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it wrong for us preachers to make moral generalizations on the basis of historical incidents. But history is history before it is allegory.

I do not wish to disparage mysticism. There is a mystical element in all true religious experience. We ought so to discipline our souls that we may have mystical communion with God. But we must start from the faith once delivered. What God has revealed Himself to be in Christ, each of us may now apprehend for himself. But without the historic Christ we shall hardly get any farther than ourselves. We are all alive to the perils of pure individualism in religion. The history of religion would seem further to teach that the

experience of even a considerable group may be very far from the truth unless in the first instance it was occasioned by some historical event or series of events the truth of which is still open to examination and verification. For my part, I must confess that my faith would suffer, not, indeed, eclipse, but at least serious loss, if I could only say that I believed in the 'Christ-Idea,' but not in the fact of Christ. The mystic way would still be open to me; but the history of religion appears to teach that the only mystic way that leads anywhere but into vacancy is that which He who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life has opened up before us.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Clyde-built.

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

'Except the Lord build . . . they labour in vain that build.'—Ps 127¹.

DURING the merry month of May two events of interest, not I imagine unconnected, are due to take place. On May 26th our gracious Queen Mary will have her birthday. On May 27th another great lady, for 'the liner she's a lady,' as I daresay you know Rudyard Kipling said, will set out upon her maiden Atlantic voyage from Southampton to New York. Of both our Queen Maries we are very proud. But the Clydeside people who built the great ship have of course a particular pride in her. Some time ago, when she came steaming down the Clyde to start her life upon the ocean, among the thousands who lined the banks to give her a cheer as she passed by was a little lad who turned to his mother with glistening eyes as he asked, 'Is that the boat ma faither built?' 'Ay, son, that's the boat yer faither built, an' a graun joab he's made o't.' And the *Queen Mary* is a grand job, one of the grandest any shipbuilders have yet achieved. It is a compliment and a guarantee even to say that she is Clyde-built. In the shipping world it is a word which stands for the finest workmanship possible. Once while crossing the Channel

and walking round the deck of the steamer I noticed a brass plate with the inscription:

S.S. *Canterbury*
built by
DENNY, Dumbarton.

She was Clyde-built. So I felt I was on a sound ship—one with no flaws.

But there is another word to be proud of, British-built. It represents a high standard also, one which has not been easily reached. Any article stamped 'made in Britain,' we pride ourselves, can be bought with confidence by any person. In a sense we ourselves being British-born are British-built. And there's nothing wrong in having a high opinion of our race, and place, and country. It reminds me of a girl who went to London and her mistress said to her quite a long time afterwards: 'Annie, you didn't tell me you belonged to Aberdeen?' 'No, Mum,' said Annie, 'I was told never to boast.' She was proud of being an Aberdonian. I hope we can be equally proud of our home place, whatever it is. Remember Paul was. He said he was a citizen of 'no mean city.' That was Tarsus. But he also prized his Roman status. You remember that when the centurion said, 'Art thou a Roman?' Paul said, 'Yea.' One day not very long ago a little Italian girl in Rome was run over by a motor-car. She was hurt severely, rushed to hospital, and operated upon at once. I can't say why, but she couldn't be given chloro-

form. She bore the terrible pain with wonderful bravery, and when one of her nurses bent over her with a word of praise she stoutly said, 'I couldn't cry. I'm an Italian.' She was proud of being Italian. Do we think it as splendid to be British—British-built and British-born?

But the best thing of all is being Christ-built. A British character should be good. A Christ-built character is still better. We began with a text: 'Except the Lord build . . . they labour in vain that build.' Our life won't be the noblest it can be, unless we let Christ have a hand in building it. But it can be Christian or Christ-built with His help, and we could have no higher aim than that. A very eminent man of our race, Lord Guthrie by name, never forgot something his father wrote to him in his earlier days: 'Yes, I would like to see you a great advocate: but what is that to being a great Christian?' Christ-built or Christian—isn't that the best thing of all?

No Cross, No Crown.

BY THE REVEREND D. T. DAVIES, M.A., B.D., LONDON.

'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.'—Rev 2¹⁰ (R.V.).

WHEN our late King George v. died, his body was brought on a gun-carriage to Westminster Hall, where it lay in state for some days. As the royal coffin, with the crown laid upon it, was being borne through the hushed streets a curious thing happened. You girls and boys know that the crown of the King has a cross on the top of it, set in precious stones. On this occasion, owing to the slight shaking of the carriage, the cross became loose and toppled off the crown. The officer in charge was quick to notice the mishap. He picked it up at once and kept it until the journey's end. He then set it back in its place. The crown was not complete without the cross.

There are some folk who wish it otherwise; they want the palm of victory without the dust of the running track. In school we do not think highly of the boy who hankers after a prize, but who dodges the days of diligent hard work which is the price of such a reward. On the football field it would be considered 'soft' to take the ball when no one else is about and place it behind the goal-posts. The real fun and thrill of the game come to us in the struggle to beat the defence of the rival team and win through to the goal.

In Regent Street, London, there is a noted building called the Polytechnic Institute, or the 'Poly' for short. Hundreds of young people

have found it a home from home. There are classes to improve the mind, as well as a gymnasium, and many other clubs to keep the body fit. It all grew out of the big heart of one man, Quintin Hogg, who wanted to help young fellows amid the temptations of a great city after business hours. He was asked once how much it cost to build that great fabric. His reply was, 'Just one man's life blood.' The crown of this noble man's life was joined to the cross of his labour of love.

