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by more than a century. Accepting 2474 as the date of the founding of the last empire of Ur, I have reconstructed the outline of ancient history in the table appended to this paper. Operating with most conservative figures, we are bound to begin authentic history in Mesopotamia as early as 5000 B.C., when the Semite was already in the land. The period of earlier Sumerian migration and occupation is left to conjecture.

Kish (first kingdom), semi-mythical, about 21 kings.
Erech (first kingdom), semi-mythical, about 11 kings.
Ur (first kingdom), 4316–4145 (171).
Awan, 4145–4045 (100)? Dynastic tablet, 356!
Ur (second kingdom), 4045–3937 (108).
Kish (second kingdom, 6 kings), 3937–3745 (192!). (Dynastic tablet, 3792 years for this kingdom).
Uamazi, 3745–3738 (7).
Kish (third kingdom), 3738–3588 (150). *Mesilim*, etc.
Erech (second kingdom), 3588–3358 (130).
Adab, 3358–3268 (90).
Ma-er, 3268–3188 (80).
Akšak, 3188–3089 (99). *Ur-Ninā*.
Kish (fourth kingdom), 3089–2897 (192). *Entemena*, etc.
Erech (third kingdom), 2897–2872 (25).
Agade, 2872–2675 (197).
Erech (fourth kingdom), 2675–2649 (26).
Gutium, 2649–2524 (125).
Erech (fifth kingdom), 2524–2474 (50).
Ur (third kingdom), 2474–2357 (117).
Isin, 2357–2132 (225).
First Babylonian Dynasty, 2225–1926 (299).

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

A Heart Satisfied.

'One . . . whose heart the Lord opened.'—Ac 16^{14}.

ONE can never look into the eyes of a little Indian girl and not feel that there is a wonderful something behind them. It is a hungry look—a look that says, 'I want love, and I want to know.'

A missionary in India tells of a little village girl who came to her after an open-air meeting and said that she was a Christian. She was taken to live at the mission station and there she was given the name of Star. She and the lady missionary became great friends. Love came as a charm to Star. It opened her eyes so that she could see God; it opened her lips too, and she could not keep from telling her friend all that was in her heart.

Almost a year after the open-air meeting at which Star confessed herself a Christian, they were together at a camp-meeting in a tent. The air was stifling, and when it was over they wandered out together to get cooled. Hand in hand they walked about over the great sandy plain on which their tents were pitched. The wonder of the night with all its solemn grandeur broke in upon the mind of the Indian girl like the sense of a great Presence. When at last they lay down on the sand and had been quite silent for some time Star spoke.

'Amma,' she said softly, 'this reminds me of the night I first spoke with God.' It was with the little Indian girl as with Abraham when God spoke to him as a man speaketh to his friend.

Then Star went on to tell how when she used to look at her hands and feet she kept asking herself, 'Who made me? Was it Siva the great God of India?' She asked her father too; he did not seem to know, and tried to put her off. At last she decided on a plan by which she was sure she could find out. She had a very trying temper, and was so overbearing that other children could not be induced to play with her. To go round all the gods she knew, and find out which of them could change her disposition would, she felt sure, lead her in time to the god who had made her.

So she prayed to Siva. 'O heavenly Siva, hear me! Change my disposition that other children may love me and wish to play with me.' No change came. And in despair she went away into the jungle and laid her head on the ground and cried for help to come. And still she wondered who made her. 'Who am I?' 'Why was I made?' she asked every one who would listen, and her people began to think her strange. She was a sensitive child and made up her mind she would never ask questions again, but she thought all the more.

The answer came in an unlooked-for, yet old-fashioned way. It makes one think of how the *boldness* of Peter and John made the learned members of the Sanhedrin take knowledge of them 'that they had been with Jesus.'

Star had gone for water to a well on the outskirts of the town. Near the well she noticed a crowd. She forgot about her work and went to look and listen. 'There were three white people,' she told the missionary afterwards, 'and a talking noise, and a singing noise, and a box which made a noise.' It was of course just an open-air meeting, and the singing was being helped by some half-dozen Indian converts.

