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method, and illustrated the advantages of his own new departure by writing commentaries on Romans and Galatians which—so Holl writes deliberately—have never been surpassed. In his superiority to older methods he far excelled Erasmus. Again, his new principle *scriptura sacra sui ipsius interpres* made an epoch. He was the first to bring out the different values of the different New Testament writings. Though his results came largely by the intuitions of genius, he had an amazing gift for understanding language, and his use of visual imagination marked an important advance in the technique of historical research.

Holl rightly demurs to Troeltsch's well-known view that Luther in some essential points belongs to the Middle Ages, and that the properly modern period commences with the enlightenment of the eighteenth century. He makes it quite clear that Luther's view of religion as a thing of conscience broke with Mediævalism at a vital spot. Nor

can he accept Troeltsch's distinction of 'church' and 'sect.' In fact, he indicates that prior assumptions rather than facts have shaped certain conclusions which Troeltsch's great authority is tending to make orthodox for many. Grisar and Denifle's anti-Protestant polemic is dealt with in a just but faithful spirit. It is odd that Denifle should cite as patristic a passage from a work now known to be a forgery of Erasmus.

Throughout his book Holl is speaking of Luther at his best and loftiest. He does not raise the question how far the Reformer may at times have lapsed beneath the height of his own principles. That topic he legitimately puts aside for the moment. Here, he virtually says, is Luther's contribution, his original and novel expression of the great Christian convictions. He has given us work of the first quality, which future travellers in the wide world of Luther's mind will neglect at their own risk.

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In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

What are you Writing?

'My name shall be there.'—I K 8²⁹.

ISN'T it queer how fond we are of writing our names upon things! You aren't back in school a week before you have scribbled all over your new books 'John Smith, 25 Union Street,' or whatever it is. Folk from the cities take a day in the country, and nearly always leave the date and their names and addresses on some bridge or some barn door. And the odd thing is that people seem always to have done that. There are old, old cities that were buried by earthquakes or by some sandstorm from the deserts; and now that they have been unearthed again, everywhere about the streets wise men have found names and little jests of people who were dead long before Christ was born. Always people have liked to write their names upon things, to show that they were there.

And perhaps what this verse means is that even God does that. Those people had built a splendid huge new church, and what they prayed for was

that at the very first service in it God would come and be among them, and to show that He was there, would write His name upon the wall; so that whenever they came to worship they might look up and see it, and remember. God was once here: look! there is His name upon the wall, written by His own hand. And perhaps He may come again to-day.

For that's why people come to church. It's to see God. I wonder what you do during the prayers and the big folk's sermons. I doubt you aren't listening much, are you? Not you! But your two swinging legs are two horses galloping, galloping, galloping far away! or the pew isn't a pew, it's an aeroplane, and you are flying over wonderful lands, until at last the minister gets finished. But while you are doing that, father and mother are listening, and looking and watching. For God may come. Look! there's His name upon the wall to prove He has been here before, and who knows but He may come again to-day. And perhaps if you listened and watched you might see Him too. And always afterwards you would remember; and always when you went

into that church you would see upon the wall, God, and the day and year. It is worth trying, isn't it?

But we all want to write our name on something. Many of us don't like to be quite forgotten, and try to write our name upon the roll of fame. But most of us won't make much of that. Do you remember how when David Copperfield went back to visit the school where he had been as a little fellow, he tried to find the names of those who had been big boys in his time? But not a trace of them could he see; and yet he knew it was just here, on this wall, at this corner of it, that they always used to write them. Yet though he searched and searched, they weren't there. Till 'coorying' down, he found them at last very near the ground. The big boys hadn't been so very big—were quite small fellows, really. And so anything we will do won't make us be remembered very long. We are too small to reach up and write our names where every one will always see them.

And yet we are all writing something, with our names and dates—something that will never rub out, will be always there to help or to dishearten other people.

