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BY
ROBERT E. SPEER

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Preface

ALL the chapters of this little book were first spoken as addresses to the Summer Bible Conferences at Northfield, some to the young men, some to the young women. They are but simple talks to the heart and will of students. Our Lord and our Lord's desire for His disciple's life is their only theme. What other theme is worthy?

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"Remember Jesus Christ"

When diverging creeds shall learn
Toward their central source to turn;
When contending churches tire
Of the earthquake, wind and fire;
Here let strife and clamor cease
At that still small voice of peace —
"May they all united be
In the Father and in Me."

When as rolls the sacred year
Each fresh note of love we hear;
When the Babe, the Youth, the Man,
Full of grace Divine we scan,
When the mournful Way we tread
Where for us His blood He shed;
When on Easter morn we tell
How He conquer'd Death and Hell;
When we watch His spirit true
Heaven and earth transform anew;
Then with quicken'd sense we see
Why He said "Remember Me."

—*A. P. Stanley.*

I

"REMEMBER JESUS CHRIST"

THERE are doubtless reasons for clinging with loving preference to the King James Version of the Bible. There is a sweetness of phrase in it that will never be surpassed, and its familiar turns of expression are woven into the fibre of all our thought and feeling. But the reader of the Revised Version has these advantages: he knows that he is nearer to the exact meaning of what the Bible writers said and, though he does lose some of the melody of the older version, now and then he comes upon a change of language that brings out truth hidden before and flings a lane of glory across the page.

Since beginning the use of the Revised Version, seven or eight years ago, I have had many such experiences as this, and one which came in the spring of last

year has meant so much to me that I wish to speak of it to you. We were going on a long inland journey, on a house boat, up a river in Southern China, and ordinary habits of Bible study were interrupted so that it was necessary to invent some method adapted to the new conditions. I thought of the simple plan of watching each evening, when we had our little gathering for family prayers, for the most meaningful phrase in the passage that we read together, and of making that phrase the subject for study, such study as was possible, the next morning. One evening the old medical missionary, who was the head of our little party, was reading in the King James Version the second chapter of the Second Epistle to Timothy, and I was following him in my pocket Revised Testament. There seemed to be no notable change until we came to the eighth verse, which he read, "Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead, according to my Gospel." In the Revised Version I saw that the verse was altogether different. It read,

"*Remember Jesus Christ.*" It sent a thrill through me as though heaven had been opened just a little.

Remembering "that Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was raised from the dead," has very different meaning from "Remember Jesus Christ." I do not depreciate the facts of Christ's life, nor the unmeasured significance of His rising from the dead; but I do not believe that the memory of any single fact of Christ's life, not even the memory of the fact that He rose from the dead, can be compared with the meaning and the joy of remembering Jesus Christ Himself.

Now, Paul did not tell Timothy to fill his memory with the fact or the doctrine of Christ's resurrection; he did not tell him that any isolated fragment of the Lord's life was to have the supreme place in his memory: he told him that his memory was to be filled with Jesus Christ. "O Timothy, remember Jesus Christ." So brief was his advice that any man, even now, in the busiest life, can carry it with him. No long argument, no detailed statement—"Remem-

ber Jesus Christ." So simple; nothing confusing here; nothing elaborate; nothing of minutiæ; nothing that leads one off into obscurity and uncertainty. "Remember Jesus Christ." So practical—what could be more practical? "Remember Jesus Christ." What could Paul have said to Timothy that would have fitted him better for the life and work in which he was engaged? A young man in a great city, surrounded by temptations such as had never entered his life before, charged with new and heavy responsibilities—"Remember Jesus Christ." Nothing mysterious in it. Many have shrunk back from this or that prescription for the spiritual life because there was something too mystical in it; something altogether beyond the reach of practical grasp. You are not sure that following the recommended course is a possible thing for you, or that following it will bring you to the results that you desire. But memory is a matter of a man's will, just like his love. Horace Greeley once said that "the affections are the flower and fruition of the will."

I think they are, and memory also. You may remember Jesus Christ if you will. Nothing could be more feasible than this advice that Paul gave Timothy, "Remember Jesus Christ."

I want to speak about these words as a rule of life: "Remember Jesus Christ." What we all need is something *transforming*. Here it is: "Remember Jesus Christ." You will not find, though you seek through a long, long life, anything more transforming than the remembrance of Jesus. "For we all," writes the Apostle Paul, in the eighteenth verse of the third chapter of Second Corinthians, "with unveiled face, reflecting as in a mirror the character of Christ, ('the glory of the Lord' the literal words are, but they mean the character of Christ, for it was in the face of Jesus Christ that the glory of the Lord was revealed), are transformed into the same image of character, from one degree of attainment to another degree of attainment, even as by the Lord, the Spirit." If we should begin now to remember Jesus as the rule of life; should so fill

our recollections with Jesus Christ Himself that we would remember always Him, can you even conceive of the transformations that it would work in our lives? What would become of that questionable imagination in a memory stored with Jesus Christ? What would become of that harshness of speech or of judgment in a life filled with Him? What a wonderful transformation it would work in our lives if from morning till evening, and from evening till morning again, we were engaged in nothing else than remembering Jesus Christ!

Think of what a *restraining* rule this would be. From how much would it hold us back! From that foul companionship; from that darkened atmosphere; from that tainted fellowship, the man would be delivered at once who felt in his life the restraining power of the memory of Jesus Christ. How much we need a restraining rule, those of us know to whom God gave hot tempers when He sent us into this world: tempers so hot that we have trod too near to the brink ever to let our memories be

filled with the recollections of those moments of peril. How much we need to have introduced into these hot, impetuous, fierce, unkindly lives of ours the influence of the self-restraining Christ, whom Trench described in his noble sonnet:

"He might have reared a palace at a word,
Who sometimes had not where to lay His head.
Time was when He who nourished crowds with bread,
Would not one mea' nto Himself afford.
He healed another's scratch, His own side bled;
Side, hands and feet with cruel piercings gored.
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword
Stood at His beck, the scorned and buffeted.
Oh, wonderful the wonders left undone!
Yet not more wonderful than those He wrought!
Oh, self-restraint, surpassing human thought!
To have all power, yet be as having none!
Oh, self-denying love, that thought alone
For needs of others, never for its own."

Into this life of self-restraint, rather of Christ-constraint, passes from this time forevermore the man who decides now that he will "remember Jesus Christ," the quiet man, who as a lamb before his shearers is dumb, so opened not His

mouth, who was reviled and reviled not again, who said of Himself that He was meek and lowly of heart.

Think once again of how *stimulating* as a rule of life is the recollection of Jesus. I once heard of a poor child, who in early life was deformed so that he was no longer able to move about in the active work of life. When the child grew he bethought himself that he would sit by the open window of his room and write on little scraps of paper verses from the Bible, and toss these bits of paper out of the window, praying that some one might pick up each scrap and get help from it. And one day, as he sat by his window, he wrote on the little piece of paper that he had in his hands, these words from the Gospel of John: "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day: for the night is coming when no man can work." He leaned out and dropped them down, and they fell on the brim of the hat of a man who was passing by. By and by, the man, raising his hand, felt this little roll of paper there, and opened it and

read: "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day: for the night is coming when no man can work." Those words transformed his life. The recollection of the working Christ called him to work. So the man who to-night fills his memory with Him who had to work the works of the Father that had sent Him while it was day, because the night was coming when no man can work any more, will go out to live a new life for Him who so made it His meat and His drink to do the will of God.