She moved away, but a madman came and tried to disturb the meeting. 'See the white man beat the madman,' shouted the crowd—and she went back to listen. But the white man simply put his arm on the madman's shoulder, and drew him gently out of the crowd while an Indian brother continued speaking. Again she turned to go. And then a sentence reached her ears. 'There is a living God. There is a living God: He turned me, a lion, into a lamb.'

Here was the true answer to her questions. She did not want sleep that night. She wanted to lie awake and talk to the living God. Next morning a feeling of new happiness came to her. She danced as she walked. She found her way to the Christian camp, and sat on the floor of the tent with the other children, and learned a chorus which was easily understood and which she never forgot. 'My heart was like a little room,' she said to the missionary. 'It could not hold much then. Only I understood you said that the true God heard us when we prayed, and very dearly loved us all.'

Enough for her, she had seen a man who had been changed through being in the company of Jesus Christ. And that little Indian girl became a great helper to the missionary in her work. She used to go round and visit the women with her. Sometimes she even spoke to them. Let me repeat to you one of her little sermons.

'Sister, we have come to bring good news to you. There is a living God who loves you. He has always loved you. He sent us here to tell you so. Take it! His love is all for you. Oh, sister, this news was beautiful to me, and the joy of joys.'

Our Home.

'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.'—Is 1^{3}.

Isaiah just meant that some people have less sense than dumb beasts. A cow knows exactly where its byre is, and a donkey will find the stable his master has provided for him, but there are men and women so stupid that they never think of coming home to God.

There are many stories of how a dog may find its way home from some far-off place to which it has been sent. Pussy does the same; wherever she is, the old home calls her.

The other day I read a delightful tale about a little mouse. If it is not quite true in every little detail, the spirit of it is the same as that which unites human children with the humbler children of nature. Let me tell you my story. A farm wagon was lumbering along a road in America. Three boys and their dog were romping about in the body of the wagon. There were sacks and barrels on the floor of it, and what with the dog barking and jumping about, and a good-natured farm-hand as driver, they were having great fun. 'Here's a mouse!' called one of the boys as he lifted a sack. 'Turn him out and let Cæsar have him,' cried another. The boy could easily have reached into the barrel himself, but he thought it would be better fun to let the dog have a hunt. He tipped the keg over, and the mouse tumbled to the floor. Cæsar leaped for it, but the mouse instantly slipped beneath another barrel. A boy lifted the barrel and the mouse darted into a crack in the floor of the wagon and so fell to the ground.

The boys and their dog leaped from the wagon in chase, but the mouse dodged them, ran beneath a fallen tree, and just as the dog was within reach scrambled into an old hollow stump where two little field-mice lived. The dog whined, and one boy stood debating with himself what to do, but the others called him to come on. So he whistled to the dog and ran after the wagon, leaving the mouse in safety.

The boys all decided that the little beast had got away 'fair,' and one prophesied that he would be back at the farm to eat his thanksgiving dinner. 'It's only about a mile,' he said; 'trust him to find his way.'

Inside the tree-stump were two little beating hearts. The entrance of the frightened little

blue-grey mouse, the shouting of the boys and the whining of the dog made the field-mice fear that their shelter was to be torn away and themselves caught and killed; but in less than a minute our mouse was quite calm as if he were accustomed to such narrow escapes.

The field-mice were puzzled with their visitor, but they treated him in a friendly way, and invited him to share their store of nuts and corn. Of course a mouse from a farmhouse knew how to chisel the soft heart out of the grains of corn; he had often done that, and he had now and then eaten nuts which the boys had brought home, but he could not eat the bits of bark and the grass which the field-mice seemed to like.

After a little while he wearied. He missed many things that were at the farm, even the big, grey cat. He remembered how he used to tease her; and it was great fun to creep to the mouth of a hole and pretend to be going out, and make her wait and wait and sometimes jump and miss.