The Apostle Paul in one of his letters goes out of his way to tell those to whom he wrote how he longed to see them again, because they were 'his joy and crown.' This was to the members of the Church in the city of Philippi—the people whom the Apostle, by his preaching, had won over to the side of Jesus Christ. We have only to turn back a few pages, to the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, in order to find at what a great price that 'crown' had been obtained by the Apostle. In that city he had been flogged and flung into prison. But he endured such a cross quite bravely for the joy and crown of being the founder of the first Christian Church in Europe.

Often people had tried to lay hands on Jesus Christ to make Him King. Yet He would not take any such short-cut to the throne. 'He set his face stedfastly to go to Jerusalem,' and there faced up to the ordeal of the Cross if only He might become our Saviour. No cross, no crown; or, as our Lord in the Bible tells us, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.'

Two Blessed Geese.

BY THE REVEREND SIDNEY H. PRICE,
GREAT SHELFORD, CAMBRIDGE.

'God . . . maketh us wiser than the fowls.'—
Job 35¹¹.

What do you like best in the Children's Hour you hear on the wireless? With many people the Zoo Man is quite the favourite. He always has the most interesting stories to tell about animals and birds.

Some visitors to Whipsnade saw a very strange scene not long ago, and wrote to one of the papers about it. In one of the large enclosures where various kinds of birds and animals live, there were two game-cocks which had evidently declared war on each other. I do not know what the quarrel was about, though I imagine one wished to show the other he was master. As soon, however, as they prepared to fight, two small geese dashed up to them with flapping wings and parted them.

They repeated this several times, until the cocks finally separated, and apparently quite forgot their quarrel. I must say, I had never thought of the goose as a peacemaker before.

The story of these game-cocks reminds me of two boys playing near a railway crossing, when an argument arose as to whether they were in the street or on the road. Very silly of them, wasn't it? One insisted it was a STREET, and the other declared it was a ROAD. They were actually preparing to settle the dispute with their fists when another boy called out, 'The Silver Jubilee train's coming.' The boys stopped their argument, and ran to the gates to see it. They gazed at its long stream-lined body, so different from all ordinary engines, and looked eagerly to see the driver, and by the time the train had passed they were ready to start playing again. So an engine was a peacemaker too that day.

Have you ever been a peacemaker? It is not easy at times to know just what to do when there is some one quarrelsome about. Some years ago, there lived in Ireland a lady who had a number of small boy friends. She was Mrs. C. F. Alexander, the wife of a bishop. These boys told Mrs. Alexander that they could not understand many things they were taught in church and in their Scripture lessons, so she said she would help them by writing verses about some of these things. For instance, to help them understand the story of the death of Jesus, she wrote some verses which you all know:

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

When she wanted to show them what Jesus meant by 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' she wrote:

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes,

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

Did you ever think of that? When you are a peacemaker, you are fighting a battle for Jesus Christ. Whenever you control your anger and try to show kindness to those who hurt you, or whenever you help others to settle their quarrel, you

are doing fine service for Him. Remember the geese which stopped the fight between the game-cocks. God has made us wiser than the fowls.

The Christian Year.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

The Life of Service.

'I am among you as he that serveth.'—Lk 22²⁷.

Five-and-twenty centuries ago Aristotle described man as a social being. And one of the fathers of English philosophy said of the life of man apart from society that it was 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.' And everyday experience proves the truth of these sayings. And as man rises in the scale of civilization he becomes more, not less, dependent, for all his best good, on co-operation with his fellows and on the life of the community. Can it be that that which is true of the rest of his nature is found untrue when we speak of religion? Surely not! Here, too, man must be a social being, one who accepts and enjoys all the benefits and all the obligations of the divine society and schools himself in the duties of a citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem. As man becomes more civilized, and life becomes more complicated, morality must, it would seem, make more and more claims on the individual.

The Archbishop of York once said that the art of virtuous living consisted of 'behaving as if you were not present.' Exactly! Let us make the glory of God and the service of others our aim, and life becomes rich and happy and successful. We strike here a fact fundamental to human nature. The self-centred man is the unhappy man. There is a very beautiful little anonymous mediæval work called the *Theologia Germanica*, a book of mysticism which Martin Luther kept on the same shelf as his Bible. In it the writer says: 'It is said, it was because Adam ate the apple that he was lost, or fell. I say, it was because of his claiming something for his own, and because of his I, Mine, Me, and the like. Had he eaten seven apples, and yet never claimed anything for his own, he would not have fallen.' How true that is. The deep-seated disease of fallen man is self. And the Fall, whatever it was, whenever and wherever it occurred, can have been nothing else than the assertion of self against the unity of mankind. And to-day the whole world is suffering from the sickness of what Mr. R. H. Tawney calls an *Acquisitive Society*. The whole of our civilization is based on the assumption that a man's life *does* consist in the abundance

of the things which he possesseth, and the plain fact, verified again and again in daily experience, proves that it does not. In a world constituted as ours is man must work to live. It was not hardness on St. Paul's part, but true wisdom and insight which made him say that, 'if any man would not work, neither should he eat.' And one of the worst condemnations of our present social order is that it denies to so many the opportunity to work. So we say, Try to earn and to keep a worthy place in life. But let our daily work be done in the spirit of service.

Virtue does not consist in longing for some future condition of society, where it would be possible to act with ideal rightness, but in taking this world as we find it, and resolutely endeavouring to act as nobly as possible in every situation, striving always to choose the better of two alternatives. Bishop Blougram really puts the position fairly when he says :

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means: a very different thing!
No abstract intellectual plan of life
Quite irrespective of life's plainest laws,
But one, a man, who is man and nothing more,
May lead within a world which (by your leave)
Is Rome or London, not Fool's-paradise.

