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

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_expository-times\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php)

pdfs are named: [Volume]\_[Issue]\_[1<sup>st</sup> page of article].pdf

Mr. Fawkes that the English people neither desires nor would tolerate a non-Christian marriage law. Now it is true that the community has its religious side; it is true that most people desire or tolerate something religious in connexion with the great common experiences of men—birth, marriage, and death. A friendly critic once said of Mr. Crawley's books on Folk Lore, that he had taken great pains to show that the primitive savage, with his ceremonies at birth and marriage and death, was a member of the Church of England, 'which,' added the critic, 'of course he was.' The desire for some religious sanction at marriage is very general. In the far West in America, the need has sometimes been met by a judge reading the Declaration of Independence! But to assume that because the community has these religious instincts it is therefore on its religious side a Christian Church is an obvious fallacy. It may or may not be desirable to make some public provision to satisfy these religious instincts. It is manifestly undesirable to assume that you are thereby expressing Christi-

anity. And it confuses men's minds as to the nature of Christianity when a Church exists avowedly for the sake of a political community and the gratification of its simpler religious instincts, and then claims also to be representative of Christianity. The gulf between genuine Christianity and the modern State is obvious and unbridged. A Church dependent on the State and entangled in the existing social order can never be what Christ's Church ought to be in the world. If we are not yet convinced of this theoretically, we shall soon be forced to recognize it practically. Unless the Church has an independent life, she will go under. Unless she bears an independent testimony, she will get, and she will deserve, no hearing. The verdict of the Christian conscience with regard to the essential autonomy of the Church, is that of Cartwright and John Robinson rather than that of Whitgift and Hooker. The future lies with the conception of the Church which the Oxford Movement and the Pilgrim Fathers held in common.

## In the Study.

### *Virginibus Puerisque.*

#### I.

#### Birthdays of Good Men and Women.

'Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.'—Mt 18<sup>4</sup>.

LAST month I told you of a happy home which was also a very beautiful one.

But beautiful surroundings and true happiness do not always go together. Some of you must have already discovered that. People may, in fact, get nearer to each other's hearts when there is little to look at than when amidst great beauty. If you were having a holiday and driving through a part of the country in or near a mining district you might say to yourselves, 'This is an ugly place; I should not like to live in it.' You see only the outside of things; inside many of the houses there are fathers and mothers who love their boys and girls so dearly that when these grow up and go out into the world they think of their homes as being like what they hope heaven will be. I am re-

minded of one such home. There were seven boys and one girl in it, so you may be sure it was very lively. The father was a very hard-working man; he had a baker's shop; and the mother so loved him and her boys and her one girl that she was happiest of all when she was working hard to help him in his business and trying to save money so that her youngest boy, who was born in 1811, might be sent to college. She had great ambitions for Jamie, as he was called, a laddie with a bright eye, a towsy head, and a good scholar. The name of the town in which Jamie lived was Bathgate. Being within driving distance of Edinburgh his father took him there sometimes. That grand old city can give boys and girls not merely a great deal to see and talk about afterwards, but something to think about as well. Jamie loved going there, but, unfortunately, such long drives were not of very frequent occurrence. There were, however, certain places near Bathgate that attracted him. One was an old churchyard. The curious inscriptions on some of the tombstones fascinated him; he read them over and over again—rather a gloomy amuse-

ment, you think. But the gloom of it did not affect Jamie. The sight of the Pentland Hills was a tonic to him morning, noon, and night. And then he had only to look up at the sky, especially on summer evenings, to begin to dream of glorious things that were beyond his comprehension.

When Jamie was at school he used to come home for a forenoon 'piece.' When he did not find his mother in the shop he would creep softly into the house and peep into her bedroom; he knew she would be there praying, all by herself. The first time he saw her on her knees he felt afraid; he thought she must be weeping, but when he sidled up to her it was to receive a kiss that sent him away smiling.

That dear mother died when her youngest boy was nine years old. The duty of taking care of him then fell upon his sister Mary. Let me tell you how he got on.

