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position of supplying merely the first, and fullest, chapters in Christian revelation. Tyrrell's insistence on the normative character of the experiences to which the New Testament gave expression has done much to correct this tendency ;

and even if his own statement of the relations of New Testament and later conceptions is not entirely adequate, he is the father of a conception of theology which does much to facilitate a solution.

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## In the Study.

### *Virginitus Puerisque.*

#### Keep your Flag Flying.

BY THE REVEREND HAROLD BICKLEY, B.D.,  
NORTHAMPTON.

'I will never disown you' (Moffatt).—Mk 14<sup>21</sup>.

HAVE you ever noticed a tall flagstaff on the west tower of the Houses of Parliament in London? Big Ben is in one tower, and the flagstaff is on the tower at the other end of the building. Whenever the Union Jack is flying from that flagstaff, every one knows that Parliament is sitting. Do you know, too, that there is a special staff of men, ex-sailors, living in the tower, and it is their special duty to keep the flag flying? Perhaps you think they have a very easy task. It isn't an easy task, for the Victoria Tower is three hundred feet high, and the flagstaff rises one hundred and twenty feet above that. It needs a very large flag for people in the streets below to see it at that height. The largest flag they use in fine weather is thirty-six feet by twenty-four. When the weather is rough and the wind is strong, it is very difficult to haul that big Union Jack up and down. To do this there are two hauling-jacks fitted to the flagstaff, so that if one gets tangled the other may be used. Once there was only one hauling-jack, and then one day something unfortunate happened, which none of the sailors like to hear mentioned. It was a very rough and windy day, and, when they tried to haul down the flag, they couldn't move it, it was so badly tangled with the tackle. So one of the sailors volunteered to climb up a guy-chain on the flagstaff and straighten it out. It was a very difficult and dangerous thing to do, to climb a pole four hundred feet above the ground in very rough weather. But the brave sailor did it, and after that happening another hauling-jack was fitted.

The sailors take great care of their flag; they watch it carefully when it is flying. Every tear or

fray has to be mended immediately it is seen, or the strong wind would tear the flag to shreds. There is a special room in the tower set apart for the repairing, and the sailors do all the sewing.

You would never think that so much skilful work and careful watching were needed to fly a flag. But it is a difficult task to keep *that* flag flying—almost as hard as it is for you and me to keep our flag flying. Every one of us must fly our flag; we must show our colours, let people see to whom we belong and whom we serve. Older people sometimes talk about 'flying the flag of our faith,' that is, showing people that we belong to Jesus Christ, and that we are not ashamed of it. When we are tempted to do wrong, when our companions are not talking straight and clean, when others want us to go with them to do the things we know Jesus wouldn't like, then it is a brave thing to keep our flag flying for Jesus in such rough weather.

One night one of Jesus' closest friends hauled down his flag, because he was afraid to let any one know he was a follower of Jesus. It happened on the very last night that Jesus was on earth, just before He went to die on the Cross. Jesus was unjustly and cruelly taken prisoner and brought to the Judgment Hall. Peter, His friend, followed afar off, and while Jesus was inside the Hall, Peter crept into the courtyard to watch what was going to happen. As he stood by a fire some one came up to him, and said, 'You are a friend of Jesus, aren't you?' Peter was afraid that he might be taken to prison if he said he was a friend of Jesus, so he denied it. 'No, I am not His friend, I don't know Him.' That was a cowardly thing to do. Peter hauled down his flag badly that night. He was afraid to show his colours. Then he looked to see where Jesus was. He wondered whether He had heard his denial, and through the faint light he saw the eyes of Jesus were fixed on him. There was such a sad and pained look in those eyes, it made Peter thoroughly ashamed of himself.

He never forgot that look of his best friend he disowned. Never again was he ashamed of Jesus. He flew the flag of his faith afterwards; he was proud of it even though he had to suffer for it. Every one who saw Peter then said, 'He is flying the flag of Jesus, we know who his Master is. He has been with Jesus, and is not ashamed to own Him.'

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### What is a Gentleman?

BY THE REVEREND ROBERT STRONG, M.A., B.LITT.,  
LEEDS.

'I am in the midst of you as he that serveth.'—  
Lk 22<sup>27</sup>.

There have been from time to time some curious ideas as to what makes a gentleman, some making much of dress, or manners, or position in the world, but the best account I know has been put in this way, 'A gentleman is one who doesn't want to take more out of life than he is willing to put in.' That seems to get deeper than some of the other notions, because if once we have learned this way of looking at life, all the graces of behaviour will come in due course and without any difficulty. There have been some very fine gentlemen who could never afford very fine clothes, and some men have had rank in the world, although nobody could call them gentlemen in any real sense of the word.

If you want to see what the real gentleman is like, and to feel what a splendid fellow he is, it is worth while for a minute to look at this dreary picture of his opposite. Somebody asked the captain of a football team the other day a very interesting question. He said, 'Who is the greatest nuisance in your club?' and this was his reply. 'That's an easy question to answer. There is one in the club who is the terror of my life. He likes whatever glory there is going, and if we are going to play a specially important match, I know what to expect from him. He won't leave me alone, but worries me every day to give him a place in the team. He likes to see his name in the local paper and boast to his friends about being a good player and all the rest of it. If there happens to be a concert or a free tea given as a treat by a generous supporter, he is sure to be there, and he won't mind asking for free tickets for his friends. At the practice matches he isn't so much in the picture. It is really wonderful how many different excuses he can find in the course of a season for not doing his share like the others. If I put him in the team, I am bound to hear a good deal of grumbling from them,

and he does give them something to complain about. He thinks he is the only one who matters in the game, and his silly selfishness has lost us so many goals that I put him down as easily the greatest nuisance I have to deal with.' That was pretty plain speaking, and if ever you have to meet anybody like that, you will find yourself saying, 'What a pity he never learned to be a gentleman.'

