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with modern ways of thinking. But, if that is so, are modern ways of thinking right or wrong? To surrender all belief in God's providence, and in His moral government of the world, would surely be to take up an almost deistic attitude. The Book of Daniel says that 'The most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will,' and few things seem to me more clear than the witness which history gives to the truth of this view. Must we say, then, that it is only in national and international affairs that His 'never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth,' or may we expect to find evidence of divine rewards and punishments in private lives? I think it would be difficult to produce any *a priori* reasons against such divine judgments. And when we turn from a *a priori* argument to concrete experience, I should be inclined to say that there are few things of which my forty years parochial experience has made me more certain than that God has a special blessing for those who honour father and mother. That fine moralist, Robert Browning, who in his preface to *Sordello* could write, 'my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study,' gives us in his poem *Halbert and Hob* the story of a father whose son treats him just in the same way in which he, years before, had treated his own father. Fully thirty years ago I met with a curiously similar case. I was visiting a sick woman, one of the worst women in the parish. As she lay in bed she was complaining of her eldest daughter. The girl had run off and got married, leaving her mother ill in bed with no one to nurse her or to look after the younger children, and though

it was already five or six weeks since the wedding, the woman did not even know where her daughter was living. 'To this day I did not know why I did it, but I suddenly interrupted the woman's complainings and said, 'I suppose, Mrs. B——, you were always a good and dutiful daughter.' I have never seen a person more surprised. She stared at me for a minute, and then said, 'Who has told you?' I replied, 'No one has told me anything. Perhaps you had better tell me yourself.' She then admitted that she had treated her own mother in precisely the same way. She had run off leaving her mother ill in bed, and it was three months before her mother knew where she was living. 'Oh, well,' I said, 'God is just. He gives you back your own.' I have never had any reason to regret saying it. I believe it was the sense that her life was in God's hand, and that her troubles were neither mere chance, nor without justification, that first turned her mind to religion.

And if I have had this and other examples of what I have believed to be God's just dealings with ill-doers, I have had very many more examples of the way in which boys and girls who have been good to their parents—parents who, very often, had done little enough to earn love or gratitude—have been blessed. If my readers find such notions out of harmony with modern ways of thinking, I am sorry. But for my own part I can only hope that modern ways of thinking may come back to the old beliefs. For the fifth commandment is still, for me, the 'first commandment with promise,' and its promise, alike to communities and to individuals, is full of blessing.

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## In the Study.

### *Virginitus Puerisque.*

Paths and Pathmakers.

BY THE REVEREND STUART ROBERTSON, M.A.,  
GLASGOW.

'Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way.'—He 12<sup>13</sup>.

BEFORE there were roads, what were there? Paths. Roads are now planned and surveyed and carefully constructed; but who made the paths? People did with their feet without thinking what they were doing. They were just taking what seemed

to them the best path from one place to another, thinking of nothing but just getting to their journey's end; but they left footprints. Somebody followed and walked where they had walked. Others followed them, and by degrees a path was trodden smooth and clear by many feet. Roads are made, but paths are like Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*: 'Who made you, Topsy?' 'Dunno, 'specs I growed.' Well, nobody deliberately made paths: they just grewed.

Sometimes we do know that we are making a path for others and do it deliberately. You have often sung about 'Good King Wenceslaus' and his

page in the snow. The snow was deep and the page was little, so the king went in front and told the page to tread in the footmarks. So the king made a path for the page with his feet. Lawrence of Arabia tells in his book how he had to make a path with his feet for his camels. The snow was frozen over with a hard crust. The camels with their big tender feet simply couldn't march, for their feet would have been cut to pieces. So Lawrence with his bare feet had to tread out a path. His feet were cut by the ice, and it was a pink path he made with his feet; but he made it possible for the camels to follow.

Sometimes, I say, we know we are doing it, but we are always making paths for others, whether we know it or not. So the Bible says, 'Make straight paths for your feet,' but the true meaning is deeper than that. It is 'make smooth paths *with* your feet': not for your feet, but with your feet for other people's feet. This is certain, for it goes on to say, 'lest that which is lame be dislocated.' It is thinking about those who are following in our footsteps, and wanting us to think of them, and make it easier for them because we have gone before them.

In golf we are asked to 'replace the turf.' It is the Golden Rule of golf. You cut out a bit of turf when you play an iron shot: that is all right; you must. But you mustn't leave the hole for some one else's ball to trickle into so that a good drive is spoiled for him. You must replace the turf. And more than that, you must press down the replaced turf with your foot so that it doesn't just lie loosely and wither, but binds, and the course is left even and smooth as you found it.

I expect you remember a road where the sidewalks are periodically dressed with cinders. When the dressing is new it is most unpleasant to walk on. So some people walk on the road and leave others to tread the paths smooth, and don't walk on the sidewalks until other people's feet have trodden them smooth for them. Others walk on the cinders and 'make smooth paths with their feet.'

Now this is very like life. We ought to think of those who will come after us and make the ways easier for them: like the folk who replace the turf and stamp it down with their feet, and the folk who tread smooth the rough unpleasant cinder paths. In the 23rd Psalm the Psalmist speaks of a man who has chosen God for his shepherd; and he says, 'surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' You see what that means? It means that people following after him shall find the way kinder to their feet because he

has trodden it before them. 'To have goodness and mercy following after us is a far finer thing than seeking them for ourselves.'