There was a man once who had to live for years and years in a horrible dungeon underground, where very little light trickled in from a wee high window. His prison was a great big place, and had been used for hundreds and hundreds of years. Dozens, scores, thousands of prisoners had had to live there before him; and every one of them, to pass the time, had scratched their names and dates upon the walls. They had been dead, the most of them, for centuries; were then forgotten, almost all of them. All they had done, and thought, and said, had been lost, except that there in the dungeon they had written something on the walls, and that remained. And this poor soul, so lonely and weary of it all, used to go round and read what they had left upon the walls; and sometimes he was cheered, and sometimes he was driven desperate by it. There was a man dead three hundred years, forgotten as though he had never been, yet here was his name and his date, and a brave little jest he scribbled one day there in the semi-darkness, all alone; and when the prisoner saw that he felt it easier to hold out. 'Here was a man where I am now, as sick of it, as eager for the beautiful earth and a real life as I am to-day. Yet standing here he didn't lose heart; and no

more will I. I would be ashamed to be a coward where he played the man.'

There was another, dead now long ago, and he had written a little prayer. And hundreds of years after this other, with the rats running about his feet, and his heart sick and sore, felt comforted. 'God was here once beside this man; will be again with me; is here now though I cannot see Him.' There was another who had written a curse, and with that the man shivered, and the place grew lonelier and darker. Here a man lost hope and heart, and with that he, too, all but despaired. They were all dead, and all they did forgotten. But every one had written something on the wall, and that remained, and helped or made things harder for those coming after. What are you writing on the wall? For, be sure you are writing something, making it harder or easier for the boys with you at school, and your younger brothers and sisters to go straight, and to be clean and true and honest. There was once a little laddie who lived in a small country town, and surely if we searched there very closely we would find what He wrote up—His name and date, and just one other little sentence, 'Jesus Christ, He went about doing good.' That's what He did with His life. What are you doing with yours? But, you say, 'What could I do?' Jesus was Jesus; but I'm so small, so unimportant, nobody minds me. I'm just wee me, sent off to bed always in trouble, with my days at school and my evenings filled with lessons. What could I do?'

But Jesus, too, was just a little lad like you. He had to go to school, and some fellows would call in for Him on a morning, and off they would go; and they would pick Him on their side at games, because He always did His very best for the side, and yet wasn't a bit bad-tempered if the other lot were winning; was sunny and happy, and made things go. Some didn't like Him over much. But some were always at the house, and Mary would ask them down on an evening because they were her laddie's chums. He was just a boy like you. And what could He do, a wee man like Him. He would be thoughtful and unselfish. He would help mother and run the messages, and not sulk over it though He had to come in from a game, but He would do it cheerily. He would give Joseph a hand in the workshop; and when the little ones got tired and quarrelsome He would gather them together and tell them wonderful

stories. He would let them choose the game, and not make them take His way, although He was the oldest. Just little things like that. But the Lord God looking down said no one ever lived a life as splendidly as that wee carpenter laddie—no one. And yet you, too, could do things like that.

You're writing something on the wall. What is it?

Real or Sham.

'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.'—2 Co 5¹⁷.

There was once a man who wanted to buy a canary. And because he lived in London, he found his way to a queer kind of shop down near the docks of that great city, where all manner of birds and beasts and crawling things are to be bought, and got his canary. I don't think he knew very much about them. Because every one who does knows that the slenderer one is, the better bird it is; the very finest can slip through a quite small ring. But this man bought a nice round fluffy chubby one, and went his way quite pleased! He was a little disappointed that the first day it didn't sing; and the next day it was still silent, though the shopman had told him it was a lovely singer. And then the third day a wonderful thing happened; for the bird took a bath. It went in, a canary; it came out—a sparrow, with the yellow paint washed off. And the man was very angry and wrote to the papers, and that's how I heard of it.

Well, there are lots of boys and girls like that. They look like canaries, and they are said to be canaries, yet really they are not; are just pure frauds, and all the yellow paint comes off quite easily. How old are you? for example. Looking at you, I would say nine, ten perhaps, even twelve. You're getting nearly grown up! Sit up quite late now, and look proud and haughty when the little ones are sent to bed. For you are no longer a child; you have another quarter of an hour, are not like them at all! And when mother has visitors you can sit in the drawing-room and manage your teacup, and not send the cake flying from the saucer to the carpet, which is more than father ever does, except when he saves the cake and spills the tea for a change. Yes, you are getting quite grown up; I would say about twelve. 'It's a fine canary,' said the man, showing it to his friends, as it hopped to and fro; and, really, it looked like it,

till it took the bath. And you wait till you're out playing with the others, and just at the most exciting time mother comes and calls for you to run a message. And, whatever's this? You have to go of course, but you come in as slowly as you can, and you drag your feet, and you pout, and you tell yourself it's a great shame that Sarah Jane is allowed to stay out till ten past seven, and you have to come in at five past seven. Why, where's the great big girl of twelve gone now? I declare I was quite taken in. I thought it was a real canary, and it was only a sparrow—and the yellow paint's come off—only a wee sulky petted cry-baby, and not a grown-up girl at all.

