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In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

The Great Light.

'The Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day.'—Jer 31^{35}.

'The sun of righteousness.'—Mal 4^{2}.

In the entrance hall of the New York Natural History Museum there is a very interesting and ingenious lighting arrangement. The electric lamps are of varying sizes. The large bright central light represents the sun, and the lights that are hung at correct distances apart, and of exact proportions of size, are the planets. One is so small that it has to be surrounded by a piece of cardboard to call attention to it, for it has about the same diameter as a threepenny piece, while the lamp representing the sun is so large that you imagine it might contain all the others.

We are so accustomed to the sight of the sun that we forget its greatness. We love it as we love a friend—a friend who leaves us occasionally and whom we are always glad to see back again; you know that in this country there are days and days when we do not see him. Natives of a sunny clime who come to visit us say, 'We want to see the sun; you have no sunshine here.'

In some countries the sun becomes a thing to be afraid of. People often get lost in the great African deserts; they wander about in search of water and can find none; then the sun overhead becomes a terror to them. You remember how Hagar and her son Ishmael found themselves in the wilderness without sufficient water to quench their thirst. Hagar thought that her boy was going to die, so she went and sat down at a spot quite out of his sight; she could not bear the idea of seeing him suffer. You may think her hard, but in reality her heart felt breaking all the time. She would think of the sun as cruel, wouldn't she?

People have worshipped the sun because of its greatness. When Napoleon was a prisoner on the island of St. Helena, and feeling as restless as a caged wild animal, he used to discuss things with the men about him. Once he said, 'Were I obliged to have a religion I would worship the Sun, the source of all life—the real God of the earth.'

St. Francis, the friend of the birds, knew and felt the sun's greatness, yet he spoke of it as 'the dear brother Sun.' And I think you will understand even better the remark made to a traveller by a gipsy woman in Wales. She made and sold clothes-pegs, as many of the gipsies do; but the traveller was specially interested in her conversation. They were crossing Snowdon together one morning and saw the wonderful 'Snowdon sunrise.' 'You don't seem to enjoy it a bit,' he remarked, feeling irritated at the woman who stood quite silent and apparently deaf to the rhapsodies in which her companion had been indulging. 'Don't enjoy it; don't I?' she said, removing her pipe. '*You* enjoy talkin' about it, I enjoy lettin' it soak in.' Mere greatness cannot give us comfort. You boys and girls find the sweetest comfort when mother is beside you; and I believe the disciples never loved their great Master so much as when they felt there was a genuine friendship between them. They could talk to Him about their work, their fishing on the lake, and their homes, and He gave His advice, and what good advice that always was! We do not have Him beside us as they had, but let me tell you of a blind artist who, though he could not see the sun, had the Sun of Righteousness in his heart. His minister called upon him one evening, and as his little cottage was quite in the country, and far away from a railway station, his wife insisted on the visitor staying the night. Just before taking their candles to go to bed, she slipped up to him and said, 'I will tell you a little secret. It is our diamond wedding-day, and we should like you to lead us in our thanksgiving.'

The minister read the Word and prayed, and just as he turned to go the old artist said, 'Those were beautiful words you read about a light shining in a dark place.' At his request the visitor took the Bible and read again: 'We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts.' 'Beautiful pictures!' murmured the old man, 'I have never painted anything like that.'

The visitor left the house convinced that the blind artist's eyes would ere long open to greater beauty than it had yet entered into his heart to conceive. The vision had begun for him. Perhaps it came more naturally that he did not see as you boys and girls do. You are conscious of a light

you have never seen on sea or land, a light that bids you follow it. You need never stop following. Death is but an interruption. 'I feel,' wrote Victor Hugo, 'I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I shall have ended my day's work. But another day will begin next morning.'

How to win the Race.

'This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark.'—Ph $3^{13, 14}$.

If there is one thing that nearly every girl and boy must confess to, it is having a voice within them that keeps saying, 'Go on; go on.'

