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doctrine and sound living. Believing men will always have the sails trimmed to catch the breezes of the supernatural, and they will never cease asking God to blow with His Breath: yet even when the winds do not rush there is work to be done, and the labour of the 'dull mechanic oar' helps to keep the ship of the Kingdom moving on. Indeed, it is difficult to say how credit should be divided between the great Apostles of the first Christian generation and the quiet folk who succeeded them and carried on their work. In one sense Christianity owed everything, under the great Master Himself, to a man like Paul who opened the untrodden ways. Yet there would not have been much future for the faith without the quiet generations following, who had not perhaps much originality but were content simply to maintain and transmit what they had received. They were sober people working in a sober way, yet they had their share in the credit of the age-long task. And in many another uneventful period the quieter servants of the Kingdom of God have played their own part,—if not in creation then in continuity: and these somewhat subdued Epistles might be the charter of their sober devotion.

3. On the individual scale, we have here the New Testament parallel to that anti-climax of the prophet, which is after all a most splendid climax: 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary: *they shall walk, and not faint.*' In these Epistles we can see them doing it, after the ecstasies and excitements of the first days are over, 'giving a patient God their patient hearts' and walking with Him in the way of discipline and duty. It is worth while, then or now, to be among them. 'For the grace of God hath appeared,' as we are here told in a sentence not yet quoted, 'bringing salvation to all men, instructing us to the intent that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live *soberly and righteously and godly* in this present world, looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.' This programme for Puritans, unpretentious though it be, is launched with great expectations. For it is one of the most blessed elements in the Blessed Hope that, in the hour of final recompense, God's quietest servants shall be acknowledged and even His common soldiers shall be crowned.

## In the Study.

### Virginibus Puerisque.

#### I.

#### Birthdays of Good Men and Women.

'Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people . . . and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.'—I Ch 19<sup>13</sup>.

THERE was a children's party one summer day at a beautiful house in Devonshire. If you had been there you would have seen a boy of six being held out at arm's length by a servant; he was dripping wet just like a half-drowned puppy. The beautiful house was the boy's own home, and he had been showing his companions how cleverly he could jump a stream that ran through the garden. He was born in June 1868, so more than likely this was his birthday party.

His name was Robert Falcon Scott, but at home and by his friends he was known as 'Con.' He was a venturesome little chap, very fond of fun,

and he just loved pretending things. A pond near at hand was the ocean. A battleship lay moored there, which ship was simply a plank of wood; Con was an Admiral. But the ship belonged to the enemy and was damaging trade in his country; no wonder that he walked about gazing at it with a very determined look upon his face thinking what could be done to get rid of a thing that was becoming a terror to Devonshire. His sisters and his brother kept trotting by his side, watching his face all the time; they were his crew. Con decided to blow the hateful thing up with home-made gunpowder. When, after several attempts, he succeeded, how his crew cheered.

He was a regular brick. Some one had given him a knife in a present, and he wanted very much to use it on a tempting twig that he saw. His father happened to be with him at the time. 'If you hurt yourself,' he said to Con, 'don't expect any sympathy from me.' He did cut himself,

rather badly too, but he made no complaint: he just put the bleeding hand into his pocket, and talked away to his father as if nothing had happened.

He sometimes seemed dreamy. They teased him about this at home and called him 'Old Mooney.' His dreaminess may have arisen from the fact that although he was very plucky he was not really strong. He succeeded in getting into the Navy however, although he had not the required number of inches round the chest. It was said that when he was a cadet he had a very sharp temper; but he must have conquered it. His sunny smile was what all his friends remembered best: if there were tempers they never reached the surface.

In 1894, when he was twenty-six, he had a chance of showing what was really in him. His father had lost a great deal of his money, leaving the mother with little to keep up the house. Con, now a Lieutenant, wrote a wonderfully beautiful letter to her—the letter of a good son—offering to take the whole burden of the family upon his shoulders. How do you think he began doing this? He tried to keep his bedroom tidy during his holidays as they now had fewer servants; he made up his mind to be more careful of his clothes and the way he put them on, and he decided to spend as little as possible on his uniform. But although he sometimes arrived home in frayed garments with very tarnished lace, he kept himself as neat as a pin and an example to all young naval officers.