Where will you find a more *sufficient* rule of life than this—"Remember Jesus Christ"? A man to whom Christ is not as yet all that He wants to be, said to me half hopelessly this morning as he turned away after we had been talking together, "I am all at sea." I told him that I hoped he would make port soon. I should like to give him these sailing orders: "Remember Jesus Christ." Dear fellows, if any of you feel all at sea, there is nothing that will be of so much help to you in making the port as these three words,

"Remember Jesus Christ." Perhaps you are in doubt about His deity. Perhaps you are in doubt about the incarnation. Perhaps you are in doubt about His resurrection. Perhaps this thing or that thing in the Christian life confuses you, and you have heard much that is far beyond your ability honestly to go. May I say to you that if you will remember Jesus Christ it will be as absolutely sure that you will come out where Jesus Christ is, aye, more sure than the rising of to-morrow's sun? "Remember Jesus Christ" is a rule of life so complete that you cannot find any circumstance or condition of life that can elude its satisfactory reach, the reach of the memory of Jesus. You will recall the saying of Mr. John Stuart Mill, "There is no better rule than for a man so to live that Christ would approve his life." But how can a man know what Christ would approve and what He would disapprove save by remembering Him? I can give you a better rule than that, and a shorter one, "Remember Jesus Christ."

Let us stop for a moment to think

about these three words. Perhaps very often in the New Testament the writers use this or that name of Christ without any special thought as to what name they are choosing; but it does seem that in most cases they selected with deliberate intent the title of Jesus of which they make use. Now it is "The Lord," now it is the "Lord Jesus," now it is the "Lord Christ," and now the "Lord Jesus Christ," and again it is "Our Lord Jesus Christ," and again "Christ Jesus, Our Lord." If you will read through this Second Epistle to Timothy, in the Revised Version, you will see how Paul selects the order of Christ's names. Every time save once he uses "Christ Jesus." In this verse you will notice that he arranges the words in the order that has become familiar to us, "Remember Jesus Christ." It is the "Jesus" whom he puts first, "Remember Jesus, of the seed of David." He means us to saturate our memories with the earthly life of Jesus, the Son of David; he means us to make ourselves so familiar with the story of that life and the way it went to and fro among men,

the atmosphere of it, the surroundings of it, that Jesus Himself shall live again with us. Would not this be sweet? Is not this all our cry?

"Oh to have watched Thee through the vineyards wander,
Pluck the ripe ears, and into evening roam!—
Followed, and known that in the twilight yonder
Legions of angels shone about Thy home!"

Perhaps we can watch Him. Some of you will recall the fine passage in Ruskin's "Modern Painters," in which he describes the uses of the imagination, by which he means, he says, the power of perceiving with the mind that which cannot be perceived by the senses. "Its first and noblest use," he goes on, "is to enable us to bring sensibly to our sight the things which are recorded as belonging to our future state or invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses in heaven and earth and sea as if they were present—the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we may conceive the great army of the inhabi-

tants of heaven and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with forever; that we may be able to vision forth the ministry of our God beside us, and see the chariots of fire on the mountains that girt us round; but above all to call up the scenes and facts in which we are commanded to believe, and be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event of the history of the Redeemer." It was for this that God gave us these imaginations, not that we might go dreaming falsehoods or trivial fancies or persuading ourselves that the unreal is real, at least for a little while, but that we should look back with clear and vivid vision to the earthly life of Jesus, the Son of David. Remember Jesus. Have we done this once to-day?

But that is only part of it. There is more. "Remember Jesus Christ," says Paul, "of the seed of David, raised from the dead, according to my gospel." Perhaps we hear more in our common surroundings of the memory of Christ raised from the dead than we hear of the memory of Jesus, the Son of David. Too

much of the teaching of the larger life knows only Him. Surely that is the larger half—Christ raised from the dead. If a man is to know but part, let him know Christ, the risen Saviour, alive forevermore. If he is to make his choice, let him choose the Christ living now on high at God's right hand, and standing here knocking, knocking, knocking, anxious to come in and live in our hearts. But there are both sides of our Lord Jesus Christ's Person and Life with which the memory is to be filled. We are to "remember Jesus Christ," that Jesus who, eighteen hundred years ago, walked to and fro among men in Palestine, and that Christ who to-day is seated on His throne at God's right hand, working for us, and who is here in the midst of us, working with and in and through us. "Remember Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, raised from the dead."

Let us make quite sure that we understand all the power of such a rule of life as this. Think of the influence of remembering Jesus—in our work, for example. A gentleman told me recently

that years ago he went to Dundee, to the home of Robert Murray McCheyne, who died when he was only twenty-nine years old, and for whom all of Scotland wept. An old man took him into McCheyne's study, and drew a chair for him, and said: "Sit down in this chair, and draw it up to that table, and put your elbows down upon the table, and rest your head upon your hands. Now let your tears fall. That is the way my pastor used to do." Then he took him into the church, into the pulpit, and he said: "Stand here, and put your elbows down on the pulpit, and let your head rest on your hands, and let the tears fall. That is the way my pastor used to do."

And that was the way our Master used to do. "And when He drew nigh, He saw the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace." And most of our work fails—does it not? —because it is barren of the memory of the weeping Christ; because it contains so little of the thought of the Christ of the tender heart. We never had in our

lives any such hour as came in the life of John Carmichael, when he stood up in the free kirk of Drumtochty and preached his mother's sermon. We never have seen the sweet face of the living Jesus, who was not ashamed when He stood in the midst even of His foes to weep for those after whose souls He had longed. And we shall never be able to do His work with His power until the memory of the tender Christ fills us in all our toil.

And think of the power of the memory of Jesus in our hours of temptation. I was talking with a student in North Carolina some time ago, who seemed never to have thought that when the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews said that Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are, he actually meant that Jesus *was* so tempted. He thought that there were some points in which we are tempted, in which Jesus had not been tempted. I do not know all that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews meant. I do know that our Master was without any tarnish or blemish or stain, and I know, also, that He was tempted

in all points precisely as I myself am tempted. And it helps me in my temptations to "remember Jesus Christ"; to think of Him off there in the wilderness by Himself, when the devil was tempting Him; when, assailing Him from every quarter, he endeavored to make Him swerve from the clear and simple path of obedience and loyalty to His Father. I think the man who is remembering Jesus Christ will find a large number of his temptations grow lighter, and a large number of them shortly flee altogether away.

Then consider the power of the memory of Christ in what we call the trials and the difficulties and the disappointments of our lives. Was there ever a man who had as much ground for despondency as Jesus had? He came to save His nation, and the nation cast Him out. The little band of disciples whom He gathered around Himself did not understand Him, so that when at last He pressed His teaching home to its real end they went away from Him. And He was constrained then to turn to the little

company of apostles who stood beside Him, and to ask them sadly, "Will ye also go away?" And at last those twelve did go away. One of them went to betray the Master, and another of them went to deny that he knew Him, and the other ten forsook Him and fled, and the Lord was alone. Was there ever any worker for God who had more ground for disappointment than that poor, solitary figure trudging the weary road from Pilate's palace out to Calvary's brow, staggering under His cross? Was there ever in all the ages of history any one who had more reason to look back upon His life and say, "Surely, all that I have done has gone for naught"? And does not the memory of that sorrow come back as the rebuke of the crucified Saviour Himself to every mood of disappointment and dejection and discouragement? Is it suffering? We young men do not suffer very much as older men have suffered. But there are hours of suffering coming to many of us; hours of suffering which we would not understand if any one who has passed through

them should describe them to us, simply because there is nothing in our hearts to answer to them. There will come the hours of suffering, when we shall be glad of every memory of Jesus Christ.

There is no need of life that cannot be met by the memory of "Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, raised from the dead."

There is no class in life to which this is not a sufficient rule of life. As for little children, who better than little children can remember Jesus Christ? I think myself often,

"When I hear that sweet story of old,
Of when Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children like lambs to His fold—
I should like to have been with Him then.

"I wish that His hands had been laid on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His sweet look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'"

And how gentle and precious are the memories of Jesus to the tradesman! He was a carpenter. Every carpenter can recall his fellow-craftsman with a homely

and heartsome love,—how homely and heartsome the quaint old soliloquy of the carpenter tells.

"'Isn't this Joseph's Son?' Aye, it is He,
'Joseph, the carpenter,'—same trade as me!
I thought as I'd find it, I knew it was here,
But my sight's getting queer.

