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and bedew himself with the freshness of the morning, thrill as does the leaping earth to see the sun come back again, and dashing all his night away, open the power of his eyes to the kindness of his Father?

'John Rosedew felt his cares and fears vanish like the dew-cloud among the quivering tree-tops; and bright upon him broke the noon, the heaven where our God lives.'—R. D. BLACKMORE, *Cradock Nowell*, chap. li.

Mt $7^{1f.}$ 'The chief stronghold of hypocrisy is to be always judging one another.'—MILTON.

'I do not call reason that brutal reason which crushes with its weight what is holy and sacred; that malignant reason which delights in the errors it succeeds in discovering.'—JOUBERT.

'Miss Mann . . . was a perfectly honest, conscientious woman, who had performed duties in her day from whose severe anguish many a human Peri, gazelle-eyed, silken-tressed, and silver-tongued, would have shrunk appalled; she had passed alone through protracted scenes of suffering, exercised rigid self-denial, made large sacrifices of time, money, health, for those who had repaid her only by ingratitude, and now her main—almost her sole—fault was, that she was censorious. Censorious she certainly was. . . . She dissected impartially almost all her acquaintance; she made few distinctions; she allowed scarcely anyone to be good.'—CHARLOTTE BRONTE, *Shirley*, chap. x.

Mt $7^{21f.}$ 'The censors of modern literature are continually crying aloud for a new message. . . . Was ever age more rich in prophets and in great messages? But what have we done with them? Have we realized them in our lives, quite used up every available particle of their wisdom? And yet here are we hungry and clamouring again.'—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Failings of Christian Students.[1]

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY WHITEFOORD, M.A., D.D, PRINCIPAL OF SALISBURY THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

'Though I understand all knowledge and have not love, I am nothing.'—1 Cor. xiii. 2.

ALTHOUGH the profession of teaching is so honourable a one, and although a life spent in study and research may prove of such inestimable value to humanity, it is curious that both are slightingly regarded in the world. Critics from outside, if they are kindly, speak of lives thus spent pityingly; if they are unkind, contemptuously. Notice that while the titles professor, teacher, scholar, student, are all honourable ones, there is another set of expressions (and that not only in our own language) which reveals the popular mind and the general idea. Pedant, pedagogue, bookworm, bluestocking—that is, if I may say so without offence, how many of us would be popularly described.

This conception of the teacher or student, or of both combined in one personality, finds expression in fiction. To quote only latter-day writers, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, George Eliot have given us pictures seldom drawn indeed without sympathy, but yet leaving the reader with the idea that the type portrayed is grotesque. It is so also in the drama. The professor or savant is made to cut a ridiculous figure on the stage. He is not seen in his own familiar surroundings, the lecture-room, the study, or the laboratory. He comes on shambling, unkempt, a clumsy, awkward intruder into a gaiety which he cannot share or even interpret, although he is himself the unconscious cause of heightening it.

We students may have a feeling of resentment against such pictures, we attribute them to the prejudice and jealousy of the foolish and ignorant towards the wise and learned. Yet that does not seem quite to cover the issue. As you are aware from history, all learning and study until the Renascence was practically confined to monastic houses. It was the glory of the monastic system that these houses were the asylum of scholars. Study then meant withdrawal from the world. Of

[1] Sermon preached before the Summer Session of the Cambridge University Extension Society in Exeter Cathedral, 14th August 1904.

course it is far otherwise now; but the tendency remains, the legacy is ours, the man of learning and research avoids the claims of society, and the more he knows of books, the less he knows his fellows. The student of to-day not unseldom carries on, in circumstances far dissimilar, this spirit and temper which is the legacy of the monk. Some of us may need a caution on this head. It is only real genius that can excuse eccentricity or priggishness. And if we have a message to deliver as teachers, or indeed as writers, we must look to it that it is not weakened in delivery by any deliberate isolation on our part from the world of humanity, by any neglect of courtesy and good manners.

It seems quite certain that Cowper's poetry would have had vastly more influence had it not been produced and shaped by his little, flattering feminine entourage. Most of us do not regard Charles Kingsley as a genius of the highest order. But the gifts he had, and the powers he wielded and wields, are surely due to his personality, the chief note of which was a passionate love of humanity. Thus wherever you find in the same individual—in St. Paul, in Alfred the Great—the combination of a knowledge of books and a knowledge of men, then you will look not in vain for a power that shall move the world. It is quite true that some monumental works have been written in absolute and deliberate retirement; your Richard Hooker—our Richard Hooker, for we of Salisbury claim a part of the honour of his name—supplies a striking example. His great book could never have been written if he had not withdrawn from the controversies of the Temple to an out-of-the-way Wilts village. Yet in our humbler instances and slighter enterprises, my fellow-students, we must remember the danger of exclusive attention to books; we must throw off the habit of reserve which clings too closely about the scholar and the scientist; we must know the human beings around us, read their characters, interpret their hopes and their fears, and then give all we are and all we have that we may help to raise them from the dust of the earth, to feel the breath of heaven about them.