One can imagine how he looked the morning that he met Sir Clements Markham in London and offered to go as Commander of the Antarctic Expedition then about to set out. He was full of enthusiasm, you may be sure. He did not know that those at the head of things had made up their minds to offer him the very position he was trying to secure. They considered Scott the best man for the post, either in the Navy or out of it. So, promoted to the rank of Commander of the *Majestic*, he was free to undertake the work waiting for him.

You love reading stories of adventures, don't you? Captain Scott's voyages were full of them. But greater than the interest of all these, as told in the story written by Charles Turley, is the glory of a heroism such as the world has rarely seen.

One hardly likes to think of our old friend, now Captain Scott, being faced with disappointments,

even tragedies, on every journey. Yet so it was; and when, after terrible hardships, he and his party at last reached the South Pole, it was to find that the Norwegians had been there before them. How the brave leader's heart would sink when he first got a glimpse of their black flag fluttering on the top of a cairn!

There were four men with Captain Scott when he reached the Pole. On the terrible journey back two of them sickened. But even at the risk of exhausting their provisions and being overtaken by the autumn storms, dear old Con could not but wait for them. He was the same brave, tender-hearted boy who wrote the beautiful letter to his mother. 'We have stuck to our sick companions to the last,' he wrote in his journal. They died on the way. Only two remained, and these were kept united by the heroism of their leader. They could not but worship him.

When, after a certain time, the party at the base found that Scott and his friends failed to appear, a section of them set out to look for them. They failed to find any trace of them; but a second scouting party came upon the tent in which Captain Scott and his two companions had lain down to die. Scott's arm was thrown across Wilson, the one he loved best. A wallet containing three notebooks was under his shoulder. He had written to the relatives of the two brave men, as well as to his own nearest and dearest, and to some of those specially interested in the expedition.

To the wife of his dear friend Wilson he wrote: 'I can do no more to comfort you, than to tell you that he died as he lived, a brave true man, the best of comrades, and staunchest of friends.'

To the mother of Bowers he said, 'He remains unselfish, self-reliant and splendidly hopeful to the end.'

About his own little boy he wrote, 'Guard him against indolence. Make him a strenuous man. I had to force myself into being strenuous, as you know—had always an inclination to be idle.'

*Great Heart is dead, say they?*

Nor dead nor sleeping! He lives on! His name  
Shall kindle many a heart to equal flame.

*A soul so fiery sweet can never die,  
But lives and loves and works through all eternity.*<sup>1</sup>

To read the Life of Captain Scott is to learn that he became worthy of the name of Great Heart through constant trust in God.

<sup>1</sup> J. Oxenham, *Bees in Amber*, 22.

## II.

## The Man who died for Prince Charlie.

'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'—Jn 15<sup>13</sup>.

Those of you who are learning history know the mad, sad, glorious story of the '45 Rebellion. You remember how Prince Charles Edward Stuart came over to Scotland to claim the crown for his father, James, the Old Pretender. You recall how at first his cause met with success and then with dismal failure, and how at last it was lost for ever on the bloody field of Culloden. The thing that Scotsmen like best to remember about that old, sad story is the magnificent loyalty of the Scottish Highlanders. Although the Young Pretender wandered amongst their hills and moors for six long months, although thirty thousand pounds was offered to the man or woman who should lead to his arrest (and thirty thousand pounds was untold wealth to a wretchedly poor people), not one person was found to betray him.

There are many thrilling tales still told in the Scottish Highlands of the wonderful escapes made by the Prince, and of how men and women risked their lives and their all to save him, but the finest I ever heard was told to me by an old Roman Catholic priest who lived near Inverness.