There are few if any places where it is better worth while being a Christian than in a man's own place of business.

Cannot a man live a good life without accepting Christianity? Of course he can. Most of us know some man or woman whom we love and admire who is without religious convictions. But if we look carefully we shall find often that such people have been brought up in religious homes and that when the religious beliefs of their younger days left them, the habits, the mental and emotional outlook of those days continued. For the connexion between belief and practice is closer and more intimate than was supposed in those distant pre-War days when men assured us that it did not matter what a man believed as long as his life was good. Our life may be good, but its goodness will surely take a different form according as we regard our fellow-man as 'only an infinitesimal and transitory element in the social organization' or as an immortal being, made in God's image, a brother for whom Christ died, an unlit lamp waiting to be kindled and illuminated by the Holy Spirit.

The Christian religion is not the only one rich in good works. We know how much England owes to the charity and public spirit of believing Jews. In India the Parsees have always been rich in good works. But whatever we may say of other faiths, we can say—for the proofs are before our eyes daily—that the disciples of Him who came 'to seek and to save that which was lost' do, in this matter, follow in the Master's steps.

When George Lansbury first became known as a social worker he was a convinced secularist, a man who repudiated Christianity and all supernatural sanctions. And then gradually the first fire of his social enthusiasm seemed to leave him. And then one day the thought came to him, whether he might not find the driving power he needed if he returned to the faith of his boyhood. For a year he thought, and read, and at last prayed, and at the year's end he was back as a communicant at Poplar Parish Church where he was confirmed as a boy. And since then he has never lost hope or faith or love, but still lives and works for others.

It is as true to-day as when the words were written that 'A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

So a man must not let his life be all getting and spending; he must find some place in it for free, unstinted giving. And he will find the greatest happiness if what he gives most freely is himself, and if his delights, too, are with the sons of men.¹

Dr. Fosdick, in *The Hope of the World*,² tells the story of an aviator who carried mails from New York to Cleveland, and fell in the mountains of Pennsylvania and was killed. 'They found upon his body a letter addressed "To My Beloved Brother-Pilots and Pals" and marked "To be opened only after my death." Listen to what he said: "I go west, but with a cheerful heart. I hope what small sacrifice I have made may be of use to the cause. When we fly we are fools, they say. . . . But every one in this wonderful aviation service is doing the world far more good than the public can appreciate. We risk our necks, we give our lives, we perfect a service for the benefit of the world at large. . . . But stick to it, boys. I'm still very much with you all. See you all again."

'You pity that boy? I don't. He had more fun in his short life than all the satiated pleasure-seekers who habitually try to feed their souls on superficial foam. For the elemental joy is creative-

¹ Peter Green, *Faith and Service*, 95. ² P. 150.

ness, and when that spirit of creativeness is turned to spiritual ends and helps to transform personalities and societies it is so satisfying that I do not know whether it is selfish or unselfish.'

And so at the end it may be said of us, as it was of J. B. Paton :

For all his soul on ministry was set,
And thro' the dust of party, clash of creeds,
One face shone out to light him to the end,
And those pierced hands last seen on Olivet
Dowered him with passion for the people's needs,
And that great love which makes all sorrow friend.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

The Leadership of the Risen Lord.

BY DR. LEE WOOLF, HACKNEY AND NEW COLLEGE,
LONDON.

'Go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee.'—Mk 16⁷.

In the oldest manuscripts St. Mark's Gospel breaks off in the following verse, but the implication is that the disciples followed Jesus into Galilee and met Him there. The question immediately arises, however, as to the sense in which they followed Him from Jerusalem to the north. Obviously, if Jesus went into Galilee after His resurrection, He would not walk over the road through the hills and across the plains. Whatever means He may have employed, a supernatural element was present. And therefore, when the disciples followed Him, it was in a somewhat different sense from the time when, on the last journey to Jerusalem, Jesus went on in front, alone, and the disciples trod in His footsteps at some little distance behind.

But when we say that, after the Resurrection, they followed Jesus into Galilee, the word is in a somewhat different sense. It now bears the secondary meaning of going to the same place, but at a later period. It is true that they followed Him, but there is a certain amount of metaphor in the use of the word. This feature is still more prominent if we say that the disciples continued to follow Him after the Ascension when they obeyed His commandment and began trying to preach the gospel to every creature. What we mean now is that they followed Christ's line of life. They followed His ideals and His practical aims. They followed His commands in their own life and work, and, like Him, they sought to win men for the Kingdom of God.

We use the same language when we speak of

missionaries following Christ into India or Africa, or when we say that ordinary sincere Christians are followers of Christ.

All this is, of course, perfectly clear and indeed commonplace, and it is a real following. What is not so clear is the sense in which Jesus leads. By way of illustration let me quote briefly from an open letter written by a minister friend of mine to his people. He says: 'We must put ourselves under Christ's command, and obey His orders, cost what they may in self-sacrifice.' I agree, but I ask: How do we put ourselves under Christ's commands, how do we know what orders He issues for the details of our lives, and further, in what sense does Christ really exercise command to-day? Is Christ a real leader now? Is there such a thing for us as the real leadership of Christ?

