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uses. But the spirit body is not Paul's spiritual body. That is the resurrection body. Higher than the spirit (or spirituous) body, but not so high as the spiritual or resurrection body, is the radiant body, called also the celestial or luciform body, or organon of light, the *augoeides* or *astroeides* of the Platonists. The resurrection body is the most exalted vehicle soul or spirit uses. The Jews regarded it sometimes as material, sometimes as spiritual. The early Christians took over the common material view, but Paul saw that the body of Jesus was of a spiritual nature and was to be the firstfruits of a great harvest from the dead. Mr. Mead hopes that modern Christians will follow Paul and see in the resurrection of Jesus, not a rising to life of the physical body laid in the tomb, but a manifestation of a far more glorious body, fit instrument for a divine and human spirit.

Christ and the Affections.

By the Right Reverend G. H. S. Walpole, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh.

'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' Again and again the question has been asked, as it was at first, in the hope that some great deed, a renunciation or sacrifice, or perhaps some series of deeds involving lifelong mortification, would secure the great prize. But such questioners generally regard the life they would obtain as being some happy circumstances or ideal conditions, a Paradise or a heaven.

But life is larger than that with which they would identify it. Life is vitality, the glow of fine feeling aroused by some exciting cause, such as a picture, a concert, a drama, a declaration of love. And eternal life is this fine, living, full, intelligent emotion without change, the spiritual thermometer never falling below temperate. It knows neither moods nor periods of depression, but ever goes forward on its topmost note.

Now though men have not always identified eternal life with high thought and warm feeling, they have always desired it, pressed forward for it, longed to obtain it. How, then, may we have it? How does Christ answer the question: 'What is written in the law—How readest thou?' The reply seems chilling.

But the questioner was a lawyer, and was therefore naturally reminded that the answer lay in the path of his daily duty. The law of Moses was his special and particular duty, and there he would find what he wanted to know. A moment's thought gave him the right answer. Life lay in love. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself.' That was the law, and our Lord quietly emphasized it by saying, 'This do, and thou shalt live.' Necessarily so, for love and life are one thing, or neither is anything. To love is to live. Do we not find it so? I come in tired and dull, the book I love lies on the table, in less than an hour I live. I am depressed and moody, the friend I love meets me, and in a moment the cloud of depression has gone, I live. Everything seems flat and unprofitable, but I turn into the concert hall to hear the music I love, it catches me, and I am soon alive. We need not labour it further—to love is to live. And, of course, it naturally follows that the higher the object of love the finer and fuller the life. The wise, well-informed, noble-minded friend, necessarily responds in fuller measure than one less highly gifted. He gives us fuller life. And as the very highest object of all is, of course, God, to love God must mean the fullest life. It may be more difficult to love Him because we do not see Him, and because filling all space He seems too incomprehensible for us to gain a clear conception of Him, but if love is possible the very fullest life is certain. Now before the revelation of the Incarnation the difficulty of really knowing God was evidently felt, for in the Old Testament there are but few burning love passages, nothing comparable with what we find afterwards. Now and again we hear some affectionate soul crying out:

> Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
> And there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison with Thee;

or, My soul hangeth upon Thee.
Thy right hand hath upholden me;

or, Thy law is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver;

or, My soul waiteth only upon God: from Him cometh my salvation: He only is my rock and my salvation: He is my high tower, I shall not be greatly moved;

or, The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore I can lack nothing.

But such expressions are not common. And we are not surprised. For not only had the Jew no figure by which he could picture God to his mind, but he was not allowed to imagine one. God therefore seemed far removed, and when Christ came even the pronunciation of His sacred name was lost, for it was named but once a year, and that only by the High Priest, and the secret seems to have disappeared. And so it was that whilst the command was clear that God was to be loved with all the affections, there was but little to stir them. Religious art was unknown, music was in a very primitive state, and sermons by which men have been moved to love God were but seldom heard. His Righteousness would be admired, His Wisdom praised, His Holiness revered, but His womanly tenderness was but rarely spoken of. Now and again prophets like Hosea, Isaiah, or The Unknown, would dare by the power of the Spirit to attribute his own strange emotion to God, but it was very occasional.