In the autumn of 1746 Prince Charlie was believed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus, and Cumberland's soldiers were searching for him. Now it so happened that near that spot there lived a man who bore a close resemblance to the Prince. In height, in colouring, in figure, in gait, he was very like him, so like that at a casual glance he might have been mistaken for him. One evening this man was crossing a lonely mountain path on his homeward way, when he was met by a band of Cumberland's soldiers. The soldiers recognized the resemblance at once. Some of them had seen Prince Charlie in the flesh, the rest had learned his description by heart, but—they were not sure. So they stopped the man and evidently in a somewhat blunt and clumsy fashion they began to question him, 'Are you Charles Edward Stuart?' they asked. In a flash the man realized the mistake and realized, too, how he might save the Prince. 'Well, what do you think?' he replied coolly. 'We think you are,' was the answer. 'Do you deny it?' Proudly the

man drew himself up, as proudly as any king might: 'I do not,' he said.

Well, the soldiers arrested the brave fellow and took him away to London. Meanwhile there was a fortnight's lull in the search for the Prince, and in that lull Charles Edward Stuart escaped to France. In London the mistake was discovered, and the man who had given himself up instead of the Prince was put to death for his loyalty to the Jacobite cause.

That is a fine story. Can you think of a finer? Can you think of Somebody who gave Himself up, not instead of a prince, but instead of the poor and the needy and the wayward? Can you think of Somebody who because He loved so much laid down His life, not just for His friends, but for those who had often hurt Him and turned away from Him. Can you think of Somebody who laid down His life for you and me?

## III.

## The Lost Coin.

'What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a lamp, and sweep the house, and seek diligently until she find it?'—Lk 15<sup>8</sup>.

Are you clever at finding things that are lost? Little people usually are, perhaps because their eyes are so sharp. If a penny or a sixpence curls away on the floor, give me a boy or girl to find it. You know all the tricks of the best way to set about it. You flop down on your knees at once and crawl under the tables and chairs. If that fails you lay your cheek against the floor so that your eye may be on a level with the ground and very likely you discover the missing coin that way. If not you turn back the rug and poke your fingers under the edge of the carpet, or you take a stick and fish about with it under any piece of furniture that has a small space between itself and the floor. And in less time than it takes to tell how you do it you produce the lost sixpence.

Sometimes it is something more valuable than a sixpence that you are called in to help to find—the glass of grandfather's spectacles, or the key of father's desk; mother's brooch, or one of her rings. Sometimes what is lost does not appear to you worth all the fuss that is being made about it, till you hear its owner say, 'It is not the actual value of the thing, it is its associations that make it precious to me.' Then you understand that what

seems to you a trifle is of priceless value to its owner, because it was the gift of some dear friend or it recalls some special occasion.

Now to-day's text makes us think of the hunt for some seeming trifle such as that. Christ was talking to the Scribes and Pharisees, those men who were always criticising Him and complaining that He was too friendly with the people whom they contemptuously called 'publicans and sinners.' Christ wanted to show those Scribes and Pharisees that the people they despised were inestimably precious to God. Christ had a special name for such people. He loved to speak of them as 'lost'—He thought of them as children of God who had wandered away in paths of their own foolish choosing till they had lost the road to the Father's house. Christ said He had come to this world for the very purpose of seeking and saving such 'lost' people. He had come to tell them that God was ever looking for them and longing for them, and would not be satisfied till He had them all safe at home. On this occasion Christ told three stories to explain how God felt about the matter—the story of the lost sheep, the story of the lost or prodigal son, and, wedged between them, to-day's text—the story of the lost coin.

We cannot tell if Christ invented this story. Quite as likely He was just recalling something that had happened in His own childhood. He may have been going back to a day when Mary, His mother, had been greatly distressed because she had lost one of the ten small silver coins which she, like other married Eastern women, wore strung as an ornament on her forehead. For those who know about such things tell us that the coin mentioned here is a Greek coin and not the usual Roman silver coin for spending which is spoken of in other parts of the New Testament. That string of dangling coins had been given to Mary by her husband on her wedding day. It was as sacred and precious to her as your mother's wedding-ring is to your mother, so no wonder she was sadly grieved when one of the coins slipped from its fastening. Perhaps Christ helped her to look for it. Perhaps He was so small at the time that He only watched with breathless interest whilst His mother turned the house upside down in search of it.

