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self in words, but she took this dumb means of showing that 'one heart at least would not faint or fail in devotion to the very end.'[1] She had understood her Master sufficiently to be able to face without flinching even the death He saw before Him. And so, 'Wherever the gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, that also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.'

[1] Garvie, *Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus*, p. 297.

In the Study.

Literature on Judas Iscariot.

Some notes will be found on another page dealing with the recent interpretation of the character and career of Judas Iscariot. It may be useful to supplement them here with a few particulars about the literature.

i. Whately and De Quincey.

Modern interpretation begins in this country with the sermon of Archbishop Whately and the essay of De Quincey. Both these writers were no doubt indebted to German speculation, as De Quincey confesses for his part. Whately's sermon seems to be earlier than De Quincey's essay. It was published in 1839, along with two other 'discourses,' as an addendum to a volume entitled *Essays on Some of the Dangers to Christian Faith which may arise from the Teaching or the Conduct of its Professors*. A third edition, revised, came out in 1857. De Quincey's essay is to be found in the eighth volume of Masson's (the best) edition of his works. Masson's footnote is: 'Published by De Quincey in 1857 in the seventh volume of his Collective Writings: where printed before, if anywhere, I have not been able to ascertain; neither has the American editor. The speculation which forms the substance of the essay had been previously broached not only by German theologians, as De Quincey informs his readers, but also, I believe, by Archbishop Whately, in one or other of his many writings.'

Whately's argument can be given in a few of his own words: 'Judas believed Jesus to be the promised Messiah, who was about to establish a splendid and powerful kingdom (an expectation which it is plain was entertained by *all* the Apostles); he must have expected that his Master, on being arrested and brought before the Jewish rulers, would be driven to assert his claim, by delivering himself miraculously from the power of his enemies; and would at once accept the temporal kingdom which the people were already eager (and would then have been doubly eager) to offer him.'

'Partaking then in these notions, it was natural for an ambitious and worldly man like Judas Iscariot, to expect that by putting his Master into the hands of his enemies, he should force him to make such a display of power as would at once lead to his being triumphantly seated on the throne of David, as a great and powerful prince. And he probably expected that he should himself be both pardoned and nobly rewarded, for having thus been the means, though in an unauthorized way, of raising his Master to that earthly splendour and dominion, which, to worldly men, is the greatest object of desire.'

De Quincey differs but slightly. He realizes, however, that this view is a thorough reversal of previous judgment, and opens his essay with the challenge: 'Everything connected with our ordinary conceptions of this man, of his real purposes, and of his scriptural doom, apparently is erroneous. Not one thing, but all things, must rank as false which traditionally we accept about him.' We can give the gist of his argument also in a few sentences of his own. 'Believing, as Judas did, and perhaps had reason to do, that Christ contemplated the establishment of a temporal kingdom—the restoration, in fact, of David's throne; believing also that all the conditions towards the realization of such a scheme met and centred in the person of Christ: what was it that, upon any solution intelligible to Judas, neutralized so grand a scheme of promise? Simply and obviously, to a man with the views of Judas, it was the character of Christ himself, sublimely over-gifted for purposes of speculation, but, like Shakspere's great creation of Prince Hamlet, not correspondingly endowed for the business of action and the clamorous emergencies of life. Indecision and doubt (such was the interpretation

of Judas) crept over the faculties of the Divine Man as often as he was summoned away from his own natural Sabbath of heavenly contemplation to the gross necessities of action. It became important, therefore, according to the views adopted by Judas, that his master should be *precipitated* into action by a force from without, and thrown into the centre of some popular movement, such as, once beginning to revolve, could not afterwards be suspended or checked. Christ must be *compromised* before doubts could have time to form.'

ii. Lives of Christ.

These speculations have had an extraordinary influence. Of the published sermons on the Traitor there are few indeed that are not affected by them. The influence, however, is not so visible in the Lives of Christ. Andrews' *Life of our Lord upon the Earth* (unapproachable as a student's guide to the events of the life of Christ), of which the revised edition was published in 1892, rejects altogether this explanation of Judas' treachery. It is not sufficient to account for it. If this was all that Judas wanted to do he could have accomplished it without taking the attitude of a traitor.

