and valve and rod; it was his own!

'As a boy he had been bred a mechanic, and had become a skilled engineer. His firm established a branch house, and put him in charge of it. The greatest single work of the branch under his administration was the building of a powerful engine for a modern mill. Trusted with the responsibility of so important a work, he spared no effort to do it superbly well; and when the engine was ready to be set up he built the engine into its place. In time he took a course in theology and entered the ministry. Meanwhile, a fire had occurred and had destroyed the mill apparently with all its plant. That chapter of his experience seemed to have left no memorial; it was, except to himself, as if it had not been. But when the debris of the fire had been cleared away, the fine engine was found but little injured. And so when the now pastor visited the exhibition he found his own engine which he supposed had perished; found it still strong and steady, and doing a bewildering variety of work far beyond the dreams of the man who made it.

'After the road of life comes to what seems to us its abrupt termination; after the wreck and disaster of what we call death; the motive power of our present life will abide, indestructible. And I think we shall stand in heaven bewildered with wondering joy when we discover that the structure of life's mechanism is adapted to almost infinitely varied and celestial uses. We shall say with Paul, "Now he that wrought us for this very thing is God."'[1]

'On him they laid the cross' (Lk 23²⁶).

'The story of Simon of Cyrene is a parable of all those who, through no considered plan of their own, find themselves in the course of life bearing in body, mind, and heart that crucifixion through which alone the world is won to a better way of life.

1. 'Some bear the cross upon their *backs*.' 'A few months ago I was on a destroyer in the Suez Canal when a big P. & O. liner drew up to the coaling station. Barges were lashed alongside and great beams laid up as bridges to doors in the ship's hull. Soon black naked figures with eighty-pound

[1] W. E. Barton, *My Faith in Immortality*, 49.

baskets on their heads were hurrying along these beams and dumping loads of coal into the hatches. They were lean Arabs from the Nile Delta, black ghosts of half-starved fellahin, unknown, unvalued, save as beasts of burden. They were as straws in the wind, the dust of the earth. The rail above the coaling operation was lined with people. On the edge of the barge stood a sheik in a white burnoose with a knotted rope in his hand. If one of the carriers slowed up, the sheik hit him with the rope across the naked back. One could see the purple welt and the flesh swell beneath the lash. For hours the labour continued silently, save for the rush of coal into the ship and the Arabic curses of this Egyptian Simon Legree.

'Up above men and women set their teeth in anger and horror. The sheer inhumanity of the spectacle aroused them to the position of labour in that part of the world, and they were equipped to reveal the degradation of such methods. Upon the backs of unknown and unvalued Arabs was laid a cross, upon which their people had been stretched for centuries, and the world was beginning to see and to understand.'

2. 'Others bear the cross upon their *minds*. One thinks of Keir Hardie in England, and Walter Rauschenbusch in the United States, among the first to state the social implications of the teaching of Jesus for modern life. These men had placed upon their minds the almost intolerable burden of illuminating reactionary and stand-pat people until those who control our social order should comprehend the meaning of brotherhood and compassion. Their words have gone out through all the earth to serve as a ferment and a stimulus, to arouse a profound discontent with the kind of world in which we now live and think.'

3. 'Still others bear the cross upon their *hearts*. Carl Sandburg, in his new biography *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years*, gives an account of Lincoln's 1858 address at Chicago in a gruelling campaign for the young rail-splitter from the Illinois prairie, who was just emerging from the obscurity of county politics. The day was a dark one, defeat and humiliation seemed certain, and Lincoln—after speaking of the treachery of supposed friends—mentioned that he and his associates had been "bespattered with every imaginable odious epithet." The redemption of men and women and children was being borne, twelve years before the Civil War broke out, by a great-hearted man of the people.

'Not only do people enter emotionally into the experience of Simon of Cyrene in the great affairs of life, but also in the almost daily Calvaries which come in homes, in offices, and in every line of employment. Stefan Zweig has pictured the solidarity of the family and the suffering of one for the other in his play, *Jeremiah*. Every one except the prophet's mother thinks him a mad, raving maniac. She comes to the outcast and discredited man: "My child, were you indeed the rejected of all men, banned by the priests, outlawed by the people; had God Himself thrust you away from the light of His countenance; still were you my son, blood of my blood for evermore. I will love you for their hatred, and bless you for their curse. If they have spit upon you, come that I may kiss you; if they have cast you out, come that I may take you in; *home*, come home to my heart. Sweet to me is the salt of your tears, blessed is all that you do; if only you return to my mother's heart." The divine compassion is like that—it goes forth to all sufferers and says: "Sweet to me is the bitterness of your lips, sweet to me the salt of your tears. All that men despise in you, that you are worth to me."

'Some bear the cross on their bodies, like the Arabs at Suez, others bear it upon their minds like Hardie and Rauschenbusch, some upon their hearts like Jeremiah.'

These thoughts are from a sermon in *The Crucifixion in our Street*, a volume by the Rev. George Stewart, which has been published in America by the George Doran Company, and now in this country by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (6s. net). The central thought in the volume is the Cross, and each of the twelve studies deals with a different aspect. It will be noticed that this volume of sermons was published in America in the first instance. There are volumes of sermons which come from America which do not seem to suit the English mind, and the reason is often that they contain so many illustrations that there is no room left for sustained thought. This volume is full of illustrations and yet it does suit us, and this not only because the illustrations are unhackneyed, but chiefly because they seem to be Mr. Stewart's natural method of expressing his thought. These sermons will be found excellent reading and full of suggestion for addresses for the less formal occasions.

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