Through the wise upbringing of his sister, and the help of other members of the family, James succeeded in getting to Edinburgh University. But it was not till he became a medical student that he began to show what his home had done for him. He was not content with merely scraping through his classes. His experience of the operating theatre made him realize what big operations meant to the people who had to bear them, for there was no chloroform used then. The thought of that was constantly in his mind. Even when he had become a doctor with a practice that meant very hard work he was constantly putting the question to himself, 'How can I help to make the suffering in this world even a little bit less?' Through his own ability and exertions he was appointed a University lecturer, and later a Professor. And how the students crowded to hear his lectures! They recognized in Dr. James Simpson a man who had thought out things for himself and was not afraid to give expression to his honest convictions.

You would like to know how he looked, would you not? When he was a wee fellow, an old woman in his native town described him as a 'bonnie bairn, wi' rosy cheek and dimpled mou'. When a Professor, visitors to Edinburgh who met him on the street would ask, 'Who is that remarkable man?' He was not tall but broad. He had bushy, dark hair, a broad forehead, a firm mouth, and bright eyes. His eyes were more than merely bright; they revealed the tenderness of his heart. That tenderness came out in his treatment of sick little children.

If they came to his house sobbing because they were to be examined by the great doctor, they loved him whenever he spoke. An old patient of his could tell how the Professor watched her boy amusing himself playing cards, and how with seeming enjoyment he sat down to play a game with him; and as later he hurried downstairs to leave, he gave a few directions to the mother, for all the time he had been intent on the game he had been watching his small patient.

The time came, however, when not merely little children loved him. The great world blessed him. Although Dr. James Simpson did not discover chloroform he found out that it could be used safely at all sorts of operations. He considered no trouble too great if it helped to make him certain of its efficacy, and he found other two doctors—friends of his own—who were willing to join in experiments that really meant risking their lives. One evening they each took a sniff, and in a moment or two the three of them were under the table unconscious. It was a great day in the doctor's house when he was able to tell of his first successful operation under chloroform. No wonder. Think what it must have meant for patients to have to bear the pain inflicted by the surgeon's knife, and not only that, but in many cases the agony of seeing him use it. Nervous people sometimes died from sheer terror. Professor Simpson had his mind set on putting an end to the tragedies that went on day after day in the infirmaries, and in people's homes, and because of what he achieved his name will go down to posterity as one who brought a great blessing to suffering men and women, as well as little children.

He was created a Baronet, but the honour brought sorrow in its train. Within a few weeks he lost a beloved son and daughter. That made him sad, but it did not take away his gentleness. Even when overwork had brought on an illness from which he never recovered, no amount of suffering dulled his interest in his one little girl and her lessons. She tells how she used to learn them in his sick-room, and how she could recall that while he did not speak much, in a very few words he expressed something that meant a world of interest and love.

Lying in wait for the end, it was as if he became a little child once more. He had simple stories read to him, and hymns such as you boys and girls love. 'In Emmanuel's Land' was one of his

favourite hymns. In thought he was often back in the old home at Bathgate. 'Sandy, Sandy,' he murmured to his oldest brother, who sat tending him on the last night of his life. Sandy had been a good friend to him all his life. He was buried at Edinburgh in Warriston Cemetery. Above his grave is the tombstone he had erected when sorrow first entered his Edinburgh home. On it is carved a butterfly, and underneath that, 'Nevertheless I live'; for Sir James Simpson believed that the Lord Jesus Christ had abolished death. Speaking shortly before his death to his nephew, his brother Sandy's youngest boy, he said, 'I have unshaken confidence in Jesus only.'

'What do you consider was the greatest discovery you ever made?' an interviewer once asked him. 'That I have a Saviour,' was his answer.

The great man was as a little child.

## II.

### Wandering Stars.

'Wandering stars.'—Jude<sup>13</sup>.

If you have been out on a dark night, especially about the month of November, you may have seen what looked rather like a rocket, or a series of rockets, falling from the sky. There was a flash and a long stream of light behind it, and almost before you could say, 'Look!' it had vanished into darkness again.