"I don't know right where as His shed might ha' stood,
But often as I've been a planing my wood,
I've took off my hat just with thinking of He
At the same work as me.

"He warn't that set up that He couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town,
And I'll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I've done,
At a good job begun.

"The parson he knows that I'll not make too free,
But on Sundays I feel as pleased as can be
When I wears a clean smock and sets in a pew
And has thoughts not a few.

"I thinks of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd of men,
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,
Where He earned His own bread.

"And when I goes home to my missus, says she
'Are you wanting your key?'
For she knows my queer ways and my love for
the shed,
(We've been forty years wed.)

"So I comes right away by mysen with the Book
And turns the old pages and has a good look,
For the text as I've found as tells me as He
Were the same trade with me.

"'Why don't I mark it?' Ah, many says so!
But I think I'd as lief, with your leave, let it go.
It do seem that nice when I come on it sudden,
Unexpected, you know."

And as for us young men, Jesus was one of us. He was just the age of some of us when He began His ministry. I like to remember Him, that young man, as He sat there on the green hills looking down over the blue waters of Galilee, and the fishermen were down there on the beach, and all the country folk were gathered around, and He rose up and told them about His Father's kingdom. Some of us are perplexed with deep questionings. And He was perplexed. His soul was troubled. What should He say? Never was any young

man called to think such great thoughts and solve such great questions as Jesus. He knows us wholly. Shall we not know Him?

It is very sweet to remember Him. And when the temptation comes in life to do this or that that is not what Christ would have done, it is good to remember Him, and to turn to Him for His help.

> "For evermore beside us on our way,
> The unseen Christ does move,
> That we may lean upon His arm and say,
> 'Dear Lord, dost Thou approve?'"

Now, this has been very simple. What could be more simple than this? There has not been anything hidden about it. There has not been anything that it took any time to think out. It is just as simple as the dear sun that has been shining all day. It is as simple as a brother's love. "Remember Jesus Christ."

Do you know what the Holy Spirit came into this world to do? "The Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name, He

shall bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you. The Comforter will come unto you. And when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall glorify Me; for He shall take of Mine and shall declare it unto you."

Here is a test as to whether or not the Holy Spirit is in our lives. Have our minds been full to-day of recollections of Jesus? If not, then the Holy Spirit has not been there doing His supreme work of revealing Jesus; for that is what He came here to do—to hide Himself behind Jesus, and to make all men to think of Jesus, and to fill the minds of men with the memories of Jesus. "He shall bring to your remembrance Me." Are you remembering Jesus Christ? There is nothing deeper than this, nor anything beyond this. The whole life of Christ's disciples is wrapped up in this—remembering Jesus Christ.

I think very many times of the one I love best. When in the night I awake, my first thought is of her; and when early in the morning the sunrise comes stealing into the room, my first thought

is of her, and constantly through the day my mind goes out to her. I think of all the sweet things she has said, of all the sweet and loving things she has done, and I do remember her. I wish I might as often and as well remember Jesus Christ. Dear fellows, let us begin it now. To-night when you lie down to sleep, try to bring back some scene or word from Jesus' life, and think of Him; and if in the darkness you awake, remember Him; and to-morrow morning, when the sunrise softly comes, remember Him. Let us begin now—remembering Jesus Christ.

THE RELIGION OF UNSPOTTEDNESS

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

— S. J. Stone.

II

THE RELIGION OF UNSPOTTEDNESS

MEN have always found it difficult to agree upon an acceptable definition of religion. Some hold that religion consists chiefly in the intellectual acceptance of certain formulated propositions, while others believe that the chief element in religion is a certain form of feeling toward God and unseen things. There is doubtless a large measure of truth in each of these two views of religion, which would have to be taken into account in any attempt to formulate an exact and comprehensive statement of what religion is. But whatever truth there is in these conceptions, the writer of the General Epistle of James wholly passes them by when he comes to define religion: "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father," he says, "is this—that a man should keep himself unspotted." There is something

else in James's definition, and a not unimportant matter, but a matter nevertheless that does not so closely concern us here; so that we can afford to pass that wholly by, and to take the words that I have quoted as containing for us the substance of James's idea of religion. True religion—the kind that passes muster with God, the sort that He will be satisfied with—is this: that a man should keep himself unspotted.

It is a rather startling definition of religion. Unspottedness—is that the whole of religion? James does not say that that is the whole of it, but he says that that is the core of it, and that the man who does not have that sort of religion, does not have the kind of religion that will satisfy Him who passes the only reliable judgment upon the religion of every man. And even after one has thought over James's definition of religion for a little while, and has come to see how much there is in it, it strikes him as being a very unconventional way of defining religion—some would even say a rather undignified way. Why could he not

have said that religion is purity, holiness, or sanctification? For the reason that the early Christians liked to conceive of things very plainly; loved to call them by illuminating names. They were not fond of using worn-out metaphors; they very much preferred when they spoke of things concerned in the religious life to do so newly and freshly. Just this first metaphor that James uses is one of which they were specially fond. Paul tells us in one of his Epistles that the Church that Jesus Christ will present to Himself in the day when He comes back to wed His Bride, will be a Church without spot. The words that close the little Epistle of Jude make up an ascription which is one of the finest of all the ascriptions of the New Testament: "Unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of His glory without spot." The Second Epistle of Peter, describing a certain class of men prevalent in his day, as they are prevalent still, after a vivid description of them as men whose tastes were lustful,—"born mere animals,"—sums up the whole charac-

terization by calling them "blemishes and spots." And the early Christians delighted to speak of Christ under the same metaphor. They called Him a "Lamb without blemish and without spot," "who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself up unto God without spot." When, therefore, James defined religion as consisting in spotlessness, he was only making use of a conception that was quite common among Christians of his day, a conception of religion that was prevalent also in the Old Testament times.

Indeed, he was defining religion in just the way in which God for centuries had been ever endeavoring to get His people to view it. As I read my Old Testament, it seems to me almost that the predominant purpose of the Law and the Old Testament ritual was to teach men the difference between cleanness and uncleanness; between spottedness and unspottedness. At the very beginning of the Levitical Law, we are told that God called Aaron aside as the high priest of the nation, and told him plainly that one of his chief functions was to show the people that

there was a distinction between clean things and unclean things. In the next section of the Levitical Law we are told that God took Moses and Aaron both apart and repeated the instructions that He had given to Aaron, and once again made it plain to them in fresh phraseology that one great purpose of His dealing with the people was to impress it upon the Jewish nation that there was an eternal and ineradicable distinction between the clean things and the unclean things; the things that are common and the things that are holy. Therefore He told them they must divide all animals—the clean and the unclean. He specified to them the conditions under which a fountain of water was unclean, and must not be drunk from, and the conditions under which it was clean. He established the sanitary regulations that were to govern the camp of Israel, in order that it might be clean. "For," He said, "the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp to deliver thee and to give up thy enemies before thee: therefore shall thy camp be holy; that He see no unclean thing in

thee, and turn away from thee." And they were especially enjoined not to touch the unclean things; they might touch only the clean things.

To make this education of His more impressive, God summed it all up, focalized it, in the leper. "The leper," He provided, "is the embodiment of uncleanness; he is to be the symbol of unwholesomeness; his clothes shall be rent and the hair of his head shall go loose and he shall cover his upper lip and his cry shall be, 'Unclean! Unclean!'" He was not to be allowed within their camps, he was not to be allowed within their cities. And whenever walking in the public roads through the country he heard the sound of approaching steps, or the tinkle of the camel bells that marked the nearing of caravans, he must lift up his hoarse, strident voice and cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

And it made no difference if a man said that he did not know things were unclean. He might not have known that the law was in force. He might have said, "In the section where I live

public sentiment is not quite as high as here at Jerusalem. Down in my district you can do things that you cannot do here. They regard some things that you regard as unclean here, as clean down there, and a man of high social standing, such as I am, can afford to ignore such little, petty regulations." It would not do. No matter how influential a man was; no matter how strong a man was; no matter what the sentiment of the community where the man lived was; no matter how ignorant he might be of God's law, God held him responsible for not knowing what was clean and what was not clean, and He let fall upon him the curse of the unclean man if he violated the laws He had given to the priests and the people. It did not matter that a man had high political influence. Naaman was the captain of the hosts of the king of Syria. The man of God treated him as if he were the vilest pauper. He did not go out to see him. He sent his servant to tell him that if he wanted to be clean he should wash seven times in the Jordan.

