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that 'the greater number of missionaries seem to us of limited outlook and capacity.' He points out that the Commission, in the limited time at their disposal, could not possibly have met 'the greater number of missionaries,' and he suggests that, if they had, they might have found reason to revise their judgment. He also accuses them of ignorance of the history of missions, and in opposition to their generalization that the early missionaries had little or no social programme, cites very appositely the life-history of William Carey, with his truly marvellous range of interests, both intellectual and social. There are many others, known to every student of missionary history, to whom he might have referred.

Dr. Speer's most fundamental criticism is that, in their anxiety to reach unity in their statement of the purpose of missions, the Commission have tended to empty the Christian gospel of its distinctive, redemptive content. He feels that they have an inadequate conception of the place of Christ in Christianity, and that this is the reason

of their abrupt separation between evangelism by the spoken word and other methods of conveying the Christian method. "'The Word made flesh" is the Divine method, neither the word unincarnated, nor the flesh without the Word in it and through it.' We must avoid the two extremes of merely verbal approach and mere physical or social activity. In the Report, Dr. Speer feels that a reconstruction of Christianity is proposed which 'has never launched and maintained a single mission,' and there are many who, while strongly opposed to lifeless rigidity of doctrine, will be disposed to agree with him. There is certainly a too frequent tendency in the Report to single out commendable results of mission work and then to assign them to sources and motives from which they could not possibly have arisen.

Dr. Speer has done good service in pointing out not only the excellences, but also some of the defects of this Report, and his 'examination' will help to restore balance in the minds of intelligent supporters of missions throughout the world.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

On having a Hero.

BY THE REVEREND C. M. HEPBURN, B.D., MOULIN,
PITLOCHRY.

'Our eyes fixed upon Jesus, the Leader and perfect example of our faith.'—He 12² (20th Cent. N.T.).

ALMOST every boy and girl, I suppose, has some hero or heroine to whom they give their admiration, whom they want to copy. It may be some great and good man or woman, on whose life they would like to model their own. Or it may be some outstanding player in the world of sport, whose skill and style they are anxious to equal. Recently I heard of one small boy and his hero. He was mad about rugger, and before he died was almost an international himself. When he was a little lad he had a hero whom he worshipped—a great rugger player. He used to watch him at every possible match and, as schoolboys do, spent a good deal of the time cheering his hero on. One day he came home with a glowing face and announced to the family with intense pride, 'He spoke to me, he spoke to me.' It turned out that he had been

standing rather close to the touchline, and his hero had run into him and ordered him back in a way we wouldn't call complimentary. But that didn't matter: all that mattered was this, his hero had spoken, his hero had noticed him, and he was happy.

But what set me thinking about hero worship was that, not long ago, one who was many a boy's hero died. He was a great sportsman, the greatest cricketer of his time. He was not British—but an Indian Prince, and his name was Ranji. One thing I was very proud about was that I secured Ranji's autograph. Schoolboys are always very eager to have their hero's signature or autograph. Just recently a schoolboy from far-off Australia sent a letter addressed:

JOHN BUNYAN, ESQ.,
c/o BIBLE HOUSE,
LONDON.

Here is what he wrote:

'DEAR MR. BUNYAN,—I read your book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and I want to ask if you would send me your autograph. I have Don Bradman's and Jack Hobbs', and would just be delighted if you would send me yours.'

It was rather hard, you can imagine, to have to tell this young hero-worshipper that his hero had died several hundred years ago. But to go back to Ranji's autograph, of which I was so proud: here was how I got it. Among other old books on a bookstall one day I saw Ranji's book about cricket. On opening it I saw something that made me buy it at once—and that something was Ranji's writing and signature—not only printed, but really Ranji's writing and signature. He had written a little inscription in Latin, but we'll put it in English.

TO
NORMAN AND HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS
THIS SMALL BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY K. S. RANJI
PRINCE OF INDIA
FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH
AT GLASDUNE
(MALE AND FEMALE)
FROM K. S. R.
22ND AUG. 1897

Who Norman was I cannot say: but I wonder how his precious book was on an old bookstall. At any rate, I had got my hero's autograph. He certainly was a hero too—to many boys. It is good to think, isn't it, that we can have a hero who isn't even British? It teaches us that there are great men in every race.

But it isn't enough when we have a hero only in sport: we must look for one also in what we call the game of life. And who is the best that we can find? Another Prince—not an Indian one. We can't have His autograph, for He only wrote once, and that was with His finger in the dust. But there's this to remember—He writes living letters, because when we are like Him He has written His name even on us. Of course you have guessed who He is. None other than the Prince of Peace and the Prince of Glory, who died on the Cross. We can have Him as our hero. A Japanese boy was once set the task of writing an essay on the man he most admired, and he wrote 'Jesus Christ is the one I admire most.' We should want to say that too. He is worthy to be our hero—and every one's hero, worthy to have all the hero-worship in our hearts.