People usually call these flashes in the darkness 'falling stars,' but they are not really stars at all. That name was given to them at a time when their origin and history was unknown. The earth in its journey through space meets small portions of matter. Now you know that the earth has a tremendous *pulling* power. That is the reason why, if you jump down off a high wall, you don't fly up into the air. And so when our world in its journey round the sun comes into the neighbourhood of any of these small portions of matter it pulls them towards itself. Before they meet the earth they are quite cold and invisible, but when they first enter the atmosphere which surrounds the earth they travel at the rate of from ten to forty-five miles in a second, and the speed at which they travel makes them extremely hot and brilliant.

By far the greater number of these meteors are turned into gas before they reach the surface of the globe, but a very few are broken up and descend

in the form of meteoric stones or 'meteorites,' as they are called. If you visit a good museum you may see some of these meteorites. They look like a bit of rock with a sort of crust over the top. They are usually black in colour and are largely composed of iron. Most of them are covered with little indentations which look rather like thumb-marks. The largest meteorite ever found was discovered in Mexico. It was about thirteen feet long, six feet broad, and five feet thick, and it weighed about fifty tons. Another very large one was brought from Greenland by Peary in 1894. It weighed thirty-six and a half tons, but must have been larger originally, as the Eskimo had chipped away fragments to make weapons. You must not think, however, that meteorites are all large and heavy. The majority are quite tiny; many do not weigh an ounce, and I dare say there are thousands upon thousands so tiny that they have never been found at all.

Now perhaps you will wonder where these meteors come from. How did they happen to get into space, and how did they manage to get in our way? Well, you have all heard of comets, and you know that comets are heavenly bodies, very hot and bright, which wander through the heavens. Some of these comets go round the sun just as we do, others go round it once and then seem to disappear for ever. Now when a comet is near the sun it has a tail which looks very much like fiery hair streaming out from it. This tail is formed by the sun's pushing off from the comet some of the lighter matter of which it is composed. Sometimes the tail breaks off altogether, and the matter of which it is composed cools down and becomes solid. These solid bodies get left behind, but they still follow the path where the comet has been. Some day the earth crosses that path and comes in contact with these bodies, and so we have a fall of meteors.

Now, boys and girls, God sent you into this world to shine, but He meant you to be something better than a meteor. Don't be one of the people who are too brilliant to do steady work and whose light is certain to go out. Don't be one of those who are fair and pleasant on the outside, but who can't be relied upon. Do your duty faithfully and thoroughly. Never mind how slow you are, or how humble. Shine with your own little steady light. Be a fixed star, sure and steadfast. Someone will be the brighter for your shining.

## III.

## Love's Gift.

'She hath done what she could.'—Mk 14<sup>6</sup>.

To-day I am not going to give you a text, but I am going to tell you three stories, and after you have heard them I am going to ask you to find the text yourselves.

The first is a story that happened a year or two ago. It happened at Charing Cross Station in London.

One cold spring day a train of wounded was arriving from France, and a crowd gathered to watch the soldiers being helped to the ambulances. In one ambulance four badly wounded men were tenderly laid. They were covered with warm wraps, and someone in the crowd placed on the top of these a few golden daffodils. A little ragged, barefoot newsboy, who had wormed his way to the front of the crowd, as little boys usually do, ran forward as the ambulance moved off, and beside the flowers threw four copies of his evening paper. Then he dived hastily into the mass of onlookers and disappeared from view. But not a few people in that crowd said to themselves our text.

The second story happened centuries ago. In fact, it comes to us from what people call the Middle Ages.

In those days there lived in France a certain poor juggler who went from town to town, from village to village, and earned his living by doing various tricks. He would spread on the ground a piece of carpet to represent a platform, then he would make a little speech, and then he would do marvellous balancing feats with a tin plate, some knives, and six copper balls.

Now it chanced one day that the poor juggler fell in with a worthy monk, and the monk told the juggler about Jesus Christ and how he and his brother monks lived only to praise and serve Him. As the juggler listened he felt that he also would fain serve the Christ, so he went with the monk to the monastery, donned a friar's robe and hood, and became a brother. They gave him the name of Brother Amicus, which just means 'friend.'

