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sinful life, we will therefore call upon Him, and in the name of Christ pray from the bottom of our heart a devout Paternoster.

The Lord's Prayer without doxology follows.

Congregation. Amen.

Pastor. Our Lord Jesus Christ in the night in which he was betrayed took [the] bread, gave thanks, and brake it, and gave it to His disciples, and said : Take and eat ; this is My body, which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

Likewise He took also the cup after supper, gave thanks, gave it to them, and said : Drink ye all of it ; this cup is the New Testament in My blood, which is shed for you for the forgiveness of sins. This do as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of Me.

Then follows the distribution of the elements with the words :

Take and eat ; this is the body of Christ which is given for thee. May it strengthen and preserve thee unto eternal life. Amen.

Take and drink ; this is the blood of the New Testament which is shed for thy sins. May it strengthen and preserve thee unto eternal life. Amen.

Conclusion :

Pastor. Thank the Lord, for He is kind. Hallelujah !

Congregation. And His goodness endureth for ever. Hallelujah !

Pastor prays the collect :

We thank Thee, Almighty Lord God, that Thou hast quickened us through this wholesome gift, and we beseech Thy mercy that Thou mayest allow us so to thrive in strong faith towards Thee, and fervent love among ourselves, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Congregation. Amen.

Pastor gives the Benediction.

Congregation. Amen.

I desire to express my obligations to the Rev. Superintendent Lührs, of Nienburg, for much information, also to the Rev. A. S. Thomson, M.A.

L. DEWHURST.

ART. V.—WORLDLINESS.

GOD originally made the world very good. There is nothing but what is excellent in its wonderful beauty, nothing but what is admirable in its riches and possibilities. The various forms of human society which exist upon it are capable of being right, true, and useful. All the operations and creations of men in every branch of science and art may be carried on to the glory of God. Besides rejoicing in the works of nature which He caused to proceed stage by stage towards perfection, we are told that even the human race, with all its crimes, sins, and follies, was not an object of distaste to the Almighty Spirit of Good ; rather, He caused His Divine Presence to appear in human form for the rescue of the sinful inhabitants which He had placed on this little globe : God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.

It is, in reality, in the use that men make of the world, either in its material or its social sense, that the difference lies, whether we find it hurtful to us, or useful, or at any rate harmless. It is possible to imagine all men as wise as Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius; or as patriotic, zealous, and unselfish as St. Paul, Lord Shaftesbury, and General Gordon. It is possible to conceive all painters as elevated and ideal as Raphael and Turner; all poets as pure and transcendental as Milton and Wordsworth; all musicians as spiritual as Bach and Beethoven; all rulers as just and disinterested as Alfred and St. Louis; all ladies as noble and benevolent as Queen Margaret, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and Elizabeth Fry, and Florence Nightingale. If that were the case, a good use would universally be made of the world, and all that is in it. It would lose its temptations, and the ideal of paradise would be restored. The truth has been expressed with exact good sense by Lord Clarendon:

“They take very unprofitable pains who endeavour to persuade men that they are obliged wholly to despise this world, and all that is in it, even while they themselves live here; God hath not taken all that pains in forming, framing, furnishing, and adorning this world, that they who were made by Him to live in it, should despise it; it will be well enough if they do not love it so immoderately as to prefer it before Him who made it.” “If anyone would live as religion requires,” wrote Archbishop Tillotson, “the world would be a most lovely and desirable place, in comparison of what now it is.”

It is just because most men have made so bad and corrupt a use of the world, its beauties, treasures, opportunities, and the social arrangements and schemes of those who live in it, that it has become one of the three principal sources of temptation, and has got so bad a name.