Buzzing Bees.

BY THE REVEREND FRED J. ASHLEY, ERMELO,
TRANSSVAAL.

'They compassed me about like bees.'—Ps 118¹².

I dare say when most of you think of bees you think of the honey they make and you eat, but some

of you may think of their stings. You will, if you are ever like the town girl who was staying on a farm, and who, when a bee had been walking about on her hand, suddenly cried, 'Oh, don't his feet burn!' When no bees are about it is easy to reflect calmly enough that they are provided with stings so that they can protect themselves; when, however, they are buzzing all about you it is not so easy to be calm.

When a swarm of bees is disturbed their power to upset a whole community of people is amazing. I have seen a tramcar deserted because a swarm had settled in it, and other traffic held up till an apiarist came and took them away. If you want a really good description of what that sort of thing can be on a large scale you must read Mr. Kipling's short story in *Traffics and Discoveries*. But let me tell you of two incidents that came under my notice in East Africa in war-time. In one battle the advance of the British troops was thrown into confusion by wild wasps (which are even worse than bees when it comes to stinging), and they were 'wild' in two senses. Their nests were suspended from branches of trees, and the German troops had taken up a position beyond them. When the British troops started to advance, the enemy did not fire until they were approaching these trees, and then fired at the nests. Believe me, for the next five minutes our troops wished it was themselves that had been fired at.

The other incident happened at a military base where native troops were being trained. On this day they were drawn up on the parade ground in front of the *boma* (fort), receiving instructions on the duties of sentries, and the European officer was impressing on them as earnestly as he could that as a point of honour a sentry would never desert his post under any circumstances. To his amazement, the troops suddenly began to laugh. Sternly he ordered them to be silent and repeated his words, but almost at once they burst into uncontrollable laughter. Then he noticed they were not looking at, but beyond, him, and, turning round, he beheld the sentry set on guard in front of the *boma* gate in full flight, legging it as hard as he could down the road and discarding his arms and uniform as he ran. After him fled the rest of the guard and, even as the officer looked, out came troops, orderlies, clerks, and officers helter-skelter. For a moment he wondered if the Germans had made a forced march and were invading the place; then he felt a stinging sensation on his neck, and he knew what the trouble was. 'Bees!' he shouted, and in a moment he and his troops were in full flight. It

was only a swarm invading the orderly room seeking somewhere to hive, but when it was made clear to them they were not wanted they lost their tempers, and mere human beings had to clear out!

Now my text tells that the Psalmist felt that all the enemies of Israel had swarmed round her like angry bees, and he adds they would be quenched like the fire of burning thorns. That is mixing the metaphors a little bit, though water is the best thing for both angry bees and fire—if you can get it. And I am sure by this time you can guess I am going to wind up by telling you how angry thoughts can come buzzing into our minds just like a swarm of bees, and then we are all confusion and cannot think or act calmly. Only the grace of God can quell that swarm before mischief is done, but the grace of God is yours for the asking. 'Be angry,' said Paul—yes, sometimes we have the right to be—'but sin not.'

The Christian Year.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Christian Character.

'I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God.'—Ro 12¹.

On the 15th of August 1852, Macaulay records in his diary that he went to church, and heard what he describes as 'not a bad sermon on the word "therefore." The preacher,' he says, 'disclaimed all intention of startling us by oddity, after the fashion of the seventeenth century, but I doubt,' continued the diarist, 'whether he did not find in St. Paul's "therefore" much more than St. Paul thought of.'

The context of the word-text is not related. It may well have been from the verse quoted. At all events, the verse is a good text for the First Sunday after Trinity. For this Sunday is like the end of the Apostles' Creed, when the doctrine is for the moment over, and the priest says, 'The Lord be with you,' and the people answer, 'And with thy spirit.' The first half of the Christian Year, from Advent to Trinity, is a time when we are led along what may be called the path of revelation, and during the remainder of the year it is natural to think of ways in which the Creed may be translated into life. So in this Epistle to the Romans the first eleven chapters are a rugged but noble structure of profound theology. In fact, it is astonishing that an essay of a few thousand words, written probably in haste, in spare moments, with never a thought by the writer that he was composing part of the

Bible, should have remained for many centuries the *locus classicus* on the relation between faith and conduct, the righteousness of God, the meaning of the Old Testament, the doctrine of Mystical Union with Christ, the power and rights of God as Creator, and half a dozen other profound and sublime topics. After all that, in the opening verse of the twelfth chapter, he begins to draw a moral, and the rest of the chapter is a penetrating and inspiring description of the duties of the Christian life.

