
A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

friendship, education, industry, scientific inquiry, public service, and the use of leisure.

Yet in worship, in the stricter sense of the word, the Anglican liturgy rises to great heights, more especially in the oft-repeated Gloria, the Te Deum, the Sanctus, the Gloria in Excelsis, to say nothing of some splendid hymns. In this respect it carries on the great Catholic tradition, which, in contrast to the Evangelical, is distinguished for adoration and sacramental solemnity and rapture. It is not only because of soaring Gothic arches, but still more because the whole design and arrangement of the various furniture of the building culminates in the dominating altar, that Anglican churches seem to invite to the lifting up of the heart to the Lord and give an impression of His numinous presence.

Nevertheless, the separated communions have much to contribute towards the ideal of public worship. We need the deep seriousness characteristic of the Presbyterians, the freedom and spontaneity of Methodist and Congregational devotions, and not least the silent waiting upon God for which the Friends are specially noted, to enrich and vitalize the more stately liturgical services of Anglicanism. Only a re-united Church will be able to offer to God worship worthy of its Head. The sects and denominations will bring their glory and honour into it.

Meanwhile, numerous books of prayers intended for public use have been appearing, of which we may specify the following: *Acts of Devotion*, licensed for use in several dioceses; *The Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory*, being part III. of *The Grey Book*, containing a variety of litanies in which Scriptural language is combined with intimate reference to human life; *Westminster Prayers*, compiled by two Canons of the Abbey; and *New Every Morning*, the prayer book of the daily broadcast service, with an introduction by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Some affect to deplore that services over the wireless furnish an excuse for not coming to church. But can we doubt that they are reviving and developing the spirit of worship in many who, for years, have scarcely ever darkened the door of church or chapel? But is it only the trouble of coming to church and not also the insincere formalism of official services that keeps people away? There is plentiful evidence of the instinct and longing to worship. Yet to listen to prayers and hymns recited and sung by invisible and far-distant ministers and choirs cannot be equivalent to praying and singing oneself as a member of a visible company of worshippers. And, most obviously, we cannot receive the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of the Lord by broadcast.

For centuries liturgical composition has seemed to be almost a lost art, like the mediæval staining of glass. In any case, it requires some measure of literary genius as well as ecclesiastical eminence. Yet when the Church, casting away care for her own security and advancement, recovers her primitive faith in God and devotion to her Master, the inspiration will be abundantly forthcoming. Meanwhile the removal from her liturgies of the more glaring anomalies is imperative, if she is not to be seriously hampered in winning souls to Him and training them in His life and service.

'The Christian community,' writes Canon Barry, 'is a fellowship united by worship of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Only if humanity becomes such a Christian fellowship will it be saved from the decay and disruption that threaten it, and saved to the wonderful life to which God is calling it. Therefore a real spiritual worship is among the most urgent requirements of the world at this crisis in its history.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Lions in the Way.

By the Reverend Dr. Chas. W. Budden, M.A., Croydon.

'Is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?'—Dn 6[20].

In the old church of St. Katherine Cree, in London, a curious service is held every year on the 16th of October. On that day what is called the 'Lion Sermon' is preached. This service has taken place for two hundred and fifty years, and this is the story of it. Once upon a time there lived in the City of London a good man called Sir John Gayer, who became Lord Mayor of London. At one time Sir John was travelling in Asia, and when he and his caravan were passing through a desert place he found himself face to face with a lion.

The rest of his company had gone on in front and there was nobody to help him. What was he to do? Well, he remembered that God could help him as He had helped Daniel in the den of lions. So he knelt down and asked God to shut the mouth of the lion. And when he rose from his knees the wild beast had disappeared. When he came back to London, Sir John set aside a sum of money to provide gifts for the poor each 16th of October, and he arranged also that a sermon should be preached on that date every year, so that the generations to come might learn how God had delivered him from the mouth of the lion.

And God still delivers men from the mouths of lions. Here is a thing that happened just the other day in Africa. A missionary tells how one of the Christian boys was riding his bicycle along the road when he became aware of a lion standing in the middle of the road. What did he do? He rang his bell and rode straight on! And do you know what the lion did? It turned tail and vanished into the jungle. He did the right thing. Had he stopped, had he tried to run round the lion, had he turned and run away, the lion would have been on him like a shot.

