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really worked through them. And to-day we are the apostles—the disciples,—Christ's body through which alone He can express Himself. If folk are to be reached, then it must be through us; if the world is to be won, it will not be by theologians or preachers, but by ordinary people as they move about their common tasks displaying something in their character that needs Christ to explain it. To us there comes that staggering promise that, if we believe, the works that He did we shall do also, and 'greater works than these.' Wherefore do not let us be prematurely satisfied with what is after all only a foretaste and a mere beginning. We have been with Christ on Calvary and have received there vast gifts from a Lord incredibly generous; but if we still abide with Him and journey with Him further, He will do yet bigger things that will astonish us who know Him long and well; will send to us the Holy Ghost to dwell within our hearts.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Get that Hole Mended.

'He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.'—Hag 1^6.

That was a silly kind of thing to do, wasn't it? Fancy working all the week long, getting up perhaps when the children were all cosy and asleep in bed, and going out into the dark cold air, and working on and on long after your little ones are home, and lessons finished; and that all Monday, all Tuesday, all Wednesday, all the week, till Saturday came round, and then at last he got his wages, and set out for home tired a bit, tired a good deal, but pleased and happy. For he had got what would get food for the bairns, and those shoes they needed, and a little present for the girlie's birthday that was coming soon. It meant so much to him, he had so many things to do with it that he felt he must keep it very safe. And so he put it in a bag and carried it home carefully, thinking out all the way what he was going to do with every penny of it. And yet when he reached home, there was nothing there. The bag had had a hole in it, more than one, and every piece of money had slipped through, was gone, and he was not one bit the better for his rising when he felt so sleepy, and working on and on in the hot sun; was just as poor as if he had been idle all the week. That was hard luck, wasn't it? You remember Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, how when the boy is smuggled on board the ship, and it gets wrecked, and he is cast up on a lonely islet, all alone, with no place to sleep in the pitiless wet weather, when it rained and rained and rained, and his throat got so sore he could hardly swallow, and he sickened of the shell fish that was all he had to eat—cold, wet, ill, miserable, he had one comfort—he had plenty of money, if anybody came to take him off, and with that something tinkled at his feet, and bounded off the rock into the sea—a gold piece! And you remember how he clapt his hand to his pocket and found it was almost all gone, that precious money. There was a hole, and his coins had kept dribbling through; and though he searched and searched, he found but few of his bright golden pieces, was poor now in that wild land, as well as sick and cold and wet and wretched and like to be left to die.

You've felt like that, haven't you, in a way? You've had a hole in your pocket, and lost all your treasures. Yesterday you were so rich. You had your knife, and your favourite pencil, and some stamps, real good ones, too, and quite a lot of money for you; you had been saving up. And now, there is nothing at all. There is a hole and nothing else. I'll tell you a secret. If you look between the lining and the cloth you'll maybe find some of them there, but perhaps not; perhaps they are all really gone. Mend up that hole at once, if you are wise; or, if you can't, then get mother to do it for you.

But we've got another pocket, another bag. Big people, who like long words, call it memory. But it just means a pocket, where you put things, keep things, carry things about with you. A boy's pocket in his suit is a wonderful thing. Turn yours out and see what's in it. I'm sure you'll make discoveries of much you had forgotten all about. Why, what a heap of stuff there is! Still

more, and more, and more yet. Are you never going to be finished? How did you pack all that into a pocket? Here are your knife, of course, and a holder with no pencil in it, and a notebook, and a handkerchief—two or three handkerchiefs, four or five handkerchiefs, rather cleaner as you come up to the surface, but pretty awful as you burrow farther down—and some sealing-wax, and a bit of a bicycle bell, and a ball, and some seed for canaries, and what's this—this sticky lump? Oh, that's toffee you put into your pocket weeks ago, and forgot all about it, and lots of things more. Ah, but this other pocket is more wonderful still, holds heaps and heaps of things—reading, spelling, sums, Latin, French, the places of the teams in the League Table, the averages of the bowlers and the batsmen, all about Duncan and Braid and Wethered and his sister, all about Parkin and Mead and Hobbs, heaps upon heaps of things all jumbled in together. But if you have a hole in it, that *is* a pity. For things will keep on trickling out. Your lessons. You do try ever so hard; you sat up quite late; you stuck at it. But you can't remember; it all runs away again. There's a hole in your memory.

That's hard lines, isn't it?—to work all the week and lose your wages, to do your lessons and find them gone.

Well, your teacher will mend that hole for you, if you really try.