Now, as time passed, one thing greatly grieved Brother Amicus. It was this—all the brothers were able to do something to the praise and glory of God. One could write beautiful thoughts, another could paint exquisite letters on vellum, a

third could sing like an angel, and a fourth could carve lovely white images of Christ. All could do something—all except Brother Amicus.

Then one day he heard our text, and an idea came to him, and as he thought of it his face, which had been sad, shone with happiness. Day after day it glowed, till the other monks could not help but notice it. They noticed, too, that he spent much of his time in the chapel of the monastery. At last they set themselves to watch, and what do you think they saw? This: Brother Amicus with his juggler's dress and his old piece of carpet, and his plate and knives and balls juggling more wonderfully than he had ever juggled to man, in front of the great white statue of Christ. The balls tossed and the knives flashed, and Amicus bent and twisted himself till beads of perspiration stood out on his brow.

The watching monks were horror-stricken, and would have rushed forward to stop such an exhibition in the holy place, but the story tells that just as they were going to do so the figure of Christ stooped forward and gently wiped the perspiration from the juggler's brow. Christ had seen only the yearning love in the heart of His humble servant.

The third story is a story that happened nineteen hundred years ago.

The people of a certain little Eastern village had made a feast in honour of a great Physician who was passing through their village. They had made the feast to show their gratitude to the great Healer for the many wonderful things He had done in their midst. He had come to their village many times, and every time He had come He had given them cause to bless Him. But this feast was to celebrate a specially wonderful deed of His. Shortly before this, one of the chief men of the village, an intimate friend of the Physician, had fallen ill. They had sent urgent messages to the Healer that His friend was at death's door, but ere He had arrived the sick man was dead. He was even buried. Then the Physician had worked a miracle more miraculous than any He had worked before. He had gone to the grave of the dead man, and at His call the dead man had come forth from the tomb restored to life and health. No wonder that the village wanted to honour such a Healer!

The feast was held in the house of another patient of the great Physician—one Simon, whom

He had cured of leprosy. Everybody was vying with everybody else to show the Miracle-Worker how grateful they were for His kindness. It was a splendid feast. The man who had been brought back from the dead was there. So was his elder sister. She was helping to serve at table. But his younger sister did not come into the room till the middle of the meal, and when she came in she did what we in this country would consider a very strange thing. She walked over to the couch on which the great Physician reclined (for in these days they did not sit up at table as we do), and taking from the folds of her dress a beautiful flask of costly perfume, she broke it and poured the perfume on the head and feet of Him who had given her back her brother. And so sweet was the perfume that the whole house was filled with the odour.

Now anointing with perfume was supposed to be a very special way of showing homage and honour in the East, but so costly was this perfume that some of the guests shook their heads and said to each other, 'What a waste! Just think what a lot of money that flask would have brought had it been sold! Why, it would have bought a dinner for hundreds of poor people!'

But the great Physician Himself did not say 'What a waste!' He saw the love that lay behind the gift. He saw that the woman wished to give Him the best she had to offer. So when the people murmured He rebuked them and said—the words of our text.

For this third story is a Bible story, dear children, and you will find it told in three of the books of the New Testament—Matthew, Mark, and John. These all tell the same story, but each gives us a little bit of information that the others leave out. It is Mark only who gives us the sentence that fits our other two stories of to-day.

Do you think you can find that sentence? It consists of six words. Two of them are three letters long, three are four letters long, and the longest has only five letters. I think almost the tiniest child here could read that sentence.

Look for it, boys and girls, and when you have found it think over it well and say to yourselves, 'I should like Jesus to say that of me.' I, too, should like Him to say it of each of you. But remember that you don't need to do any very brilliant or any very wonderful thing to win that reward. You merely need to do—but there!—I was almost giving away the text!

## The Christian Year.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

### Collective Selfishness.

'Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.'—Ex 23<sup>2</sup>.

It has been said that collective selfishness is only individual selfishness writ large. It is this; but it is also worse than this. One knows from experience that men who are unselfish in private life, and who as individuals are ready to sacrifice themselves freely to their country or to some great cause, are apt to become selfish when they herd together and begin to work for common ends.