Now you and I may not have to face lions of flesh and blood, but we do find other kinds of lions in our way. For instance, the wise man writing in the Book of Proverbs says: 'The sluggard saith, There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets.' That was his excuse for not getting up in the morning and going out to work. I wonder if there are any lions in your streets? Are there any excuses that you keep handy when you have to do something troublesome or disagreeable? Most people keep a few lions ready for such times. Some keep a whole menagerie of them. There are the lions that we keep outside the bedroom door when we have to get up in the morning. There are the lions that get in the way of our being obliging and doing any little unpleasant duty. There are the lions that block our path when we should be learning home lessons. Those are sham lions, stuffed lions.

But we may have to contend with much more formidable lions. We may call these lions 'Difficulties' and they are often put in our path, not to frighten us away, but to make us strong, and brave, and true. If we get frightened and run away they will overcome us; but if we face them, we shall overcome them.

An old doctor used to say, 'If you are not meeting difficulties you are not doing anything.' For lions, you know, always protect hidden treasure. You like to read tales of brave young knights going forth, so fair and free, with sword in hand to deliver young princesses from enchanters' castles, and to fight their way to the caverns where the old sea-kings had hidden their chests of gold and silver. These are stories well worth reading. Just because they are all so real and true—one way. Did ever any of these brave young knights get to the princess or get to the treasure without having first to meet a lion in the way? No, never once. A lion or a dragon, or something else that was very fearful to behold, was always there keeping guard. But these young knights make small account of difficulties like these; somehow or other when they go up to them boldly, they always get safely past.

Lots of difficulties are like that. If we go straight on they vanish. In that great book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, when Christian was on his journey to the Holy City, he wanted to lodge for a night at a place called The House Beautiful, but as he approached he entered a very narrow passage, 'which was about a furlong off the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him: but the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there *for trial of faith* where it is; and for the discovery of those that have none: keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.'

There is a passage in Livingstone's diary that tells how he was in a place of great difficulty and danger. It was very probable that if he took a certain road openly, as he was intending to, he would be killed. 'Then,' he writes, 'I read that Jesus came and said: All power is given unto me, and lo, I am with you to the end of the world.' With Christ leading us we need not fear lions.

Floodlighting.

By the Reverend J. T. Taylor, Bury, Lancs.

'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'—Mt 5^{16}.

What did you like best at the Coronation? I have in front of me a note from a little boy on that very subject. He mentions four things that

impressed him very much. Here they are in the order in which he gave them: (1) The wireless service from the Abbey; (2) The lights; (3) The school treat; (4) The beacons. I think that is a very good list, don't you?

I was specially interested in the thing he placed second. I might have been sure that he would put the actual Coronation service first, but I could not have guessed what would have come second. I am sure that some boys I know would have put the third second, while some might even have put it in the first place of all.

The illuminations made a great appeal to me. On Coronation Day I motored through many cities, towns, and villages. Everywhere there were lights—red, white, and blue. I think, however, I liked the floodlighting best of all. It was just lovely to come in sight of some tower, or some monument, or possibly a town hall, or, better still, a church or a cathedral, and to see it softly flooded with unusual light from the ground as far upward as the eye could reach. It seemed to my admiring gaze as if these buildings might have sprung up from fairyland in the night, and as if they might vanish again in the morning as magically as they seemed to have come.

Some one who travelled with me that day told me that the most important thing in floodlighting is that the source of the illumination must not be seen. He said that it ruins everything if you see the light itself. This is easily understood. If you should carelessly look a searchlight in the eye, or if a searchlight should look at you, you would hardly be able to see anything afterward for quite a long time. To look at a floodlight would be almost as bad. The light itself must not be seen if you would see properly the thing that it shines upon. Or, to put it another way—it is the illumination, not the source of it that matters; the illumination, that is, not the light.

When I heard that I thought at once of the Greatest Teacher that mankind has ever known. He (Jesus) said, 'Let your light so shine—that men may *see*——' What? Not *you*, certainly not you! 'Your good works.' There is no objection at all to those being floodlit. It is, however, not at all important that men should see you. If they should see both you and your good works at the same time they might not want to 'glorify' anybody, but to do something very different. Remember that it is the illumination, not the light, that matters.

Some people have never learned that, possibly they never will. When they do anything good they are most anxious that everybody shall know exactly who has done it. But there is no need to say much about these people, because there are many of the other kind.

Hundreds and hundreds of times the other sort do splendid things, and this is what they say: 'Now, you are not to mention my name. You may put it down to "Anon" or "Inasmuch."' (Find out if you can what those words mean.) Again and again men of that disposition have saved others from fire or water, and then when the newspaper folk have come along, and have asked, 'What is your name, sir?' have replied, 'My name? That doesn't matter,' and have walked away as quickly as they could. These are the people who have recognized that it is the illumination, and not the source of it, that matters. 'So shines a good deed in a naughty world.'