But, worse still, we forget other things; we try to learn other lessons and they, too, run away and we can't remember. We make up our mind we won't be cross. We put that resolution in our pocket, and it slips out and we forget, and are as angry and cross as ever. We don't want to be selfish, know it's horrid to be selfish, and yet we keep on being selfish. There's a hole in this bag—that's what's wrong—and there is no use putting things in until we get it mended. And what are we to do? We can't stitch it up ourselves; we've tried, and it's no better. When there is a hole in your pocket, what do you do? Take it to mother, and it's soon as good as ever. And if there is this hole in our memory and we can't remember we were to be straight and true and good-natured and unselfish, take it to Jesus Christ and He will put it right for you. It's no use you sitting there with that needle and terribly long thread trying to manage for yourself. But Christ has the cleverest fingers; He is just splendid at mending broken things. Many and many a girl and boy brought Him their broken toys in Nazareth and He put them to rights again, made them as good as new, though even their mothers had said they wouldn't mend and would have to be thrown away. But Jesus made them just as good as new, and better! Take Him that big hole in your memory; tell Him you can't remember to be what you ought to be, and want to be, and He will put things right for you. You try and you will see!

When I'm Grown Up.

'Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.'—Lk 17^{33}.

What are you going to be? What do you mean to do with yourself when you grow up? Ah! you think, it will be splendid. Then I shall be able to sit up to the end of the chapter whenever I like, and not be bundled off to bed just at the most exciting moment, pulled back out of it all, the sunny seas and the long white breakers, and the lovely Treasure Island, and the glorious creepy things, to find myself there in the same old room, and mother getting really cross about my being up so late. And then I shall lie on in bed until I choose to rise, not have to get up half asleep and shivering in the dark cold mornings just because silly people make the school go in so early. And then I shall always have pocket money, and none of the long empty gaps between, when, searching every pocket, you can find nothing at all except an old French coin with a hole in it, that isn't any use at all. It will be splendid to be grown up. But is that all you are going to do with it? That seems a very poor use to make of it all. Jesus Christ feels quite sorry for you, for a little lad or lass who doesn't know how to make the best of things, and such splendid things; feels for you as you do for the rather milksoppy kind of boy that spends his Saturday just moping about and doing nothing special, while you have got so many ploys—that camera to try, that Philip Mead cricket bat to show off to the other fellows, that stream you want to fish, that book that your friend lent you—only, the day is far too short, and you can't squeeze into it a half of what you meant to do, and this other fellow hangs about, and eats sweets and does nothing at all and calls that enjoying Saturday. Well, Jesus Christ feels like that about you, if that's all you are going to do when

you grow up. For He knows God means us to be happy; the birds sing, because life is so glorious, the lambs play hide and seek with one another, the flowers glory in the sunshine, and He loves to see them all so gay; and then He looks at you and grows quite sad. For here, He feels, is a little one who isn't going to be happy, who is taking the wrong road and can't ever reach it. If you wish to get to Italy with its sunshine, you must go south; turn north and you'll reach the Pole and darkness and bitter cold and long bleak winter weather. And Selfishness, to think what we would like, to grab the best, never leads to Happiness, but to a horrid country called 'Mother, what'll I do now?' You've been there, haven't you? You remember that Saturday when you had played all the games, and read all the books, and done just everything, and there was nothing left to do at all, how cross you got, how peevish, how bad tempered, and how horrid it all was! If you want Happiness, to be bright and jolly and cheery, you must think of other people and not yourself—what they would like, and not always what you would choose. You don't believe that, yet it's true. Take the cuckoo. You know its silly call. Some of the poets have admired it, but poets sometimes say the queerest things. Any old clock can do as well as a cuckoo. 'Cuckoo, cuckoo!' There's no song in that. When a lark starts up and goes straight towards the heaven, pouring out its heart, we all stand with our necks craned up, listening and listening to its lovely song. That's singing. That's real singing. When on the moors we hear that 'Courlie, courlie, courlie, courlie, courlie!' of the curlew calling to its mate, that grips the heart; it is so sad and yet so very beautiful. A blackie can whistle, a thrush can sing, but 'Cuckoo, cuckoo!' is just a silly noise.

And why has it so poor a song? I think it's a punishment, and it deserves it. When a cuckoo lays an egg, it doesn't lay it in a nest of its own, and then sit there for weeks keeping it warm and cosy, glad to be doing it, though it must be slow work, dreaming all the time of the wee bird that is coming, hearing already its cheep cheep, and of what fun it will be to feed it, and to guard it, and to teach it to fly, and so not minding one bit having to sit there, pretty tired and rather stiff and cramped for weeks and weeks. That is what all nice birds do! But the cuckoo! She lays it in another bird's nest when that other is not looking, and leaves her to do the work. 'I want to be happy,' says the cuckoo. 'I'm not going to be bothered working, and having babies; I'm grown up. I can sit up as long as I like and lie in bed as much as I want, and have heaps and heaps of worms all to myself.' That's to be happy, thinks the cuckoo; and I'm going to be it. And so when the cuckoo sings, there is no love, no affection, in its note. 'Come,' it says to its mate, 'and we'll have such a good time together; we'll have no bother, no children to worry us. We'll just flit about all day long and do what we like. Cuckoo, cuckoo!'