This was really a very dull place to live in, he decided. He made up his mind that he would go back to the farmhouse that very night as soon as it was dark; and he set out then. Crossing a mill-stream on the top of a sluice, he kept close by a paling, running sometimes on the bars, and hiding at the foot of a post when anything frightened him. Farther along, an owl made a swoop at him and missed. Then he found a burrow running deep into the ground and took a rest in the mouth of it. A good thing he did, for he saw a ferret on the prowl. That drove him headlong into the burrow and down to the very bottom of it. The ferret started to dig him out, but found that the burrow was deeper than he thought and at last went away. The mouse did not come out at all that night, and all next day he lay in the burrow with nothing to eat. At night he began his journeyings again, hunted at every step by some enemy.

It was many a day before a thin, hungry, tired, frightened mouse crept in at a cellar window and made his way to a nest behind the cellar stairs of the farmhouse. What tales he had to tell to the brothers and sisters and aunts and cousins who crowded round him to hear. They had all thought the cat had got him that day when he climbed into the keg among the sacks and was carried away in the farm wagon.

So you see that the call of home has a universal way of making even dumb creatures home-sick.

Boys and girls, you have come from God. In this world one meets with many kind people; you make friends that are very dear to you, but at times you hear another voice that keeps calling to you. Without warning, that voice comes again and again; it speaks of God being your home. There was a great poet who expressed what many people feel, although they cannot get words to express their feelings. His name was Wordsworth. In his most beautiful poem he gives a key to unlock the real meaning of the Prophet's words. We come from God who is our home, and we forget it—

> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home:
> . . . . . .

When God calls to you to come to Him, it does not mean that you leave this world. You can be at home with Him at your work or at play. He wishes your youth to be happy; but never let it be such that at night you would be ashamed to say, 'Father, I come home to you.'

The Christian Year.

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

The Waiting Earth.

'Waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.'—Ro 8^{19}.

Paul has been regarded as a pessimist, and if optimism means the belief that this world as it stands is the best of all possible worlds, then it is difficult to clear him of the charge. He found the world deeply marked with failure and imperfection; but he never dreamed that it need remain so, or that it could ultimately remain so. The whole universe, he says, is groaning and travailing in pain. It is full of suffering and it is a slave to decay—'subject to vanity.' That word, echoing the haunting refrain of Ecclesiastes, the classic of pessimism, accurately calls up those suggestions of tiresome futility which the world of nature with its ceaseless round of change and decay brought to the mind of Paul as of many other observers, especially in the East. Man, too, is part of nature, and shares its heritage of pain and thwarted en-

deavour. 'They were born; they were wretched; they died.' So in an Eastern tale the Wise Man sums up the course of human history. So far the outlook of Paul agrees with the Oriental pessimism.

But for him that is not the whole story. Beside the groaning and travailing there is in the world an 'eager expectation.' The whole universe, with head outstretched and intense gaze, is waiting for something very glorious which shall finally deliver it from slavery to futility and give a meaning to all its pangs. It is a sorry world, but an expectant world, subject to vanity, but saved in hope; travailing now, but destined to glory. It is a world, above all, with a real history; and that is what Oriental pessimism never allows. But the conception of a universe in which there is real movement and real development is very congenial to the modern mind. Indeed, we feel ourselves here very much at one with Paul in his view of the world. We, like him, dare not deny the miserable facts of pain and failure, in nature and in man as part of nature; but we would fain believe that the change and flux have a tendency, and that tendency an upward one. That the upward tendency is automatic and inevitable we are perhaps less sure than our fathers. Perhaps we feel, like Paul, that the universe—or at least this earth—is waiting for something. And perhaps, too, Paul was right in thinking that the key to its destiny was in the hand of man.