The Christian Year.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

A Man of Deeds.

'How am I straitened!'—Lk 12^{50}.

'Who . . . emptied himself. Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow.'—Ph $2^{6.\ 7.\ 9.\ 10}$ (R.V.).

These words of Jesus, 'How am I straitened!' spoken in special reference to His Passion and Death, may be appropriately applied to His whole life. The rustic life of Galilee, as well as the narrow plank on which He was crucified in Jerusalem, meant that He was narrowed, contracted, straitened.

The work of Jesus, restricted to Galilee and Jerusalem, was a narrow work, but how far was His thought narrow? There is a sense in which Jesus mentally and psychologically lived in Galilee. This is the view of many modern writers who almost patronize the Galilean artisan. Is there any truth in what they say? There is just this, that Jesus was consciously straitened that He might fulfil His world work. What the self-emptying of Christ, of which Paul spoke, meant has been in our time a matter of fierce dispute, but His humiliation was real, and meant something, and it is difficult to understand its reality unless it touched in some way His mental life.

But this creates a problem. Can such a man, so straitened, be the ideal for a cultured age? Were His interests wide enough? A literary man of repute once told me that he could not accept Jesus the Man of Sorrows, much as he admired

Him as his Ideal Man. He wanted some one who combined the tears of Jesus with the laughter of Rabelais and the poetry of Shakespeare—a larger human type, comprehending in Himself the richer excellencies of a wider humanity. But this claim, that the ideal man should combine all possible human excellencies in Himself, and practise them, is more attractive at first sight than a careful analysis will allow, for it is really to mistake versatility for greatness.

A little consideration of the conception of the ideal man as one who combines the tears of Jesus with the laughter of Rabelais and the poetry of Shakespeare will demonstrate its weakness. Such a man really to be comprehensive of all that humanity wants in its ideal must combine in himself the additional qualities that other men look for, or he would fail to be the ideal of the race. He must have not only the tears of Jesus, the laughter of Rabelais, and the poetry of Shakespeare, but the sculpture of Phidias, the artistry of Michael Angelo, the statesmanship of Augustus, the military powers of Napoleon, the philosophy of Plato, the scientific acumen of Charles Darwin, the engineering genius of George Stephenson, the adventurous spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh, and if he is to satisfy the aspirations of the twentieth century, the organizing flair of Henry Ford.

Versatility of this sort overreaches itself and becomes ridiculous. The character *teres et rotundus* is apt to be ineffective. The greatest man of this sort probably was Leonardo da Vinci; but compare his work with that of Jesus. Leonardo was a great painter, a great sculptor, a distinguished engineer, a successful producer of the weapons of war, a remarkable thinker, a pioneer of many sciences, and an early experimenter in aviation, but he never finished anything he attempted—his pictures were unfinished, his statues completed by some one else, and his flying machines would not fly.

Jesus was not a sculptor. He painted no pictures, He built no bridges, He did not dabble in chemistry or make aeroplanes, but He did the greatest work a human being ever did—He redeemed the world—and He *did* it. Perhaps the word He said from the Cross was the most important that ever fell from human lips—'It is finished'—and so we sing on Easter morn:

> Love's redeeming work is done.
> Hallelujah!
> Fought the fight, the battle won.
> Hallelujah!

And how could He do it? Because He was straitened. Most works of permanent value which men achieve are done by concentration, narrowing, straitening. Versatility is the temptation of the devil to a great man—'The devil taketh him to an exceeding high mountain, and showeth the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them' (not only Rome and Greece, but art and literature and science), 'and he said unto him, All these things I will give unto thee'—may we paraphrase 'if thou wilt be versatile!' But Jesus had one object: to serve the Lord His God only, to do His will; and with face set towards Jerusalem, He who came into the world maimed—'He laid his glory by'—did His work, and said, 'It is finished.'

But while it may be admitted that mere versatility of genius is not the true description of the highest man, it may be urged that the ideal man, however much straitened for the accomplishment of his work, must have sympathies and understanding wider than his work. It is, therefore, important to show that the straitened Galilean had wider horizons than Galilee, and that Jesus had the right to call Himself, not Son of Abraham, but Son of Man. Had Jesus, who by His life and death did such an unquestionably great work for humanity, other powers than those which He actually exercised? Was He narrowed just because His was naturally a narrow and intense mind, or was there in Him the power of mind and heart which fulfilled other than the merely spiritual strivings of the race?

Examine briefly the most secular spheres of activity with which He comes into contact. Jesus can be considered as Poet, Philosopher, and Organizer, and in His social relationships to men.

