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to tell of Christ's redeeming love, and realizes that love for himself, 'will find eternity too short to utter all its praise.' That is why I would earnestly pray you to address yourselves to the ministry for which you have been preparing in the spirit and with the devotion of the man of science who is always seeking *facts*, and more facts, by which to check, and assure, and yet more confirm what he believes, that you may so learn Christ as to be able to declare the truth as it is in Him, 'as exactly as possible, as simply as possible, as completely as possible, as consistently as possible, and always in terms which are communicable and verifiable.'

The one secret for this is that of which He

questioned His disciple when He re-commissioned him; for love alone can bind a man in willing bondage all his life long, and love alone can keep a man's heart for ever set on the constancy of such inspiring fellowship with Jesus Christ.

The apostle closes his Epistle to the Ephesians with a great benediction—'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in incorruptibility.' There will never be wanting assailing influences from within you and about you to seduce or scare you from your whole-hearted first love to Him, but may that benediction of the uncorruptibly loyal lover of Jesus Christ our Lord abide upon every one of you.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

How Old are you?

'How old art thou?'—Gn 47^b (A.V.).

THIS is a question we are all thinking about just now. Last month father received an important-looking document called a census paper, and in it he had to write the name and age of every person who was living in his house on the 19th of June.

But a census is taken only once in ten years, and this is a question we are asked very much oftener than once in ten years. Very few of you can remember the last census; some of you were not even born then, yet you can all remember being asked this question, not once, but many times. When you make a new friend, one of the first things you ask him is, 'How old are you?' And if you discover that you are almost the same age as he is you probably feel more inclined to be friendly with him. When you first go to school, the teacher asks you, 'How old are you?' And your answer helps to decide which class you are fit for. Later, when you go in for public examinations, it is one of the questions you must answer, and later still, when you apply for a situation or wish to enter a profession, it is one of the chief questions. So you see it is a very important question indeed.

But this very important question may be answered

in many ways, for we can grow old otherwise than just in years.

And the first question we would ask is—'How old are you in usefulness?' There was a great botanist, once, who had his garden laid out like a clock face. The flowers that opened at nine o'clock formed the hour figure nine, those that opened at ten o'clock the hour of ten, and so on. And when the botanist walked round his garden he could tell at a glance by the flowers that were open and the flowers that were closed what hour of the day it was.

Now sometimes people are able to guess your age by the things you can do or the things you have left off doing. Are you beginning to toddle about the floor? Then one year must be past. Are you trying to put little words together? Then it must be two o'clock in the timepiece of your life? Have you just begun to learn lessons and go to school? Then you must be five. Are you able to read story-books all by yourself? Then you must be seven or eight. Have you given up playing with dolls? Then you must be twelve or fourteen.

But suppose any one were to count your age by the kind and useful things you had done! How many days or years old would you be in helpful and loving deeds? If years were to be counted in this way we should find that some people whose hair was grey hadn't begun to live at all, and some

people who appeared quite young had lived a long time. For the days and years that really count are those in which we do things that are useful and helpful, and the people who live for nothing else but to have 'a good time' really don't live at all or enjoy themselves at all.

Another question we might ask is—'How old are you in heart and spirit?' I can think of one dear old lady with snow-white hair who is only twenty and will never be any older, and I can think of quite a number of little people who appear to be about six or eight or ten, but who are really sixty and will never be any younger. And yet we may all keep young always in heart and mind and spirit. How can we do it? By moving with the times. By taking an interest not just in what is past or what people of our own age are doing, but in what is going on at present and what is coming in the future. By keeping our sympathies alert and alive; by entering into the thoughts and feelings of other people; by resolving that we shall never grow into a fossil.

There is one more question I should like to ask—'How old are you in God's service?' Some one once asked an old gentleman of eighty-three how old he was, and he answered, 'Three years old!' Then he explained that it was just three years since he had begun to follow Jesus and that the rest of his life counted as nothing. He felt that all the other years he had lived had been wasted. Boys and girls, Jesus needs the love and the service and the enthusiasm of your fresh young lives. How old are you in His service?

Healing Leaves.

'The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.'—Rev 22².

What is your idea of heaven? What do you think it will be like? Have you ever made a picture of it in your mind? Of course you have. Well, is your mind picture anything like the mind picture drawn by the writer of the Book of Revelation? In the last two chapters of his book you will find a description of a wonderful dream city—the new Jerusalem—which he saw descend from heaven to earth. The foundations of that city were precious stones. Every gate was a pearl. Its streets were pure gold. For light it had neither sun nor moon, yet was there always day, for God

Himself was the light of it. And from God's throne in the midst of the city there flowed a beautiful river clear as crystal. It ran alongside the golden streets, and on its banks grew wonderful trees, which bore twelve different kinds of fruit, and the leaves of which were for the healing of the peoples.