At the same time you want to sit and remember things. Last summer was splendid, you say to yourself; there never were such cricket matches, such games of tennis, such days of fishing. You go back upon the past; and many old people do the same.

1. Paul was quite a middle-aged man when he wrote the words of our text. And if any one had reason to dwell on the past he had. But he knew better than to do it. Life for Paul, who was such a wonderful preacher and writer of letters, had all the intensity and interest of a race run for a prize. To keep looking back would be fatal to his chance of success. 'One thing I do,' he says, 'forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark.' Every boy here who knows anything about school races understands Paul's figure quite well.

He had many things he would not want to forget. There were times when Stephen's angel face rose up before him, and he felt he could never forgive himself for the part he took in the tragedy of his death.

O, was it *I* that stood there, all consenting?
I—at whose feet the young men's clothes were laid?
Was it *my* will that wrought that hot tormenting?
My heart that boasted over Stephen, dead?

Yes, it was I. And sore to me the telling.
Yes, it was I. And thought of it has been
God's potent spur my whole soul's might compelling
These outer darknesses for Him to win.

Then there was the road to Damascus. It was on it that there came the turning-point of his life. But for Paul to 'Go on' was the rule of the game of life. While not trying to blot out the past from his mind, he took a lesson from the mistakes he had made and went on.

2. Some of you remember how sad your homes were during the War. Father and mother looked anxious every day. Bad news came; friends called and their talk was about sorrow, always sorrow. You felt it yourself; it seemed like a great heavy cloud that hid the light of the sun. Father stayed at home from business and spoke very little. In a day or two, however, he started work again, for he had heard 'Go on' within himself, and felt he must obey. Mother took heart too, although she walked about as in a day-dream. Her 'Go on' seemed as if it came from the other world.

3. A famous writer never tired of persuading his young friends that going on—giving their minds to what they took in hand—was the secret of success. Once a minister was speaking to him of some book he had been reading. He was startled to hear from his friend: 'Life is not long enough to read such things. Before opening a book I believe in saying, "Is this book likely to assist me in my aim in life?" and if "No" comes as the answer, I think it is only right to put the book aside, however tempting it may be to read it.' He was thinking of the race of life. You know a text in the Bible that says, 'Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.' The edict forbidding the worship of Israel's God made no difference to Daniel. He refused to be turned aside from what he believed to be the right path. And you have heard of President Lincoln and what he did for the slaves in America. One day he and two other young men passed a slave auction. A mulatto girl was being sold. The whole thing was so revolting to Lincoln that he moved away feeling hatred to the slave traffic in his heart. Bidding his companions follow him, he said, 'Let's get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing (meaning slavery), I'll hit it hard.' And he never turned back; he did it.

Surely the great end of this life is to become

good men and women, and we can only become really good by doing our day's work faithfully. Sometimes one's day's work is to suffer, sometimes it is to do lessons, or it may be to help mother by nursing a baby sister or brother. Everything, even the commonest duty, ought to mean going forward. You are made to attain to the prize—the prize that means eternal life. It is said that when the poet Longfellow was a professor in College he gave this motto to his pupils, 'Live up to the best that is in you.'

The Christian Year.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

Doing the Impossible.

'Stretch forth thy hand.'—Mk 3^5.

That was the one thing he couldn't do! And he was asked to do it! Christ named his great incapacity and demanded the impossible. For years and years the shrunken, shrivelled thing had hung helplessly at his side, a poor mockery of a hand. 'Stretch forth thy hand!' Impossible! But he did it! 'And his hand was made whole like unto the other.'

I very much like an epitaph which is found upon a woman's grave in New England—'She hath done what she couldn't!' Strange achievements hide behind that significant line. She did the impossible. Nobody would have dared to prescribe such things for her. Nobody ever thought she could do them. But she did them. 'In watchings oft!' Long night watchings in nursing the sick! Night after night, day after day! 'You'll never be able to do it!' But she did! Or she made prolonged vigils in quest of God's lost children, on desolate wastes and on cold nights. 'You'll break down!' But she didn't. 'She hath done what she couldn't!'