Can there be any doubt that Jesus was one of the world's great poets, even though He never wrote a verse? His sayings are cherished, it is said, merely for their religious value; but have they not the charm and haunting beauty of enchanting words as well?

Can Jesus be called a philosopher? It depends, of course, on what the question means. If by a philosopher is meant one who teaches the highest wisdom, where is His equal? The ethical system of Jesus may never yet have been practised by any nation. But wise men know that if it were practised there would be no more sorrow and all tears would be wiped away, for His words are as a house built on a rock, which will not be broken, however strong the storm that beats against it.

With discussions on abstract problems He had little sympathy—He knew too much. When His disciples were anxious to pit the Jewish theory of heredity against the Greek theory of metempsy-

chosis, as an explanation of the blindness of a man born blind, Jesus was plainly impatient. He remembered how straitened life is: 'The night cometh when no man can work.' The true attitude to blindness is not to speculate about undemonstrable theories of its origin, but to get rid of it. Work while it is day.

And that reveals the practical man, the Oriental with Western common sense. He was no mere dreamer but a man of deeds. Could He have been a great business man? The ability to organize and control men is as highly respected to-day as any human endowment. There are people who think of Jesus with disdain as an unpractical person, and yet, even in limited Galilee, He laid the foundation of the only organization that has lasted from that time to this, and 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Nothing is clearer than the fact that Jesus had the gifts of the practical man, and measured by results—the only measurement that counts according to the modern business man—no one who ever lived produced so much.

The fact, then, that Jesus was straitened for a particular work, so far from making Him less than those who have touched life at more points, made Him greater, for He lived His narrow life and died His bitter death, that He might remove from the world the evils that marred it, and, like the buyer of the pearl of great price, He sacrificed every other treasure that He might win the hearts of men. It was because He emptied Himself, says Paul, that God highly exalted Him, and it is just because we see He could literally have been everything and done everything that man could be and do, and was content to be nothing, that to His lovers He becomes All in All, and that His Name is above every name—the name to which every knee in the universe shall bow.

The first simple lesson of His narrowed life is obvious. The limitations of station, poverty, ignorance, which many of us feel, are less than His; and if the world could be saved from Galilee, eternal life can be gained by those who live in mean streets, and lack many of the privileges of life. 'Thy America,' said Thomas Carlyle, 'is here or nowhere.'

But the deepest lesson is not a moral teaching, but a spiritual attitude. 'O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.' He was straitened, it is true, in Galilee, but most of all, when He uttered those words He thought of Calvary. How was He straitened! Nothing now was left for Him in His own world but a plank of wood on which to be nailed. The hospitality of men is reduced to that. A cross was the narrow bed on which He died. And when 'straitened' to the last limits of a narrow place, He was greater than ever. For there shines forth through Him there all the unbounded love of God—and 'being lifted up, He draws the world to His feet.' 'O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord,' and let us say once more with thankful and loving hearts, 'He loved me, and gave Himself up for me.' [1]

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Needle to the North, the Soul to God.

'And when he came to himself, he said, I will arise and go to my father.'—Lk $15^{17.18}$.

The big things that come to us, the events that change the course and current of our thinking—all these, apart from their charm and interest, have one quality in common, and that is the quality of discovery. Take love—love, say, between two young people. Our twopenny humorous weeklies poke much fun, so called, at this love. They caricature it. But to lovers, Love is a joyful and supreme discovery. In Benson's book, *The House of Mendue*, the Vicar Cuthbert declares his love for Molly Davenant, and the marvellous change which his love for her has wrought in him. 'I love you,' he cried, 'better than all created things, beloved; better than myself. I have sinned in loving you better than my Saviour.'

Real love is a discovery with all the loveliness of rich surprise always in it, for where between two people it is the real thing, their love is ever at its spring-tide, ever young and fresh and undeparting. How moved the heart is at the little verse which the wife of the poet Crabbe wrote on the sheet of paper in which she wrapped her marriage ring. Her son found it among her papers and read through blinding tears:

> This ring, so worn as you behold,
> So thin, so pale, is yet of gold;
> The passion such it was to prove
> Worn with life's cares, love yet was love.

The friendship or comradeship of a personality more gracious than our own is a discovery. Was not this what was really behind the thought of the disciples when they said to one another about the Master, 'Never man spake like this man.' He spoke to them, and it was as when a man leads one to his treasure chamber, takes a key from his pocket, unlocks, flashes on the electric light, and behold the spoil of many lands—China, India,

[1] J. E. Rattenbury, *Paul and the Prodigal Son*, 19.