To what nation do you belong? Why! I'm a Briton, you say. Well, so I thought. You look like a British boy, and your cap is like a British boy's cap, not like the queer things French and German fellows wear, that would drive one of our boys silly with shame and rage and disgust in a day. And you speak like a British boy. I would have said, to listen to you, that you came—you from London, you from Hawick, and you from Aberdeen. Yes, I would have sworn you are a British boy. And yet, even on the very verge of that water vessel that bird looked so certainly a canary; but it wasn't. And when you're playing football, and some one trips you up, or hacks you a bit hard, what's happened? Where's that British boy gone now! For here there is only a little savage, all flurry and rage, and temper and fists, and a whirl of noise. So that's what you really were all the time. Well, it was a clever fake; but we're sure of it now. Just a common sparrow, and the yellow paint's come off.

'I know,' you say. 'It's quite true. I have got a vile temper, or am horribly selfish. I know it; I don't like it; I want to be quite different. But what can I do? This is me, and I can't help it. I am not a canary, just a sparrow; and though you paint me ever so thick, I'll still be just a sparrow—a very sticky and uncomfortable sparrow, with a sparrow's ways and a sparrow's feathers, and a sparrow's silly little chirp, and nothing more. I don't mean to lose my temper; it just comes before I know. I don't want to be greedy, and grab the best; but my hand just goes out. I don't like being quarrelsome, and yet I quarrel almost every rainy Saturday. I know I shouldn't make the same old row each evening about going to bed, yet every evening I do make it. "Just till

the chapter's end." "Just till this game is finished." "Just till I see what happens to Dick when the pirate kicks away the tree-trunk which was the only bridge out of the cave, and he is there alone, with three revolvers pointing at him." I can't help it. I'm a sparrow; nothing more.' Poor little chap, cheer up. For here's a wonderful thing promised to you. It sounds too good to be true, and yet it is true—that though you are just a sparrow you can grow into a real canary—not a sham, and not just painted up—but with a canary's feathers, and a canary's ways, and a canary's glorious song—that though you are a cross and terrifying little beggar, you can become quite different. Not cross at all, not terrifying in the least. Not you, but a new creature, so different from the bad parts of you, that you'll really need to get a new name for yourself; because what you will be then—straight, true, big-hearted, gallant—won't be at all like the ratty, snappy, selfish little chap your name calls up to us.

'How? It can't be true. No sparrow ever grew into a real canary; and no boy in the least like me ever became so different.' Ah, but you're wrong! It's true no sparrow ever did, or, I suppose, ever will, change to a canary. But lots of girls and boys have become quite as changed from what they were as that. And how?

Well, it's like this. The other night you had home sums, and you couldn't do them. They were perhaps about pipes running in and pipes running out. Do they still give you that? And are there horrid grocers still mixing sand with their sugar? Well, whatever it was, you couldn't do them, tried and tried and tried, and got inkier and inkier, and crosser and crosser, and more and more hopelessly stuck. And then you're big brother came in. And he is really good at Maths. 'What's up?' said he; and you told him. 'Let's see them,' said he; and you showed him, and in a few minutes he had told you how that kind of sum was done; and, when you next tried, it had got quite simple, and you couldn't see where you had been so bothered—worked them out fast and easily. Well, we've got a big brother, Jesus Christ; and if we let Him He will help us when we get stuck in our temper and crossness and selfishness, and show us how to do far better. 'Why,' said the master at school, 'you're just a different boy from what you were yesterday. You couldn't do one sum right, and now you are

working them, not all right yet, but really well.' All because your big brother showed you how. Well, our Big Brother shows us how.

And it's like this: you know if you admire a boy bigger than you, say in the First Fifteen; and if he lets you walk to school with him, how proud you are, and how you come to do what he does, and to speak like him, and all that. The same with mother and you girls. Because you love mother, you copy her, and are quite pleased when callers say to one another: 'How like her mother she is!' Well, if you make a friend of Jesus Christ, and remember Him, and love Him, without knowing it you'll do what He does, and imitate Him in a hundred ways; will become straight and brave and clean, because He is all that; and you admire Him so that you can't help growing like Him. So you needn't always be like what you are; can become a new creature, not a painted sticky sparrow, but a real canary.