And that is to be the Christian's distinction. 'What do ye more than others?' We are not to walk in the average ranks; we are to march in the van. We are triumphantly to beat the average. Anybody can do the possible. We are called to do the impossible, the things we cannot do. We are to make a living, and at the same time to ennoble a life. We are to get on and get up. We are to be ambitious and aspirant. We are to be creatures with wings, and yet to be the busiest folk on the hardest roads.

And harder things than these we have to do. We are to go to lives where hearts are like flint, and we are to melt them with the ministry of light. Impossible! Yes, we are to win great battles, and we are to have no other equipment than the 'armour of light.' We are to overturn mighty strongholds with the forces of the spirit. Impossible! 'Things that are not are to bring to nought things that are.' Such is to be the Christian's distinction. We are to march beyond the stern borders of the possible and set our feet in impossible lands.

Our Lord commands it. What is the secret of the achievement? This is the secret. His commandments are always the pledge of the needful endowments. The blind man obeys his Master, and goes forth to find his sight in the Pool of Siloam. How impossible! Yes, but he went, and Christ's holy power went with him, and he came back seeing. The cure was not in Siloam, but in the journey; not in the mineral spring, but in the obedience. 'As he went he received his sight.' At Christ's bidding faith sets out on the most astounding errands, 'and laughs at impossibilities, and cries, "It shall be done!"'[1]

SEXAGESIMA.

Doing the Impossible.

'The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.'—Lk 18^{27}.

We have not to travel far before we meet the impossible. We soon reach the end of the short road of 'the possible,' and then the impossible looms before us! It is possible to restrain a man from crime; it is impossible to restrain him from sin. We can compel a man to pay his income tax; it is impossible to compel him to be generous. We can readjust man's circumstances; we cannot renew a man's heart. We can educate; we cannot regenerate. We can refurnish a man's mind; we cannot give him the mind of Christ. We can give him courtesy; we cannot endow him with grace. We may give him good manners; we cannot make him a good man. We may save him from worldly excesses; we cannot make him immune from the contagion of the world. We may 'patch up a bad job,' but we have no power of new creation.

And so we touch our 'impossible' almost at a stride. The 'impossibles' stare upon us on every

[1] J. H. Jowett, *The Friend on the Road*.

side. How then? It is only in God and in the power of His holy grace that the impossible thing can be realized. In the Lord Jesus miracles may happen every day; they are happening every day. But in our pathetic folly we go on trying to mend the broken earthenware, when the mighty God would re-create the vessel. We rely upon the ministry of good fellowship when we can do nothing without the communion of the Holy Ghost. We use social cosmetics upon a withered and wizened society, and the holy Lord is waiting with the unspeakable quickening of the new birth. We use rouge when we really need the blood of the Lamb.

The world is always arrested when it sees impossibles being accomplished. In God the impossible becomes possible!

Though earth and hell the Word gainsay,
The Word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible.
The thing impossible shall be.
All things are possible to me.[1]

QUINQUAGESIMA.

The Three Pillars.

'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.'—Mic 6^8.

'To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly.' These are the three pillars of the Temple of Happiness.

1. Justice, which is another word for honesty in practice and in intention, is perhaps the easiest of the virtues for the successful man of affairs to acquire. His experience has schooled him to something more profound than the acceptance of the rather crude dictum that 'Honesty is the best policy'—which is often interpreted to mean that it is a mistake to go to gaol. But real justice must go far beyond a mere fear of the law, or even realization that it does not pay to indulge in sharp practice in business. It must be a mental habit—a fixed intention to be fair in dealing with money or politics, a natural desire to be just and to interpret all bargains and agreements in the spirit as well as in the letter.