But when the lark sings, it is saying, 'Come to me, my dear, and we'll build a little nest, just we two together, and we'll have babies, real babies, all our very own.' 'Really ours,' sings the other. 'Yes, really ours. And we'll work for them, live for them, and love them.' 'Oh, that will be just splendid,' says the other, and they sing and sing, real glorious singing, because they aren't thinking of themselves at all, and so are really happy. And they do work. I know a chaffinch. In spring he's a fat, handsome little fellow. But when his family comes, he works and works and works; brings them a meal every twenty minutes, grows quite thin over it. And still these hungry little bills keep opening expectantly, and still he finds them more and more and more, and always something more. He works hard all the time. And yet he is such a happy little fellow; and sometimes he'll snatch a minute's rest, and sit in a bough and sing for sheer happiness. If you want to be happy, says Jesus Christ, don't think of yourself, but of other people.

And because the cuckoo thinks of itself, God has given it a poor note that a mere wooden toy can make. But because the lark, and the blackie, and the thrush, and the curlew think of others and live for others, God has given them a glorious song and a happy life.

So you're all wrong in the road you're taking. What are you going to be? What do you mean to do when you grow up? If you want to be happy, if you want to reach Italy and its sunshine, not the bleak, shivery polar seas with their long night, and ice, and bitter cold, then think of other people and not just of what you want, and of what you would like, and what is the nicest and the softest and the easiest thing for you.

The Christian Year.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Christ's Friends.

'Ye are my friends.'—Jn 15^{14}.

It is to the innermost circle of Disciples that Jesus specifically gives the name—'Ye are my friends.' He tells them that He chose them to be such. How deliberate was His choice we may remember, but when it was once made, He went the whole length of friendship. 'Ye are my beloved,' He says. But lest any of them should be betrayed into mere sentiment, or into thinking that this high honour might be put to base uses, He adds—'Ye are my beloved, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' If Christ's friendship is a great joy, it is also a drastic discipline. This is true of all friendship worthy of the name. Love carries with it both enlargement and restriction. At first, intercourse with one's friend widens the vision and expands the heart, as room is made for him in the affections. Then comes the perception that if the intimacy is to go deeper, one's self-interest must be given up. Under the discipline of love one's own opinions and aims will be modified, and if the friendship is real enough, life itself must not be counted more dear than love.

Nowhere is friendship more critically analysed, or more beautifully described than in the words of Jesus at the Table of the Last Supper. 'This is my commandment, That you love one another, just as I loved you. There is no greater love than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. You are my friends, if you do what I command you. No longer do I name you bondservants; for the bondservant does not know what his master is going to do: but I have called you friends, because whatever I heard from my Father I made known to you. It was not you who chose me, but I who chose you, and I have appointed you, that you, in your turn, should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide; so that whatever you ask of the Father in my name, he may give you. This I command you, that you love one another.'

We know that the Twelve, because they had to live together, often fell into bickering and jealousy (Mk 10^{32-45}). How were they to prove themselves worthy of Christ's friendship by learning to love each other? The answer lies in our Lord's way with them, whereby He restricted their selfishness and enlarged their self. The double process may be more simply put by saying that Christ demands certain things from, and bestows certain gifts on, those who seek to be friends of His.

1. His Demands.

(1) The first demand on men who would be intimate with Jesus is for obedience. 'Ye are my friends, if ye do what I command you.' The condition sounds strange. It would not hold in friendship as between man and man. But the demand was always made by Jesus, and if it were not conceded, the seeker got no further. The young ruler, the 'divers who would follow him, but upon conditions'; Judas Iscariot, who already in Jn $6^{70.\ 71}$ is being sifted out of the circle, though he is still one of the Twelve—all these are examples of men who failed of intimacy because they did not meet the initial demand for full obedience. Those who continued within the circle, and grew in friendship with the Master, confessed that they counted the world well lost for Him. 'Lo, we have left all, and followed thee.' 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life' (Lk 18^{28}, Jn 6^{68}).

Jesus' demand for obedience as a condition of friendship was not arbitrary. He could do no other, being what He was. His moral supremacy enraged His critics and amazed His followers. They felt that He Himself, and the words He spoke, were the embodiment and expression of what was perfectly right. The Gospels artlessly preserve for us the atmosphere of astonishment that prevailed in the circles through which He moved. The answer to those who asked about Cæsar's tribute silenced His enemies, not because it was so clever but because it struck with one thrust to the heart of the right and wrong of the whole situation. 'I am the Truth,' He said, and men's hearts told them that He spoke the truth in saying it. If, therefore, a man came seeking His friendship, but not prepared to follow the truth wherever it might lead him, he disqualified himself. How could any one be a friend of Jesus and act contrary to His principles? Judas is the answer. How could people remain friends of His if their hearts were filled with self-love? Let His words to Salome be the reply—a reply which is all the more significant because it was addressed to one who came 'worshipping him' (Mt 20^{20-28}). From first to last, the Gospels show us that refusal to be

true to the best one knows is the greatest bar to friendship with Jesus.