Asia, and the perfumed Isles—gems, pictures, porcelain, vases. The disciples felt like this about Jesus. His mind was a world packed with wonders: thoughts and truths and wisdoms beyond measure. He was at once a rebuke and an inspiration, and as they walked and talked with Him they unconsciously got bigger and truer and gentler in every way. Yet to the end Jesus remained a discovery.

Love, friendship, sorrow, pain—at bottom they are discoveries, and well for us if we read their meaning aright, even the adventure of dying resulting probably in the most delightful discovery of all. Some one told Carlyle that Bishop Wilberforce was dead, but Carlyle, smiling softly, murmured, 'What a glad surprise!'

Now the whole point of this rare story of the Prodigal Son is that the most interesting discovery one can possibly make in this universe is the discovery of the most interesting person that is in the universe, and that this person is ourself, our real self. When we do get to know it, we find out three things.

The first is that one is a mind fit and fashioned and furnished for truth and beauty. And there is so much of it. Here is the world of Nature, with its minerals, its plants, its flowers, its animal life. If a man were to know with fullness the exact story of even the simplest flower, the laws that govern its growth, its character, its colour, such a reverence would he feel in his soul towards his Father, God, that for ever after his life should be an act of worship. Mr. Trevelyan, in his recent biography of *Grey of Fallodon*, quotes the following: 'I see the wonderful beauty of the world as it still is, and I think of the happiness I have had and I do from my heart say, "Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness!" For I have had that which is worth being born for, or dying for, or waiting for; and others may have it all too. The beauty of the world at any rate is for all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel.'

Or here is a world of noble books with their messages from mind to mind, rich in comfort and guidance to every new generation. And here are pictures in which men of vision have imprisoned dreams that make the heart to glow. And here round about us is a world of human hopes and fears, of joys and pains and ambitions that clash and struggle for victory, and, as a son or daughter of the Highest, here are we who have to think through them and past them thoughts that are just and pure and high.

The second discovery a man makes is that he is a Divine purpose, and that it is up to him to carry that purpose out.

Reviewing the life of the missionary, John White of Mashonaland, a writer gave many reasons for his success in breaking down opposition and winning respect and love, but ranks as the chief of them 'the certainty that he had been set apart by God for the work to which he had dedicated his life—a certainty which carried with it an inner consecration which hallowed all that he did.'

So this is what a man really is when he digs deeply and courageously enough into his own heart. He is a mind so fashioned that he must hunger for truth and beauty. And he is a link in God's chain: a bit of His purpose. God has thought him out. And, as the immortal Prodigal discovered, he is a Divine person. When he came to himself—that is to say, when he had got down to where his real self lived, past all the layers of custom and the crusts of wrongdoing that kept him from seeing the real man that he was—when he came to himself, to this real self, he makes this shattering, electrifying discovery, namely, that he is a Divine person, a King's son, a man capable of living a royal life of good and love; and looking with disgust at what he is, he turns his face homeward, crying that cry which moves the heart of God to pity and to welcome: 'I will arise and go unto my father.'

A modern novel tells the story of a prodigal father. The father is a wastrel—drunkard—a man lost to all the decencies, a moral leper. But the two sons make good—one a doctor, the other a lawyer. And then, deep down in the underworld of London, the wretched father comes to himself and God. The two brothers stay together in a fashionable square. One Sabbath morning a Salvation Army procession halts in front of their house. They sing a hymn, the captain leading with terrific energy:

> Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,
> Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

He sang with his voice, with his arms, with his body. Then he turned to the window, and, behold, the leader was their father! 'Talk about miracles,' said the physician as he faced his brother. 'I can't believe it. It's unbelievable.' 'But true,' replied his brother. 'And it "swept him through the gates,"' said the doctor once more. 'And is it going to sweep us too? . . . I don't think I should be very sorry if it did.'

The Salvation Army hymn may put it crudely, but a beautiful truth lies behind the crudeness.

And that is this: That there is undoubtedly a mighty tide of love and saving power sweeping at all times through the heart of our race, and, when we yield to it, bears us in triumph to the Cross of Jesus and the Throne of God. At the Cross there is pardon; at the Throne there is life—new life capable of creating new lives, new joy, new light, new strength to think bravely and to do well. And the question that faces every one is, Are we sharers in this new Life? And the answer to the question is, Have we made the great discovery, the discovery of our real self, and have we turned our face toward God? [1]

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Man in Sackcloth.

'For none might enter into the king's gate clothed with sackcloth.'—Est 4^2.

'We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.'—Ro 15^1.