Have you ever noticed how Jesus shines out as our glorious example in this, as in so many other ways? He did not busy Himself and worry other people by making big and constant demands on life. Wherever He came, people were set at ease, for He was not desiring fuss and ceremony. He simply came into every situation as it arose, giving joy and help and understanding. He was not complaining, but was showing how little He asked of life when He said one day, 'Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' He was content that life should offer Him one great thing—the chance of service, so that He could say with truth, 'I am in the midst of you as one that serveth.' See how rich and varied and interesting that life of little demand and much service was. The gospel story is full of incidents showing Him at hand in the moments of special need. What we have written down is a very small part of the story of His service, and we can understand what that writer meant when he said, that if the whole story were to be written, the world itself would not be big enough to contain the books that should be written.

Those who have followed the Lord Jesus most closely have learned from Him this way of giving themselves in joyful service, and in every case their lives have become powerful and beautiful. They have never needed to read books telling them how to behave, for something within them has told them this in a very effective way. They have given themselves joyfully, and so they could never be rude and insolent in manner, because they have loved others far too much for that ever to be possible. The worst manners in the world come out of pride, and real followers of the Master have conquered that evil spirit. If a man is selfish and proud, he will think so much of himself, and want so much for himself, that it will be all too easy for him to push others out of the way, forgetting that in a world like this there is a constant demand for courtesy and kindly consideration. That is to say, the world is always needing gentlemen who don't try to take more out of life than they are willing to put in.

## The Christian Year.

### FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

#### Pilate.

'Pilate said unto them, Why, what evil hath he done? And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify him.'—Mk 15<sup>14</sup>.

1. Perhaps it is in this way, and no other, that all the evil in the world has come about. Some one fails to do his part. He knows what he ought to do, what he would even like to do. But he sees that, if he acts as he knows he ought to act, his action will get him into trouble, or will arouse feelings in other people which will make it hard for him to continue in the old relations with them. This again will make it impossible for him to carry out some proposal or plan which he has in view, which if carried out is likely to have good consequences such as will outweigh the wrong done by his momentary moral obliquity. It is wrong on his part, he admits, to pay no heed to the uneasiness of his own soul. It is wrong to do wrong, or to permit wrong to be done. But then—so argues one who is using his mind as his accomplice rather than his guide—'life is a big thing' (which is true), meaning 'life is a careless thing' (which is not true, otherwise there would be no need for him to argue these delicate matters with himself), 'and one must weigh his actions, forecasting before he takes a step whether he will not be doing some greater harm later on.'

The sin of Pontius Pilate was the sin of acquiescence. It was not that he did wrong; it was that he did nothing. The world, as we have it, is simply the immense and unravelled result of the actions and *in*actions of an infinite number of people who have on the whole been, not so much bad people, as simply people who above everything wished to be as free of trouble as possible. Pontius Pilate is the patron saint of those who on a moral issue are prepared to take the line of least resistance. They often call themselves practical men. Now, when more than a certain number of people take the line of least resistance, mankind begins to fall away publicly from God.

2. Christ standing before Pilate: *that* was a situation, a contrast which could not but be perceived as having about it something typical and dramatic and enduring. We have only to see them face to face to feel in the depths of our soul what God meant man to be. Of course, like Pilate himself we may juggle with our own inveterate moral instinct. We may whip up reasons upon reasons

for refusing to see life so simply as that. But all the time we know we are putting pressure upon ourselves, like an advocate with a desperate brief. There they stand—a kind of snapshot taken by God Himself—and no man can claim to be a man who, looking at the one and the other, does not see his way. We have the habit of saying, 'Christ before Pilate.' What really we ought to say is, 'Pilate before Christ.' We feel that Christ can stand there for ever: it is Pilate who must get away.

It is the nearness of Christ to him which enables us to see Pilate. It was the nearness of Christ to him that almost succeeded in enabling Pilate to see himself. When in the grey afternoon we begin not to be able to see the letters on the printed page, we draw nearer to the window. Whereupon the letters stand out again in the whiter light. It is a great principle. And so we read that God sent His Son into the world that we might see ourselves, and become unhappy, and humble, and be saved. 'I came not to send peace, but a sword,' said Jesus; and who has not seen a sword of light flashing into a curtained room, and pointing intensely at something, like the very finger of God! And who has not had some such an experience in the inner chamber of his soul!

Was Pilate serious? Was he really impressed by Jesus? When his wife urged him to be careful, and told him of a dream she had had, had that the effect, even for a little while, of making Pilate more uneasy, or even of making him slightly afraid? Or was the whole thing in his view a merely local and troublesome incident in the varied responsibilities of a State official who has been appointed to the difficult business of holding down a conquered people, and preferably by adroitness, by going round rather than by going through?

