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king. Here he resided during his reign, which probably lasted about twenty years (1029–1009 B.C.), and here his seven sons were hanged by the Gibeonites. Dr. Albright has found that the earliest town, belonging to about the twelfth century B.C., was destroyed, partly at least by fire—a catastrophe which seems to correspond with the one referred to in the last chapters of Judges. The place, however, appears to have been re-established by Saul, and the citadel or fortress built by him. Dr. Albright reckons the length of this fortress to have been between seventy and sixty yards, and compares it with the one at *Ain el-Qudeirât* (Kadesh-Barnea), which probably dates from the tenth century. In this latter we have the same rectangular form, the same ratio between length and breadth, the same double wall with casemates, while the south-west corner tower has the same shape. The excavation gives evidence that the citadel of Saul was burned, though in what historical connexion it is difficult to say. Perhaps the battle of Michmash, or his defeat and death on Mount Gilboa, led to its conflagration.

Researches have recently been made by an expedition under Mr. J. W. Crowfoot at *Balu'ah*, about fifteen miles north of Kerak, in Moab. Here a rude slab of basalt was found three years ago, containing a representation of an individual standing between two deities, with four fragmentary lines at the top in an undecipherable script. According to M. Étienne Drioton, an analysis of the scene, especially in regard to the details of the figures, places the stele sometime within the twentieth Egyptian dynasty, probably in the reign of Ramesses III. (1204–1172 B.C.). We would point out, however, that if the date were placed a little earlier, which many scholars believe to be the case, it would carry us back to the eighty years' peace between Moab and Israel, after Ehud had succeeded in delivering the country from the Moabite oppression. The stele, which is an imposing one, might thus have some connexion with these national events. It was found head downwards in the débris of a room or cellar, into which it had obviously fallen. Mr. Crowfoot's expedition has made a careful examination of the site, but has found no evidence as to the original position of the stele. The ruins around are gloomy and desolate, consisting mostly of the walls of small houses, with one large building, the Kasr, in a better state of preservation. Several soundings and clearances have been carried through at the place. The conclusion come to is that the site was occupied before 2000 B.C. (as potsherds collected by Dr. Glueck in 1933 had already shown), and that a blank follows, as on many Moabite sites, till about 1300 B.C. or later, when signs of habitation again appear. But, according to Mr. Crowfoot, the prospect of any further discoveries at the place is not promising.

Several new expeditions are being planned for the examination of ancient Palestinian sites. Next summer the American Schools of Oriental Research, in co-operation with the Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary, intend to excavate the site of Bethel (modern *Beitin*). The Palestine Exploration Fund is undertaking a new excavation, of a limited kind, at the ancient city of Gezer, where Professor R. A. S. Macalister made his well-known exploration many years ago. The work has been entrusted to Mr. Alan Rowe, and will be centred largely on the area which Professor Macalister was unable to touch. Perhaps more important still, the historical site of Ophel, at Jerusalem, is now to be excavated under the auspices of the present administration of Palestine, which has invited the collaboration of all archæological societies within the League of Nations. Here may be found the ancient fortress of the Jebusites, the first city of David, and maybe the tombs of the kings of Judah.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

'Be British: Be a Sport: Be a Christian.'

By the Reverend T. Greener Gardner, Matlock.

'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'—Mt 7^{12}.

During the War, one of my friends was in the Navy, and at one period he, along with about two hundred others, was drafted to the Mediterranean Sea to fill up various ships' companies in the Mediterranean Fleet. It was winter when they left England, and their passage out was a very rough one. To add to their discomfort they were in a very poor ship, where there was little room; they were stinted for food, and what food they did have was of a poor quality.

When they landed at Gibraltar, they were marched

to the parade ground, where the sun blazed upon them, and there given emergency rations of corned beef, bread, and water. Then they were left to their own devices for about two hours.

You can quite readily imagine how these men felt—they had expected that when they landed at Gibraltar they would be given a good meal, under comfortable conditions, but they had neither the good meal nor the comfortable conditions, and they were full of resentment.

While in this humour a half-caste came onto the parade ground with two panniers full of oranges strapped to a donkey. This was a welcome sight, and the man was quickly besieged. For a while the sailors accepted the slow distribution of the oranges, then became impatient, and eventually pushed the half-caste aside and helped themselves.

The poor man expostulated as best he could, but he had little knowledge of the English language, and what could one man do among two hundred?

He appeared to have a sudden inspiration, and standing a little away from the crowd, he shouted at the top of his voice, 'Be British!'

The effect was magical—the men stopped as if called to attention—they were thoroughly ashamed of themselves, and for a few seconds did not know which way to look. They knew that British people were supposed to believe in fairplay, but here two hundred of them were taking advantage of one man. After an awkward pause, one of the men put his hand into his pocket, and threw a coin into the half-caste's basket. This was the signal for the others to see the honest way out of their behaviour, and the whole of the men followed his example, and very soon the man had more money than if he had sold his oranges as he had intended. It was all done by simply reminding the men what was expected of those who call themselves British.

Sometimes when you are at games at school, you may see something done which you say is not 'playing the game.' At once you will hear some one cry out—'Be a sport,' and that acts like magic, for all boys and girls at school like to be regarded as 'good sports.'

