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words; while the third lecture, on 'Cuneiform Hittite,' gives a transcription and translation, with philological commentary, of (1) the Letter of King Amenophis III. of Egypt to King Tarcondorous of Arsama, and (2) the Song of Lappaios. The general thesis is that the Hittites were Greeks, and that Hittite is a form of Doric Greek, though much older than the Doric known to us, and difficult to recognize through being represented by a cuneiform system little adapted to do it justice. The trilingual glossary, when the meaning of the Sumerian and Accadian words is known, throws welcome light on Hittite, but Hempl believes that in not a few cases the meaning of the Hittite word will be determined by the Greek, and that this in its turn will determine the meaning of the Sumerian and Accadian.

Naturally, owing to the migrations, the Hellenic blood of the Hittites had not remained pure, and it would be idle to expect a close approximation to the classical Greek type. It is contended that the original home of the Greeks was probably Hungary, and that 'the Greek world was a great deal larger, Greek civilization was much older, and Greek speech broke up into dialects at a far earlier day than we have been led to suppose.' This obviously compels a reconsideration of many problems, historical, ethnological, and even literary, such as the Homeric problem. Historians and philologists will find much food for thought in this very learned book.

The Rev. J. MacBeath published some little time ago, through Messrs. Morgan & Scott, a collection of Sermons that were recognized to be not only thoroughly evangelical, but full of suggestive ideas. Each sermon in this volume dealt with one of the hills of God. This month Mr. MacBeath has published a book similar in intention and manner—grouping the sermons round the names of God—Jehovah-Jireh, Jehovah-Ropheka, Jehovah-Nissi, Jehovah-Mekadishkem, Jehovah-Shalom, Jehovah-Rohi, Jehovah-Tsidkenu, Jehovah-Shammah. The title is *What is His Name?* (3s. 6d. net). We have pleasure in drawing attention to this unpretentious but stimulating little book by giving a sermon from it in 'The Christian Year'—in an abridged form.

We desire to call attention to a book on the religious education of children which stands out by comparison with similar books because of its conspicuous merits: *God and the Little Child*, by Mrs. Elsie L. Spalding, B.A. (National Sunday School Union; 2s. 6d. net). The book is crammed with common sense from one who is herself a mother, and a thoughtful and intelligent mother. In a somewhat wide acquaintance with the literature of this subject we have not found any book so competent, so suggestive, so practically helpful. It ought to be in the hands of every mother, every teacher, and perhaps most ministers. This is not to say that all Mrs. Spalding's opinions are right. But on point after point we find a healthy and sane attitude that has been derived from enlightened experience. Her first contention is the sound one, 'Begin with Jesus.' In her second part she has a delightful series of chapters on pictures, prayer, Nature, music, the Bible, handwork, and so on. She dislikes the ordinary pictures of Jesus, with the weak, effeminate face, and says she does not know any satisfying picture of Him. Let her buy a copy of Titian's 'Tribute Money,' and she will find a perfectly satisfying presentation of both the strength and the tenderness of Jesus. In the last part of the book we have Mrs. Spalding's renderings of stories of Jesus for little children.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

The Six Senses.

By the Reverend E. J. Jenkinson, Gateshead.

'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.'—1 S 3[9].

There are some people who say that we have only five senses, but they are very wrong indeed. We have six senses. All children know what the first five are: taste, smell, hearing, touch, and sight.

Now any one of these can decay from lack of use. If you do not put them into active use, they will get worse and worse. Any one of them might even vanish altogether. The writer of that charming book, *Feats on the Fiord*, had the misfortune to lose her sense of taste. To her, both the bread and butter, and the cake which comes after, tasted alike.

It is also true that by exercising your senses they can be improved. When you look at the Plough—that little group of stars which goes by that name—you can only make out seven. One of these is a double star which can only be distinguished by ordinary folks with a telescope. The Red Indians do not need such an instrument, for they can distinguish both stars with the naked eye. They call them, 'The Old Squaw and her Papoose.' That is what practice does for one.

I have heard of a blind man who could, by sense of touch, so delicate had his finger-tips become, actually tell what the design of a wall-paper was. Another man, whose name was Grayson, could tell which tree twigs came from, just by chewing them, with his eyes shut.