For us, even more definitely than for him, man is part of nature. In man the energy of the material world, the instinct of animal life, rises—precariously and incompletely, but really—into the sphere of consciousness and of will. In him the apparently blind impulse towards greater perfection working, as we believe, in the universe, attains a measure of freedom and self-direction. In him also instinct, become rational, can turn back upon the material world out of which he has partly emerged and actually control its changes, aid its advance, intercept its decay. Directly upon his body, indirectly upon other parts of the physical universe, the thought of man, and the action which is the outcome of his thought, works beneficently or destructively according to his choice. For the most part his action upon the world seems blundering and of doubtful value. The immense control of matter that man has gained—our so-called 'progress'—is of very uncertain benefit to the universe, conceived as a system aiming at perfection in every part after its kind. But if man himself could be different; if his own life were altered by the attainment of right relations with God and with his fellow-man, his rôle in the world in which he lives might be a more beneficent one than we can well imagine. The artist uses the material world as means to the expression of that love of beauty which is one aspect of the love of God, and thereby transfigures the material—delivers it, as Paul might say, from the bondage of decay into the liberty of glory. If we could all become artists over the whole of life, using our whole environment to express the highest spiritual relations within our reach, is it not possible that the influence of humanity upon the world might change its whole aspect? Paul at least thought that in some way the universe was waiting for man to attain right relations in the spiritual sphere—'waiting for the revealing of the sons of God.'

A recent poem addresses 'Everyman' in language which beautifully suggests a thought akin to Paul's:[1]

All things search until they find
God through the gateway of thy mind.

Highest star and humblest clod
Turn home through thee to God.

When thou rejoicest in the rose
Blissful from earth to heaven she goes;

Upon thy bosom summer seas
Escape from their captivities;

Within thy sleep the sightless eyes
Of night revisage Paradise;

In thy soft awe yon mountain high
To his creator draweth nigh;

This lonely tarn, reflecting thee,
Returneth to eternity;

And thus in thee the circuit vast
Is rounded and complete at last,

And at last, through thee revealed
To God, what time and space concealed.[2]

[1] Quoted from the poem 'To Everyman,' by Edith Anne Stewart, published in the *Nation*, November 1918.

[2] C. R. Dodd, *The Meaning of Paul for To-Day*.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Commercial Life.

'The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil.'—1 Ti 6^{10} (R.V.).

We are told to love each other, to desire each the other's good as though it were his own, to let sympathy, magnanimity, generosity, control our thought and conduct. Then we go out into the scramble of our commercial life. Just how can the ideal of service be naturalized in so alien a land as this industrial system of competing individuals, corporations, economic groups, and greedy nations, all struggling for profit? Let it be frankly said that the problem is fundamentally social; that no man alone can satisfactorily solve it in his own life until society as a whole makes economic relationships more decent than they are. In the meantime, however, some obvious duties are enjoined upon the individual by Christian principles.

1. For one thing, let a man take both his investments and his personal work away from any business that in its main intention is not useful to the community! That business and service ever should conflict is the more pathetic, because the basic idea of all good business is to serve the people. A fair bargain is far better than charity, for charity involves one man in want served by a superior, while a fair bargain involves two men on an equality, the exchange of whose goods is a mutual benefit. So Ruskin, summing up the functions of the five great intellectual professions which have existed in every civilized country, says: 'The Soldier's profession is to defend it; the Pastor's to teach it; the Physician's to keep it in health; the Lawyer's to enforce justice in it; the Merchant's to provide for it.' Service is the primary intention of commerce. And the tragedy of our economic conflict lies here: the very purpose of business is perverted when service which should be first is put last, or is lost sight of altogether. In war we have seen how indispensable to the common weal are farm and shop and factory, railroad and steamship line; in war we appealed for industrial help not alone to avarice but to loyalty, not alone to greed but to patriotism. Has that appeal no standing ground in time of peace? What traitors are in the army, what hypocrites are in the ministry, what shysters are in the law, what quacks are in medicine—perversions and caricatures of their profession's main intention—so are men in business who have lost sight of their function as loyal servants of the common weal in providing for the needs of men. The first duty of a Christian, therefore, is to desert, with his money and his labour, any parasitic, useless business, any traffic that seeks something for nothing, or that makes profit from demoralizing men. A Christian must at least be conscious that he is in a business upon whose presence in some form the happy maintenance of human society depends.