Now, if you are curious, and if you care to take the trouble to hunt up the Old Testament, you will find in one of the seldom-read books of the Old Testament—the Book of the prophet Ezekiel—a description of a dream city which he saw. That city was all temple, and from its right or south side there flowed a miraculous river upon whose banks grew just such magic trees as those of the Book of Revelation—trees which bore new fruit each month and whose leaves were for medicine or healing.

Now, why did John and Ezekiel both see as one of the splendid things in their dream-cities trees whose leaves were for healing? Well, they dreamt of healing leaves because the few medicines which they had in their day were made almost entirely from plants. To-day our doctors and chemists make medicines from chemical substances and from animal substances as well as from plants, but in the old days trees and shrubs and herbs were the great sources of healing.

Our great-grandmothers knew of lots of medicine recipes and they brewed quaint old-fashioned cures for this and that from many of our common way-side flowers. And our great-great-grandmothers were even more skilled in the use of healing herbs, for in their times doctors were few and not so clever as they are to-day.

But now that we get our medicines in bottles and pellets and powders we never question from what they are made. And when we look at a common dandelion we do not remember that from its root is distilled a valuable drug, nor do we realize that the leaves of the coltsfoot are a remedy for coughs. Still less do we dream that the little heartsease was so called because it was formerly used as a medicine for heart disease. As for the cornflowers—who would guess that the French call them 'break-spectacles,' because a lotion to strengthen the eyes used to be made from them.

Yes, and it's not so very long ago since certain leaves called senna leaves were infused like tea, and poor protesting little boys and girls were made to gulp down the horrid brew whilst their

father or mother stood over them to see they didn't shirk. Ask *your* father and mother—or, better still, your grandparents—if that wasn't so.

Now all this helps us to understand why John and Ezekiel both dreamt of trees of life whose leaves were for healing. But to understand all they meant by these healing leaves we shall have to think of other things that require healing besides wounds or sickness. Can you tell me any? What about sorrow? It is an aching wound that requires very gentle healing. What about injustice? It is a burning pain that cries out for remedy. What about cruelty? It is a wicked cut that demands instant treatment. What about loneliness and misunderstanding? They are sicknesses that need cure as badly as do toothache or earache.

What medicine can cure all these terrible troubles? Sometimes we read advertisements of pills that are guaranteed to cure every ailment under the sun. We know that is impossible, but I can tell you of a medicine that will help to cure sorrow and injustice and cruelty and loneliness and misunderstanding and many other woes besides. It is called 'sympathy,' and it never fails. You simply can't be cruel to any one and sympathize with them at the same time; nor can you be unjust to any one if you sympathize with him too. If you are really sympathetic, people who are bad can't help being cheered by you; and if you feel enough for another you will do everything in your power to make him less lonely, and you certainly won't misunderstand him. I think John and Ezekiel had something like that in the back of their minds when they spoke of healing leaves, for in their dream cities all was gladness and goodness and love.

And we ourselves can pluck and use leaves of healing any day, because we don't need to be great or clever or famous or even grown-up to be sympathetic.

The other day I read a story of how the little black boys and girls of Africa once showed their sympathy. It was in the days of Livingstone, the great missionary explorer and the black man's friend. Livingstone had been home in this country, and when he returned to Africa he was met on landing at the Zambesi by a crowd of African children and their parents. A friend who was with Livingstone noticed that most of the crowd had pieces of black cloth, or black wood,

or even black coal tied to their arms or their legs or their heads. He asked the meaning of this strange decoration. 'Ah,' replied the missionary, 'they know that my child has died while I was absent from them, and that is their way of showing how they grieve with me.' These poor black people might not know the language of the white man, but they knew a language that is world-wide—the language of the healing leaves—the language of sympathy and love.

The Christian Year.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Spiritual Thirst.

'My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?'—Ps 42².

The subject is the spiritual craving of the soul for God which must needs lie at the base of all true religion.

1. This Psalm forms, with the following Ps 43, one composition; and the present division into two separate Psalms appears to be merely accidental and erroneous. This is a fact which becomes clear if it be noticed that the two Psalms taken together fall into three strophes of nearly equal length, each rounded off with the refrain:

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul?

And why art thou so disquieted within me? .