There are two ways of approaching the question of pain. One is through our own personal share of it; the other is through the suffering of our fellow-creatures. In the nature of things the former is by far the more familiar method of approach.

But we are also called upon to approach the problem and the fact of pain apart from our own individual experience of it. It is upon this aspect of the question that Christianity makes its most unique and distinctive pronouncement. Concerning a man's own sufferings, the Greek and Roman philosophers said some very fine and noble things. But towards the suffering of others they showed a hard face. Pre-Christian philosophy never struck the deep, authentic note of sympathy. It was left to the gospel of Jesus Christ to teach men the wider obligations of their common humanity.

Look for a little at the non-Christian attitude towards the world's sufferers. It is truly, and even dramatically, illustrated for us by this old law that obtained in the court of the Persian kings, 'None might enter the king's gate clothed with sackcloth.' And so he said to the men that kept his palace gates, 'Admit the singers and the dancers, admit the men with bright garments and smiling faces, give abundant entrance to the mirth and splendour of the city; but when the man in sackcloth draws near—the man with pain-pale face and pain-bent body—close the gate.'

[1] A. Maclean, *High Country*, 204.

That was Persia twenty-five centuries ago, and that is the world to-day, when you come to look into things. We have outgrown the brutal frankness; but we can hear the same thing said still—rather more politely. And polite speech is a poor disguise for a selfish heart. The world opens its gates to the man who can minister to its pleasures or increase its gains. It does not attempt to solve the problem of pain; much less does it recognize its duty toward them that suffer. It simply shelves the question. Welcome purple and fine linen; but sackcloth—the less said about that the better.

We may think that the existence of extensive and well-organized and generously supported charities for the sick and helpless over the civilized world are a flat contradiction to all this. But it must be remembered that we are speaking of the world in as far as it resists the influence and ignores the principles of Christianity. Christ came to open that closed gate. He came to alter the inscription graven over the portal of every man's life. And so it comes to pass that instead of reading 'Sackcloth and ashes not admitted,' you can read, 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves.' The kingship of wealth, and learning, and strength, would never have opened its palace-gates to the weak and the sick and the needy, and to all who cannot help themselves, had not the King with the crown of thorns first knocked at these gates and asked admission in the name of the Father by whom all men are brethren, in the name of the Cross that proclaims the beauty of unselfishness, the worth of sacrifice, and the eternity of love.

What does this word of Jesus in the lips of Paul mean—'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak'? '*Ought* to bear.' It is not a matter of sentiment; it is a bounden duty. It is a part of the moral content of Christianity. It is a part of the Christian interpretation of human life. Our strength belongs to the weak, our vision to the blind, our health to the infirm, and our life to the brotherhood. This is the *noblesse oblige* of the Christian faith. Wealth has no right to pose as the patron of poverty; learning has no right to say to ignorance, 'See, in my gracious condescension I give you some of my beautiful treasure.' Strength has no right to say to weakness and to pain, 'I am minded in my condescension and good-will to suit my strong stride to your halting steps for awhile.' Out on all such help that dishonours the man that offers it and the life that accepts it! 'We that are strong *ought* to bear the infirmities of

the weak.' Let the sense of the divine demand—let the law of life as God means us to live it—be in our hearts; and then shall we be able to serve men in a fashion that does some honour to our common manhood and helps to make our brotherhood in Jesus Christ a realized fact in human life.

We ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, for their sakes, and *also for ours*. 'None might enter the king's gate clothed in sackcloth.' We are inclined to pity the poor and the weak and the sick waiting in vain at those inexorable gates; but he who kept them closed was the greater loser. He could well have afforded to part with a few jewels; had he but known it he could ill afford to forgo the gracious, life-enriching opportunity of service—the priceless right to help his weak brother. The world imagines it is better off for its not knowing and for its eye-shutting and ear-stopping, for its avoiding and forgetting. And herein lies one of the stupendous follies of the worldly-wise. We need this man in sackcloth. There is a holy, tender something that is called 'sympathy.' We do not learn the meaning of this word all at once. We can only learn it in the school where the sick and the lame and the blind and the needy are our teachers. The man who has closed his gates against other men in their suffering cannot tell what sympathy means. It is not in his vocabulary. He can speak of gaiety and merchandise and learning; but sympathy is beyond him. It was the man in sackcloth who could have taught him that. If we live day by day purposely forgetful of all the sad things about us; refuse to bear on our heart some part of the weight of world-pain, we are excluding from our life one of Heaven's most ennobling ministries.