We are all pathmakers. Children follow their parents. Some parents forget this and do foolish things, and their children coming after them have a harder path to tread; they suffer in their bodies or maybe their minds are deranged. Some parents like their children to go to Sunday school and church, and hear about God and Jesus Christ; but they don't go themselves. Surely, and soon, the children will be thinking and saying, 'What father and mother don't seem to need, we won't need when we are older.' So they follow in the path their parents' feet are making for them, and it's neither a straight nor a smooth path.

Big boys and big girls at school have their followers who take them as their models and hero-worship them. Well, what are you going to do about it? You can't just laugh it away. It depends on you what sort of time they are going to have. What sort of paths are you making for them with your feet?

There is only one safe way: you yourself must follow Christ and then no one who follows you will have cause to rue. He is the pioneer, the great pathmaker. He has trodden down the roughnesses of sin that our feet may have straight paths to walk in. His feet were wounded and torn in the task. He has trodden a way into the highest for us, and we 'safely tread where He has trod.' He has put all things under His feet. Him we must follow, and in His high example stamp underfoot the cruel and false things that make life's way difficult for weak ankles and weak souls and tender feet. Those who follow after us will bless us for the path made easier, and 'goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life.'

#### Fit—and Forget!

BY THE REVEREND ALAN BALDING, M.A., LONDON.

'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'—Mt 5<sup>16</sup>.

Do you look at advertisements? Sometimes it's good fun. Of course, you don't believe them all. For instance, when you see posters telling you that 'Beer makes a healthy nation,' you just laugh right out: you know that no really sensible person believes *that*, and that even the man who wrote it probably knows better than to think it's true.

I saw a fine advertisement the other day. It said, 'Fit and forget—Plugs.' (Plugs, you know,

have something to do with making a car go. But there, I expect some of you know more about it than I do!) Do you see the idea? The man who makes those plugs is so sure that they are good ones that he says, 'Fit my plugs into your car, and then you can forget all about them. They'll do their work without any fuss and bother. Once you have fitted them, you can forget them; they'll work for you, and never remind you that they're there.'

That's the way all the best things and all the best people work!

How often do you think about your heart? You're fitted with one, but it works so smoothly that you don't have to remember it. You don't keep saying to yourself, 'I mustn't forget my head—my ears—my teeth.' Of course not! Once you have carefully washed your face and cleaned your teeth—and brushed your hair—you can forget all about your head and teeth until they need cleaning again. It's only when your head aches or you have toothache that you remember; most of the time they're just 'fitted and forgotten.'

In the early days of wireless they used to talk about Relay Stations. Programmes came from a central broadcasting station and were passed on to our crystal sets by the nearest Relay Station. And you never knew that the Relay Station was there until it wasn't—you never thought of it except when it failed. Who wouldn't like to be a Relay Station—just doing the job, without any fuss and talk about it?

Do you remember that famous poem about a boy called Jack Horner?

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
Eating his Christmas pie;  
He put in his thumb and he took out a plum,  
And said, 'What a good boy am I!'

And the pity of it is that he might have been, if only he hadn't spoilt it all by saying so. That was what Jesus meant when He said, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

### The Christian Year.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

#### The Cry for Sympathy.

'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.'—  
La 1<sup>12</sup>.

The text, as we find it here, does not refer to the sufferings of Christ. Still, there is a kind of in-

evitable association when we remember Him and His sorrow, so pre-eminent among sorrows, and so despised and forgotten. But there is another reference here, and another lesson before we apply it to Him.

First, it refers to Judah and Jerusalem. This Book of Lamentations is a book of five poems, five dirges, five laments, over the desolation of the Holy City. The first, in the first chapter, gives us a picture of the distress of Jerusalem after its siege by the Assyrians. The city is pictured as a widowed and disrowned princess, a widow bereft of her children, sitting solitary in the night, weeping sorely. The poet speaks; and then the deserted city herself takes up the lamentation. It is here that the text comes in, when the dirge is taken up by the desolate daughter of Jerusalem. She begins with this heart-piercing cry to the thoughtless passers-by. This is her complaint against indifference. The solitary widow pleads for something more kindly and tender and sympathetic. 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?'

Is it not true of every sorrow that comes to press sorely on the human heart? How painfully we feel the awful indifference of the world! It is a strange feeling we sometimes have when we come out from the darkened room into the light of day—out from the sickroom into the street. See the bright, busy, noisy, laughing world, heedless of the man dying there. How indifferent the great world seemed to our sorrow!

But there is another thought here. The cry is not our own but another's. It is not our complaint against the cold world, but the complaint of others against us. We are ourselves in the rush of the traffic of the world; and when we are engrossed in our own errands and pursuits, how little we are aware of what is happening beside us!

In ordinary life men mostly know very little of each other and care very little. Every man for himself. Personal interests are so engrossing, and personal cares so pressing, that we see little of what goes on beyond the circle of our own immediate affairs. 'To secure our own property and our own comfort,' said Galsworthy, 'to dole out our sympathy according to rule, just so that it won't really hurt us, that's what we're all after.'

Now surely this text is meant to remind us of this—that the human heart has a great craving for sympathy. This passage expresses a deep yearning for sympathy. Among men the instinct of a sufferer is to crave sympathy—from a friend, if possible, but if that may not be, then even from a stranger. And we are not to say, 'Oh, it is only

sympathy!' It is the sympathy that is prized. We hardly know how much it means—to be considered, thought about, not forgotten.<sup>1</sup>

In the biography of Bishop Talbot there are some illuminating paragraphs on his sympathy. 'Out of the humility which placed him alongside, and the respect which at the same time made him stand aside, came the peculiar poignance of his sympathy. He did not feel so much "for" you as "with" you. I [Miss Wilmot, Mrs. Talbot's secretary during the Farnham years] have more than once, especially in his latter years, on taking some trouble to him, found myself unexpectedly assuming the rôle of comforter—having become acutely conscious that he was literally taking the sorrow upon himself.