When we compare what the Old Testament gives us with the glowing passages of the New, with the warm, passionate expressions of devotion of Apostolic Fathers like Ignatius, the fervent, affectionate prayers and confessions of saints like Augustine, and the love verses of Christian hymns, we feel that some great change in the conception of God must have taken place. In some way He who was far off had been brought near, and He who was unimaginable by the poor and ignorant had been seen: One who to most was but Judge and Ruler was now Father. And we know how it was: the Incarnation had taken place: God was seen in Jesus Christ, the Father was revealed in the Son, the Judge was seen dying for the guilty. And this change was followed by natural consequences. Art, imprisoned by the Second Commandment, began to break its bonds; music took wings; eloquence found a new subject, preachers rivalling the greatest orators of the past; simple, uneducated men and women found their feelings too strong for words and spake with new tongues. The whole world of emotion was enlarged. Jesus became the living, warm centre from which radiated in every direction currents charged with a new power that fired men's hearts. Even the comparatively few letters that come down to us from the years immediately succeeding the Ascension of Christ, didactic and dogmatic as in the main they are, leave the even tenor of their reasoned path with outbursts of affection, as when S. Paul, writing to the Galatians, cries out, 'I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me.' Or, when later reminding the Christians at Rome of the blessings of Justification, he combats the idea that any one can punish them. 'When God acquits, who shall condemn? Will Christ? the Christ who died, yet who rose from the dead? The Christ who is at God's right hand, who actually pleads for us? What can ever part us from Christ's love? Can anguish, or calamity, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or the sword? Because as it is written: For thy sake we are being killed all the day long, we are counted as sheep to be slaughtered. No, in all this we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us. For I am certain, neither death nor life, neither angels nor principalities, neither the present nor the future, no powers of the Height or of the Depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to part us from God's love in Christ Jesus our Lord.'[1]

And S. Peter, in his brief letter, appeals to a common experience of the believers in his day when he writes, 'Now you who believe, you hold Him precious; for though you never knew Him, you love Him, and though for the moment you do not see Him, yet you believe in Him, and will thrill with an unspeakable and glorious joy when you obtain the outcome of your faith in the salvation of your soul.'[2]

So, too, S. John begins his great prophetic book the Apocalypse with an ascription of praise to Him 'that loveth us and loosed us from our sins by His blood.'

And in the days immediately succeeding, Christians find no language too extravagant to express the warmth of their affection to Christ. So S.

[1] Ro 8^{35-39}. Dr. Moffatt's translation.

[2] 1 P $1^{8,9}$.

Ignatius, as he looks forward to his martyrdom cries out: 'The joys of this world shall benefit me no more, nor the kingdoms of this age. I would rather die unto Christ Jesus than reign over the ends of the earth. I seek Him who died on our behalf, I want Him who rose again for us: the pangs of birth are laid upon me.' Or again, 'Living I write to you, but it is as loving to die. For my love has been crucified and there is left in me no spark of earthly love at all, but only a spring of living water which speaks in me with an inward voice, saying, "Hence and away to the Father." I desire no more the food of corruption, nor the delights of this life. I want the bread of God, which is the flesh of Christ; and His blood it is that I want to drink, the blood which is immortal love.' And such burning thoughts, though not so eloquently expressed, were not uncommon in the dangerous days of Roman persecutions.

And as men found in art and music vehicles for fuller expression of their affections, so poetry, which has always been love's best helpmeet, was freely used. And contrary to expectation this has not been confined to men of leisure who, possessing a dreamy, imaginative temperament, have loved to put into metre fanciful descriptions of Christ, but has been expressed by men of affairs and strong character. There is Francis Xavier, whose love of Christ led him to turn his back on the University of Paris and his admiring circle of disciples for the labours and perils of the East Indies, where he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-six, who shows us the source of his courage and self-sacrifice in the words we know so well:

> My God, I love Thee not because
> I hope for heaven thereby,
> Nor yet because who love Thee not
> Are lost eternally,
> Nor with the hope of gaining aught,
> Nor seeking a reward,
> But as Thyself hast loved me,
> O ever loving Lord.

And there is John Newton, the daring slave trader, who when he finds his real Master, through a chance reading of *The Imitation*, feels he cannot say all that he would wish in expressing his love:

> How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
> In a believer's ear!
> It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
> And drives away his fear.
>
> Weak is the effort of my heart,
> Cold is my warmest thought;
> But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
> I'll praise Thee as I ought.

These strong, busy, active, and, during much of their life, silent men are those who, with many others, have through their hymns inspired the Church of Christ; their lives bearing testimony to the reality of their glowing words, thus showing that intense personal affection to Christ is not chilled by lives of daring and enterprise nor stifled by overmuch business. On the contrary, it is the life that makes all things live.