To be unsportsmanlike is an unforgivable offence at school, and we have to learn to take our defeats, as well as our victories, in a sporting spirit, being more concerned about playing the game than winning it. In after years many a man has been saved from an unworthy action because he learnt at school how to play the game and be a sport.

There is a third ideal to which I draw your attention, and that is the call to 'Be a Christian.' In the New Testament it is reported that Jesus said, 'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' This is an ideal higher than being British, or being a sport.

It is a very good thing to be British, to remember that behind us are splendid traditions and wonderful achievements, and we must not soil a good name.

It is a good thing to be a sport and to play the game fairly whatever the game may be, and whether we are winning or losing. It is, however, the best thing to be a Christian and find ourselves among the friends of Jesus. Being a Christian will make us better British, and help us to be good sports.

Be British and live up to the best traditions of our race; be a sport and play the game with fairness; but, above all, 'do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' and be a Christian.

Donkey Rides.

By the Reverend James Duffill, M.A.,
Bourn Vicarage, Cambs.

'Who is my neighbour?'—Lk 10^{29}.

I expect most of you have ridden on a donkey at the seaside, and when you had your ride your only complaint was that it wasn't long enough. Isn't that so?

Well, I am going to tell you a story of some donkey rides—real long ones, not on the sands, but on a rough, rocky road. There are four men in the story. They all had donkeys, and they all set out to take a long journey of eighteen miles, not together, but one after the other.

The first man started early in the morning. He was on business, and over the back of his donkey at each side he had a big bundle of goods, which he was going to try to sell when he arrived at his destination. All went well for a time. The road was bumpy, but he was used to that, and so was his donkey. He was just thinking that he would arrive in time for the market, when he heard shouts, and before he could say 'Jack Robinson' he was pounced upon by two ugly-looking men, who knocked him off his donkey, and did that very un-English trick of pulling out a knife and stabbing him. The two horrid men then threw him into the ditch on the roadside, and went off with his donkey and his goods. And in the ditch the man lay.

Some time afterwards another man left the same city on his donkey for the same destination, along the same road. He was not a business man; he had no luggage with him except what he needed for a holiday—a change of clothes, a nightshirt, and

a toothbrush. He didn't require any shaving tackle as he wore a beard.

As he rode along he was feeling rather pleased with life (and if the truth must be told he was feeling still more pleased with himself—he was that kind of man). He had no thought for anybody but himself, when suddenly he heard groans coming from the side of the road—it was our first traveller in the ditch, where he had lain helpless for what seemed like hours. No. 2 traveller, as soon as he heard the groans, guessed what had happened, and knowing that if he tried to help he would be delayed, kicked his donkey in the ribs and hurried along. Meanwhile, the poor fellow lay there bleeding and groaning.

A little later that day a third man set off on his donkey along the same route, and he also came to the place where the wretched man lay, and he also heard the groans. But No. 3 was just as unfeeling as No. 2; he came and 'had a look-see,' and then passed on as fast as his donkey would carry him. Still the poor fellow lay there bleeding and groaning.

For the fourth time that day a man riding a donkey made the journey on that road, and he also came to the place where the wounded man lay.

'Will he be as helpful as the other two?' thought the groaning traveller. 'If so, confound his curiosity.' But No. 4 soon showed that he was of a very different sort from No. 2 and No. 3. 'Hello, old fellow, what's the matter?' Then the poor man told his story as the kind traveller dressed his wounds. 'The dirty cads, to leave you in this state. Never mind, I will do what I can. Put your arm round my neck and I will lift you on to my donkey. That's right; . . . hold on . . . good. We shan't be long now before we get to an hotel and then I will put you to bed. How are you feeling?' 'Not so bad, thanks,' said the wounded man, but he said it very feebly, and as a matter of fact was feeling quite bad. But he did want to show how much he appreciated the man's kindness.

Well, in some little time they arrived at an hotel, and as gently as they could they took the poor fellow upstairs and laid him in bed.

'Oh, thank you, thank you; this is lovely!' said he, and with that he fell asleep with exhaustion. 'Look after him,' said the kind traveller to the proprietor. 'I can't stay myself, but I will pay all the expenses.' 'What is your name, sir?' He gave him his name and address, and said 'Good afternoon,' and rode off on his donkey.

You would like to know the name of this kind man, wouldn't you? Well, the only name I know him by is 'The Good Samaritan'; for the story of the four donkey rides is our old favourite story that we know by the name of 'The Good Samaritan.'

It is the story Jesus Himself told. Do you know why He told it? Because somebody asked Him, 'Who is my neighbour?' And the story was Christ's answer. I think that He meant just this: our neighbour is anybody we can help.

Our neighbour is not just the person who lives next door, but anybody whether at school or work or play, in the street or at home or anywhere else, to whom we have a chance of being kind. Sometimes your neighbour is your own brother, or sister, or mother, or father, or your school chum, or it may be—a cat, or a dog. And Jesus wants us to be kind to all our neighbours. If the chance comes of being kind and we don't take it, we are like the two horrid men, travellers No. 2 and 3. We don't want to be a bit like them—the mean, despicable creatures, do we? No, ten thousand times No!

Not Wanted!

By the Reverend R. Marshall Smart, M.A., Berwick-on-Tweed.

