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not of great antiquity. The third instance is later, but, nevertheless, I venture to think, more satisfactory. I refer to the *Te Deum*. This is an obvious *Qedush-shah*. There can, I fancy, be little doubt that the fourth-century author of this hymn had seen a *Qedush-shah* and had remodelled it for Christian use. The *Qedush-shath hash-Shem* (sanctification of the Name), or third benediction of the *'Amidah*, as distinguished from the *Qedush-shath hay-Yom* (sanctification of the day, *i.e.* Sabbath or festival), was probably known, in its responsive form, to Hillel and Shammai. Had merely the formula which occurs in the silent *'Amidah* been ancient, the introduction of the responsive variant would have been discussed in the Talmud. As the 'thrice holy' is found in the *Didascalia*, the *Qedush-shah* must have been retained in the early Christian liturgies, especially as the application to the Trinity would be so obvious.

The community which the author of *Didascalia* addressed was clearly Judæo-Christian. The members of it recited the *'Amidah* thrice on Sabbath, standing, referring to the Exodus and to the Manna, probably in the *Qiddush*, and reading from the Pentateuch. An analysis of their liturgy and of their grace after meals is too long to be attempted here. Moreover, the excellent and exhaustive treatment of this subject by Kohler is probably so well known that no more need be said. I would merely cite his reference to the *Qedush-shah*: he says, 'Especially is the *trisagion* in Bk. VIII. ch. xii., an adaptation from Jewish prayers. It has, in more or less modified form, been universally adopted in the Churches, based on a somewhat older form of the Jewish sanctification.' Kohler's remarks should be carefully studied. With regard to the *'Amidah* one may, in conclusion, recognize in the *Te Deum* the last trace of its influence on the Christian Prayer Book, and one may feel safe in thinking that the *'Amidah* was not deliberately abrogated in Christianity, but that it was used in the form of various abstracts, such as the two which survive to this day in the Jewish liturgy, until it gradually disappeared in the Church liturgy.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

A Holy Place of Remembrance.

By the Reverend Stuart Robertson, M.A., Glasgow.

'Thou shalt remember.'—Dt 8^{2}.
'They may forget, yet will I not forget thee.'—Is 49^{15}.

When November comes round, it brings Armistice Day, a solemn day of remembrance. People's thoughts go away on pilgrimage to graves at home and graves beyond the seas, and to places where the sea itself is the grave, where brave men lie who gave their lives for us all. In these short minutes of silence, how far our thoughts can go! We are remembering, and praying that we may never forget.

I want your fancy to take you where a great many folk's feet will be taking them on Armistice Day—to Scotland's National Memorial in Edinburgh Castle. It is a long climb up, easier to fancy than to foot, up the Mound, up the old High Street, up the Esplanade, up the winding way through all the Castle gates till at last you reach the highest point of the city. There stands the National Memorial.

Every village has its monument to its own brave men; every regiment has its own; every church has its own; but here is something that gathers them all together. It is the nation's memorial. From the height of the Castle the views are fair and far, whichever way you look, but this has added another view, fairer and farther than any, for the eyes of the soul to see, and made the summit of the old rock a high place of sacred remembrance.

It is a wonderful work, beautifully thought out and lovingly wrought out by skilled hands. Old stones grey with the years, and new stones freshly chiselled, tell us that this is part of the heroic history of our beloved Scotland. Every sort of service is remembered and finds its place upon the walls. Even the beasts are not forgotten, even the mice and canaries who helped, not knowing, in mine and submarine are there, 'the miner's friends.'

You go into a long and stately hall with a great company of people who tread softly and talk quietly. Each regiment has a panel which tells of its battles and its losses, and before each is a book in which the names of those who fell are written, and every book has some sad searcher looking to see if some dear name is there, and comforted when she finds it.

Then you go into an inner shrine. Round the walls are wrought in bronze figures of every sort of service of men and women by sea and land and air. In the centre the living rock of the Castle juts up through the floor and on it stands a block of green marble. On its corners are four kneeling angels, kneeling towards a great steel casket, the gift of the King, in which locked for ever are all the names of Scotland's honoured dead.

That rock made Edinburgh possible. It was her shelter and strength all down her history, and so on that rock stands the casket, to tell every one that in the heart of the nation there is preserved and cherished for ever a sacred remembrance, strong as steel and unbreakable as the eternal rock.