'But it was never a merely "soft" sympathy. Just as he looked to you to work your work and play your play in the same way that he did, namely, to the fullest extent of your capacity, so he expected you to grasp trouble with both hands and open eyes. "You will, I believe," he once wrote to me, "steer your boat in strong faith into the very heart of the storm and come through stronger and deeper and braver into a place of different light." And again, on another occasion—"This is a big trial for you, but you will rise to it and it will not hurt you." "A full and high life, fashioned by many blows on the anvil of demand," was another phrase of his.'

Think of Christ and mark His ways. He was no lonely hermit, no dweller in the desert. His life led Him along the ways with men. He was found where men were busiest. He was ever 'passing by.' But 'as He passed by,' how keen His eyes were for those who sat by the wayside! Never a longing look cast towards Him remained unanswered; never a sight of suffering met His eyes which did not touch His heart and win His help. His sympathy was perfect. Yes, His sympathy was perfect. That made Him all He was.

And what can we ask for ourselves but more of His spirit in us—quick and sensitive and responsive? Opportunity will guide us for the rest, if His spirit is ours; and we shall learn that this is the secret of the happiest life.

Mr. Kingman in *Building on Rock* tells that in the common-room of Magdalene College, Cambridge, two portraits hang on the wall, facing each other across the table, portraits of the two men who shared the zest of life to the fullest and who fought hard for life's prizes. One is of Pepys—sleek, satisfied, kindly, sensuous; a man who cheerfully

<sup>1</sup> J. Rutherford, *The Seer's House*, 85.

tried to skim the cream off life's surface for himself and measurably succeeded. The other is of Charles Kingsley, who also delighted in life beyond most men, but whose heart burned like a flame in sympathy with the wrongs and sorrows of the poor, and who gave himself, like his Master, in generous devotion to all who needed him. And his face, lined with love and pain, is of one who looked ineffably far beyond the getting and spending of life's pleasures. It is not so much that one man had a different philosophy from the other, though this was true, as that one man lived in the closest contact with the spirit of Jesus, and the other instinctively avoided any contact with Him more intimate than that of formal religion. But the world to-day, in its present mood, recognizes in good-natured Pepys the despair of society, and in Charles Kingsley, with all his limitations, the power that can lift it out of its despair.

This very chapter in Lamentations ends in an appeal to heaven. When the passers-by are heedless, the stricken city turns from man to God for pity; and this is the message of the Cross. If our sorrow is nothing to those who pass by, it is something to God who is afflicted in all our afflictions. That figure of the Crucified is the embodiment of the seeking love of God, of His compassion humbling Himself, identifying Himself with the world's sorrow. It is the last expression of that Divine sympathy which stoops and dies to save and bless. It is the refuge of the stricken-hearted, and the hope of the sin-laden and weary. Do we not see it as we read the Bible from the beginning? God is coming nearer and nearer, entering more deeply into the life of man, taking upon Himself ever more of His conflict and burden, till at last in Christ He is here beside us carrying on His heart our load of sorrow and of sin. No, He could not pass by. This is the Priest who never passes by, the heavenly Samaritan who stoops to bless us. It is the perfection of sympathy; and it saves.

When we truly know what it means, when we ourselves are saved by such a sympathy, it makes a difference, as we look upon our brothers. It cannot be denied that this story of the Cross has changed the world and the ways of men, as these have been softened and sweetened by thoughtful, tender sympathy. The charity of the Cross makes us charitable, and we love because He first loved.

Such a generous character does Chaucer portray in his ploughman in the *Canterbury Tales*:

God loved he best with al his hole herte  
At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or smerte,

And thanne his neighebour right as himselfe.  
He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke and delve,  
For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,  
Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Pharisee: A Study for Youth.

'God, I thank thee, that I am not as the rest of men.'—Lk 18<sup>11</sup> (R.V.).

At first sight it gives us a certain shock of surprise to notice that the sternest attack of Jesus was directed not against thieves and liars and murderers, but against respectable people like the Pharisees. But if we once pause to think about it, this fact throws a great deal of light upon His whole outlook on life.

There are many possible ways of grouping men in different classes. One of the deepest and most decisive dividing-lines is that which separates them into those whose sympathies are inclusive and those whose sympathies are exclusive. Jesus Himself belonged emphatically to the former class. Few things are so remarkable, even in His remarkable life, as the way in which He seemed able to establish points of contact with people of every type. In young and old, in rich and poor, in clever and ignorant, and in saints and sinners, He could always find something that bound them and Him together in ties of fellow-feeling. The Pharisees, on the contrary, were men of exclusive sympathies. The characteristic spirit of the Pharisees in the days of Jesus was the spirit of self-satisfied 'superiority.' 'God, I thank thee, that I am not as the rest of men.'

In order to guard against a possible misunderstanding, let us begin with a statement the truth of which should be obvious. There is nothing in the teaching of Jesus to discourage us from *being* unlike other men. The wider the knowledge we can acquire, the richer the cultivation of our mind, the larger our refinement in taste and manners, most of all, the nobler we can make our character, the greater will be the service that we can render in our own day and generation. All our opportunities for self-improvement come to us from God, and if we are more fortunate than many people in our chance of such advantages, not only is it not wrong, but it is our bounden duty, to use these opportunities to the utmost of our ability.