'So he drove out the man.'—Gn 3^{24}.

Not long ago I saw in a newspaper a picture that suggested things to me . . . spoke a message indeed. At first sight one would think that the picture showed the end of a scuffle and tussle between the police and some women, and that the police had come off best! Three dressed people lie sprawling on the edge of a pavement, heads towards the gutter, and they are just outside the door of a building from which they seem to have been ejected. The title of the picture, 'They don't want any of them there,' throws some light on this apparent battlefield. These people are not wanted in the building. But this is a very serious step to take with undesirables: they look so much *hors de combat*, the worse for their deplorable exit.

Now I am going to let you into the explanation of this throwing out of unwanted folks. Underneath the picture in rather smaller type are these words. . . . 'These three figures, representing Greed, Hate, Scandal, were thrown clear of the site when Kingsley Hall, a new East-end Social Club, was dedicated.'

The earnestness and sincerity of the club officials are very obvious from the very lifelike figures they dressed up and threw out!

Now there are many clubs in London and elsewhere that allow people into their membership who are selfish, who harbour hateful thoughts,

whose conversation is scandalous and often their conduct too. Police raid these places from time to time. Certainly they do not throw them out on the street, but they take their names and addresses, and presently they are summoned before a judge for offence and breach of law.

But here is a club that wants to avoid trouble like that, so they begin well by intimating in the tremendously impressive way shown in the picture, that they do not want Greed, Selfishness, Hatred, and Scandal in their club.

For these things would spoil the club, ruin it, if they were allowed to stay.

And these are the things that spoil that big club we call the world—the world of nations: and within any nation or community or circle they do great damage.

Why, they broke up the first Christian Club, the twelve disciples that gathered round Jesus. Judas by his greed (for a handful of silver he betrayed his Master), and the people hated Him without a cause and reviled Him and put wrong interpretations on His actions. And Jesus, the great Clubmaster, does not want any of these things in His Club, in His Church. His disciples, His members are to put off certain things and put on others. Selfishness, hatred, and scandal must make their hasty exit, and unselfishness and love and good report must make their entrance.

Further, our lives are just like a building—they house certain things, some of which were better away.

The members of that London Social Club at the very beginning wanted rid of these features that spoil life and work harm. At the very beginning, that's the best time! But the best guard against the entry of evil is not to keep the evil out, but to let Jesus in. So then from the beginning let Jesus into that building, scripturally called the Temple of the Holy Spirit.

O give then to Jesus your *earliest* days,
They only are blessed who walk in His ways.

Finally, if you want to be numbered among those gathered around the throne of God in heaven, you must put on unselfishness and love, and your conversation must be 'in heaven.'

Heaven is closed against Greed, Hatred, Scandal; as the hymn puts it:

There is a City bright;
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

Let each boy and girl make this his or her prayer:

Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee. . . .

and each will become a good member of the Club whose Master is Jesus Christ.

The Christian Year.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Book of the Streets.

'But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.'—Mt 9^{36}.

Sir Walter Besant, in one of his novels, speaks of 'the book of the streets,' over which many spend a lifetime, and he adds that 'he who can read it aright may become a prophet, a poet, or a leader of the people.' Those to whom a crowd is wholly commonplace will think such language fantastic and extravagant; for in this, as in other books, a man finds only as much as he can. Bacon speaks of the 'play-pleasure' of watching men; and so far we all can go in the enjoyment of the endless procession and comedy of the streets. But beyond the spectacle and the comedy many of us never go. We see nothing in the throng but its brilliance or its squalor, for it needs a discipline of eye and heart to go below the surface.

Galilee teemed with human life. Josephus, who had organized an army of defence there and knew the resources of the land, suggests a population as dense as that of Belgium to-day. Much of the soil was exuberantly fertile, and not a plot was left untilled; but the people were far too thick upon the ground. As in modern India, the village money-lender had a hand upon everything, and the peasants toiled from dawn to dark without release. Fever was never absent; leprosy was a grim commonplace; ophthalmia and blindness were frequent. No doubt it had its other side. Children were born and were happy there, and men lived and hoped and prayed; but life was squalid and monotonous. Religion, which has often been the consolation and the refuge of the poor, came to them mainly in the form of a heartless ritual, of which they were, not unnaturally, negligent; and there was reason for the scornful saying, 'This people which knoweth not the law is accursed.'

Jesus Himself had gone about and surveyed the land and returned with no very cheering judgment. The people, in His eyes, were like sheep overdriven, lying where they had fallen down, or stumbling on because they must—a flock left to itself, chased by hopes and terrors of their own imagining, straying until they perished within reach of an abundance they had not wit to discover.

But what struck Jesus was not the sorrow of the situation, but the opportunity; not their disaster and misery so much as their value. He missed nothing of the pitifulness, but what troubled Him was the want of men to help in changing these conditions. 'Oh, pray to God for men!' He said to the disciples. Here is a whole harvest of life and heart waiting to be gathered, and there is no one to bring it in.