Bruce is very modern, but in his *Training of the Twelve* (1871) he takes a low view of the character of Judas. He was covetous and he was vindictive. He hated his fellow-disciples because they were Galilæans. He hated Jesus because He saw through him. At last he recognized that a catastrophe was at hand, and precipitated it to save his own skin. But Bruce is not content with his own explanation. The horror of the crime is too great for any explanation that can be offered. It is 'an incomprehensible mystery of iniquity.'

Dr. W. J. Dawson wrote a life of Christ (which he probably would not write now) and published it, in 1901, under the title of *The Man Christ Jesus*. He shows little of the influence of De Quincey or any one else. The relations of Judas with the rest of the disciples (until he revealed himself as the traitor) were quite cordial. He was no thief. He may have had 'a tendency to avarice,' which John afterwards exaggerated into a deliberate charge of theft. He had once wished that Jesus would head the national party. But Jesus had betrayed him. Betrayal deserved betrayal. The idea may recall De Quincey, but it is Dr. Dawson's own.

Edersheim is untouched by sentimental weakness for Judas and his fate. He is faithful to the written word. Judas had great natural capacity. It was his gift of administration that gave him the purse. But his gift became his temptation, as it so often does. Yet Edersheim is more impressed with the ambition than with the avarice of Judas. He joined Jesus to share the triumphs of the Jewish Messiah, with whom he identified Jesus from the beginning. But his ambition rested solely on selfishness, and when he saw that it was not to be realized he gave himself into the hands of the Jewish priests, who used him as their tool and then dismissed him.

It was Fairbairn, in his early book, *Studies in the Life of Christ* (1881), who gave popularity to the new conception of Judas as a disappointed patriot. Fairbairn was just sufficiently 'advanced' to be acceptable to young preachers. 'The remorse of Judas disproves his greed: the man who could feel it had too much latent nobility of soul to be an abject slave of avarice.' The fact that he was the bearer of the bag proves that he was no lover of money. Jesus would never have led him into such a temptation. Fairbairn will have none of De Quincey's notion that Judas was a guiltless enthusiast. When Jesus called him he was a possible Peter, but he was the only Judæan of the band (we shall be told that often again); while transforming love drew the rest one way, solitariness and selfishness sent him the other. Disappointed in Jesus, who would not set up the Messianic kingdom, he found revenge for his disappointment in betrayal.

After Fairbairn wrote the ordinary churchgoer began to hear that there was a possible Judas in his own pew.

Farrar is almost negligible. Both in the *Life of Christ* and in the much less familiar *Life of Lives* (1900), he follows closely the interpretation of the motives of Judas which the Gospels give. He thinks he was the son of Simon Zelotes, and inherited the disposition as well as the earthly hopes of the sect of the Zealots. But vulgar greed overthrew him. Farrar is really eloquent on one topic, the gradual hold that sin obtains on the sinner; and he is really heterodox on another, the hope that even Judas 'now sits at the feet of the Lord whom he betrayed on earth, clothed and in his right mind.'

Oscar Holtzmann's *Life of Jesus*, published in 1901, was translated into English and issued in this country in 1904. Holtzmann holds that we have

no materials out of which to construct the mind of Judas and we must take to guessing. 'That he was simply an avaricious man and betrayed Jesus for the mere sake of obtaining money for the deed is manifestly erroneous.' Such an idea is incredible, for he had left all and followed Jesus, and he had shared the wanderings and the roofless couch. He perceived that Jesus was gradually separating Himself from the rulers. His death was inevitable. Were they all to be involved in His ruin? The only way that Judas could discover of saving himself and his fellow-disciples was to hand Jesus over to the authorities, and he handed Him over. It was a case of what we call turning King's evidence —with the usual results.

iii. Sermons.