Is it certain that devotion to those duties is a genuine consequence of faith? Does faith always produce it, and does it come from faith alone? It is not possible to answer with a simple 'Yes.' In the study of all the regions where there is room for human activity and choice there will be some loose edges. We rightly speak of medical science, but there is no exact science of the healing of disease. Some of our scientific experts are now even suggesting that physical science in the most literal sense of the word—namely, physics—is less exact than we had supposed, and that electrons have a measure of free will. At all events, where human conduct is concerned, it is not possible to say, 'This cause will always produce that effect,' or 'This effect will always follow from that cause.' The existence of orthodox persons whose orthodoxy is barren of practical result, or of the signs of grace in persons of unorthodox or agnostic mind, is a wholesome rebuke to possible complacency. It shows us, for example, that God is even greater than we thought, and that there are other 'prayers of humble access' besides the one with which we are familiar.

Nevertheless, Christianity stands, or falls, by two things. Without attempting to compare them in importance, it is enough to say that both are essential. It must satisfy the mind as being true, and it must issue in good life.

What do we say in the face of the contemptuous dismissal, by some modern people, of the whole Christian faith as a motive for right conduct, and of Christian conduct as it has been inspired by Christian faith? There is much that can be said. For the moment we say this, that there are three things that are urgently needed for the purposes of complete life, and that they come from Christian faith, and that, if they do not come from this quarter, we do not know from what quarter they can be acquired at all.

1. There is a *way of regarding life, and using life*, which is characteristic of those who believe in God. It is not a matter of duty. The cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude are pagan virtues, often seen in those to whom God is

not much more than a philosophical abstraction. What is commonly called the Public School spirit, or in Japan would be the spirit of the Samurai, is generally accompanied in point of fact in England by belief in God, but the connexion does not seem essential. To those who believe in God the whole of life is a response to vocation. It is sometimes called 'the guided life.' In the earliest chapter of the Bible it is recorded that the Spirit of God 'brooded on the face of the waters.' This 'brooding' had a creative force, and it is some Divine power of that kind that is experienced by believers. We resolve to surrender ourselves into the keeping and guiding hands of God. And then, because the world is after all God's world, because He does create circumstances, and it does all belong to Him, and there is stored in the Divine mind an end to the seemingly meaningless and tangled process, as soon as that surrender begins to work, the intricacies begin to be straightened out, and the elements that were so baffling either become clearer or, with the emergence of other more important elements that were not at first perceived, they fall into a background where they do not matter much.

2. Another thing that comes to Christians from their creed is *a certain type of character*. The human figures who have most changed the history of the world are probably Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, and Lenin. What about their characters? What they did, though it is closely connected with the force that was in them, does not arise from any particular excellence of moral character. We should not be greatly surprised to learn that any one of them was, say, bad-tempered or had some private vice. But an allegation of that kind against our Lord would be not only gravely offensive but irrational. We should feel that it did not make sense. Everything that Christ has done in the world during the whole Christian era has arisen from His own character, and He has, in fact, produced a measure of that character in a vast number of sometimes most unlikely people. The point at which the character of Christ emerges most clearly is the Cross. At a crisis in anybody's life the stored result of years of training and experience emerges in some single act. The whole of what there was in Him was released at the Cross and made available for men. And something of it is seen in the lives of Christian people. In a background of self-seeking it is called unworldliness; amid static conceptions of life and value it is called detachment; where pride rules and envy poisons it appears as humility; amid the voices of clamour and dispute it is the peace of God which passeth

understanding. Without ever for a moment underestimating the gravity of disobedience of the moral law, with great willingness to embrace for itself a hard way of life, it is full of tender charity for the infirmities of others.

3. The third thing that comes to Christians from their creed is *a sense of fellowship*. It is impossible to be a solitary Christian—one can only be a Christian by being united with Christ. When Christian people are seen to have sympathy with those who most need sympathy—with the outcast, with the broken-hearted, with the unemployed, with the degenerate and the vicious—they are doing something which they have learned from their Master, who is the Friend of sinners, and from Communion and Church-membership, which is the friendship of sinners.¹

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Worldliness.

'Love not the world.'—I Jn 2¹⁵.