“*Love not the world,*” wrote St. John to his disciples, “*neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*” And then he explains what he means by the world in its bad sense; he describes the bad sense by the items of its badness: “*For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world.*” And then he gives a reason why, even at its very best, the world must not engross our sympathies and affections, without some higher principle seen behind it and through it, giving it its true meaning and interpretation: “*And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*” The lust of the flesh means all the appetites and desires of the natural will when left unbridled, unregulated, uninspired, untransformed

by the will of the Almighty Spirit of Good. The lust of the eyes means our craving for every kind of sensuous beauty—beauty of landscape, beauty of art, beauty of human face, beauty of form and colour, beauty of houses, furniture, and equipment, when all that is not subjected to the principles of the Divine law of edification and the spiritual verities. By the pride of life we understand all exultation in mere physical vigour and sensation; all ambition; all admiration for display; all delight in pomp, pageant, and mere human glory; all love of ostentation; all worship of human splendour, and the material signs of earthly greatness. These things will always exist; but when our relation to them, or the way they affect us, is not subordinated to the love of God, then at once they become dangerous and poisonous to us, and we fall into sin.

It is because such multitudes of men and women have given themselves up heart and soul to all these earthly desires and delusions that the world has come to be regarded as the scene of wickedness, full of misery and degradation. Take, for instance, such a description as this, from a French priest (Caussin) of the sixteenth century:

“We live in a world extremely corrupt, of which it may be said, it is a monster whose understanding is a pit of darkness; his reason a shop of malice; his will, a hell, where thousands of passions outrageously infest him; his eyes are two conduit-pipes of fire, out of which fly sparks of concupiscence; his tongue an instrument of cursing; his face a painted hypocrisy; his body a sponge full of froth; his hands harpies’ talons; and, to conclude, he owns no faith but infidelity, no lord but his passions, no god but his belly.”

Well, that is the world at its worst, as man has made it, not as God designed or intended it, not as it still might be. Truer, I think, is the estimate of Emerson:

“The world is his who can see through its pretensions; what deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold, is there only by sufferance—by your sufferance; see it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.”

The reason why the love of the world is so debasing is that it turns the soul aside from God, and binds it to what is merely material. Materialism is very like worldliness: the dismal philosophy that there is no God, no spirit, no spiritual world, no eternity, no future, only the things that we know by our senses; that the thoughts, and the imagination, and the will, and the conscience, can all be accounted for by impressions made on the nerves. This is what the materialist believes, and acts accordingly. The man who has sold himself

to the world acts as if he believed it, whether he has thought out the theory or not. He allows no feeling of responsibility for the future to enter his mind. To him there can be no such idea as an abstract standard of right and wrong; conduct and events can only be estimated as they are more or less useful. It would be foolish for him to entertain any notions about the ideal; for the only thing that can concern him is the multiplication of pleasurable sensations. So, instead of being lifted into higher regions of aspiration after the divine and the perfect, instead of being ennobled by unselfishness, and purified by love, instead of setting his mind on the things that are true, venerable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, things that are virtuous and praiseworthy, his thoughts are occupied by the pleasures of the day, the cares of this world, the fever of excitement, the race of ambition, the deceitfulness of riches, the indulgence of self; and all these things harden and debase the character. It is one of the laws of human nature that we become like that which we love. If we give our hearts to God, and always aim at the ideal, we shall constantly be growing in grace, and be changed after the likeness of Him Who was the express image of the Father of Lights, from Whom comes every good and perfect gift. If we love the world in its present unregenerate condition, in its present neglect of God, indifference to Him, and alienation from Him, we shall become hard, sordid, money-grubbing, covetous, unprincipled, delighting in all that is sensuous, longing always for the gratification of the appetites, and for irregular and illicit pleasures. It is the common experience of mankind that these things can never satisfy. They become in their turn tedious, empty, vapid. Those who have not got the fear and love of God in their hearts, and are starting forth in life, will never believe in the essentially disappointing character of all mere worldly affections and pursuits. They have to learn by their own bitter experience.

I suppose no man ever had a deeper, richer, or longer draught of the worldly spirit than Solomon; and the writer of Ecclesiastes has summed up the result in memorable language:

“I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure: and behold this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it? I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works: I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits; I made me pools of water,

to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in mine house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle, above all that were in Jerusalem before me; I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour; and this was my portion of all my labour. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; *and, behold! all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun!*"

Nothing of all this was founded on the eternal. It was all for self, for splendour, for glory, for enjoyment. Nothing of it was done in harmony with the will of Him in Whom we live, and move, and have our being. It was all transitory, earthly, unspiritual. It quickly brought its own savour of weariness and disgust.