In order to become clear, let us glance aside for a moment at other people who lead. There are two men very much to the forefront in the public eye just now: Mussolini in Italy and Roosevelt in America. We may differ widely in our opinion in regard to them, but we shall agree that they are real leaders followed by countless millions of their peoples. But what is the sense in which they lead? Relatively few Blackshirts have joined in procession, with Mussolini at their head, and still fewer Americans have ever seen President Roosevelt. But leadership is not always a question of marching at the head of processions, or even of having some one in sight. Rather, leaders are those who fire the imagination of other people, cause crowds to think in the same way as they themselves suggest. The followers accept the ideals, the ideas, and the methods of their leader. They get their inspiration and their strength of purpose from him. They adapt their plans and, to a large extent, submerge their wills in his. And it would be very ineffective and poor sort of leadership which could only be secure if the leader were personally present and if the followers did not use their own intelligence, energy, and initiative in furthering his objects. The real leader is one who can so inspire his people that man for man and also as a whole they endeavour to realize his aims and, indeed, are unable to distinguish them from their own.

Now in Christian theory, or Christian faith, call it which you prefer just now, that is essentially our position. Our Lord is a living Lord. He is not located in Jerusalem, or Rome, or Canterbury, or anywhere else on earth, but He is more truly present with a genuine Christian than Mussolini is present with Blackshirts in an obscure Italian

village, or Roosevelt with the farmers of the Middle-West. Vital belief in Christ means that Christ is personally present. He inspires us with ideas and ideals, and leads us to put certain things into practice. Of course it is true that the ideas and ideals are in a sense present or latent in us beforehand and that He calls out what is inherent in our souls, but the essence of His leadership is to be found in the fact that He unites our divided minds, shows us what we were really looking for but somehow could not see, and inspires us with faith that the higher effort is worth while. It is an ancient saying that the human heart is naturally Christian. You can indeed translate the gospel of Jesus into any language spoken by man, but it will still speak in its native tongue. Every Christian ideal, or principle, or dream is native to our hearts. In ancient days they called Jesus the Son of Man. The words mean but little to us to-day. We know Him as the Brother of man. He is the one who seems to understand us when we are open to His influence, better than we understand ourselves. The worst of us have elements within akin to the highest in Jesus. The words of the blessed gospel come to us from without, but there is always something within to which they can appeal if we are willing. No man is without his dreams, and in our best dreams we re-echo at once to the words of the Master. The words of Jesus claim authority over us, not merely because Jesus uttered them, but because we know within ourselves that they are true; we feel they belong to the nature of things. When Jesus said that the pure in heart should see God, we feel that it is so, that it must be so, and that anything else would be a lie. When He declared that our first duty is to seek the Kingdom of God, we know that we must if we are to be citizens of a moral universe. When He said that the greatest of all the Commandments is that we should love God with all our heart and soul, and love our neighbour as ourselves, we do not argue the point. There is nothing to argue. We must either obey, or be damned. The saintly men of Christian history and the great truths of the Christian tradition are not the peculiar products of a particular creed, but the authentic signs that in Jesus was the power of God unto moral sanity. He put His finger on the heart of things, and we know we cannot be wrong if we lay hold of the same fundamental truths and apply them in the same way. That is the leadership of Jesus.

But there is more. For Christian thoughts and feelings are not merely the thoughts and feelings of Christian people. They are the thoughts and

feelings which Christ sets on fire. Christian ideas are not simply ideas which Christian people possess, but ideas that Christ makes dynamic. Christian ways are not simply ways which Christians follow, but ways which Christ actually inspires and leads us to follow. The Christian spirit is not simply a spirit which you may find in any nice, good, kind, unselfish, religious people, but a spirit of love which Jesus pours into them continually, which controls and absorbs them, and makes them other than their own. There is, in fact, a constant stream of power coming into us from Him. In some quiet place, in some quiet moment, or even only in an inner silence and solitude, we can wait upon Him and all but feel His touch. In His presence, temptation ceases, uncertainty disappears, doubt fades, anxiety grows dim, and our course becomes clear. As the clouds break and the shadows flee away power returns and we begin inwardly to exult. Something within us seems to cry, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' Where He leads me I will follow. 'I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' Inward communion with Christ is a vital and precious experience through which He leads His disciples and they follow their beloved Lord.

To many of us this experience reaches one of its high points in observing the communion of the Lord's Supper. The essence of this service is not the ceremony itself, but the personal mystic fellowship into which it helps us to enter. The purpose of reading the Bible is that we might learn the ways of God with men, and might hear re-echoed the words that once rang in the vales of Galilee. The purpose of preaching is that the people might be instructed in divine things and challenged by their living truth. But when we have received all the knowledge and encouragement and challenge that written or spoken words can give us, there remains something that is beyond words. The helpfulness of the Communion Service is to be found exactly at this point. It is in the action which we all perform and in the rite which we celebrate together. We realize Christ to be mystically present, as always where even two or three meet in His name. If we devoutly adopt this attitude and wait upon Him, the living Lord can come mystically into our midst. As at His Last Supper before His crucifixion, so here He is the real host and we, like the ancient disciples, are the guests. When we eat the bread and drink the wine, He shares with us mystically in the act.

As He and His disciples anciently did this together, so we do it now. We share in the act with Him. And when it is all over, the result is that we have been with the Lord. This is the truth underlying what Roman Catholics call the 'Real Presence.' The real presence is for Him to be with us, and us to be with Him. We feel the common bonds uniting us to His very self when we eat the bread, just as He did. We feel the bonds uniting us to each other when we all drink of the same wine, just as the disciples did. And the atmosphere of the impending Cross, which overshadowed His betrayal night, is round about us. It helps us to surrender ourselves more completely to Him who loved and trusted God too much to count the sacrifice. It makes us feel again the tasks common to Him and to all who call themselves Christian. A new and holy love rises up towards Him. For His sake we would master and subdue ourselves, and bring everything in subjection to Him. In His name we would go into the world, and see if we can make it more as He would have it made. For love of Him, and faith in Him, we would lay all things under His feet. In loving joy, we find in Him the conquest of sin, the secret of pain bearing, the transmutation of disappointment, and the clue to a loving strength which never fails. We must go His way. Where He leads, we must follow, lest our hearts grow cold and we sin against the light. We must keep in His presence till He brings us to the gates of the Holy City.