1. For this there are two reasons. The first is that the sense of comradeship, of mutual obligation, of working with others for a common end, blinds a man to the fact that if that end is a selfish one he is really working for his own interests. In the late war individual citizens vied with one another in patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice; but when they came together in communities of various kinds—political parties, trade unions, federations of employers, joint-stock companies, and the like—they were apt to think more of the welfare of their respective communities than of the safety of their country, even in the supreme crisis of her life. Could anything, for example, be stronger than the contrast between the heroism and self-devotion of the miners who fought—in their hundreds of thousands—for their country and the reckless selfishness of the sectional strikes of miners which again and again restricted the output of coal when the Nation's need of it, both for itself and for its Allies, was most urgent? So far, indeed, are men from realizing the essential immorality of collective selfishness, that they accept it as inevitable if they do not actually count it a virtue. The economic aspect of social problems is apt to overshadow the ethical; and men who would appeal to high motives if they were addressing themselves to individuals will come down to an altogether lower level when they are dealing with communities or classes. 'The most disquieting feature,' says a writer in the *Spectator*, 'in what is loosely called the democratic advent is that no one, I care not who, ever speaks to the working classes (as such) in the name of honour or duty or unselfishness, or appeals to anything but self-interest.'

2. The second reason why men are apt to be more selfish collectively than individually is that the selfishness of a community tends to react

upon the characters of its members and infect them with its own poison. In pre-war Germany, for example, the State, which was on principle self-centred, aggressive, rapacious, and indifferent to the claims of Humanity, infected the citizens with its own selfishness and went far towards materializing their aims and demoralizing their lives. And it was Germany, the most selfish of all nations, which set the world on fire. Let her fate be our warning. If peace is to prevail on earth, each nation in turn must aim, not only at aggrandizing itself and enriching its people, but also and above all at playing a worthy part in the Human Commonwealth, both by working for the establishment of international law and order, and by training its people for citizenship in the greatest of all earthly communities.<sup>1</sup>

#### SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### The Offices.

‘Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession.’—He 3<sup>1</sup>.

This is Christ. What does the name ‘Christ’ mean? We call Him Christ, and so express our belief that He is the Messiah expected by the Jews and fulfilling all that the Name indicated. There can be no doubt of this. The author of *Ecce Homo* writes: ‘That Christ did Himself claim Messiahship cannot reasonably be doubted. His death is explicable on no other supposition. On this point assuredly His enemies and followers were agreed.’ And that the Messiah was to be Prophet, Priest, and King is also clear. Now Christ accepted that threefold Ministry and so justified His Name.

1. He came amongst men as Prophet. Centuries before His advent it had been promised that God would raise up ‘a prophet like unto Moses,’ and this prophet was expected when He came. After the miraculous feeding of the five thousand the people said, ‘This really must be the prophet who should come into the world’ (Jn 6<sup>14</sup>). And again when He entered Jerusalem for the last time the crowds that filled the streets answered the questioners who asked, ‘Who is this?’ with the words, ‘This is the Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth of Galilee’ (Mt 21<sup>11</sup>). And in fulfilling this office He not only predicted future events such as St. Peter’s fall, the destruction of Jerusalem, the success of His own Kingdom, of which there

<sup>1</sup> E. Holmes, *The Cosmic Commonwealth*.

was no sign when He first laid bare its secrets; but He also helped men to realize the Father’s love, the deep interest He had in the smallest of His creatures—not one of the sparrows perished without His knowledge—as well as in the great laws on which that Kingdom was based. He also explained its perils as well as its rewards and joys. In endless stories that attracted His hearers He made clear to all who desired to learn, the influence and expansion, the inclusiveness as well as the exclusiveness of the Realm He was bringing in. So He was the greatest of Prophets. Now it is this character that men understand best and appreciate most readily. It is as Prophet and Teacher that Jesus is most widely known.

