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we assign to it, if it cannot sustain the significance we put upon it, we are deluded in our emotion and in our desire. The delusion is *our* delusion. The unreality which it generates is an unreality in us, and it frustrates our own self-realization. Thus any failure to live in and by the reality beyond us is a destruction of the reality of the self. All egoism is deliberate self-frustration, for the self which shuts itself off from its other shuts itself off from the possibility of its own realization.

To this we must add another important factor in the problem. Since the self must realize itself in and through its other, the limits of self-realization are the limits of the reality of the other. In particular, the self can only realize its personality in and through another person. The self-realization of persons is a mutual thing, possible only through the fellowship of love. The self cannot be real in isolation, because the reality of persons is a mutual reality. This is the first wisdom, and to grasp it is to destroy the illusion that self-realization is an egocentric and anti-social ideal. On the contrary, it brings us straight to the new commandment of the gospel that we should love one another, and to the first principle of Christian metaphysics, that God is Love.

Each of us stands, in unescapable isolation, over against the whole universe in its infinite otherness. Yet in mere isolation from it we are absolutely nothing, completely unreal. To be real at all we must somehow pass beyond ourselves and enter into fellowship with the world. In doing so we become ourselves and remain ourselves. This continuous flow of our life beyond itself into the world, into fellowship with its other, cannot be a one-sided transaction. The flow must run both ways. We must take the reality which lies beyond us to our own hearts. It must give itself to us in a mutual fellowship. This is the law of our being. We find our reality in the love of other men and women. Our friendships are the nodal points, as it were, the centres of concentration of our own reality in its self-transcendence. Yet in their isolation they too are only points, these friendships. They depend for their reality on the infinite beyond them. Through the love of men and women our individual selves reach out to fellowship with the whole infinite otherness of the world which is not us, yet in which we live and move and have our being. If this fellowship is to be possible—and its possibility is the condition of our own reality—then the infinity that stands over against us must needs be a personal God. For God is the postulate of our own being; and our self-realization is the realization of God.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Where's Eros?

By the Reverend A. Beaghan, East Molesey.

'Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself.'—Is 45^{15}.

If you lived in London and knew Piccadilly Circus before they built the wonderful Underground Station, which is a perfect marvel, you will remember the fountain that stood in the middle of the Circus with its flower-sellers sitting round, and the lovely winged figure of Eros poised on one foot, with wings outstretched, and holding a bow in his hand. He is the very image of lovely grace and beauty, and he has been absent from his old place for a long time, and Londoners are asking, 'Where's Eros?' 'We want our Eros back again.' The flower-sellers say the Circus is not the same without him, their trade has gone all to pieces, and they are sad and feel lonely without their old friend. There is a fuss indeed! I don't suppose many people know where Eros is, but I know, because I saw him the other day, and you will be surprised when I tell you. I wouldn't dare tell the flower-sellers where their old friend is; they would weep, I feel sure. Here's the secret. I'll tell you, but you must not tell the flower-sellers or the many London folk who love their Eros. I went to a foundry the other day where they make statues, and I saw them making all kinds of lovely things, and the man who showed me round told me how they make those big statues of famous people that stand in the City Squares and the Parks, and sometimes in homes and churches. I couldn't tell you all about it; it's much too complicated, but I saw one or two famous people in bronze while I was there. There was a huge statue of a great man who started Sunday schools—Robert Raikes—and he was lying on his side, to be

polished up before going to his native city to be placed on a plinth in a place where everybody can see him and remember him for his great work for children that has spread all over the world. There was a lifelike bust of the best boys' hero, the Chief Scout, and many other people whom you might or might not know, and there was one of the Prince of Wales. There was Eros too. Not in his glory and beauty as he used to stand in Piccadilly Circus, but hidden away in a mass of metal and dust and covered over with a big sheet. I said, 'What's that?' 'Oh, that's Eros,' said my guide. 'Eros? Poor Eros!' I said. 'Bad enough to be taken away from his home for so long without knowing whether he would ever come back, but to be poked away in a foundry with all the dust and the heat of furnaces and covered up so that no one could see him, that seems too shocking to anybody who knew him and loved him, and too terrible for Eros himself.' What was Eros doing there? He was there to be copied. Another city wanted one like him with the fountain and all, so they said, 'Please may we have a copy whilst Eros is in hiding?' and I dare say if you live in Liverpool you will see him in Sefton Park before long.