Let us take the Sermons in alphabetical order also, and begin with Canon Ainger.

Canon Ainger has a sermon on Judas in his posthumous volume, *The Gospel and Human Life* (1904). He first asks why Judas joined the apostolic band. He can only guess. But he is sure that Bunyan is wrong. 'Bunyan, you may remember, assumes boldly that he joined the party of Christ at first from interested motives. Speaking of those who (as he says) make "of religion a stalking horse, to get and enjoy the world," he goes on, "Judas the devil was also of this religion: he was religious for the bag, that he might be possessed of what was therein." And again, "so surely as Judas designed the world in becoming religious, so surely did he also sell religion and his Master for the same." But whatever the likelihood may be, there is no jot of evidence to show that Judas "designed the world"—that is to say, had worldly aims in view when he became religious.' We know him, up to the last great apostasy, 'only as an office-bearer.' He 'had a turn for figures.' His methodical habits made the others leave their simple finances in his hands. But a turn for figures sometimes goes with a mercenary temper, and Judas was a thief. Did thirty pieces tempt him then? Not alone. 'He suffered from loneliness, the loneliness of selfishness, the loneliness of

> A still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand,
> Left on the shore; that hears all night
> The plunging seas draw backward from the land
> Their moon-led waters white—'

He became discontented. Discontent was the ever-present reason, the bribe was the opportunity of the moment. And when the deed was done, what he awoke to was his isolation and the selfishness of it.

Bishop Boyd Carpenter in *The Son of Man among the Sons of Men* (1893) gives a résumé of Whately (whom he spells Whateley—fie! fie! and a bishop!), De Quincey, and Fairbairn, and then 'ventures to propound another theory.' This is the theory. Judas joined the company of Christ's followers from self-interest. Christ was a rising star. Conscious of his own ability to do well if he had the opportunity, Judas cast in his lot with Him, and was fortunate in being chosen as one of the Twelve, and exalted to the responsible post of treasurer. But Jesus did not retain His popularity. Had Judas made a mistake? It would be prudent in any case to be on good terms with the other side. Then, whatever happens, he is safe. He had no intention of abandoning Jesus even at the last. Even when he gave his Master the kiss he kept himself disconnected from the priestly party. For even then he was not sure that Jesus might not gain the upper hand. But with the kiss came the discovery. 'Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' He returns to the city. He visits the priests in order to see that he is right with them, and perhaps to claim a greater reward. They treat him as the paid spy he is. He throws their money in their face and goes and hangs himself.

Dr. J. D. Jones includes Judas Iscariot in *The Glorious Company of the Apostles* (1904). His tragic end was due to a divided heart. His heart was divided between Christ and Mammon. 'I am going to take my stand on the plain word of Scripture, and maintain that what prompted him to this crime was *greed*.' And then follow some well-addressed lessons on sins against privilege, sins against warning, and sins that are often repeated.

Dr. John Ker, whose sermon on 'Judas and the Priests' is contained in the first volume of his published discourses, takes all the whitewashing off the figure of Judas and finds his sin to be simple selfishness. That led him into separation from human companionship and drove him to try to make friends with the chief priests. Rejected at last by them he found that his sin had separated his soul from God, and that there was nothing for

him but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and consuming fire. Then Dr. Ker tells us what he thinks of the chief priests.

Liddon—the sermon on 'The Traitor-Apostle' is in *Passiontide Sermons*—Liddon is old-fashioned enough to be troubled with the thought that Judas may have been chosen simply and solely to fulfil Scripture. He disposes of that, by saying that the Bible is both Calvinistic and Arminian, and 'we must hold fast to each separately, in spite of the apparent contradiction.' Then he takes the career of Judas as illustrating 'the power of a single passion to enwrap, enchain, possess, degrade a man's whole character.' Judas had one vice or passion—the love of money.