O put thy trust in God; for I will yet give

Him thanks,

Which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

It is evident also from the rhythmical structure of the two Psalms in the original, the whole composition, with the exception of the thrice-repeated refrain, being written in Hebrew elegiac rhythm, in which a line of three beats is succeeded by a shorter line of two beats. This measure is, for the most part, lost in the English versions; but we may catch an echo of it if we render, for example, a few lines of Ps 42, thus:

Thirsteth my soul for God,
for the God of my life:

When shall I come and behold
the face of God?

Tears have become my meat
by day and by night,

Whilst they say unto me all the day,
Now where is thy God?

With this we may compare, from Ps 43 :

For Thou art the God of my stronghold ;
O why hast Thou spurned me ?
Why must I go as a mourner,
oppressed by the foeman ?

We are justified, therefore, in drawing upon both Psalms when we examine the poem in order to understand the situation of the author.

2. This situation it is not so very difficult to reconstruct. The poet finds himself detained against his will in the neighbourhood of the Hermon range, near the sources of the Jordan, and far removed from the holy city Jerusalem. Very likely he may have been one of a band of captives halting for the night at the end of the third or fourth stage on the road from Jerusalem to Babylon. Such a halting-place would, at any rate, lie upon the course which would be followed along this journey ; and we may perhaps therefore picture him as one of the captives deported to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar after the capture and destruction of Jerusalem, and exposed, as appears from the Psalm, to the mocking taunts of his captors. That he was a Levite is extremely probable : for, as his thoughts dwell longingly upon the time that is past, or, to use his own expression, as he pours out his soul within him, he goes back to the days when he used to go with the throng, leading them solemnly to the House of God, with the voice of joyful shouting and thanksgiving, a multitude making pilgrimage. A prey to melancholy, he hears all around him the dull roar of the mountain-streams, as they come tumbling and dashing down the rocky gorges of Hermon ; and they seem to him to form the echo of his own unquiet thoughts :

Deep calleth unto deep at the sound of thy
waterfalls ;
All thy billows and thy waves have passed over
me.

Yet, in spite of present circumstances, his trust in God remains unshaken. He can say, with firm conviction :

By day will Jehovah command His kindness,
And in the night His song shall be with me,
Even a prayer unto the God of my life.

And so, as the long dark shadows creep down the mountain-sides, and the shades of evening, falling

on the land, seem emblematical of the darkness enshrouding his soul, his thoughts go out to Him with whom there is no darkness, no perplexity, for whom the night is as clear as the day, because darkness and light to Him are both alike ; and he is able, with fervent assurance of hope, to breathe the prayer :

O send forth Thy light and Thy truth ; let *them*
lead me.

Let them bring me unto Thy holy hill and to
Thy dwelling-place ;

That I may come in unto the altar of God,
Even unto God, the gladness of my joy ;
And upon the harp will I give thanks unto
Thee,

O God, my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?

And why art thou disquieted within me ?

O put thy trust in God ; for I will yet give
Him thanks,

Which is the help of my countenance, and my
God.

3. Let us dwell for a little upon the attitude of this Psalmist, and of others like him ; the way in which the thought of God, the sense of dependence on Him, seems to fill their life, and to colour its whole background. Like all true poets, they are closely in touch with Nature, and Nature always seems to speak to them of God. The everlasting hills of their native land remind them of His strength and changelessness ; just as in its springs and streams they see reflected His life-giving power, without which man must faint and die.

O God, Thou art my God ;

Early will I seek Thee.

My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also
longeth after Thee,

In a barren and dry land where no water is
(Ps 63¹).

We must notice also the great sense of *reality* which runs through their poems. They are not the mere fanciful creations of idle minds, dwelling at ease. Many of them, on the contrary, are the outcome of intense personal stress and struggle. They had their birth, it seems, in periods of suffering and persecution. Probably a great part of the Psalms included in the Psalter belongs to a period subsequent to Israel's golden age, dating from exilic and post-exilic times when the pomp and

glory of the kingdom were things of the past, and oppression, hardship, and disappointment were commonly the lot of God's chosen people. Many Psalms, indeed, may be as late as the period of persecution of which we read in the First Book of Maccabees, and may have been written by those witnesses to God whom the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews seems to have in mind, when he tells us that 'others had trial of mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were tempted, they were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins, in goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, evil-entreated (of whom the world was not worthy), wandering in deserts and mountains and caves, and the holes of the earth' (He 11³⁶⁻³⁸). And so, out of the hard and bitter circumstances of their lives, there sprang to birth these poems of such wonderful truth and beauty that they appeal to the hearts of men in all ages; just as the anemones break into purple and red out of the rough and stony soil of the hills of Palestine.