This is a strange injunction to come from the aged Apostle, for on another page of another book he tells us that, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son.' It is quite evident, then, that the term 'world' has many and varied usages, and that St. John is not hostile in his attitude to all of them. For example, he cannot be speaking of the wondrous world of Nature, for this is indeed the living garment of God. Every inch of it bears the impress of His finger and every flower speaks of His love. Surely, also, St. John cannot be speaking of the world of art, literature, and music, for it enriches the soul, and adds enlarged interest to our passing days. Nor can the Apostle be thinking of the world of honest toil, 'the daily round, the common task,' for it is the glory of the gospel that it sanctifies the common ways and makes man's labour blessed. Then there is the world of mankind, and we know that St. John loved it even as did his great Master, and so must we. Thus, by this method of exhaustion, we are brought to see that the world, as St. John uses the term, is meant to signify an ethical conception rather than a material habitation. The world is a state and not a place; it is a spirit and not a location. As Bishop Burnett used to say, 'The world is humanity organized apart from God.' This is the conception of the word 'world' which Professor Brooke has in mind when, in his commentary, he says that it applies 'to humanity as estranged from God or regardless of God, or to all that is opposed to the

¹ S. C. Carpenter, *The House of Pilgrimage*, 136.

Christian view. Such love for the present and finite, either as a whole or in its several parts, excludes the possibility of the higher love of God and of man as brethren in Christ.'

In so far as the physical world is concerned, the New Testament was written around thoughts of it which no longer occupy the foreground of our minds. To them, this world was but the lower storey to a vaster realm which was heaven, and it was thought that Christ would speedily come back to judge the quick and the dead. 'Christianity,' says Bruce Barton, 'was launched as a short-time religion. Its first preachers were men who believed that the world was coming very promptly to an end; that it would be liquidated by God as a failure within their own lifetime.' This belief was the primary cause of what our age contemptuously calls 'other-worldliness.' For be it remembered that the Christian at his best has ever viewed this life as a pilgrimage, and himself as a pilgrim on the way. 'From the time of the first martyrs to our own day,' says Dean Inge, 'the Christian has always felt that this world is not his home; his eyes have been fixed upon the curtain which hangs between us and the beyond through which, as he believed, streamed forth broken gleams of a purer light than ever poured from the sun. In all the changes and chances of this mortal life he has looked for "the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."'

Let us think of the framework of St. John's life when he wrote these words, 'Love not the world.' The Roman Empire was then at the zenith of her glory. With the power of her material strength and extensive prowess had been blended the enrichments of Greek art and literature. Indeed, for magnificence, pomp, luxury, and power Rome had no equal. It was at Ephesus that St. John lived, Ephesus wherein Greek and Roman vice mingled with oriental debauchery, and there is little doubt that St. John believed that this world would come to a speedy end, 'for the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.' It was not a question of winning the world for Christ, but of winning as many as possible out of the world before the judgment of God. 'Love not the world.'

We do not despair of the world to-day. Indeed, the vast majority of healthy human beings are strongly imbued with the conviction that the world can be improved, and not only so, but that it is our duty so to try. This conviction is the dynamic of social unrest at its best. The Christian ideal in these matters has swung right round from any

pious expression of other-worldliness. 'It means being real and active citizens in this world and not merely passengers to the next. It does not require that every one be a theologian or a preacher or an ascetic, but something sturdier and more wholesome and robust, for it calls every one who names the name of Christ to do his bit in this world for the Kingdom that is invisible and eternal, for love of its King and Lord.'

It is quite clear, then, that we must interpret St. John's words as a warning, not against the material world, but against a worldly spirit. Men are worldly when their supreme delights are all gross, when they have no lofty ideals, no dreams of the Eternal, no visions of the Everlasting. Worldliness is a drab state of soul and a sordid outlook on life.

Ah, what a web
Of gray inconsequential-seeming threads!
The modish thoughts, the meat and money
thoughts—
In webs, in webs, in iron curtains proof
Against whatever fires of poesy
Burn in white aspirations from our lives,
They hang between us and your inner eyes,
Those better eyes, the pure eyes of the soul.

Lift up the curtain: for an hour lift up
The veil that holds you prisoners in this world
Of coins and wines and motor-horns, this world
Of figures and of men who trust in facts
This pitiable, hypocritic world
Where men with blinkered eyes and hobbled feet
Grope down a narrow gorge and call it life.¹

Worldliness is not a deliberate transgression of the Law, it is not the intentional violation of the Commandments; but it is a view-point about life in general which shapes men's motives and colours all they do. Worldliness is a philosophy of life expressed in anything which hinders man's companionship with God.²

In Galsworthy's *Caravan* there is a short story called 'A Hedonist.' The name of the Hedonist is Rupert K. Vaness, and in the story Galsworthy says that one day he was sitting in the famous Magnolia Garden in Charleston watching an old negro gardener pruning the shrubs 'when I heard the voice of Rupert K. Vaness say, quite close: "There's nothing for me but beauty, Miss Monroy."'

'The two were evidently just behind my azalea clump, perhaps four yards away, yet as invisible as if in China. . . .