It made me think of another city, the city of God, which our faith looks to, which is founded on the rock of the eternal promises of God Himself, which cannot be shaken, and in the heart of which our names are held in remembrance by the great love of God which is stronger than the strongest steel, and will never forget. 'Can a mother forget her child?' says God; 'yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands.' 'Rejoice,' said Jesus to His disciples, 'rejoice that your names are written in heaven.'

In the heart of the old city this sacred memory is enshrined for ever; and in the heart of God a love which remembers all His children with a love which will not let us go.

I think there should be something like this shrine in our hearts. Our faith is built on the Rock of Ages. Our lives must be built in the shelter of it, as Edinburgh was built on the long ridge the rock made possible, and in the shelter of the Castle which kept the city safe. And in our hearts, grasped and held as with hands of steel, is the memory of what Jesus did for us: for if our bodies are the children of our soldiers' and sailors' sacrifice, our souls are the children of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and 'we are not our own.'

It is good for us to remember the men and women who gave their lives for us; good to go up often to the high place of remembrance in the old Castle, and look out not only with the outward eye on the waters of Forth and the hills of Fife, but also with the inward eye on the fields of France and the oceans of earth where others paid the price of our peace. But it is best to go up often in worship and prayer to the high place of the soul's remembrance, and bow before the Cross of Christ.

Remembering—that is the secret of loving service, glad worship and good life.

How 'I can't' becomes 'I can.'

By the Reverend A. J. Gossip, M.A., Aberdeen.

'For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.'—Ro 7^{19}.

You know the swifts, don't you—those tireless, little birds that are never, never still and never seem to rest or settle, but keep darting to and fro, and flitting round and round, playing endless games of 'tig' with one another, early in the morning, and all through the day, and late into the evening? When other good little birds are singing and going to bed and falling fast asleep, their evening begins. You're a restless little chap yourself. The moment your eyes open you're into Dad's bed and climbing all over him, and sticking books into his eyes, and saying, 'Read to me, Daddy!' And though he's only half awake, he's got to do it. And all day long you're following Mother to and fro; you're in, you're out; you're up the stair, and down, and up again; you're asking twenty times an hour, 'Mother, what'll I do now?' For you're like the swifts, you can't settle. You begin a game, and then you tire of it: you take out a toy, and then you drop it, and are off to something else; till the whole floor is littered with books and games, and who knows what. You're just full of ideas, haven't time to get more than begun on any one of them before you have a better, and you're off to that, and when bedtime comes you're carried away still looking back wistfully, for there are so many other things that you might do. Well, the swifts are like that. They never seem to rest or settle all day long.

And there's a reason for that. Wise people tell us that if swifts did come down to the ground, they couldn't rise again. A sparrow hops about and flies away; a thrush finds a worm and packs it together into a neat bundle and makes off, luggage and all; a gull struts about, and then in a moment it's sailing so easily on its white wings. But, for some reason, once a swift is on the ground, it can't get up again. At least some people say it can't; and some say, yes it can, but with great difficulty; but others again say, no, for we've watched swifts trying, and trying, and trying, and they didn't get up, could only hop about as if they had a broken wing, poor things, though in the air they can flit to and fro so happily.

There's something we had better think about—you and I. It must be so splendid darting to and fro up in the sunshine, and down in the mud it looks and is so tame and dull and stupid. Yes, and to be clean and true and unselfish is far the happiest, isn't it? Yet once things go wrong, once we've made a bad habit, once we have grown cross or

sulky, it's so hard to be anything else. Once we're down we can't get up, some people say. And others think, well, we might manage, but it's very, very difficult. But many are quite sure we never can, and never will. 'We've watched,' they say, 'and though they tried and tried and tried, they were still cross and sulky to the end.' Well, if it's so hard to get up, we mustn't get down, that's all. The swift won't settle on the ground—wise bird. And we mustn't begin to slack at lessons; mustn't tell an untruth, even a wee one, even once; mustn't start thinking of ugly things. For what if we could never get away from these things any more, if once down we could never rise again, if we were always just an idle duffer, or a common liar, whom no one can believe or trust. No, no, don't light; don't give in even once. For once down, you may not be able to get up again.