4. Now does not all this craving after God, this spiritual thirst for Him and the finding in Him the only true satisfaction, really witness to an instinct which is innate in the human soul? We think at once of the memorable words of St. Augustine, 'Thou hast made us for Thyself; and our soul knows no repose, until it rests in Thee.' These Psalmists of whom we have been speaking, high as they seem to rise upon the wings of faith, were after all men of like passions to ourselves: their eye of faith was sometimes darkened, and doubtless they were not able always to rise to the same height of hope and trust and joy in communion with God. And it is to remind us that this was so, perhaps, that we find included in the Psalter a Psalm of such dreadful gloom and sadness as Ps 88, which begins:

O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day
and night before Thee;

in which all seems dark and not a ray of light
pierces through the clouds.

It was only our Blessed Lord Himself who, as perfect Man, His human nature unstained and unclouded by sin, constantly during His earthly life realized the highest possibility of communion of a human soul with God the Father. And because this was so, therefore all those passages of the Old

Testament which express the hopes and aspirations of holy men after communion with God, and which put into words their sense of dependence upon God and their joy in His salvation, are all, as it were, gathered together by our Lord, and fulfilled in a way in which they never could be fulfilled by the Old Testament saints who first gave them expression. He too has willed, of His exceeding mercy, to take upon Himself all that makes for darkness and failure and the obscuring of the soul's right relationship to God, and to sum it up, in a way which we cannot fathom, in that loud cry which He uttered whilst He was breaking, once and for all, the powers of sin and guilt in those dark hours on the bitter Cross.

5. Is it not true that this same instinct of the soul to fly upwards towards God its Creator is inherent in ourselves to-day? 'Thou hast made us for Thyself; and our soul knows no repose, until it rests in Thee.' And may *we* not make our own the words in which these Old Testament poets express the spiritual craving of their souls—yes, and make them our own, perhaps, with an even deeper sense of conviction; since we know, in the life of our Lord, the height to which the realization of communion with God may rise; and we know, too, the possibilities which lie open even to our weak and sinful humanity through union with the perfect life?

The sense of this craving, the realization of this need, may lie buried and all but silenced, as it seems, in our hearts, as we move through life, for the most part, so far from God. But it is *there*, hidden though it may be deep beneath the surface of our life. And when, amidst the bustle and din of daily work and pleasure, we feel that this is not our rest, this is not our satisfaction; when at times we have leisure for deeper thought, and, amidst so much that darkens and perplexes, we seem to ourselves to be no better than—

An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry,

it is that God, of His infinite mercy, is sending us times of recollection, drawing us back to Himself as the only source of spiritual satisfaction, the fount of those living waters which alone can quench the thirst of our souls.

There is a passage in one of Charles Kingsley's sermons which seems to put into words the voice-

less aspirations of our souls, as, in face of such a need, we seek to approach God through Christ our Saviour. It is a sermon upon the Holy Communion; and at its close, after speaking of 'the intolerable burden of sin,' he makes this prayer: 'Oh Lamb, Eternal, beyond all place and time! Oh Lamb, slain eternally, before the foundation of the world! Oh Lamb, which liest slain eternally in the midst of the throne of God! Let the blood of life, which flows from Thee, procure me pardon for the past; let the water of life, which flows from Thee, give me strength for the future. I come to cast away my own life, my life of self and selfishness, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, that I may live it no more; and to receive Thy life, which is created after the likeness of God, in righteousness and true holiness, that I may live it for ever and ever, and find it a well of life springing up in me to everlasting life. Eternal Goodness, make me good like Thee. Eternal Wisdom, make me wise like Thee. Eternal Justice, make me just like Thee. Eternal Love, make me loving like Thee. Then shall I hunger no more, and thirst no more; for

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise me, fallen; cheer me, faint;
 Heal me, sick; and lead me, blind.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.'

'If thou knewest the gift of God'—said our Saviour to the woman of Samaria—'if thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.' And shall we not hasten to reply with the woman, even though, like her, we scarcely realize the full meaning of our petition: 'Lord, give me of this water, that I thirst no more'?¹

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Spirit of Glory.

'The Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.'—
 1 P 4¹⁴.