The Christian Year.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Response.

'Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.'—
Ja 4⁸.

To respond to God's call we must turn our back upon that world which has exercised dominion over us, and we must in lowly spirit turn our faces Godwards. When we measure ourselves against the infinite Grace and Beauty of Jesus Christ we are humbled; we repent in dust and ashes. This is the arrestment and conviction we need. There is a human pride which keeps us from frankly admitting our weakness, failure, and sin. 'Difficult as it is for men to acknowledge to their fellowmen that they have wronged them and desire forgiveness, much more is the struggle in our hearts to confess fully to God our folly and transgression. Even in prayer it is possible for confession to be too formal. This is the danger of reading prayers. They may, but frequently do not, express our full heart. That is why some people fail to derive benefits they expected from their devotions. Pride of heart as well as of mind must go.

Knowing God's attitude towards us we can then learn what He demands from us. James depicts each step vividly

Firstly, 'Be subject therefore unto God.' It is a whole-hearted self-surrender into the hand of God. Let Him rule, command, and use us. Wait upon the inbreathing of His spirit into our lives. The more fully we are devoted in our allegiance to God the more easily shall we resist the wiles of the devil, and cause his retreat. Just as a mechanism must be subjected wholly and unrestrainedly to the influence of wireless power connexions, so must our hearts to influences of God. The subjection must be full and free, if God's Spirit is to operate with power. He requires our utmost loyalty, our lowliest service.

Secondly, 'Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.' There is a distance separating children from Him. It may be diffidence or carelessness, fear or consciousness of sin. James suggests that the real cause is sin and its witching pleasures. He quotes the twenty-fourth Psalm.

Who shall ascend into the hill of God?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.

Thus he exclaims fervently in words familiar to his Jewish readers, 'Cleanse hands, ye sinners, and purify hearts, ye doubleminded.' You could not enter God's temple without a ceremonial washing of your hands. No more can you come nigh to God through Christ until your hands are spiritually clean—free from blood-guiltiness, undefiled by cheating in business, untainted by acts of impurity, or unrighteousness; not until your hearts are free from all alloy. Your doublemindedness is consequent upon impure hearts where you try to love both God and mammon. Get the heart right with God, and into the mind will come pure thoughts and heavenly imaginations. It is as though the Apostle looked out upon our present commercialism and observed professing Churchmen in the world competing, struggling, fighting against each other; tearing, demeaning, slandering, outpacing, and downing one another. Then on Sundays they seek God's presence. The words ought to ring from every Christian pulpit and heart in our land: 'Cleanse hands, ye sinners; and purify hearts, ye doubleminded.' Not till this is accomplished can we appear before God, and find Him drawing nigh to us. 'That we have need of His presence and power cannot be denied. That a new heart in industry and in society would work miracles is admitted. Why, then, cannot the Church of the living Christ arise and proclaim

aloud her message and her promise? Mankind wants God. Tell it therefore what it must do to find God. And God yearns for mankind.

Thirdly, fictitious, sentimental, and unsatisfying delights must be sacrificed. They mock our religious aspirations. 'Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep: let your laughter be turned to mourning, and your joy to heaviness.' No one can consider the mad rush for gaiety and the whirl for excitements without feeling that no change but utter transformation will suffice. No plea is here tendered for asceticism. No appeal is made against sport and pleasant recreation, but certainly a strong warning is uttered against those worldly pleasures which cause waste of leisure, of mind, of body, ay, in some cases even of soul. The loose immorality prevailing to-day can only be arrested by a radical change—a return to God. The laughter of gay dancing saloons falls upon our ears with sorrow, for we know that it is commonly associated with bitterness and sin. For luxury we need affliction; for what youth calls 'life' we require mourning; and for what society calls 'a good time' we should profit by contrition and heaviness of heart.

The Church cannot afford to let slip the control of the social enjoyments of her people. She should direct and purify, rather than denounce them. By shutting her doors upon many social recreations she has virtually denounced them as sinful. Once she lets her young people outside she has invariably lost them. Though a most difficult problem to solve, I would humbly venture to suggest that the Church should endeavour to provide as far as possible for the recreations of *her young people*. Met under Church auspices, with fellow-Christians, and in a clean atmosphere, with proper supervision, much good can be accomplished. Cleanse and purify their pleasures, as well as their hands and hearts.