But perhaps some of us are down; and what are we to do? Once on a day a friend of mine came on a swift running about the lawn; it couldn't rise, it tried and tried, but no. And by and by she caught it, thinking it was hurt. But no, it wasn't. And when she threw it up into the air, it flew away happy as ever. All that it needed was a shove off, a start, just to get up a little bit into the air. And that's what you and I need too—some one to lift us up, and start us off, and throw us back into the air. Well, Jesus Christ can do that for us. Always He was coming on poor people who were down, and couldn't get up; who were trying, and it was no use; or who had stopped even trying, because they knew that it was hopeless. And He gave them a new start, lifted them up, threw them into the air. And with that they were leading good clean lives, they who had been so helpless by themselves. Isn't it grand we have a Friend like that, who's sure to come to us, and lift us up, and help us to be all that we would like to be, but can't be by ourselves!

The Christian Year.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

God's Ideal and Man's Reality.

AFTER ARMISTICE DAY.

'O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord.'—Is 2^5.

Much of the prophetic literature was collected, not by the prophets themselves, but by their disciples, and that amid a ruin and chaos which admitted of little opportunity for studying chronology or order. Our text might, therefore, be a mere isolated ejaculation remembered only because of its impressive form, to which we could attach no precise meaning, because we no longer know in what connexion it was originally spoken. But if the connexion in which it now stands affords a clear meaning there can be no good reason for doubting that we have the original setting in which its author put it.

Our text is preceded by the great poem which is still the most memorable of all songs of peace; and it is followed by a prose description of a country where everything is the absolute opposite of this hope. Are we to suppose that this intense contrast both in form and matter is a mere happy accident of juxtaposition, without any intention on the part either of the author or his editor? And this is the less probable that, when we read the passage as one whole, with our text as the connecting link, it takes on a clear and vivid meaning, and the impression both of the poem of ideal peace and the prose of actual calamity is intensified.

The light of the Lord, in which men are called to walk is, in that case, nothing other than the ideal of perfect peace in perfect righteousness of which the prophet has just sung, and the House of Jacob he summons to walk in it is just the idolatrous material people whose debasement and calamity he goes on to describe. Then the whole passage is the great appeal of religion to walk by faith in God's eternal purpose and not by sight of man's present securities, to walk amid the world's idolatries as those who know that the Lord God omnipotent alone reigns.

Eight centuries after Isaiah, the prophecy of the New Testament ends as the prophecy of the Old began. The author of the Book of Revelation predicts a new Jerusalem which is still essentially the old ideal of perfect peace in perfect righteousness. But he is still waiting for it to come down from God out of heaven, while the actual world he lived in was as full as ever of idolatry, which had still in its train the devastating harvest of lies and murders and impending disasters.

Since then nearly two millenniums have passed, and is this new Jerusalem much nearer being built, either in 'England's green and pleasant land,' or in any other country beneath the sun? Scarce a nation remains to-day which has not lifted up its sword against another.

Why are we astray on this perilous path? Is it the failure of God's light or man's failure to walk in it?

We had, indeed, long been told that it was time men gave up all notions of Divine ideals, all dreams of walking in any light but man's, and contented

themselves with working for such immediate earthly good as they might reasonably hope to see attained. Instead of childishly wasting our time building castles in the air, we were to provide adequate cottages upon earth, and accomplish this and other material reforms, not by appeals to righteousness, but by getting to work at once with the organization of science and the strong hand of legislation. But with all its promise the business languished; and the very thing it lacked was just the vitalizing breath of reverence for God's image in His children.

Our mastery over Nature and our organization of industry were stupendous achievements, but they failed to serve our real human needs. Its most obvious result was to turn men into machines, pack them in dense city areas, and expose them to continual uncertainty of employment.

Our national enterprise achieved the vastest empire. But the good it accomplished had its reverse side of selfish policies, which, in exploiting the weak, exposed the austerity of our toil and the equality of our justice to dangers no conquering people has wholly escaped.

Riches won by selfish dexterity and concentration on material interests were spent with a wastefulness and pride of display which made all the bitterer the vast poverty which they increased and did not remove. Our state was coming to be a worse denial of the eternal righteousness and the things of the soul than even the horrors of war, just because it was so calmly accepted as the necessary and even blessed order of the world.

