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sight of Him in the cloud of the ascension, Christ's face was turned to man as Apostle and Advocate for the Father.

As now ascended He appears in the presence of God for man, and His face is turned from us to the Father. Now He pleads not with us for God, but with God for us. But God is not left without an advocate in earth—'Another' is come who speaks and pleads for Christ, as Christ had pled and spoken for the Father. He is come for the sake of the Church and of the disciple, that we may have 'a right judgement in all things.' It is His office to take of the things of Christ and show them to us, and to lead us into their truth—to open our eyes to their beauty and persuade us of their truth. He answers for God that He is Love, answers for Christ that He is the Faithful and True: He pleads with the soul that it may believe good concerning God and His way, God and His Kingdom and His righteousness. It is of His office in the Church and in the disciple, not speaking from Himself, to bring us in all things, as day follows day, to a right judgment.

Strange indeed is the tribunal if we consider the Pleader and the cause pleaded, but all this is work proper to an advocate, and for certain it is work which the Holy Spirit does. As for the world, upon it also the same Spirit acts, but, 'since the world receiveth him not, neither knoweth him'—upon it He works indirectly by the 'Spirit-bearing Body,' by the Spirit-bearing disciple (ambassadors on behalf of Christ, as though God were entreating men by their voices). It is fact that our Lord stands trial anew before each new generation of mankind, and, also, even (*teste* Girton) within the Church of God; but Christ now has many witnesses, a multitude which no one could number, and His Advocate 'shall not fail.'

ARTHUR W. WOTHERSPOON.

Glasgow.

Entre Nous.

FOR THE MINISTRY.

Christian Mysticism.

The Right Rev. Arthur Chandler, formerly Bishop of Bloemfontein, now Rector of Bentley St. Mary, has written a book on Christian Mysticism, calling it *First-Hand Religion* (Mowbray; 2s. 6d. net). Few men are better fitted. For he has a clear mind as well as a devout heart, and he writes with simplicity.

Let us see what he means by Mysticism.

1. First, then, God has made us in His image, and therefore there is a germ of the divine in us, which has to be developed into the knowledge and love of God. Nothing short of this knowledge and love of God can satisfy the soul that He has made. This is a truth which is verified in the experience of all, and which might be described as the bedrock foundation of religion.

2. Secondly, Christianity aims at unfolding and setting out the meaning of this knowledge and love of God, together with the service which these demand. And the significance of our religion will vary according to the way in which we appropriate it and work at it. For instance, we can accept its teaching, and observe its rules of conduct, and experience feelings of love and gratitude to God, whilst these exercises of reason and will and heart are isolated in separate water-tight compartments, and not fused together into a living movement and attraction of the whole soul to God, a movement in which faith and love and works are inseparably combined.

And so, too, we can accept the Christian religion as a ready-made affair, which we take on trust, and which we feel no need or desire to verify for ourselves; we recognize that God has spoken in the Bible, and perhaps also in the Church, without expecting Him to speak in our own souls too.

This religion may be called conventional or second-hand, in the sense that it lacks the element of spiritual adventure, or the passionate quest of God by the united powers of the soul; and in the sense that it is not verified by that actual converse with God, and that living touch with Him, which would make it an actual first-hand experience of truth. But we must remember that such expressions as 'conventional' or 'second-hand' state the absence of certain qualities; they do not

deny the presence of other qualities. A man's religion may lack the note of mysticism and yet be earnest and firmly held, and bring great blessings on himself and others. It may be a type of religion which lays no great store by reflection or introspection, but it is often rich in good works and in the example of an unselfish and consistent Christian life. Perhaps 'extroverted' would be a better term to express it, because more free from any implication of disparagement. Such religion is not, indeed, turned inwards, as the mystic's is, but it is turned outwards to a loyal observance of God's commandments and to an exact fulfilment of the duties belonging to the state of life to which he has been called.