Fourthly, 'Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall exalt you.' Jesus said, 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' It is God's method. We are to take a lowly place at the table, and then He will say, 'Friend, go up higher.' To be humble before God means penitence and abhorrence of sin. It means willingness to do even the least act God requires of us. We place ourselves before Him that He may send us where and when He wills. The greatest missionaries and revivalists have been humble men.

Among Apostles, Paul exclaimed, 'O wretched man that I am!' Carey and Moody were exalted from their benches; Livingstone from his pit; Shaftesbury from his humble use of rank to a higher lordship than his earldom. God can always use a humble man. There is room for development, and He has opportunity to conform him to the image of His Son. The Prodigal's first words were not those of excuse, but of humble confession, 'Father, I have sinned.' That attitude should be ours. We have no need to seek explanations or excuses for our follies and wanderings. Let us come to God and make full confession, and He will exalt us.¹

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Ultimate in Prayer.

'All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.'—Mt 21²².

The same assurance is given in an even more precise form in Mk 11²⁴: 'Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.'

This promise is certainly rather perplexing, whether we take it according to Matthew or Mark. The very fact that it is given in two different forms, both being, not improbably, different reports or recollections of the same saying, warrants us in seeking to determine the actual meaning of it by other considerations than the mere words, or at least in interpreting the words in each case in the light of conditions which they, taken by themselves, would not necessarily suggest.

Christ clearly does not mean that we have only to make up our minds that we want a thing, and to believe hard that we shall get it, and then we shall have it. That meaning, perhaps, might be taken out of the words, but for Christ Himself or for any of His true disciples such an idea would be impossible. Indeed it could not really be taken out of the words, if you study them carefully. For even in the most difficult form of the saying—that in Mark—the promise is controlled by the words 'when ye pray.' But what is prayer? Remember it is Jesus that is speaking. Prayer is an exercise of the spirit of man in reverential, obedient, and humble approach to God. The very essence of prayer is the spirit of worship.

¹ J. MacDougall, *The Modern Conflict*.

But the kind of thing supposed, in this crude interpretation of the words, would not be prayer at all. So far from being an exercise of the spirit, it would be the suppression of the spirit. It would be something on the level of heathenism at its lowest. It would be to subordinate the great God to the whims and foolishness of our own hearts at their worst. This interpretation, I say, is not only spiritually impossible, but is confuted by the words themselves.

Matthew's version is even more explicit on this point, because, besides indicating that it is prayer Jesus is speaking of, it emphasizes that it is *believing* prayer. What ye ask in prayer, believing. Believing what? The object of believing must surely be more than the wholly ungrounded idea that you will get what you ask just for the asking it. The object of believing is God Himself. It is faith in God that inspires and upholds the soul in the great assurance and venture of prayer. But faith in God—what an elevating, purifying, humbling, sobering experience that is! Faith in God—is it possible for any one with a real faith in God to ask just anything—anything that may be dictated by one's own petulant and un instructed desires? No. If the measure of our enjoyment of this promise depends on the reality and measure of our faith in God, then here, too, is a security that it is a promise that does not open a door to the vagaries of an undisciplined spirit.

Still, taking the words subject to these safeguarding explanations, we feel that they remain strong and startling enough. Is there really anything in the spiritual life of mankind that confirms them? What I have always felt to be the most satisfactory explanation is that Jesus is here speaking out of His own experience. He is saying what He had found to be true for Himself. He is speaking from His own level. Well, that is a difficult level for us, and therefore His words are difficult. Difficult, but not impossible. True, He was the Son of God, but He is not assuming here anything that was His prerogative just as the only begotten Son of God. On that level He could not have advised His disciples at all as to what *they* might expect. He is reflecting an experience which was human—His own really human fellowship with, and confidence in, and insight into the mind and heart of His Father. He calls His disciples to share that experience—to rise to it. That is what He is there for. What He says

about prayer here, as He had found it to be true for Himself, might be true for them. Of course, it *mightn't* be true for them. That depended. It depended on how far their spirits were really able to attain to the same level of intimacy with God as their Master habitually occupied.