Let us remember that this great hymn in Isaiah of God's rule and the end of war came out of no time of piping peace. If we listen aright we hear in it the sob of a people robbed and spoiled. The need of the country was ploughshares, for

> All her husbandry doth lie on heaps
> Corrupting in its own fertility;

and pruning-hooks, for all her hedges are

> Like prisoners wildly o'ergrown with hair;

and law, for 'the tabernacles of robbers prosper,' and 'the poor of the earth hide themselves like wild asses in the desert'; and a Word of the Lord, for the whole higher nature decays when men

> . . . nothing do but meditate on blood.

Yet the essence of the prophetic view is that it is vain to begin with war, vain to think we can guard against it by any reorganization of force; and they would have had just as little hope in a League of Nations *by itself* as in any other device of human policy. You cannot have peace till you first have justice, and justice first between individuals, and not first between nations. While you have the 'glooming alleys' on the one hand, and, on the other, a 'wide house built by unrighteousness and its spacious chambers ceiled with cedar and painted vermilion by injustice,' you have a state of things more calamitous for all that God seeks in His children than even the desolation of war. And you cannot have justice till you have first rid your souls of idolatry, for the covetous soul is essentially and radically unjust. Therefore, the last question about society is, What do men reverence? So long as they worship position not balanced by responsibility, military power indifferent to justice, wealth careless of humanity, they cannot have peace. What one man has only as another wants necessarily breeds strife; and what rests on force logically justifies the strong in taking what they think they require. Not till we worship God by reverence for man made in His image, and believe that the final might in the world is truth and character and service and the spirit of love, can war be a struggle for peace or anything more than a blotting out of humanity for material policies. Nor can we ever hope to bring the forces into operation which will make an end of war while we worship the things for which wars are made. War may be the fever, but idolatry is the malaria, and the fever is recuperative only as we draw our breath from the mountain of the Lord and not from the miasma of our own low material reverences.

Hence the great ideal hopes of the prophets came out of ages when the actual state of society led other men to despair. The reason was not merely that men long most ardently for what they least possess, but that, when the idols which block up the temples of our hearts are broken, we may see the high altar of the patient goodness of God.

Our fellowship is religious as we feel the personal sorrow and desolation of war, yet penetrate beneath it to injustice, and beneath injustice to idolatry, and from that discovery to the hope of a new reverence for the things of God which are in the hearts of His children.

The nation which can make this discovery and say, 'Come and let us walk in the light of the Lord,' will be established in righteousness; against the Church which makes this call its supreme business the gates of hell will not prevail. But, above all, each one who knows for himself has the victory which overcomes the world, even if our House of Jacob—be it country or church—continue in idolatry. The Church of those met in the name of

Him over whom the world's idolatries had no power, will not, we may hope, wholly fail us, but if it did and we should have to stand alone, as His Cross means victory over the idolatries of fears, possessions, favours, we can bear our solitary witness, heroic, even tragic, if required of us, in public action or public appeal, if that be our duty, or privately, humbly, by what we are, rather than by what we do or say, if that be the way of God's appointing.[1]

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT.

Three Stages in Religious Experience.

'The likeness of four living creatures. The likeness of a man. The likeness of the glory of the Lord.'—Ezk $1^{5, 28}$.

In Ezekiel's somewhat fantastic vision there seems to be a mingling of three elements which successively attract attention. We see first the sub-human element: the stormy wind, great cloud, flashing flame, the living creatures with their strange forms, wings and wheels, and with movements comparable to a streak of lightning. Next, intermixed with all this and becoming more and more prominent, we see a human element: the living creatures have the likeness of a man, the hands of a man under their wings, the face of a man. Then, mingling with all and at length occupying our entire thought, is a Divine element. 'The Spirit of life' controls the movements of the wheels, the noise of the wings of the creatures is like the voice of the Almighty, and, as we scan the human figure, there is 'brightness round about him.' 'As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of Jehovah. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face.'

The successive elements in Ezekiel's vision suggest stages through which many of us pass in our religious experiences.

1. God, as we conceive of Him in childhood, and perhaps in later life if our religious ideas remain childish, is a mysterious and magical creature not unlike Ezekiel's compound of wind, cloud, flame, wings, wheels, lightning. His face is the face of a man, but His movements and methods are like those of a benevolent but capricious fairy; and it is the unmanlike in Him, that in which He is utterly different from us, which attracts our notice and commands our admiration.