2. Again, a Christian must never in any business be a consenting party to the sacrifice of manhood and womanhood for profit. When Ruskin had exalted the five professions, with the merchant as the climax of them all, he turned to define their obligation to society: 'The duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to die for it. "On due occasion" namely: the Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle; the Physician, rather than leave his post in plague; the Pastor, rather than teach falsehood; the Lawyer, rather than countenance injustice; the Merchant — what is *his* "due occasion" of death? It is the main question for the Merchant.' That question is not difficult for a Christian to answer. The merchant should die rather than willingly make profit that involves the degradation of manhood and womanhood.

Lord Shaftesbury, the great Christian philanthropist, and his allies worked fourteen years to secure a Ten-hour Bill in England. How widely was he helped by Christian business men, who knew as well as he did that in Lancashire alone, for example, 35,000 children, from five to thirteen years of age, were working fourteen and fifteen hours a day in the factories to pile up profits for them? Let Lord Shaftesbury's diary answer: 'Prepared as I am, I am oftentimes distressed and puzzled by the strange contrasts I find; support from infidels and non-professors; opposition or coldness from religionists or declaimers.' 'I find that evangelical religionists are not those on whom I can rely. The factory, and every question for what is called "humanity," receive as much support from the men of the world as from church men, who say they will have nothing to do with it.' 'Last night pushed the Bill through the committee; a feeble and discreditable opposition! "Sinners" were with me; "saints" were against me—strange contradiction in human nature.' 'The clergy here

(Manchester) as usual are cowed by capital and power. I find none who cry aloud and spare not; but so it is everywhere.' Such records are the disgrace of the Church. No money can be so spent in charity as to atone for such a satanic spirit in its making. A disciple of Jesus must be free from such willing consent to take profit out of human degradation. This does not mean that he must throw away securities in every business whose policies he disapproves; it does mean that, however his private fortune may be affected, he must by every means in his power fight those policies and that he must always be on the side of any movement which promises more decent living to men and women. To put profits before personality is the swiftest and completest way of denying everything that Jesus ever said. Let a man be a pagan and say so, if he so chooses; but let him not call himself a follower of Jesus, while he forgets the spirit of Jesus: 'It were well for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, rather than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble.'[1]

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Sovereignty of Love.

'Leave there thy gift before the altar.'—Mt 5^{24}.

The greatest of the appeals of Jesus was for love, love of the Father and of man, the Father's child; the love of the mind as well as the heart, of all the soul, and all the strength. That, said Jesus, is Religion; that is what it means; nothing less. On these two commands hang all the law and all the prophets: whatever has been enacted in Mosaism, or announced by the Seers of God, will be found there; and by obedience to these commands man and men find all-blessedness here and hereafter.

They are commands: but can love be commanded? Is it not spontaneous; does it not rise into being like water from a full fountain? Can we control it? Do we not 'fall' in love, and rest when we reach the object loved, just as a stone set free falls to the earth? But the law repeated by Jesus meets us with an imperative 'Thou *shalt*'; it is not we *may*, but we *must*; and therefore we may conclude that though it looks impossible, it is not. And experience, as set forth in history as well as in many a novel, assures us it is done. Men and women do control their emotions, love where they do not like because they feel they ought; mothers and fathers for prodigal children, brothers towards unworthy brothers and sisters, and in thousands of other cases.

Aristotle said, 'You cannot love God, for He is unknowable'; but Jesus, the authority in the religious sphere, has revealed God, made Him knowable, accessible and companionable; and given us the express image of His mysterious and unfathomable personality in Himself, so that we may welcome the great commandments, first in the light of the revelation Jesus has given us in Himself of what the keeping of them means, and secondly, with the assurance that the righteous Father who gives us this law will not only incline our hearts to keep it, but sustain us with His strength and inspire us by His Spirit, so that we may do it with glad and thankful devotion.

