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“Break not, O woman’s heart, but still endure ;
 Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
 Remembering all the beauty of that star
 Which shone so clear beside thee, that ye made
 One light together, but has past, and leaves
 The crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,
 His love unseen but felt, o’ershadow thee ;
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee ;
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee ;
 Till God’s love set thee at his side again.”

The last impression is one of considerate sympathy with the Queen herself. Standing as she does permanently at the centre of Government, and passing on from minister to minister the traditions of public life, the more the Empire grows the greater become her responsibilities and cares. Her days are very laborious, and she works from morning till night in reading despatches, writing letters of business, in giving audiences, and in informing herself of what is being thought and done in the world about her. Her health has had many trials, and at her age every year brings its own increasing burden. It would be sad, indeed, if her subjects were too exacting in their demands upon her. After sixty years of zealous attention to their welfare, it would be only the thoughtless who could suppose that she will not of her own goodwill do all that her health and strength permit her to gratify their affectionate loyalty. The single wish which is in all our hearts this month is surely this : That one so true and good may continue as long as God wills to occupy the place which for sixty years she has to the great content of us all so worthily filled ; that unclouded happiness may be hers, and that God will reward her single-hearted consecration to the good of her people by causing them to sink all their party spirit and faction and jealousies in united, unselfish labour for the peace and prosperity of every class of their fellow-subjects.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.



ART. VI.—THE POWER OF FAITH.

THE evidences of Divine power and love by which we are surrounded are so sure and unmistakable, that as years advance we can say with accumulated experience, “I know in whom I have believed.”

The message of the Lord Jesus Christ, as it reaches the heart of each of us, not only across the nineteen centuries, but from the throne of God, in living communication to our own

thought, is so powerful and true, that, in spite of all the subtle imaginations and deftly-woven doubts of unbelievers, we cry with unutterable satisfaction from the very depths of our souls, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!" Christ's Divine challenge comes to each in turn, to accept Him as the living revelation of Divine being, and none who ever took Him at His word, and trusted His calm unhesitating authority, has ever regretted his submission.

There is a power of faith that does not at first sight seem Divine: the trust of a child for its father, the trust of a soldier for his general, the trust of a scholar for his master, the trust of the politician for the leader, the trust of the disciple for the artist; the confidence which has been brought by past success, and which enables the orator to sway the great multitude; the confidence in skill, knowledge, and calculation, which inspires the mighty engineer to span vast depths and spaces, and to wield giant forces; the faith in a righteous cause, which nerves an army to march forth in grim seriousness, and risk life and limb in winning a brilliant victory.

Belief's fire once in us
Makes of all else mere stuff to show itself!
We penetrate our life with such a glow
As fire lends wood and iron.
Enthusiasm's the best thing, I repeat!¹

There seems a Divine element in well-placed confidence, and it declares itself as a law inevitably necessary to all great achievements.

We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
Which, though unseen, is felt—and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.²

"Believe, and you will conquer!" said Mazzini.

If this be the case in ordinary matters, how infinitely greater is the truth when we come to the relation of the soul with God! How immeasurably stupid and self-contradictory is a halting, half-hearted faith in this the most important region of our lives! If our minds are at all inclined to listen to the voice of God, and recognise it, and obey it, how extraordinary it seems, when we consider the subject of the belief, that we should not give ourselves up to it wholly! In other things there may be room for hesitancy, but surely not here. We are having to do with God, the Almighty Being, the Self-existent, the Omnipotent, the Giver of all good things, in whom we live and move and have our being. That feeling of confidence, which is the secret of all successful action, is here

¹ Browning.

² Lowell.

of a power infinitely momentous. It can put us in communication with the omnipotent God Himself, conform us to His will, make us His sons, and gladden us with His perfection and power.

“Great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.” That is the law of our spiritual life. Little faith, little light or strength; more faith, more light and strength; much faith, an abundant blessing of realization.

Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent
Is confidence unto the Father lent;
Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain. . . .
Work on! One day beyond all thought of praise
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays,
Nor other than thy need thy recompense.

This does not, of course, mean that the more things we believe with docility, so much the better it will be for us. I have once heard that said with astonishing recklessness, but it is not in the least true. The grand primary truths which God has revealed to us are simple. If we accept His revelation, they are easy to be ascertained and to be understood as far as it is necessary and possible to our finite comprehension and limited understanding. They stand out from the Gospel in large, clear outlines, not to be mistaken. It is when men pass on to supplement these great truths with their own definitions, deductions, and additions that difficulties are needlessly increased and faith unnecessarily shaken. If we believe that we have God's voice in the words of His Son, His prophets and Apostles, then we are in no doubt as to the message; and the more heartily and unreservedly we trust it, the deeper and greater our blessing. If we believe we have that voice, the more unwilling we shall be to mix it with the voices of men, and to confuse its Divine accents with human discords and inventions.