The idea that nearly all successful men are unscrupulous is very frequently accepted. To the man who knows, the doctrine is simply foolish. Success is not the only or the final test of character, but it is the best rough-and-ready reckoner. The contrary view that success probably implies a moral defect springs from judging a man by the opinions of his rivals, enemies, or neighbours. The real judges of a man's character are his colleagues. If they speak well of him, there is nothing much wrong. The failure, on the other hand, can always be sure of being popular with the men who have beaten him. They give him a testimonial instead of a cheque. It would be too curious a speculation to pursue to ask whether justice, like the other virtues, is not a form of self-interest. To answer it in the affirmative would condemn equally the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount and the advice to do unto others what they should do unto you. But this is certain. No man can be happy if he suffers from a perpetual doubt of his own justice.

2. The second quality, Mercy, has been regarded as something in contrast or conflict with justice. It is not really so. Mercy resembles the prerogative of the judge to temper the law to suit individual cases. It must be of a kindred temper with justice, or it would degenerate into mere weakness or folly. A man wants to be certain of his own just inclination before he can dare to handle mercy. But the quality of mercy is, perhaps, not so common in the human heart as to require this caution. It is a quality that has to be acquired. But the man of success and affairs ought to be the last person to complain of the difficulty of acquiring it. He has in his early days felt the whip-hand too often not to sympathize with the feelings of the underdog. And he always knows that at some time in his career he, too, may need a merciful interpretation of a financial situation. Shakespeare may not have had this in his mind when he said that mercy 'blesseth him that gives and him that takes'; but he is none the less right. Those who exercise mercy lay up a store of it for themselves. Shylock had law on his side, but not justice or mercy. One is reminded of his case by the picture of certain Jews and Gentiles alike as seen playing roulette at Monte Carlo. Their losses, inevitable to any one who plays long enough, seem to sadden them. M. Blanc would be doing a real act of mercy if he would exact his toll not in cash, but in flesh. Some of the players are of a figure and temperament which

[1] J. H. Jowett, *The Friend on the Road.*

would miss the pound of flesh far less than the pound sterling.

What, then, in its essence is the quality of mercy? It is something beyond the mere desire not to push an advantage too far. It is a feeling of tenderness springing out of harsh experience, as a flower springs out of a rock. It is an inner sense of gratitude for the scheme of things, finding expression in outward action, and, therefore, assuring its possessor of an abiding happiness.

3. The quality of Humility is by far the most difficult to attain. There is something deep down in the nature of a successful man of affairs which seems to conflict with it. His career is born in a sense of struggle and courage and conquest, and the very type of the effort seems to invite in the completed form a temperament of arrogance. I cannot pretend to be humble myself; all I can confess is the knowledge that in so far as I could acquire humility I should be happier. Indeed, many instances prove that success and humility are not incompatible. One of the most eminent of our politicians is by nature incurably modest. The difficulty in reconciling the two qualities lies in that 'perpetual presence of self to self which, though common enough in men of great ambition and ability, never ceases to be a flaw.'

But there is certainly one form of humility which all successful men ought to be able to practise. They can avoid a fatal tendency to look down on and despise the younger men who are planting their feet in their own footsteps. The established arrogance which refuses credit or opportunity to rising talent is unpardonable. A man who gives way to what is really simply a form of jealousy cannot hope to be happy, for jealousy is above all others the passion which tears the heart.

The great stumbling-block which prevents success embracing humility is the difficulty of distinguishing between the humble mind and the cowardly one. When does humility merge into moral cowardice and courage into arrogance? Some men in history have had this problem solved for them. Stonewall Jackson is a type of the man of supreme courage and action and judgment who was yet supremely humble—but he owed his bodily and mental qualities to nature, and his humility to the intensity of his Presbyterian faith. Few men are so fortunately compounded.