¹ Herman Hagedorn.

² E. E. Johnston, *The Puritan Heritage*, 55.

“ I very soon learned that a genuine sensation was worth all the uplift in the world.”

“ What is going to happen when your senses strike work ? ”

“ I shall sit in the sun and fade out.”

As they moved away the old negro came up and told how in the Civil War the house had almost been burned down by Sherman's Yanks and they had tried to get him [his father] to tell them where the silver had been hidden. “ No, Suh,” says my fader, “ shoot away. I'se never goin' t' tell.” So dey begin to shoot, and shot all roun'm to skeer'm up. I was a lil' boy den, an' I see my ole fader wid my own eyes, Suh, standin' thar's bold's Peter. No, Suh, dey didn't never got no word from him ; he loved de folk heah ; sure he did.' And then Galsworthy writes, ‘ Suddenly, in fancy, there came before me Vaness's well-dressed person, panting, pale, perplexed ; and beside him, by a freak of vision, stood the old darkie's father, bound to the live oak, with the bullets whistling past, and his face transfigured. There they stood alongside—the creed of pleasure, which depended for fulfilment on its waist measurement ; and the creed of love devoted unto death !

“ Aha ! ” I thought ; “ which of the two laughs last ? ”

St. John gives two reasons why we should not love the world, and the first is because such love rules out love of God. ‘ If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him.’ Worldliness and spirituality are mutually exclusive.

In Dr. F. J. Powicke's *Life of Principal Simon of the United College, Bradford*, he quotes part of a letter of Dr. Simon's to Mrs. Haworth of Bowdon. ‘ Worldliness and carnal-mindedness are incompatible with vivid realization of the presence, grace, and loving-kindness of Christ whether directly manifested or more indirectly. It is strange and fearful how the worldly and carnal spirit at once darkens the vision and deadens the spiritual senses, and by degrees reveals its inmost essence as “ enmity to God.” “ The carnal mind is enmity to God ”—nothing truer ! And it is terrible how hard it is to overcome the world and the flesh, especially when aided by the devil. It is like walking up a hill when there is a thaw after frost—one toils and toils, and yet keeps slipping back almost as far as one advances.’

The other reason that St. John gives for refusing to be captured by the world is its transitoriness. ‘ The world passeth away.’ It ought not to detract from the joy of life in this world to realize that it is not abiding. To make it so is worldliness. The exclusive stressing of the other world is futility,

but the gospel of this world alone is sterility. Man has always been a pilgrim on the earth, and his efforts to dig himself in have not been very successful. ‘ Paganism in its loneliness coined the phrase, “ Mother earth,” but humanity has found little comfort in the use of it,’ says Mr. P. C. Ainsworth.

‘ Love not the world.’ But just what does that mean to us ? The world suggests different things to different people. Probably if we were to make out a list of the things we considered worldly, we should disagree upon many of them. Yet whilst we might not be able to define worldliness in detail to each other's satisfaction, we all know well what it is and how it works. Worldliness is this—the love of the baser things of life, cultivated and stressed, until they lead to enmity with God, and contamination of soul. It may be pampered comfort and luxurious indulgence, which are ever the quest of the pagan heart. It may be obsession in sport to the utter neglect of the better things, which is but the revealing of a shallow soul. It may be vulgar mammon worship, or the cold philosophy of material well-being, or the sordid habits of the degenerate. ‘ The world ’ is materialism impinging on the soul and dulling the conscience to the call of God. Whatever keeps us from our best, whatever lifts its head to defy the sanctions of Christ, that is the world, and that we must vanquish for the love of God and the salvation of our souls.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Grace of Humility.

‘ Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honour goeth humility.’—Pr 18¹² (R.V.).

Thousands of years ago, as a nomad tribe was wandering across the Babylonian plain, they beheld with amazement the ruins of a mighty building which even in its decay dominated the monotony of the landscape, and seemed to rear itself into the sky like an ineffectual threat, a frustrated defiance. That this gigantic edifice was a temple-tower built in the dim past and abandoned for some generations, the wanderers could not know ; but as they camped in the vicinity of the huge mass of masonry that night their fancy began to play and weave a story round it. In the grey ages of the world's beginning, they said, the inhabitants of the earth, grown reckless and impious, had raised this monstrous pile in order to lay siege to heaven itself ; but on the eve of success their design was turned to nought, and the unfinished tower stood, a monument of that

pride which comes before a fall, a warning to the overweening conceit of man.