In Lightfoot's *Sermons preached in St. Paul's Cathedral* there is a sermon on 'The Fate of Judas.' He also touches the theological difficulty. But he solves it on the earth. Judas 'was selected for the Apostleship, as we are called into Church membership. But, like us, he was allowed the exercise of his human free-will; he was not compelled by an irresistible fate to act unworthily of his calling; he was free to make his election between good and evil; he rejected the good, and he chose the evil.' Lightfoot finds the moral difficulty more troublesome. The difficulty is how Judas with all his privileges could do it. He had allowed one vile passion to grow unchecked in his heart. Like the evangelist, Lightfoot 'knows nothing of delicate modern phrases,' and calls the passion thieving. It is a long story, and perhaps it was a long struggle. Then the opportunity came and he fell.

One of the followers of the Fairbairn tradition is Dr. J. H. Moulton, but he has too keen a mind to follow it whole-heartedly. His sermon on Judas was published as long ago as 1898, in *Visions of Sin*. It is a sermon that awakens thought at every step. But the essentials are these. 'Judas started with the same earthly and political conception of the Kingdom of Heaven as did the other apostles. It was not long before he began to suspect that this kingdom was very much in the clouds. Jesus won the others body and soul, and made it impossible for them to conceive Him as anything less than a King. But the heart of Judas became more and more fixed on the earthly glories of his ambition, and he now knew himself deceived. The revelation soured the milk of human kindness within him, and he began to be fitted for the devil's hand.' 'The most awful lesson of the subsequent history is the manifestation of the infinite power of one single evil inclination. A once noble enthusiast has yielded to a worldly ambition, and we see that one evil, originally only the excess of an innocent and even admirable desire, spread like a cancer over the soul till every trace of nobleness and enthusiasm has gone.' 'Judas submitted with no shame to the washing of his feet by "the Master and the Lord," partook of the sacred bread which ever after would be taken by Christ's saints in remembrance of Him, received from the Master of the feast the portion of special honour, by which He strove, even at the last, to win him back, and then went out into the night and did his deed. If conscience still spoke to the miserable man, he no doubt stifled the accusing voice with the assertion that He whose power he knew so well would surely be able to save Himself. When that last excuse was shattered by the unresisted condemnation, all hell was let loose on the wretch as he knew what he had done. To the contemptuous cruel priests, to the holy place, so soon to be deserted for ever by the Presence that made it holy, to the field of blood he fled, and the ghastly corpse lay stark and still. He went to his own place, and his epitaph, spoken by One who alone has knowledge to pronounce on wasted lives, was, "Good were it for that man if he had not been born."'

Dr. George Salmon is 'not going to follow the example of some ingenious men who delight in reversing popular judgments; in picking holes in the characters of men whose lives have been the subject of popular admiration; and in showing that others who have been branded as villains have been unjustly condemned, and that even if they had actually committed the deeds laid to their charge, they had some virtuous or honourable motive.' Yet he begins his sermon on 'The Colour-Blindness of Judas' (*Cathedral and University Sermons*) by saying, 'I am persuaded that if Judas tried himself by his own standards he would not have thought himself a bad man. He had made a mistake in committing himself to a hopeless cause. That is no uncommon experience; and if Judas had been only a deserter and not a traitor, he might be defended by the example of many eminent men who, notwithstanding having changed sides in the course of their career, have died respected.' His fault lay in becoming a traitor. How did he become a traitor? He had

friends outside the circle of the disciples who told him that the Jewish government had fully determined on his Master's death. But they wished it done quietly for the sake of the disciples. If Judas would give them the opportunity, he would save not only himself but his companions also. And they kept their word. Jesus was arrested; His followers were allowed to go. No doubt Judas took money for the betrayal, but in that day it was no disgrace for a man, no disgrace for any man, to take a bribe.

There are other sermons, and some of them are good. A fuller list will be found in the forthcoming volume on *The Greater Men and Women of the Bible*. But these are the most representative. In closing this short survey, let us say that the best dictionary or encyclopædia article is the article by Professor J. G. Tasker in *The Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Colour in July.

'He hath made everything beautiful.'—Ec 3^{11}.