1. The burden of the teaching of Jesus was the duty of love; and in His Sermon on the Mount He sets it forth in its wide range and most exacting demands as the sure way to brotherhood. He utters His message with authority, and sets out the verdicts of His contemporaries against His own, as one who claims the higher right to speak; and all through the one governing principle is love. Anger is a violation of brotherhood, and therefore it must go. Social purity is an obligation of brotherhood, and it must be secured in the innermost of the heart. Retaliation is alien to fraternity, and can have no place within its boundaries. In the ideal brotherhood it is not enough to abstain from murder, you must also banish hate; it can have no place in the plan of Christ, for hatred is the root and cause of murder. In like manner not only is anger under the ban of Jesus, but the contempt of man for man, despisal of a brother, must be quenched or displaced by love. 'Love your enemies,' is our Master's law, for the reign of God is not completely established till all men love one another with pure hearts fervently. Worship itself will be an offence to God and not an acceptable sacrifice from the heart that fails to seek reconciliation with a brother who is hurt or thinks that he is; 'leave there thy gift before the altar,—do not lift it; but leave it, and go and be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.' The practice of brotherhood is a paramount obligation.

2. Now the charm of that strange and high

[1] H. E. Fosdick, *The Meaning of Service*.

teaching is that it was illustrated and enforced in the wonderfully loving life of our Master. He taught no principle He did not work, and gave no counsel He did not Himself follow. His love was as universal as it was strong, as impartial as it was pure, and as original as it was magnetic. He loved good people, Lazarus, and Mary and Martha, as well as his mother and brothers and sisters; but He said expressly that it was His mission to seek out and save the lost, and that therefore He did not call the righteous to see Him and talk with Him, but the sinners; and we know they heard Him gladly and were in the habit of crowding round Him that they might listen to His speech.

Mr. Claude Montefiore, a most able and candid Jewish writer, says: 'I should be far from attempting to deny that one of the original elements in the Gospel is that the summons was not to wait till they met you in the sheltered and orderly path, but to go forth and seek out and redeem the sinner and the fallen, the passion to heal and bring back to God the wretched and the outcast, —all this I do not find in Rabbinism—that form of love seems lacking.' But it was the chief form in Jesus. Everybody saw that, however they interpreted it. To some it was an offence; He made too much of bad men. He behaved as if He did not know that they were sinners; but to others it was glad tidings of great joy. They were saying, 'Nobody cares for us; nobody wants us unless they can make something out of us.' Nobody saw them. They did not count. They were not even ciphers; but Jesus, in whose bosom pity reigned, went from His own circle into theirs; left His mother and His home, that He might enter their homes; loved them; loved them even unto death, actually died for them the death of the Cross. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends'; but 'God commendeth his love toward us, in that, whilst we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' He did not wait for our love, but poured out His own for our redemption.

3. That is our Master's teaching, and that is His example. In Him and in His counsels the ideal brotherly life is realized. Now Jesus built His Church to carry on the same task; to continue the same counsels, and to repeat His example. That is certain, and the aim therefore of His disciples must be to form a society in which the lost shall be sought out and saved; the called and chosen shall be gathered, instructed, and equipped for service; the repentant shall know their pardon and shall rejoice in their reconciliation to God; the distressed and afflicted shall be comforted, and all the members shall love God supremely, be humble and sincere in spirit, meek and lowly in heart; eager for righteousness, patient under persecution, and filled with all the fulness of God. In a surprising measure that ideal was realized in the Churches of the first years of the Christian Gospel. The Christians really did love one another. Their passion for saving others was at a white heat. They went everywhere preaching the word, and were ready to suffer all things for the sake of Christ and men. In nothing were they terrified by their enemies. Some of them went far in repeating the sufferings of Christ for His body's sake, which is the Church. They despaired of no one. Like Angelo they saw the angel in the stone, and worked on till they brought it out. Paul catalogues their result in a memorable picture from the slums of Corinth, of thieves and drunkards, idolaters and profiteers, all washed, sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God. They attained to a degree of sainthood that compelled the admiration of the Romans. 'What women these Christians are!' said one; 'How these Christians love one another!' said another; and it can be claimed without question that the moral and spiritual achievements of the Christian Churches of the first century created a new epoch in the life of mankind.