We were told that Jesus was God's Son. Our minds naturally dwelt on His bright home in heaven, unlike anything in the world, His great love in coming down to our earth and sharing human life, and on the extraordinary events in the gospel story—the carolling angels at His birth, the Voice that spoke to Him out of heaven, the attacks of the tempter instantly repelled, the water changed to wine, the winds and waves stilled by a word, the thousands fed with one little boy's supper, the walking on the sea, the raising of the dead, His own rising from the grave and ascent into the sky. These incidents not only did not trouble us, they were the most interesting and helpful parts of the narrative. They fitted in exactly with our thought of what God's Son would be and do.

Inasmuch as our imaginations were keen, God seemed very real to us. Many children have shared the experience Faber describes in 'The God of my Childhood':

> O God! who wert my childhood's love,
> My boyhood's pure delight,
> A presence felt the livelong day,
> A welcome fear at night.

2. But the years which immediately follow childhood are a disillusionizing period. We discover beneath the wings of all our fairy creatures the hands of a man.

Jesus becomes for us frankly a man. We admire His heroism, His broadmindedness, His loyalty to truth, His glorious self-sacrifice; but we also recognize what we consider His limitations—the extent to which He shared the world-view of His contemporaries, believing in, to us, such unbelievable beings as demons, and attributing diseases and insanity to their sinister activity. The miraculous tales about Him we either explain as instances of the power of a superior mind over others, or regard as poetic expressions of spiritual truths.

There are some manifest gains in this complete humanizing of our religion. We appreciate and try to practise much of the teaching of the Bible, particularly the words of Jesus, that meant nothing to us before. We enter with enthusiasm into Jesus' hope of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, the social order in which men deal justly, kindly, and faithfully with one another, and love is supreme. We are content to accept the statement of Sir Edward Burne-Jones: 'There is only one religion; "Make the most of your best for the sake of others" is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved.'

In a very real sense Jesus means more to us than He ever did. We have exchanged a good fairy for a human brother, tempted in all points like as we

[1] J. Oman, *The Paradox of the World*, 60.

are. We draw from the biography of this limited Man, as we now consider Him, a sympathy and an inspiration we never found there before. We prefer to think that He was born as all men have been, had to acquire His force of will by struggle, had to hold His hopes in the face of discouragement and apparent defeat, had to battle to keep His faith in God. But just there, perhaps, we part company with Him; we are not sure that we have faith in God. At all events, we have lost that feeling of God's actual comradeship, His personal interest in and presence with us, which was so strong in childhood.

3. If we think often enough of the entirely human Jesus, our admiration grows to adoration. We find ourselves not applauding Him; we bow our heads in reverence. If we do more than think of Him, if we honestly try to follow Him merely as a man, using His methods in our dealings with men, facing perplexities, suffering, defeat, with His courage and hope, we find ourselves receiving from Him quite inestimable inspiration. We are amazed at the fullness of love, of patience, of bravery, there is in Him. We wonder if His explanation of its source may not after all be correct. Was there really a God, the Father whom He trusted so implicitly as Lord of heaven and earth, in fellowship with Him? If there was, is there such a God still? Is not this the most reasonable explanation of the sense of companionship which we find when we are driven to pray?

And if there be such a Father, must He not have wished to give His children a correct likeness of Himself? When we feel constrained to adore Jesus, are we idolaters, or is He the expression of God in a human life? When we draw on His fullness and discover unsearchable riches, is it not because in Him we find the embodiment of God's character? Is it not because He, like God, is love? We are not looking for Divinity now in the extraordinary and unhuman things about Him, we are finding His humanity Divine, His complete manhood, in which He is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, His very Godhood. Taking Him as a man, and nothing more than a man, we are constrained to place Him upon the throne of our lives as our ideal, the Master we cannot but obey. And as we obey the Man, there is 'a brightness round about Him.' We say: 'If I ever worship a God, He must be the duplicate of this Man. A God unlike Him I refuse to worship, because I know a diviner than He.'

In humanizing our religion we have not lost our God. We exchanged a good fairy for a brother, and in the brother we have discovered our Lord.

So I beheld my God, in childhood's morn,
A mist, a darkness, great and far apart,
Moveless and dim—I scarce could say, Thou art.
My manhood came, of joy and sadness born—
Full soon the misty dark, asunder torn,
Revealed man's glory, God's great human heart.

There is a childhood to be outgrown and a childhood to be grown up to. When once we have become not orphans, however self-reliant, but trusting children, seeing God in the human, in Jesus, and in all that is Jesus-like in any man, we are not quite so eager to label childish all the extraordinary elements in the Bible and about Jesus that fascinated our childhood's imagination. We lay no emphasis on them. We do not say to any man, 'You must believe them'; we say, 'You may.'