2. But the Messiah was also to be Priest. This office is more difficult to understand. It embraces characteristics which are not felt to be so necessary. The word Priest has a disagreeable sound. It suggests mysterious, hidden, unintelligible processes with practices connected with superstitious rites. It has been discredited amongst Christian as well as Pagan peoples. The plain man dislikes it. And yet it expresses a truth which an unprejudiced and careful scholar, Dr. Milligan, describes as Christ’s distinguishing characteristic. ‘We may often think of the exalted Redeemer as Prophet and King. We have mainly to think of Him as Priest, as well as Prophet.’ The fact that it was to be a Priesthood after the order of Melchizedek makes no difference as to the reality. That order did not annul its essential characteristics. Whether of Levi or of Melchizedek a Priest was a Priest in all that belonged to Priesthood. This the Epistle to the Hebrews makes plain.

If it be asked when He became Priest, it seems clear that as Eternal Son He became Priest when He became Man, and that His Priesthood was acclaimed as His Baptism when the voice from heaven was heard saying, ‘Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.’ For that word was heard after that He had as Priest made confession of the world’s sin in the waters of Jordan, such confession being a sacerdotal act. It is a mistake to confine our Lord’s priestly work to that on the Cross and the perpetual Intercession that followed after. The confession of the sins of others and their absolution were the acts of a Priest. And not once but often, as in the Lord’s Prayer, He made mention of men’s sins before His Father, and not once but often He absolved

sinner as the Son of Man—*i.e.* as the Head of Humanity. Absolution was a bold act and one that excited much indignation, seeming to be blasphemy to those who did not know His relation to God and Man. And it can be explained only on the ground that He knew Himself to be a Priest of the Most High God, though not after the Order of Aaron. So too His many acts of blessing the children, the bread and fish, and specially the bread and wine, gave a sacerdotal expression to His life which must have surprised many who looked upon Him only as a great Teacher. And these priestly actions were all summed up in the great sacrificial act on the Cross when He offered up Himself as a 'full, perfect, sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world,' and at His Ascension took this offering into the Holiest of Holies, where it is for ever pleaded before the Throne of the Father. The more closely our Lord's life is looked at in the light of the New Testament, especially that which falls upon it from the writings of St. John and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the more clearly does it appear that priesthood is its distinguishing characteristic.

3. And His Kingship flows out of it. 'In the order of thought our Lord is Priest in Heaven before He is Prophet or King. His prophetic and kingly offices are but the further issues of what He accomplishes as Priest.' And what is His Sovereignty? 'Royalty with the Jews was not simply an elevation in rank, dignity, and splendour,' writes Dr. Milligan. 'It was power—power to protect friends and overthrow enemies.' This was abundantly manifested in the life of Christ. The storm threatened to engulf His disciples, but He spake the word and there was a great calm. The demoniacs were a terror to the neighbourhood of Gadara, and He cast them forth. The Jewish soldiery that arrested Him would have laid hands on His followers, but He forbade them. Multitudes were faint with hunger, and He miraculously fed them. Again and again the expression of His Majesty was sufficient to silence and cow His adversaries. But His sovereignty differed from that of the world in its selfishness. Never was it exercised for its own prestige or dignity, never to excite worship or even recognition: He disclaimed all that. Nay, further, He distinguished between His own

sovereignty and that of the world (Lk 22<sup>25</sup>). The kings of the Gentiles exercised authority and their rulers took the name of Benefactor, but it was not to be so with Christ's Divine Sovereignty. That meant work for others, the work of bearing testimony to the truth. That was the Kingship He claimed (see Jn 18<sup>37</sup>). He had immense resources, legions of angels were ever at His command, but only for the benefit of others were they ever used in the countless healings and miracles of which He was the Author. And when He was last seen He claimed power over all things in heaven and earth, but again not for His personal aggrandisement, but only with a view to strengthening their faith in His ability to help them at all times even to the end of the world.

Such in barest outline was the Christ, a Prophet speaking as never man spake, a Priest fulfilling sacerdotal functions that were never so fulfilled before, and a King dispensing royal favours and powers as no monarch could do.<sup>1</sup>

#### SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### The Power of the Cross.

'It is the power of God unto salvation.'—Ro 1<sup>16</sup>.