I could make Eros speak, I'm sure I could, and I'm sure there are many very thrilling things he would say if he had the chance to do so. But I want to say this for him, because I have a notion he would say it if he could. Eros, you know, was the god of love to the people who lived long ago. He it was who brought love to the lover and the home, and sent his winged dart to the hearts of those whom he wanted to learn the secret of love. We have learned something better than those ancient people knew. We know, not only about a God of Love, we may know HIM, and that is heaps more wonderful. Only, I fear, He often has to go into hiding, not because He wants to, but because we put Him there. We don't mind if He stands in full view on Sundays when we go to church or school or class, but He often has to go into hiding during the week, and we often forget all about Him. We have to be hauled up for fibbing and make-believe what's not really true. Don't we forget our prayers, too: and how often do we read our Bibles? Yes, the God of Love goes into hiding because we put Him there, and it is a far greater tragedy than Eros, believe me. But there is one place where He does want to hide. Where is that? Why, in your heart, because He knows that if He can get the first place there He will not be hidden. He will be able to show us what real love is, and He will be seen in all sorts of ways, in bits of kindness and words of gentleness and helpfulness and all the happy ways of serving other people that come out when we have God's own Son and our best Friend Jesus living inside us as He said He would. Yes! He is there to be copied like Eros. That's one thing. The other is this. Love has been banished for a long time in many places and in many hearts, and the voice speaks sometimes and asks to come back to the place where He used to be. You have heard and sung the hymn that was written by a great poet, 'O for a closer walk with God.' In one verse he cries:

> 'Return, O Holy Dove! return,
> Sweet messenger of rest!
> I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
> And drove Thee from my breast.'

That was a man longing for Love to come back. I don't know that he had driven God out, but he is asking Him to come back. You remember when King David was banished by his people and went a-wandering without home for a long time because the people couldn't make up their minds whether they wanted his handsome son Absalom or their true king. But when the trouble was all over and they saw things as they really were they longed for their king again. 'We want our king,' they said, 'When is he coming back?' They went to find him, and the whole land rejoiced and sang when David came back to Jerusalem. London wants its Eros, and will probably get him. Do we want our King to come to live in our hearts, in our homes, and in our cities as much as London wants its Eros? He is a God of Love indeed, and He gives joy and gladness to boys and girls who want it, and His love is not a love with wings that comes and goes at a whim, but His love lasts for ever and never fails.

The Guides' Race.

BY THE REVEREND W. H. STUBBS, B.A., MANCHESTER.

'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'—Mt 25^{21}.

Some years ago I spent a summer holiday in the Lake District. It is not a very exciting place even though it is very beautiful, and some of us were very glad when we heard that the people who live at Grasmere were going to hold their annual sports. We were told that we could attend the sports if we paid a shilling. So when the day arrived we walked to Grasmere early in the morning, and paid a shilling to enter the meadow where the sports were being held.

We saw many interesting tests of strength and skill, and we watched with keenness the dog races over the mountains and back again. But the event which I found most exciting was the Guides' Race. First there were the Guides' Races for men. These men know the mountains and the easiest way over them, so that they are able to act as safe and reliable guides to the visitors who wish to climb the mountains.

When the Guides' Race came on, the men who had entered for it all lined up. Then, when everything was ready, the starter dropped a handkerchief and the men set off, not on the level ground in the meadows, but they jumped the fences and started to climb the mountain side, which was very, very steep. We saw them climbing up and up among the trees and rocks and ferns until they seemed mere specks up near the clouds. On the top of the mountain there was a flag. The Guides had to reach this flag, then race back. Soon, we could see them at the flag, and returning down the mountain side. Have you ever tried to run down a mountain side? You can picture to yourself how these men rolled and tumbled. They sprang from rock to rock, and leaped over the obstacles. Then at last, out of the wood and ferns, came the first man, who took the fences in the meadow at a running jump, and the race was over.

Then there was a Guides' Race for boys. About a dozen boys had entered. I thought that they would let the boys run in the meadow. Not likely! When the signal was given, they also set off up the mountain side. They were not compelled to run so far as the men, but it was over the same course, up a difficult and dangerous hillside, where there was no path, but each runner had to make a path for himself.

Among the boys there was one who was about half the size of the others. We were all smiling at him because he was so small! Before the race started, one of the officials went to the boy, and I could tell by their faces that the official was suggesting to the boy that he was too small for such a difficult climb. But the boy smiled, shook his head, and tightened the belt around his waist.

The official allowed him to run, and soon they were off, over the fences and up the mountain, which is known as Wansfell Pike. They all started at the same place and at the same time, but the small boy had such short legs that he had to make two steps while the other boys made one, and consequently he lost the race before the runners had left the first field. He was only half-way out of the meadow when the rest of the boys had entered the wood. I think that everybody expected this small boy to return when he saw that he was hopelessly beaten. There was no chance of his winning the prize unless there was a 'booby' prize. The first boy, the prizewinner, was back at the winning-post before this small boy had reached the flag on the mountain top. But he didn't seem to mind in the least.