The error of the Pharisees was not that at certain points they *were* superior to their neighbours, but that, because of this, they allowed themselves to

cherish a *sense* of superiority. They let their special privileges cut them off from their fellow-men. Their own exceptional advantages ought to have made them only the more responsive to all goodness, not least in those to whom the same outstanding benefits had been denied.

Bishop Gore's humility was one of his outstanding characteristics. His biographer writes that when he left Birmingham to go to Oxford 'some of his clergy drew up a testimonial of their love and esteem, couched in terms of such exuberance that a number were unable to subscribe. These last forwarded an independent memorial, together with an explanation, which Gore received with tact and delicacy, disclosing nothing of his feelings at the extravagance of the first, beyond the assurance that he was not at all offended with those who had not signed it. He accepted a presentation from the diocese. The hall was packed. People were standing in the passages and doorways, and others were sitting on the window ledges. Suddenly a silence fell, as Gore appeared on the platform. He faced the audience with folded arms, looked over his spectacles, and said: "At last I am convinced that I am a bigger hypocrite than I thought I was." He hated to receive honour of men.'

Every position in life, while it has its own peculiar advantages, also brings with it its own peculiar perils; and, unless we are watchful, those of us who have had homes of comfort, and a Public School—and perhaps a University—education, are in no small danger of copying this side of the spirit of the Pharisee. But the spirit of snobbery is by no means unknown among us. Dr. Fosdick, in a study on magnanimity, says: 'In a prominent New York church where the crowds were pressing down the aisles, the usher showed a Chinese couple into a pew just as two Americans had reached the spot. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the woman, "why did you let those heathen go in first?" One shrinks from the proper description of that attitude. It is of course discourtesy, provincialism; but it is more. It is one of the most contemptible and ruinous sins which to-day are destroying human life and making dangerously difficult the solution of our social and international problems—a bigoted and ignorant prejudice that lumps and damns whole classes and races at a swoop. It does literally what the slang phrase suggests: it thinks in bunches.' There are three points at which this particular danger lies in wait for us.

The first and crudest form it assumes is that of a sense of superiority based on social distinctions. In Charles Dickens' *Dombey and Son*, Sir Barnet

Skettles, M.P., attends the breaking-up party at a certain school and there meets a Mr. Baps, whose conversation deeply interests him. Indeed, he is so impressed by it that a little later in the evening he describes Mr. Baps to the Headmaster as a remarkable kind of man and inquires who he is. The Headmaster replies that Mr. Baps is the school's dancing-master. In a moment Sir Barnet Skettles, M.P., falls into a mighty rage and declares that for Mr. Baps to have presumed to speak to him is 'like his most consummate and confounded impudence.' There, as so often, Dickens has put the whole position in a nutshell.

It is all sheer snobbery, and snobbery is always vulgar and, for a Christian, it is a sin. More than that, the idea that originates and inspires such an attitude is untrue. The real worth of a man is fixed solely by his honest character and by his honest work in the world.

H. R. L. Sheppard writes: An excellent antidote against the Pharisaical spirit is to remember the advice that the painter, William Orpen, once gave. He said that every one should be taught to conjugate this verb:

I am a joke,  
Thou art a joke,  
He is a joke,  
We are jokes,  
Ye are jokes,  
They are jokes.

If those of us who are inclined to swank would have a good laugh, especially at ourselves, it would help quite a lot.

But we who profess Christianity must remember, besides, that the Founder of our religion made claim to two virtues alone—meekness and lowliness.

The danger in question is found in a second form—in the idea that we are superior to some of our less fortunate fellows merely because we have had the chance of a better education. We see this in thousands of men and women who, just because they themselves have received a certain surface-polish of education, regularly adopt an attitude of superiority to those who do not always use the King's English and are sometimes more than a little shaky in the use of their aspirates.

Let us recognize that all this again is snobbery, and that, like all snobbery, it is false. Surface-polish is not the same thing as intelligence, and, while it is doubtless better to possess the two combined, it is always possible to have either of them without the other.

The last present-day form of the spirit of the

Pharisee is that which despises a man for some wrong-doing from which we ourselves happen to be free. In this country even good people often have a very conventional and arbitrary standard for judging conduct. They label certain sins respectable and others disgraceful; and it is terrible to hear the superior tones in which they will sometimes condemn those whose sins are of the second type. What they forget is that, while they can see these other people's sins, they cannot see also the struggle that they are making to vanquish them.<sup>1</sup>

#### TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### Do we really want God?

'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'—Mic 6<sup>8</sup>.

In our time there are at least two kinds of people who do not desire God. First, there are those who want a care-free life unhaunted by the moral restraints and serious purposefulness involved in God. Any one acquainted with wide areas of modern literature must recognize the absence of God there. If one starts in to live like Gloria Patch, for example, in Fitzgerald's novel, saying, 'If I wanted anything, I'd take it. . . . I can't be bothered resisting things I want,' it is plain that such a person could not conceivably desire God. Imagine looming up over such a character any typical expression of faith in God, like, 'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' It is obvious that the two are incompatible and that he who cares for one would not care for the other.

There is, however, another class of people utterly unlike the first, who also have no use for God. They say, man's fate is in his own hands. Therefore, they say, all faith in God is wasted energy and lost time; if the thought that has been expended on God had been given to active endeavour after social welfare, and instead of trust in God there had been reliance on human intelligence and resource, we would be a long way farther on. So Russia goes atheist, not because it is careless of human welfare but eager for it, and atheism among us is sometimes sponsored by high-minded characters.