4. It is our joy to be in that Brotherhood succession. On us is cast the responsibility of practising the teaching and following the example of our Master. In that way and along His lines we must love God and our neighbours. Nothing less will meet His claims; nothing less will heal our diseased world, remove its woes, lead it in right paths, get rid of drunkenness and the money lust, and make wars to cease to the ends of the earth. It is love that saves—love in God and in men. All our relations rest upon and are governed by love, in the family, in the church, in industry, and in society. We owe it to one another everywhere; but first of all in the societies in which Jesus, the great lover of mankind, dwells.

(1) Purity is an individual obligation essential to the virility of the man; but it is also an obligation of brotherhood for society and urgently necessary for its strength and efficiency.

(2) We owe absolute veracity to one another: 'Lie not one to another,' says Paul; for the man who fails in truthfulness not only injures himself, but he also inflicts a wrong on the society to which he belongs.

(3) The censorious must have no place amongst us: and if a man be overtaken in a fault, 'ye who are spiritual,' Paul tells us, must restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering your own weakness and insecurity.

(4) Retaliation is entirely forbidden. Vengeance is not for us. It is utterly alien to the temper of our Master. We must be more willing to suffer wrong than to inflict it. Better sacrifice our own feelings than hurt the feelings of others.

(5) Above all cherish the spirit of forgiveness. There is no moral quality on which the Master laid more emphasis than on that. Our prayer for personal forgiveness is tied up with our obligation to forgive others. That is the only petition in the Lord's Prayer that receives any reinforcement. Forgiveness is of the very essence of the brotherly life. Jesus gave a parable of striking suggestiveness to strengthen His appeal, He described it as a distinguishing mark of the Church He builds, and He gives special directions for overcoming an obstinate difficulty occurring in the way of its exercise.[1]

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Human Needs.

'But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'—Ph 4^{19}.

1. The needs of human nature may be studied either in the average man, who is the easier object-lesson for us, or in the best man, who feels them more acutely, and may be supposed to know more of their meaning. But either way will bring us to nearly the same result; for even genius, in religion as elsewhere, cannot do more than see clearly what common men see more or less obscurely. Taking then the average man as our most convenient guide—for popular religion has always been much of a muchness in all countries—the first thing we notice is his want of practical self-confidence. He is not generally wanting in some sort of religious feeling good or bad, for comparatively few succeed in getting entirely rid of it; but he shrinks from a direct approach to the divine, and tries to shelter himself behind somebody he supposes to be on better terms with heaven than he is himself. His cry is always, Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die. What he wants is a prophet, to speak for God to him—not necessarily or even chiefly to foretell the future, though he is glad of this too—but to tell him with authority the meaning of the present in its relation to unseen powers, or in the higher religions, in its relation to a living God. Such authority he may suppose given by outside credentials; but he is not unlikely to see more and more clearly that the moral or intrinsic authority of a holy life is more fundamental and less easily discredited by scandals and intellectual doubts. In short, he needs a man who can light up the obscure leadings of his conscience by telling him more exactly what he ought to do, or rather what he ought to be; for if the lower religions largely deal in works of law, the higher point with increasing urgency to character as the only thing in man which can have any moral value.