Still, if the moral judgment is worth anything, a man should be able to practise courage without arrogance and to walk humbly without fear. If he can accomplish the feat he will reap no material reward, but an immense harvest of inner well-being. He will have found the blue bird of happiness which escapes so easily from the snare. He will have joined Justice to Mercy and added Humility to Courage, and in the light of this self-knowledge he will have attained the zenith of a perpetual satisfaction.[1]

First Sunday in Lent.

Perfect through Suffering.

'For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.'—He 2^{10}.

1. One of the standing difficulties of the early Church was to reconcile the suffering of Christ and the glory of God. Wherever the early preachers went with their doctrine, they were met with the same taunt of derision. A suffering Messiah, a crucified God! The thing is impossible. It is a contradiction in terms. Who ever heard of such a ridiculous thing? The very idea of a cross was an affront to divinity. And even the Christians were tempted to feel that there was something shameful about the suffering of Jesus, like a point in the story of a great life where the hero has dipped down into degradation too deep for words. It was this way of thinking against which Paul flung his great protest when he shouted out that the one thing which he gloried in above all else was just this dark and bloodstained Cross of Christ. It was this taunt which the early Church had to meet. At first it was very difficult. It is far easier to hold up one's head against a blow than to face a pointed finger of shame. The root of the trouble was, of course, their own wrong values. It was in their blood to look on suffering as some disgraceful thing, which carries a taint of evil or the brand of weakness. Pain, for an orthodox Jew, was part of the curse of God. He could not get it out of his head that if a man suffered, it was because God was against him. And the writer to the Hebrews set to work to make them feel that the sufferings of Christ did not touch the honour of God. 'By the grace of God,' he said, 'Christ tasted death for every man';

[1] Lord Beaverbrook, *Success*.

and then, as if he saw a look of surprise creeping over their faces and a lifting of the eyebrows at this coupling of the grace of God with the horror of Calvary, he went on, 'For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.'

2. There are two things which he makes clear, with one sweep of his pen, about the sufferings of Christ.

(1) For one thing, they are quite consistent with the character of God. These loving hands of the Father, shaping the life of Jesus, guiding His course, made no mistake in the dark hour of His suffering. He knew what He was doing when He steered that soul of Jesus through those deep waters of His agony. 'It became him,' says the writer. Nothing so expressed and set forth with becoming glory the nature of God as the suffering of Christ. It was all in the main line of His purpose of love. Calvary was no side-track, no mere by-path, into which Christ was driven by cruel circumstances which were too much for Him. In such a world as this, it was the high road of His great destiny; it was the true course of the Adventurous Love. God had a big task on hand. He was bringing many sons into glory, and nothing could achieve it but a Leader equipped through pain.

(2) In the second place, Christ's suffering too was part of His training, His fashioning. It is something without which He could not have been Himself. It was necessary to His completeness of being. The Via Dolorosa was His only path to power. The words are strong—'To make him perfect through sufferings.' There is a tendency of the mind, and it has always been there, to look at the spirit of Christ apart from life, as if He passed through the world in a kind of lofty independence, as an actor goes through the tragic incidents of a play without these incidents really shaping his being, or adding anything to his character. We miss the point of the life of Christ if we look upon Him as a ready-made Saviour, to whom life had nothing to give. The words are bold. 'Christ was made perfect by his sufferings.' They were an essential part of His development without which He could not have been what He was. Christ had to live His life as we live it; He had to find His way about amid its perplexities, as we find ours; He had to meet its temptations, as we fight ours. His nature had to be moulded and His powers awakened through the storm and the stress of life. Life was no sham fight for Jesus. It was a real battle in which everything was at stake, and a real victory was won which changed the course of history. He was a living part of a living, struggling world on its way to God. 'It became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.'