We should, of course, like to believe that no one ever stood near to Christ without being the better for it. And yet we must not presume upon that. If it should turn out to be so—that no one ever stood near to Christ without becoming different and better—it will be one of the added glories of Heaven. But we must not be sure, or speak as though we knew for certain. We do know that, when he first encountered Jesus, Pilate was simply one of those natural men who are called upon to deal with an enormous number of matters which look small to them, because they do not feel them. We may say, too, that he was one who had settled down to a rather cynical and unenthusiastic view of life.

There is a kind of admiration of Jesus in his

behaviour. And yet it is an admiration of the man, accompanied by something like contempt for all that He stood for. 'I am sent to bear witness to the truth,' said Jesus. 'What is truth?' rejoined the other, with the weariness of a cosmopolitan, with a kind of regret that a simple man should be so enamoured of anything as to put his life in jeopardy for the sake of it.

We can answer none of these questions. It is no part of our business to answer them. The point for us is, that Jesus and Pilate represent two voices which accompany us all throughout our life from the cradle to the grave. It may even be that they are always facing each other on the stage of our inmost soul. There is the way of a final laughter at man; and there is the way of faith. There is the way of shrugging our shoulders as though saying, 'What does it matter?' and then washing our hands. And there is the way through life which, led by Christ, they take who hold that for man there is but one great misfortune, and that to receive an idea which exercises no influence upon his active life; to see something, to hear something, something which calls to us—and having seen it or heard it, to trample it under our feet in some strong and contracting deed.

But all Scripture is written for *our* edification; and we are here, not to bemuse our minds over Pilate, but to take precautions for the safety and honour of our own souls.<sup>1</sup>

#### FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

##### True Religion.

'Faith which worketh by love.'—Gal 5<sup>6</sup>.

These few words indicate the nature of religion, and clearly reveal the nature of the Christian religion. It ought not, in these days, to be necessary—and yet it is necessary—that people should be reminded of what religion really is, and of what the Christian religion really is—of what it is always, everywhere, under all circumstances, modes, or denominations. For there are things which are described as religion which have little or nothing to do with it. 'Every school,' said Emile Burnouf, 'which does not formally recognise a god is unable to form a religion.'

To many this must seem like a barren truism. Of course, they say, there can be no religion without a god. But it is becoming a fashion to describe phases of human life as religion which, as such, are quite independent of a Divine idea. The very

passions which flamed with such devastating fury at the French Revolution are held by its great historians to be a religion. 'Some people,' said Matthew Arnold, 'are for calling all high thought and feeling by the name of religion, according to that saying of Goethe, "He who has art and science has religion."' 'But,' said Arnold, 'let us use words as mankind generally uses them.'

There are some who charge the ministers of religion with intolerance and bigotry because they may say, of some scientific agnostic, or of some one who 'is an excellent husband and father and very nice indeed, with no vices and most agreeable and indeed decidedly clever,' that he is not religious. Why, he may not have the smallest intention of being religious! For religion is not merely assent to the existence of God or of powers superior to those of man with which man is in contact. Religion is the realization of such a Divine Presence in the life of the intellect, the emotions, and the will. Religion is not merely an intellectual perception. It is a personal dominating spiritual experience. Religion, from its lowest to its highest development, consists in the recognition of a power or entity superior to man; in the feelings which the nature or character of this superior power produces within the man; and in the conduct or cult outside the man which these feelings compel him to perform. Realized religion always involves, whatever the religion, a creed, a corresponding emotion, and an accordant practice. It is all these three in a unity indivisible and not in any one of them alone.

Take, for instance, one of the lowest forms of religion, that of the Izedis, or devil worshippers. The superior being of their faith is hostile to man. This is the creed. Because he is an enemy of man he is feared. This is the emotion. Because he is disposed to hurt and destroy mankind he must be propitiated, and his hostility appeased by sacrifices, human or animal, and served with flattering, slavish adulation, and magical symbols and ritualism. This is the conduct or cult produced. Just the same is it in our own religion, which is the nearest approximation to Divine reality obtainable in this life. It has the same three elements—the all Holy, the all perfect, the One all Good, which is the Supreme Good—even God; honour, reverence, love for this adorable Supreme Good; a life ruled in all things by devotion to this Supreme Good; evermore becoming conformed to it, like it, and one with it.

The three elements which constitute religion are indicated in the text. 'Faith' points to a creed; 'love' to the feeling or emotion; 'working' to

<sup>1</sup> J. A. Hutton, 'There They Crucified Him,' 111.

the practical outcome of this emotion—'Faith working through love.' The feeling, the emotion, is the element that deserves to be held as the innermost soul of religion, fusing by its vital heat the other two elements into an indivisible unity. For this reason you can have either of the other two alone, but you cannot have the feeling, the emotion alone.

Certainly there may be a creed without religion, and there may be admirable moral conduct without religion. But there cannot be a genuine feeling which is not a feeling towards something, which is not addressed to some object. So that feeling, emotion, necessarily implies an object. Feeling must have a creed. And it must produce a certain conduct. Feeling is the motor of action. Love must live for its object. And so it is truly said, 'If a man love me, he will keep my commandments.' Mill confessed that the soul of religion is feeling. His words are, 'The essence of religion is the strong, earnest direction of the emotions towards an ideal recognised as of the highest excellence.'