Of course, neither Jewish nor Christian thought countenances the notion of God grudging us happiness or plenty, or desiring to punish us for the mere fact of being successful; for us this whole question is answered fully and finally in our Saviour's words: 'If ye then desire to give good gifts unto your children, how much more your Father which is in heaven!' Nevertheless, the feeling of the sinfulness of pride, the duty of humility, go right through our religion, alike in the Old and the New Testament. 'To walk humbly with thy God' is one of the three requirements laid on man by the Lord; 'he that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted,' proclaims the Gospel; and the same note is sounded again and again in the Book of Proverbs.

Let us notice first that there are pitfalls of unreality besetting this subject. There is a cant of humility which is positively odious, because it is utterly insincere, a mere cloak which hides cunning and self-seeking. The genius of Dickens portrayed that type, smirking, shifty, treacherous, once for all in Uriah Heap.

What diffidence, what lowliness some people will display when there is anything to be made out of it! And again, how others will humbly decline to put themselves forward, when it would mean doing some extra work, or placing themselves in the fighting line! The wonderful modesty and self-distrusting shyness which keep men tongue-tied rather than give utterance to unpopular, heretical, unfashionable opinions—the humility, in a word, which is the excuse of the coward, the man who wants to be friends with both sides, but chiefly with the side that has the loaves and fishes to distribute! We know it all, and we instinctively despise and recoil from it.

And then, again, there is the affected self-depreciation which is only an indirect way, and a very annoying one, of challenging an admiring tribute. We go to the wonderful islands on Lake Maggiore, owned by the Borromeo family; we survey the gardens with all their varied and beautiful growths, go over the ducal palace where everything bespeaks vast riches, and finally, as we stand on the topmost garden terrace, overlooking this glorious picture set in an azure frame of shimmering water, almost overwhelmed by so much splendour and loveliness, we note the stone-carved family motto of the owners—the one word HUMILITAS—and the pretence strikes us as so grotesque as to be not altogether decent.

What, then, we ask ourselves again, is the humility we are asked to cultivate as a grace of character?

In the first place, however much we may talk of the necessity of self-confidence for success, it is still a fact borne out by everyday experience that before destruction the heart of man is haughty. A Napoleon fills the world with his fame, subdues monarchs and nations, till he really believes that there is nothing impossible for him—and then he carries his ambition to a frozen grave in Russia, and closes his meteoric career, an exile, at the age of forty-six. And how many Napoleons of finance have in their own sphere repeated the fate of the Corsican!

But, in the second place, and looking at our subject in its personal aspects, humility is the temper of all who are conscious of their dependence, of their limitations, of their defects. When we remember our infirmities of will and character, when we call to mind our powerlessness against forces none of which we can control, we shall have little inclination left for boastfulness. There is, of course, no such insufferable person as the man who is under the delusion that he is self-made. As a matter of fact, a little reflection brings it home to us how little power even the most powerful has apart from the services, the goodwill, the good opinion of his fellows. Capital talks as though it was the beneficent provision of heaven, without which labour would go without its daily bread, whereas capital is quite powerless, dull, and inert, without labour's help. So, then, the only wise attitude for each one of us towards our fellows is the humble one which readily acknowledges its dependence and its sense of countless benefits received at their hands; the attitude, too, of willing eagerness to serve in turn, to make some sort of contribution toward that store of the world's commodities which is ever in process of being consumed, and which has to be constantly renewed to supply the world's necessities.

A measure of humility—discontent with self and its performances—is indispensable to all progress, whether personal or social. Self-satisfied civilizations are stagnant civilizations; self-satisfied people are unprogressive people. It is not the wisest or the most proficient who are satisfied with themselves; a Paul, toward the very close of his phenomenal career, writes from his Roman prison to the Philippians: 'Not that I have already attained, or am already made perfect; but I press on, if so be that I may apprehend.' I shall always remember that Dr. Martineau, when he was past ninety, wrote a letter in which he spoke with utter simplicity of

returning from his Highland holiday to London 'for much-needed study.' Such men are great enough to be humble.

And all this applies with doubled and trebled force to our moral attainments, or rather to that sense of our moral deficiencies which can never be very far from those who deal honestly with themselves. There is no failing upon which Jesus was so severe as upon self-righteousness—He dealt with it in far more unsparing terms than with the common frailties of humanity, because He saw that this sin went so much deeper.¹

Professor Moffatt, in a study on the Parable of the Pharisee and the Tax-gatherer, says: 'humility is stressed by Jesus in so many of His parables. . . . Some of the most conceited people I have ever known have been little people, and some of the humblest people I have known have been men and women of great mental distinction, and sometimes people in high rank in the State and Church. It is an attitude which pertains to life, and which pertains to life as Jesus suggests in this direction, this humility toward God, this humility toward our fellow-men. They are not always the same thing.'