1. What enabled Christ to see that in a spectacle so unpromising? He saw because He looked. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him *hear*,' said Jesus, for the ear is something more than an ornament; and a man has not exhausted the uses of his eyes when they have guided him past the ditch. The world outspread before us is for our learning, and yet many minds are so torpid that they do not receive what the senses would report. There is nothing more astonishing on the human side of Christ's teaching than the variety of life that is in it. Nothing escaped His look. Ten lepers, huddled in their rags, cried to Him from a distance for help; and to Jesus they were not a little crowd of lepers indiscriminate, they were ten, and He noted that one was a Samaritan, and that it was he who came back. This may seem a trifle; but it is such things which distinguish the man who *sees* from his slow-sighted neighbours. Some people are so interested in the concerns of their own set that they have no eyes for others, and do not know what exists in their own community. Sometimes their blindness is deliberate, for they turn away from what they prefer not to think of. They know that there is much which, if they saw it, would make them uncomfortable and would make their indolence seem a crime, and so they do not see it. If we are to know the world as Christ did, we must compel ourselves to look, and must believe in what we see.

2. But looking itself is vain without *imagination*. There are many people to whom an object says nothing. Like an inexpert scholar before a defaced and broken inscription, they see dimly what is there, and have no guess at what is not there. Faces never tell a story to them; a hint is never enough. Ruskin says of Titian, that 'he could have put issues of life and death into the face of a man asking his way, nay, into the *back* of him. He has put a whole scheme of dogmatic theology into a row of bishops' backs at the Louvre.' That is the real gift of the interpreting eye which we continually find in Jesus. There was much in Galilee to delude the onlooker. There were the stir and hum of busy life; towns were growing fast, and were being adorned with splendid buildings; the lake was busy with fishing-boats, and the fish-curing at Tarichæa was expanding into a great industry; on the trade roads caravans followed close upon each other. They bought and sold, married and danced and sang. But Christ, who had grown in the midst of it, was able to put His ear to the ground and hear, below the babel of business, the sighing of hearts that needed God.

3. But there is a heartless imagination which quickly finds its limit. Some men are born anatomists, and their pleasure is to dissect and expose the nerves of human conduct. A drunkard going down into the shadow of his own impotence is to them a subject merely; and all the miseries and tragedies which they see are taken as the unavoidable incidents of life. Now to observation and imagination there must be added tenderness if we are to see as Christ did. The care for individual souls is a Christian achievement; not to slump men together in masses, but to consider them one by one—that is Christ's lesson. For the Shepherd leaves the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness that He may seek the one.

Jesus Himself realized all that makes for sin, the loneliness, confusion, and flurry that send many into evil. We all like sheep have gone astray—like sheep, not wolves, not from deliberate badness and not in sheer ferocity. Carlyle says: 'Sheep go in flocks for three reasons: first, because they are of a gregarious temperament, and love to be together; second, because of their cowardice they are afraid to be left alone; third, because the common run of them are dull of sight to a proverb, and can have no choice of roads.' That is said of us, and Jesus knew its truth; and with His tenderness He divined the secret of the worst. He had condemnation in reserve for evil; but the condemnation was most for sins of the mind, and He had helpful pity for those who had stumbled blindly into sin, or who had been swept into it in some gust of passion. Like sheep they go astray, and there are wolves to devour them.

4. And, further, without reverence the work of Christ can hardly be done. He calls us not to a kindly pity for an erring fellow-creature, but to an

offering of reverence in presence of what is great and is only by an accident degraded. In Christ there was no touch of contempt, and indeed in all the greatest there is none. 'No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn.' The eyes which have no reverence will see little; they will note every darn in a man's coat; they will brighten at every defect in his grammar; vigilant and eager, they will mark whatever is odd or faulty or unusual in him; and, seeing everything, as they think, they will miss whatever is most worth seeing. For that toiling mass of human life the religious teacher had little but disdain, the people about Jerusalem were far more to the priestly mind. The Galilean was rough, vulgar, profane, but he was very human, and Jesus, observing him well, pronounced that in His kingdom some that were last should be first. The vigour of Nature which had sent him on the evil way might be turned in another direction. And with a splendid audacity He laid His hand on these offences of society and claimed them for goodness. He fought that battle over and over again across some crouching human figure, and He fought it in one way, not raising questions of the man's stability, but of God's love to him.

5. And the last thing in Christ's seeing is His willing energy. In some men hand and eye do not keep time. Some begin to work before they have looked, and it takes much of the wisdom of wise people to repair the blunders of these well-meaning good people. Others study and see, but their hand is not infected. Jesus looked, and recognizing, with a leap of heart, His chance, He set Himself to work. In men's confusion and defect He saw an opportunity for Himself and for all right helpers. Men were waiting for leadership, for happiness, for truth, which in a *godless* world would be a sorry sight. But then in the world of Jesus, God was the first fact and the last, the nearest and the tenderest fact of all; and He went about to tell men of the grace which had come to seek them out.

At the grave of a man who was killed by the police in Trafalgar Square, William Morris said, 'Our friend has had a hard life, and met with a hard death; and if society had been different his life might have been a delightful, a beautiful, and a happy one. It is our business to organize for the purpose of seeing that such things shall not happen.' That is a kind of gospel, and it has enlisted the service of many honest and good men. It certainly has its place in any *complete* gospel, and that men have badly learned the lesson of Christ's compassion who are willing to leave their fellow-creatures in conditions in which virtue is a kind of marvel. But that message of social reconstruction is somewhat far away, and meanwhile men are dying. And Christ came near to those who had never looked for kindness or respect, accepting the derision which such companionship brought upon Him, and by His love and His trust He made them hope for themselves. Now the heart of Christ is waiting for some of us to be ministers to those for whom He died. 'Pray God for men!' He says to-day.[1]

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Christ and Liberty.