Turning the house upside down was rather a different operation in the East in Christ's day from what it is in our homes to-day. There were no

wardrobes to ransack and very few pieces of furniture to move about. But hunting for a small thing not much larger than a silver sixpence would not be easy, for there was no light in an Eastern peasant's house except the scant rays that entered by the open doorway. So first Mary lit a lamp, then she lifted and shook the straw or reed mats that were the only kind of carpet she had, and then she took a broom and carefully swept every inch of the hard-beaten clay floor. As she swept she stooped every now and then, and with lamp in hand examined closely the pile of sweepings. At last her eye caught the glitter of silver, and with a cry of joy she bent down and picked up from the heap of dust her lost treasure.

And then what a scene of rejoicing there was! Mary ran to the door and called to her neighbours the good news, and they gathered round the threshold, and turned over the recovered coin in their hands, and all talked at once, and exclaimed how glad they were that it had been found.

When Christ had got so far in the story He added the most important bit of all. He told the Scribes and Pharisees that there was as great joy among the angels in heaven when one of God's lost children was found, as there was among Mary's neighbours when she discovered her missing coin.

A Sunday school teacher was once relating this story to a class of small boys. They listened very quietly till she came to the words, 'And she swept and swept, till at last she found it.' There was silence for a moment and then one little fellow held up his hand, 'But,' he inquired anxiously, 'where *did* she find it?' He wanted to know the exact spot.

Well, as we have already said, it was most likely in a pile of dust and rubbish that the coin was found. And that is where many of God's lost children are to be found to-day. In the lanes and alleys of our great cities, amidst all their squalor and dirt and misery there are thousands of God's lost children, lost, like the coin, through no fault of their own. Would you not like to help God to find them? When you grow a little older you can do it by going down and working in the missions. But even now you can help by giving your pennies; by gathering bunches of flowers from the woods or from your gardens to send to those who live in these cheerless streets; by sparing a toy or two from your store for some little sick boy or girl.

These may seem very little things to you, but they are your share of Home Mission work, and they are not little in God's sight.

### The Christian Year.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

#### The Christian.

'Follow me. And he arose and followed him.'—Mk 2<sup>14</sup>.

What is a Christian? What in these days of ours must a genuine follower of Christ be?

1. He is the man with a strange faith. He believes that Christ is the only rightful Lord of all life, and he is in earnest with that belief. He is one who realizes that Christ has laid hold upon him for an intensity of life and experience in relation with values that transcend material values altogether. He is the man who perceives that in Christ there are manifested moral principles which, in themselves and by virtue of their embodiment, are absolute; and moral principles, moreover, whose meaning is destroyed unless taken in connexion with the social life of this world, here and now.

2. The follower of Christ is he who has been gripped by the conviction of divine humanity in every child of earth, by the certainty that the standard and meaning of human life are to be found only in persons bearing the Life of God within them, and who sees, therefore, that to manifest Christ in the world we must have and create a social system which shall look first of all to personality as its ruling conception and most important fact, and shall throughout be designed and worked to further the ends of personality, and to set free all the divine powers proper to the human individual.

3. The follower of Christ, again, is he who has been caught up into the overwhelming discovery that no earthly thing, no material thing, no merely temporal thing whatsoever, is ever at any time or for any reason, to be pursued for its own sake, to the detriment and disregard of souls, and who, therefore, will not accept a society or any social method which is motived by desire to acquire material things, or to accumulate worldly wealth, or to achieve material power, or which sets up any of these things, openly or in subtle disguise, as a worthy object of human endeavour, an incentive to human action, or, still more blasphemously,

a ground for exacting human loyalty and self-sacrifice.

4. The follower of Christ, once more, is he who has felt his soul wrapped into the vast, determining realization of fellowship, equal and free, and resting only on the soul's capacity for love, and who, therefore, perceives and bears witness to the fact that equal and free fellowship of souls necessitates equality of opportunity in relation to all the possibilities of body and mind, equality of service, equality of approach to and of sharing in the material riches of earth and the results of human toil, and who sees that mankind must organize for fellowship, and that, if they are so to organize, they must cease forthwith from the hopeless task of organizing for 'the production and acquisition of material wealth'—a task which inevitably breeds not fellowship but fear, covetousness, and disunity—and give themselves quite fearlessly to the task of organizing for the pursuit of knowledge, or beauty, or joy, or the development of the human spirit, which things alone can be pursued for their own sake without breaking of fellowship, and actually to its upbuilding.