It is very significant to notice that it was a little despised, persecuted Christian Church which was

¹ C. F. Burney, *The Gospel in the Old Testament*.

so full of glory. It was not very exciting work to be chained all day to a Roman soldier, but St. Paul said, 'Rejoice in the Lord always, again I say, rejoice.' It was not very thrilling to be herded in an ancient prison with criminals, but the Apostles sang psalms and glorified God in the prison. St. Peter deliberately contemplates that those to whom he writes would be in some similar case. 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning this fiery trial which is to try you.' 'If you are persecuted for the sake of Christ, happy are ye. For the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.' We must be perfectly clear, then, that this glory was felt by a band of men and women living drab lives with no prospect of anything but lifelong persecution, to be followed at any moment by a martyr's death. What, then, was their secret, that we may make it ours?

1. Under their drab persecuted lives, they were always *conscious of a great victory*; they were always hymning in their hearts a great deliverance, as the Athenians sang hymns about Marathon and the Jews about the crossing of the Red Sea. They might be scoffed at and laughed at for their faith, but it made no difference; these people who laughed at them merely did not know; they were to be pitied; they had not realized the glorious truth that 'that same Jesus (this is the triumphal note of every sermon), that same Jesus whom the others had put to death, had been raised from the dead.' As though to crush by anticipation the modern delusion that this was merely a reappearance of a spirit, it expressly said, 'David saw corruption, but *he whom God raised up saw no corruption.*' This very fact by itself filled the first believers with an exultation it was impossible to conceal; they gloried in it; it justified God as a God of righteousness; it set a seal to all the promises made by Christ; it made perfectly plain that after all goodness was stronger than evil, and that Justice sat upon the throne of the universe.

2. But that was only the first of their secret reasons for glory—they were quite convinced, further, that this same Jesus *was with them all the days even to the end of the world.* He had promised them to be. He appeared and reappeared during the forty days to get them accustomed to His presence when they could not see Him, and sometimes He would appear to them individually—'The Lord stood by me, and strengthened me,' said St. Paul. And to believe this was to glory;

to glory in the wonder of it, when you consider who it was who thus became their Great Companion. The fact that they felt His presence always did not make them despise His Sacramental presence, for they 'continued in the breaking of the bread and in the prayers,' but they did not confine His presence to that special rendezvous; they looked up every moment, and they knew He was not far off—at any moment they might feel His Hand upon their head, they might see the shimmer of His robe, and hear the Voice which spake as never man spake in their ears, and they rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

3. But we have not finished the Springs of Glory by any means yet. It was not only on any individual soul on which the Spirit of glory and of God rested—from the first it was perfectly clear that in some way or other, we were to *corporately glorify God*. We were together to form a 'Body'—we were to supplement one another's gifts, and reinforce one another's efforts; we were to be so one that all men could argue from our visible unity to the Unity of God. At first this was carried out. The Spirit of glory and the Spirit of God rested on the whole number, on whom it descended at Pentecost and never left them; it was like the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night. 'See how these Christians love one another,' said the heathen in astonishment; they had seen nothing like it—and because it was full of this glory of love, the Christian community shone out like a single star to the glory of God, and told the world, as the stars do night by night, that the sun would shine to-morrow.

4. But even that is not all. Persecuted, forsaken, the Church often seems. But wait a moment; what is looming in the distance? What was the end awaiting the weary pilgrim? 'Shoots of everlastingness' were visible on ahead in the darkness. In other words, there was a *land of Hope and Glory ahead*. The Joys of Heaven! Why not, and if they are true, why should we not think of them?

O Lord, can it be but a few hours ago,
That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains,
All was weeping around me; all wailing and
woe?
Now the wailing is changed to angelical
strains.

Thus Mr. Faber pictures a soul awaking after death to the glory of Paradise!

What is the end of it all? Why! 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which the Lord hath prepared for those that love him.'

Why then allow a drab life, or conventional and uninteresting work to depress your joy or subdue your glory.

It is just as much a glorious thing to be a Christian as it was 2000 years ago. There is an old world story that Gideon told his men to hide all their torches in their pitchers; who would suppose that such a blaze of light was coming, but in a flash at the cry, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon'—the pitchers were broken and the power of God shone forth upon an astonished enemy. So, for a time the torches are concealed. They are so concealed that few know the glory which shall be revealed. The Church shines with a subdued light, but all the time the glory is there. The flame of faith and hope and love burns very quietly in many a dining-room or pantry or kitchen, but one day at the voice of the Archangel, the pitchers are all broken, and from the Church on earth a million million torches will flash forth to the glory of God.¹

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Mary and Judas.

'And Jesus said, Let her alone.'—Mk 14⁹.