Now, of course, most of this was only

God's kindergarten, God's figure of speech, God's metaphor, to teach His people that there was a moral distinction, to sharpen the edge of their moral discernment, to make it plain to them that just as between natural and material things God was drawing His educative line, so between moral things there was a line of distinction that must never be passed by the man who wanted to share the cleanness of God. He meant to impress upon the people the same conception of religion which James phrased in the last verse of this first chapter of his Epistle: "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this: that a man should keep himself unspotted; that he should free himself from that corrosive vileness which lies with its darkening spot upon him."

No man in Israel who comprehended the teaching of the laws of God believed that he was clean. When Paul came preaching the new evangel, he was not deceived into believing that any man was clean. He looked out over the heathen world, and he described it in the scathing

terms that are recorded in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, asserting at the close of his declaration regarding the sins of the heathen that the most hideous of them all was this: that the heathen world had given up the love of the spotlessness of God, and had come to worship instead the uncleanness of flesh. And when he turned away from the heathen world to his own heart, he was not deceived. "In me," he said, "that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." And often he broke forth with some of those magnificent hyperboles of which the Bible is so full: "There is none righteous; no, not one. There is none that seeketh after God. There is none that doeth good, no, not so much as one." He knew in his day, just as every honest man knows in our day, that the stain and the spot had fallen upon every soul. It comes upon a man from without. He takes up a book to read, a good book, "The Cloister and the Hearth," any one of a thousand "good, clean books," as he is told, and before he knows it he has looked on a picture that has fouled his

thought. He goes into college and falls in with a little company of men, fair on the exterior, and before he knows it he has touched the unclean thing among them. We have seen, each of us, scores of times, the corrosive influence of a rotten man, an unclean, spotted man, in a crowd of clean and healthy men. His influence works like vitriol, until a dozen men are soiled with his contamination. Whichever way a man turns in this great, sad, glad world of God's, uncleanness, spottedness, pollution, touch him on every side. And we know as well that it comes constantly upon us from within. "Let no man say when he is tempted, 'I am tempted of God'; for God himself cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man: but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed." Say not that the things from without corrode you. "It is not that which entereth in through the mouth that corrupts a man," says our Saviour, "but the things that proceed out of the mouth, they corrupt a man; for out from the heart of man proceed

evil thoughts, evil images, evil words, and evil deeds, and these are they that corrupt a man." "Oh," cried Job centuries ago, "that a clean thing might come out of an unclean!" It was a hopeless cry. Both without and within men touch spottedness every day.

Sometimes you may meet a man who affirms that he is spotless, clean, both deceiving himself and calling God a liar. But the holier a man is, the more nearly spotless he is, the nearer he draws to the clear vision of the spotless God, the more ready he is to declare that his own life is foul and unclean. I suppose David was by all odds the best man of his day, and yet it was out of David's heart that there came the heartbreaking prayer, "Cleanse me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation! Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." I suppose Isaiah was far and away the cleanest man of his time, and yet as he stood that day in the year that King Uzziah died, in the temple,

and the house was filled with smoke, and the foundations of its pillars rocked to and fro, and he heard the voices of the seraphim cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts," the cleanest man of Israel went down into the dust, with his mouth in his hand, crying, "Woe is me; for I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." I suppose the Apostle Peter was among the cleanest men in the company of the first disciples, and yet it was he who in that day that they took the great catch of fishes, so that their net brake, fell down on the shores of the Galilean sea before the face of One whose stainless beauty he had never marked before, crying, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." If there is any man who thinks that there are no stains upon his life, it is only because he has never seen the vision of the stainless life.

And the holiest men hate corrosion, and shrink horror-stricken from spot, because they know most fully just what spottedness, uncleanness, foulness in a life mean. They know that these shut a

man out of the vision of God and His beauty. There stood up once, centuries ago, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, a young carpenter from Nazareth, who came to show men the Father, and among the first words that He spoke, surrounded there by the throng of peasants who had come up from all over Galilee to hear Him, were these : "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they [I believe He meant they only] shall see God." "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?" cried one who went before Him, "and who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." Only he shall ever see the vision of Him to whom Habakkuk said, "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil." And therefore the men who value the vision of God and His glory shrink back with white-faced loathing from spottedness. They know that spots and uncleanness shut men out of Christ's kingdom. "Ye know of a surety," wrote Paul to the Ephesians, "that no unclean person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." Why? Because God loves him

too much to let him in without a change. I come more and more to feel that the shut gates of Paradise are one of the best evidences of the love of God, that He has provided the outer darkness for men who would not be happy elsewhere; for men who have so corroded and rotted their lives, that only an age-long abode of corrosion will be a satisfactory home to them. God shuts spotted men out of His kingdom because He knows that they can have no taste for it, no sympathy with it, no understanding or enjoyment of it; because He knows that light has no portion with darkness; because He knows that to put a man who loves spot in with the spotless ones of Christ's kingdom, is to subject him to a misery that is worse than death. The unspotted man shrinks from the thought or the sense of spot, because he knows that it bars him out of the kingdom of light. He has read the vision of John on Patmos, has looked forward with him to that pure city toward which the hearts of men yearn ever; has read his words that into that city "there shall in nowise

enter anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie," and he shrinks back from the very thought of anything that will break the sympathies that bind him to the life that is clean and holy, and to the city that knows no stain. My dear fellows, lift up your eyes and see —

> "Beyond our sight a city foursquare lieth,
> Above the mists and fogs and clouds of earth,
> And none but souls that Jesus purifieth,
> Can taste its joys or hear its holy mirth."

And from the very thought of physical uncleanness, the clean and the spotless man shrinks back as from poison and blasphemy. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy: for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

All this we know only too well, too sadly well! It comes right home to each one of us here to-night, and, thinking it over like honest men, I am sure we want to know not that we are spotted, but how the spots can be wiped off of our lives.

As I understand the gospel, it came to do precisely this thing which the Law and the ritual failed to do. The Law and the ritual were sent to teach men to love purity and to hate spot, but when men failed to love purity and to hate spot through these teachers, God sent forth His only begotten Son, that He might teach men to be clean and make them clean. When He proclaimed the platform on which He was standing, He included in it a plank to this effect: that He had come to cleanse unclean men. There is not a record in all the Gospels of one leper who crossed His path whom He did not cleanse unless it be Simon. He wished to show His intense detestation of all that is foul and spotted, and His intention to bring man back to that which His Father had intended him from the very beginning to be. Therefore the message that He proclaimed became at once a message of cleanness and of purity. "Come ye out from among them," cried Paul, to the Corinthians. "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord,

and touch no unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be to you a father, and ye shall be to me sons and daughters." And when in another epistle, he told of the purpose of Christ's coming, he did it in those matchlessly tender words, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing of water with the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish." To such an extent did the successors of Christ carry their love of cleanness that Paul wrote to one of his churches forbidding its members even to mention physical impurity. "Why, the very thought of it," he said, "ought to be repulsive to you. Don't let the words that suggest it ever pass your lips. Let it not be named among you." Jesus Christ came that He might make men clean.