But at the same time it must be added that there is a great tendency for such religion to deteriorate, and to become conventional not only in the sense of being accepted ready-made or of consisting in a traditional routine of observances, but also in the sense of losing all vital significance, and becoming lifeless and unreal. And perhaps this danger is especially obvious in the Anglican Church. Our familiarity with set prayers and fixed forms of worship, the stereotyped iteration of exhortations like 'dearly beloved brethren,' combined sometimes with the droning monotony of a pulpit voice in the officiating minister; with the prominence often given to a form of service which makes little appeal to the imagination or the heart; and with the fact that priest and organist seem to conspire together to prevent our having a moment of silence in which to approach God quietly—all these things tend to have a deadening effect on the worship of God, which ought to be the very soul of religion. And when public worship becomes dull and lifeless, the rest of our religious life is apt to follow suit.

3. The third point is this. Mystical religion aims at the highest sort of reality—at converse with God, and union with God, Who is the sum and perfection of holiness and truth; therefore it is not a thing to be played with in a spirit of idle intellectual curiosity. It is not a matter for the intellect alone, but for the intellect in conjunction with the heart and will; it demands devotion and service as well as reasoning. If we take it up at all, we must be prepared to take trouble with it. In the first place, there must be a serious attempt at the mortification of self-will. The mystic is one who waits humbly upon God for indications of His will; and he cannot do that unless he is really trying to get rid of self-will, self-seeking, self-assertion, in whatever way they are manifested: in the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, or the pride of life. The spark of the divine which is in him must lead not only to dissatisfaction with earthly goods, but to mortification of the desire for them.

But the mortification of this comprehensive principle of pride and self-assertion is not an easy thing. Its antecedent condition is a thorough and honest repentance of past sin, with a readiness to do penance for it in the present; and its method of working is the resolute cutting off of the supplies of sin, and a resolute avoidance of occasions of sin. Repentance produces humility; mortification, or the gradual killing out of sin, produces freedom; and humility and freedom are essential parts of a mystic's outfit. He must be free to wait upon God in a humble readiness to do God's will.

And another thing that he wants, and which he will find it difficult to get, is patience and perseverance: Patience, the Queen of the Virtues, as S. Catherine of Siena calls it, who brings the virtues in her train. A very little experience tells us how sorely we need it; there are all sorts of discouragements; we seem to make no progress; a kind of false humility urges us to give up trying to do what is obviously too hard for us; whilst at other times presumption makes us want to attain to the goal at once, and tempts us to give up when we find that this cannot be done. We have to go on in dogged perseverance, being content at first with vague and confused ideas of God's will—vague because mixed up with unmortified notions of our own; gradually improving our methods; gradually relying more upon God, and less upon ourselves; gradually learning to control our imagination and fix our attention; gradually submitting ourselves more whole-heartedly to God's will, whatever that will may be; gradually rising from an appreciation of God's gifts to the love of Him who gives them, until the love of Him becomes the dominating power of our lives. Obviously, this is no light task; not one to be taken up as a fashionable fad, or an easy bit of occultism; it is one which demands the honest and strenuous dedication of a man's whole nature, and in particular the dedication of his will.

4. And now, fourthly, mysticism is an individual

type of religion; in that fact lies the secret alike of its strength and of its weakness, of its achievements and of its temptations. It is the individual soul's quest for God. The mystic enters upon that quest alone; alone he faces its difficulties: its adventures and discoveries are for him alone; he could not, if he would, communicate them to another; the contact of the soul with God is necessarily an ineffable experience.

This does not mean that the man isolates himself from his fellows; he may be closely engaged in business and in doing the duties that belong to him as a citizen and a Christian; but his religion is a very inward thing; its goal is an inward union of his soul with God, and the path is indicated by inward manifestations of God's directing will. And this fact, common to all mystical religion, necessarily involves dangers, and gives rise to a very common criticism.

Bishop Chandler proceeds to point out the dangers. But we need not follow him further. The book is sufficiently tested, both its science and its art, by the quotation already made. Dr. Chandler's books are always suggestive. Having thought, they create thought. And if they arrest occasionally they never disconcert in the end. The last point which he makes here is that Mysticism and the Church require each other.

SOME TOPICS.

McConnachie.

Before Sir James Barrie's Rectorial Lecture on *Courage* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. net) is forgotten, and in order that it may not be altogether forgotten, let us repeat some of its sentences:

'I have utterly forgotten the address of the Rector of my time, and even who he was, but I recall vividly climbing up a statue to tie his colours round its neck and being hurled therefrom with contumely. We remember the important things.'

'Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own. There may be students here to-day who have decided this session to go in for immortality, and would like to know of an easy way of accomplishing it. That is a way, but not so easy as you think. Go through life without ever ascribing to your opponents motives meaner than your own. Nothing so lowers the moral currency; give it up, and be great.'

'Beware your betters bringing presents. What is wanted is something run by yourselves.'

'Carlyle, the king of all rectors, has always been accepted as the arch-apostle of toil, and has registered his many woes. But it will not do. Despite sickness, poortith, want and all, he was grinding all his life at the one job he revelled in. An extraordinarily happy man, though there is no direct proof that he thought so.'

'Henley says in that poem we were speaking of:

> Under the bludgeonings of Chance
> My head is bloody but unbowed.

A fine mouthful, but perhaps "My head is bloody and bowed" is better.'

'Don't forget to speak scornfully of the Victorian age; there will be time for meekness when you try to better it.'

And now let us convict Sir James Barrie of plagiarism. You remember McConnachie. Well, read this. It is a letter to his little girls by Joe Chandler Harris, the creator of Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit. This is the letter: 'As for myself—though you could hardly call me a real, sure enough author—I never have anything but the vaguest ideas of what I am going to write; but when I take my pen in my hand the rust clears away, and the "other fellow" takes charge. You know all of us have two entities, or personalities. That is the reason you see and hear persons "talking to themselves." They are talking to the "other fellow." I have often asked my "other fellow" where he gets all his information, and how he can remember, in the nick of time, things that I have forgotten long ago; but he never satisfies my curiosity. He is simply a spectator of my folly until I seize a pen, and then he comes forward and takes charge.

'Sometimes I laugh heartily at what he writes. If you could see me at such times, and they are very frequent, you would no doubt say, "It is very conceited in that old man to laugh at his own writing." But that is the very point; it is not my writing at all; it is my "other fellow" doing the work and I am getting all the credit for it. Now, I'll admit that I write the editorials for the paper. The "other fellow" has nothing to do with them, and, so far as I am able to get his views on the

subject, he regards them with scorn and contempt; though there are rare occasions when he helps me out on a Sunday editorial. He is a creature hard to understand, but, so far as I can understand him, he's a very sour, surly fellow until I give him an opportunity to guide my pen in subjects congenial to him; whereas I am, as you know, jolly, good-natured, and entirely harmless.

'Now, my "other fellow," I am convinced, would do some damage if I didn't give him an opportunity to work off his energy in the way he delights. I say to him, "Now, here's an editor who says he will pay well for a short story. He wants it at once." Then I forget all about the matter, and go on writing editorials and taking Celery Compound, and presently my "other fellow" says sourly: "What about that story?" Then when night comes, I take up my pen, surrender unconditionally to my "other fellow," and out comes the story, and if it is a good story I am as much surprised as the people who read it. Now, my dear gals will think I am writing nonsense; but I am telling them the truth as near as I can get at the facts—for the "other fellow" is secretive. Well! so much for that. You can take a long breath now and rest yourselves.'

The Preacher as Scholar.

This is from the Hartley Lecture of Mr. Pickett (a Primitive Methodist preacher):

'Before and beyond any intellectual attainment, the work of preaching presupposes seclusion with Jesus. This always first and chief. The "laying on of hands" that matters, the really valid ordination, is the pressure of the "hands pierced for us." Nor, until we know and feel the steady and constant impact of His personality upon our own, waiting in profound reverence for Him as lovers, living with Him in the secret places of His love, can we expect to know His mind, or understand the treasures of grace He desires us to make known to others.

'This is not to undervalue the work of the study, nor is it to depreciate the place of true scholarship. It is rather to offer to that side of the preacher's work an unfailing incentive. It is deeply and permanently true, that the longing for, and the effort to secure the highest intellectual efficiency, will be in exact proportion to the intensity and fulness of our love for the Person of Jesus. To be "with Him" makes the preacher evermore a student, and always a student of the highest and best. The effective antidote against intellectual stagnation is abiding fellowship with Jesus. The true goad to study is the Apostle's longing to "know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings." And in all this, since Jesus has declared, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," the twelve possessed no advantage not equally open to disciples still, with all it involves of inquiry, explanation, correction, and ever-expanding vision.'