He kept climbing up and up, all by himself. Sometimes he seemed to be lost in the bracken. Then we could see his head like a small dot among the trees and rocks. Then he would be lost again for a moment, and the people said that he had given up and was lying down to rest. Then there was a loud cheer as we saw him through our field-glasses slowly climbing the last open bit of ground around the flag, after which he turned and came running down. But by this time all the other boys had returned. The race was over, but they did not want to start anything else until the small boy had returned. Over two thousand people waited patiently for some time until the lad emerged from the wood and came running across the meadow, cheered by everybody.

He had lost the race, but he kept on running. He was the last of the runners, but he was not beaten. He didn't give up because others had left him behind. He finished the course even although he was last. You are never beaten so long as you keep on running. You are never defeated so long as your will power is not broken. You are never overcome unless you confess it.

I like the boys and girls who never give in. I like their pluck. There are some of us who give up when we see others getting in front of us, and we say that it is not worth trying any more. That's cowardly. The prizes of life are not the only things that matter. Prizes are given to stir you to effort, and to cause you to exert yourself to the utmost, not because the prize itself is valuable. The sustained effort and the determination to win are worth more than the prize.

I am going to think a lot about that boy who lost the race but kept on running. I wish you would. There may be some boy in your class who wins all the prizes. Perhaps he wouldn't if you really tried. I have seen some of your school reports. At the bottom of some of these reports there are remarks like these: 'Lack of attention'; 'Jim would do better if he tried.'

Even if you cannot win the prizes, you can win a steadfast spirit. The best people are not, of necessity, the prize winners, but those who can be relied upon to do their best. You never lose so long as

you do not lose heart. That is what Jesus thought. He did not say, 'Well done, you prize winners,' but, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

The Christian Year.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Life on God's Plan.

'And Isaac builded an altar there, and called upon the name of the Lord, and pitched his tent there: and there Isaac's servants digged a well.'—Gn 26^{25}.

Isaac is felt by every Bible reader to be a much less commanding figure than the men who stand on either side of him—his father Abraham, and his son Jacob. He had neither the lofty and daring faith of the one, nor the other's passionate instinct of adventure. We are apt to call him tame, torpid, slow; at all events the too easy victim of over-modesty and inertia.

But of course this has another side. Isaac, it is true, is unlike Abraham and Jacob; but it is they that are uncommon men, not he. Of the three he exhibits far the closest resemblance to average humanity. And just for that reason the fact that Isaac was given his place in this great patriarchal succession speaks to us of the truth that God is the God of ordinary people, not less than of those in whom there sleeps the Divine spark of genius or greatness. As some one has said, 'God has a place for the quiet man.' We may have neither distinguished talents nor a distinguished history, but one thing we can do—we can form a link in the chain by which the Divine blessing goes down from one generation to another.

Within the four corners of this verse, which sets forth the experience of one in all points like ourselves, we may find an indication of the Divinely willed elements in a complete life. Pick out the three centres here, where the threads cross, and they are these, the *altar*, the *tent*, the *well*. There we see focussed sharply, and gathered up, the main constituents or impulses which are always to be found in the life of a man after God's own heart; and, without being unduly imaginative or fantastic, we may decide that they stand for *religion*, *home*, and *work*.

First, then, *religion*. 'He builded an altar there, and called upon the name of the Lord.' In the history of the patriarchs this brief notice of the erection of an altar is almost a standing formula. The Pilgrim Fathers, when they stepped on the savage shores of the New World, provided first for the house of God, it is related, before lavishing expense on their own homes; and in this they had the far-off saints of Genesis for model.

Isaac got his religion from his father, and now and then, perhaps, the question may arise whether, if he had had to make a venture like Abraham's for his belief, it might not have gone hard with him. Perhaps it might; but God gives to every man his own task. All are not pioneers, like Columbus; and if to us grace comes, as well it may, like an heirloom, almost, of the family, then our reasons for gratitude are all the deeper, and in the fact we should feel a sharp spur inciting us to guard with double care the treasure that is passing through our hands.

Perhaps the altar might be reared on the very spot which heathen natives had kept as a place of sacrifice—the first step in that long process of cleansing the soil which ultimately turned Canaan into a Holy Land for God's ransomed people. This thing is a parable. Life needs altars, if it is to be cleansed, and set apart, and made fit for the Divine service and indwelling. That is true about all life, be it social or individual. Quench the altar-flame in a city or a country; put out the fire of faith and devotion; destroy the influence of religion, and in twenty years society will fall to pieces by its own rottenness.

This holds good still more obviously of the life of the individual. Apart from the fact—though it is a fact easily forgotten—that God demands faith and obedience from every man; apart from this the life with no religion in it is a poor, stunted, undeveloped thing. Without that, we may widen our experience by art or culture as we please, but to the end it will be a thing of irretrievably narrow limits, for it will lack the third dimension, which gives depth and height. Besides, as we know who have seen the underside of life's web, the man without faith, whose altar has never yet been built or kindled, is choosing to dwell unprotected amid pestilences and miasmas of moral evil.