Then, from such people as these, who have no use for God, we come back to the Church, and how unlike them we are! In hymn and anthem, sermon and prayer, we take God for granted. As for

<sup>1</sup> H. Bisseker, *The Way of Discipleship*, 57.

wanting to believe in Him, we assume that. Listen, we say, to the glorious voices of sustaining faith, from 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want' to Whittier's hymns, and, on the other hand, listen to Mr. Bertrand Russell's atheism: 'I think the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness or any of the other properties that governesses love. Indeed, there is little but prejudice and habit to be said for the view that there is a world at all.' Certainly, we say, if that is the logical conclusion of Mr. Russell's atheism, then, of course, we want God.

But are we sure that commonly in thorough earnest we do want God? We are asking for a weighty idea of life and a demanding ideal of living when we ask for Him. Sometimes it would ease up life and relax its moral tension if there were no God.

For one thing, do we really want a universe of eternal moral law? 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap'—only a light-minded person will gaily say that of course he wants that. Recently a young man published a letter in which he challenged anybody to show him why he should be honest. 'I don't want to be great,' he said; 'I want to be comfortable,' and on that basis he asked why he should be scrupulously honest.

In a universe basically non-moral, with morals only transient accommodations to earthly circumstance, his problem, as he sees it, is to discover what he can get away with in order to be comfortable. In God's world nobody in the end gets away with anything.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they  
grind exceeding small;  
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness  
grinds he all.

Do we really want to live in a tremendous world like that?

Moreover, the existence of God implies the existence of a moral law far higher than the laws of earth. So Antigone in the old Greek drama defied the king. Said the king, 'And didst thou dare to disobey the law?' Said Antigone,

Nowise from Zeus, methought, this edict came,

Nor did I deem *thine* edicts of such force  
That they, a mortal's bidding, should o'er-  
ride  
Unwritten laws, eternal in the heavens.

So! unwritten laws, eternal in the heavens!

When alluring evil solicits us, do we not sometimes wish we did not believe in God and so could escape allegiance to that higher righteousness, far above what earth requires? Many men, with the word of God laid on them, have felt like that. David Livingstone, having buried the body of his wife under a great tree on the east shore of Africa, turned his face toward the jungle and wrote in his journal, 'Oh, my Mary, my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home, since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng.' Sometimes it is terrific to believe in God and have to follow Him.

Again, do we want a universe with eternal moral purposes? The second law of thermo-dynamics, in accordance with which physical energy expends itself, will see to it in the end that the sun grows cold and that this planet, which was once uninhabitable, will be uninhabitable again. When a man has survived the first shock of facing this fact and has settled down to it, he well may feel that, if he could accept that as the whole picture, he could ease up, not expect too much of life, make up his mind that all things come from nothing and go back to nothing again, and in general relax.

If there is no God, goodness, beauty, and truth are experiences within ourselves, altogether subjective, having no significance beyond. But if God is, then goodness, beauty, and truth are the near end of the Eternal; they are the revelation within us now of the profoundest reality of the cosmos. The eternal world of spiritual values is the real world, and as Shelley said,

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

That is a tremendous philosophy. Then the end of this earth as man's residence is not the end. Then physical force is not the final arbiter of our destiny.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do  
change,  
And though the mountains be moved in the heart  
of the seas;

The Lord of hosts is with us;  
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

It is the great tradition, the loftiest thinking of mankind in philosophy and religion. It is magnificent, but it is also tremendous—very high, very deep, very demanding on a man's life.

Dorothy L. Sayers has voiced the reaction of an

unwilling soul confronting the high claims which Christ and the Cross lay on one's life:

I am battered and broken and weary and out of heart,  
I will not listen to talk of heroic things,  
But be content to play some simple part,  
Freed from preposterous, wild imaginings . . .  
Men were not made to walk as priests and kings.

Thou liest, Christ, Thou liest; take it hence,  
That mirror of strange glories; I am I;  
What wouldst Thou make of me? O cruel pretence,  
Drive me not mad so with the mockery  
Of that most lovely, unattainable lie!

In the third place, do we really desire a world in which personality has endless possibilities? If there is no God and physical force is the ultimate reality, then, of course, all is over when the body dies, and whatever we may hope to get out of this transcendent miracle of personality we must get within the scope of these few, present years. On that basis there is no excuse for a man's living ignobly, but it is sheer stupidity not to face the immense difference in one's estimate of personality and one's expectation about it when one has faith in God.

Sir Arthur Keith is one of the great British scientists. Professor Arthur Compton is one of the great American scientists. The first is an utter disbeliever; the second a thorough believer. According to Sir Arthur Keith, when a man dies he goes out like a candle: to which Professor Arthur Compton replies that the candle does not go out; its energy goes on and on to the farthest reaches of the universe.

To be trusted with a transitory life to get on with for a few years—a man can let down on that view when he feels like it. But to be trusted with a personality whose flame will not go out—that is serious.

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be  
That no life lives for ever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Swinburne's view is easier, isn't it? not so high or so demanding.

Indeed, come closer home and see that, if God is real, there are available resources here and now, so

that we should be doing better than we are doing with our personal living. It is when we thus come close to the intimate matter of personal quality and ask ourselves whether we really want God, who can clean us up, straighten us out, expel our evil habits, and send us forth to live with disciplined and renovated character, that we see how little some of us do want God. So Augustine says that he prayed to God, 'Grant me chastity and continency, but not yet.'