'But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.'—Mt 20^{25-28}.

There is a whole theory of life, a whole ethical and political philosophy, crammed into this passage. It is not only one of the best authenticated of all the sayings of Jesus, appearing as it does in three Gospels—it is one of the most significant things He ever said.

From the beginnings of human societies, two clearly-cut and sharply-opposed theories of social life have contended for the mastery among men, and these have been based on two different views of true greatness and of what it consists, and from these two views have flowed two conflicting ideas as to the ultimate nature of authority among men.

On the one hand, the autocratic theory of life, based on the view that man is essentially a selfish, combative animal, who requires to be kept in order, which issues in the conclusion that authority must be based on overwhelming force; and on the other hand, the democratic view, based on the conviction that at bottom man is a reasonable creature, whose fundamental instincts are not bad but good, which finds expression in the view that the only authority to be obeyed is the authority which finds an answer in the rational faculty of the human soul and which is based on voluntary consent and grounded in personal service.

The words were wrung from Jesus by one of those jarring incidents which from time to time marred the peace of His circle.

[1] W. M. Macgregor, *Some of God's Ministries*, 166.

Two of His chief disciples, the brothers James and John, had so far misunderstood the mission on which they had come to be engaged as to think that Jesus was out for the establishment of a new kingdom, of which He was to be the King—that was, of course, after the revolution which was somehow or other thought to be near at hand. And James and John wanted to make sure beforehand of getting the best appointments in the new kingdom. So they sent their mother to Jesus to beg for her sons the chief positions of authority in the new state. The unseemly scene was worth while, inasmuch as it drew from Jesus this great saying: 'Ye know,' He said, 'that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them'—and the Jews then lay under the heel of the Romans, so that by the rulers of the Gentiles Jesus meant simply all rulers—'and their great men overbear them.' Despotism in all its nakedness and ugliness! That was how Jesus summed it up. Rulers lording it over their subjects—strutting about in a little brief authority—rulers overbearing their subjects, governing by sheer force, by the force of arms, by mailed fists and gleaming swords—that was government, a poor, sordid affair of strong men exploiting weak. And, according to Luke, Jesus threw in a sarcastic aside as He proceeded. These men who lorded it over others were actually called 'benefactors.'

In a flash, then, Jesus shows us despotism, tyranny, dictatorship, whichever we choose to call it, that form of government which, except during the heyday of Athens' glory and the early years of Rome, was universal in the old world; that form of government which in Israel and Judah had again and again invoked and provoked revolution and regicide. Yes, Jesus shows us tyranny and then dismisses it. 'It shall not be so among you.' He had come to teach a new way of life, and He was at pains to show that it was totally at variance with the old. 'Not so with you; whoever wants to be great among you must be your servant . . . just as the Son of man has come not to be served, but to serve and to give his life as a ransom for many.'

Nothing could be plainer than this; consciously or unconsciously, all modern democracy—all liberty, equality, and fraternity—all that, by inculcating respect for personality, makes for freedom, is due ultimately to Jesus Christ and the seed which He sowed in the world's soil. For these words of our text are no mere isolated expression of opinion about government. They flow inevitably from Jesus' doctrine of God and His corresponding and related doctrine of man. For the Fatherhood of God over all men necessarily spells the value of every person—every man, woman, or little child. And if every man is of value in the sight of God, why, then, no man has the right to coerce or exploit or dictate or to domineer over any other man. Whether he be Emperor or King, Pope or Bishop, Dictator or Chancellor, General or Admiral, no matter if 'thousands worship at his word,' no matter whether he belong to the extreme right or the extreme left, he has no moral right to lord it over other men. Despotism is a sin against the nature of things; and, as Herodotus long ago perceived, a challenge to the Most High. Supposing, then, that James and John had never coveted high office in the kingdom whose establishment they expected, and supposing James had never directly condemned the ancient ideals of kingship, Jesus' own teaching is the ultimate stone wall against which all despotisms must be broken, the spiritual dynamite which must of necessity shatter all tyrannies to atoms. But we are profoundly thankful for His comment, not only because it leaves us in no manner of doubt as to the Christian attitude to tyranny; we are grateful for it because He shows us where ultimate authority is to be found. For He shows us that authority is not something which belongs to men by prescriptive right. Greatness has to be gained by merit, and through the way of service. 'Whosoever will be great among you must be your servant'—the word 'servant' or 'slave' used, of course, in the sense of voluntary service. No man has any right to exercise authority unless he receives it with the free consent of the people—is not this democracy in the truest and best sense?

And further, there flows from this a highly important consequence. If authority is to be gained by service, then authority must be exercised by consent. Rulers, whether in Church or State, do not rule for their own glory, but for the good of those whom they seek to serve. And as they rule by free choice, there follows, of necessity, liberty. As Shields, the Covenanter, expressed it in his day and generation, 'only a government founded on a bottom of conscience'—that is, government by free consent of free men 'will unite the governed to the governors by inclination as well as by duty.'