WHITSUNDAY.

The Holy Spirit the Guide to Truth.

'These things have I spoken unto you, while yet abiding with you. But the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you.'—Jn 14²⁶. (R.V.).

We sometimes shrink from all teaching regarding the Holy Spirit, for the way of His working passes our understanding. But though we cannot hope, while we are yet imprisoned in the body of sense, to comprehend the ways of God, there are yet many things regarding the Holy Spirit which, if we consider them, will bring the manner of His working out of the region of the supernormal into that of everyday experience. When we read of the day of Pentecost we are apt to be repelled as if we were reading a tale of some superheated imagination. But the revelation of the indwelling God that then flashed on the souls of men is in

line with the normal growth of human knowledge and power.

For it was not a new power that was then brought for the first time to bear upon men. The Holy Spirit had ever been with men, striving with them, flashing revelation on the soul of prophets and seers, and moving the hearts of men to seek after God. What happened was that the fullness of His power was revealed and the hearts of men were brought into unison with God. It happened then as has happened with all the power of God which men have been unable to use until the hour of revelation came. The world quivered from the beginning with the power of electricity, but men only shrank with terror before it as they heard the rumbling of heaven's artillery and saw the flash of the lightning that smote and killed. But at last a day came when the secret of that power was flashed on the mind of Faraday and its laws were discovered. And then that power which hitherto was unused and valueless became the servant of man. Cities were ere long illumined by it and messages flashed round the world. In the spiritual world that, also, was what happened when Jesus Christ revealed to men the working of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. Norman Macleod Caie in *The Secret of a Warm Heart* takes radium as a suggestive natural parable of God's Holy Spirit. It exerts amazing energy. While 12,000 tons of coal are needed to drive a steamer for 6000 miles at 15 knots, the same effect would be produced by 22 ounces of radium. The powers of illumination possessed by radium are also very remarkable, and it is capable of imparting its own luminosity to other bodies which are normally quite inactive. 'A small fraction of an ounce of radium,' it has been stated, 'would provide a good light sufficient for several rooms, which, during the present century, would never need renewing.'

In this text it is this aspect of the work of the Holy Spirit that we are particularly considering—the Holy Spirit as the Guide to truth.

The historical reality of Jesus Christ—that is, the principle of permanence in the Christian Church; but there is also a principle of progress. Although Jesus said as much as His disciples could remember, and even more than they could fully understand, to the very end He had to exercise a reserve of utterance not to overstrain their minds. As His teaching was the preparation of the Spirit's teaching, so was the Spirit's teaching the completion of His. But as the Father sends the Spirit in the name of Jesus, that is in accordance with the revelation of the Son, the Spirit's teaching is not an

addition to, or a substitute for, or a correction of, the teaching of Jesus. 'There is only one revelation of God as Father, and that is in the Son, and the function of the Spirit is to complete that revelation by interpreting and applying it according to the varied and varying needs of men and ages. 'He shall glorify me,' says Jesus, 'for he shall take of mine, and shall declare it unto you.'

This being the general function of the Spirit, what are the methods of His working in its discharge?

The Spirit brings to remembrance all that Jesus taught.

Can there be any doubt that we remember the sayings and doings of those in whom we are interested, as we do not those for whom we do not care? A friend's word of endearment, or a foe's utterance of scorn, is vividly remembered, it may be even as long as life lasts, as the speeches which have not touched our hearts are not. Because the Evangelist seems to have loved Jesus with a finer discernment, a keener sympathy, and a more intense devotion than the other disciples, he remembered more of the sayings of Jesus, and doubtless in after years, as he meditated on the wondrous life of which he had been a witness, moved by the Spirit, his reminiscences crowded upon him in more living reality, and under the Spirit's guidance, disclosed fresh meanings in these reflections which he has blended with his reminiscences.

The confirmation of the promise is written in the history of the Church. The revivals of the Church have been returns to Jesus. In Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Luther, things which had been forgotten in the Church were brought to remembrance by the Spirit's enlightening and quickening. We have in our own time witnessed just such a recovery of forgotten teaching of Jesus. The social aspects of our Lord's teaching, long ignored, are again coming to their own. We may be confident that in the future as in the past no occasion will arise in which the Spirit will not bring to remembrance some teaching of Jesus, the meaning of which has not been fully grasped hitherto, but which will be clearly understood when it is needed for the progress of the Kingdom of God. We might say that the sense of need is the reason why the discovery of the fresh meaning in the forgotten teaching is made; but, if we believe that the higher life of man is a partnership with God, we may gratefully acknowledge that it is not merely human discovery, but the Spirit's working in bringing to remembrance what is best suited to meet the immediate and urgent need.

The Spirit teaches all things by guiding into all the truth.

An extension is sometimes given to the words which the context in no way allows. Men have justified innovations in doctrine and practice by claiming that they were being guided by the Spirit of truth, even when these were inconsistent with, and contradictory of, the teaching of Jesus, the revelation of God's truth and grace. But the Spirit who is sent in the name of Christ illumines the mind of the Christian believer within, and not beyond, the range of the truth as it is in Jesus.