There are two kinds of remembrance: there is a remembrance of honour and glory; there is also a remembrance of infamy and shame. It was the former remembrance Christ promised to Mary, and she is enjoying it to-day. But the remembrance of her arch-critic Judas is just as sure. Only while it is an immortality of honour that Mary enjoys, an immortality of infamy and shame is the portion of Judas. Wherever the gospel goes, the name of Judas goes too, to be remembered with loathing and contempt. He and his traitor's deed are for ever coupled together. Just as we never think of Mary without thinking also of her broken alabaster box, so we never think of Judas apart from his crime. He is always Judas Iscariot, 'which also betrayed him.'

Judas and Mary are as the poles asunder. The one illustrates the heights to which love can rise: the other the depths to which hate can stoop. Dr.

¹ A. F. Winnington Ingram, *The Spirit of Peace*.

Bruce says somewhere in his *Training of the Twelve*, that he would be compelled to believe in heaven and hell if only to find a place for Mary and Judas respectively. And he is right. Mary and Judas are types of heaven and hell; for heaven is love, and hell is hate; and Mary is the incarnation of love, while Judas is the incarnation of hate. Nevertheless, though in these verses Mary and Judas are as far as the poles asunder, as far apart as heaven and hell, they may have been much alike at the start.

Both were blessed with similar advantages in their upbringing: and both at the start had their feet set in the same direction. For did Mary love to sit at the Lord's feet and hear His word? Judas too was sufficiently earnest in his devotion to Jesus to be chosen as one of the Twelve who should be with Him, the Twelve whom He would send forth to preach His gospel. And yet there was all the difference between heaven and hell separating them at the finish. Mary for love brought her alabaster box and broke it; Judas in his hate went away unto the chief priests, that he might deliver his Master unto them.

This is no isolated instance. Every age and every walk of life will furnish illustrations of men who started from the same mark but who finished far asunder. There were two famous brothers in the last century—John Henry Newman and Francis W. Newman—whose intellectual development worked out in precisely opposite directions. They began together; but one became the advocate of authority, and the other of freedom, until they ended up with all the difference between Romanism and agnosticism between them. In the highest realm of all—in the region of morals and the spiritual life—the same amazing differences are to be found. Out of the very same household there will issue a Jacob and an Esau: a Reuben and a Joseph.

As you ride by rail between Dolgelly and Bala you come to a point in the hills which forms the watershed. And just at that point two streams take their rise. They have, it is practically true to say, the very same birthplace—but one tiny stream turns to the right and the other turns to the left, and so the Dee and the Mawddach, born together, are the entire breadth of Wales apart at the finish. One falls into the sea facing the cold, grey north; the other ends its course facing the golden west. And that is how it is with men. They start to-

gether and the divergence sets in and they finish far apart.

So from the heights of will,
Life's parting stream descends
And as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends.
From the same cradle side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea.

Human destiny is not at the mercy of conditions. Environment is not the decisive factor, else men starting alike should finish alike, sharing the same advantages they should meet with a like success. Man himself is the decisive factor. You remember that verse in Omar Khayyam:

I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of the after-life to spell;
And by and by my soul return'd to me
And answer'd 'I myself am Heav'n and Hell.'

Yes, that is true. 'I myself am Heav'n or Hell.' It is from the height of *will* life's parting stream descends. Life is a sort of raw material. The stuff of devilry and the stuff of sainthood are both in it. And it depends on ourselves—on the set of our wills—whether we end with Mary or with Judas, in heaven or in hell: amongst those who win eternal glory and renown, or amongst those who have a portion of shame and everlasting contempt.¹

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Power in the Resurrection.

'Declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead.'—Ro 1⁴.

The resurrection of Christ was not a mere material wonder, but a spiritual achievement of supreme significance. The miracles of Jesus were never spectacular prodigies performed to create a sensation and draw a curious crowd, but were healing ministries and spiritual manifestations which were an essential part of His work of redemption and were the proper outflow and overflow of His divine personality. The resurrection was not simply one miracle more, but was the unique ex-

¹ J. D. Jones, *St. Mark*.

pression of his power and the crown that completed the cross.

1. The resurrection of Christ was a visible demonstration of His divinity. The act of coming forth from the tomb was an exercise of divinity transcending all the other miracles wrought by Jesus and is beyond delegated power. Only the Lord of life and Victor over death could unloose the bonds of the tomb and burst through its rocky jaws and come forth in the newness of life.