There was a detective who could hear the ticking of a man's watch when the man was sitting at the other side of the room.

All this is very wonderful, but it just shows how keen the first five of our senses can become when we give them plenty of exercise.

When I was in Africa I saw a still more wonderful thing. I was crossing a place where there seemed to be no water at all, and as the sun was very hot indeed, I became very, very thirsty. A Kavirondo boy who was with me suddenly sniffed the air, and pointed to a place away from the path. '*Marji oko*,' he said, meaning that there was water over there. It was so, and I was able to get a good long drink. He had actually *smelt* water.

How many boys and girls have noses as keen as that African's ?

Now I come to the sixth sense. It is not an outside one like the others : it is one that is inside you. It is the sense which tells you that God is talking to you. When God says, 'Don't do it ; that is naughty,' you call it conscience : and when God says, 'Do that good turn ; it is a fine thing to do,' then the Quakers call it a 'concern.'

Now this sense also can be improved by practice, or ruined by neglect. If you go on being naughty, when the voice inside you says 'Don't,' there will come a time when that voice becomes silent, and you will be a very wicked person indeed, and I don't know what will happen to you. If on the other hand you listen every time the voice says, 'Don't,' and refrain ; 'Do,' and put your good deed into action : then you will become as sharp of hearing with that sixth sense as little Samuel was, to whom the voice came so clearly that he actually thought that it was Eli calling him. Eli knew better, and told the boy to answer, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' The old man's advice was good, and we should be very well advised to do the very same as little Samuel, oh, ever so long ago, in far Judæa.

The Scotch Collie Speaks.

By the Reverend William Maxwell, M.A., Montrose.

'Whom I serve with my spirit.'—Ro 1^{9}.

Our first school reader told us of the wonders of the Scotch collie. But to-day every district in Britain gives this wonderful creature the opportunity of speaking for itself, and all classes from the Prime Minister to the most recent voter gather to see and listen and learn. 'Ben' and 'Fly' and 'Craig' and 'Mirk' are great names in the Collie world, and they are merely at the head of a long list which promises to give new surprises in sagacity and cleverness.

How interesting it is to see those alert, keen, and obedient doggies doing wonders in their own sphere of finding, gathering, bringing home, penning, and separating the sheep ! What do they teach us ?

1. Obedience is Heaven's first law with them as with us. All are obedient when they can hear their master and see him. But many fall out at the beginning because 'out of sight, out of mind' and 'beyond hearing, beyond obeying.' Such run over the hill eager and willing. When they find they are wrong they sit down and waste time. Their chance is gone before they can get a proper start. They have not mastered the law of obedience, and they must go back to school before they can get into the 'running' for the first place.

2. Even the onlooker knows the trained dog whenever he sees him start. He follows the right course, makes a bee-line for the place where he has to wait, and then waits orders. When the order is given he starts his sheep. One would think that there could not be much between dogs which are all perfect in obedience. But the differences are great. Some are too far behind the flock to be able to turn the sheep in time. Others are too careful not to hurry the sheep, and while they are generally quite good at working they are lost through the time-limit. Others excite the sheep and cause them to run to and fro and miss the course. And so when the trial is over, it is surprising to discover how many really great and good dogs have fallen out by the way in spite of their training and strict obedience.

3. Which, then, is to come through all trials ? The dog which has the instinct to do the right thing

at the right time without having to be told. Such a dog seems to know what it has to do. It therefore goes about its work with understanding. It requires few orders. Only when it is in danger of missing a turn does it need an order. But the crucial test is in the penning. Then instinct, sagacity, and patience are tested. The expression of the sheep has to be studied. The readiness on the part of the sheep to be 'off and away' must be provided for. The slowness of the stubborn creatures to go into a closed pen must be taken into account. But silently, gently, slowly, and yet with a quite patient spirit of waiting and doing nothing rashly, the winning collie carries through its wonderful work and completes its mission in every detail, amidst the wonder and applause of the onlookers. More than obedience and more than orders are required. The instinct to do the right thing at the right time secures the victory and carries off the prize. In the Christian world we call this 'the spirit of obedience,' and we, children, sing together:

> They that have My Spirit,
> These, saith He, are Mine.