At this point let us urge a very simple lesson. It is noteworthy that wherever Isaac had a tent he saw to it that God had an altar. In other words, we should take religion with us wherever we go. Doubtless the environment will be hostile sometimes; but what is religion for, if it is to quench its flame meekly at the faintest breeze of opposition? Isaac must have found himself, often, among Canaanites and Philistines to whom his altars and prayers were an object of detestation; yet, easy though we think him, he could be stiff enough when it was a question of serving the Lord God of his fathers.

The second element in our life, as God plans it, is *home*. 'Isaac pitched his tent there.' His tent—an emblem, surely, of the changeful existence man is called to lead. Now this transiency of mortal things is one aspect of the truth, needful to be thought upon and never quite forgotten without loss. It is unspeakably important that we Christians should cultivate a detached spirit in regard to things seen; enjoying the good gifts of God—yes! enjoying them, and thanking Him for them all—but not afraid at the thought of letting go. If, as Robert Barbour used to say, 'Like the Jacobites, our King too is over the water,' our home cannot be here.

Yet this is only one aspect of the whole fact. Doubtless the tent was frail and transitory, yet all the time it was a home. Round that little shed of canvas clustered Isaac's dearest hopes. To him it was the focus of experience. So it cannot be that we should in any sense forget the priceless worth of home, merely because, like other sweet human things, it changes, and is for this world alone. Is not the Church itself, in one aspect, for this world only, and, it may be, the Bible too? Yet they are all God's inestimable gifts; and it is as we use such Divine elements in the life that now is, that we declare our fitness to live again.

But let us pass on from home life as it is in itself to what is more distinctive of the life drawn for us here. The mark of this home was its steadfast proximity to the symbol of religion. Think of the transience of 'home.' A few ropes and pins loosened, and the tent sinks to the ground. So it is with men, with the places of abode we mortals build and fill with love and happy peace. The loss of health, the progress of years, commercial adversity, the shame of sin—ah! sometimes the floods of death; any one of them all may sap the foundations in a moment, and lay the whole in ruins. 'So fast we flit; such shadows we are, and such shadows we pursue.' Yet into this transitoriness there is one thing that can bring permanence and eternity, and that is union with God. The man of the tent is the prey of time, and passes; the man of the altar endures for ever. Religion has in it that which is superior to time. And in the same way, if only the sacred ties and dear associations of home are knit firm by prayer and faith, it will be proved that over them also time and death have no power, and that the best and holiest that are in them pass on with us, when we pass.

How, then, is that pervasion of home life by the spirit of religion to be realized? Well, part of the answer stands before our eyes. We speak of the family altar, in a phrase that to-day is a metaphor; yet once on a time, as we see, it was no metaphor, but a description of real fact, of something that bore sensible witness to a steady faith in the unseen. How many of us are careful to keep that fire alight with its flame of daily worship?

Now let us look at the last point that is here—*work*. 'There Isaac's servants digged a well.' Of the detail that the well was dug by Isaac's servants nothing need be said; everything was done, in those days, by families or households. The servants, doubtless, had also pitched the tent and built the altar. The point rather is that now there emerges the third element in full, true life; for Isaac and his servants were great flock-masters, and the provision of water was one of the first duties of their calling.

To overestimate the value of sound honest work, alike for our relations to God and man, is quite impossible. The idle man, as a thousand voices tell us daily, is gambling with his family happiness and his children's character; for idleness is the most unfailing symptom, as well as the constant feeder, of that all-devouring selfishness against which no domestic welfare can stand. And it is a truism that the idler cannot serve God. He has nothing with which to serve. The means, to his sin and shame, are lacking. The altar means sacrifice; and for that he has no contrite heart, no energy of purpose, no money that has cost him anything. On the other hand, no element in all the Christian experience goes more directly to fit men for the high fellowship of God or the pure felicity of home than the strain, the discipline, the long education of worthy and honest toil.[1]

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Christian Charity and Moral Strictness.

'Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.'—Mt 7^{14}.

'Neither do I condemn thee.'—Jn 8^{11}.

Let us begin by considering two features in the life of Jesus. In the first place there is no question that He set before men an almost terribly strict way of life. He might well call it narrow. His commandments ask so much of men and women that many of us have sighed and said, 'It would be very fine, but it is beyond us.' The Beatitudes leave us almost despairing. The Sermon on the Mount seems to many an impossible rule of life in this complex modern world. If He abolished the old Jewish law, He did not put anything easier in its place.