St. Paul says further, 'We that are strong ought . . . *not to please ourselves*.' But that is just what strength is prone to do. And what is to hinder it? It steps forth to go just where it will, and to do just what it will. It is full of its vital energies and its self-approved plans for pleasuring and conquering. But that is not the way in which the strong life is to grow stronger. That is not finding the sacramental meaning of strength. And so, between the strong man and his self-pleasing, God puts the infirmities of the weak, and bids him bear them.

This is also the central fact in the salvation of the strong. 'Bear the infirmities of the weak.' It is not for nought that we worship a God touched with the feeling of our infirmities. It may be He were less than God if He knew no communion with the suffering of His children. And if we pass not into that same communion, we are less than men—as God makes them. And if we are to admit the world's pain into our hearts we must first admit the world's Saviour. When once the Man of Sorrows has passed beneath the portal of a human life, no sad lives are turned away unhelped. When once Jesus has speech with a man in the innermost place of his heart, that man has a new ideal of gain, of pleasure, and of good, for he has heard the truth that Ugo Bassi phrases for us in the great deathless words:

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.[1]

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Glory of the Divine Son.

BY THE REVEREND HARRY Q. MACQUEEN, M.A., LONDON.

'Now Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep: but having remained awake, they saw his glory.'—Lk 9^{32}, with R.V. marginal reading.

An account of the Transfiguration of Jesus has been enshrined in his narrative by each of the first three Evangelists. It is a story which from the nature of the case could only have been told in the first place by one of those who shared the experience, that is, either by the Master Himself, or by Peter, or John, or James. But from whatever source their information was derived, the writers of these three Gospels evidently thought it important.

This strange experience was called by the Master Himself 'a vision': 'tell the vision to no man until the Son of man be risen from the dead' (Mt 17^{9}). In Scripture a vision usually means something seen otherwise than by natural sight. It is not exactly the same as a dream, for dreams are vague, shadowy, fugitive things, though those who study the workings of the mind are disposed to find in them much more than we have hitherto allowed. In a vision people seem to come intuitively to the apprehension of some reality; it is insight into the heart of a matter, and this insight, one supposes, may communicate itself, by some sort of telepathy, to other minds in close sympathy, so that a group of people may share a common vision. It may be seen either by an individual or a group, and others

[1] P. C. Ainsworth, *A Thornless World*, 36.

though in the same place might see nothing: 'I, Daniel, alone saw the vision; the men that were with me saw not the vision.' A vision is somewhat akin to the hypothesis of the scientist; it is the apprehension of truth by a leap forward of the spirit (not contrary to reason, although beyond reasoning), which truth can afterwards be tested by the way it fits in with other knowledge, and explains, or fails to explain, it. In this vision of the Transfiguration, the chosen three came to knowledge which was of immense value to themselves, and which has been passed on to us.

Three features of the vision are: the radiance, the apparition, and the approving voice; these features are recorded by all the Evangelists. Of the radiance, which it would be difficult to describe, there are slightly different accounts. Matthew says, 'his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.' In Mark's Gospel it is 'his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them'; in Luke's, 'the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment became white and dazzling.' All agree that there was a brilliance, a splendour, about the face and person of the Master as He appeared in the vision. The appearance of Moses and Elias is recorded by all the Evangelists, and Luke adds that they spake with our Lord of His 'exodus' which He should accomplish at Jerusalem. All three tell also of the voice out of the cloud which said, 'This is my beloved Son: hear him.'

Our text puts us at the right standpoint for understanding this vision. 'They saw his glory.' It was a vision of the glory of Jesus, convincing them of it, as they had not been convinced up till then.

1. The chosen three saw in Jesus, first of all, *the glory of those who commune with God,* to whom He is the supreme Reality and the Father who understands, guides, and helps His children. It was 'as Jesus prayed' that the fashion of His countenance was altered. That glory of communion with the Father, which was His in such full measure, may be ours too. The lives of those who enjoy fellowship with God are touched with sublimity, and even those who have not themselves grasped the secret recognize that it is so—that there is something different about such people. We read of Moses that 'the skin of his face shone' because he talked with God (Ex 34^{29}). Primitive painting placed an aureole about the heads of the saints, the meaning of which is, surely, that because they were God's people there was a splendour about them which others did not possess. Of St. Francis of Assisi it is told that his disciples would look through the keyhole of his cell when he was at prayer, that they might catch a glimpse of the marvellous radiance of his ecstatic countenance. And, as it was of old, so is it still. To take but a single illustration, Sir George Adam Smith says of Henry Drummond, 'The name he went by among younger men was "the Prince"; there was a distinction and a radiance upon him that compelled the title.' Why is it, we may well ask, that our lives are often so drab and commonplace? Was some secret available for these which is hidden from us? Or may it be that we are not fulfilling the conditions—are not taking our religion seriously, are leaving it as a fringe upon the web of life instead of the very stuff of which it is woven?