But there are very sensible people—very English people—who are at least suspicious of what they call emotional religion. But, because there are sickly and emasculating emotions, it does not follow that all our emotions are sickly and emasculating. Is the love of parents for their children, or of a patriot for his country, ignoble because it is an emotion? Religion as an emotion—implying, as it necessarily does, an object and a practical manifestation—is akin to the love of beauty in its many modes. Notwithstanding the pontifical oracle of Dr. Johnson, 'Intercourse between God and the human soul cannot be poetical'; it is akin to noble poetry, and finds one of its most congenial modes of expression in poetry. The psalm and the hymn are religion's native tongue, which finds its noblest expression in the prayers of Christ and in the Psalms of David. There are in the Bible old fascinating histories and lofty morality; the statesman's forecasts and the theologian's deductions. But Christ praying and David praising are religion indeed, and for evermore. Open the Psalter by chance, and one's heart begins to beat more quickly and light to glow in the eyes. 'I will magnify Thee, O God, my King, and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord and worthy to be praised. There is no end to His greatness. O praise God in His holiness; praise Him in the firmament of His Power. For this God is our God for ever and ever, He shall be our guide unto death.' Here is religion, playing upon its

harp for joy. And if we would behold religion in an hour of awful suspense, we must take our place at the Last Supper, and watch in the garden of Gethsemane.

But it is said by some, who do not want religion or who try to apologize for the absence of it from their special friends, 'We are quite content with the life of Christ.' To be like Christ would be to have the highest religion attainable by man, religion complete in the three elements of which we have spoken. But the actions of Christ's daily life cannot be separated from the faith on which it rested, and the love which inspired it. Agnostical was He? Impossible! Here are His words on agnosticism: 'Holy Father, the world hath not known thee; but I have known thee.' If men take Christ as their ideal, they must take His religion also. He had no life apart from God. In spiritual exaltation and in mortal agony His soul was fastened upon God. His last cry was, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit.' There are those who, while they profess to believe all the articles of the Christian creed, are not religious. Their *realized* God is not the living God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Orthodoxy is their god, and orthodoxy as a realized god is a dead god, which strikes with chill the hearts of its worshippers, and offers an intellectual formula for the salvation of the soul. Why are they not religious, these strong pillars of ecclesiastical parties? Because they are without the emotion which is the vital force of religion, 'the faith working through love.' To such it may be said, 'I know you that ye have not the love of God in you.' For the Divine voice which ever sounds, but which we do not always hear or heed, is not, 'Give me thy orthodoxy, thy formal plan of salvation, thy Catholic Church, thy philosophy, or thy system of ethics.' It is, 'My Son, give me thy heart.'<sup>1</sup>

#### SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

##### The Example of the Cross.

'Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross.'—Mt 16<sup>21</sup>.

We are accustomed to think of the Cross as the very sign of God. Yet, to begin with, it did not seem to come from any source so high: it was of man's most cruel manufacture. What tyrant was it who first conceived the idea of nailing criminals to a tree as men might nail vermin to a barn door?

<sup>1</sup> W. Page-Roberts, *True Religion*, 1.

The horrible practice arose in the East. It is known that the Persians had it, the Phœnicians, the Egyptians, the Carthaginians: the Romans are said to have adopted it in an attempt to imitate these last, their enemies, though Rome reserved it for slaves, for the most brutal criminals and for obscure provincials in remote corners of the Empire. But in shadowed ages before the thing entered into history some Eastern potentate, crazed with cruelty, drunk with contempt, invented *the death of the cross*, and flattered himself on having discovered a new way of dealing with refractory and seditious persons. He did not know it—that crazy, cruel man—but he had invented the supreme paradox of history; he had created a symbol in which all opposites might meet. The Divine Purpose wrought upon the matter in its deliberate way, and the heavenly throne had the last word upon the device of earthly tyranny. The Cross now speaks to all the world of human nature at its worst and at its best.

1. It is well to begin with the Example of the Cross, because, according to the Synoptic Gospels, it was there that the Master began in expounding this mystery to His disciples. The Cross as a reconciliation they were not yet fitted to understand, nor could they see the rose-red splendour which was going to spread from Calvary through the cold white light of theology. Here was where He began in opening to them the difficult lesson: 'From that time forth began Jesus to shew unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things, and be killed. . . . Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' The Cross being a visible thing in the world of that day, it is possible that the phrase, 'Take up the cross,' already had proverbial force: a man carrying his cross was known by all who saw him for one who had turned his back on life and was facing death, a man whose destiny was taken finally out of his own hands. Here was a bitter chill for young enthusiasm. In a world of hard roads and rough tempests they may have thought that they had discovered, under His leadership, a path of flowers. A place of execution was the last thing they expected to see. It was as if a teacher, having gathered his pupils round him in a pleasant meadow, had suddenly taken from under his mantle a hangman's rope and made that the symbol of their common enterprise.