But the shepherd tells us something about the training of his prize-winning collie. Some dogs, he tells us, can never hope to excel. They don't belong to the proper family. They have not the training which successive generations give. The right 'blood' is needed in the right dog. We call this 'heredity' in the scientific world. The Bible speaks of it as a 'something' which dwells in 'Abraham, Isaac, and Israel' and in 'Lois, Eunice, and Timothy.' In our own plain way we use the simple words, 'If you wish to train a child, you have to begin a hundred years before it is born.'

The Christian Year.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Beauty and Strength: A Harvest Sermon.

'And upon the top of the pillars was lily work: so was the work of the pillars finished.'—1 K 7^{22}.

On this day of harvest thanksgiving let us get away for once from the more obvious suggestions of the harvest itself to the significance of the beauty of it.

1. And to begin with, we must realize that the value of beauty is always in relation. The whole point of the symbolism of the text here is, not the value of beauty standing alone, but of beauty in its relation to strength. At the top of the pillars was lily work: so was the work of the pillars *finished*. Then the first business of the pillars was to be strong.

'He called the name of the one (pillar) Jachin, and of the other Boaz.' And Jachin means 'He shall make firm,' and Boaz means 'In him is strength.' In other words, the beauty was not an afterthought, a decoration hastily contrived to hide the stark ugliness of mere strength. The pillars were all cast in one: the beauty was part of the strength. And beauty is only valuable in relation to strength.

Both Swinburne and Tennyson could play with words as with jewels: and of the two, Swinburne was probably the greater master of words. His words are magic music. But there is something of the phosphorescence of decay about Swinburne, for he always lacked the moral strength of Tennyson. Dean Church, in his day an authority on Art and a keen observer of life, says somewhere, 'Art for Art's sake only has always resulted in the corruption of Art and the degradation of those who practise it'—or words to that effect.

2. Let us apply this principle to the world in which we live, and especially the world at harvest-time. It is not necessary to enlarge at any length upon the impression that the world yields us of strength. The sheer strength of the sun's heat, the incredible lifting power of it in evaporation; the gravitational power of the sun's mass; the ceaseless pull of the moon on the tides alone, sufficient to work all the world's machinery, if we knew how to utilize it; the fascinating and hitherto unsuspected power of the ether-waves by which we can talk to America and hear concerts from Australia—power so immense, as Professor Low has said, that within a generation or two it may avail to transform the whole life of the world: to supersede coal and oil, to run and light and heat our houses; to propel our trains, our cars, our ships. Truly, the pillars of the world—the cosmos—are cast in strength; a strength even as yet but dimly realized.

But why should the harvest be beautiful? There is no utilitarian value in the beauty of the harvest-field?

In one of Conan Doyle's 'Sherlock Holmes' stories—written many years ago in his agnostic days—the dour, machine-like mind of Sherlock Holmes is suddenly arrested by a bowl of flowers. He drops the murder and picks up a flower. 'Why this beauty?' he says, in effect. 'It is a mysterious world, a sordid world, full of unpleasant problems,

to our seeing. The power that produced us was bound to feed us: but He was not bound to give us flowers. Beauty is an extra. In a strange and bewildering world, my dear Watson, I see much to hope for in the flowers.'

Away back, far back, there was the struggle for existence—the cave-man and his grim, ceaseless war against the forces of Nature and the wild beasts. There was beauty there: but he could not see it. As Sir Oliver Lodge said lately, Beethoven and Chopin are only a noise to a dog. They would only be a noise to the cave-man. Similarly, the piled clouds in the beauty of the sunset would to the cave-man only be a frown on the brow of the god of the storm. But the beauty was there—waiting. And little by little came the beauty of mind which could appreciate and appraise the beauty of Nature. Probably it began, as Drummond suggests, with mother-love. And it grew and it grew until it became Christ-love; until in man there was the lily work on the top of the pillars of strength; until the most beautiful thing in the world is that beauty of the answering soul, apart from which the flower wastes its fragrance on the desert air.