And all of us know *how* Jesus Christ proposed to make men clean. In the

central part of the State of Pennsylvania, on a little green hill that overlooks the valley of the Juniata, there is a grave. I love that spot more than any other spot on earth. There is only a white stone there, with a name on it, looking ever toward the first rays of the rising sun. And underneath that name are these words of John's: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." There never was a human grave that less needed such words upon its stone but the words are true words for every life. I do not know how it does it. I know that it does it. I know that He came that His blood might do it; might cleanse men of spot; might cleanse them of impurity; might cleanse them of all uncleanness; might make them as stainless as Himself. He cleanses men by His blood. He cleanses men by the hope of His coming. "And now, little children," writes John, with young men who are in the struggle in his mind, "and now, little children, abide in Him, that when He shall appear, ye may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His

coming." "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. 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. And he that hath this hope in Him, purifieth himself even as He is pure." Can you cross the threshold of a polluted place; can you let a foul word pass your lips; can you let the wrong suggestion steal into your speech, when you know that the very next moment He who shall come, and who does not tarry, after all, so very long, may stand by your side on that threshold, or may hear those words or mark that suggestion? Let a man once conceive that by his side forever moves the present and the coming Christ, and he loses all relish for stain and uncleanness and spot. And He cleanses men by His word. "Now, ye are clean," He said to that little company the last night of His in-

tercourse with them, "Now, ye are clean through the word that I have spoken unto you." "Wherewithal," said his great prototype, long before, "shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word." By Christ's blood; by the hope of Christ's coming and His ever real presence, and by the indwelling of Christ's Word are men made clean.

I can hear a good many men saying at this point, "All that is perfectly familiar to us. We have passed through the sense of spot. We have passed through the sense of cleansing. What we want to know is how to keep clean. From time to time we have bowed down and felt the power of His purging blood, and our sins have afresh been washed away. But how can we keep ourselves clean?" And that is precisely James's point: True religion and undefiled before God is not getting cleansed once and then spotting yourselves again. Pure religion and undefiled is this: that a man should keep himself unspotted. How? Well, negatively, let a man bar the things that are

unclean. Let a man hate as the very breath of hell every spot of foulness. Let him take as a rule of his life the strong words of Jude: "Hate the very garments spotted by the flesh." So Paul practically advised Timothy: "Flee from the uncleanness that is common to young men. Get out of the reach of young men who are spotted by it." And this is an injunction that men do not heed. Many of us belong to fraternities that contain spotted men. Many of us have voted spotted men into our fraternities. Many of us have been officers in Christian organizations that have knowingly admitted spotted men. Many of us are members of clubs which contain spotted men. Do not think that you can handle fire and not be burned or that you can touch soot and not be soiled. I know how many men there are who have been deluded by the devil's lie that only a man who has been himself defiled can rescue spotted men. As though no doctor were fit to set a broken arm without first breaking his own! Let not the devil persuade

any man that he cannot cleanse another until he has first soiled himself. Let men hate the things that are unclean. Let men stand out and out against the things that are spotted. Let men break once and forever with the world that is anti-Christ, full of soil, and corruption, and stain, and then they may hope to keep themselves clean. And, positively, let men love and cherish the things that are clean. Let them hate on one side the things that are full of spot. Let them love on the other side the things that are spotless. Let them think pure thoughts. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." I know quite well I am not talking at random in this matter. I have met at this, and other summer schools, men by the score who have confessed before the days of the conference were passed that they were spotted with wrong and vile thoughts.

There are men here to-night who would willingly sacrifice one hand, if by that sacrifice they might guarantee themselves forever against the thinking of another unclean thought. My fellow-students, are we so near to beasts; are we so close of kin to them that we can think, forsooth, of only the beast-like things? Let men have pure thoughts. Let them choose clean friends. The Apostle Paul knew perfectly well the importance of this when writing in his First Epistle to young Timothy, he advised Timothy to choose his friends from among the pure-hearted friends of God. Let a man choose his companions from clean men. Let him strive as God gives him grace to lift up the unclean men. Let him not withdraw so far from them that he cannot help them into cleanness. But for the sake of his own spotlessness let him not stain himself with the corruptions that have ruined and wrecked other lives. And let men speak clean and pure and wholesome words. Let us think one moment. How many of us have this day allowed a questionable sugges-

tion to pass our lips? How many of us have in personal intercourse this day allowed the shady word to be said; allowed the tainted thought to be expressed? Oh, that men might be willing to speak clean, and sweet, and pure words! Those of you who have read Coleridge Pattison's life will recall that, when captain of the cricket team at Eton, his team was dining with "the eight" of the boats, and after the dinner was over, and some of the men were speaking and talking, one of them got up and began an objectionable song. Coleridge Pattison called out at once. "If that does not stop, I shall leave the room." He left the room and refused to go back to his place on the team until personal apologies were made. Dr. Trumbull once told me of a similar incident in the life of General Grant. There was a slight lull in one of his campaigns and a lot of men were sitting around in his tent. General Grant was writing. One of the men looked around and said, "I have a good story to tell. I believe there are no ladies here." General Grant looked up and said

quietly, "No, sir; but there are gentlemen here." Do men lack self-respect? Do men believe they were made in the image of darkness rather than in the image of the stainless and the crystal Christ, that they should be willing to soil speech with those things they would not be willing to say to Christ?

In these ways can a man keep himself clean. Fellow-students, a man must do it. A man must do it. We have come up to this conference to see whether or not we could fit ourselves for service. There are a good many men here wearing buttons of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Perhaps they were present at the last convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Boston, and they will recall what I think were the last public words that Phillips Brooks ever spoke. It was in the consecration service, and Charles James Wills, one of God's true men, had spoken, and then after him Phillips Brooks came down to speak. And he stood right down in the church, among the men, and he spoke out of that great, clean, wholesome heart of his.

his last words to young men, and he chose his thought from the fifty-second chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah: "Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing; go ye out of the midst of her; be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord." Do you suppose the Lord will hand over His clean and stainless power, His clean and stainless message, to spotted men? Paul said this to young Timothy, to paraphrase his words: "Timothy, if you want to be used of God, you have to cleanse yourself. You have to purge yourself from all unrighteousness. God calls us not unto uncleanness, but unto holiness, and therefore do you shake off from you everything that is unclean, that you may be a vessel meet for the Master's use." Only the clean man can hope to be trusted by God with the clean vessels of the Lord. We have come up here desiring with great desire to see His face, and to become more fully His. Do you suppose we can do this and love spottedness? "Thou art all fair, my love," He says. "Thou art all fair, my love, and

there is no spot in thee." Only the clean things can have fellowship and life in Him. An unclean man may read a great many books that he would be unwilling to have an angel's eye see. He may see in this great, weary, but lovely world of God's, many things he would not dare to speak of to others. But there are some things he will never see. He will never see that city in which John saw seven angels, clad in jewels pure and bright; that city all of whose streets are pure gold, and every one of whose gates is a pure jewel, while out from under the throne in the midst of it there comes a river of the water of life as pure as crystal; and he will never see the great company of those who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb and, clad in stainless white, stand all radiant through and through in God's most holy sight.

My dear fellows, is this our sort of religion? "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this: that a man should keep himself unspotted." Let every man ask himself, "Have I that kind?" It may be some men have come

up here who don't like this kind of religion—they would a great deal rather have the sort that ends in intellectual assent; they would a great deal rather have the sort that consists of intermittent religious feelings. True religion is this: "That a man should keep himself unspotted." It may be that some men have lost the taste for unspottedness. It may be that they have tasted uncleanness so long that they have no desire any longer, no great, consuming, absorbing passion for cleanness and spotlessness. May his fellow-men have pity on such a man. He has rejected the pity of God. I doubt if there is such a man here to-night. We want to be clean. We want to have the kind of religion that means an unspotted life. With all our souls we want that before this evening closes. Why not get it to-night? Will blessings come this coming week to the man who goes out from this evening's service with his life stained and spotted? God cannot give to any man who goes away from this conference that which He hungers and thirsts and sent His Son to give him, unless he will

cleanse his life first. If you want it cleansed, you can have it cleansed to-night. If you will go back to your room as soon as this evening's meeting closes, and kneel down there by yourself, and pray to your Father which seeth in secret, He will give you cleansing for your sins; and that will take place in you which took place in Naaman, the Syrian, years and years ago, when he went down leprous and defiled and dipped himself seven times in the Jordan, and his flesh came upon him again as it had been the flesh of a little child.