To-day the two views of humanity are still struggling for the mastery, the low and the high view of man—man as a fighting animal or a child of God—man as requiring to be kept in order, or man with his inalienable right to freedom—the ruler as the strong man with the big stick and the big battalions, or the ruler as the servant of the

people. Both views have a tremendous attraction for individuals of various types. Some time ago the World Headquarters of the Y.M.C.A. sent round a questionnaire to be widely distributed among boys and youths in all lands, and one of the questions was: 'In your opinion, who is the greatest person who ever lived?' Perhaps the most extraordinary element in the whole response was that in a large number of countries, completely independent of each other, in Asia as well as in Europe and America, Jesus and Napoleon were presented as the greatest persons who ever lived. That Jesus and Napoleon—the principles of service and domination incorporate in personality—should grip the imagination of boys in every land is significant, and shows us clearly that the two contrasted views of life are still contending for the mastery.

But Napoleon himself confessed, while in exile in St. Helena, that he had failed to found an Empire, and that Jesus, with no swords and no armies, had established an unshakeable dominion over the souls of men. Jesus has done so because His authority is grounded in the spiritual and moral nature of man as a child of God, because He calls forth the higher and permanent instincts in men. For this reason we may well be of high courage. Liberty and justice, righteousness, goodness, and mercy, these things must endure. Under the leadership of Jesus the world must go forward.

> Blazon'd as on heaven's immortal noon,
> The Cross leads generations on.[1]

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Crucified or Consecrated?

'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.'—Gal 5^{24}.

'Sanctify them through thy truth.'—Jn 17^{17}.

The Christian Church, with true emphasis, has regarded 'consecration' as expressing the highest ideal of the practical Christian life. To us as Christians the word stands for all that is best and dearest, and represents the supreme conception which Christ had for human life. As we use the term, we mean the life that is submitted to the will of God, the life in which Jesus is the centre and touches the circumference, the life in which the spirit of our Lord rules, guides, and influences both act and thought. By the consecrated life, we mean the daily life made sacred by being given to the service of God.

[1] H. Macpherson, *The Religion of Common Sense*, 67.

Can it be that by any chance we have set before us a wrong ideal? Does the New Testament not preach the crucified life? One could easily quote many passages supporting this view. For instance, there is our text, 'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh.' But the point is, What is meant by the crucified life?

Unfortunately for us, terms were used in the Apostle's day in senses somewhat different from ours. Take this very word 'flesh.' As any one can see who studies the Apostle's language, that word was used, not to describe the whole body, the entire bundle of humanity which we possess, but only to describe the evil, the sin, the *badness* in the body. The word 'flesh' was a common philosophical term, current in certain schools and fashions of thought, to summarize all that was low and vile and against God. Men had to use some term, and in their unnatural division of human life into sections and compartments, the thinkers of that day used the term 'flesh' to describe what was against the spirit and against God. But the point is, we to-day use the term 'flesh' in a different—a broader and fuller sense; and in forming our judgment, we must take clear note of the difference. When we speak about 'the flesh,' we mean all that is broadly, naturally, human—the whole physical side of man, the powers and gifts, the qualities and aptitudes, the natural tendencies and desires with which our loving God, in His wise goodness, has so richly endowed us. No Christian man who honours God's gifts would *dare* call these qualities and gifts evil in themselves, though we admit that they may be turned to evil. When the New Testament says 'crucify the flesh,' it does not mean 'crucify your rich humanity.' Would any man say that our human intellect in itself is evil, or our human imagination, our human will, our human body, or our human love? If so, then there was never *a human Christ*, or what Christ there was had no part with us.

Now to us the ideal of practical Christian life is not crucifixion but consecration—not maiming our rich inheritance of manhood and womanhood, but bringing it to its true perfection in Jesus, 'till we all come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' All that we have—body, mind, heart, and imagination, as well as soul—is the gift of our Father; and it would be a farce—would it not? if we were given these endowments only to suppress them. These two ideals—the crucified life, and the consecrated life—have been at war throughout the whole history of the Church. The first, the crucifixion

of the flesh, is seen in the ideal of the monk and the monastery, where men thought they could escape from the power of the world and the flesh by shutting themselves within cloistered walls. But we know that stone walls do not make any man's prison: his prison or his liberty lies in the state of his own mind and soul. Thus to us the monastic ideal has failed, simply because in the last resort it was un-Christian. Moreover, from the point of view of history, the ideal of crushing and suppressing the flesh as a direct means to spiritual power is at bottom a pagan and heathen ideal, representing the influence of Eastern religions (Indian, Persian, and Egyptian), on the early purity, and, we might say, the early sanity of the Christian Church.