Paul in Rom. 1⁴ affirms that Jesus Christ 'was declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead.' The word translated 'declared' is the Greek word from which is derived our word 'horizon,' and Paul says that Jesus by His resurrection was 'horizoned' as the Son of God with power. The figure suggests that the resurrection encircles Christ as by a mountain horizon wall that hems in with incontestable evidence and proof of His divine Sonship. In whatever direction we look from the empty tomb of the risen Lord we see Him horizoned with divinity. There is no gap in the evidence that breaks or weakens the continuity of this proof. We are shut in to faith in His Sonship, and as long as this mountain rim surrounds Him in an unbroken horizon, His divinity will stand demonstrated and secure. Believing in this central and unique miracle, we can believe in His divine person, and all His other miracles and works become normal and easy expressions of His power, mere leaves out of His life, sparks of His divine dynamic.

2. The resurrection of Christ is not only an evident proof of His divinity, but is itself a constituent factor in His redemption of the world. Other miracles of Jesus, such as His raising Lazarus from the dead, might not have been wrought, and this omission would not have affected the completeness and efficiency of His ministry and mission. But not so with His resurrection: the omission of this would have been disastrous to his whole plan and purpose, involving it in fatal defect and defeat.

(1) Had there been no resurrection, Jesus would not have been manifested to His disciples and to the world as the risen and triumphant Conqueror of death, and would have been numbered with the innumerable dead of earth who have passed into the dust of oblivion. The cross humiliated Him even unto death and seemed to show that He was only one more of His human kind who had perished and vanished, but the resurrec-

tion at once lifted Him out of this class: 'wherefore God hath highly exalted him and given him a name that is above every name.'

(2) The resurrection exalted Christ to heaven, where He carries on His redemptive work on a worldwide scale. While He was on earth He was limited locally in His ministry, but from the right hand of God He sheds His Spirit universally over the world, as the sun spills its splendour over all continents and islands, and intimately works in the hearts of all men. It was expedient that He should go in order that the Spirit might come, and the resurrection was the step by which He passed from the lower and limited to this higher and universal field and means of redemption. He rose from the dead that He might transcend a mere local and parochial ministry, and work everywhere by His Spirit in establishing the kingdom of God in the world.

(3) More deeply and intimately still does the resurrection of Christ enter into His work of redemption. Paul alludes to no other miracle wrought by Jesus, but he made His resurrection a central foundational fact in his preaching, and in his Epistles he weaves it into the whole web and very fibre of the gospel. Christ rose for our justification and sanctification by uniting His Spirit with our spirits and applying to us and infusing into us the atoning virtue of His sacrifice and the renewing influence of His grace. Paul represents this spiritual resurrection of the believer through union with Christ as being 'raised up with him, and made to sit with him in the heavenly places, in Christ Jesus' (Eph 2⁶), and as knowing 'the power of his resurrection' (Ph 3¹⁰), 'according to that working of the strength of his might which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead' (Eph 1^{19, 20}). The outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost was thus the continuation of the resurrection of Christ, which is being renewed in us and is now advancing the kingdom of God in the hearts of believers and in the world, and will only reach its consummation when in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.

The resurrection of Christ is thus no mere evidential sign or unimportant appendage to His ministry, but it is an essential constituent part of His redemption which enters vitally into His work in the salvation of the world. The epochal significance of the rising of our Lord from the grave is

that as 'the first man Adam became a living soul,' the fountain of the race, so 'the last Adam became a life-giving spirit' (1 Co 15⁴⁵), the Founder and Head of a new redeemed humanity.

3. A third significance of the resurrection of Christ is that it is a positive proof of immortality. The arguments for the immortality of the human soul that have been urged by philosophy, both Christian and pagan, and that reached such forcible and beautiful expression in Plato, are concentrated into a blazing focus in the person of Christ. If that great Soul and white Spirit vanished in the night of death and left only a handful of dust under the Syrian stars, then we feel that we live in an irrational world which devours its noblest children and betrays all its promises. 'Is God blowing soap-bubbles? Did He dip the pipe of His power in the suds of matter and blow the character of Jesus, that it might entertain Him with its iridescence, burst to His satisfaction and be gone?' The human mind and heart will ever refuse to believe in such a wreck of reason and of hope.

But all these natural arguments for immortality fall short of demonstration and leave this great hope in the twilight. Christ brought life and immortality to light, out of the shadows of uncertainty into the full light of the Wonderful Morning. He did this first in His teaching. Ancient philosophers indulged in speculations and raised hopes as to the future life, but Christ made positive affirmations. He spoke as an eye-witness who had come from the other world and testified that He had seen. 'In my Father's house,' He said, 'are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' 'Jesus, knowing that he came forth from God, and goeth unto God.' The passage between this world and the next was a familiar road to Him. He spoke of the other world with the same certainty as He did of this world. Heaven was as sure to Him as earth.