CHRIST'S COMMAND TO BELIEVE

I have a life with Christ to live,
But ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
Of this and that book's date?

I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die;—
And must I wait, till science give
All doubts a full reply?

Nay rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,
Come unto Me, and rest:
Believe Me, and be blest.

—*J. C. Shairp.*

III

CHRIST'S COMMAND TO BELIEVE

One of the most significant characteristics of the temper of our day is its dislike of the imperative mood. It does not like to be addressed in terms of "You must!" It likes to be spoken to in other terms, "Will you not, if it please you?" Old limitations are largely passing away. The fact that very few people now build walls or fences around their premises is a symbol of the removal of lines of limitation and obligation in the intellectual and moral world. For the last few years in this land we have had abundant evidence of the dislike of great classes of men for enforced limitation, for obligation, for law. Many of the newspapers in New York were but lately ridiculing and attacking the police commissioners for endeavoring to enforce well-known laws. We have seen in both eastern and western cities in the last few years many manifestations of the same spirit of an-

tagonism to obligation. To what the dislike of the imperative is due it may be difficult to say. Probably it has resulted from a number of causes. It may be due in part to the modern conceptions of law in the natural sciences, where we are told that a law is not a rule, or a force, stating how things must be done, and compelling them to be done in that way; it is a mere piece of information that, given certain sets of circumstances, things are accustomed to transpire after a certain fashion. It has surely been due also to other things which readily suggest themselves. The human will has never liked to limit its sovereignty. But it is quite clear that there is scarcely anything that is so distasteful nowadays, especially in the sphere of religion, as the imperative mood. We are told that as far as religion is concerned, it must keep its hands off the rest of our life; that it is a matter altogether beyond reason, and having no right whatever to coerce reason; that it cannot say "must," that it is a matter of suasion, and that its proper mood is the subjunctive, and not the imperative.

And yet, it must at once occur to us that Christ speaks constantly in the imperative. We have it in these words: not "It is a good thing to have faith"; not "It is desirable, if you wish the blessings, that you should have faith in God"—but "Have it." "Have faith in God." Mark you, He not only uses the imperative in religion, but He puts the imperative upon the most objectionable sphere in the department of religion. "It is all right," some will declare, "to say, 'Thou shalt,' and 'thou shalt not,' in the sphere of conduct, but to tell us we must do certain things in the sphere of belief is absurd." They continue, "How can God override all the laws of our lives by compelling us to do things, or ordering us to do things which, perhaps, in the very nature of our constitution, it may not be possible for us to do? We cannot intellectually assent to a proposition on orders." And yet, it is precisely on the matter of faith that the New Testament persists in putting the imperative. "*Have faith in God.*" When Jairus's servants came to him telling him not to

trouble Jesus further regarding his little daughter, Jesus said at once to him, "Fear not; only believe." And when the Philippian jailer asked Paul and Silas what he must do to be saved they advised him in terms of command, "Believe!"

Now, it is not to be denied that there is a difficulty here, and that this command of Christ to have faith is a stumbling-block to many. It is such, of course, to every one who does not like obligation. But it is also a stumbling-block to people who have no such aversion but who say that belief comes to them only from an intellectual examination of principles or facts laid before them, and that if belief does not spring up spontaneously from such an examination, no amount of statutes will create it. And they take exception to things which Christ said and did on just this ground, that He did not respect our mental constitution but encouraged belief by offering men material advantages. They say he did not deal rightly with men, in purchasing intellectual agreement with material gain or

the offer of it. It is easy to sympathize with those who find difficulty in their way here.

Now, there must be some relief. God never involves us in a difficulty from which He does not give us a way of escape. A great many people make short shrift of the difficulty by simply saying, "There is a chasm between religion on the one hand, and reason on the other, and the only way a Christian can get peace, is by standing on the religious side of the chasm and crucifying his intellect." Such people say, "There is no use whatever in a Christian's attempting to straighten himself out intellectually: he cannot do it; he must, once and for all, make up his mind to be content with keeping his religious beliefs separate on the one side, and his intellectual convictions on the other." Surely, this is a very unhappy way of escape. It lands us in more difficulties than it relieves us from.

It is simpler and truer to deny that faith is defined by calling it "intellectual assent." That is in no sense an adequate

definition of it at all. If it were, faith could not be commanded. Faith, primarily and essentially, is vital, moral, a personal relationship. Intellectual assent is a fruit of this relationship. When a child believes something which its father tells it, we call the child's acceptance an *act* of faith. But is it, except in an indirect sense? It is a *fruit* of faith. Faith is the confidence which the child reposes in its father, which leads it to believe in what the father says. But that belief is not so much an act as a fruit of faith on the part of the child.

If you will read through the New Testament carefully, you will see that while not seldom the words "faith," and "belief," and "believe" are used with a preponderating reference to an intellectual attitude toward certain doctrines or a body of doctrine, yet in the main these words are used with reference to the moral and vital relationship which every soul is summoned to recognize between itself and God. This idea is surely uppermost in Christ's mind when He says, "Have faith in God." With it in his mind,

the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews also speaks of an "evil *heart* of unbelief," and Paul prays that the Ephesians may be given a spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ, "having the eyes of their heart enlightened." It is with the same thought of faith in mind that James pointed out that the devils are the most orthodox people in the universe, that there is no truth to which they do not assent; and yet, no Christian would like to rank himself in their company. And so Christ felt He had a right to order people to have faith, because it was not a matter, primarily, of their minds. If it were, He could not have commanded it. But, because it was primarily a matter of moral character, of heart, of life, of personal relationship, He could order it and He did. "Have faith," He said, "in God."

With the emphasis thus, in our minds, upon the moral and vital character of faith, let us consider Christ's command as a fourfold call. First of all, it is a call to a personal surrender to God. If you will take your New Testament and read

it through, marking all the passages where men are bidden to believe or to have faith, you will find that in pretty nearly every case the root idea of the writer or the speaker is that there should be on the part of men a moral surrender to God or to personal truths of God. This is clearly the idea of Paul and Silas in their words to the Philippian jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," *i. e.*, on Jesus Christ as Lord; as the one who possesses you; as the one to whom you must make a personal surrender. This is clearly the idea of the Apostle James. His Epistle is a fiery protest against the preponderance of the desiccated, lifeless elements in men's conceptions of faith. And John, in his Gospel, has exactly the same idea of what faith is, primarily: "But as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on His Name"; in which passage very clearly John has as synonymous in his mind those who believe and those who receive Jesus as their Lord, the One from whom they take their names and under

whose Name they serve. And Christ puts the same two truths in the same parallelism when He declares: "He that *cometh to Me* shall never hunger; and he that *believeth on Me* shall never thirst." Our good old hymn so defines faith in its first stanza:

> "*My faith looks up to Thee,*
> Thou Lamb of Calvary,
> Saviour divine.
> Now hear me while I pray;
> Take all my guilt away;
> Oh let me from this day,
> *Be wholly Thine.*"

The first and the last lines, give us our definition, "My faith looks up to Thee,—let me be wholly Thine."

So, when Christ turned to His disciples in the presence of the withered fig tree, and said, "Have faith in God," He did not mean, "Accept this moment all the doctrines which I have been propounding to you," though He well knew that that would follow from a surrender to Him. What He meant was that they, personally, should surrender their lives in the absolute confidence of an unwavering trust

to God. If they so surrendered to God, and in their new relationship used God's omnipotence, they would be able to say unto a mountain, "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea," and it should be done.