2. Another constituent which was discerned about Jesus in this vision was *the glory of those who are fulfilling the Divine purpose of love.* He was seen to be standing in the great succession of God's faithful ones who, in different ways, contributed to the working out of the Divine purpose. Moses, representative of the Law, and Elijah of the Prophets, were seen with Him, for both the legal dispensation and the prophetic school had valuable preparatory work to do for Him who came in the fulness of the times. And now He was fulfilling the task entrusted to Him. He was aware that it meant His death, had spoken to His followers of it; but He marched steadfastly forward to Jerusalem where in a little while He was to cry from the Tree in triumph, 'It is finished.' Do not our hearts confess the glory of a life like that? Even the man who dissipates his energies on trifles, or spends his life merely for selfish ends, can see the magnificence of a life dedicated, without reserve, to some great cause. Here was a life given to the uttermost for the highest cause of all. Do we not all bow before the splendour of it? But we are meant not merely to admire, but to share, the glory; for these are the words of the Master, 'As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world; . . . the glory which thou gavest me I have given them.' That glory which irradiates life when it is not a thing of selfish ease, but of devotion to some lofty work of God, may be even ours.

3. The third element which the disciples discerned in the glory of Jesus was His *glory as Son of God.* The witness which came to them, clear as a human voice, convinced them, as they had not been convinced before, that He was the Son of God. Now here they and we are alike conscious

that Jesus stands alone. As is so thrillingly sung in Stainer's *Crucifixion*, 'Thou art sublime':

Name Him, brothers, name Him
With love strong as death,
But with awe and wonder
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted and adored.

Yet the New Testament has the daring thought that even in this glory we may have a share. Is it not this that the Apostle Paul is thinking of when he says that God sent forth His son 'that we might receive the adoption of sons': 'wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ'? Is it not this that St. John means when he writes, 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God'?

The Transfiguration would confirm and strengthen all that the disciples had been coming to believe concerning their Master as they trod with Him the Palestinian ways and came, though so haltingly, to understand and love Him. Yet the vision was not meant to separate them from Him, but to be to them a call and a beckoning hand. 'We all, with open face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Spirit of the Lord. That is what life should be for all of us. Yet we seldom, if ever, think of our lives being transfigured; are very content with them as they are, lived on low levels; never expect to be other than very ordinary people, without that radiant beauty which must prove attractive, and would witness powerfully for our Lord. Yet all the saints assure us that it is possible, and that it is to such transfigured lives that we are called.

Our text gives us a suggestion as to how we may get the vision: 'Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep; but *having remained awake* they saw his glory.' There are many things which tend to deaden our spiritual perception. We may be so immersed in a number of things, not necessarily evil, but not of the first importance, that we are too tired to see the finer things, and so the vision does not penetrate 'the dulness of our blinded sight.' Many in the roar of central London saw nothing but rushing cars and eager, bustling pedestrians, but the poet Francis Thompson beheld there 'the traffic of Jacob's ladder pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.' Hugh Redwood saw the imprint of the Divine in the slums of Westminster—but not till he was awake. 'They were heavy with sleep,' but, having resisted the deadening, downward pull of things, and remained awake, they saw His glory, which is also a challenge: 'we shall be like him when we shall see him as he is.' Those to whom the vision comes find that they have verily entered into a new world; they confess, 'Once I was blind, but now I see.'

The King's Garden.

By the Reverend Leslie P. Hope, M.A., Ph.D., Glasgow.

'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'—Lk 23^{43}.

This is one of the incidents in the Gospels which have bred untold argument.

People have wrangled about this word 'Paradise' and where it was, and how it could in the circumstances be spoken of as 'to-day' and not after the Resurrection. They have arrayed learned quotations from the Jewish Rabbis concerning the 'third heaven' and an 'intermediate state' but without fruitful conclusion. To ordinary folk the thing has remained a puzzling saying with a doubtless benevolent intention, but with no inkling as to the 'how,' 'when,' or 'where.' Such a condition of mind is most unsatisfactory in connexion with one of the most moving and dramatic scenes in the story of Jesus.

I suggest that for the purposes of this address we leave the commentators alone, and try if by using our common sense, eked out with a few relevant facts, we can discover a solution that meets the needs both of mind and heart.

This is the tale as I see it: In the gospel period the ever-recurrent mania for 'restoring the kingdom to Israel' was in one of its periodical conditions of effervescence. The Roman overlord