The obedience which Christ demanded was not to be the obedience of slaves. In the passage under consideration, as indeed throughout the Fourth Gospel, Jesus regards the relation between His friends and Himself as in some degree a reflexion of that which existed between Himself and His Father, where perfect love cast out fear, for fear brings restriction. Between the Son and the Father there is absolute harmony of purpose and will. So is it to be between the Master and His disciples. And this spells obedience on their part. On this condition, and on this alone, it is possible for Him to make known to them 'all that their Lord doeth,' and to reveal 'all things which I heard from my Father.' Obedience is the way to unfettered intercourse.

A shadow rested on the upper room as Jesus spoke. He had said that He was leaving them. Was the intercourse then all over and ended? It would have been if it had been they who attached themselves to Him. But, 'Ye did not choose me, but I chose you,' and that for a definite purpose. Was the purpose defeated and the plan cancelled by His going? We do not need to deny that the doubt arose in their minds, but the way in which they lingered about after the Crucifixion, as if they half-consciously expected something to happen, shows that they had to some extent taken Christ's standpoint. We do these men injustice if we picture them as being in the same spiritual state as they were when Jesus first chose and called them. They must have felt that His was a mission to the world and for the world's blessing. If they thought, in their dismay at His going, 'What shall *we* do without Him?' would they not also wonder, 'What will the world do without Him?'

(2) In answer to this unspoken question, Jesus presents His second demand, a demand for co-operation. 'I chose you (as my friends), and appointed you that you yourselves should go away and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide.' Mark the fulness of co-operation that Jesus asks. To the measure of their ability they were to do what their Master did. He was 'going away' to bear fruit. Atonement, Eternal Life, the Gift of the Holy Spirit—what fruit was to follow His going away! (Jn 16^{7}). Now with marked emphasis He tells them that 'you yourselves' are to 'go away' into the world for which He died, and carry on His work. He called this fruit-bearing, and the fruit was to remain. The word takes us back to an earlier part of the conversation—'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, whatsoever ye will ye shall ask, and it shall be done for you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, and that ye be my disciples' (Jn 15^{8}, R.V. margin).

Co-operation meant for Christ not only common service, but a common life—'Abide in me'; and a common inspiration—'Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he will give it you.' It is more than we mean by co-operation. It is the sinking of self in the life of Christ, and the adoption of His aim; the sharing of His sacrificial suffering: a union with Him in life and sympathy as close as the union of the branch with the vine. That is possible only to those whom He calls His friends.

(3) We have already hinted at the last demand laid on the friends of Jesus—a demand that they should love one another. In some ways this is a harder task than obedience paid directly to the Lord Himself. It is possible to be happy in the service of one greater than yourself—if you love him. It is not so easy to love and serve your equals. But the Master knew that His whole purpose would be nullified if, after His departure, His followers fell apart through any lack of understanding or sympathy among themselves. He knew also the reality of the danger. The Gospels are very frank in depicting it. If on any occasion He was withdrawn from them, it usually happened that some jealousy emerged. Even on the last journey to Jerusalem, while He was going on before them, and the cloud of mysterious sorrow that was over Him seemed for a moment to separate Him from them, even then James and John could be plotting for precedence in His Kingdom. What hope was there that, after His final departure, they would agree on things that touched that Kingdom? Events proved that, after Pentecost, the apostles remained for a long time in Jerusalem. Had the infant Church been disrupted there by faction, there would have been no possibility of its spreading to 'Samaria and the uttermost parts of the earth.' Jesus, therefore, was thinking not only of the development of the character of His followers, but of the very existence of His Kingdom on earth, when He said, 'This is my commandment, That ye love one

another, as I loved you.' Love was the only possible way by which the dangers foreseen by Christ could be averted. Differences of endowment, of temper or of outlook, would all be spanned by love, and by love alone. Only so could His Kingdom come. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.'

2. His Gifts.

He gave them His love. Let us look at some examples of the way in which Jesus expressed His love.

(1) It was a habit of His to talk familiarly with them (Lk 24^{32}). We are apt to think that Jesus never spoke of anything but religion. But surely there must have been other topics of common life, about which He and the Twelve would converse in their walks together. 'Talk (among friends) has none of the freezing immunities of the pulpit. It cannot, even if it would, become merely æsthetic or merely classical like literature. A jest intervenes, the solemn humbug is dissolved in laughter, and speech runs forth out of the contemporary groove into the open fields of nature, cheery and cheering, like schoolboys out of school.' Good humour is a great solvent of error and selfishness, and without it we may be sure the little company could not have held together. It was the sulky man who fell out.

(2) Jesus was the personal centre round which all the thoughts of the group revolved. In every perplexity they relied absolutely on Him. Were they faced with the task of feeding a starving multitude? Jesus would be able to do it. Did they want to know how to pray? Jesus would teach them. He was like the alpine guide who goes ahead of his party, cutting steps in the difficult ice. The attitude of Thomas on one occasion is instructive. When the news of Lazarus' illness came, Jesus 'saith to the disciples, Let us go into Judæa again. The disciples say unto him, Rabbi, the Jews were but now seeking to stone thee; and goest thou thither again?' Then Jesus 'saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus is fallen asleep. . . . Let us go unto him.' Thomas, who is called Didymus, said unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him (Jn 11^{7-16}).