Paul expresses this same view of faith when he writes to the Ephesians, praying that Christ may dwell in their hearts by faith, and that they "may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." There is a story of one of Napoleon's soldiers who was shot in the chest, the bullet lodging near his heart. When in the hospital the surgeons were operating, cutting for the bullet, he lay still, in perfect quietness, until they had laid his very heart bare, and he could feel the outer air beat upon it, and then he whispered, "Surgeon, I think—if you cut much further,—you will touch—the emperor." He had Napoleon there, dwelling in his heart by faith. His faith had not meant an intellectual agreement with Napoleon's plans.

He did not know anything about them. Napoleon had not called him into consultation. He probably did not know any of Napoleon's ideas or purposes. But he believed in him. He had faith in him, and by faith Napoleon dwelt in his heart. That is Christ's call to us, first of all. When He says, "Have faith in God," He summons us to an unconditional, unwithholding, irreversible, life-engulfing surrender to Him.

In the second place, the words, "Have faith in God," are a call to intensity in service. It was with something of just this purpose that they were originally spoken. The disciples had seen the fig tree wither away. They called Christ's attention to the fact, and He said to them, "You would like to do great things, would you not? Well, 'have faith in God,' and you shall have such power. You shall do such things as these yourselves." Faith, He meant to tell them, links us so closely with God as to make us co-workers with Him; as to give us His power in the world, so that we work no longer with a human

soul's strength only, but with the strength of God. Now, ever since the day when Christ said those words, men have failed to catch their significance. As early as the day of the Apostle James, they failed, and he strove through his Epistle to correct their misconceptions and errors. Men were clear enough as to the necessity of sound doctrine, but they overlooked the need of personal surrender and the good works and love of man flowing from it. In this, James says, their position was not in advance of that of the devils, who were intellectually sound, but were devils nevertheless. Later, men continued to believe that the life of faith was a life of contemplation, rather than a life of activity; and instead of conceiving Christ's command as a command of most intense service and social efficiency, they regarded it as an invitation to fold their hands and go away into convents and monasteries, and cultivate a life of meditative and secluded contemplation. And even where this mistake has not been made, another not unlike it has been by

those who have held that when we come over into the Christian life we are to leave behind us all the things we had in the old life; all the powers, the faculties, the capacities of it; that the change is meant to slay everything we possessed before, and we must take nothing with us from the old life to the new. Now, I cannot read this in my Bible. I turn back to the Old Testament, to the book of Judges, to the story of Gideon, and look at the attractive picture of the young man Gideon threshing wheat at his father's wine press in Ophrah; and, as he threshes, the angel of God comes down and stands by his side. And the angel says to him, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." What does Gideon reply? He bursts forth in very human, protesting fashion. "If the Lord is with us, why are we in bondage? I have heard that story many times. Our fathers told those old tales to us when we were little children. He was a very great God in those old days when He brought our fathers out of Egypt. But He has cast us off. These Midianites hold us in the meanest

bondage." There is the fire of a strong human spirit rich in passions in Gideon's bold, assertive reply. It is wonderful that the angel did not rebuke him. "God cannot use you. You will have to have your will and spirit broken before you can be used." But, no; he said, "Gideon, I like you. I like the spirit, the strong passion, with which you speak. Now, go right out and serve God in this your might, and you shall save Israel from the hand of Midian." And Gideon went out with his might, and struck the shackles off the wrists of his people.

Turn over to the New Testament. Jesus declares that a man must be born the second time, becoming a double man by being born a second time; and when He sets up the standard of spirit for His disciples, He does not say, "Except ye be changed, and become as a passionless old man of eighty-three, ye shall never see the kingdom of God"; but, "Except ye be converted, and become as a little child, ye shall not see the kingdom of God." Who but a little child would be ambitious enough to claim the moon

as a plaything on the nursery floor? Who but a little child would have the strength to triumph over the well-nigh insuperable obstacles which stand in the way of the acquisition of that greatest of all human attainments, the power of human speech? When Christ picked out the child-spirit as the standard of spirit, as the condition of entrance into His kingdom, He named the spirit of most intense, assertive power. Faith in God is a rest, surely enough. I would not say one word to depreciate the sweetness of the rest that comes to every man or woman who surrenders self to Jesus Christ. But faith in God is also a power. A life of true faith is a life of power. President Hastings, of Union Seminary, summed up truly what Christ had in mind for His apostles, when he told the graduating class, several years ago, that he had two pieces of advice to give them. The first was, Find the place where God wants you. The second was, When you have found it, burn to the socket. "Have faith in God," is a call to a life of intensity in service, and service in which

every faculty and gift of life must find play, transfigured, made a thousandfold more effective by the Spirit of Christ.

"So with the Lord: He takes and He refuses
Finds Him ambassadors whom men deny,
Wise ones nor mighty for His saints He chooses,
No, such as John or Gideon or I.

"He as He wills shall solder or shall sunder,
Slay in a day or quicken in an hour,
Tune Him a music from the Sons of Thunder,
Forge and transform my passion into power."

In the third place, it is a call to positiveness. "Have faith in God." It was not, "Have speculations about God"; nor, "Have doubts regarding Him"; but, "Have positive faith in Him." Obedience to this command in this sense brought mighty strength into the work and life of the early Church. It had an unqualifiedly unhesitating message. "Have faith," was its one word, "in God, and in His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ." Such a message men were wanting. They had had speculations put before them for years and years; and I have no doubt Plato only voiced the longing of many honest

hearts throughout the world when he said: "We must lay hold of the best human opinion in order that, borne by it as on a raft, we may sail over the dangerous sea of life, unless we can find a stronger boat, or some word of God which will more surely and safely carry us." It was just this positiveness that commended the Gospel to all honest souls who were looking for something in which they could safely abide. On the other hand, the agnostic type of mind was vexed by the positive certainty of the Christian doctrine and life. Cæcilius was much angered: "Human mediocrity is so inadequate to the exploration of things divine, that it is not granted us to know, nor is it permitted to search, nor is it just to force the things which are upheld suspended in the heavens above us, nor those which are sunk deep in subterranean abysses."

But the early Church knew. It had faith, and spoke. The same positiveness commended Christ and His work to men. People had talked and speculated. Many schools of philosophers and teachers ex-

isted in Jesus' day. What commended Jesus was that His teaching was different from theirs. He spoke as one who had authority, and not as the Scribes. We need the sense of confidence which is faith. Have we such faith? Or are we not wavering, many of us, in our Christian lives? When we attempt to speak to anybody in college, or in life, do we lack certitude? Are we drifting from one point to another point, so that we do not know where we stand positively and solidly? If so, let us have faith. I like to turn back and read the paper found among General Armstrong's notes after he had died. It shows us the heart of a man who *believed*. It was written on New Year's eve, several years before his death. Notice how fully it illustrates the heart grasp of the truth of assurance that was a part of Christ's command:

"MEMORANDA.

"Now when all is bright, the family together, and there is nothing to alarm, and very much to be thankful for, it is well to look ahead and, perhaps, to note

the things that I should wish known should I suddenly die. I wish no monument or fuss whatever over my grave; only a simple headstone; no text or sentiment inscribed, only my name and the date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without sermon or attempt at oratory—a soldier's funeral. I hope that there will be enough friends to see that the work of the school shall continue. Unless some shall make sacrifices for it, it cannot go on. A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, happiest use of one's self and one's resources, the best investment of time, strength, and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied. He is a heathen because he knows nothing of God.

"In the school, the great thing is not to quarrel; to pull all together; to refrain from hasty, unwise words and actions; to unselfishly and wisely seek the best good of all; and to get rid of workers whose temperaments are unfortunate; whose heads are not level; no matte.

how much knowledge or culture they may have. Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy. I wish no effort at a biography of myself made. Good friends might get up a pretty good story, but it would not be the whole truth. The truth of a life usually lies deep down—we hardly know ourselves—God only does. I trust His mercy. The shorter one's creed, the better. 'Simply to Thy cross I cling,' is enough for me.

"Prayer is the greatest power in the world. It keeps us near God. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant; yet it has been the best thing I have ever done. I think this a universal truth. What comfort is there in any but the broadest truths?