3. One result immediately springs from this changed outlook on the sufferings of Christ. It is a changed outlook on our own. The moment we begin to see a glimmer of nobleness, of some great use of pain in His Cross and His Gethsemane, that moment we begin to see some great uses in our own. Suffering, when all is said and done, is the great problem of the universe. It is the one thing which, above all, perplexes and troubles the religious mind, for it is the religious mind that feels it most. When a man begins to think at all, he begins to question the why and wherefore. And there is no cut-and-dry answer ready to our hand. There is no theoretical solution to the problem. When all is said, the deepest truth lies still at the bottom of the well. But there is a practical solution, and that is the main point—for we are not here to understand, but to live. The practical solution is in Jesus. He lived this life of ours, faced and bore incalculable suffering, and still found life liveable; and what is more, the Scripture tells us that this suffering was an element in the making of His Divine manhood. Here is a life which is perfect, so redeeming in its power and quality, that there is not a single soul in all God's universe, however deeply bitten with shame and sin, whose poor heart cannot catch fire at the touch of Jesus and blaze out in a new splendour. Surely, if the Son of God had to suffer to become a perfect Saviour, if He met it with brave acceptance, like a soldier going into the battle for which he has enlisted, there must be meaning in our pain. There must be something noble in it, something enriching, something without which man could not be man, and God could not be God. Pain is more than the dross which we would fling away and forget as soon as we can; it is the very mould, the very furnace without which the Potter's Hand could not fashion us into beauty. One look at the face of Jesus, lit up amid the shadows of Gethsemane by the passion which burns at His

heart, will give you more insight into the meaning of pain than all the volumes that ever were written. He did not put it into words. He put it into a life.

To look at the facts of pain apart from Christ, is like trying to catch the beauty of a piece of music by reading the manuscript: if you have not the musician's eye, it is nothing to you but a series of hieroglyphics, a set of stupid-looking marks upon a paper. But hear a master play that music, translating it into melody through the medium of his own soul, then you begin to understand what glorious secrets of a hidden world are locked up in these crotchets and quavers. Mark Rutherford puts this point finely: 'When we come near death or near something that may be worse, all exhortation, theory, promise, advice, dogma fail. The one staff which perhaps may not break under us, is the victory achieved in like circumstances by one who has preceded us, and the most desperate private experience cannot go beyond the garden of Gethsemane.' If Christ suffered, shall there not be meaning in our pain? If God could only make Jesus perfect through suffering, is there any likelihood that He could do anything for us without it? There is tremendous comfort in this. 'It behoved Him, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.'[1]

Second Sunday in Lent.

Perfect through Suffering.

'For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.'—He 2^{10}.

How do sufferings make for perfection?

1. For one thing, the experience of suffering is a means of development. All the experience of life has this power of developing us, of bringing out of us some hidden quality. Life has a cutting edge about it in all its sharper experiences, which sets free some hidden beauty, some buried capacity, as a landslide which tears and wounds the surface of a smiling hillside may reveal a hidden stratum of gold. A man can no more become a man till life has dealt with him than a daffodil can burst its sheath till it is put into the grip of the earth. And part of that experience is the experience of pain. There is something in us which only pain can bring out. Francis Thompson describes the making of a child's soul in heaven, with all its gifts and powers. But something was wanting at the end which only earth could give her—a tear. Wherever we may go on our long journey, there is something which only earth can give us to fit us for the larger life.

> Each wave that breaks upon the strand,
> How swift soe'er to spurn the sand
> And seek again the sea,
> Christ-like, within its lifted hand
> Must bear the stigma of the land
> For all eternity.