'A friend who knew Bishop Westcott said he was an extremely humble Christian, "but honestly," he said, "I could not call my friend Westcott a modest man toward his fellow-men." The real man is humble both before God and his fellows. He is not thinking about himself always, but he realizes what he has in a sense an endowment, not an achievement. And Jesus blames this Pharisee not for possessing goodness and knowledge, but for failing to see that goodness was the outcome of God's mercy.'

'I believe,' says Ruskin, 'the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say, and the rest of the world's doings and sayings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it, and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them, only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows that he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Dürer writes calmly to one who has found fault with his work: "It cannot be done better"; Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else; only they do not expect their fellow-men, therefore, to fall down and worship them. They

have a curious undersense of powerlessness, feeling that the power is not *in* them, but *through* them, that they could not do or be anything else than God made them, and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.'

Laurence Oliphant, writing of General Gordon, says, 'What was so extraordinarily attractive to me in him was his underlying meekness and contempt for himself except as an instrument for Divine ends. The absence of all cant, combined with this intense desire for service however humble, made me feel him to be the most Christ-like man I ever knew.'

'Walking humbly with our God.' By humility towards God is meant the attitude of unreserved trust, of childlike teachableness, of ready obedience—all that was in the mind of our Lord when He made little children the very type and pattern of those who would receive the Kingdom—all that He Himself exhibited in unique perfection. Quiet confidence in the Divine leading; quiet receptiveness of the Divine truth; quiet submission to the Divine command—those who have tried the method have found it make for happiness and a peace such as is not of the world's giving. It is true that the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, who dwells in the high and holy place, dwelleth also with him that is of an humble spirit.

And as spiritual humility is the condition of all spiritual advancement, so it is the source and mainspring of intrepid strength: what made the Puritans utterly fearless of men was their consciousness that they had yielded themselves implicitly as instruments to be employed as the Most High might choose; what made Jesus strong and brave in the face of danger and death was His complete acceptance of His Father's will as absolutely best. Here is the secret of power—and, like all great secrets, it is an open one.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Light which Hurts.

'Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.'—Is 6⁶.

The light which illumines hurts. That is the inward meaning of this passage. The first reaction of the prophet's soul was not, strangely enough, a movement of attraction, but of intense shrinking, as though it had been better, being as he was, not to have seen at all. This phase of experience can be put into more or less conventional speech by saying that he who sees for the first time the vision

¹ J. Warschauer, *The Way of Understanding*, 140.

of God at that same moment knows his own sin and unworthiness. That is profoundly true, and yet we shall try to avoid as far as possible that way of putting it, because it is too familiar for our minds to grasp. Is it not, however, true to say that any light brighter and clearer than we use for the needs of common life throws into dark contrast our customary moods and motives and surroundings? If we begin by using the word sin for this self-discovery we seem to separate religion from the rest of life, and to regard it as lying within a province of its own with experiences to which there is no analogy outside those boundaries. But that separation is surely a false one which results in the impoverishment both of religion and the life from which it is separated. It is true always that the first effect upon man of all his deepest discoveries is this self-revelation and humbling which says, 'Woe is me for mine eyes have seen.' The man who has never said something like that to himself has not seen far into the beauty and greatness of life.

When we are told that people are not troubling about their sins it is sometimes taken as a sign that the modern man has intellectually outgrown an older phase of experience. It is far more likely, however, that he has missed something which is essential to all great experience. His easy-going indifference is a badge of mediocrity, not of superiority. A life without a sense of disconcerting depths is merely the other aspect of a life which has never seen the heights. Any aspect of life will serve to illustrate this. Who feels the pain and squalor of the world's ugliness but the man who has stood before the dream of beauty? Who is stung by the inequalities of life and opportunity except the man whose mind has responded to a great social ideal? It is not often men think of these things. They are not worrying about sin and imperfection in these wider forms. By an instinctive habit of self-protection we defend ourselves against the biggest things because they cost too much. We tolerate ugliness and squalor and injustice and find our little blind contentments. But once let vision come and there is hurt to follow.

We are dealing, then, with a tendency of human nature always and everywhere. We are deluding ourselves if we imagine that men immediately and readily accept the highest when they see it. They do not, and the condition of the world to-day is sufficient evidence of itself to show that they do not. There is a constant pull downward. The tendency of things is towards the path of least resistance. We have had enough of that easy

flattery of human nature which lauds it with unreal praise and suggests that men have only to be given the light in order to follow it. No doubt it is a reaction from the opposite extreme, which treated human nature as though it were entirely corrupt. But neither extreme is true. Man's nature has a response to both sides. And it is the division within himself that accounts for the reluctance with which he greets every new revelation. He cannot deny what his eyes have seen, and it is the greatness of man that will not let him deny it. But in his easier moments he almost wishes that the light had not come. It is woe to him that it has come, because the old easy acceptances are possible no longer. Every ideal is a seat of disturbance in human life. It lures and yet it tortures. And if this is true of ideals in general it is pre-eminently true of religion; and, further, it is a truth which the religion of the age needs. For it cannot surely be denied that we tend to take the highest truths very easily to-day.