2. But the disciples knew, as we know full well, our Lord's love of parables and pictures. This

figure of the cross was one of His greatest parables, a whole system of ethics condensed into a word—the ethics of self-denial, the ethics of unworldliness. He may take His symbols from time, but their meanings come from eternity: their commentary is in the nature of things. He Himself took up His cross long before He bowed His shoulder to lift the cross of wood; and His disciples also, in so far as they were true disciples, had to take up their cross, even though they might never be crucified on any hill of shame. Do many people nowadays read *Obrig Grange*? There are some things in it too wise and deep to be forgotten. The dying Thorold is speaking of his doubts and his certainties:

But all through life I see a Cross,  
Where sons of God yield up their breath:  
There is no gain except by loss,  
There is no life except by death,  
And no full vision but by Faith,  
Nor glory but by bearing shame,  
Nor Justice but by taking blame;  
And that Eternal Passion saith,  
'Be emptied of glory and right and name.'

3. Once the principle is accepted so, it may lead men to the major sufferings and sacrifices, if that be the will of God for them, as it led Christ to the Tree from which He reigns, or as it led the holy and blessed martyrs to the arena and the stake. In other cases—in the vast majority of cases today—it leads only to things which may have no heroic or splendid look in the eyes of the watching world; one man may find waiting for him a struggle with his temper, another with his laziness, a third with the clogging burden of ill-health, a fourth with a set of hostile circumstances and threatening temptations. Yet these things are not small, because they give the individual the opportunity of shouldering and carrying his cross, of merging his own will in the Divine will as the latter is progressively revealed to him, and of thus, while dying to self, finding that self new-made in the service of the Highest.

This needs reinforcement and proclamation today. The austere note has gone too much out of religion and life. Some one has remarked that the eighteenth century revolted against kings, the nineteenth revolted against priests, and the twentieth century is revolting against moralists. We must get the austere note back into life, but it will scarcely come unless it comes by way of religion. Men find it hard to love austerity for its own sake; they may come to love it and to live it, for Christ's sake. That was why to Thomas à Kempis the way

of the Cross was the royal way ; the Royal Feet had gone that way and he could not but follow, surrendered and adoring. And to those who still follow in that high, hard path, He who is Pioneer of the way is the Comrade of it too, so that beneath their burdens they are not unsupported, and in their loneliness they are not alone.

The royal road with mist is white,  
 Below lies earth and its delight,  
 No song of land or sob of sea  
 To break the deep tranquillity,  
 Whose very stillness brings affright . . .  
 My soul is saddened in despite  
 Of faith and promises, then bright  
 Descends from Heaven's grey canopy  
 A Hand once marred on Calvary  
 And guides my feet to mount aright  
 The royal road.

It is a happy austerity which leads to the joy of such a fellowship and to the assurance of such an ultimate attainment.<sup>1</sup>

#### EASTER DAY.

##### The Heart of Christianity.

'If ye then be risen with Christ.'—Col 3<sup>1</sup>.

The heart of Christianity, its innermost sanctuary, its most dazzling glory, and the chief source of its power is not even the Cross. It is the open grave.

To me, indeed, the Cross must always be a very central thing. Whenever I wander far from Calvary, I, for one, begin to lose sight of the Master, and have to get back. And yet is there not real point in Michelangelo's indignant protest, when he turned in his stormy way upon his fellow-painters and demanded, 'Why do you keep filling gallery after gallery with endless pictures of the one ever-reiterated theme, of Christ in weakness, Christ upon the Cross, Christ dying, most of all Christ hanging dead? Why do you concentrate upon that passing episode, as if that were the last word and the final scene, as if the curtain dropped upon that horror of disaster and defeat? At worst, all that lasted for only a few hours. But to the end of unending eternity Christ is alive, Christ rules and reigns and triumphs.' And, if we would help people to be valiant in their Christian living, it is that we should be ringing out over the world ; that Christ has won, that evil is toppling, that the end is sure, that nothing can for long resist our mighty and victorious Lord.

<sup>1</sup> J. M. E. Ross, *The Tree of Healing*, 71.

That surely is the Easter note ; yes, and the spirit that makes Christianity. We come to celebrate a triumph, and we are confronted with the symbols of an agony. Our hearts cry out, 'But we are past all that ! Good Friday is Good Friday. And, while the darkness lasts, it is well and seemly to gather in it on that little hill ; to grope our slow way through it toward that central cross ; to stand there dumb and stunned, looking on Him whom we have pierced, till the thing comes home to us, rushes our soul, and storms our spirit, and forces us, whether we will or no, to love this mighty Lover who first so loved us. But Easter is Easter. The darkness, blessed be God's name, is gone. And we, who have been redeemed by precious blood, would join ourselves to those who are fully redeemed, would take our part in that long shout of praise and adoration with which yonder they acclaim the Christ who died once, but who is alive for evermore, who was indeed buried in weakness but who rose in power, who reigns upon God's throne, with the grim principalities that thought to master Him, beaten and down and cringing beneath His triumphing feet !'

It was Easter that made the Church. And it is Easter alone that can bring us through with our heads up and our hearts gallantly defiant. For it comes to us as a call to a higher life, aye, and, thank God, as a proof that we can win to it. Always what interests the men of the New Testament in Christ's rising is that they can reproduce it in their own experience. To them His life is not in any way unique, save in degree. For they who are Christ's are bound to follow Christ on to the very end. They, too, must go about doing good, in their Lord's way : they, too, must take their cross upon their shoulder and throw their life away for others in His fashion : they, too, must rise with Christ into a new and wonderful being, grow altogether different from what they were ; must—aye, and can—become new creatures with new possibilities, new ways, new power.