And taking our Lord's own spiritual experience in connexion with these words, we see at once that even it controls the sense of them in a way we might not have expected. We certainly do not find Jesus Himself in every case just making up His mind that there is something He wants, putting that into a prayer, and getting it. There was a phase of His experience which had that appearance—that in which He wrought His miracles. He asked certain things from God and, because He believed, He received them. The working of His mind under this phase incidentally comes out at the grave of Lazarus. There Jesus almost casually lets it be known that He had been praying for something, and God had given it, and that this was quite a usual experience with Him. 'Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me'; and then, as though He felt it strange to be saying as much as this to His Father (surely we are here in the Holy of Holies of our Lord's consciousness), He adds, 'and I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people that stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.' Here, I say, was the phase of His experience in which it might seem He had only to say He wanted a thing, and He got it. (May we note here in passing that it is decidedly interesting to find a concrete instance in John's Gospel of the working of a principle which is simply stated as a principle in the Synoptics, and there looks like a paradox.) But there was another phase of Christ's experience which He revealed to us in the Garden of Gethsemane. There we find Jesus saying to His Father that He very much desires exemption from a certain trial; He asks for it, but He is not sure He will receive it. He Himself expressly makes the answer subject to the condition, if it be Thy will. 'If it be possible,' He says, 'let this cup pass from me. . . But if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.' A superficial thinker putting the words reported by Matthew in the 21st chapter beside those just quoted from the 26th might say they didn't hang together. Why, at that depth of agony, did our Lord's con-

fidence seem to fail Him that He could get whatever He asked? Why could He not in that extremity put in practice His own principle? What had happened, of course, was, not that His confidence in prayer had failed, but that there was something here which He could not ask unconditionally in any form of petition that really was prayer. Prayer always leaves us in the hands of God, and seeks only His will. The petition that deliberately or implicitly lifts you out of the hands of God and sets up your own will against His is not prayer at all. Here, then, Jesus in His own life actually illustrated the very distinction we have been explaining, and Himself provided the antidote against the misunderstanding which His words, taken too literally and crudely, might give rise to.¹

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Immortality.

'If a man die, shall he live again?'—Job 14¹⁴.

We may rest our confidence in the life to come mainly upon these two great faiths, faith in man and faith in God.

1. We believe in the validity of human desire at its best. Can any one name a single human desire which is normal, widespread, and persistent which does not have standing over against it a corresponding satisfaction? If all men hunger, there is food for them. If they all want to breathe, there is air in abundance. If they have all the instinct of sex, there is another sex standing over against them with corresponding instincts. If they all have the desire for knowledge and the taste for beauty, there is an ordered, intelligible universe and a world rich in beauty awaiting the approach of these finer faculties.

The desire must be normal, not some morbid, unhealthy craving. It must be widespread, not the scattered possession of an eccentric few. It must be persistent, not the passing fad or fancy of a single season, but enduring from generation to generation. And when it is thus normal, widespread, and persistent, the universe where we find ourselves keeps tryst with it, holding in reserve the appropriate satisfaction. The Creator has a way of keeping His word with the best He has awakened in human aspiration.

¹ J. Porteous, *Studies in the Life and Teaching of Jesus*.

It matters not how you may account for the existence of that desire. You may say in pious fashion that a wise Creator implanted it originally, knowing that He would also supply the appropriate satisfaction. You may in more scientific mood insist that the desire itself was called into being by the external stimulus in the environment where the organism found itself. In either case, the argument holds. The integrity of the great order which enfolds us is such that it does not send these normal, widespread, and persistent desires upon fools' errands. It does not permit them to lead men into blind alleys. It does not call them into action only to mock them with cruel disappointment. It holds in reserve the realities which match those needs.

And the converse of the principle here suggested also holds true—organisms do not make response normally, widely, persistently to imaginary forms of stimulus. In the long run and over vast areas they answer only to reality.

Now the desire to live on after death and to have those we love live on is normal. I have it. You have it. So has the man across the aisle, and the man on the other side of the globe. It is widespread—the sun never sets upon that empire of hope. When we go far afield, turning back to the religious beliefs of the ancient Babylonians and Egyptians, this desire is there in its full strength. When we come down to the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, it is there.

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality.

And the desire persists from age to age, knitting up the centuries into a mighty trust that humanity will not go down in final defeat before the physical experience which men call death. Why not trust the integrity of the universe here? Why not credit the veracity of this normal, widespread, persistent desire of humanity when it is at its best?