So, too, it has been found that in the great religious awakenings that have from time to time shaken the world, their strength has lain in a personal devotion to Christ that loved to find a refuge in words. We shall never know what the Wesleyan revival of the eighteenth century owed to such hymns as

> Jesu, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly,
> While the gathering waters roll,
> While the tempest still is high:
> Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
> Till the storm of life be past;
> Safe into the haven guide,
> O receive my soul at last!

nor what the Oxford movement would have been without a Keble and a Newman to keep it warm and high by such spiritual songs as

> Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
> It is not night if Thou be near:
> O may no earth-born cloud arise
> To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

As the strength of the call to patriotism may be measured by the music and songs it produces, so the power of a call to God will be evidenced by the oratorios and hymns in which it finds expression. Judged by this standard, our religious life to-day may well give cause for serious questioning. We use again and again the old hymns because they are more direct, more personal, and more simple than those produced in our own time. Earnest and spiritually effective as the Moody and Sankey revivals were, they gave us nothing that has enriched our Hymnal, and bold and venturesome as our missionary enterprises have been, we still find our emotions better expressed in such hymns as that of Isaac Watts:

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,

or that of John Marriott:

> O Thou, whose almighty word.

The scientific and critical spirit of the age which has permeated all classes seems to have made men so cautious about the nature and person of Christ that they dare not confess a half of what they feel. They prefer the well-known paraphrases of such Psalms as the twenty-third, or the ninetieth, or the hundredth, to the definitely Christian hymns, because in them they do not commit themselves too far and they feel safer. Everywhere is needed an evangelical revival which shall give back to the mass of professing Christians their old heritage, the known and felt companionship of Christ. That once gained, there will be a return to the old fervour, and men will find their present attitude too straitened, their surrounding atmosphere too depressed, and their climate too chill. Through the power of the Spirit of Jesus, known and felt, they will seek for new expressions of devotion and affection, new avenues for their overfull emotions, and will again claim poetry and music as aids to help them in interpreting those strange thoughts that have come to them of all that Christ Jesus means to them.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Birthdays of Good Men and Women.

'A good man leaveth an inheritance.'—Pr 12^{22}.

A LONG time ago—it was the 6th of March 1474—there was joy in a home at Caprese in Italy because a little son had been born.

The father was not a wealthy man, but he belonged to a noble Italian family and was very proud. He had high ambitions for the future of his boy. One of these was that he should grow up to be a member of one of the learned professions. The baby was given a very grand name—Michael Angelo, after the Archangel Michael. His surname was a well-known and honoured Italian name. Like many other babies of the same class, little Michael was sent away up to the hill country to be nursed. His foster-mother was a stone-cutter's wife, and naturally he learned to love her. Long afterwards when Michael Angelo had become a great man, he used to say that he had got his sharp tongue from the hills and his love for the mallet and chisel from the stone-cutter's home.

He came back from his foster-mother's care, a child who seemed to have no desire to play or even to learn; he kept constantly wanting to handle a pencil and to draw all sorts of weird pictures. After a bit, his childish drawings were to be seen upstairs, downstairs, everywhere over the walls of the house. His father tried to induce him to take an interest in other and more natural amusements but failed. Then he whipped the boy; but Michael's love of drawing was a gift from God, nothing could kill it out. For a time his father was a very disappointed man indeed. To his mind Michael as an artist was a thought unworthy of the name he bore.

Michael had a companion named Francesco, who also loved Art. He had gone to study with a famous master, and used to bring his drawings to show them to Michael. What talks they had together then! Many things helped to make what in Michael seemed mere stubbornness into strength, and the proud spirit of the father was at last conquered; he reluctantly agreed to send his boy to be a pupil at the same studio as Francesco went to in Florence.

Michael, however, was not received exactly as a pupil. Ghirlandajo, the master, was a wise man and recognized his worth. He agreed to pay Michael a small but gradually rising salary for the first three years. If Ghirlandajo was a great artist, he was also a humble man. Yet it was but natural that he should feel irritated, when a pupil with such a sense of his own ability as Michael had, dared occasionally to do clever things that hurt. There came a day, however, when he could not help saying, 'This youth already knows more of art than I do myself.'

Michael Angelo grew up to be more than merely an artist. In those days, even boys and girls could not live in Italy without coming to know that nearly all the educated people thought about religion. They did not think of it as you boys and girls are taught to do. They cared for their souls—they believed in being pure in heart—but they counted knowledge the greatest thing in the