If a man comes to the cross with no theological views at all, the story of that suffering gift of life for man speaks with immediate and powerful authenticity. It renews a man's belief in love. It creates a new conception of the length to which selfless devotion will go. It reaches for the best there is in a man, and by a noble contagion calls to his own capacity for devotion to a cause, to a friend, to righteousness in the world. There is creative energy in the very story. The sun shines through it upon a new and more noble world. A world where anybody could think of such a story is a new sort of world in which to live.

1. If a man believes that God Himself in His own Son suffered upon the cross, a new wealth of meaning emerges. He never knew God before. Now he has seen God in action. Now he has seen God in the torturing pain of a great sacrifice. Now he has seen how much God loves the men whom He has made. And the whole world is full of God as he turns from the cross where God's own Son has died to the world in which

<sup>1</sup> G. H. S. Walpole, *Prophets and Priests*.



he must live. Everything has a new sort of foundation. With this sort of God a man can think different thoughts. With this sort of God a man can speak different words. With this sort of God a man can do different deeds. God Himself takes an absolutely new place in the strategies of human life after He has been seen in the cross.

2. If a man believes that the cross speaks a message about God's character as well as a message about God's love, other meanings stand forth, for now Calvary tells the story of how much God hates sin as well as the story of how much God loves the man who has sinned. And so it comes to pass that the conscience is made all over again in the fires of that great sacrifice. The cross becomes a standard as well as an inspiration. Eyes which have seen the cross cannot see other things. And that one deed makes some other deeds impossible for those who understand its message to the conscience of man. The test of the cross becomes the basis of a new ethic. And the achievement of the cross becomes the conserver of the moral life of a man as well as the creator of a new and deeper morality.

3. If a man believes that God Himself in the hour when He bent His life to the passionate pain of the cross wrought in such deep and masterful ethical and spiritual fashion that some things became possible for him which were not possible before, the cross becomes a basis for such a venture of a deed of trust as rests all a man's past and present and future upon the Saviour who wrought that great achievement. And the peace which passeth all understanding flows into the life of the man who makes the great commitment and takes the great adventure. The doors are opened Godward in a completely new fashion, and fellowship with God comes to have a new meaning in the soul of man.

4. If one believes that Calvary sets forth a principle as well as is the embodiment of an achievement, then he is gladly committed to the perpetuation of the spirit of the cross in the world. And the way of sacrifice is glorified with the light which falls from Calvary as men walk through the world, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, but giving with boundless generosity of their personal powers for the service of men. And when the great and terrible demand for the surrender of life itself comes, as it came to many

in the Great War, there comes with the demand a knowledge that everything is different because of the Great Volunteer who gave Himself so long ago.

5. If a man believes in the standard of human values set by such a divine sacrifice as that expressed on the cross, he finds himself standing before wide-open doors which look out upon a larger and fuller life than this world knows. Only immortal spirits would be worth such a sacrifice. Only immortal spirits could justify such suffering pain. The cross as the deed of the Son of God lifts man out of time and takes him into eternity.

So it comes to pass that, whatever a man's beliefs, the cross has a message for him. And as he follows the way it points out to him, it speaks a fuller and fuller message, until at last the vistas widen and he sees that only immortality can realize the implications of the cross. 'By this sign conquer!'<sup>1</sup>

#### EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

##### The Presence.

'The dayspring from on high hath visited us.'—Lk 1<sup>78</sup>.

What does this presence of a personal God do for us?

1. In the first place, companionship is always available, and that the companionship of Him who alone can always get right alongside of us, because He can read our thoughts from within. All hitches, uncertainties, and difficulties are thus provided for in advance: He who gives the work is always beside the worker. The servant of God is thus like Solomon's servants, whom the Queen of Sheba congratulated. 'Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which *stand continually before thee, and that hear thy voice.*'<sup>2</sup> Contrast the farm-slaves on the vast estates of some Roman noble in Augustus' reign. They were only a superior form of cattle, unknown (except perhaps in the form of a rough estimate of how many he had) to the far-away master of whom, very likely, they knew only the name. Yet there are modern would-be substitutes for Christianity which, prompted by doubt of a Personal God, are obliged to reduce men again to that state—as when they bid a man work and suffer for, say, the good of 'humanity' or the prosperity of a future age. How much better the terms of service for those whose Master not only says, 'I

<sup>1</sup> L. H. Hough, *The Eyes of Faith*.