2. Again, the average man is never quite at ease with himself. He may obscure his conscience by excess, or harden himself against it, or deaden it by simple neglect; or he may try to reason himself out of it, and even boast that he does not know what it means; but neither the practical nor the intellectual method of getting rid of it is quite successful. However he may banish the dread spectre of remorse from common life, he never knows when or with what awful power it may return. So he usually keeps on terms with religion; and even where men do not, the women do. Yet here again he shrinks from direct relations with the divine, and seeks the mediation of those who seem more worthy than himself to speak with heaven. Strange and varied rites of sacrifice bear witness in all ages to the terrible power over him of this consciousness of sin, and to his inability to overcome it for himself. We scarcely hear of 'the efficacy of repentance,' except from the Deists; and modern science has thrown a lurid light on the indelible consequences of our evil doings. Sacrificing priests are found in most religions, and have crept into some which, like Christianity, originally had none. Yet the priests are only men a little better or may be a little worse than the worshippers, and their ceremonies are sometimes immoral, often irrational, always arbitrary in having

[1] J. Clifford, *The Gospel of World Brotherhood according to Jesus*, p. 141 ff.

no true relation to sin. Even if the sacrifices be supposed to remove the guilt of particular sins, the need of repeating them is proof enough that they cannot touch the roots of sin. The man he needs to speak for him to God is, if it be possible, a priest of a better sort, not constituted by custom or by positive law, but by personal character, for no common sinner can be supposed to do effectually what these conventional sacrifices only do in a limited and superficial way.

3. These two needs are conspicuous in history, and most religions have aimed at the ideals corresponding to them. A third, which is no less real, though less prominent in past ages, seems likely to be more and more distinctly recognized in the future. The average man is not quite unconscious of his deep estrangement from his fellow-men. He may get on with his neighbours, and even with his kinsmen at the ends of the earth; though we hear of class divisions and family quarrels, and have ample experience that the closest of all ties has no charm that cannot be broken by bitter hatred. Still less are nations united. The very links of commerce, religion, and general intercourse that bring them together are turned into occasions for quarrels. The civilized world has not quite outgrown the old heathen feeling that the stranger is an enemy, and that coloured people at any rate are made to be plundered by their betters.

But this is not the power of the future. Though the nations hate each other more actively than they did half a century ago, there is more unity among them, and more consciousness of unity. Commerce is international, so is thought, and so is civilization generally; so that civilized people all over the world are growing more like each other in manners, in administration, and in ways of thinking. The forces of the future make for unity, and are seen to make for unity. The value of the individual, which is our great inheritance from the nineteenth century, gave new value to the nations in which he is grouped.

We are all agreed, except the pessimists, that some uplifting force is working in the world. Whether we call it divine or not, no others will dispute the action of such a force in geological and in historic times; and no Theist will feel it safe to place limits on the possibilities of its future working. Nor will any ideal fairly indicated by the deepest needs of human nature seem impossible to those who measure the ages of the future by the ages of the past; and even less will those dismiss it as a dream who believe in the life after death which is postulated by every human thought and every human feeling which is not entirely bestial.[1]

[1] H. M. Gwatkin, *The Knowledge of God.*

The Hebrew Prophet and the Christian Preacher.

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There are Christian preachers who know so well the Bible and the soul of man that they are never at a loss for a subject or a text on which to preach. In their study and meditation the Bible and the soul of man so respond to one another, deep answering unto deep, that they can always find a message from the one for the other. But this is not the happy lot of all preachers, and there are some who are glad of suggestion and direction in regard to the best method of carrying on their work with profit to their hearers and without strain to themselves. As a result of my own personal experience in recent years, I should like to call the attention of such of my brethren as may feel this need to what seems to me an inexhaustible source of material for the pulpit. Doubtless this has often been done before, but a fresh treatment of an old subject may sometimes serve to revive a lacking interest.

1. I have been led during the war, and even since the peace, to turn more to the Hebrew prophets than I ever did during my previous ministry. While trying to keep myself, as far as I could, abreast of what modern scholarship had to tell about the Old Testament, I must confess that my dominant, and sometimes almost exclusive, interest was in the New, especially the Gospels, the Person and Work of Jesus Christ our Lord.