The incident shows how Jesus dominated His followers, but it was a domination of love. The Gospels make it quite clear that Jesus did not work miracles in order to enslave the minds of the disciples. Of course they were affected by His 'mighty works,' but He said expressly that He so worked 'to the intent that ye may believe' (Jn 11^{15}). Believe what? In His power? Yes, certainly; but in something deeper also. The Gospels constantly note the compassion which moved His power to action (Mt 14^{14}). His pity was the child of the love for all men that filled His heart. He desired His disciples to believe in Him as the embodiment of pitying, healing, saving love.

(3) He taught His friends to rely also on His perfect understanding. They were conscious that He knew them through and through, both at their best and at their worst. There were times when they felt themselves growing under the stimulus of His confidence in them. They asked Him to increase their faith (Lk 17^{5}), a faith by which already they had achieved surprising things (Mk 6^{30}; cf. Lk 10^{17}). If, on the other hand, He had occasion to rebuke them, He did it with such tact that they felt the healing more than the severity of the rebuke. When out of His hearing they sometimes quarrelled, but they found that He knew all about it (Mk $9^{33.\ 34}$). He did not scold them, but 'sat down, and called the twelve, and he saith to them, If any man would be first, he shall be last of all, and servant of all. And he took a little child, and set him in the midst of them: and taking him in his arms, he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive this little child in my name, receiveth me . . . for he that is least among you all, the same is great.'

(4) They learned, too, the strength of His protection. Nine of them were left behind when He went up into the Mount of Transfiguration. When He descended He found them helpless before the scribes who were jeering at their failure to heal an epileptic boy. 'What question ye with them?' He asks indignantly, and straightway cured the sufferer and put their enemies to shame (Mk 9^{14-27}). In the Garden of Gethsemane, He hears the tramp of the company which the traitor had brought to arrest Him. Quickly He rouses His sleeping disciples, but it is too late. So He stands between them and His enemies. 'Whom seek ye?' He asks. 'Jesus of Nazareth,' say they. 'I told you that I am He,' Jesus replies; 'if therefore ye seek me, let these (pointing to the men behind

Him) go their way.' The Evangelist adds, 'that the word might be fulfilled which he spake, of those whom thou hast given me, I lost not one.'

It may be that it was not till a long time had passed that the disciples learned the quality of Jesus' love for them. The records show that they learned it partly by contrast. 'Greater love,' said He, 'hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends.' The inference is plain. Now hear Peter. 'If all shall be offended in thee, I will never be offended.' Jesus said unto him, 'In truth I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.' If tradition speaks truly, Peter did die for his Lord. But that was when he had laid aside his boasting, and had learned his lesson. The contrast had gone home; and when that happened, he had arrived at the final stage, when 'it was granted to him not only to profess belief on Christ, but also to suffer on his behalf.'[1]

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Holiness in Practice.

'Be ye holy, for I am holy.'—1 P 1[16].

If we are holy we shall show it in daily life. We shall love what God loves, hate what God hates, and do what God is doing.

1. What, then, are the chief objects of God's love? Those, certainly, that hold in themselves the greatest possible sum of excellencies. Then He must supremely love Himself, His plans, His Church, and, as embodying and interpreting these, 'His only-begotten Son,' Christ Jesus the Lord. All goodness out of God attracts the benediction of the goodness in His all-perfect and sympathetic nature. As is the Divine love in its elective affinities, such approximately is that of His saints. 'As He is, so are we in this world.'

2. What are the objects of the Divine aversion? Not man as such, certainly—not any man simply as a man, for man was made in the image of God, and God cannot but love Himself when seen, however fractured the image in its setting. Not evil as such, for evil is an impersonal force, having neither will nor moral life; there is neither good nor evil separate from the doer. God is angry with the wicked every day. It is against the unrighteousness of ungodly men, knowing better and doing worse, that He denounces His wrath. And into this war against the unholy actions of ungodly men the Christian's sympathy is unsparingly entered. He can have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness; no participation with, no interest in, no tolerance for the sins of men. Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against Thee?

3. And what are the chief activities of God? 'My Father worketh hitherto,' said Jesus, 'and I work.' What is all this ceaseless, infinite working of the Father and the Son about? In whose interest? What direction does it take? And where and how is it seen? The activities of the Father are not immediately or chiefly busy with the creation of material worlds, for that, so far as the present economy is concerned, is ended; no new shaft has been opened in the solitudes of space, no young worlds or systems of worlds have been organized into being, of which we have any authentic record, since the sixth of our creative days, when the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them; and God rested on the seventh day from all His work. Not with Providence, however wide its sweep, or grand its events, or minute its inspection; for that is not an end, but a means to an end. Providence is a factor in the interest of a preconceived purpose, a magnificent scheme of confederated agencies in the service of Christ, who is the head over all things to the Church. It is in Redemption and for it, through the creation and government of the world, that the Father and the Son continue ceaselessly to work.