Let us Church people lift up our eyes on high and see what a tremendous idea of life is involved in God, and if we say we believe it, let us live it! And to the non-theistic humanist, who has been saying that faith in God is deflected energy, we would say that a moral universe, a superhuman allegiance, the eternal reality of spiritual values, the endless possibilities of personality—if ideas like that vanish from the earth, we shall find ourselves by inevitable consequence plunged into sheer paganism, and calling again for a faith that will put meaning and direction into life. For the living God is the Eternal Toiler, labouring within us and beyond us for a kingdom of souls in which goodness and truth triumph and beauty is enshrined, and to believe in him, join with him, give devotion to him is life and peace and power.

My one unchanged obsession, whereso'er my feet  
have trod,  
Is a keen, enormous, haunting, never-sated thirst  
for God.

So Gamaliel Bradford wrote about himself. And the noblest tribute to the essential greatness and dignity of human nature is to say that, by and large, this is true about man.<sup>1</sup>

#### THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### The Great Unrecognized Lord.

'Lord, when saw we thee?'—Mt. 25<sup>37, 44</sup>.

Jesus, as a teacher, was an artist in black and white: His ideas are as vivid as the snow or as ebony. They can seldom be obliterated from the mind, but we do not discredit Him when we suffer the edges of the colours to approximate to each other. Truth cannot be fully stated in mere black and white; it needs all the colours of the rainbow in all their possible combinations.

This Parable of the Sheep and the Goats, however, has no shading, no mixing and blending of colours. It is drawn with a firm black pencil on a white

<sup>1</sup>H. E. Fosdick, *The Secret of Victorious Living*, 209.

background. In a few simple words, Jesus has thrown upon the canvas a great central throne, before which the hosts of men are assembled like a huge flock. They are parted with a shepherd's rod, revealing the constituent elements in the swaying mass, as the sheep pass to the right-hand side of the throne, and the goats pass to the left. Two simple words from the throne seal their fate: to those on the right, 'Come!' to those on the left, 'Depart!'

We can never forget that picture, but we should be foolish to accept it as final. The judgment of man can never be as simple as that. No thoughtful man who had some understanding of himself could easily be sure whether his place was on the right hand or on the left hand of the throne. Some of our motives might hope to go to the right, and some would deserve to go to the left. Our own awakened conscience would say to some elements in our character, in God's name, 'Come,' and to others, 'Depart.' The just judgment of a solitary soul, to say nothing of 'the nations,' must surely be the most intricate thing that Omniscience itself could ever accomplish.

Jesus Himself, during His life, was constantly protesting against these clear-cut 'black and white' judgments of man by man. That easy motion of a critical rod which sent all publicans and sinners to the left, that declared a man had sinned or his parents, because he was born blind, or that a woman should be stoned without any mercy because she had committed adultery, or that another should be ostracized because he had carried his bed on the Sabbath day, and which was always sure that all the chosen people were on the right hand, and all the others on the left hand—these things drew down His constant indignation.

This Parable is, as we have said, a picture in black and white. It does suggest, what no one demonstrated more often than our Lord, that in the character of every man or woman there is a prevailing tendency, and intention of the soul, which settles its direction. We ourselves can scarcely fail to discern its bias if we take time to live quietly with ourselves. We know fairly well even now whether the voice of God within us would articulate the word 'Come!' or that other word, 'Depart!' We had best heed that voice, feeling sure it is but a premonitory foreshadowing of the fateful pronouncement of destiny.

There seems to be two large and simple ideas in this Parable which rivet one's attention. The scene is staged in two hemispheres of grouping. The vocal parts are antiphonal. The very distinct-

ness of the drawing makes them stand out clearly. The absence of all shading intensifies vision. The throne is set in the centre, in a blaze of light. The good are all on the right hand; the bad are all on the left hand. There is no intermediate class, not one unclassified straggler. The words spoken from the throne are uttered twice with striking identity, save for one decisive word in each aspect of the Parable, and the invitation or the dismissal that turns upon it. To those on the right hand the Judge says, 'Ye did it—Come!' and to those on the left hand, 'Ye did it *not*—Depart!' What kind of tests are they which the Judge enumerates? Strange words they surely are to be spoken from the throne of power: 'I was hungry . . . I was thirsty . . . I was a stranger . . . I was naked . . . I was sick . . . I was in prison. . . .' Back from each opposed host, like an antiphonal response, came precisely the same words, the righteous and the unrighteous revealing no distinction: They on the right hand said: 'Lord, when saw we thee?' They on the left hand said: 'Lord, when saw we thee?' It is the very simplicity of it all that makes it so unforgettable. Could one ever cease to remember these two startling ideas? That the Divine One comes to man, not surrounded with the aura of His power, but stripped of every trace of it; not in plenteousness, not in integrated all-inclusiveness, not panoplied, not in freedom, but hungry, thirsty, a stranger, naked and a prisoner, and that both to the righteous and the unrighteous, He is the Great Unrecognized. Is not that a sure touch of the spiritual genius of our Lord? We did not expect the extreme simplicity of His speech to carry in it a piercing shaft like that.

Whether on the right hand or the left hand of the throne, we shall add our quota to the everlasting astonishment. For they on the right hand said, 'Lord, when saw we thee?' and they on the left hand said, 'Lord, when saw we thee?' God is the Great Unrecognized.

And now let us draw out these two great ideas and discover, if we can, something of their content. That God comes to man in the disguise of need, both Divine and human, is not poetic fancy except as it is also hard fact. It is not mere religion, unless religion is also science, economics and politics, and all the activities of human life.