We might add much more to this, but it is enough for the moment. The follower of Christ is, we say, at the least a man who perceives these ethical principles embodied in his Lord, who accepts them as absolute for himself and mankind, as controlling the deepest intention of his own life and the one desirable goal for humanity, and who turns them, where to-day they must be turned, towards criticism of his existing social and industrial surroundings, methods, and valuations, and towards unremitting effort to destroy those surroundings where they fail of conformity to his principles, to strengthen whatever in them shows promise of Christ, and in all things to accept in his inward heart and personal life the consequences of both the necessary destruction and the new creation.<sup>1</sup>

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

#### A Living Stone.

'To whom coming as unto a living stone.'—1 P 2<sup>4</sup>.

We have here a passage in which our Lord and Master is described under imagery which is unique—'A living stone.' This presentation of the Christ has no exact parallel anywhere else. In many

<sup>1</sup> S. A. Mellor, *Jesus Christ and Social Change*.

places we have Him before us as the Rock, as the Stone; the Rock of Ages, the Foundation Stone, the Stone on which it is good to build, with which it is death to collide. And again and again we have the Lord before us as not merely *living*, but *the Life*: 'Christ, which is our life.' But in this remarkable passage we see the two views converging into one. We have the Rock, and it is alive. We have the Life, and it is embodied in the grandeur and solidity of the Rock.

1. He is the 'living *Stone*,' Christ the Rock, Christ the mighty, the immovable, the everlasting; 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever'; the fact that can never be shaken, the supreme, the all-embracing fact. For the Lord is not merely a fact in the world of being; the world of being exists in the fact of Him. It is said of a mediæval saint, Juliana of Norwich, that she once had a vision of her Lord. There was in His hand a small round thing, 'about the size of a filbert nut,' and it was told her that that was 'all things that had been made'; it was the created Universe. The relation of the created Universe to the eternal Christ was as the relation of a small thing held in the hand to the mighty man who holds it.

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child.' I have heard dear children sing, this afternoon, those sweet words with their sweet voices, and they went through my soul. We shall never get beyond that child-truth—the 'gentle Jesus, meek and mild.' Not only the child wants Him; the old broken heart wants Him, and the old bewildered mind wants Him; and the man in the strength and fulness of life must surely know enough about himself, and about other things, to feel that he too wants divine gentleness when his soul is sore. But let us recollect that, while this is one infinitely precious side of the truth of our Master, there is this side of majesty and of might with it all, giving it all its infinite value. He is the Rock of Ages, against which the stream of immeasurable time is but a puny rivulet as it flows round Him who is the same for ever and ever. The 'perpetual mountains' are but shadows and passing clouds to this Lord eternally the same. Let us thank Him for that.

2. But then, this wonderful Lord Christ, the Rock that cannot change or shake, 'the Rock that never crumbled yet,' the Rock on which it is so good to rest and so good to build, is, we see here, wonderfully more than Rock. He is the *living Stone*, the *living Rock*. The apostle does not trouble himself to reconcile the imagery; he leaves it to faith to put it right, to take the two great truths as to the Lord Christ and accept them both

together: they will fit spiritually into each other at once. This Rock lives. This rock has a heart to love, this Rock has a mind to plan for good and blessing, this Rock has arms to embrace, and a paternal tenderness, yea, and a maternal, for 'as one whom "his mother comforteth," so will I comfort you.' This Rock has eyes to see deep into our inmost need, and ears to hear the least perceptible sigh of our troubled hearts. It is the living Rock, it is the loving Rock; it is a Rock whose stability is but a tool in the hands of its love, whose mass is but the implement of its mercy.