If, then, there are special means yoked immediately to this end, such as the Christian ministry, the weekly Sabbath, the Sanctuary, the Church, and the School, the confederacy of benevolent agencies going out into the world to seek and to save that which was lost, if there are Christian governments, and Temperance organizations, and Guilds of art and literature and science, having for their end the furtherance of this plan and purpose of God, undoubtedly there will be with all these a Divine sympathy, acting with and along their several lines of agency, and giving to them its almighty support. And in our human sympathy with this preordained purpose of the Eternal, in working out our sympathies into these elected grooves of the Divine action, we put on the holi-

[1] R. W. Harding, *The Authority of Jesus*.

ness of God. We come into harmony with Him, in what He is, and in what He is doing. And this is, so far as the finite in its limitations can impersonate the infinite, to put upon our human personality the injunction of the text. The Father's will in heaven is our will on earth. His work in the interests of humanity is our work. His glory is our honour, and His praise our exceeding great reward. He is above all dependence, and beyond all patronage, and indifferent to all neglect, in the immeasurable plenitude and perfection of His being; but we are never separate in sympathy from Him, and in the fellowship of life and work He is never absent from or indifferent to us; and in whatever He wills and we do, there, in the ongoing of the mutual life, is the focalized centre at which the Divine and the human meet and consentaneously blend: 'I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know thou hast sent me.'

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Three Kinds of Sin.

'Sin not.'—Eph 4^{26}.

There are three main aspects under which most forms of sin may be grouped, the first two answering to two leading forms of temperament:

1. First, there is the sin of *self-indulgence* in its various aspects and developments.

This form of tendency is often associated with a character of kindness, even generosity, and especially with dispositions of easy good nature. A person with this type of temperament will be placable, not easily offended, and easily appeased. He will even exhibit a certain capacity for self-denial (so long as it does not touch the true inner springs of his selfishness) for the sake of giving pleasure to others, the motive being the pleasure thus afforded to himself in gratitude or reciprocal good offices. The evil of it consists in the underlying motive of self-pleasing. It may go to the extent of the foulest vice, or excess in any form, depending on the constitution and circumstances. In any case, such a one is a lover of pleasure rather than a lover of God. Dives is a type of this form of sin. 'In their lifetime they seek their good things.' Such people make this present state their rest, and that rest is in creature comforts. What is their sin?

It is represented by the Second Commandment in the First Table and by the Seventh in the Second Table (see Rom 1^{25}). Paul, in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, verses 25 to the end, gives an awful picture of the depths of abomination to which indulgence in this form of sin may lead. But the extent of the sin depends not so much on the grossness of its form as in the degree in which the sinner yields himself to the temptation as it appeals to his particular case; upon the degree of completeness in which he gives himself up to it, in which, in fact, he forsakes God for the idol. For example, a man who would shudder with horror at the form in which this sin is depicted in the passage to which reference has been made may, nevertheless, incur guilt as deep in the sight of God by his indulgence in what may appear a much less heinous aspect of it, simply because this latter happens to be the only form in which this kind of sin has an attraction for him.

2. The second form of tendency is that which we might designate as consisting in the spirit of *uncharity*.

Its root is pride. It may be accompanied by a considerable capacity for real self-denial and a fair degree of freedom from tendencies towards indulgence in the natural appetites or in the habit of indulgence. It is active and energetic; in fact, one of its symptoms is that of contempt for those who are otherwise, for the idle, self-indulgent, sensual. One of its leading symptoms, therefore, is that of a spirit of censoriousness. Its developments are exhibited in a disposition for malice in all its forms and degrees; it may go to the extent which tempts to murder or the infliction of other injury, or it may simply take the form of permanent resentment. It may exhibit itself in the shape of hasty anger (*θυμός*) or of settled ill-will (*ὀργή*). The extent of the sinfulness would depend not so much on the actual degree to which it has been carried, as on that degree and form to which the position and circumstances of the sinner would tempt him to carry it. Hence the impossibility of appraising the degree of sinfulness in any case. The varying constitution of the sinner and the varying forms of temptation as applied to various instances may bring about the result that the sin, which is intrinsically identical in two or more instances of its performance, may be attended with widely varying degrees of guilt in the perpetrators.

One main characteristic, and at the same time

most serious form in which this class of disposition is manifested, is that of the spirit of unforgivingness. This is one of the most obstinate forms of sin; most difficult to eradicate. It may not lead the sinner to any overt act, or even language expressive of the feeling, but it lies hidden in the heart, making it impossible for the sinner to use the Lord's Prayer with any reality, and hence, of course, for him to obtain pardon for his own sins. The vital necessity for special attention to, and drastic dealing with, this form of sin is manifest from the fact of our Lord's reference to it in this prayer, and also from the corollary which follows this prayer in Matthew's version of it, 'For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.'

3. There is a third class of sin which may be called *Satan-sin*, and may be said to consist in the defiance of God.

It is no doubt the sin against the Holy Ghost, and is that which lies at the root of the Third Commandment, being the sin of direct enmity against God. Profanity, in a sense, may be regarded as a sin under this class, for profanity has its source in anger against God.