Of course, it is only right to notice that consecration may imply crucifixion. There are things in our life—habits, passions, low ideals, false lordships—which must be broken and crushed, before there can be any real consecration. There are obstacles in our life that must clearly be swept away before the spiritual can have its chance. Christ Himself expressed this need in a startling phrase, 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out.' Anything in us that hinders the power of the Holy Spirit must be cut out. But this is not crucifying the flesh for its own sake, or as an ideal in itself, but crucifying it for the higher good of consecrating the whole humanity. Just as if a man would grow beautiful flowers, he must give no root-hold to weeds, but it is only weeds we uproot. So in life it is only as things hinder the higher life that there is any call for sacrifice. The supreme practical lesson we have to show men is this—not how much we can keep out of the world, but how much we can stand among our brother-men, taking our fair share in the world's business, tasting its true joy, its work, its worry, its sorrow, its dreams, and its love, and yet be able to live it all in true honour to man and true service to God. 'I have overcome the world,' cried Jesus—not by flight but by victory. That, too, is our ideal, to stand in the world and develop our full-sided human nature, and yet be master of both, because Christ is master of us!

Many of our young men and women to-day have a wrong view of what the Christian life is and demands. They regard it as a twisted, bloodless, anæmic thing, out of which the flowing sap and the rich juice have been squeezed, like a dried apple. Nor are they altogether to blame for this crude picture, since the Christian life has been largely defined in negatives. It became 'thou shalt' and 'thou shalt not,' an instance of the old Jewish law dominating the free spirit of Christ. Against this, we have to show the world that this is a false ideal. If there is any joy, any beauty, any peace, any thrill in life, it is ours. The Christian life is the fullest and richest life possible, and it is fullest and richest just in those things which most people deny—in joy and exaltation of soul. We are called 'to die daily,' but we die to *live*! We have to show the world that Christ does not starve or rob our manhood and womanhood, but enriches and ennobles, broadens and deepens it, both in body and soul. There is no ideal for human life that is so rich and thrilling as Jesus Christ's. It is our humanity He wants, our humanity redeemed, a humanity that is rich and rounded and throbbing with a full-blooded life. Ours is the gospel of complete satisfaction, a complete fulfilment in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Church at times may have despised intellect, but Christ never did. Let Christ take those talents of ours, and He will baptize them in the glory of power. Let Christ take the financier's mind, the artist's vision, the poet's dream, the workman's hand, and He will consecrate them to magnificent ends. We even say, let Christ take our joy, our love of play, and He will so bless them till they ring like the laugh of the angels! Consecration is the life where every power and affection of man is beautified in the service of Christ.[1]

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

The Ministry of Beauty.

'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'—Mt $6^{28.29}$.

These lilies were not rare and costly plants such as grow in greenhouses. They grew profusely in the fields and were to be seen and plucked in all directions. In form they were rather like our gladioli; in colour they ranged from pinkish-purple to blue, and would light up patches of the landscape with their brilliant hues.

This was the scene on which in all probability Jesus actually looked when He said, 'Consider the lilies of the field.' It impressed Him as a thing of beauty. And then by contrast His mind travelled back to Solomon and his pomp. Solomon was a sybarite, moving in an atmosphere that glittered with precious stones and rare possessions. He was

[1] J. Black, *The Burthen of the Weeks*, 169.

always straining after grandeur. But what he achieved was not to be compared with the quiet effortless beauty of those fields covered with common lilies.

What is the real difference between ostentatious display and true beauty? It is not just a question of personal taste and opinion; it goes much deeper. Beauty is a principle inherent in God, like goodness and truth, to which man responds because he is made in the image of God. We are aided to identify it by its effect upon us. True beauty will not make us think of ourselves or merely move us to sentimentality; on the contrary, it will lift us out of ourselves and fill us with a sense of spiritual values.

Mary Webb, the author of *Precious Bane*, found the world 'a place of almost unbearable wonder.' As a child she stood 'awe-stricken at the strange beauty of a well-known field in the magic of a June dawn.' In *Precious Bane* she describes a mystical experience of the heroine, Prue Sarn, in these words: 'Only this was not of the day, but of summat beyond it. I cared not to ask what it was. For when the nut-hatch comes into her own tree, she dunna ask who planted it, nor what name it bears to men. For the tree is all to the nut-hatch, and this was all to me. Afterwards, when I had mastered the reading of the book, I read: *His banner over me was love.* And it called to mind that evening. But if you should have said, "Whose banner?" I couldna have answered. And even now, when Parson says, "It was the power of the Lord working in you," I'm not sure in my own mind. For there was nought in it of churches nor of folks, praying nor praising, sinning nor repenting. It had to do with such things as bird-song and daffadowndillies rustling, knocking their heads together in the wind. And it was as wilful in its coming and going as a breeze over the standing corn. It was a queer thing, too, that a woman who spent her days in sacking, cleaning sties and beast-housen, living hard, considering over fardens, should come of a sudden into such a marvel as this. For though it was so quiet, it was a great miracle, and it changed my life; for when I was lost for something to turn to, I'd run to the attic, and it was a core of sweetness in much bitter.'

Many of us are apt to regard the world of Nature as something placed at our disposal mainly as a means of livelihood. But the Bible presents a view of it other than utilitarian. Come back in thought to the story of the Creation. The trees were intended not only to bear fruit and protect life, but also to adorn the earth. 'Every tree that is pleasant to the sight'—so we read in Genesis. Jesus was constantly finding delight in the beautiful objects that surrounded Him on the hillsides and coastlines of Galilee. John Ruskin remarked that the clouds assume their ever-varying shapes and shades of colour for no prosaic purpose, but just in order to make a vault above our heads that is exquisite to behold. We are reminded of the farmer who, on a lovely spring morning, greeted his neighbour with the remark, 'Beautiful day'; and then, as if ashamed of having said anything so æsthetic, hastened to give it a commercial value, 'Very good for the corn.'