Jesus' word 'inasmuch' has been the synonym of charity. But charity in its most common connotation is not sufficient. We must go much farther than that. It is likely that there will always be need for it. The poor doubtless will always be with us, not because their lot is fixed, but

just because human nature is variable. If you could arbitrarily ensure to every son of man an assured income, and so arrange it that they could not dissipate it, even then there would be need for human helpfulness. For there are other kinds of hunger than the hunger wheat and barley can assuage; other kinds of loneliness than a domicile could disperse. Perhaps, in heaven itself, the saints will not be so distressingly equal that there will be no value in spiritual reciprocity. Charity, in its lower connotation, to say nothing of its highest meaning of inter-communing love, will never fail.

But think not of mere charity, but of something that is fundamental, cosmic, and of the eternal purpose of God. The world has grown sick of charity, and is murmuring of justice. And what is justice but charity without smug patronage? What is the ultimate meaning of science, economics, education, politics, therapeutics, theology, or any other branch of human research and endeavour? Is it, or is it not, the achievement of the human soul, the increase of its amenities and its inspirations, the reconciliation of its enmities, the increase of the fellowship between man and man, between man and God? Could there be such a thing as trade, if thy brother was not hungry, thirsty, naked, and homeless? What is science for but the healing of the sick, and the releasing of the imprisoned powers of man? What is education for if not to make these things more possible? What is the reason for politics if not by security and just laws to ensure their attainment? What is the objective of theology if not to bring these powers to their fruition, and to harmonize the relations between man and man because they have first been harmonized with God?

Charity is not a dole; it is wisdom, courage, industry, faith, and every other faculty in friendly co-operation. Is there any other bottom cause of human misery but the lack of this spirit? Is there any other fundamental method of improvement but in the increase of it? The Christian ideal is not the filigree upon the garment of life, it is its very stuff and texture. Just to get men thinking sanely of the fellowships of God and man is the supreme and only task of religion. It is the ultimate meaning of every effort of mind and hand. All this as between man and man—and what as between man and God?

In the judgment there ought to be—and One asserts there will be—no other commendation than this: 'Ye did it unto these'; no other condemnation than: 'Ye did it *not* unto these.'

For there is nothing that a man can do for or against God than what he may do for or against his brother. How simple, but how challenging does this make religion to be. There really is no other way in which God can call to man for fellowship. He needs no incense, no gold for His shrine, no prostration before Him in abject humility, save as these things may serve His larger purpose by which He has made Himself one with man. Therefore, He comes hungry, thirsty, naked, homeless, sick, and imprisoned. Jesus did not mean to say that He Himself came in that guise as distinct from God. That is God's way of coming, and, alas!—He comes unrecognized.

'I beseech thee, show me thy glory,' cried Moses, amid the luminous splendour of the cloud-piercing mountains. And the answer was given in the fulness of time when, from a Cross, the Son of Man calls to men throughout the ages, bidding them, by ceasing to crucify their brethren, to remove the nails that transfix His own body to the tree.<sup>1</sup>

#### FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### The Moral Dynamic.

'I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith.'—Ro 1<sup>16-17</sup>.

'But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.'—1 Co 1<sup>23f</sup>.

St. Paul's boldness may be estimated by the magnitude of the task he attempted, and the contempt with which the means he used were generally regarded. He set out to reform the world. He would deal with all that was wrong with the peoples, deliver them from that, and put them right. It is in this sense he says that he is debtor both to Greeks and barbarians, to wise and unwise. He had something to tell which he knew would help and save mankind, and so he felt it was due from him to say it as widely as possible. How could this be done more expeditiously and effectively than by going to Rome, the centre and capital of the whole world? Once he could fill the city with the truth of his message, he would have at his command all the marvellous means of communication which Rome had made throughout the world,

<sup>1</sup> F. W. Norwood, *The Gospel of Distrust*, 31.

the pathways of her commerce, her government and influence to the ends of the earth. It was an ambitious and glorious project, fit only for the soul of a hero.

But what shall we say of the Apostle's boldness when we recall the message which he would go to Rome to proclaim? That was a tale of death the most shameful and horrible that could be suffered. The cross was the Roman gallows, the most barbarous and cruel instrument of torture ever devised. 'That most cruel and dreadful punishment,' said Cicero, 'should never even be mentioned in connection with the sacred person of a Roman citizen.' Yet St. Paul, so far from being ashamed, exulted to preach this Crucifixion at Rome, because there was power in it, more than all the world's armies could exert, or all the world's wealth measure or command—the power of God's righteousness to judge, save, and change men.

That is just what Rome with all her might and all her money had conspicuously failed in, and utterly lacked—righteousness. Men and women had lost all moral sense. They were simply indifferent about right and wrong, and were as incapable of a passionate hatred of evil and sorrow for it, as of a passionate love of goodness and a heroic power to realize it. With the loss of the moral sense went all conscience of God as their Supreme Ruler and Judge. All they were concerned for was what is pleasant and materially profitable.

On this prevailing moral indifference and turpitude St. Paul burst with his message of Christ crucified. To that generation it was their first sense of the power of righteousness, their first vision of God. In that awful Cross God revealed Himself as exposing sin, and by death condemning and making an end of it. Though so terrible that was good news, for it meant that God is, that God reigns, and can make righteousness prevail.

But immediately with that first searching impression of Christ crucified came this further one—God Himself was bearing the condemnation, the shame and death that are sin's consequence.

We know how quickly the impressions made by imminent danger or death fade away from any soul that returns to safety and peace. Only deeds and facts can bring home to any one a sense of his sin, or the urgent claims that righteousness has upon him. Men must see

the work their hands had done as  
God had bade them see.