The danger of a wayward subjectivity under cover of the claim of the Spirit's guidance has unhappily led the Church to seek safety in some ecclesiastical organization as the authority in creed and code, on the ground that such an organization is the only legitimate organ of the Spirit's illumination. But councils and synods, as we look back in the history of the Church, have so often erred that it would be rash folly to claim for them infallibility. Sometimes the solitary saint now appears to us as the one organ for his age of the Spirit's activity. The Spirit is the Holy Spirit, and He is the Spirit of truth. Sanctity and sincerity are essential to the man who would be the organ of the Spirit; and in the long run it is the reason and conscience of the Christian community as a whole, and not any of its ecclesiastical organizations, which can test the claim of any man to speak by and for the Spirit of God. It is Christian experience and Christian character which alone guarantee the presence and the operation of the Spirit of God in any individual and in any community. The Christian Church may confidently expect to be guided by the Spirit into all the truth, but it must be prepared to fulfil the conditions of such guidance in an intenser piety and a more elevated morality; for only thus can the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of truth, dwell and work within its thought and life.¹

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Three Central Beliefs.

'Behold, he smote the rock, that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed; can he give bread also? can he provide flesh for his people?'—Ps 78²⁰.

'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost.'—2 Co 13¹⁴.

Writing of the message of G. A. Studdert Kennedy, the Archbishop of York says: 'I do not think I

¹ A. E. Garvie, *The Master's Comfort and Hope*, 193.

ever heard him mention the doctrine of the Trinity in set terms, but no one has ever held a fuller Trinitarian belief. To most Christians one of the Persons is less in the primary focus of attention than the others; but to him the Three Persons were equally real; the worship of his whole being was equally given to each.'

This Trinity Sunday we shall consider the three central beliefs which its truth comprises. First, God is the ultimate reality, and this reality is Spirit and Person. To this conclusion we of these later days are being led by the teachings of science and philosophy. The scientists assure us that analysis of the world of matter, and the psychologists assure us that analysis of our own mental faculties for coming into contact with the world of matter, alike prevent us from supposing that this world is ultimate and abiding. Our senses tell us of a world which at first impression seems to have all the qualities of hard reality. Men may come and go, but the world abides. But long ago the spiritual instincts of men bade them reverse this relation. The material world is not abiding. That which alone is eternal is spirit. 'They shall perish, but thou endurest.'

And this early conviction of the transitoriness of the world has not only been confirmed by the researches of the men of science, but has been reinforced by the even more startling truth of the unreality of the world as compared with the deeper reality of that which is spiritual. The world which we think that we know is not, they tell us, a world of reality. The matter to which we attribute solidity and finality is nothing but so many centres of electrical force in motion. The knowledge which we suppose ourselves to have of a world outside ourselves is not knowledge of things as they really exist: it is knowledge to which our own brain has imparted so much that we are not in a position to say how much of it is due to our own picture-weaving consciousness, and how much to something in the nature of fact lying outside ourselves.

Moreover, this knowledge of the world, partial and imperfect as it is, is extremely unsatisfying. The world as thus presented to us is a world of facts—hard, concrete, solid—to be tabulated, classified, registered. And this satisfies but a small part of our complex being. We can know something of this world, but we cannot enter into fellowship with it. Still less can we worship and adore it. Men speak about communion with Nature. But the Nature which they mean is not the Nature of hard fact reported to them by their senses, but the Nature to which they attribute personality, from

which they infer, and deduce, personal being. The ultimate reality, then, of which we form part must be personal in nature. It must be what personality in ourselves implies, being which has freedom, which can reason, and purpose, and will, and love. Thus, we believe in God, the ultimate reality, as a 'Father, who made heaven and earth.'

And, secondly, we learn how we come into contact with this ultimate reality. Not through Nature. From that which is material personality cannot be known, though it may be guessed or inferred. Even if the inference were certain, the characteristics of the being so inferred would remain unknown. Nature hides as much as she reveals.

Nor do we come into contact with this hidden God by groping in the dark abyss of our own personality. Whatever truth there may be in the thought of God as immanent in man, it is at least not true that human nature can find more than obscure traces of God within itself until it receive anew the Spirit of God. If Nature partly hides Him; if our own consciousness fails to perceive Him, because it is so occupied in taking note of that which is material through its sense perceptions; if He, being personal, can only reveal Himself to personalities, and that not through anything merely material, how can communion take place? We shall say that He communicated Himself to the saints of the Old Testament, and in some sense to many others outside that people. Yes, but how inadequate was that revelation! The history of mankind is sufficient to show that the pre-Christian working of the Spirit of God upon the souls of men was only sufficiently comprehended to drive them to crave for more perfect knowledge of Him.

Here comes in the doctrine of the Incarnation. That men might come to full knowledge of Himself, God brought Himself within the range of their perceptions by taking human nature in the Person of Jesus Christ. He did not merely proclaim what God was, such as that He is the truth and light, but He manifested these qualities of God in His own Person. Thus, we believe in 'Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord,' How great a thing is this revelation! But of what use is it? Knowledge about God is not communion with God. How can we come into union with that life which we see? We want to live that life, to will that will, to be what Christ was, the very God in human life. How can our life become His, and His ours?

He smote the stony rock of human nature, and there have gushed out streams of Divine life; but

can He provide bread also, and feed our souls with His very life?