The knowledge of men is thus needed as supplementary to that passion for study which I doubt not absorbs many of you and has brought you here. It is the same thing to say that a life of contemplation requires the corrective of action. Otherwise it will inevitably become narrow and sterile. It was, I believe, Lord Lyttleton who said, 'I dare not trust myself alone even with the best books.' Some striking verses in a recent number of the *Spectator* give fine expression to this—

> O palefaced Theologian whose soft hands
> And inkstained fingers never gripped the oar
> Or swung the hammer; weary with your books,
> How can your slumbering senses comprehend
> The breadth and virile purpose of the men
> Who bore their joyous tale through quickened lands
> To the great heart of Rome: the shipwreck'd Paul,
> Wandering Ulysses-like to far-off isles
> And barbarous peoples; or those peasant kings,
> Who ever 'mid voluptuous cities wore
> No mediæval halo, but the air
> Of some free fisher battling with the wind
> That blows across the Galilean hills?

So far, however, we have not got beyond such counsels as a right judgment would surely suggest to those who in their passion for study have not parted with their common sense. If your influence is to tell for good, then learn to know your fellows as you know your books. Let not the sacred cause of the advancement of learning suffer at your hands by narrowness or peculiarity. Let others see that what you have gathered in your search for truth is held in trust for the enrichment of their lives, by your companionability, by your sympathy, by your willingness to communicate, by your gladness to distribute.

Yet the Christian faith bids us, my brethren, take a step beyond this. Mere knowledge of men, a shrewd penetration into character, has been turned by the unscrupulous into unworthy ends, and even to base purposes. That is not the line along which Christian ideals draw Christian hearts. The New Testament is attuned to another note, the note of love: 'Though I understand all knowledge and have not love, I am nothing.'

So wrote the great apostle of the Gentiles, a man of culture, a university man, a man the broader for his twofold training, Jewish and Hellenic. Here is no depreciation of human learning, such as some of St. Paul's unwise disciples suggest, but a grave insistence on the supremacy of love in Christian thought and experience.

This conception of love is original with Christianity—the very word is new. As a young student I remember employing St. Paul's word for love in

a piece set for Greek prose. My tutor would not have it. He was right—the term is never employed in Greek before the Christian era. Nor should its special meaning in New Testament literature escape us. We have to strip it of all merely earthly associations. It is nothing merely emotional, it is no more amiability than the gospel is a message of good nature. Christian love is altruistic, sympathetic, energetic. Having its source in the Holy Spirit, it is seen by its fruit. Love in speech is the desire to bless; love in action is the willingness to give. Its origin is divine and eternal, its issues lie in fact and experience.

No wonder, therefore, if in the first ages of Christianity love was regarded as a true note of the Church. It was the binding force of the Christian society. Out of it sprang not only the desire to do good to those that were of the household of the faith, but every common gallant effort to win those that were outside it.

And what is clear is this, that wherever the apostles discovered in the Gentile world faint reflexion or anticipation of this basal Christian virtue, they worked hopefully upon it. They refused to consider anyone as outside the kingdom of God in whom this temper was exhibited even in germ. Nay, they regarded its possession as a pledge of boundless hope for the individual, and thus we take St. John's calm but bold utterance: 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.'

A distinguished man who has lately passed away from our midst, himself a student, of a family of students, said to me a little while before his death, 'How difficult a thing it is to love people. I feel like disliking most people.' This feeling is, one supposes, more common among those who spend their lives in the study, the lecture-room, and the laboratory than with other classes of Christians. One cannot indeed force oneself to love others. Artificial expressions of love are worse than valueless. But you, my fellow-students, can lend yourselves to the gracious influence of the Divine Spirit. You can patiently imitate, though at an immeasurable distance, the pattern of Christ, strong Son of God, Immortal Love. You can gain from the channels of His grace gifts and powers as yet unknown and unexercised by you. The greatest of all such powers and gifts is the capacity of loving. Your own lives have surely been often bettered and sweetened by the love of others. Learn in this regard that it is still more blessed to give than receive. When you pass from this place to your own study, or the teacher's desk, see if there are no opportunities of taking a fresh interest in the hospital near you, or the workhouse. Or if your lot in life is cast in a domestic sphere, what about that invalid, so often the angel in the house, the tired mother, the uninteresting old maid, the illiterate person who jars upon you in your daily round? Are you not in your absorption in your books sometimes in danger of neglecting their craving for your love, and in that very neglect finding your own work poorer because it is selfish?