It has seemed enough for us to try to gain some little light upon the meaning of life, to arrive at a broader creed; and we imagine sometimes when we have attained these things that an end has been reached, and we are satisfied. For some time past now God has been brought to the judgment of the human mind, and it has been as though man were the judge and God the judged. But it is not what we think about God, but what God makes us think about ourselves and the world. Is our thought of God big enough to make us feel that the knowledge is woe to us, that the very greatness of it stands over against the things we are living for and judges them? That is the real test, for unless there is that contrast, what can our religion do to remake us and to remould our world? Men may be soothed by the religion which condones their offences and sheds a soft light on everything, but they do not really believe it. Deep down in our hearts we all know that something far more decisive than that is needed both for ourselves and for the world at large. 'The modern town dweller,' writes Dean Inge, 'has no God, and no devil; he lives without admiration, without fear, and without awe'—in which there is sufficient truth to arrest our thought.

Now it is not enough to remind such people that they are unconscious believers; nor is it enough to excuse ourselves for lack of reverence on any specious ground. The lack of this note is a radical defect of modern civilization, which may ultimately endanger its whole existence. The task of religion to-day has a tremendous reality and urgency. We

are not dealing with figments and shadows; we are face to face with mammonism and greed and hatred and vice. The little expedients we try fail on every hand and they will go on failing. Unless we have seen a God who makes us cry woe upon ourselves and our world we are not in possession

of a faith that can rebuild the ruined fabric of human happiness. Unless we are moved to the depths of our being and stand self-revealed and humbled before the greatness of the vision, there is no dawn of a greater day for us or for the world.¹

¹ S. M. Berry, *The Crucible of Experience*, 43.

The Oxford Movement and Vital Protestantism.

BY THE REVEREND A. J. WESTLAKE, C.F.(T.A.), B.A., B.D., DEAL.

THE strength of the Anglo-Catholic Movement, the friendship that exists between many Anglo-Catholics and Free Churchmen, and the forthcoming centenary celebrations, when the Oxford Movement will be vividly recalled to our countrymen, demand from earnest Christians an endeavour to understand its history, and constitute a call to estimate its significance for the progress of the gospel. The challenge to thought and judgment especially confronts the Protestant believer, since the Oxford Movement rests on a reassertion of the Divine authority of the Catholic Church, the Church to whose priesthood, it is alleged, the apostolic authority has been transmitted in an unbroken continuity through the centuries by the rite of ordination. We can the better appreciate the Movement to-day since time has placed the activities of earlier centuries in truer perspective, and estimates can be formed which would have been impossible fifty years ago.

The present writer is a minister of the Baptist denomination, was reared in an evangelical home, and received his training for the ministry in a college where Jesus Christ, as presented in the New Testament, was acclaimed as the Lord of all Life, and where the criterion of thought unconsciously shaped itself into the demand, 'Is it true?' It was finely recognized that the quest of truth cannot be set in an artificial demand for freedom from bias, for such a colourless idea is barren. The Christian is biased in favour of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and all that that spiritual declaration implies. Just as the normal man is biased in favour of life by the very constitution of his being, so the Christian is truly

and fruitfully biased in favour of Christ as the key to finality in religion and life. The lover of Christian truth will allow experience, controlled by the New Testament, to unfold its treasures and will endeavour to be loyal to its fruitions. From this standpoint he will judge the history of the Christian development.

The mode of approach to our subject will be found in an endeavour to place ourselves in the position of an enthusiastic and spiritually minded High Churchman and see how he views the history of the Church. We shall not advance in mature judgment, if it be true of us as Newman alleged of Kingsley, 'he appears to be so constituted as to have no notion of what goes on in minds different from his own.'¹

The Apostle is our guide in words which Newman quoted, 'In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men' (1 Co 14²⁰).

The group of men associated with Keble and Newman were controlled by the conviction that the realities of the Christian religion would be in increasing danger if certain developments in politics and liberalism were not effectively challenged. First of all, there was the danger associated with the political crisis. Readers will recall that the immediate occasion of the Oxford Movement in 1833 was the action of Parliament in reducing the Irish bishoprics from twenty to ten, the Bill for their reduction being before the House of Lords when Keble preached his famous sermon on the 'National Apostasy.' This interference with the Irish Sees suggested what might happen to the English at the call of the State. The agitation and ferment thus excited were much

¹ *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*.