[1] H. R. Mackintosh, *Life on God's Plan*, 1.

That is one aspect of the matter. But here is another. Jesus hardly ever spoke with severity to any individual. His terrible sayings were addressed to classes of people such as the Pharisees, or the rich, or the lawyers of His day. One of them was addressed to Jerusalem. Others of them occur in the Parables. The foolish virgins, the ungrateful guests, and the unfaithful servants, all have very stern things said to them. Of His generation He said strong, searching things. He could denounce with a passion that scorches to this day. But when Jesus speaks to individuals, He hardly seems the same man. To Zaccheus, that hard little miser, He said only helpful things. To the man who through sin had been thirty-and-eight years a physical and a moral cripple, He spoke only healing words. To the woman taken in adultery, He said, 'Neither do I condemn thee.' To men with unclean spirits He said nothing harsh, but proceeded to deliver them. If He reproved Martha on one occasion, do you not hear the note of love in His voice as He says, 'Martha, Martha!' If He had to say something very exacting to the rich young ruler, He also spoke with intense love. And with those blundering and annoying disciples of His who made such pitiful mistakes, how patient He was! To react to sin with hatred, and to react to sinners with love: that was His way. And behind that, again, there is a very definite assumption—namely, that the way in which to get a high moral ideal accepted and carried out is not by the way of severity and sternness and condemnation, but the way of untiring patience, gentleness, and love.

What about Christ's followers in this connexion? They have on the whole divided themselves into two groups. One group has echoed Christ's stern sayings, and has adopted a very strict attitude not only in general but towards individuals. The other has responded to Christ's tenderness, and has had nothing but gentle and kindly things to say both in general and towards individuals. And both groups, because they have followed only part of Christ's leading, have failed before the actual problems of life.

Many people have enjoyed themselves in denouncing the faults of others, and the wicked ways of the world in general, and yet have imagined that they were moved by a real zeal for righteousness. Further, because of their zeal against certain sins, they have quite overlooked their own different sins. It is horribly possible to slip into a state of mind in which we imagine we are fulfilling our Christian duty by being out-and-out members of anti-gambling societies, and temperance societies, and societies for social purity, and so on, while we leave out the real heart of Christianity, which consists in loving the people, good and bad alike, whom we happen to meet day by day.

And yet the other group of people often fails quite as completely, though in another way. If we reduce Christian practice to a mere attitude of kindly tolerance all round, we are always in danger of lowering the moral tone of society and betraying certain sacred interests. I used to feel that in connexion with the really fine charity towards sinners which I found in certain Army circles. I met men there who were far more ready to do a good turn to drunkards and profligates than some professed Christians; who never said or thought a hard thing about anybody, and whose good-nature and kindliness never failed. But, beyond all question, some of them were really indifferent to some great moral issues.

The way of Christ is an art which can only be practised by those who learn somehow to combine, as He did, unflinching testimony to moral truth with firm kindness to those in moral need. This is so particularly in connexion with the sad mistakes which many men and women make in the relations of sex. Of course we have to maintain without compromise the standard in sex matters which Jesus set up. It is the very way of life—the only hope for society. And this Christian society does—at least in word. But cruelty to those who fall will never help to establish that standard.

We are afraid of forgiveness. We think it might imply moral laxity, whereas it is a great redemptive art. If we analyse our conventional attitude we will find it implies the belief that people can be frightened into virtue; which is not true. There is to-day on a small scale a rebellion going on against the moral standards of the last generation. Its extent is often grossly exaggerated. But it is a reality, and to a large extent it is due to the refusal of a number in the younger generation to allow themselves to be controlled by fear.

Ah, sin is a queer monster. He always tries to work upon our fears. Once he can get us really frightened, we are more in his power than ever. And so-called Christian society has often played his game for him by adding to those fears. Some young people are said to be trying to escape him by denying his existence. They will not think about the fact of sin, and call those old-fashioned who do so. But that is not helping much. They come under his power for all that. Lying, and

jealousy, and deceit, and laziness, and self-indulgence, and secret bodily sins, are just as common among those who have no sense of sin as among their forefathers. And these ugly things work the same havoc as of old, spoiling the happiness of society and degrading characters.

In view of the facts, we might well be afraid. And yet fear does not help; it only torments. What does help? This helps. To find in Jesus one who, knowing all about our sin, will yet look us in the face with love in His eyes and faith and hope in His heart. That helps. And if that be true—if in our hearts we know we can only be saved by a love that will hold to us in spite of everything, then might we not resolve as in the presence of God that we, while we hold firmly to the high standard of Jesus on the one hand, will at the same time ask God to inspire in us a new tenderness and a new love towards all who have made mistakes—that we will seek to learn the charity that covers a multitude of sins? If that might come to pass, then we might really be enrolled in that body of people Christ longed to create who should carry on His redemptive work, and embody before the eyes of the world something at least of His saving love.[1]

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

The Appeal of Armistice.