If beauty means anything, surely it means everything. It means love. It means that the power behind things loves beauty, is beautiful. We know all about the other side. But here the flowers are: here is the waving, golden corn: Christ has been, and Christ is. Slowly the great pillars of human strength and knowledge forged themselves—very grim and strong, but not at all beautiful, for example at Sinai; but the top of the pillar is lily work—Christ the head-stone of humanity. Out of all the grim struggle of strength, beauty at the top of the column of human life—beauty of soul, beauty of love, beauty of perfect life. In Christ incarnate in a Divine-human life. Beauty as the last word about religion and man and God.

The revolt of the world against institutional religion to-day is largely a revolt against a God who is strong but not beautiful. We are getting rid of the old Calvinism, though we must never forget the debt we owe to its moral force. But if Bishop Barnes is right that Christian theology has got to be restated from end to end, we have got to start with the doctrine of God—or rather, go back to the beginning and rediscover the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. That is primary and fundamental. And if we can't make God beautiful, we may as well give up trying to make God credible in the world to-day. The world is revolting against ugliness; against ugly houses, and ugly shops, and ugly churches; and above all against ugly life, the appalling ugliness of the life of the masses.

Christ made God beautiful—the Great Friend. 'Your Father knoweth . . . not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father. If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more . . . your Father?' 'The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' And—God forgive us!—we have made God terrible, angry, jealous, demanding His pound of flesh. But happily, we are improving our theology. Patching the old, however, is no good. The new wine simply bursts the old bottles. And yet it is not new. The true new theology is the oldest of all. What we have to do is to make our theology wholly and simply Christian, interpreting God, as Jesus always did, in terms of Himself.

'At the top of the pillars was lily work: so was the work of the pillars finished'—in Christ. Christianity is the final religion, because it is Christ supremely who disclosed the lily work of love about the pillars of Divine strength.

3. This principle is true, too—or should be true—of our own life, regarded in terms of the years. The true harvest of the years is beauty as the end and crown of a long process. But if we were asked, When is human life most beautiful? many of us would say, rather wistfully, 'In childhood.' But childhood is beauty without strength as yet. And the supreme beauty of which human life is capable is surely that of the lily work at *the top* of the pillars. 'So the work of the pillars is finished.' The gathered wisdom of the years, moral conquest crowned with beauty: strength of character made missionary by the lily work of the tender chiselling and weathering of the years. How is it with us? With some, possibly—there is no lily work for the top of the pillars, for there are no pillars to hang it on or carve it on: the pillars have collapsed. But suppose we have held on. Is life growing grey with the hair, narrower, pinched, a little sordid and bitter? Of the boys who died in the war, Lawrence Binyon wrote:

They shall not grow old as we who are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

That is very beautiful, both in expression and conception. But is all the beauty with them? Is there only beauty in escaping 'the years'? Do the years 'condemn'? It depends. One remembers the man in Ibsen's *Master Builder* who got so panicky because he heard the young knocking at the door. He needn't have troubled.

Before the young have discovered how little they know, they will be old themselves. We are born young really in order to learn how to be old—or rather how not to be old. The secret of life, as Christ reveals and interprets it, is at its richest and ripest with the old—if it is true at all.

At the top of the pillars is lily work: so the work of the pillars is finished.[1]

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Jehovah-Ropheka

('The Lord is thy Healer').

'I am the Lord that healeth thee.'—Ex 15^{26}.

'He hath sent me to heal.'—Lk 4^{18}.

'He healed them that had need of healing.'—Lk 9^{11}.

A new experience discovered a new name for God. The sweetening of the bitter waters of Marah by the casting in of a certain tree supplied the parable of the new name. 'I am the Lord that healeth thee.' It is not likely that there was any magical or medicinal quality in the wood; the miracle was attributed to the interposition of Jehovah, and it was used to illustrate the Divine intention to be the health and wholesomeness of Israel's life. But there were conditions. 'If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I am the Lord that healeth thee.'