It is a marvelous story that slow evolution of life from its crude beginnings up and up and up till man appears. How ? No one knows. There is so huge a gulf yawning between him and the nearest of his kinsmen. Yet there he stands—a man, with a man's intellect and a man's heart and a man's conscience, living his life in a man's royal way. And that amazing thing was fashioned out of what was at the start only a living greed, an animate selfishness, a grasping, ever-open, ravenous mouth, and nothing more. And from that drab, sordid material God's cunning hands have wrought

out into being such adorable things—love, and self-sacrifice, and all the glories of humanity, all somehow made from that.

And we stare at them bewildered. For what to you is the most extraordinary thing in Scripture? To me it is not even the glorious figure of Christ; but rather this, that that wonderful thing did not dishearten people altogether, did not make them argue that, since this has been made out of a life like theirs, then their own blundering attempts, in view of this tremendous standard of achievement, are far, far worse than they had ever realized, and they had better give it up.

But in the Testament it is not so things acted on men's minds. Rather the fact of Christ stung them to a tremendous, an illimitable, an insane-looking hope. 'If ye then be risen with Christ,' Paul throws out, taking for granted that amazing assumption. To his mind that is the whole point and meaning of the thing. If you are Christ's at all, then of course you have left behind you the old life as a thing dead, and over, and forgotten, and are now living in His new and glorious way—are, or else can—quite surely can.

With incredulous eyes, that can hardly believe what stares at them, Paul sees that the great mass of people are in no way interested in the news he brings to them.

Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,—

Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,  
Sadly contented in a show of things,

their faces never light, and in a little while they stretch themselves, and yawn, and drift away to other things. As if anything could matter but this that they might have, this he is pressing on them, this that is theirs for the taking! And they don't want it.

Think of a slave who might be done for ever with that misery of his—that shrinking figure, those cowed and furtive eyes, that timorous elbow thrown up all too quickly, ever ready for the expected blow—who might win back self-respect, and be a man again instead of that mere ugly thing he is. And he, given his choice of that, elects to remain this horror! You can be free, man! Free!

It is a desperate thing to meet with Christ. For once we do, we must close with Him or reject Him; must take His offered gifts or else push them impatiently aside; must be the better for Him or the worse. To the depths of our being He, too, tests us, and reveals unerringly what manner of souls we are. And how is it with you and me?

You can become like Christ! Given that message, does your heart thrill at the thought of it, and do your hands leap out to clutch it, and does your soul resolve that, whatever else you win or lose, this you are going to gain? Or do you listen blankly, and rise up and go your way, back to the life you left, precisely as you came? Do you not want this thing? Want it? you say. Of course I do! But I can't have it, and I know that now. But I am too old for anything to happen now. My ways are fixed; my character is formed; the channels are long cut in which my life must run on to the end; my feet turn of themselves now into worn and beaten paths.

I am not what I have, nor what I do,  
But what I was I am, I am even I.

And it is too late to change now.

You can. That is the fact that we have got to grasp. 'I learned,' says Plutarch doggedly, 'that anger is not incurable if one wants to cure it.' It may mean endless pains! And who would grudge them for so wonderful a prize? Do you remember that old Buddhist who turned on his masterful passions, and hurled his truculent defiance in their faces. 'Although you conquer me a million times, I will spring up again a million and one times,' he cried; 'will never, never, never yield!'

And it might happen far more swiftly than we think. 'Thanks be to God,' cries Paul, 'who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' There evidently is a man who feels that he is winning, who knows it indeed, is sure he has got hold of something which enables him to face anything life or death can bring, and see it through with honour. This is a man fit for his life and able for his task. It is a happy condition. For there is no more miserable object than a man pitchforked into a job too big for him, and conscious of his own incompetence; a hunted soul, always just dodging the ruin never far away, and meantime never keeping step with duty, but always lagging farther and farther in the rear, while a huge mass of work undone keeps heaping itself up into a threatening avalanche which, when it moves, must overwhelm him in an irretrievable disaster.

But isn't that a too vivid picture of the lives of some of us? Oh, give us time, you say. Not yet, of course; but we hope something will come of it all some far-off day. That is the curse of religion, answers Dora Greenwell, that habit of translating into a vague future tense what Christ offers us now.

Life and death make a joyful Lent,  
So they lead us to Easter day.

But how are we to reach it and begin this newness of life ?

There is no way to Easter but by Calvary. What we require is something that will push us into action, that will make us really choose what we know we should choose, yet do not choose. That is the reason of the Sacrament and the use of the Cross. Before you finally determine what you are going to do with life, be sure that you have all the facts before you. And this is one of them, this Cross. Here is one Claimant ! Have you given consideration to His rights ? Don't say (how can you upon Calvary ?) that it is useless trying. For, look ! does not the Cross prove that, in the same world as God, colossal failure is not failure, but a door that opens straight out into triumph for a loyal heart ! Keep looking ! for it will help you, force you, lay compulsion on you, till your hands leap out to take the cup and all it typifies. The Sacrament ! The recruit's oath of allegiance ! The vow that the young soldier swore before the battalion he was joining, that all he had, his life itself, was not his any longer, but the Emperor's, and that he would be true to him till death !