It is the stigma of earth, the wound-prints of pain, which, like the thorn-prints on Christ's brow and the nail-marks of the crucifixion, bring out some richer beauty. Does it seem blasphemous to suggest that suffering developed Jesus? It is the suggestion of the Scripture. His suffering was real, and it played a real part in the awakening of His Saviourhood. How it set Him free! How it touched the deep fountains of His compassion! How it awoke His tenderness! How it sent Him again and again to His knees to listen through the silence of eternity—brooding like the sky over a pain-racked world—for the interpreting voices of love! You cannot see Jesus until you see Him against the background of life's experience: and you cannot see Him till you see Him most of all against the lurid background of His Agony. Suffering has the power to soften hardness, to awaken courage, to bring a tenderness into proud faces which nothing else can put there. There are flowers that grow best in the shadowed places, and these are the flowers with the most delicate tints and fragrance. It is no glorification of pain to say these things or think these things. Physical pain we may get rid of, bit by bit, in part at least; though it is difficult to see how a man can honourably play his part in such a world as this without some cost to his body. Make a universe as smooth and placid as some lotus-land, and there will be fine natures who will break out of it and fling themselves away on some adventurous quest through the sheer need of living dangerously.

I cannot imagine a world more near the brink of war and bloodshed than a world that we have made so smooth and easy and prosperous that we revolt against it. Something is wrong with pro-

[1] J. Reid, *The Victory of God.*

gress if it does not bring more pain instead of less —the pain of souls more sensitive to sin and sorrow. And by that pain we grow. 'It became him to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through sufferings.'

2. But again, the perfection of Christ was in His oneness with all men, His sympathy with all men, through which He found the power to save. A man is not really growing whose heart is not expanding in sympathy with others. The great qualities of the soul are those that link us with all mankind. As we rise out of ourselves in devotion to others, we grow. And by suffering, Christ grew into a deeper sense of unity with all mankind, a unity which was the power of His Saviourhood; till His heart became a kind of whispering gallery in which the low murmur of the world's agony cried aloud to God. He gathered up into Himself the world's suffering and bore it; and by that burden He became the perfect Saviour.

Give me no counsel
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one, whose wrongs do suit with mine,
And I, of him, will gather patience.

People have often puzzled over the problem why the innocent should have to suffer for the sins of the guilty, and why it is that the pains of suffering are so badly distributed. In protest against this, the doctrine of Karma has come into existence, whereby the suffering of each is explained as the result of something he himself has done in a former life, so that each man's suffering is proportioned to his guilt. If there is a doctrine more devastating to the mind of man in the face of pain, I do not know it. It shuts men up in the isolation of their own souls. It turns a man's place of suffering into a prison, from which he has to burrow his way alone. It breaks humanity up into self-existent units, so that we are no longer a family, suffering together and proud to suffer together, proud if our suffering can help to lift our brothers' weight of pain. Humanity is one. We are members one of another. We are not ourselves till the tendrils of our sympathy have gone out and twined themselves about other lives and we stand knit together for good or ill. It is this power of suffering with others, and thereby in our measure redeeming others, that pain brings to our door. Without this, Christ could not have been a Saviour. 'It became him to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through sufferings.'

Now how does this view of things help us? We may say to ourselves, perhaps, that Christ stood alone. Suffering was all very well for such as He, with a great redeeming task; that was, so to speak, His business. He needed the character which suffering could give, and most of all the power to save. But as for us, something less will serve. The answer to all this is in a word. We are not saved till we are made like Christ, and this likeness to Christ carries all through. It means likeness to Him not only in the virtues of His private life; we must be like Him in the qualities which suffering made perfect, and most of all, in the quality of saving sympathy by which we bear in our lives the burden of others' sin and shame and suffering. The difficulty many people have in being reconciled to suffering is their unwillingness to be made like what God would make them, which is like Jesus. That is the crux of the whole matter. Do we want to be made like Jesus? Or have we some ideal of our own—some rose-coloured vision of ease or comfort which pain is shattering to fragments? The secret of being reconciled to pain is being reconciled to God's ideal of life in Jesus. Some people are perilously near the old Roman Church fallacy of two orders of Christian conduct, one of which is for the man in the street, the other for the man in the cloister. There is only one order of saved men. It is the order of love, into which a man is brought by Christ; and that is an order in which he becomes a saviour of others, and his own sufferings awaken in him redeeming quality and power. That is the only way in which we can be saved out of our own suffering. We are not saved till we are saved from self-pity, and find our joy in helping others. And we find that deliverance from our own pain in a great alliance with the loving purpose of Christ. He is the Leader of our salvation. What does that mean? It means that He comes down into our place of pain and wretchedness to lead us out of it by the way of fellowship with Him. There is no escape from suffering except by the way of a great love and a great vision of the will of God, whereby our suffering becomes redeeming, and the pain is swallowed up in the passion to be and to do what God would have us.