And so, thirdly, God, thus Incarnate, communicates to men the life which He reveals to them. But how? By death. The life revealed to a few in the earthly life of Jesus Christ is made available for the whole world of men by the risen and ascended Jesus. There came into the world His Spirit. Not, of course, merely His influence. It is strange that men should ever have supposed that it is easy to conceive of the Spirit as a merely impersonal influence. No, it was the personal Spirit of God. And thus we believe in 'the Holy Ghost.' And being the Spirit of God Incarnate in Christ, He is the very Spirit of the God-Man Jesus Christ. Thus, God has provided bread for His people, the Bread which is He who came down out of heaven, and gave Himself for the life of the world.¹

And now let us recall that the important matter is not the orthodoxy of our doctrine, but the richness of our personal experience of God. In American railway stations there is a functionary who with the aid of a megaphone announces outgoing trains, naming their destinations and stops and the track where they may be boarded. On an oppressive summer day one will hear the announcer in a city terminal calling to the waiting travellers the enticing names of mountain and seaside resorts and summoning them to entrain. But the announcer himself will stay in the sweltering station, without glimpse of forest or ocean, without a breath of their quickening air, and his life long he will not likely visit more than half a dozen of the places which he mentions glibly several times a day.

Paul, summing up the blessing of God, speaks of 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit.' He says, 'through Jesus we have our access in one Spirit unto the Father.' In these words generations of believers have summed up their intercourse with the Divine. Have we entered into the fullness of their fellowship with God? Do we know Him as our Father? This does not mean merely that we accept the idea of His kinship with our spirits and trust His kindly disposition towards us; but that we let Him establish a direct line of paternity with us and father our impulses, our thoughts, our ideals, our resolves.

Further, we cannot, according to Jesus, be in sonship with this Father save as we are in true brotherhood with all His children. God is (to employ a colloquial phrase) 'wrapped up' in His sons and daughters, and only as we love and serve

them are we loving and serving Him. In Jesus' summary of the Law He combined two apparently conflicting obligations, when He said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart, *and* thou shalt love thy neighbour.' If a man loves God with his all, how can there be any remainder of love to devote to some one else? What we do for any man—the least, the last, the lost—we do for God. We do not know Him as Father until we possess the obligating sense of our kinship with all mankind, and say, 'Our Father.'

Mr. Lionel Blackburne, the financial expert, said in *Lloyds Bank Monthly Review*: 'It may well be that a root cause of our discomfiture is to be found in a neglect of the teaching of the Founder of Christianity. . . . Can the modern world accept Christianity as a way of life? Can we trust it to remodel the conduct of international affairs as it has undoubtedly done in regard to such matters as the property of man in man, the dominance of class over class, and the establishment of individual worth and freedom? As we answer these questions so will our fate be.'

Galsworthy in his *First Thoughts on War* wrote: 'The idealist said in his heart, "The God of force is dead, or dying." He has been proven the fool that the man of affairs and the militarist always said he was. But the fools of this world—generally after they are gone—have a way of moving men which the wise and practical believers in force have not. . . . The battle between the God of love and the God of force endures for ever. Fools of the former camp, drowned out and beaten to their knees in due time, will get up again and plant their little flag a little farther on. "All men are brothers," said the German Schiller; so shall the fools say again when the time comes; and again, and again, after every beating.'

Do we know God in the Son? There is a sense in which Jesus is the 'First Person' in the Christian Trinity. Our approach to God begins with Him. In St. Paul's familiar benediction, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ precedes the love of God. We know God's love only as we experience the grace of Jesus. We cannot experience that grace except as we let Jesus be Lord.

Do we know God in the Spirit? His incarnation in Jesus evidences His 'incarnability,' and His eagerness to have His fulness dwell in every son who will receive Him. To know God in the Spirit is so to follow Jesus that we share His sonship with the Father and have Him abiding in us, working through us His works, manifesting Himself in our mortal lives.

¹ W. C. Allen, *The Christian Hope*, 77.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones once wrote : ' That was an awful word of Ruskin's, that artists paint God for the world. There's a lump of greasy pigment at the end of Michael Angelo's hog-bristle brush, and by the time it has been laid on the stucco, there is something there that all men with eyes recognize as Divine. Think what it means : it is the power of bringing God into the world—making God manifest ! ' ¹

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Love banishes Fear.

' Perfect love casteth out fear.'—I Jn 4¹⁸.

Tradition and art have given a touch of effeminacy to the character of St. John which, however, is not justified by anything in his history. True, he was ' the disciple whom Jesus loved '—that was his supreme distinction. But the ardour of his Galilean temper was such that he, with his brother, St. James, received from Christ the remarkable surname Boanerges—Sons of Thunder. The intensity of his love for Christ was not the index of an effeminate, but of a strong, nature ; for the constancy of a deep and passionate love is never found in a nature that is not strong. We do not count Dante weak because his whole life centred in Beatrice. Rather, we find in this peculiar intensity of passion the sign of a nature all aflame and full of power. A truly great love is at all times as impossible to men of feeble nature as the capacity for truly heroic deeds.

' Love,' says Thomas à Kempis, ' feels no burdens, regards not labours, would willingly do more than it is able, pleads not impossibility, because it feels that it can and may do all things.'