Very long ago I was told, by a lady in my native region, this incident of her father's life. He was a saintly Nonconformist minister, in the hilly country of the west of Dorset. A gipsy clan pitched its tents in his neighbourhood, and the good man soon went among them, seeing what he could do for his Lord. He found the son of the old chief very ill, gone far in consumption. The youth could read a little; the good pastor taught him to read better, and gave him a large print Testament; and he was permitted to lead him to the feet of Jesus. In a short time the encampment moved, going all along the south of England to Kent, and nothing passed for some while between them and their faithful friend. Then there came one day to the pastor's door a white-headed gipsy, the chief of the little camp. He asked to see the gentleman, and then produced a book. It was the Testament given to his son. 'My poor lad told me to give you this book, and to tell you to look through it. There are places marked with a burnt stick from the fire, where the words did good to his soul. I cannot read a letter. You must look and see. But there is one place, he said, where you will find *two marks*. They are against the words that did most good of all to him.' And behold, the place was He 7<sup>26</sup>: 'He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.'<sup>1</sup>

#### FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### The Freedom of the Will.

'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'—Ro 12<sup>21</sup>.

Between the two possibilities, of being overcome of evil or overcoming evil by good, the will of man decides, and the salvation of man is the outcome of the union of the human will with the Divine. This is the will of God, even your sanctification; correspondence with God's will and co-operation with His grace is man's part in that process which results in the life of glory. Since the will of man holds so responsible a place in the spiritual life, we must consider the dangers that threaten the freedom of the will.

1. Of these the first is *Habit*. A bad habit is

<sup>1</sup> H. C. G. Moule, *Christ and the Christian*.

disastrous; a good habit may be dangerous. Habit is repetition so constant that the exercise of will and the sense of responsibility are lost. A bad habit rivets the fetters till release becomes hopeless; a good habit may enervate the will by disuse, and leave reason and conscience unconsulted. To retain freedom of will it is wise to re-order the ordinary ways of life from time to time, and to vary the unimportant decisions of self-guidance. A ship of war that is kept in naval order, ready for a sudden call of duty, is not only cleared of barnacles and seaweed growth that might hinder speed; it is from time to time loosed from its moorings, that it may be made certain that at the call no entanglement will cause a fatal delay. It is wise to live in such free exercise of will as to make conscience and reason the temper of every action.

2. Again, it is necessary to watch against the weakening or paralysis of the will by *Social Influences*. When we ask, What *kind* of man is this? we are assuming that kinsmen are alike; when we ask, What *sort* of man is this? we are recognizing that a man's company forms his character, for 'sort' means group or company. A man having to make his own decisions will often act more wisely, and generally more kindly, than one who lives in a crowd and seems to share his responsibility with others. One may even make for oneself unconsciously a fictitious reputation, and one's acquaintances may attribute to one qualities good or bad which are entirely imaginary and unreal. In such a case a man may find himself committed by the fiction to courses that he would not take willingly. He may feel that he must say or do what is expected of him, and he has not the courage to disappoint a mistaken expectation. It is plain that in such a case one could not put off the old nature with its affections and lusts,—one could not become a new creature. Of Herod we read that when he heard the demand of Herodias for the head of John the Baptist, 'The king was sorry, but, nevertheless for his oath's sake and *them that sat at meat with him*, he commanded it to be given her, and he sent and beheaded John in the prison.' In choosing our friends we are in some measure selecting our future qualities of character; but we cannot resign our personal responsibility.

3. Very close to the will are the *Appetites and Desires* to which temptations make their direct appeal. And consequently we must reckon with

these also as they may affect the great decisions. It is well known that certain indulgences dethrone the will finally; but, short of that, a moral weakness or a lack of vigilance against temptation inevitably produces an uncertainty or hesitation in the vital decisions of the spirit. St. Paul writes of himself, 'I will not be brought under by any creature.' It is a necessary rule for every Christian.

The temptations that seem to have their origin in the material world about us are not limited to the direct appeals to our natural appetites. There is sometimes the awakening of bad memories, or the exciting of evil passions, or the kindling of jealousies, or the prompting of covetousness—by association of thought, and through avenues and influences which in themselves are innocent. It was noted by one of our old English divines that the eye seems most neutral of all our members, and yet it is the immediate channel of many of our worst temptations, that it carries quickest the appeal to passion. For the senses, and not only the appetites, may be used by the great intruder, and all the ways to the heart must be kept jealously.<sup>1</sup>

#### FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### The Home.

'They went unto their own home.'—I S. 2<sup>20</sup>.