The common usage of words has limited the reference of healing to bodily conditions. Israel's experience of the plagues that fell upon Egypt and their own immunity from these plagues proved the Divine power over physical life, and would give easy currency to this watchword. But the idea of health and healing had in earlier times a much larger content. The word occurs in this greater sense in the Psalms: 'I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance' (Ps 42, 43); 'That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations' (Ps 67^{2}). Here God is accepted as the complete wholeness and wholesomeness of existence, both for the individual life and for the whole world. Wycliffe and Tyndale use the word suggestively in our Lord's saying to Zaccheus: 'This day is health come to thine house.'

'We live in a sick old world,' says Barth, in *The Word of God and the Word of Man*, 'which cries from its soul, out of its deepest need: Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed! In all men, whoever and wherever and whatever and however they may be, there is a longing for exactly this which is here within the Bible.'

1. There is a sort of public condition that is sickness. The promise 'I will heal their land' (2 Ch 7^{14}), indicates that there existed a state of national unsoundness. Persia was described some time ago as 'a sick old man.' For long years it was the custom to speak of Turkey as 'the sick man,' distempered, sullen, cruel. David Livingstone mourned 'the open sore of Africa.' The slave raids and the slave trade made deep wounds in the negro continent. With imperishable earnestness he called down the blessing of heaven upon all who would help to heal this sore that was not only draining the vitality of a race, but corrupting the moral values of the world.

But Jesus saw the human malady on a bigger scale. He discerned the sickness of a universe, and He made Himself the world's Physician.

2. 'I will heal their backsliding' (Hos 14^{4}) runs another promise, affecting the inward state of a people's life. It alludes to the spiritual condition of those who have gone back upon their vow, renounced their fealty and their faith.

This depressed, impoverished condition of life is put in various impressive and illuminating ways. Jesus spoke of those who had put their hand to the plough and looked back; the look back meant not only a twisted and irregular furrow, it revealed a distracted mind, a divided heart—divided between a tendency to go on and a disposition to go back; it disclosed a life of unsatisfactory attachments, suffering from disorganized affections.

He described other conditions in terms of a 'smoking flax.' The light of life was burning low: there was no cheerful flame, only a smouldering fire, or a guttering candle, or a spluttering lamp. And He said He would not put it out; not because He liked the smoke, but because He could change it to a flame. He could give the languishing life a more wholesome vitality.

He knew of others who resembled 'a bruised reed.' The music had gone out of life, the harmonies and radiances had ceased. The bruised reed of the shepherd will pipe no music to the flocks and hills. It had been bruised by the foot of the cattle, or by the frost, or by mishandling, by abuse or disuse. Anxiety, care, failure, sin stop the music of the soul; they disturb and disorganize the whole life. But He will not destroy the pitiful thing. He will heal it; He will repair and restore

[1] H. E. Brierley, *Life Indeed*, 65.

every hurt that sin has made and renew the music of the soul.

W. E. Henley was smitten with a great affliction. His doctors could do nothing for Him. But he heard of Lord Lister in Edinburgh, who was doing wonderful things. In exceeding weakness he went north and met Lister, whom he described as having 'the large placid brow, the soft lines of tranquil thought, the benign face, the faculties of patience and unyielding will, and his wise, rare smile, so sweet with certainties.' Jesus had such sweetness of certainties that He did not always wait to be consulted. He went out to meet the ailments of men. 'Wilt thou be made whole?' He asked, and to the will that was prepared to take, He gave the power of healthful life.

3. 'I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds' (Jer 30^{17}) is a word that carries His skill to the inwardness of grief and care. 'He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds' (Ps 147^{3}).

It has been said that in the whole literature of spiritual destitution, there is no more pathetic story than that of Heine's last glimpse of the Venus of Milo. It was the last day he was able to venture out. He made his way with difficulty to the Louvre. 'I was utterly exhausted when I entered the lofty hall where the blessed goddess of Beauty stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay a long time. I wept so passionately that a stone might have had compassion on me, therefore the goddess looked down compassionately, yet at the same time inconsolably, as though she would say, "See you not that I have no arms, and that therefore I can give you no help?"'

But the compassion of our God reaches to the bottom of our grief. His everlasting arms are underneath our brokenness. And He gives this consummate art to His disciples, even to the obscure who in quiet ways prove that the healing of the world is in its nameless saints, to whom and through whom He restores the music lost awhile, and shows that

Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4. And once more His skill penetrates to the deeper places. He heals the wounds of the soul 'Heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee' (Ps 41^{4}). This is the deepest wound of all, the worst malady. Here we can help one another least of all.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

. . . . .