'I am come that they might have life.'—Jn 10^{10}.

'Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.'—Jn 5^{40}.

In the first of these two sayings Jesus describes the purpose of His mission to men; in the second their refusal to respond. 'I am come—ye will not come.'

We accept the fact that there must be a sterner side of life, but we accept it without flinching because we know it to be the minister of good. But we cannot accept as inevitable a world such as ours is to-day, a world in moral and material chaos, and at the same time maintain our faith that all the while something better is the purpose of God. The world might be better, if we would have it so. Christ only speaks a truth for which we are waiting when He comes into the world and says, 'I am come that you may have life.' This is God's purpose, that we may possess life at its best and highest, in peace and fellowship and hope and love, through Him. And if we fail to possess it, the fault is ours, not God's, not Christ's. It is because we will not come to Christ that we may have life.

If this is true, it turns inside out some of the bitterest and most serious difficulties which are now besetting our minds. We have been told so often that the state of the world is an indictment of the Christian faith, that Christianity has failed, and that some new way out of our chaotic condition other than the way of Christ must be discovered, that it is natural that many considering people begin to wonder whether this is really so. But surely the facts are otherwise. Why charge upon Christ the failure of those who are failing Him? Why trace to Him the consequences of refusing His guidance and declining to follow His way? If after the collapse of civilization in the War the nations of Europe had turned their feet to Christ and had made a peace based upon His principles, and had set out to rebuild their shattered life upon spiritual foundations such as He has laid down, then there would be a terrible force in the fact that years afterwards they are still wandering hopelessly among the ruins of their own folly and sin. But we know that they did not, and they are not doing so. There has not been any great change of heart or moral outlook in the world that we can see. Still the old reliance upon force and violence, still the distrust of faith and fellowship, still the valuation of life in terms of power for material ends. Christ has not come to His own on any great scale as a deciding influence in the counsels and policies of men.

And what is the result? Each year at the approach of Armistice Day the heart of the nation turns towards the Cenotaph and the Grave of the Unknown Warrior. From end to end of Britain and of the commonwealth of peoples which own her as their mother, the minds of men and women go back thoughtfully to the great hour of Armistice when we felt ourselves passing, as in a dream, out of the whirlpool of the War into the calm waters of peace. Year by year has returned the great anniversary of Europe's Easter—as we deemed it then to be—after its passion-tide of strife and death. Reverentially we have kept it, baring our heads at the great Silence with thoughts to which no words can give adequate expression—thoughts of the hosts of brave young lives which offered themselves as a living sacrifice to purchase for the world a new era of freedom and fellowship. And still the world is entangled in a net of discordant policies, which, unless we change them, can only end in the final ruin of civilization in another war.[2]

[1] A. Herbert Gray, in *The Christian World Pulpit*, cxvii. 285.

[2] F. B. Macnutt, *From Chaos to God*, 60.

If God's nature is what Jesus described it to be, and if His purpose is the spiritual purpose of moulding humanity into the likeness of Jesus Christ, which is His own likeness, we shall best further that purpose and grow into clearest understanding of His Being by developing in our lives the moral qualities which Jesus said that God possessed. In particular, if the essence of the Divine nature is love, it is love which we must show in our lives. But it is at this point that so many who call themselves Christians fail. It is not that they from time to time commit breaches of the law of love. There can be very few who do not sometimes lose their tempers or say a bitter word. But they do not seem to realize that God is calling them to be instruments of a purpose whose very heart is the creation of a temper of loving fellowship throughout humanity. The truly Christian spirit is one which cannot rest until an atmosphere of love and fellowship pervades the whole of human life in its manifold activities and manifestations. The home, the workshop, the market, politics domestic and international, the entire social order in all its aspects, must be made spheres in which the spirit of love is vitally operative.

Let us take two obvious illustrations. Why is it that so many professing Christians decry the League of Nations? Here is what some of them say. 'You will never get rid of war so long as human nature remains what it is; to fight is a deep-rooted instinct of mankind.' That is true; but Christianity is a religion which sets up a new scale of values, in which brotherhood and fellowship stand at the top of the list, and says that in Jesus Christ resides the power to shape men into the new temper which expresses those values. The best way to promote war is to say that war is unavoidable. Our objector has clearly never related his philosophy of life to the Christian thought of God. 'The League of Nations,' says another, 'is a mischievous attempt to upset a plain principle in God's government of the world, the principle of nationality. God intended that there should be different nations with different languages, cultures, and ideals. The presence of these differences gives richness to the world, whose progress is best achieved by allowing free play to these differences, even though war sometimes results.' But are the differences between nations greater than the resemblances? Is not the fundamental identity in human nature, wherever it is found, the most striking thing about it? And has not the development of civilization been increasingly along the line of a sharing of all those spiritual values connected with science, art, literature, which constitute the most important and abiding part of human achievement? If an effective League of Nations came into being, national differences would remain, but would be focussed against a background of universal human brotherhood, and universal spiritual values. Time would be given for passion to subside and for reason to assert its judgment. In the pause, when the fire and the earthquake had passed, the 'still, small voice' of fellowship, which is the voice of God, would be heard. Our second objector has never grasped the meaning of St. Paul's words, 'where there cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman: but Christ is all, and in all' (Col 3^{11}).