The case to which our Lord refers in speaking of this sin should be carefully noted. It was after the dawn of conviction began to show itself in the hearts of the observers of His miracle of evicting a dumb spirit, leading them to cry out, 'Is not this the son of David?' The Pharisees at once set themselves to stifle this budding life at its outset; they ascribed our Lord's miracle to the agency of Satan himself, against whose tyrannous rule it was actually aimed. The sin consisted in the fact that the Pharisees recognized the budding life as true life, and the work of God's Spirit, yet, nevertheless, set themselves in opposition against it from motives of enmity against Christ as its Giver. If the charge had been actuated on their part by mere fanaticism or ignorance, it would not have been an act of direct and conscious antagonism to the Holy Spirit. Hence, blasphemy against the Holy Ghost signifies the direct and conscious attempt to oppose His influence for the promotion of life in the hearts of others, and is therefore spiritual murder so far as regards the will and effort of the perpetrator. Moreover, to be really guilty of it, a man must necessarily have stamped out within himself whatever he had of the Spirit's life or capacity for life; he must have committed spiritual suicide before he can wilfully attempt spiritual murder—*wilfully*, for a man may even lead others into temptation and sin, and thus bring fearful guilt upon his soul, without yet having reached the condition of one who has wholly abandoned himself to the opposition against God as God, and good as good; and for him there may be hope. His motive may have been simply that of self-gratification in some form. The penitent who is troubled by fears on this subject may be comforted by the assurance that the very fact of anxiety on the subject is a strong presumption that the Holy Spirit is still striving with his soul, and hence, that the door of hope is still open to him.

It must be remembered that every form of sin has as its natural issue the final result of death—death in its full and ultimate sense—that of utter separation from God. Whatever produces wilful separation of the human will from God's will, or of the human heart from God's love, is soul destroying, and has death as its goal, the death that means *hell*.

There are different degrees in this condemnation corresponding to differing degrees in glory, 'even as one star differeth from another in glory.' Sins which have their source merely in passion, in the abuse of natural faculties and dispositions, are, no doubt, as surely fatal to the soul's life as any other form of evil. They incur damnation, yet not so deep and so black as that which represents the condition of the man who has deliberately assumed the position of a satan (an *enemy* to God and good), ranging himself under the standard of the great Satan as fighting in the ranks of Hate against the Love-principle of the cosmos. This latter is, no doubt, the 'sin unto death' of which John speaks as past praying for (if this is the meaning of the passage 1 Jn 5^{16}), *i.e.* sin which has carried the soul to the actual consummation of spiritual death.

We may safely take it as an unquestionable fact that no sin is in itself unpardonable if only the will to repent and turn from it be present. Sin which is characterized as beyond the reach of pardon is only so because the sinner has destroyed within himself the faculty for repentance. Sin against the Holy Ghost then may be said to represent the climax of a course of wilful self-hardening, whereby the will has not only extinguished within itself, deliberately and knowingly, every invitatory im-

pulse which the Holy Spirit lovingly exerts for its salvation, but has definitely placed itself in a position of conscious antagonism to the will of God as such. The reading adopted in the Revised Version for Mk 3^{29}, 'Is guilty of an eternal sin,' would seem to represent the true solution of the difficulty often alleged in the idea of an infinite penalty for a finite sin. The fact is that the sentence is eternal only because the sin is eternal, and is actually the natural accompaniment of the sin and not an external punishment. Repentance can never fail in securing pardon.[1]

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fleshly Lusts.

'Beloved, I beseech you, as sojourners and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.'—1 P 2^{11}.

1. 'Beloved' (A.V. 'dearly beloved'). The Apostle uses that term of endearment only once more in the Epistle; and it is the more weighty the more rare it is. He rises to it when the greatness of the danger or trial draws him more strongly to the brethren whom he would guide. They were among foreigners. For the mark of God's favour was upon these Christians. The Israelites when they served in Egypt were not more separate in thoughts, in race, in hopes, in worship, from the people whom they served than were these new Israelites, the children of a new separation, 'a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people,' from the nation, whatever its name and speech, in the midst of which they sojourned. A duty lay on them as strangers, as sojourners, tarrying for a while on their way to the city of God, to show a bright example of purity, the virtue of which perhaps the Gentiles knew the least. And by this strange abstinence from one common form of evil, they would win over those who misunderstood them and their strange ways; so that the Gentiles would glorify God 'in the day of visitation,' not in the day of judgment—for so the passage is often misunderstood—but the day when Christ should visit these Gentiles in their turn with His offers of mercy and peace. Won over and subdued by this sight of a religion pure amidst a world of lust; brought to glorify God for this miracle of His power, in making pureness possible, they would themselves bow before the God of purity, and pray Him to sanctify them too with the purifying fire of His Spirit.