What sort of home was it? When we remember that the head of it was Elkanah and that Hannah was his wife, we can imagine. There are three characteristics of a good home.

1. The first of these characteristics is *Simplicity*. Simplicity, however, does not mean meagreness, or emptiness, or lack of comfort, or even the absence of luxuries. Some good homes are luxurious, and some are bare; and bad homes may be found among both poor and rich. Simplicity is the opposite of complexity; and the home which is blessed with simplicity is an uncomplicated and single-minded home, free from divisive interests and conflicting desires, finding its happiness in common sympathies and joys. A simple home, that is to say, is simply a home; not a step to something else, not an instrument of social ambition, not a mere sleeping-place, like a kennel into which a dog creeps for the night; but a centre of affectionate self-denial and mutual for-

<sup>1</sup> J. Wakeford, *From Ash Wednesday to Easter Day*.



bearance; an end in itself, as though the main concern for a family were simply to make a home and to keep it simple. When a boy discovers that his parents find their satisfaction elsewhere than in the home—in the club of the prosperous or in the saloon of the poor—then the boy also will follow the group-instinct as it leads him to the street or the gang; in so far as he sees the home satisfying his parents, it is likely to satisfy him.

2. The second mark of a good home is *Consistency*. The parental discipline of the home is to be chiefly maintained, not by precepts, but by the consistent conduct of the parents themselves. A boy is not easily moved by exhortation, but he is affected with extraordinary ease by contagion. A boy is in many points immature and unobservant, but one trait in him is highly developed—the capacity to detect anything that looks like humbug. If he observe any considerable inconsistency between precept and example, between exhortation and character, all the well-intended efforts of his home are likely to be in vain. Nothing is more contagious than a consistent life. We hear much of the self-propagating nature of disease and sin, but these ills which are contrary to nature are by no means so easily transmitted as is the contagion of goodness. No greater mistake can be made by parents than to fancy that a boy is naturally inclined to go wrong; and no mistake is so likely to make a boy go where he is expected to go. He can be bent, crooked, or kept straight like a growing bough; and the chief reason why goodness does not appear to him more tempting than sin is that goodness is seldom made so interesting, picturesque, or heroic as sin. In the Oriental picture of the shepherd and the sheep in the Fourth Gospel, the shepherd goes before and the sheep hear his voice and follow him. That is the only way to be a shepherd of boys. They are hard cattle to drive, but easy to lead. There is nothing they like better than a consistent, single-minded,

straight-going leader, and when they hear his voice they follow him.

3. Out of the simplicity and consistency of a good home issues its third characteristic. It is that relation between children and their parents whose historical name is *Piety*. The word has not only become involved in religious implications, but also carries with it a suggestion of unreality, formalism, ostentation, or pretence. A pious person is apt to seem to a healthy-minded boy an artificial or sentimental creature. Yet *Piety*, in its Latin usage, was the name for the duty and loyalty of a child to its parents, or of a wife to her husband. Æneas, in Virgil, was called pious because he was a good son of Anchises. *Piety* toward God is, therefore, nothing else than the affection of a son translated into a religious experience. Man, as Jesus taught, is a child of God, and turns to God just as a human child turns to his father with loyalty and love. When the Prodigal Son comes to himself, he says, 'I will arise, and go to my Father.' Religion, that is to say, regards the universe as a home; and duty conceived as loyalty to God becomes *Piety*.

As the course of experience broadens with the years, and the problems and temptations of maturity confront the man who was once a boy, he looks back on these parents and this home with a *piety* which needs little expansion to become a part of his religion, and finds in that retreating reminiscence of his boyhood the most convincing picture which he can frame of the discipline and watchfulness of God. In a most profound and searching sense the prayer of Wordsworth is answered in the experiences of his life:

The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> F. G. Peabody, *The Religious Education of an American Citizen*.

## The Grammar of the Greek New Testament.

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THE publication in 1822 of Dr. G. R. Winer's *Grammatik des Neutestamentlichen Sprachidioms* marks an epoch in the study of the grammar of the Greek New Testament. 'The object proposed was to check the unbounded arbitrariness with which the language of the New Testament