We are working and waiting for a day when even Jesus shall be no longer unique, but when 'God shall be all in all.' Meantime we see our God in Jesus. We cannot prove His deity to anybody who does not make Him God by giving Him his entire devotion. And whoever does, needs no proofs. We accord this human Brother all our reverence, all our trust, all our service, and we do not rob His and our Father; for He and the Father are one in purpose. We draw upon Him for what God only can supply, and we are not disappointed. He does all for us God can do, for the Father touches us personally through Him and opens up His unsearchable riches in Him. We live to make Him Lord over all, assured that the loyalty yielded to Him is yielded to the Father to whom He gives back the Kingdom, and that in Him all men, as we, will find the fullness of the Godhead bodily. We do not dehumanize Him; He is first of all and entirely Man; but that does not mean that He is not also the complete revelation of God. When we survey the wondrous Cross we see man at his highest; and that for us is God at His best. 'This is the appearance of the likeness of the glory of Jehovah. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face.'

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.[1]

ADVENT SUNDAY.

Christ's Call to Awake.

'Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind.'—Jn 9^{39}.

For the first generation of Christians the drama of redemption was a tragedy in two acts, covering a

[1] H. S. Coffin, *University Sermons*, 1.

very few years. The Christ had come once in the form of a servant; His contemporaries would shortly see Him return in the form of a King. But this cramped and childlike interpretation of the greatest revelation ever made to mankind was only the outer form of a deep and saving faith, grounded not on the dreams of Jewish politicians, but on the new insight into eternal values which the disciples had gained from their intercourse with Christ. The husk fell off easily and almost painlessly. The Kingdom of God became the Church, militant on earth, expectant in paradise, triumphant in heaven. The Second Coming faded into the dim and distant future. The Messianic attributes of Christ were in part thrown back upon His earthly ministry.

But in the Fourth Gospel we have a resolute attempt to penetrate the deeper meaning of these beliefs, and to bring out their spiritual and universal significance. St. John's treatment of the judgment is worthy of our most careful attention, and may well occupy our thoughts in the season of Advent. The popular teaching was and is: Christ came once to save the world; He will come again to judge the world. St. John would have us understand that the two offices, of Saviour and Judge, cannot be separated. Christ is always Saviour: and He is always Judge. By the mere fact of coming into the world, He winnows the wheat of humanity from the chaff. Wherever Christ is, there is salvation and condemnation. The gospel brings life and light to some, darkness and destruction to others. Just as the man, blind from his birth, was restored to sight, while the Pharisees, proud of their skill in the law, were smitten with judicial blindness: so it must always be.

The call of Christ leaves no one where it found him. It forces a choice which, but for that call, might not have come in so decisive a form. Every Advent we hear the same trumpet-call. 'Now it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.' Our salvation—so we hope; but our judgment certainly, the final judgment to be passed upon our lives, is nearer, twelve months nearer, than when we last heard those words in the Epistle for Advent Sunday. Bishop Butler's famous words are psychologically true: that passive impressions, impulses which are not acted upon, grow weaker at each repetition. To take a homely illustration, those who set an alarum to wake them at a certain hour will hear it every day if they get up when it sounds; but if they go to sleep again, they will soon slumber through it.

The great crises of history, and the great revolutions or revelations in human knowledge, have been most strangely impotent to move the mass of mankind out of their familiar ruts. For instance, the city of Rome, owing mainly to obvious geographical advantages, was for many centuries mistress of the Mediterranean basin, which then almost comprised the civilized world; and so strong is the force of habit that to this day many millions of Christians are convinced that in the counsels of God there must always be a universal Church with its seat of government on the banks of the Tiber. Again, modern astronomy has long ago shattered the old religious geography of the universe; but old habits of thought are too strong for new knowledge. The world of many Christians is still a building in three storeys. More recently, the discovery of evolution has left nothing in politics, theology, or morals quite where it was before. The fact of our real kinship with all that lives and moves in the world does not detract one atom from the glory and dignity of the humanity which God created after His own image, and which His Son deigned to take upon Him for our sakes; but it does add a new lustre, a new sacredness, to the rest of creation and to the laws which it obeys. It does give a new force to that wonderful chapter of Romans in which St. Paul declares his hope that the creation will be delivered from the bondage of corruption; it does help us to understand the Pauline and Johannine doctrine that in the Son of God, the Word, all things subsist. It certainly involves a new responsibility in our dealings with the lower animals, our poor relations. But these truths will take centuries to soak into the popular mind.