A curiously close parallel is given us in the confession of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, the wittiest and most accomplished man of his day. Nature had done much for him: birth and education more. In his own age he was universally allowed to be the most charming and polished man in Europe. In the political world he was no less conspicuous than in the fashionable. Second to Solomon himself, probably no man ever possessed greater advantages for the attainment of worldly pleasure; no man ever drank deeper of the sweet, sorcerous cup of enjoyment. Hear him, then, at a time when inevitable disease and age hung heavy upon him, and rendered him incapable of any farther gratification:

"I have seen," he wrote, "the silly rounds of business and of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I apprise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas those that have not experienced always overrate them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled at the glare. But I have been behind the scenes; I have seen," he continues in a scornful metaphor, "all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminated the whole decoration, to the astonishment of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and

what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry of bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you," he goes on with increasing cynicism, "that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No! for I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I must bear it, whether I will or no! I think of nothing but killing Time the best way I can, now that he has become my enemy. It is my resolution to *sleep* in the carriage during the remainder of my journey." Melancholy and hopeless conclusion to the life devoted to the world!

Very different was the conclusion arrived at by Sir Walter Scott and on the same ground, though by very different arguments: "The world is a dream within a dream; and as we grow older, each step is an awakening; the youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary, and the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Death the last sleep? No! it is the last and final awakening!"

The awful dread which men who have lived for the world feel for the last terrible visitor, with whom they have made no reckoning, is a startling comment on the folly of their scheme of life. You remember how the Emperor Vitellius, who had devoted himself to the pleasures of the table, and who at one supper had before him 2,000 fishes and 7,000 birds, when death was approaching made himself intoxicated, that he might not be sensible of its pains or of the terrific change which it implies. You remember the bitter complaint of Cardinal Beaufort, in the time of Henry VI., when told he must die: "Wherefore should I die, being so rich? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by wealth to buy it. Will not death be bribed? Will money do nothing?" You remember how Louis XI. of France—that crafty and powerful King, who was the successful founder of the modern state of that empire—was so fearful of death that he strictly charged his servants, whenever they saw him ill, never to dare to name death in his hearing. You remember how the same great ruler, whenever his physician was obliged to threaten him with death, put money into his hands to appease him, so that the physician is said to have received 55,000 crowns in five months. Do you remember the gruesome picture of the deathbed of Cardinal Mazarin, who had all his life been devoted to the pomps and vanities of a splendid court, and to the delights of his own possessions?

A fatal malady seizing on him, he consulted his physician, who told him that he had but two months to live. Some days after he was perceived, in his nightcap and dressing-gown, tottering along the gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming: "Must I quit all these?" He saw his friend, and grasped him: "Look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Carracci! Ah, my friend, I must quit all these! Farewell, dear pictures that I love so dearly, and that have cost me so much!" A few days before his death he had himself dressed, shaved, rouged, and painted. In this ghastly condition he was carried in his chair to the promenade, where the envious courtiers paid him ironical compliments on his appearance. Cards were the amusement of his deathbed, his hands being held up by others; and they were only interrupted by the Papal Nuncio, who came to give the Cardinal that plenary indulgence to which all the members of the Sacred College are entitled. "He that seeketh pleasures from the world," said Socrates, in one of those "testimonies of a soul," as Origen remarked, "naturally Christian," "followeth a shadow, which, when he thinketh he is surest of, it vanisheth away and turneth to nothing." "He that is enamoured of the world," wrote St. Ambrose, who had himself been Chief Magistrate of the City of Milan, before he was forced into the Archbishopric, "is like one that entereth into the sea; for if he escape perils, men will say he is fortunate; but if he perish, they will say he is wilfully deceived."

"I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world," said our Lord, "but that Thou shouldest keep them from evil."