Yet stay ! Are you quite certain that you understand ? That recruit's oath took him into strange places—many a lonely vigil, many a breathless jeopardy ; meant weariness and wounds and perhaps a life tossed away with disdain rather than break or yield. 'Dare you drink of the cup that I shall drink of ?' asks the Master. Dare you ? Look into its depths again ! There are grace and forgiveness there, most surely there ! Yes, but far more ! There are self-sacrifice, you understand, and loyalty, and a determination that you too are going to live in this new way. And dare you ? Do you answer, looking straight into Christ's eyes, 'I can, I will, I do ; and, please God, I shall stand to it' ?

Why, then, the grub is changing to the butterfly ; and Christ's power is at work in you, making you like Himself ; and the poor shuffling thing you are is putting on His ways. For you Easter has really dawned : in you the new life has indeed begun.<sup>1</sup>

#### FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

##### How Jesus Christ makes Things Old-fashioned.

'And he spake also a parable unto them ; No man putteth a piece of a new garment upon an old ; if otherwise, then both the new maketh a rent, and the

piece that was taken out of the new agreeth not with the old.'—Lk 5<sup>36</sup>.

1. Readers to whom the two parables are familiar have not noticed that according to St. Luke two comments were added, one concerning each parable. 'When men have drunk the new wine they say, "The old is better."' Jesus revolutionized religion, but the spirit of the revolutionary was not His. He understood how people felt about the old religion and the old forms. There was something mellow and familiar about them, whereas the new seemed crude and strange.

When He said, 'The piece from the new cloth will not agree with the old,' he used the artist's eye. This piece of glowing scarlet, how dingy it made the old red garment look ; this vivid purple, how it shamed the stained violet of the old robe. The new makes the old look old. The old has to go. We are reminded of the words in the Epistle to the Hebrews : 'By saying a new covenant He antiquates the first. And whatever is antiquated and aged is on the verge of vanishing.' This is a picturesque statement of a principle. Jesus took a threefold attitude to old things.

Some old things He came to destroy. There was to be an end of them. They were infected, foul, useless. Their fate was destruction. Hatred, unforgiveness, materialism—He came to abolish them.

Other old things had something prophetic in them. They were to be fulfilled. There were seeds in them which He developed into full flower. Such were the Ten Commandments, fasting, the sacrificial instinct. He revitalized, deepened, and expanded them.

But there were other things which men would grow out of and leave behind. They would become obsolete. The time would come when they would look absurd. That, too, would be the result of His life and teaching. Some teachings Jesus neither condemned nor fulfilled, He simply made them appear foolish and unnecessary.

2. Think, for instance, of slavery. It was deeply embedded in the social life of Christ's day. We miss this fact because so often the Greek word for 'slave' is translated 'servant.' It seemed to most people unthinkable to get needful work done without slave-labour. There was a good way and a bad way of treating slaves, but to do without them altogether—that was impracticable. And Jesus did not lead a crusade against slavery, cruel and hideous though its tyranny often was. He simply taught that every man, bond or free, was precious to God ; that His followers' duty was to love their neighbours, including slaves, as really as they loved

<sup>1</sup> A. J. Gossip, *The Hero in Thy Soul*, 185.

themselves. He left that leaven to work. And it did work. It was not very long before Christians came to disuse slavery. The habit of freeing slaves during the life or at the death of the owner grew stronger. It was after all rather difficult to keep one whom you called 'Brother beloved' in the Church a slave in the household.

Then it was discovered that slavery is not an economic necessity. It took centuries before Christians finally made up their minds that it was not only unworthy, but also antiquated. It is fair to say that this new point of view has been finally reached. Not only the Church, but the whole civilized world has come to see that it was a mere survival of a barbarian stage of life.

3. Again, war is on the way to become obsolete. When the last great battleship was proceeding down the Tyne to the North Sea, a group of business men were standing on a jetty watching the great ship go on its first voyage seawards. One of them, a shipowner, said: 'I don't like the look of her.' When pressed to explain his meaning, he said it was because so much money was in one bottom. Another of the spectators, a stockbroker, chimed in, 'Yes, if we could have done without her it would have saved threepence in the pound in income-tax.' A third bystander, an eminent engineer, made the third comment, 'When will modern governments discover that war is old-fashioned?' Such a conversation among hard-headed business men is significant.

Let no one say that it was sentimental talk, however hard-headed the talkers. There are already places where war has become unthinkable. Four hundred years ago there was no more war-ridden ground than the Borders of England and Scotland. But to-day these wide uplands where armies marched and counter-marched and the moss-troopers rode by night and day are the most peaceful spot on God's earth. Flodden Field, where 'the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away,' is the haunt of peace, and the monument erected in 1910 bears this inscription, 'To the brave of both nations.' If any one say, 'Yes, but England and Scotland are now united under one King and Government, we can't have undefended frontiers where two separate Governments and nations adjoin,' the answer is, 'Can we not? What about the United States of America and Canada?' A thousand miles of river, a thousand miles of lake, a thousand miles of prairie, a thousand miles of mountain, and not a fortress, not a cannon, not an armed sentinel for the whole four thousand miles.

Who taught us first and best that war is destined to become as obsolete as the weapons of far-off centuries of strife? Was it not Jesus Christ? He taught no slogan against either war or slavery or the other tyrannies of His time. But with the calmness of entire conviction He gave a vision of the blessedness of peace and of the inevitable ownership of the earth by the 'meek,' people of a patient and conciliatory disposition. He was indeed like a grown man watching little boys furiously quarrelling over trifles, and setting Himself to help them to grow beyond it.