The gospel of Christ was a greater revolution than any of these discoveries. Think what it must have been to the first disciples of Jesus to find that the Kingdom to which they were invited was not of this world. Think of the terrible wrench in giving up those patriotic dreams which had comforted the Jews through centuries of exile, persecution, and servitude. Think of the shock at being bidden to welcome to the society of the redeemed the uncircumcised Philistine, the heretical Samaritan, the barbarian and the Scythian. And what rare greatness there was in St. Paul, that he realized nearly all that it meant! The spiritual Israel instead of the nation; the indwelling Spirit of Christ instead of the priests and temple; the entirely new standard of values—the loving, unselfish heart, which, in having nothing, possesses all things, instead of the worldly prosperity which in the Old Testament is the sign of God's favour—the law of living sacrifice, of gain through pain, of life

through death—the sublime triads of faith, hope, love, and love, joy, peace—all these things, in which the originality and far-reaching import of the gospel mainly consists, were seized and realized by St. Paul as they have been by few since. He saw at once what it must mean for him personally. The whole course of his life was changed. Those things which before were gain to him he now counted but refuse, that he might 'win Christ.' The Incarnation had altered everything, and it surprised him that others did not see that it had altered everything. There must be a veil on their hearts; they must be asleep and dreaming. It is strange to him that people can go on living as if the light of the glory of God had not shone upon them in the face of Jesus Christ. 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee.'

1. Let it be our special business this Advent to make our religion alive and wide-awake. To begin with, let us make sure what we really *believe*. Some teachers would have us regard the Creed as a 'deposit,' something to be kept safe and handed back intact. 'Lord, here is thy pound, which I have kept wrapped up in a napkin. Lo, here thou hast what is thine.' But surely what matters is how deeply we believe, not how much we accept. It is better to believe in one Article than to assent to Thirty-nine. The rudimentary creeds in the New Testament are theologically very imperfect, but those who held them were willing to die for them.

2. Secondly, we need to quicken our *feeling* of the truth of our religion. We must practise 'recollection,' with short prayers and acts of uplifting the mind to God, many times during the day. If we give about sixteen hours a day to this world, and about five sleepy minutes to the other, it is no wonder if God and heaven seem rather shadowy things to us.

3. And, of course, we must *act* as persons who are awake. Our consciousness of the great revelation of the gospel must show itself in the consecration of our whole life, 'whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do.' It must, above all things, deepen our love to God and our neighbour. 'If ye know these things,' said our Lord, 'happy are ye if ye do them.' 'He that saith, I know God, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar!' says St. John bluntly.

So, by God's grace, the call to awake out of sleep may not be lost upon us. So our eyes may be opened to see God and do His will. And so a life of ever-increasing alertness and watchfulness may be the prelude of that clearer vision when, after the sleep of death, we shall wake up after God's likeness and shall be satisfied with it.[1]

[1] W. R. Inge, in *Advent and Christmas Sermons*, 53.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Christ our Hope.

'For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and comfort of the scriptures we might have hope.'—Ro 15[4].

1. Hope has a wonderful providential mission. We live by hope. The Apostle was not a whit too strong when he said that we are saved by hope. That is to say, by an ineradicable belief that the attainment of a certain great good, in which happiness and peace shall be found, is possible for us, we continue to live.

Now, consider the facts of the case. We live a life that considerably spells disillusion. Gradually the fresh colours fade; the eyes grow dim; the step that was elastic grows feeble. And the end of the story is corruption. Yet, all through that process, men are buoyed up with hope. By it they endure steadfastly; by it they live. This, that, and the other expectancy are unrealized; but, still far-off, they catch the gleam of a great good.

Imagine that that is the conclusion of the whole matter. We have, in that case, the world wagging upon a gigantic swindle. Conceive what sort of mind must be behind the world. It desires to keep men alive. Wherefore, it buoys them up on hope; but never, in any sense, proposes to realize their aspirations. They dream of the Great Possession, reserved somewhere to be won. What the Almighty really has in store for them is the grin of a skull and the nakedness of a skeleton. But it would not do to tell them. Therefore, let them be given this sham, fraudulent, swindling hope. Plant it in them. So construct them, that it springs eternal in their breast. Let them live on it; and then, when some vague purpose has been served by their continuance, draw down the curtain on the farce.