Now take this from Professor George Jackson's *Reasonable Religion.* Dr. Jackson quotes from Forbes Robinson's *Letters to his Friends*: 'I have been reading out here two very different kinds of books. One is Wellhausen's *History of Israel*, the other Moody's *Life*, by his son. Wellhausen's book gives you in outline the position of modern advanced criticism of the Old Testament. I have never before studied the history from the critical point of view really seriously. The study has proved extraordinarily interesting, and I must say that in the main I agree thoroughly with Wellhausen's position. . . . Moody's *Life* stirs me up to realise more the worth of the individual, the surpassing value of man's moral and spiritual nature.'

Then Dr. Jackson comments: 'Wellhausen and Moody—that is a very suggestive collocation, and it is not too much to say that the power of the pulpit in the days that lie immediately ahead of us will depend in no small degree on our success in yoking together the forces respectively represented by the German scholar and the American evangelist. To have the scholar and the evangelist for ever working at cross purposes is to sterilise all the Church's best endeavour. The evangelist who is afraid of scholarship has only a maimed Gospel, which will only commend itself to maimed men. Scholarship without an evangel is as futile as the wheeling of swallows round the church steeple.'

Proverbs.

Under the title of *Wayside Sayings*, Selwyn Gurney Champion and Ethel Mavrogordato have issued a volume of Proverbs (Duckworth; 5s. net). 'In the preparation of the present collection of Proverbs,' they say, 'we have endeavoured to

accumulate only those sayings which are comparatively little known and which are in danger of falling into disuse. The more ordinary or commonplace proverbs have not been included.' And they say so most truly. Here are proverbs innumerable which you never heard or read before, and many of them are as pithy as prudent. The curious thing about proverbs is that there is no religion in them, and rarely even any idealism. They are of the earth earthy. As a guide of life they are utterly unreliable. Some of them have the cynical sordidness of Satan.

Our authors divide their proverbs into nationalities. Let us test them by a few examples:

English. 'There is but an hour a day between a good housewife and a bad.'

Irish. 'There is no overtaking the shot once fired.'

Scotch. 'Choose a good mother's daughter, though her father were the devil.'

American. 'There are two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.'

Egyptian. 'A borrowed cloak does not keep one warm.'

Arabian. 'God bless him who pays visits—and short visits.'

Japanese. 'No standing in the world without stooping.'

Chinese. 'Forethought is easy, repentance is hard.'

Spanish. 'To steal the pig, and give away the feet for God's sake.'

A TEXT.

Job xxxiii. 15.

'The Hebrew writers had great respect for dreams. "In a dream," says the *Book of Job*, "in a vision of the night . . . then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.' The Greeks thought dreams a source of wisdom; Synesius in his *Treatise on Dreams* declares that attention to divination by dreams is good on moral grounds alone. Jonathan Edwards, who by the way was a typical mystic and seer, having trance-like states under the stress of religious feeling, especially in the presence of nature, says in his *Diary*: "I think it a very good way to examine dreams every morning when I awake; what are the nature, circumstances, principles, and ends of my imaginary actions and passions in them, to discern what are my chief inclinations, etc." Kant in his *Anthropology* thinks dreams of value "in laying bare for us our hidden dispositions, and revealing to us not what we are, but what we might have been if we had had a different education."

'These quotations represent the classical and older view. At present dreams are apt to be dismissed as trifles, or discussed as merely physiological or pathological. Unquestionably dreams may follow indigestion, but they have other bearings too; and it is well to heed Charles Lamb, who takes the older view. "Some people," he says, "have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them curiously. . . . We have too much respect for these spiritual communications to let them go so lightly. . . . They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly as approach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. . . . It is good to have friends at court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. . . . Therefore we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already how it shall be with us."

'We may believe then, if we take this older view, that dreams not only reveal to us our own deeper character, but draw from these deeper sources moral wisdom, truth not ascertainable by our conscious waking minds, even truths touching the life of the spirit and immortality. But these are the truths which the poets and mystics are always seeking.

Waking or asleep,
They of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream.'[1]

[1] F. C. Prescott, *The Poetic Mind*, p. 26 f.

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