A third class of objection to the League is of a more profound kind, and is compatible with a real sympathy for its principle and aims. Dr. L. P. Jacks, in two striking books, *A Living Universe* and *Realities and Shams*, has called attention to the difference between a 'political' and a 'cultural' civilization. European civilization is of the 'political' type; it has its traditional machinery of diplomacy and government, of armies and navies, and alliances; and is ruled in international affairs by conceptions of national self-interest, the balance of power, and the like. The structure of the League of Nations inevitably reflects this 'political' type of civilization, and therein lies its present weakness. But behind the outward form of the League stands the ideal of human brotherhood, which should receive the warm support of every Christian.[1]

John Galsworthy tells us that he sees all around him 'a kind of tacit abandonment of the belief in life.' Unless, he says, there comes about what he describes as 'the free exchange of international thought,' the human race will arrive at a condition in which it can persist, if it persists at all, 'only so meagrely that it will be true to say of it as of Anatole France's old woman, "it lives, but—so little!"' He suggests a union of the world's scientists against 'the perfecting of destructive agents' for use in war. If we could have such an exchange of international thought in this and other similar ways which he indicates, 'then indeed,' he says, 'we might hear the rustle of salvation's wings.' He ignores the crucial fact that something much deeper is needed than the fear of consequences and the pursuit of enlightened self-interest, or even than a sense of sporting fair-play. He fails to see that all our scientists, and financiers, and writers are alike impotent to touch our troubles,

[1] V. F. Storr, *The Living God*, 89.

so long as they stand apart from the renewing forces of the Spirit of God.

General Smuts has said that in South Africa 'simple human fellow-feelings solved the problems which had proved too difficult for statesmen.' What is following simple human fellow-feelings but the first step in following the guidance of Christ? Smuts invited Europe to consider 'the value of a policy of give and take, of moderation and generosity, of trust and friendship, applied to the affairs of men.' What are these things but the teaching of Christ? If the Christians of Europe were seriously to unite to stand fast for the practical application of Christianity to the present situation, there would be no resisting them. What M. Loisy described early in the War as 'the impotence of the gospel to realise its own ideal' (an impotence which he would certainly trace again now in the turmoil of peace) is our impotence who profess it and dare so little in its service.

'Ye will not come to me that ye may have life.' When Christ came among us the resistance of human perversity sent Him to the Cross, which to this day is a standing witness to the refusal which He encountered when first He made His offer of life. He bore it and triumphed over it; and the triumph of His Resurrection was the beginning and the forecast of the final triumph towards which we know that He is slowly working through the ages of time. But if Christ was driven to the Cross then, and is crucified afresh among ourselves now, let none forget that His Cross stands over the millions of dead who lie in our War cemeteries not as a symbol only of the sacrifice which they offered in giving themselves, as He did, for the cause of a better world. It is a symbol also of the price that the purblind world of our day has forced itself to pay, and will force itself to pay again, unless it rethinks its life and repents for refusing at Christ's hands the gift of life which He offers to give to it. Men crucify themselves and crucify each other when they crucify Christ; and Armistice Day points its accusing finger at the multitude of cross-crowned graves to warn us that there is only one way out of the chaos through which the world is blindly stumbling. It is to turn from chaos to God.[1]

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The God within us and the God without.

'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.'—Jn 5^{17}.

The passage about Satan casting out Satan is evidently one which made a great impression on our Lord's disciples. It is recorded in all three of the Synoptic Gospels, and it is developed and repeated and worked out in a very considerable number of figures. 'Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation, and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand'; 'And if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand?' 'And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? therefore they shall be your judges.' 'How can one enter into a strong man's house and spoil his goods except he first bind the strong man? and then he will spoil his house.' 'He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.' And again: 'Either make the tree good, and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt; for the tree is known by his fruit'; 'A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things.' One figure follows another. All illustrate the same point. It is a characteristic of a real truth that it is always true. If division makes weakness and disorder, it is true of good and evil—of God and the devil, and equally true of both. Our Lord prays again and again that His disciples may be one—'Thou in me, and I in them, that they all may be one in us.' Here is the same principle applied to good. Division brings weakness, union brings strength and power. Is there not some deep unapprehended truth in those strange words which connect the fall of man with 'war in heaven'? Certain it is that wherever we can judge there is weakness in disunion.