But Christ demonstrated immortality by the great proof and seal of resurrection from the dead. He went through the dark portal of death on the cross into the other world and then came back through the door of His tomb, and thus He was literally a traveller from that bourne whence no other earthly pilgrim has ever himself returned.

Out of that empty tomb gushed the light of the life immortal and the splendour of the eternal day. Believing in this fact we have faith in immortal life as certain as though we ourselves stood within the jewelled gates] of the eternal city and by personal experience knew the Great Secret.

The resurrection of Christ not only proved His own immortality, but also carries with it the resurrection to immortal life of all His followers. 'For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive. But each in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; then they that are Christ's at his coming' (1 Co 15^{22, 23}). 'But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, he that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall give life also to your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you' (Ro 8¹¹), 'who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself' (Ph 3²¹).

This assures a resurrection of the body as well as the immortality of the soul. The future world is not a shadowy region of disembodied ghosts, but there we shall 'be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked' (2 Co 5^{2, 3}). The nature of this resurrection body we cannot now know, for it lies beyond the range of our earthly experience. Christ's body as it was transfigured on the Mount, and especially as it was mysteriously manifested after His resurrection, may give us a glimpse and a hint of what it may be. Paul also describes it in phrases that struggle to convey to us some conception of this mystery. This mortal body 'is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. . . . Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I tell you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then

shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin: and the power of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

In the evolution of life the body keeps pace with the soul. Nature has been constantly lifting life from lower to higher types, from the microbe to the vertebrate, from the gill-breathing water animal to the lung-breathing air animal, and so on up to man. This line of ascent points on up to still higher forms, and therefore the heavenly body will correspond with the glorified soul. It may be endowed with new senses through which life will pour in upon us in new streams of knowledge and beauty. Our senses are so many windows opening out upon the world, and our present bodies are

transparent or sensitive at only five points; but the spiritual body may be transparent through and through, clear as crystal, through which we can look out upon every aspect of the world and touch it with sensitive feelers at every point. It may also be armed with as yet unknown powers by which we can pass with incredible swiftness from place to place and even from world to world. We do not know what we shall be, but we may well believe that as the slow-crawling, shaggy caterpillar is to the swift-winged, gorgeously-arrayed butterfly, so is this present 'muddy vesture of decay' to that glorified body with which we shall be clothed upon. 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.'¹

¹ J. H. Snowden, *A Wonderful Morning*.

A Note on the Kingdom of God.

BY THE REVEREND ARTHUR WOTHERSPOON, M.A., GLASGOW.

THAT in the mind of Christ the Church of God and the Kingdom of God are two things distinct and differing widely in extent and nature, is the thought informing this paper. The paper suggests a possible answer to the question urged lately—'What is the Kingdom of Heaven?'¹ Its line of thought leads toward a conception of the Christ, *Salvator Mundi*, as a Saviour of all human men. The field of 'the Kingdom' is the world, and God's largest harvest is from the world outside the Church.

1. Our Lord, whose direct legacy in concrete things was small, left us the prayer, 'Our Father—Thy kingdom come.' From that as a sure word, illuminative and determinative, one can begin. The Kingdom of which Christ spoke is the Kingdom of our Father who is in heaven, and its consummation in earth is of the future. Again, Christ being come, the Kingdom is 'in earth,' but not yet 'in earth as in heaven': it is among men—the place proper to it is within men = it is not yet come, but, like the City of God ever descending, the Kingdom is ever coming, still increasing. And, once more, the hallowing of the name of our heavenly Father precedes the consummation of

¹ By Mr. Clutton-Brock and others.

His Kingdom—precedes and, we may think, conditions and prepares the way of the Kingdom.

The Kingdom was first present on earth in the heart of Jesus 'of Nazareth': in the earth one hill-village, and in that village one human life in which God the Father reigned. Jordan saw our Lord's anointing as God's King for men, and so the Kingdom gained a foothold in earth. Where the King is, there is the Kingdom.

The law of it was given when Christ spoke. All its ten words are positive—yea and amen, life-bearing, spirit-bearing words. The nature and manner of His reign were fully made known in His passion—His crown, of thorns—His throne, the cross. Therein He took His power to reign. His Kingdom is not of this world.

The Kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy—in the Holy Spirit. It is revealed through the Holy Spirit. He sees it who is twice-born = he enters it who is lowly of heart and whose will is to be with God as the little child. The little child is not taken up with himself or with things too high for him, but stands between Christ's knees looking up into His face, or is quiet under His hand, listening a little and receiving impressions ineffaceable. He who accepts this place