One wet Saturday I went into a cottage in a country town, and there I found two little girls who were very happy. They had a paint-box; furthermore, they had got permission to colour the prints in some old numbers of a children's magazine. What gorgeous pictures they were making! Bright blue skies, and fields gay beyond any I had ever seen. Then there were little girls who played in the fields; they had golden hair, and were dressed in colours that made one think of the rainbow. On that rainy day the hearts of those two children were happy, they were in a world of sunshine, for they had a paint-box, and were allowed to use it.

All boys and girls love colours to a certain extent. Even a baby will be attracted by an orange, not because she knows how it tastes, but there is something about its colour that makes her want to grasp it. I have spoken of the baby as 'she,' just because girls seem to show a greater preference for things of a bright colour than boys do. But even a boy, and one who loves sport, will occasionally feel something he has never felt before, when on a sunny July afternoon he notices the bright red streak made by a great many poppies growing together in a cornfield. If his sister be with him, he may not say much; perhaps he will only venture something like, 'Just look at that bright red line, Annie—poppies, I believe.' And you all know how a commonplace country road is beautified, if the grassy banks at each side of it are covered with wild roses. I have been with boys and girls when they carried home great bunches of them. We did not realize that much of the charm of the wild rose consists in its growing outside, and being one of many.

Then, I wonder if any of you boys or girls ever went out into the country for milk early in the morning. I remember one road that led to a dairy farm *very* well. A burn ran alongside of it, and its banks were covered with 'Queen of the Meadow.' I do not believe that the 'Queen of the Meadow' would by itself have attracted the little milk carriers, but in July 'Ragged Robin' grew beside it. As you know, it has a sort of pink shade, and there were 'ox-eyed daisies' in a field quite near. The girls used to go home, their sun-bonnets decorated with gay flowers, and even an occasional boy might be seen with a 'button-hole.' I used to wish with all my heart that I was one of the company.

Gardens are very beautiful in July; in them, however, you often get colour arranged after a particular plan. It is not so in the open country. Flowers, quite little in themselves, seem to grow in patches; they startle and delight us with an unexpected line of colour, like the poppies of which I spoke. After the same manner, we have the daffodils of spring. You must have all seen a field of them. The poet Wordsworth wrote a beautiful little poem about daffodils; you are sure to learn it at school one day.

Then the trees. Near where I live is a fine avenue. Trees are said to be green, and nothing but green, yet I never tire of looking from one end to the other of this straight familiar road. The trees that line it on each side are of many shades; one appears almost grey, another bright green, while a hoary example shows itself so dark that I sometimes think its place should be the forest. There are just a few copper beeches, and they give a delightful variety. If I were a poet I should write a sonnet about that avenue.

My boys and girls, colour is part of the scheme of God's earth, and He means us to love it. Travellers tell us that round about Nazareth there are a great many flowers. We know that there

were flowers when Jesus was a boy, and although the town itself must be very different to-day from what it was when He lived, the gaily-coloured flowers that grow on the hill just above Nazareth must, we believe, be almost the same as those on which Christ gazed. He loved them, and doubtless learnt many things from them about His Father. Looking abroad on the fields one day as He preached, He said: 'Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

The flowers are set in a very large place. By and by, I hope you boys and girls will lift your eyes and look round about. You can do it now. I remember a little London boy being afraid when he first saw the dark gloomy mountains of the Highlands. He loved to play in the green fields, and to pluck the flowers, but he could not understand how the mountains could be called beautiful. The sun in the heavens, that makes the colours of the flowers for us, throws also the deep shadows upon the mountains. In the heat of day they often look dark, and gloomy, and fearsome, don't they? But I shall never forget a sunset I witnessed as I crossed the Minch one July evening. The mountains of the Hebrides, which had looked black and threatening all the afternoon, seemed to melt in a golden light. The crossing was not like being on the sea, it seemed as if I were sailing towards the Celestial City.