2. We believe in the life to come because we believe in God. We find sufficient warrant for believing that He is a Being powerful, wise, beneficent. He is above all and through all and in us all. Now it is unthinkable but that this Judge of all the earth should do right. He cannot be Judge of all the earth on any other terms. But has He done right if this life is all there is? Has

He done right if vice and crime are to go oftentimes undetected and unpunished, if outraged virtue is not to be vindicated and rewarded? Has He done right if He leaves us with this mass of unreason and injustice upon our hands unexplained and unexplainable, unless there are further pages of human history to be unrolled and read in a world unseen? Has He done right if He leaves His own moral accounts with the race sadly in arrears? Has He done right where fidelity to duty has been burned at the stake, and tenacity of moral purpose has been broken on the wheel, while successful villainy has lived on mocking the appeal for justice? No man in his right mind can believe that He has. His own sense of reason and justice demands for Him a further opportunity, a broader area for the working out of His purposes of mercy and truth. The character of the Eternal is at stake.

It is a sound principle of judgment in theology that what is normal in man at his best will be found to be true in God. He has made us potentially in His likeness and image. The Master built His claim of a divine redemption upon the natural instinct of a shepherd to recover the missing members of his flock, upon the healthy impulse of a prudent woman to recover the lost coin to her purse, upon the inevitable outreach of a father's affection toward a wayward son in a far country. He built his faith in prayer upon the sure action of a father in giving bread and fish and eggs to his hungry children. With that same high confidence in our essential kinship with Him we may well believe that the human desire to have our dear dead live on is matched by the will of our Maker that it shall be so.

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen Thy face
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust.
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die,
And Thou hast made him—Thou art just.

If conscious and aspiring human souls are not to be kept in existence, if the whole human race is finally to be destroyed by the cruel hand of death, what possible object can be named which the Author of the world order as we know it could

have had in view? 'Evolution has been a long and painful process, in which man has slowly advanced to self-consciousness and freedom. When we are asked the meaning of this development we seem to find the answer in man—man who emerges from the heart of the great world process; who advances slowly from natural to ethical and to spiritual life; who learns to follow distant ends and finally form ideals which transcend the world itself. Man is a being of large discourse, whose outlook is not bounded by the earthly horizon, and the religious conception of his transcendent destiny is in harmony with human aspirations and ideals.'

In the same vein John Fiske gave us this great word. 'The more thoroughly we comprehend the process of evolution by which things have come to be as they are, the more we feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man would rob the whole process of its meaning. It would go far toward putting us to permanent intellectual confusion. For my part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work.'¹

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Missionary Statesmanship.

'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations' (R.V. 'make disciples of all the nations').—Mt 28¹⁹.

A few years ago foreign missionary enterprise belonged to the region of sentiment: now it has been transferred to that of statesmanship. Formerly Christian thought wandered out in a romantic and irresponsible way among lands far distant, and the result was infinitely picturesque, but in many cases it was hardly taken seriously beyond the inner circles of the devout. To-day every intelligent believer in Christianity knows that mere zeal is not all that is required for effective work in the foreign field, nor is he much moved by such curious motives as the desire to hasten the end of the world and the coming of Christ by completing the preaching itinerary of the world. Instead of that he takes foreign missions seriously as a necessary department of all real statesmanship.

The great Missionary Conference of 1910 helped to clear up the situation, and interpreted much that he had advocated; and since then it has been gradually dawning upon Christian men everywhere that the foreign missionary enterprise must be

¹ C. R. Brown, *Living Again*.

accepted as a definite policy and reckoned with in the statesmanship of the world.

1. The first aspects of any such view as this must concern certain questions of detail. In the first place, in the choice of the field we have to distinguish between races that have a future before them and races which are obviously dying out. The means of reaching the population of the world with Christian propaganda are lamentably limited, and since we cannot at the present time hope to reach all, we must select those among whom we shall labour. Under these circumstances it is necessary to consider the future value of the various races. Work among those which are soon to become extinct has been, and is, heroic in the last degree; but statesmanship demands that the gospel shall be sent to the fountainheads of future civilization, and to lands which will in a generation or two exercise the strongest influence upon the world.