Our salvation depends on our fellowship with Christ. Our victory depends on our sharing the

spirit and the attitude of Christ. One of the Arctic explorers tells in his book how he took part in the hard work of the party, pulling the sledges with the men, suffering with them in all their labours. He talks about the 'sympathy of the traces.' He describes how the depression, or lethargy, or pain of his men communicated itself to him as he and they held the same cords and toiled bit by bit over the snow and ice. And on the other hand, his courage and faith and hope were transmitted to them through the same sympathy of the traces, so that they were able to carry on. There is no solution for the problem of suffering, except in so far as we let Christ share our burden, by giving ourselves to His task.[1]

[1] J. Reid, *The Victory of God.*

Did S. Luke know the Old Testament?

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'The evil that men do lives after them,' and the evil results of disproved theories remain long after the theories themselves have been discarded. While it was still believed that S. Luke was one of the seventy disciples, or that he was the companion of Cleopas on the road to Emmaus, it was natural to think of him as knowing Aramaic and as well versed in the O.T. But now that we see that those theories are inconsistent with what we know of Luke, we cannot take for granted, as even modern writers do, that Luke translated from the Aramaic or used his knowledge of the Septuagint. That he knew Aramaic I cannot see a particle of evidence, but every reason, from what we know of him, to believe the opposite. Whether, or to what extent, he knew the O.T., is the purpose of this paper to examine.

Let us begin by recalling what we know of Luke. In the preface to his Gospel he expressly distinguishes himself from those who 'from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word.' He is a Greek through and through, knowing the Ægean and the cities bordering on it, especially proud of his own city, Philippi, for which he claims that it is 'the first of the district,' in spite of the more general recognition of the claims of Amphipolis; he has the Greek love of the sea. He has comparatively little interest in Roman names or Roman things; he misunderstands the Latin language. He dislikes the Jews: he can see neither reason nor excuse for their opposition to Paul, even at Corinth. And that dislike shows that he was not a Jewish proselyte before his conversion: had he been so he would have gained a more favourable view of them. It is as a Greek pure and simple that we know him; he has a thorough command of the Greek language, a good Greek style when he is writing what is entirely his own composition, though he is susceptible to the influence of his authorities when he is using them.

He first comes into touch with S. Paul at Troas. Was he already a Christian? or did S. Paul convert him? We cannot answer with certainty, but his affection for and his admiration of Paul lead us to believe that he 'owed to him his own self.' Immediately he joins Paul as his companion, and after a stay of the latter of only a few weeks in Philippi is left there apparently as the only representative of the apostle for about two years, except for a short visit from Silas. There were few Jews at Philippi—there was no synagogue: Luke had to deal chiefly with Greek Christians; he had to know the gospel well enough to be a teacher. What opportunity had he to learn much of the O.T.?

Let us look for a moment at the wider question—How far did the early Greek converts from paganism know the O.T.? Here we have evidence in S. Paul's Epistles. The Church of Rome at that time was largely Jewish: several Jews are saluted in ch. 16, and the Epistle as a whole is an apology to the Jewish Christians for the admission of the Gentiles to equal privileges. In Corinth S. Paul himself had converted Crispus, the *archysynagos*, with his household, and probably his successor, Sosthenes. Afterwards Apollos came to Achaia, and especially to Corinth, where his name was used as the mark of a party, and 'powerfully confuted the Jews, showing by the