My young friends, your fathers and mothers, and even some of you, have been afraid of the shadows that have faced us all during the past months. But I believe the day is coming when we big people will be able to understand the truth of what many of you boys and girls learn at school, namely, that no colour is so beautiful as the colour that has depth. The sorrows, and the anxieties, and the joys of life, all go to the making of its depth. God has a great scheme of colour for this world. One day we shall thank our Father in heaven for it.

II.

For King and Country.

'Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people.'—Dt 4^6.

When we read this Book of Deuteronomy, what strikes us most is the number of times that Moses urges the Israelites to keep the statutes of the Lord. Again and again he tells them that, if they love God and keep His commandments, it will be well with them; again and again he warns them that if they forsake God, and worship false gods, it will go ill with them. In this very chapter he foretells what will happen when the children of Israel become idolaters—God will scatter them among the peoples.

We know how true Moses' prophecy was. So long as Israel remembered the God who had delivered them out of Egypt, so long did they prosper. When they turned aside to do evil, God did indeed forgive and restore them many times; but, at last, when the people had almost entirely given themselves over to idolatry, He allowed the Assyrians to carry them away captive—first the ten tribes, and then the two remaining ones. Of the ten no more was heard. They disappeared as a nation, and mingled with the other races of the earth. But the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin returned, purified by their time of trial, and rebuilt Jerusalem and the Temple.

Yet Israel, in the days when she first dwelt in the land of Canaan, had in her the making of a great nation. She was the smallest of all nations; nevertheless, she made a name for herself. The Israelites drove out before them more powerful peoples. They were the admiration and the dread of rival tribes in those days when they trusted God and kept His statutes; for this was their wisdom and their understanding.

As it was said to Israel of old, so it might be said to Britain to-day. God has called Britain to a very high place among the nations. She stands for honour, and truth, and justice, but only in so far as she keeps God's statutes, and adheres firmly to her best ideals, will she continue to keep the high place to which she has attained.

At present we are in the midst of a life and death struggle for our very existence. The issue is certain, because we are fighting for honour and for right. What we do not know is what kind of people we are going to be after the war. This has been a tremendous upheaval, nothing will ever be the same again; and in the hands of the boys and girls lies the remaking of Britain.

At an American election the temperance party were defeated. On the day of the poll many people wore badges of little bits of coloured ribbon, showing with which side they sympathized. The following day, a message-boy who was on the temperance side still went about wearing his bit of ribbon,

which, of course, was blue. A servant girl at one house chaffed him about wearing the colours of a defeated party, but the boy replied proudly, 'Just wait a bit: it was the turn of the men yesterday, but it will be the turn of us boys soon.'

Many a boy at present regrets that he is too young to draw a sword for his country, but wait a bit: it will be the turn of you boys soon, and yours will be a glorious task, the task of rebuilding Britain.

The future of the nation depends on the boys and girls. Men are shedding their blood freely for her honour and safety. Are you going to make their sacrifice of none avail? You are standing at the beginning of the way. Life lies before you. It is yours to make or mar, and in making or marring your own life, you are helping to make or mar the life of the nation. Don't think you are too young or insignificant to matter. You *do* matter.

When Mr. Lloyd George was speaking lately in Wales, he told his hearers an ancient Welsh legend. It was the story of a man who was given a series of what appeared to be impossible tasks to perform ere he could reach the desires of his heart. Amongst other things, he had to recover every single grain of seed that had been sown in a large field, and bring it all in by sunset. The man made friends with a colony of ants, and enlisted their sympathies. They spread over the field, and, before sunset, the seed was all gathered in, except one grain. Then just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, a lame ant came hobbling along bearing the last grain.

We can all do our little bit to help our country at this time, and at all times. If any of you fails to play your part, your country will be by so much the poorer. Even the lame ant cannot be spared.

Yours is a great heritage. You have been born a Briton, you have been born into a land that has always stood for truth, and honour, and freedom, and righteousness. Is Britain going to maintain its name? That depends on you.

Yours is a great privilege—the privilege of living in a great age. Walk worthy of your privilege. God is calling you to a glorious future. You will have opportunities that people in past ages have never had. Make the most of your opportunities.