What He taught is as applicable to private life and intercourse as to national life and intercourse. He taught us to avoid bitterness, to cultivate magnanimity, to cherish courtesy, to acquire the non-antagonistic mind. There are still to be found business men who hint that you must treat every man as a rogue till he is proved to be an honest man, that you must constantly stand up for your rights because no one else will. But the intelligent man of affairs in this land at least knows that these are worn-out maxims.

4. There is one other illustration of this principle which is of great importance. What was Jesus' attitude to Paganism? There were very few who worshipped only one God save the Jews. Throughout the Roman Empire, gods and goddesses were worshipped, Jupiter and Venus, Zeus and Aphrodite, Isis and Osiris. The plague of sexuality was over it all, though the finer minds had attempted to explain it away.

Now Jesus did not attack idolatry. When a handful of Greeks visited Him, there is no record that He attacked their religion. He made few references to Paganism save to point to it as a lower way of life and religion. What, then, did He do? He presented in His teaching the Father, implacably pure and unceasingly kind. He presented Himself as the Lover and Saviour and Comrade of mankind, perfectly human and irrevocably Divine. He was what the heart of man wants and the conscience of man demands. What was the result? The altars of the gods are deserted to-day. The modern man may fail to welcome Jesus, but He cannot resist His influence. There are many who do not receive the message of Christianity, but they know that no religion has any chance in the future unless it embody the worship of a Father-God.

This is most manifest when we consider how antiquated every sacrificial system has become. Jesus did not attack the sacrifices in the Temple in Jerusalem. But wherever the message of His own

death on the Cross has gone, in due course sacrifices automatically cease. It was Harnack, the famous German professor, who said that wherever the story of Christ's sacrifice is told, the altars cease to smoke and the blood of the sacrifice to flow. It is so even in Jewry. Under the Zionist movement thousands of Jews have been repatriated on the soil of their fathers. Much money has been spent on their settlement in Palestine. There is no proposal to reinstate the sacrifices of the Temple. How significant ! Jesus has made blood-sacrifices finally obsolete.

5. Will we let Christ show us, then, what we have to outgrow ? The prejudices and the trivial-

ities, the treasures open to moth and rust, the human splendours which so quickly fade, the joys with bitterness in their hearts, the will-o'-the-wisps of the human quest—what has Christ to say of them and of us clutching at them, hoarding them, spending body and soul to get them ? He says very little about them, just notes them and says, 'Come, walk with me, and these things will more and more lose their fascination.' St. Paul understood when he wrote : 'When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child : now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> R. C. Gillie, *The Gospel for the Modern Mind*, 18.

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## The New Anglican Commentary.<sup>2</sup>

BY PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., UNION SEMINARY, NEW YORK.

SINCE the *Speaker's Commentary*, written 'by clergy of the Anglican Church,' was published in last century, Biblical criticism has advanced and altered within the Church of England as elsewhere. The present Commentary is intended to mark the progress of criticism, or rather, as the editors put it, to let Anglican scholars to-day set forth their conclusions—scholars who 'have not found the results of legitimate criticism to conflict with the Catholic faith.' Unlike the *Speaker's Commentary*, however, this is in one volume ; it does not print the Biblical text, as readers are assumed to possess the Revised Version ; and it contains a number of general articles on history, geography, and theology. One's first duty is to congratulate the editors and the publishers on their achievement. Any competent work is welcome which endeavours to educate the public on the Bible. Misconceptions require to be removed from the mind, fresh discoveries (in archæology, for example) have to be assimilated, and traditional renderings need to be revised or abandoned. It is all to the good when such scattered contributions to the better knowledge of the Bible are gathered together and sifted frankly. This the editors have attempted to do, and we wish them every success. Their work will be appreciated

<sup>2</sup> *A New Commentary on Holy Scripture, including the Apocrypha*, ed. by Charles Gore, Henry Leighton Goudge, Alfred Guillaume (S.P.C.K. ; 16s. net).

far beyond the borders of their own communion. They have produced a book which is wonderfully cheap, which has a certain unity of outlook, which is religious in its tone without being homiletical, and which externally is pleasant and easy to handle. There are a few misprints : 'Welsh' for 'Welch,' 'pracisise,' and 'Selucid,' are the sort of minor errata which in a large book are inevitable, and such, so far as I have seen, are not numerous. The review copy sent to me does lack pp. 497-527, but that is a mistake of the binders. On the whole the get-up of the volume is excellent. A fuller index, however, would have been appreciated.

Like Dr. Peake's one-volume Commentary, it aims at an audience which is not able to use the original texts, and also at an interpretation which is religious or spiritual. Written for 'the ministers of religion' and for the laity, this work is intended, the editors assure us, to further the spiritual use of the Bible in the Church. Dr. Gore's opening essay claims that the Anglican Church, not the Roman, is the genuine trustee of the ancient liberty of the Church in dealing with the Scriptures, and is therefore bound to teach the faith 'without which the Church cannot live, and which is older even than the New Testament,' which is assumed in the New Testament writings. Great care has been taken to stress the religious setting of the New Testament especially in the life of the contemporary Church. And as the Bible was