2. Both the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures speak of our physical nature with honour. They never represent the body as the work of some inferior and perhaps malignant deity, who so contrived it that we should be constantly tempted to sin. It is God's own handiwork—'fearfully and wonderfully made.' It is the visible temple of the Holy Ghost—the only visible temple in which God has dwelt since the glory passed away from the inner sanctuary at Jerusalem. Death is not to destroy it. Sown in corruption, it is to be raised in incorruption; sown in weakness, it is to be raised in power. The body, therefore, with its instincts and wants, is not to be treated as the enemy of the soul, but as its friend—a friend of inferior rank, but still a friend. It asks for warmth and clothing, food and shelter, and for ease and rest after labour; and it should have them all. Let men say what they will in praise of the celestial influence of hunger, whether voluntary or involuntary, it is difficult to see that hunger encourages any human virtue, or any Christian grace. As for a hard and severe life, as a rule, it is probably as injurious to the intellect and the heart as it certainly is to physical health and beauty. When the Apostles warned men against 'fleshly lusts' there is no reason to suppose that they meant to require Christian people to live a life of discomfort and privation.

But that it is necessary, if we are to live a pure and devout life, that we should firmly control our inferior instincts and passions, has been the common faith of all saints; and carelessness in the discipline of the body is, perhaps, the real cause of the miserably ignoble life of many Christian men. If a man is conscious that his spiritual nature has no elasticity, that his religious life is dull and heavy, that his prayers have no heart in them, and his thanksgivings no rapture, that his Christian work is feeble and mechanical, a burden to himself and no blessing to others, let him ask whether the flesh has not mastered the spirit, and set himself vigorously to assert his freedom.

(1) Let him ask himself, for instance, whether he would not be a better man if he drank less. It is not merely men who drink till they are drunk who are guilty of intemperance; there are many people who do what is perhaps worse than that. Medical men give it as their deliberate opinion

[1] F. J. B. Allnatt, *Studies in Soul Tending*.

that a man who gets drunk once a month receives less physical injury than a man who never loses self-command, but drinks habitually. Which suffers most morally it may be hard to determine. Unhappily drinking which does not end in positive intoxication is regarded as innocent. The men who are guilty of it would resent even an implied censure on their excesses. They think they 'live freely,' but that they are blameless. Their friends become used to their habits; mere acquaintances say that they never seem very bright or active, but charge them with no sin; their own consciences are drugged into silence; but all moral nobleness and all lofty devotion inevitably disappear from their character.

(2) The moral degradation which comes from another 'fleshly lust'—physical indolence—it is less easy to define. We all know men who continue to the end of their days 'unfulfilled prophecies'; who have shown in their youth the promise of high achievement, and perhaps the sign of genius, but who leave the world with their poems unwritten, their schemes of philosophy unorganized, or their social and political reforms unattempted. Such men are often illustrations of the failure that is the inevitable penalty of indolence. Its moral effects are not less disastrous. Some men fall into such physical habits that they never seem to be fairly awake. Hard work of every kind, whether of muscle or brain, they systematically evade. They 'take things easy.' They 'do not excite themselves.' They think they are very harmless, and even very praiseworthy people; and do not see that indolence has grown upon them till the soul is no longer master of itself, or of the body which ought to serve it. The immorality of their life it may perhaps be impossible to make clear to them; but they may be made to perceive that habits which destroy all intensity and depth and vehemence of religious feeling must involve them in guilt. Every spiritual impulse is enfeebled, every devout affection is deadened, every act of worship is made a weariness, by the sluggishness into which they have permitted themselves to sink. The fiery chariot in which the soul should rise triumphantly to heaven in exulting praise and rapturous adoration has had all its splendours quenched; now and then they may be feebly stirred by the fervour and passion of men of nobler temper, but it is only for a moment; 'of the earth, earthy,' they have become incapable of the diviner movements and joys of the spiritual life.

The Psychology of the Twelve.

By the Reverend S. Tonkin, B.D., Ilkley.

I am convinced that many of us have been gravely unjust in our estimate of the twelve. We have not sufficiently allowed for the fact that we seldom hear and see these men when they are each alone with Jesus and at their best. We see them in the group. Well, then, let us turn to 'The Group Mind,' as expounded by W. McDougall. 'We seem to stand before a paradox. Participation in group life degrades the individual, assimilating his mental processes to those of the crowd whose brutality, inconstancy, and unreasoning impulsiveness have been the theme of many writers; yet only by participation in group life does man become fully man.' Jesus chose twelve strangely assorted men that they might be with Him, learning at last to dwell with, and help, one another. But the fine venture had its dangers, and one of the twelve went down before those dangers. Would a better understanding of the strange chemistry of the group lessen the blackness of the sin of Judas in our eyes? Did, for instance, the oddities of Peter, or some obscure companion like Thaddeus, act like an irritant poison on his soul? We have no right to overlook the fact that the traitor was not Judas, the solitary individual, but Judas, 'one of the twelve.'

I.

It is very instructive to notice the difference between the individual and the group in their intercourse with Jesus. McDougall points out that not only large crowds but even such bodies as juries and committees 'are notoriously liable to pass judgments, to form decisions, to enact rules or laws, so obviously erroneous, unwise, or defective, that any one, even the least intelligent member