If thou couldst . . . find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.

But the court physician had no cure. This disease, he said, was beyond his practice.

'Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel,' said Elisha when Naaman failed to find a cure at the hand of the king. 'Bring him unto me,' urged Jesus, when His disciples had no remedy for the afflicted child. Jehovah-Ropheka is able to save to the uttermost. When we meet Him all leprous with our sin, His smile is 'sweet with certainties.' He meets our fears and sorrows, perplexities, and distresses with the joyful assurance of His power and the immediate experience of His peace.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.[1]

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Christian Progress.

'He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him.'—Jn $10^{3.4}$.

1. Although this passage on first reading appears to be concerned with the manner of Christian discipleship, on further study it yields a theory of Christian progress. Broadly, we may say there are three views of the evolution of mankind.

There is the frankly rationalistic view, which takes no account of God and does not trust much to man. The movement of the world's life is unconscious, hapless, predetermined, and its ultimate purpose (if blind coercion can leave place for purpose) is in doubt. In any case, we are the sport of fate, and the blind gods neither appraise virtue nor reprobate vice. They are strictly non-moral, and,

[1] J. MacBeath, *What is His Name?* 37.

to use a favourite word of one of this school, their power is an 'unweeting' power.

It is impossible to withhold some tribute of astonished admiration from men who can go on doing their work under the shadow of such a creed. For it is a hopeless, pitiless, unbearable creed. Apart altogether from the fact that the mass of evidence is against it, human nature was no more built for such a creed than a stormy petrel was made for a cage. Conscience, instinct, and aspiration cry out against this theory. The soul that is true to its own nature, and free from the sophistries of modern rationalism, demands a living God, sane and good, however dark His counsel, however stormy His discipline, however spacious His plan. God is the very element of our being, and our theory of progress must begin with Him.

There is a second school which makes little or nothing of God and a great deal of man. According to this view, man is almost wholly the arbiter of his own fate. Humanity is the combatant, humanity is the path, humanity is the goal in this great onward march. No unseen powers mingle with the great endeavour, yet hope persists, because the life of man persists, and human capacities are rich. Humanity has already touched summits of heroism and sacrifice which redeem the annals of the race from sordidness and futility. One admires this pathetic trust in the instincts of the heart and the unaided reason to achieve the ends of progress. But on this theory also the outlook is vague and foreshortened and without atmosphere. And we cannot work in a moral vacuum.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough.
I brought him home, in his nest at even,
He sings the song, but it cheers not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky:
He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye.

Progress, life, movement, lose their meaning without environment. Rob humanity of its river and sky and its notes will soon become thin and querulous and sad. And the river of life for humanity is God, and the sky above humanity's head is God.

There is a third doctrine of the evolution of our race. It is the Christian doctrine, which declares that God is in the midst of us, that life is not an endless, reasonless ebb and flow, that God knows the way we take from the beginning to the end. The Christian theory of progress roots itself here. 'When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him.' He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him. There we have the whole promise of the future and the assurance that humanity will not be left comfortless, that some time progress will attain a worthy end and humanity will be one flock under one Shepherd.

2. Here we have two primary conditions of progress. (1) Authentic Leadership; (2) Adequate Influence. And having these, however perplexing may be the omens, the day will come when all flesh shall see the salvation of God.

(1) *Authentic Leadership.*—The leadership is authentic because it is the leadership of Christ, and about Christ we know these three things: Nothing human is alien to Him. It cannot be. He is catholic man in such a sense, such a degree, that we feel He must be more than man. 'Ere earth gain her heavenly best, a God must mingle with the game.' He has stepped into our company, the only Being the world knows whose sympathies span the ages, whose affinities run out to all races of men, who speaks in the accents of a timeless moral universe and breathes upon all to whom He comes the Presence of God. There is no factor in history which He does not know and understand. There is no bitter cry of all the years which He has not heard. There is no fear of man's heart which He does not divine. There is no passion, however wild and ungovernable, which He does not gauge, and no beauty of soul anywhere undiscovered or unappreciated by Him. Human progress cannot rightly begin, certainly it cannot find its true direction and compelling genius, unless it be led, not by some teacher, however great, who is bound in the limitations of his own age, but by One who gathers into His heart every heaven-born instinct in our race, whose own heart is big enough, brave enough, Divine enough, to lead these instincts up to God and the world with them. Such a leader we claim is Christ.