And yet here again we must discriminate. To suffer himself for his misdeeds, to go down in the

ruin and corruption that his own wrong-doing has wrought, too often, if not always, makes a man as callous and indifferent, or as bitter and hostile, to righteousness as ever. But to see the consequences of his sin visited on others, and these the innocent and the pure, to whom, moreover, he owed love and service—this will move him to compunction and resolution. For the sake of aged parents, of devoted wife, or of innocent children whom his folly has disgraced and injured, how bitterly the prodigal can grieve, how sincerely confess, how earnestly attempt to amend. Now we reach the climax of such appeals at the Cross of Christ, for there is the climax of sin's consequence visited on One who, by His character and life and words, has most plainly revealed the reality of wrong, and most decisively judged and condemned it. 'What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.' In other words, He secured conviction—He awakened the conscience of mankind.

But the Cross of Christ not only awakens, but can satisfy the conscience for righteousness. When the Judge Himself suffers, when He who has magnified and enforced in His own Person the claims of righteousness sacrifices Himself to meet them, who can refuse to believe that full restitution has been made—that is, if he ever were seriously concerned with the matter at all? It is the character of Christ, the Person of the Crucified, that gives its significance to the Cross as a conviction of sin, and an assurance of forgiveness.

But the appeal of the Cross is far from being exhausted by such a conviction and assurance. Being what it is, it could never stop there. The passion of conviction and the gladness of assurance pass into the inspiration of service and sacrifice for the good of all. For so high a mission it is power men need—the power that has convinced them of the gravity of the situation, the power that has assured them that God is for, and with, them to the uttermost, and that each in his place and measure may so serve, and render his life in sacrifice, that all may benefit and be helped.

Thus, finally, it inspires that 'enthusiasm for humanity,' by which men, having discovered what God meant them to be, and what Christ died to make them, can discern the same destiny in others and devote themselves to help these to discover and attain it also.

The Love that refrained from condemning and destroying, but chose rather to suffer and die for them, so enlarges the heart, enlightens the mind

and inspires the whole life, that in their daily work men are ready to lay down their lives for their brethren.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. C. T. Studd was leaving for Africa and his wife had to remain behind. Mr. Grubb in his biography says: 'On the eve of their parting, in a flash of inspiration, C. T. put the thought of both their hearts into a sentence, and that sentence

<sup>1</sup> H. Smith, *The Economics of the Kingdom of God*, 99.

became the motto of the Crusade. A young fellow sat talking with them and remonstrated with C. T. He said, "Is it a fact that at fifty-two you mean to leave your country, your home, your wife and your children?" "What?" said C. T., "have you been talking of the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ to-night? *If Jesus Christ be God and died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great for me to make for Him.*"'

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## Faith and Order: The Conference in 1937.

BY G. F. BARBOUR, D. PHIL., FINCASTLE, PITLOCHRY.

THE aspiration and the effort after Christian unity have two sources, outward and inward. The need of the world in our day provides the one, while the other springs from the sense that those who love and seek to follow the same Lord should be comrades, not rivals, on the road which His Spirit points out.

These motives naturally reinforce one another, yet for the sake of clearness we may consider them separately. The need of mankind for unity has never been so unmistakable as in these days, when applied science has made the whole world a neighbourhood, but has left it, as has been well said, without the neighbourly spirit. Hence come the strife and rivalry which fill us with foreboding. In many divergent ways men are seeking more or less consciously for security by massing themselves in social and national groups which grow ever more closely knit. Yet, since most of these are limited in area and depend for their unity on opposition to other groups, their final effect is to deepen divisions, both in the economic and national spheres. Comradeship within the circle of class or nation is taken to imply scorn of those without.

To a world thus striving after solidarity, yet unwilling to lay aside the antipathies which make unity impossible, the Church comes with her message of peace. But her messengers are inevitably asked whether she is qualified to lead divided nations or classes towards a unity of which she falls so far short in her own life. It is in the mission field that the ministry of reconciliation is most discredited by the division between its ministers; and the effort towards unity which took shape at the Lausanne Conference of 1927, and is officially known

as the Faith and Order Movement, owns a missionary parentage. For it was at the Edinburgh Conference of 1910 that a great Christian leader—one of the greatest of our time—Bishop Brent of the Philippines, first conceived the idea of a new Ecumenical Council to deal with the differences which kept the churches apart and caused widespread dissipation of effort in the mission field. After seventeen years of waiting and preparation, and after the War had thrown its ghastly light on the divisions of Christendom, the Conference met; and during its sessions the missionary plea for reunion sounded again and again. Thus the Bishop of Tinnevely, Dr. Norman Tubbs, in a short speech which deeply impressed the Conference, drew a parallel from the Council described in Ac 15, 'when the ideals of a home Church and of a mission Church stood out in vivid contrast, the one adhering to ancient institutions, to tradition, and the other moved by a world-wide vision and opportunity.' . . . 'We therefore,' he went on, 'earnestly ask the home Churches not to strain the loyalty of the mission Churches and of native Christians. If to move forward is dangerous, it is more dangerous to sit still. . . . The Church of Jerusalem took a vast risk when it allied itself with Gentile Christianity; cannot we, also, take risks?'

In the years that have passed since Lausanne this summons has become more urgent, as the dangers which confront Christianity in all its forms have become more visible. Orthodox thinkers like Berdyaev, Catholics like Christopher Dawson, Protestants like J. H. Oldham, draw the same picture in the same sharp outline—that of the advancing Totalitarian State, with its claim to