Our Lord, by Whom the words were made, was the very last being likely to sanction the mistake of the Manichees, and condemn all matter as evil. Rather, he proclaimed it as the vehicle for making known the Father's glory in the region of sense. He loved the birds and flowers, the cornfields, the sunrise, and the sunset. It seems probable that the universe is unlimited; that it extends for ever and ever in all directions; and that through all eternity, if we went from star to star, we should see still new stars beyond us. To condemn the workmanship and manifestation of the great Omnipotent Spirit would be in the highest degree absurd, unreasonable, and irreverent. It only remains for us to make the best use of it that is in our power, and so to place ourselves on the same side of that Almighty Being Who is bringing all things by slow and imperceptible stages towards some great universal end of perfection.

The great point is, that no man can serve two masters; no

man can at the same time be an adherent of materialism and the existence of a Divine Being; no man can be at once a servant of mere opportunism and the ideal; no man can at the same moment devote himself to self-indulgence and to duty. No man can serve God and mammon. Mammon was a Syriac word meaning "worldly power," used by our Lord to describe all the lusts and enticements of the world, especially riches. Milton, following the lead of our Lord, when inventing a picture of the wicked spirits who were driven out with Satan, and who led his hosts, seizes on the word mammon to describe all that is sordid and base in worldly affections. Mammon was the least erect, or the most grovelling, of all the spirits who fell from heaven.

Now, we cannot put our finger on any set of persons, or any set of institutions, and say, "This or that is the world." We Christians are necessarily in the midst of the world, and cannot get out of it till we depart to our heavenly home. The world presides over many departments of our life, and we cannot help it. Our Lord Himself does not wish us to go out of this world, but to be kept from any evil influence which its abuse may have engendered.

If, then, we feel ourselves becoming enslaved to ambition, without strict submission to the law of right and wrong, we are enlisting in the host of mammon.

If we cannot resist the calls of pleasure, and are becoming involved in its vortex, and are giving up all grasp on duty, then the cares and attractions of this life are becoming too much for our fidelity.

If we are beginning to think that art merely exists for its own sake, that it has no relation to the spiritual and ideal, and that it has no part to perform in the continual struggle of poor, wretched, suffering humanity to raise itself from the ties and bands of its grovelling sensuous nature, then we are on a dangerous and poisonous plane.

If we love nature as a mere expression of beauty, and human character as a mere phenomenon of interest and curiosity; if we prize literature merely for the tickling of our fancy; if all music is equally delightful to us, provided it is the expression of the sensuous, or of some striking form of experience, good or bad—then, indeed, we are plunged in the world, but are not being kept from the evil.

If, lastly, we think of our worship as something mainly external, relying chiefly on perfection of architecture, perfection of music, perfection of decoration, splendour of solemnity, and pageantry of costume, instead of chiefly, and indeed entirely, a matter of truth and spirit, of heart and mind, of soul, conscience, and morals, then we are in danger of bringing

the world into the Church, and of paralyzing religion at her very vital centre.

But with the true Christian it will be different. He will be determined to see the spiritual element, the choice of right and wrong, the sense of duty and of principle, in every experience that comes before him. Like Wordsworth, he will desire that there should be less of the merely sensuous, more of the spiritual, the ideal, the real. He wants to see the beneficent Power, the guiding Hand, the unfailing Promise, the abiding Hope, in all that submits itself to his senses :

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.

This sea, that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune.

It moves us not. Great God, I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

That is not a declaration in favour of Pantheism ; it is a vehement protest against the materialism, the faithlessness, the worldliness, of professing Christians. It is our privilege as well as our duty to see God in everything. It is our prerogative, by His help, to choose the evil from the good. It is our right, in walking through the world, and accepting indifferently its rules, courtesies, and schemes, to turn all to God by the indwelling power of the grace of God. If we are unselfish, patriotic, earnest, sincere, conscientious, lovers of the people rather than lovers of ourselves, inspired by an enlightened ideal which is born of Christian principle and truth, indefatigably active in promoting God's kingdom of righteousness, justice, and peace amongst men, then we shall have found the happy secret of using the world, and not using it up to our own hurt ; of setting our affections on things above, not on things below ; of not desiring to be taken out of the world, with all its responsibilities, opportunities, and interest, but of being, by God's grace and our own earnest purpose, *kept from the evil !*

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