We teachers and preachers have recently laid much emphasis on the goodness of God, and we do well in these rather relaxing days to insist that He is essentially ethical and will brook no compromise where moral principles are at stake. But there is another aspect no less important—God is Beauty. Jesus always revealed Him as one in whose Personality Beauty is as inherent as goodness and truth.

Let us mention some directions in which a sense of the Beauty of God will profoundly affect us.

It will leave its impress upon our conduct. Knowing that the Source of it all is perfect Beauty, we shall see in the world around us reflections of Him who made it, and through these sacraments we shall the more easily hold communion with Him. The whole atmosphere is one of purity and serenity, which suggests and facilitates a clean and honourable life. It is said that Thoreau, after sitting on a gate for a long while quietly meditating upon the beauty of a meadow, exclaimed as he came away, 'I have probably got more out of that meadow than ever its owner has had.' Psychology is teaching us today that we are influenced much more than we know by the mental pictures that we carry about with us. If we have inward fellowship with what is clean and beautiful, and cherish thoughts that are pure and lovely and of good report, our conduct in all the affairs of life is much more likely to be clean and honourable.

Secondly, we shall be moved to make an offering to God of worship and adoration. A deepened sense of His Beauty will increase in us a desire to give Him the best that we can command. A man who is convinced that God is the All-glorious cannot be indifferent to the duty of worship, or slovenly in the practice of it. We shall want to make the edifice, the music, the ceremonial of God's house as good and artistic as we can make them.

Lastly, a conviction of the Beauty of God, and of its manifestation in the world, would make an enormous difference to our enjoyment of life.

Recall what it meant to our Blessed Lord in His strenuous days on earth. How it relieved the pressure of toil and anxiety, and brought Him gleams of joy! We do well to emulate His example in appreciating the beauty of common things around us.[1]

[1] R. E. Roberts, *The Christian Character*, 76.

The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

Pessimism and Humanism.

By the Reverend J. G. Riddell, M.A., Glasgow.

One of the features of modern thought is the prevalence of theories which, however their detailed expression may vary, can broadly be described as pessimistic or humanist in their general outlook. Pessimism and humanism, it would seem, have their own appeal to different types of mind. Each can be supported by arguments apparently cogent, and the attractiveness of both has been reinforced by the happenings of our own time. It may not be without interest, therefore, to notice that, while their conclusions are widely divergent, and indeed contradictory of one another, both depend upon one common assumption, the validity of which may well be questioned.

If we consider, in the first place, the position of the pessimist, we must recognize that he is able to claim the support of many who, in very different circumstances, have looked sadly at what seemed to them the vanity of life, the darkness of death, and the utter uncertainty which they believed to surround all human effort and thought. From the remote and from the nearer past alike, as well as from the opinions of to-day, pessimism can claim a wide support for its conclusions. Thinkers of many lands and writers of different ages can be quoted to show how persistent the belief has been that 'life at the best is but a name.' The sacred books of the East and the literature of Greece and Rome were deeply tinged with sadness; but the reader of Matthew Arnold and Ibsen, of Meredith or Thomas Hardy, finds a no less sombre picture of humanity and its destiny. The events of recent years, moreover, and the very achievements of men themselves, have led to disappointment and disillusionment, and have brought not a few to believe that long-cherished hopes were foolish after all.

Thus the pessimist cites the discoveries of contemporary science in support of his point of view. It was easier, we are told, to escape the conclusion that all our life is insignificant and meaningless when men could believe that the earth was the centre of all things. But now, all we can discern is the littleness of our own being and the seeming indifference of the universe to the values that we cherish. We are no longer haunted so much by the unfriendliness of Nature, which led Philo and Demea, in Hume's *Dialogues*, to compete in painting the misery of life in the darkest colours, as by the sheer immensity of stellar space, into which we gaze bewildered. Is it not impossible to avoid pessimism if, in Jean's well-known phrase, life is 'an utterly unimportant by-product of the forces at work around and about us,' or, as Santayana puts it, our world is merely 'a little luminous meteor in an infinite abyss of nothingness'?

But what is man's own record? Is not the verdict of history itself our condemnation? Have we not to confess, the pessimist persists, turning to a further argument, that men have spent their strength erecting towers of Babel which have fallen in ruins and destroyed their builders? 'We do not want your sermons on success,' writes Mr. A. P. Herbert, in *After the Battle*—for failure, and not success, is written over human achievements in letters of fire. The story of man's endeavour is a tangled, thwarted, disappointing tale. The prodigality of Nature cannot surprise or distress us more than the waste of moral and spiritual values among men who are unable even to use aright the bounty that Nature supplies. 'We remain confronted,' it has been said, 'with a world travailing for perfection, but bringing to birth an evil which it is able to overcome, if at all, only by self-torture and self-waste.' The narrow limits of our knowledge, which the philosophy of pessimism has always emphasized, are being brought home to us, it is maintained, in new ways; making more apparent the blindness of will which drives men on to seek what brings only unhappiness, as well as