Or again for those of us whose work in life is teaching. Do we regard the class before us merely as units on whom we may make the latest educational experiments? Or are they to us living souls whose life here, and in the great hereafter, are unconsciously forming under our example and influence? Does the divine principle of love actuate us in the classroom and in the hours of common recreation? We may be delivered from favouritism, the vice of teachers, as of princes, but is our eye only drawn to the apt and receptive pupil—do we not sometimes disregard the diffident, the dull, and the despondent? Then we need at once the strength and example of the Great Teacher—the Teacher of Nicodemus, of the woman of Samaria, of His own hesitating disciple, St. Thomas.

My brethren, your studies and your tasks, seeing that they are concerned with the search after truth, and its communication to others, are great and inspiring.

They need no commendation from any preacher. As yet you may know no weariness in your pursuit. Your life and your work is full of promise. May God grant that you go on and prosper, one and all! Yet is it not enough to know and love books. You must make your life's enterprise effective by knowing men. You must make it Christian by loving them. And as you do this in a power not your own, you will find yourselves breathing an ampler air, for all your work will be a work of love and being first consecrated and offered to God. He will see to it that it has its reward in a nearer, closer communion with Himself.

Believe me there never was a time in which your services were more deeply needed. Your intellectual aspirations, your passionate desire after knowledge, your hopes for some triumphs, slight

but none the less real in your life's work, all these should first be laid at the Master's feet, to be consecrated and purified by Him.

Let your studies and pursuits be fertile in His cause.

Let your fellows learn from you not only the beauty of the Christian faith, but its inherent reasonableness. Everywhere men are to-day seeking, feeling after God if haply they may find Him. Let it be your part to help these with any gift or power you may have. Noble as is the pursuit of knowledge, it is only when it is crowned by love that it is really fruitful in consequences, both now and in the great hereafter.

The Great Text Commentary.

THE GREAT TEXTS OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

ACTS XXVI. 28, 29.

'And Agrippa said unto Paul, With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that whether with little or with much, not thou only, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I am, except these bonds'—R.V.

EXPOSITION.

'And Agrippa said unto Paul, With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian.'—St. Paul's last words to Agrippa had been 'King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.' But Agrippa had no intention of exposing himself to the astonishment of the Roman governor and the distinguished audience by confessing his belief in Judaism or in this new faith. His courtly breeding was equal to the occasion, and he passed it off by a piece of raillery. A little more persuasion and you will make me too a Christian. Though its general sense is quite clear, this saying of Agrippa's is a well-known crux. It is certainly not to be taken in a serious sense, as in the A.V.; for nowhere else is *almost* the equivalent of the Greek words used here—*in a little*. This phrase usually means *in a little time*; but if it is so taken here, the correspondence in St. Paul's answer—*in little and in great* (which cannot apply to time)—will be less exact. Probably it takes its complexion from the verb, as in the R.V.—*with but little persuasion* or *effort*.—RACKHAM.

'Christian.'—The name Christian grew up among the Gentiles of Antioch as a designation for the believers; it was of course not adopted by the Jews, who themselves believed in a Christ, nor until a later time by Christians themselves. Agrippa's use of the term is an evidence of his Roman education and familiarity with Gentile terms.—RENDALL.

'And Paul said, I would to God, that whether with little or with much, not thou only, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I am.'—With noble dignity Paul meets Agrippa's sally about the 'short cut' to Christianity, turning it so as to have the last word, and that one of singular weight and pathos.—BARTLET.

'Except these bonds.'—The exquisite courtesy of the great missionary perhaps is nowhere made more manifest than in this concluding sentence. He would have Agrippa a fellow-citizen with him in the city of God, a brother heir in his glorious hopes, but without the chain, and the sorrow, and the persecution which in his case had accompanied his profession of Christianity. 'Such as he,' beautifully writes Plumptre, 'pardoned, at peace with God and man, with a hope stretching beyond the grave, and an actual present participation in the power of the eternal world—this is what he was desiring for them. If that could be effected, he would be content to remain in his bonds, and to leave them upon their thrones.'—HOWSON.

THE SERMON.

Paul's Witness for Christ before Agrippa.

By the Rev. John Cairns, D.D., LL.D.

It has never been possible to keep Christianity long at the bottom of the social scale. Christ began His work in the obscure synagogues of Galilee, but before He died He had stood before Pontius Pilate and Herod and the rulers of the Jews. So also it was with Paul. He began his ministry in Damascus and in the deserts of Arabia, but before its close he had appeared before Roman procurators and Jewish kings, and had even been called before the tribunal of Cæsar. The similarity between Christ and the Apostle Paul did not end here, for He who had witnessed a good confession Himself strengthened His servant to walk honourably in His steps. Towards Agrippa Paul brought all the force of his eloquence to bear, appealing to his belief in the prophets. In the A.V. Agrippa seems touched by this appeal and is almost persuaded, but according to the R.V. he turns it off by the good-tempered sally which, in colloquial language is, 'You are taking a short cut to make me a Christian.' Whichever view we accept, the lofty and generous answer of Paul remains the same. Let us consider Paul's answer then as an example to all Christians of the