May we not wonder if, when St. John wrote the text, he had in his mind an incident which is told us by Clement of Alexandria, and which probably is substantially true? He relates that before John's imprisonment in Patmos the Apostle had chosen a youth of brilliant promise for an office of trust in the churches. When he returned, he found that this youth had betrayed his trust so deeply that he had become the captain of a company of bandits. Alone but fearless, unarmed except by the panoply of love, the aged Apostle entered the gloomy defile of the mountains where this robber horde was concealed, allowed himself to be seized and taken into the presence of their leader, who was overwhelmed with horror at the appearance of his former master. At first he fled. Then, softened

and penetrated by the Apostle's appeals, he fell at his feet, bewailed his apostasy, and was led back by the hand of the aged disciple to the tasks he had neglected, and the honourable life he had forsworn. Love for Christ, and for the youth who belonged to Christ, cast out fear in the aged Apostle ; and this strong, fearless love called compellingly to strength in the youth—strength that would be tried indeed in an age when the persecutions of Domitian were sweeping like a tornado of fury over those infant churches and decimating them.

It may be helpful, too, to wonder if, when John wrote the text, he had in his mind the life of his friend Peter. Our Lord, on His first meeting with Simon, called him a ' rock.' Did He see signs of the shifting sand in him, signs of timidity in him, even then, and, according to His gracious custom, try to develop what was lacking in his nature by means of a new name?

Simon broke down, to his own deep sorrow, in the courtyard of Annas's palace, because of a public opinion which was adverse to him, and because of the dim sense he had of some impending danger. In every direction around him were Roman soldiers moving about ; in the uncertain light of midnight, shadows came and went. There was much talking around the charcoal braziers where they gathered for warmth that cold night. And, when Peter was suddenly accused of being a disciple of Jesus by one of the maid-servants, before he knew what he was doing he had denied his Lord.

Yet, in Peter, fear was cast out. How? What was Christ's way? Not many days after, when the two met again beside the dawn-lit sea, the talk turned on the tasks of, and on power for, the new life. ' Lovest thou me?' asked Jesus ; and the word refers to a love of the loftiest kind which seeks to give rather than to possess. Nor did He stay His questions that probed to the last coil of being, until the response of Peter showed that he had the right kind of love. ' Lord, thou knowest all things : thou knowest that I love thee.' That was the secret! And Peter became the ' rock ' standing amidst the drift that Christ saw in him from the first. For Peter, the life to which he was restored might have its disappointments, renunciations, fiery trials ; upon it there might rest the shadow of a cross. But love was sufficient for these things.

And our love for Christ, and for His wandering children, will carry us through all our timidities to redemptive life and service—even as it made the young Scottish girl, Mary Slessor, too timid to cross a busy Glasgow street alone, into the fearless

¹ H. S. Coffin, *Some Christian Convictions*, 129 ff.

missionary in Calabar who had such an influence over the natives that she was known as the White Queen.

Undoubtedly St. John is thinking here that the test of the new birth is whether Godlike love is in our hearts. He sets forth love and selfishness as two opposing ways of life for the spirit. 'The selfish life, individual in its scheme of things, concerned with getting, consumed with the unappeasable fire of desire, is doomed to failure—outside the life of God, outside the true life of men, spiritually alone. Fear is its portion, and its portion for ever. Selfishness spells fear. Its logical conclusion is the Ishmaelite type of life—a hand against every man's, and every man's hand against his. Peace is an impossibility. Suspicion and distrust are the atmosphere it breathes. The selfish life cannot look forward with calm confidence to the future; for it has not laid up treasure there. And, even in the present, fear has punishment. It ever tastes it in anticipation. It is its own scourge.' The selfish life lives under a reign of terror. Listen to the exceeding bitter cry of Olive Schreiner in her great spiritual confession, *The Story of an African Farm*, 'Why am I alone, so hard, so cold? It is eating my soul to the core, self, self, self! I cannot bear this life! I cannot breathe! I cannot live! Will nothing free me from myself? I want something great and pure to lift me to itself.' A life without God, without love, is the most fearful of all failures. The Greek from which comes the word 'idiot' signifies merely a private person. But the idea of

detachment and self-centredness has so gathered around the word that to us it means a man incapable of interests outside himself. Self-isolation is the root of idiocy. Selfish living is suicide by slow starvation.

'Love,' says St. John, 'is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.' The test of life is love. The task of life is the perfecting of love. Life blossoms into its natural fruition in love, as the fruits of the orchard ripen into perfect form and bloom in the sunshine. To dwell in love is to dwell in God, and to have God dwelling in us. And one result of love made perfect is absence of fear.

Here we live in the faith of St. Bernard: 'Nothing can work me damage, except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about in me: and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.' They who dwell in love and in God, and who have God dwelling in them stand up with no bandage on the eyes, no opiate in the brain, and look death full in the face, seeing past its grim delusions. The day of life is passed with a calm and cheerful heart. The day of death is welcomed, as Carlyle said John Stirling welcomed it, 'without a thought of fear and with very much of hope'; or as Charles Kingsley welcomed it, 'God forgive me, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity.' These men were sure that more loving and gracious surprises were in store, because as Christ is, so is the soul that is in Christ.¹

¹ C. Kellett, *The Terrible Meek*, 122.

The Church and the Kingdom of God: Need for Discrimination.

BY THE REVEREND E. C. BLACKMAN, M.A., CHESHUNT COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE following is a comparison, based on New Testament usage, of the conceptions Kingdom of God and Church; with a resultant denial of their identity and a plea for careful distinction of the two terms. Both conceptions are central and constitutive in our thinking as they were for the first Christian generation. The object of an inquiry into the New Testament evidence is to discover whether they are constitutive for us in the

same sense in which they were for those first Christians.

It is not denied that Church and Kingdom of God have something in common. What emerges from this study is the fact that they are to be more often distinguished than identified. Roman Catholics to-day as in the Middle Ages maintain the identification. This goes back to Augustine's equation of Church with the *Civitas Dei*: the