What I wish you to remember most of all is, that we hold our greatness as a trust from God, and if we are not worthy of His trust, He will take away our power as He did that of Israel thousands of years ago. Perhaps Britain has been inclined to forget this in past years. She has had a time of great prosperity, and she has been tempted to say, 'My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.'

> If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
> Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
> Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
> Or lesser breeds without the Law—
> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Britain has learned to remember in the fires of affliction, and the trust will be handed on to you. How are you going to keep it?

The most patriotic thing a boy or girl can do is to serve God, and keep His commandments. Only thus can you come to the full height of your manhood and womanhood; only thus can you hope to make your nation truly great. And what are God's commandments? The first is, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.' And the second is this, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' There is none other commandment greater than these.

Boys and girls of Britain, your country is calling you to-day, your country needs you. Make up your minds to be absolutely straight and true. Make up your mind to live for others, to think of their sorrows and needs. Make up your mind to serve God, and in serving Him to serve your country. Prove worthy of your great trust, and then indeed shall a nobler Britain arise from the ruins of the old, and men shall say of us, 'Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.'

> Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
> Our love and toil in years to be;
> When we are grown and take our place
> As men and women with our race.
>
> Father in heav'n, who lovest all,
> Oh, help Thy children when they call;
> That they may build, from age to age,
> An undefiled heritage.
>
> Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
> With steadfastness and careful truth;
> That, in our time, Thy grace may give
> The truth whereby the nations live.
>
> Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
> Controlled and cleanly night and day,
> That we may bring, if need arise,
> No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends:
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that hath no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.[1]

III.

The Rev. A. Stanley Parker has published a small volume of 'parable and story addresses to the young.' Its title is *Winning the Children* (Allenson; 1s. 6d. net). One of the parables is called

A Beautiful Work.

Many of the young people who are listening to me this morning will remember that when the woman broke the alabaster box of ointment and anointed the head of Christ somebody grumbled and said that it was a waste. No doubt Judas was the leader of those who saw no glory in the woman's deed.

But Jesus said, 'Let her alone; why trouble ye her? She has wrought a good work on Me.' Now the word translated 'good' in our version is, in the original, 'beautiful,' and so what Christ actually said was: 'She has wrought a *beautiful* work.'

Christ had a wonderful eye for beauty, whether in nature or in characters of men and women, and this fact comes out again and again in His teaching.

To-day I want to tell you the story of another beautiful deed. On the Continent there is a magnificent Cathedral, it is really gorgeous, and amongst its treasures are many fine specimens of statuary. The most celebrated piece is up near the roof in one of the darkest places in the building. It can only be seen once in the day just as the light of the sun shines through a certain window and reaches it. Many visitors assemble every day of the week at the appointed time to see that exquisite piece of workmanship, which at other times is lost in deep shadows. Day by day people wait for the shaft of light to creep along the wall until it reaches the sculpture, and then every eye is fixed upon it, and every observer is filled with wonder and admiration. It is a beautiful work, and there is a wonderful story attached to it.

The Rev. David Davies tells it as follows: When the Cathedral was built the authorities sent for the best sculptors, and among others, a feeble old man, leaning on his staff, came offering himself as a sculptor. They looked upon him with astonishment, and yet with admiration; for his look was so earnest and his countenance so refined. He begged that he might be permitted to take part in the work which had to be done. At length he was accepted; but the authorities took care to place him somewhere where his work would not be seen. Thus he had to ascend a scaffold high up near the roof, and in one of the gloomiest spots in the whole building. He went up quietly, patiently, and laboriously, until at last he reached that little scaffold. He lit his lamp early in the afternoon, for there was not enough light to enable him to work, and in the light of that little lamp he continued to chisel the rude block of marble that projected out of the wall. Every workman was busy at his work, and the old man at his. The others retired for their meals: he did not retire for his: he worked persistently on, and even when the others left at night he still remained. I am not sure whether he did this regularly, but this I know: that one evening—if not the first and only evening—he remained hard at work chiselling the marble when the others had left. On the following morning when the other workmen returned they saw the light of the lamp up on that lofty scaffold; but they could hear no noise of hammer or clink of chisel. Their curiosity was aroused, and at length some one was prompted to go up and look for the worker.