2. A second matter of detail is the choice of missionaries. In the days when missions were a sentiment, the only requirements for a foreign missionary's career were piety and zeal. But, when one comes to reflect upon it, it is surely obvious that the work of a foreign missionary is one of the most highly specialized of all the professions, and that further qualifications are necessary to ensure fitness for effective work in it. The only reasonable principle upon which a man should choose his lifework must be his fitness for the special lines and tasks which he purposes to face.

3. Third, a very essential part of statesmanship in the whole business of foreign missions is that of patience. There has sometimes been a craving for immediate results which has brought disappointment abroad and criticism at home. The statistics of conversions and baptisms are no sort of measure of the effectiveness of the work achieved. In many lands, the baptism of a convert has meant his ostracism and has deprived him of any means of making a living, yet complaints have been made that an insufficient number of conversions were tabulated in the returns sent home. It is extraordinary that it did not strike the critics that it would be wise in such lands to provide agencies whereby converts could be assured of a living and kept from starvation. The consequence in such cases has been that countless conversions have been achieved while no open profession was made.

As one missionary has put it, 'Many a Christian will arise in the last day from a Mohammedan grave.'

One of the most touching of all missionary stories is one concerning the late Master of Balliol. A certain Geronimo of Genoa, having heard that the Australian aborigines were the lowest type of savages of the earth, went out and worked among them for twenty years without making a single convert or even an approach to one. The story was told to Dr. Jowett, and he replied very earnestly, 'I should like to have been that man.'

4. A fourth consideration is the necessity for distinguishing between causes and effects, and putting the stress of our work upon the former rather than the latter. Heathenism, with all its miseries and superstitions, is due to certain easily ascertained causes. The peoples are perishing from lack of knowledge, and from lack of ability to deal with existing conditions. The practical intelligence and directed will of such peoples have never been trained to play upon their life as it actually is, and the whole superstitious *incubus* of heathenism is the result. This fact should give us the point of view from which to look at educational and medical missions as agencies in the foreign field. There is a tendency to consider these as more or less secular, and to set up over against them the purely evangelistic missions as the ideal type. But in a land of gross ignorance and universal unhealed sickness, the evangelistic mission is to a large extent dealing with results while the causes remain untouched. It is a profound mistake to imagine that educational and medical work is to be regarded as in any sense a bribing of the people to come and receive religious instruction, by offering them benefits which they can understand. These are really no bribes, but the direct attack upon the causes of heathenism; and they

should in every case be encouraged to go hand in hand with the evangelistic teaching which they are rendering possible and fruitful.

5. The fifth matter which must be included in this survey is the necessity for appreciating the value of pagan worship. It is not in vain that centuries of worship, however mistaken or imperfect, have engaged the heart and mind, and, to some extent, the conscience, of all the races of mankind. None of the races have lived in vain, and none has worshipped in vain. Each has discovered something in its worship which has increased its national value and its spiritual wealth. Our task is not to bring God to foreign countries in our ships, but to find Him there already, and to reveal Him to those children of His to whose homes we go. We should introduce Christ to them as the true Interpreter of their own ideals, the Appreciator of their own endeavours in the religious life. We are not there to westernize the East, as if Jesus had said, 'Suffer the white little children to come unto me.' We are there to fulfil rather than to supplant the imperfect life of pagan lands, to show them by their very virtues and beauties the sad and tragic lack and failure that are theirs, and to supply that lack out of the fullness of Jesus Christ.

The great business of the Christian missionary is to delocalize the gods of the heathen, and to reveal instead of them the one God over all, blessed for ever, revealed in Jesus Christ—in Jesus Christ, who is neither a child of the East nor the West, but is the Son of Man for ever. Seen thus in His light, it is safe to gather and preserve the true and beautiful elements in all attempts at worship, and it is easy to reinterpret these in a nobler and more helpful way than had been possible in any heathen worship.¹

¹ J. Kelman, *Some Aspects of International Christianity*.

Contributions and Comments.

The Peshitta Syriac New Testament.

SCHOLARS will be grateful to Mr. Kilgour for his list published in your last issue of some of the MSS. on which the Bible Society's new edition of

the Peshitta Syriac N.T. is based. They may be interested to know that the Bodleian MS. which he refers to, and which I collated for the late Dr. Gwilliam in 1913, is MS. Syr. d. 7. Dr. Cowley, with his customary kindness, has turned up this MS. and reminds me that it is recorded in the