We know that the method of Christ's leadership is the only method that ensures success. What is that method—tuition, persuasion, propagandism, judicial intervention? He uses them all. But His leadership authenticates itself by one supreme method. 'He goeth before them.' He is Himself on the march. Soon after His resurrection one of His followers named Him the Prince of Life, head and guide of a great company of living souls. Christ is always ahead of the generations. If any man rise in some great moment to unimagined heights of sacrifice, he finds that Christ is already on the summit. If any man or woman is determined not to be engulfed by some wave of sorrow, simply because they cannot understand all God's

ways, at the first long sigh of resolute patience, they will find Him beside them. If any man or any Church, after lethargy and self-indulgence, awaken to the sufferings and needs of others, and set out on their mission of help, they will find Christ already at work in the abyss, evoking from those who are companions in misfortune mutual and pathetic kindnesses, which are sometimes the last witness left of God in victims of a vicious civilization or a crushing social order. Christianity is, indeed, a propaganda; but most of all it is a Personality, and it is the contagion of personality on its unceasing and unwearying march that draws the generations on.

We know, further, that He can never be turned back. No cause is forlorn if He is at its head. No principle of righteousness is going to be dropped irrevocably on the way if He is the leader of the world's progress. No delay is going to embarrass Him. It is only going to make His victory the more overwhelming and final when it comes. In every age He goes before every living soul that speaks of truth and honour and kindness and peace. He is with all that unifies, against all that disintegrates humanity. Therefore Christian progress, progress with Christ at the head of it, has the promise of to-morrow and of the imaginable future.

(2) *Adequate Influence.*—How is it that Christ may be trusted in the long run to draw all men unto Himself? Because of that law of spiritual attraction, that law of magnetic influence which ordains that lesser souls shall be drawn by the greater.

Less or more.

I suppose that I spake thus,
When, have mercy, Lord, on us,
The whole face turned upon me full,
And I spread myself beneath it,
As when the bleacher spreads to seethe it
In the cleansing sun his wool,
Steeps in the flood of noontide whiteness
Some defiled, discoloured web,
So lay I saturate with brightness,
And when the flood began to ebb,
Lo, I was walking light and swift
With my senses settling fast and steadying,
But my body caught up in the whirl and drift
Of the vestures' amplitude still eddying
On just before me, still to be followed
As it carried me after with its motion.

Blind, stumbling, stupid, with the mist in our eyes and a great fear or a great shame in our hearts, yet we cannot follow. He goeth before; that is all. And the strange thing is that the influence spreads, reincarnates itself in His followers, so that without violence or aggression, simply by going the way Christ has gone, others are brought to join in the march. It was nothing less than spiritual genius which led Horace Bushnell to find a sermon on unconscious influence, undesigned persuasiveness, in the scene on the threshold of the sepulchre, when the breathless race had been followed by a moment of trembling awe. Then Peter went in—'Then went in also that other disciple.' A man may be very conscious of weakness and inadequacy, so conscious that he never dares to speak his faith. But he strives to live the life. Humbly and honourably he tries to do the will of Christ. And the day may come when a friend will steal to his side and say, 'I want to walk your way and to rest on your strength.' We say that the Church must have its evangelists, its teachers, its visitors, its learned and scholarly minds, its mystic souls, and we are right. But in the end, what can these pioneers effect unless the great main stream of the Christian army simply *move*, with measured, unhastening, but irresistible advance, the way Christ leads? This is progress. This is expansion. This is victory. And Christ's influence is adequate for it all.[1]

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Soul that Sinneth.

'The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him.'—Ezk 18^{20}.

The revelation of God is the path of the just, which is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Our text marks a clear stage in the growth of the revelation in Old Testament times.