When he reached the scaffold, the sun shone brightly upon a sweet female countenance that had been grandly chiselled out of the marble block, and as he looked down upon the scaffold itself the same shaft of light poured its rays upon the pale face of the sculptor who lay dead upon the scaffold, surrounded by the hammers, chisels, and marble chips that spoke eloquently of the work he had done. Others were summoned to the spot: they looked at the face graven in the marble and were charmed by its beauty; and as they glanced at the

[1] Rudyard Kipling, *The Children's Song.*

face of the restful figure that lay prostrate upon the scaffold, they saw in it a kindred charm.

They inquired concerning the aged sculptor, and found from those who knew him that many years before, even early in life, he had lost his youthful wife and companion; and that ever since he had been a lonely man in the world, and had carried the memory of her with him wherever he went. And those who were old enough to remember that youthful wife said that the face in the marble was hers. Thus the pent-up feeling of many years in the old man's heart at length found expression in that last work. He had chiselled her beautiful face in that marble, and when he had finished and looked at it once more, as he had not done since she left him, he laid down his head to die: he had done his work. Surely we shall say: 'It was a beautiful work.'

I like this old man because he was willing to work at his best in an unseen place, and I am glad that, at the last, what he did was appreciated. It is beautiful also to think that he toiled on to the end, and that the motive behind his labour was love.

The Task of To-day.

By the Rev. Robert Oswald, B.D., Largs.

I.

'Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.' These words of St. Paul have long fascinated me. Often I desired to preach upon them; but whenever I attempted it they eluded me. What fascinated me was their picturesque metaphor of redeeming or buying back the time. I felt that for St. Paul the metaphor had a definite meaning, and counselled some definite attitude to evil circumstance; but when I tried to come to grips with it it always slipped from my grasp. More than once I turned to all the Critical Commentaries in my possession, books with the names of great scholars on their backs, but always to be disappointed. One and all of them agreed in saying that, though it was the almost invariable meaning of the Greek word, the picturesque rendering of 'redeeming' or 'buying back' must be given up, as yielding no clear meaning, and some colourless rendering substituted, such as 'making the best of opportunities,' or, to keep something of the commercial flavour, 'making the most of the market,' and that the more when, the days being evil, the opportunities of good were few, or the market bad. But are the opportunities of good fewer in evil days? What of Calvary?

I was not satisfied. I felt that this treatment was unjust to St. Paul. Great writers and thinkers, and he surely was both, do not use words loosely nor choose a colourful word to express a colourless thing. Their greatness consists largely in the aptness wherewith, as writers, they fit words to thoughts, and, as thinkers, thoughts to things. Why, if St. Paul meant that in evil days opportunities were few, did he not just say so? Why did he bring in the idea of buying back at all if he did not mean that action of ours might so change the effect of circumstances that from doing hurt they did good? I felt that the key to the right interpretation lay in the evil and the possibility of transforming it into good; but how it was to be done I could not discover. So I remained dissatisfied, convinced that the commentators' suggestion was banal, but with nothing definite to put in its place.

And then the other night I was musing on the manifold ills of these evil days. The measure of their evil was not the vast waste of wealth, though that was grievous. Nor was it the diversion of these millions of men, each of them a potential source of wealth, from production to destruction, though that was pitiful. Nor was it reached when you estimated the loss not in terms of economics but of life, and attempted to number the numberless fair young lives passing, so far as this life goes, into nothingness, their hopes and fears, their loves and hates, their joys and sorrows, their aspirations and endeavours, the experiences that shape souls, and the stuff out of which the fabric of life is woven, left unrealized for ever. No: beyond all that, they were working evil on us who remained. Lives innumerable were being robbed of their loves and hopes, and disappointment and