<sup>2</sup> 1 K 10<sup>6</sup>.

have called you *friends*,<sup>1</sup> but is also always by His servants' side.

2. Secondly, companionship leads to assistance. There is in St. Mark 6, in the story of the storm on the lake which followed the Feeding of the Five Thousand, a good illustration of the helpful Presence of Christ in His servants' difficulties, with also a hint of how we may so easily miss His help. He was alone on the mountain praying: they were, according to St. Mark, 'in the midst of the sea,' according to St. John, 'twenty-five or thirty furlongs from land.' It was very late in the evening: and there is next to no twilight in those lands. Yet, we are told, His eye was on them: not on the boat—a speck, at best, in the gloom—but on them. 'When He saw them *tortured* in their rowing' is the force of Greek: His sympathy put Him, in effect, by their side. But it was not till 'about the fourth watch' that He actually approached them, 'walking on the sea.' Why the delay? Was He waiting for them to think of *Him*, and even wish, if they had not the faith to pray, for His presence? The next words suggest as much: 'He was prepared to go right past them'—not, surely, in callousness, when He had already gone so far to save them, but because *even still* they were trying to save themselves and forgetting Him. Then, when they did see Him, their first emotion was fear, and they jumped to the conclusion that He must be a ghost. But at least He had now caught their attention, and so was able

to put Himself in touch: to 'speak with them, and say to them, Cheer up, it is I. Don't be frightened.' Then, says St. John's version, 'they *became willing* to receive Him into the ship, and *immediately* the ship was at the land whither they went.' But the help might have been theirs as soon as the difficulties began. Is that perhaps a picture of how we also try to 'worry through' by ourselves, without calling in the help of His Presence? And yet there He is still, looking out into our present stormy night of the world, and seeing in the midst of the trouble and despair not merely a Church, a community, a cause, a household, but your individual life and mine—even to the expression on our faces, and the secret torture, perhaps, in our hearts. And, seeing, His one desire is to help—if we will allow Him. All that is part of what comes from serving 'before the face' of One whose back is never turned upon us.

3. And, thirdly, His Presence spells incentive. Not the incentive (save where our slackness needs it) applied by the master's eye fixed upon the schoolboy dawdling over his work, but the spur which the presence of one we love and look up to gives; supplying us at once with a motive for putting out our best efforts and also with a pleasant exhilaration which takes us straight to 'the top of our form.' How much is added to the possibility of making our service perfect by all that flows from this condition of service 'before His face'!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> E. A. Burroughs, *The Way of Peace*.

## Fellowship in Relation to Christian Service.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE REVEREND H. J. WOTHERSPOON, D.D., EDINBURGH.

ONE finds that many are speaking just now of fellowship, but that no one defines it. Mr. Clutton-Brock has told us that the Kingdom of Heaven implies a doctrine of fellowship 'which we have enjoyed with our emotions, but have never grasped with our intelligence.' And that is probably true. Most who speak of fellowship seem to have in mind social intercourse and what one has called 'little evenings.' Now social intercourse is an excellent thing, and little evenings may be pleasant; but neither can be thought precisely or adequately to satisfy what Mr. Clutton-

Brock refers to as a doctrine implied by the Kingdom of Heaven. Or, we have references to 'the comradeship of the trenches' and a desire for its continuance here at home in the form of 'fellowship'; and one feels that there we are nearer to a doctrine of the Kingdom—for in the trenches men were united in a cause, and had all things in common, bore one another's burdens, and even laid down life for one another; yet we have hardly in seeing this grasped the doctrine with our intelligence; we have only an illustration, casting light, certainly, on what we appreciate with our emotions; but we are no nearer to a defini-

<sup>1</sup> An address delivered at Aberdeen, September 19, 1919.