This truth about the essential weakness of disunion finds its most dramatic expression when our Lord says, 'If Satan cast out Satan, how shall his kingdom stand?' but it is not yet sufficiently realized. There are many who do not realize that the power of prayer lies in the *union* of the will with God's will. When they pray they try to make God do what they think He will not do, unless they urge Him. Others are so sure that God is going to do everything that they rush to the conclusion that they need do nothing at all.

We have arrived at a point when many of us grasp with faith the idea that God is within us—the belief that the Divine Spirit dwells not only in Christ but in every human being. The sense of the wonder and majesty of human beings is the call to which many of us to-day respond.

But often the immediate consequence of that attitude of mind is what is called 'Quietism';

[1] F. B. Macnutt, *From Chaos to God*, 66.

the sense that one has nothing to do but to remain quiet and let God act. It is not a bad mistake, perhaps, in these days when most of us are so repulsively busy. We do need to realize that God is working; that all we can do is to let Him work; and that we should be at peace. And yet it is possible to be so quiet and so passive that we become at last indifferent. It is difficult to bear in mind that love must conquer, that God is in heaven and His love in the world, without losing something of that power to rebel against wrong, that instinct to fight against injustice, that are characteristic of our Master.

People have said to me, 'Why do you speak so much about sweated people? If you only realized that there are no sweated people, there would not be any! Why do you speak of pain? If you only realized that there were no such evils, there would not be any.' That kind of quietism is based on a misunderstanding of teaching about the power of God, and the necessity of union between His will and ours. 'My Father worketh hitherto, *and I work*.' If we have the Divine Spirit within us, it is a creative spirit. The Spirit of God is creative power, by which we are created and sustained in being; and if He is within us, we also should be upholding and sustaining and creating. It is because God is within us, that He cannot do without us. God *needs* both our effort and our prayer. That is not too bold a thing to say. He needs it because He chose to make us free. He put it in our power to choose wrong, to make war in heaven, to create disunion between our spirits and His. He could take away that power, but because He loves us He will not. And therefore He needs the co-operation of the spirit He breathed into us. We must work with Him, and as He works, and with the same creative energy on our plane as He over all, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work'—and we work: that we too may be one even as Christ and God were One.

I think perhaps I can best illustrate my point by describing to you some one whom I know—Dr. Julia Seton. Such of her teaching as I was fortunate enough to hear dealt continually with the God within us, with the perfection of the union of the Christ Spirit with the human mind. You felt that she knew that all was fundamentally well, that she could not fear, that she could not doubt the ultimate conquest of good: and yet she was the most active and efficient personality that I have ever met.

I remember one story she told us. She is a doctor, and she was about to go to a woman who was expecting a baby. She was called to this woman, who was four miles out of the town, when a tornado was raging, and consequently she could not walk. None of the cars was running, and it was impossible to get a taxi-cab, yet she knew she had to be there. Well, I think some people who have great belief in prayer would sit down and wait for God to send a chariot of fire to fetch them. Dr. Seton did something very like that; she rang up the fire engine. It could not refuse to come out, and she got it to take her to where the patient was expecting her. There is the real spirit of prayer! Dr. Seton was certain, absolutely certain, that it would get her to the place where she wished to go, but she herself looked for the means! Energy characterized everything she said and did.

My feeling about Dr. Seton was that her faith in God had set her spirit free, and therefore she worked in that peace of mind which makes work easy, happy, effective. It is when one is in a frenzy of anxiety that one cannot find things, or bring them to a right issue. If we can imagine a spirit entirely free, we shall see how it would realize that perfect peace for which we pray—that peace which passeth understanding, but which is a condition of the very highest activity. The Spirit of God is working through us, and therefore our spirit is creative also. It is indeed God who 'works.' What does a doctor do, but just try to remove the obstacles from the spirit of life, and let it work? The power of Nature is all he has to rely on. He cannot make life, but what he can do is to remove the obstacles and to reinforce the efforts that life is making. It is the same with the teacher. He cannot make the child's mind; all he can do is to give it a chance to grow. But what an active co-operation that, too, is!

And so in our prayers, it is indeed God who acts through us. It is the power of God by which all acts are done. He it is who creates and sustains. But our part is to move out of the path of humanity the things that destroy and hurt body and soul. It is never more than that, for God it is who does the rest. We cannot make humanity: God has done that: but the Divine Spirit within us co-operates with the God without, immanent with transcendent God. Our Father works and we work.[1]

[1] A. Maude Royden, *Prayer as a Force*, 118.