Have we words to describe a Universe, or a God, like that? No decent being would treat the meanest reptile that crawls on earth after that manner. It is far nobler to be the illusioned hoper, than a God who so defrauds.

Ah! but no one, who has caught a glimpse of God, can believe aught like that. God cannot lie. He is the truth. He does not further His purposes by swindles. Wherefore, we believe that the basal hope of men is at least realizable; and that, if it is not to be realized, the fault is theirs. Hope is a fore-gleam of a fact that is to be. It is the earnest of an inheritance. It is, in the truest and highest sense, a prophecy.

2. But, of course, we hope for many things we do not get. Ease, comfort, freedom from strife, power,

distinction, success; these we may or may not obtain—certainly not as we once expected. In what sense, then, can we say that our hope is a prophecy? Well, those hopes, which we can say that our consciences permit us to regard as *demandable* for fulfilment from God, are prophecies. Some hopes you cannot demand at all. Vaguely we hope for a good time. Let us go down on our knees and try to demand that. We may hope for self-exaltation. Go down on our knees and try to demand that. Other hopes we can ask to be realized, but not demand; as, for instance, money, freedom from bereavement, health, escape from temptation. But the element of 'demand' can come in, in our hopes of holiness and love. These involve self-slaughter; they are our noblest; they justify life; we value them as God's purpose for us. In regard to them, we can demand and demand again. Yes! if God be true, ever before us there stretches the dazzling possibility of the snow-white character, that seeks loveliness from its own promptings. And not that only. We may dream also of the continual realizing of the gift that is given, which fills to overflowing the empty vessels of the heart, in the eternal and unfailing love of God in Christ.

'I have woven another year,' said God—
'And what's the good of it,' I said.

And ever the Christian makes confident answer—'to give a further chance wherein to achieve the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus.'

3. Meantime, our text indicates means whereby this hope may be kept bright:

(1) There is the means of Patience. The steady, brave doing of our daily duty does, as a matter of fact, work an experience which works hope. It is when we become fretfully impatient with life's present possibilities that we begin to doubt its future possibilities.

(2) There is the means of the comfort of the Scriptures. And it is an efficacious means; for in the Scriptures, amidst much else that sustains and inspires—there is set forth the old, rich, glad story of Jesus Christ, with its proof and its promise of what life can give.

Really, when Christ is vivid enough, we have no need of hope. We *know* then. It is significant that hope is spoken of much in the Old Testament and in the Epistles. It is never once mentioned in the Gospels. Men were too much taken up with Christ, to be doing anything but following—or opposing, Him who dwelt in the region of the certainties. Wherefore, when life's promises fail a little, let us come back to His side, and look into His eyes and see what life in Him can mean, and be filled with a new confidence. They walk securely who walk with Christ.[1]

[1] J. R. P. Sclater, *The Enterprise of Life*, 364.

The Meaning of 'Salvation.'

By Edward Grubb, M.A., Letchworth.

Few facts reveal more clearly the impression made by Christianity on human life than the *new words*, or old words carrying a new depth of meaning, with which our language has been enriched. Faith, hope, love, peace, grace, with their equivalents in other tongues, bear a meaning which to the pagan world was almost unknown, and to the Hebrews was still far short of their Christian significance. This fact is a proof, if any were needed, that Christianity brought to men new experiences; for words are the registers of experience. The study of their meanings is of great value, independent of any formal definitions at which the student may arrive; for it compels him to get behind words to the realities for which they stand.

Among such words is 'salvation'—fundamental in Christianity, but even there often imperfectly understood. We tend to interpret such words traditionally, thinking we know their meaning better than, in fact, we do. Many people undoubtedly think of salvation simply as deliverance from punishment in the world to come; but a very little careful study of the Bible will convince us of the inadequacy of such a view. In looking at the Old Testament two facts confront us: Salvation is usually regarded as something to be experienced (1) *in this world*, and (2) *by the nation* rather than by the individual. In early Hebrew days salvation was thought of as deliverance from the ills and troubles of this world, especially from enemies. It is Yahweh who 'saves,' though He often uses human instruments. The crowning instance of