How much thy holy name hath been misused,
Beginner of all good, all-mighty Faith!
Some men thy blessed symbols have abused,
Making them badge or secret shibboleth,
For greed accepted, or for spite refused,
Or just endured for fear of pain or death.

It is melancholy, indeed, when the good quality of faith is soured and wasted by being perverted to wrong and harmful objects, narrowing aims, foolish, barren notions, instead of being fed, nourished, enlarged, strengthened, braced, disciplined, utilized, fertilized, by being exercised only amongst the pure springs and the fresh breath of the calm, immovable, unchangeable mountains of eternal truth.

Too many Christians are content if they can feel that faith

has conquered sin, and given them a peaceful assurance. And thus they remain with their life stunted and maimed—no very forcible examples or inducements to others to come and follow Christ. Faith is not merely the apprehension of a creed intended to be a sort of religious framework, or to put to rest the doubts and misgivings which the soul cannot but feel about the surrounding eternity; it is to be infinitely more than this. It is the taking into the very central citadel of our being of principles and truths which are to supply every motive, to discipline every desire, to glorify every act, to penetrate every thought, to elevate every aspiration, to raise the whole mind and soul above the temporal transitory interests and concerns of the passing hour into the clear health-giving atmosphere of the Divine, the true, and the eternal.

Faith is enlightened Hope : she is light, is the eye of affection,
 Dreams of the longings interprets, and carves their vision in marble.
 Faith is the sun of life, and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,
 For she has looked upon God ! the heaven on its stable foundation
 Draws she with chains to the earth.¹

Think not the Faith by which the just shall live
 Is a dead creed, a map correct of heaven ;
 Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
 A thoughtless gift, withdrawn as soon as given :
 It is an affirmation, and an act
 That bids Eternal Truth be present fact.²

A genuine Christian faith reminds us every moment that we are not mere creatures of the dust, born merely for toil or pleasure, or for the soulless occupations of the conventional life, but weaves for us a golden and sunlit existence in the atmosphere of God, raises us above the petty mortifications that vex the sons of this world, makes us, unworthy though we are in ourselves, centres of wholesomeness and fruitful action, and removes from us, by our communion with the Source of all Beauty and Perfection, all that disfigures and disgraces the unregenerate character of the natural man.

One of the results of such a faith is to make us buoyant with hope and joy. We are often told that this is a dismal, cheerless era in which we live, because men in general have become sceptics or agnostics, and have lost their faith. But in no age since first Christ rose again have the majority of men been genuine, spiritual Christians. The true members of Christ have always been a minority. What is meant is that this present era is specially intelligent, educated, and introspective, and is more aware of its own deficiencies, and more sensitive to them, than any previous time. The result is only what we should expect : the world sees that faith is the best

¹ Longfellow.

² Hartley Coleridge.

thing, longs for it, but asks for impossible conditions of certainty and demonstration, mistakes the nature of faith, and so cannot get what it wants, and therefore is restless and melancholy. That is no reason at all why we should share its gloom. If we have faith at all, God can make it as full and abundant and free as the happy, jubilant faith of the early Christians. That is one of the essential qualities of the very idea of our Faith: God exists, God is omnipotent, God is love, God will give all we need if we ask for it in faith. It is of the essence of faith that it should be trustful as the faith of little children. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." There is a beautiful and suggestive passage in the account of the ten plagues in the Book of Exodus: "There was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days: they saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days; but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings." The same phenomenon will occur in the moral and religious world: the men of this age may impose conditions on faith which prevent them from seeing the light; but in the very midst of them, living in the same place, partaking of the same daily life, subject to the same laws, the true sons of God see the rays of the Sun of righteousness, and rejoice in their brilliance and their life-giving power. There is a similar passage, full of suggestive thought, in the life of Elisha: "When the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master, how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said: Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw; and behold! the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." It is only the eye of faith that can see the salvation of God. Once more, we have the profound words of St. John the Divine: "The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. . . . He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, but His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." And again, there are the words of our Lord Himself: "The Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him: for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." The world says, "Apply the same rules to faith that you do to mechanics, and faith must disappear." But that is just the very point of

the mistake. The very idea of faith is that it supplies a guide in our lives in that very region where demonstration is impossible. It is proved by its own results. It is demonstrated by that deep inward spring of joy which can only come from the everlasting fountains of the unseen God.

Am I wrong to be always so happy? This world is full of grief,
Yet there is laughter of sunshine to see the crisp green in the leaf.
Daylight is ringing with song-birds, and brooklets are crooning by
night—

And why should I make a shadow where God makes all so bright?
Earth may be wicked and weary, yet cannot I help being glad.
There is sunshine without and within me, and how sad should I mope or
be sad?

God would not flood me with blessings, meaning me only to pine
Amid all the bounties and beauties He pours upon me and mine.
Therefore will I be grateful, and therefore will I rejoice:
My heart is singing within me! Sing on, O heart and voice!¹

When first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsafed, e'en in the midst of youth and night,
To look upon me who before did lie
 Weltering in sin,
I felt a sugared, strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and over-run my heart,
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, e'en able to destroy
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
 His swing and sway;
But still Thy sweet original joy
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control
 And get the day.

If Thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but opened and sealed up again,
What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
 Thy full-eyed love!
When Thou shall look us out of pain,
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight,
More than a thousand suns disburse in light
 In heaven above!²

Another result of such a genuine faith will be that it will make us, each according to the gift given to us, useful, helpful, encouraging to all about us. How we rejoice ourselves to meet such men and women! What a tower of strength to their generation were Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, or Tyndale; or Bishop Butler, or John Wesley, or Charles Simeon, or William Wilberforce, or Dr. Arnold, or Bishop Lightfoot, or Lord Shaftesbury, or Charles Gordon! What delight their contemporaries had in them! How they cheered the weary,

¹ Walter Smith.

² George Herbert.

confirmed the doubtful, and guided the strong! Where would they have been without their faith?

Servants of God! or sons
Shall I not call you? Because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind.
His, who unwillingly sees
One of His little ones lost.
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted and fallen and died.

* * * * *

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye like angels appear.
Radiant with ardour divine,
Beacons of hope ye appear:
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your mind,
Weariness not on your brow!
Ye alight in our van: at your voice
Pain, despair, flee away!
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, reinspire the brave.
Order, courage return!
Eyes rekindling and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go:
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the city of God!¹

It is enough to say that every movement and institution of philanthropy has come forth at the voice of Christ.

Such a faith spreads about us a glow of contentment, refinement and happiness which enkindles others also. Consecrating the beginning of the day with that sincere, reverent, united worship, to the influence of which even the careless cannot be altogether indifferent, closing it with that renewal of family trust and gratitude which Burns has touched with inimitable tenderness in his "Cottar's Saturday Night," the man of faith throughout the hours of toil or leisure is cheerful and serene. All the labours of life, all its innocent enjoyments, are transformed by their relation to the Eternal, and there is peace within and without.

We could speak much of the influence and importance of Faith in the vast responsible field of political life, the need of clear, unfaltering faith in municipal affairs, faith in sickness, faith in charitable work, faith in social and domestic life. But

¹ Matthew Arnold.

the sum of the matter is that in all these things we cannot trust too much in God, or expect too much from His power and goodness. Not enough of us have yet tried the faith that can remove mountains. Such a faith there is; we can but try to get near it. There are no limits to what it can do. "According to thy faith, so be it unto thee." I believe in the orphanage supported by prayer, so long as the faith is simple, earnest and genuine. I believe in the prayer of faith healing the sick, so long as the will is submissive and the faith persistent. I believe in great causes being won by absolute confidence in God. How else did Gordon single-handed quell rebellions, save an empire, crush slavery, and rule vast provinces with justice? How else did Wesley turn his hundreds of thousands to righteousness? I believe in the final triumph of good, and that we are called to hasten that day of glory. "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father."

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
 Builder and Maker Thou of houses not made with hands!
 What? have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?
 Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
 There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
 The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound.
 What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more;
 On the earth the broken arcs—in the heaven a perfect round.¹

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
 That not one life shall be destroyed
 Or cast as rubbish to the void
 When God hath made the pile complete!

Behold, we know not anything!
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring!

The one supreme motto for life is: Believe! Believe God!
 Believe His Son! "All things are possible to him that believeth."

¹ Browning.

VIVAT VICTORIA.

LORD of all power and might,
 Behold from Heaven's height
 Our noble Queen.
 Stablish her Empire-zone;
 Protect our Monarch's throne;
 Our strength in Thee alone:
 God save the Queen.
 Her vast dominions shield;
 From war's red battlefield
 Defend our Queen.
 Low on our knees we bend;
 Mercy with judgment blend;
 Peace to the Nations send:
 God save the Queen.
 So shall Thy people raise
 Songs of triumphal praise:
 God save our Queen.
 Victoria's reign increase,
 And when her sway shall cease,
 Grant her eternal peace:
 God save the Queen.

W. S. S.

 Review.

Christian Ethics. (Bampton Lectures for 1895.) By T. B. STRONG,
 M.A. Longmans. 1896.

AN interesting and suggestive, but not in the least an "epoch-making," work, will, we imagine, be the final verdict passed upon the Bampton Lectures for 1895. Not but what there are many noteworthy passages and comments scattered up and down these pages; but, somehow, the general impression is, in a sense, one of disappointment—possibly owing to the fact that these lectures on "Christian Ethics" were preceded by Mr. Illingworth's lectures on "Personality," a book which was a host in itself, and one of the most completely satisfying theological works produced of recent years in this country.

Mr. Strong has briefly, but excellently, summarized the position maintained in the lectures in the following words (Preface, p. xi): "The Christian theory of moral life is not merely a new formulation of the old experience, nor is it merely a restatement of the old truths with certain new virtues added, but it is a view of life based upon a radically different experience of facts. The reconciliation of the finite and Infinite—of man and God—which the Incarnation achieved was at most