Modern peoples are made up of men, and each of them answers for his own doings and no one else's. If a man commits a crime, we never dream of punishing his father or his son, unless he had a share in the crime. But ancient peoples were made up of families, and each family answered for its own doings. A man owned his family, and they were looked on rather as a part of him than as different persons. Thus when Achan was stoned for his evil deeds, his children were stoned along with him, because they were a part of him, and it was not

[1] A. Connell, *The Endless Quest*, 284.

thought right that any part of so wicked a man should escape punishment.

Presently they got glimpses of something better. We are told, as if it was unusual, that when Amaziah, king of Judah, put to death the men who had slain his father, he did not slay the children of the murderers. If such was already the Law, it had plainly been very little obeyed. However, they began to see more and more clearly that every man must bear his own burden of sin. But old beliefs die slowly, and two hundred years later there was still a wicked proverb: 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Then comes one of the great scenes of history. Ezekiel demolished that proverb for ever. There is no passage in the whole Bible where God protests with more vivid indignation that men slander Him.

Ezekiel's work was thoroughly done. From that day to this, neither Jew nor Christian has openly denied that the guilt of a man's sin is entirely his own. The suffering it causes may fall on the innocent, and commonly does, and the shame of it may be far more keenly felt by one who loves the sinner than by the sinner himself; but its guilt no power in heaven or earth can transfer to another. The soul that sinneth, that soul shall die, and not another, saith the Lord.

Can words be plainer? Yet old ideas die slowly. Many a man who piously assents to Ezekiel's teaching holds beliefs entirely contrary to it.

Take, as an example, the grossest case of all—the profane and wicked doctrine of the Church of Rome, that saints often do more than earn their own salvation, and that their surplus merits may be sold to sinners. The Church of England says that this cannot be taught without arrogancy and impiety, for Christ saith plainly, 'When ye have done all that are commanded to you, say, We are unprofitable servants.' And hear God's word again: 'Though Noah, Daniel, and Job were in the land that sinneth, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter: they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness.' The arrogant and impious doctrine not only contradicts Christ, but cuts up by the roots the very idea of holiness in God or man.

There is no room for a full discussion of the bearing of God's words in Ezekiel on the doctrine of the Atonement, but they seem to sweep away every theory that Christ our Saviour bore the punishment of sin in our place. It is true that He bore the sin of many; that He was offered once for all to bear, or rather to carry up, the sins of many; that He bore our sins, or rather carried them up, to the Cross. But what He bears is sin, not its punishment. The idea of all three passages is the same: that He carried up sin or sins as a heavy burden to the altar—and the only Christian altar is the Cross—and there did away with them for ever. 'For the transgression of my people was he stricken,' but not with its punishment; for God is not unrighteous, to visit the sins of sinners on Him that knew not sin. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him and to put Him to grief, because it was fitting that He who brings many sons to glory should make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.

It was not possible that the sinless Lord should bear a load like ours of guilt and punishment: what He bore was the burden of suffering and sorrow laid on Him by the sin of the world. We may get a faint idea of that burden by the suffering and sorrow of a saint who wears himself out in ministering to some modern Sodom; but we must not measure it by this. The holiest of saints is dull and slow with sin, where the Lord saw clear and straight. The love of the holiest saint is limited by sin; but the Lord's was love Divine poured out in unceasing and unstinted flow, a love that was never overcome by misery or vileness, a love that embraced all nations of the earth in all generations.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The law that death is the wages of sin is not a thing which almighty power might have ordered otherwise. It is rooted in the nature of things because it is rooted in God's own nature, and with Him is the fountain of life, for sin is separation from Him. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the word of the Lord which came to Ezekiel shall not pass away. So long as sin endures, death must be its wages—not only the death of the body, but the anguish from which our mortal body shields us for the present, the anguish of spiritual destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His might. Wherefore let us turn ourselves and live. Let us turn to the Lord our God with all our hearts, for He is our Father, and He will abundantly pardon. Yea, He hath already pardoned us in Jesus Christ our Lord, if only we will arise and go to Him, and take our place as sons of God for evermore.[1]

[1] H. M. Gwatkin, *The Sacrifice of Thankfulness*, 69.