"It pays to follow one's best light—to put God and country first; ourselves afterwards. Taps has just sounded.

"S. C. Armstrong.

"Hampton, Va.,
"New Year's Eve, 1890."

How good is the tone of this! The firm, clear spirit of faith is here. Stand

fast. Believe. Be not tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine. Have faith in the eternal and trust-deserving God.

Lastly, Christ's command is a call to hopefulness. "Have faith in God." Each of the two terms of it is a call to hopefulness. If He had not said anything about God, but only "Have faith," His words would have been a call to hopefulness. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews conceives of faith as the assurance of things hoped for, the evidence of what is unseen as yet, as a belief in better times ahead. Speaking of the faith of the saints of old, he declares:

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things, declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore

God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

And the other term commands and creates hopefulness: "Have faith *in God*." What do they think God is, who speak of the "good old times," or long for past hours when they better knew and enjoyed the blessing and fellowship of Christ, who sing

> "Where is the blessedness I knew
> When first I saw the Lord?"

What kind of a God do they think we have? Does He not always keep the best things for the last? Is His love stronger than His strength, that we had the best things yesterday and the day before, and are not having yet better things to-day, nor to have better things to-morrow? A true theology insists that this month is the best month of our lives. Every day is the best day, and the next day will be better. Have you ever noticed in reading the book of the Acts, that almost every time the evangelist Luke speaks for himself he says, "day and night" when he has oc-

casion to use these words? Almost every time he quotes a speech of the Apostle Paul's, he says "night and day." Now, this is an interesting little verification of the accuracy of the writer of the book of Acts. "Day and night" was the Gentile order of speech, while "night and day" was the Jewish order. Luke as a Gentile used the former order; Paul as a Jew the latter. The Gentiles conceived of the night as coming after the day. Their golden age was behind. It was darkness ahead. For the Jew, the golden age was always to come. It was darkness, Egypt, behind. The account of the creation in Genesis says that the "evening and the morning," not the "morning and the evening," were the first day. Have you thought of this? "The evening and the morning were the first day." Day does not begin when the morning comes. It ends in light. Bright are the things to come in a Christian's life, and the dark things are behind. Every day for the Christian is a better day than all the days before. And every Christian can truthfully look forward to better times, better

hours, better moments to come. The gloom and darkness are past. Bonar expresses the truth in one of his hymns:

"'Tis first the true, and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful, and then the true:
First the wild wood, with rock and fen, and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

"'Tis first the good, and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful, and then the good:
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower blossom or the branching wood.

"Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful,
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad
Tears for a day: for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

"Not first the bright, and after that the dark,
But first the dark, and after that the bright:
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc;
First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

"'Tis first the night—stern night of storm and war,
Long night of heavy clouds and veiléd skies:
Then the far sparkle of the Morning Star,
That bids the saints awake, and dawn arise."

I do not know which of us need to hearken most to which one of these four aspects of Christ's call. It may be that

there are some of us who need to heed most Christ's command as a call, not primarily to an intellectual attitude, but to a moral atmosphere, a personal, complete surrender. I do not believe in blinking intellectual difficulties. The honest thing is to face them honestly, if they are honest. But, at the same time, we ought to be discerning enough not to confuse this incident of Christian life with the essence of it. It is a personal relationship of living love. "Have faith in God." Or, it may be that some of us have been slothful in our work; that we have been idle and negligent of opportunities for service. "Have faith in God," is for us a call to intenser activity. Or, it may be that some of us are lacking in clear, positive conviction. We do not know where we stand. We have nothing to give to anybody. How can we do work? Let us "have faith in God." There is not one of us who does not need to hear Christ's command in the last sense. Hot, sultry weather will come, and we shall think of and long for the pleasant days we have experienced. Whatever kind of weather

God gives us is the most pleasant kind. People are always complaining about it. We always want the most unseasonable kind of weather. Let us believe that what God gives us is the best for us at the time of the gift. God gives us every moment what is best for us, if we are willing to take it; and if we are His disciples, *and are willing*—there is more in this thought than the words convey—we can go through life with a smile, knowing that every experience in it is the sweetest and best that could come to us. "Have faith in God!" Christ knows what the words ought to mean to each one of us.

THE RULE OF THE ROYAL LIFE

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His Heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of Thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

—*F. W. Faber.*

IV

THE RULE OF THE ROYAL LIFE

It is very interesting to note the way in which the different New Testament writers summarize the life and service of our Lord. Simon Peter, for example, standing in the house of Cornelius and preaching to the people there, spoke of Jesus on this wise: "He passed through doing good." What was foremost in Peter's mind was evidently the intensity and the benevolence of the service of Jesus. On the other hand, the Apostle Paul was accustomed to speak on another wise: he wrote to one of the churches, desirous that it should emulate Jesus' example, "Christ pleased not Himself." Or, as he put the same truth in a yet more striking way to the Philippians, "He emptied Himself." I think we can understand in a little measure why it was that this aspect of Christ's life and ministry appealed to Paul. He must have

been a man of very strong passions, which he found it hard to repress. He was tempted to please himself, to follow his own nature, and instead of emptying, rather to assert himself and to retain where Christ had surrendered. So the element in Jesus' life that was foremost in his mind shaped his method of statement, and he spoke of the Master as one who pleased not Himself. The Apostle John, in his First Epistle, seems to have liked best to think of Jesus as the deeply loved Son whom the Father had sent to be the Saviour of the world. His eyes were fixed on the boundaries of the Lord's unlimited mission, and on the closeness of the Lord's relationship to the Father out of whose presence He had come.

Now the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, Apollos, or whoever he may have been, has a different way of speaking about the life of Jesus and of summarizing the ministry of Jesus. In the tenth chapter of his Epistle, in a rather free quotation from the fortieth Psalm, he sums up the life and character of Christ

in this way: "Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do Thy will, O God." The writer of this Epistle has been speaking about God's nearness to men and the methods of God's expression of Himself to men, and he thinks of Jesus as one who came, the expression of the Father's will and the image of His person, not to do any will of His own, but to do the will of the Father. Here we have the best general summarization of the life and ministry of Jesus. He came to do God's will. That was the rule of the royalest life that was ever lived; and it will be the rule of all the royal life that ever will be lived until that day when the King shall come back in His beauty, and we shall all perfectly do the will of God.

I am not sure that we need the Bible to teach us that this is the rule of a royal life. Surely, not one of us has ever gone through a hospital ward, looking down upon the white cots and the whiter cheeks and the folded hands and the traces of suffering, who has not had it borne in upon him, that it would have

been well for men from the beginning if they had done the will of God. One never goes through the corridors of a jail and looks through the grated doors at the pale faces within, without having it impressed on him with overwhelming force that men could scarcely find anywhere a better preacher than that jail of the truth that it would be well for every man if he did the will of God. That little blade of grass under our feet, that little waving leaf upon the tree tells us with all God's eloquence the same truth, that everybody is here and everything is here to do the will of God.

And yet, far more eloquently than by these inarticulate preachers was this truth expressed to us in the life of Jesus. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews had just the idea of Christ's life which Christ had of it Himself. "I came down from heaven," He said, "not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me; and He that sent Me is with Me. The Father hath not left Me alone, for I do always those things that please Him." The doing of the will of God seems to

have been the foundation stone, as it was the ultimate principle, of the life and the teaching of Jesus. That was what Robert Falconer came to at last, in George Macdonald's novel, when, after all his long struggle and his dissatisfaction with the emptiness of his life, he went to his box and took out the Testament that Dr. Anderson had given him long before, and sought for light and peace. He proceeded to read over the life and the words of Jesus, and these were the discoveries that he made in the teaching of Jesus: that He taught: "First, that a man's business is to do the will of God; second, that God takes upon Himself the care of the man; and third, therefore, that a man must never be afraid of anything." That is part of the outline of what I should like to say simply to you now.

It is the business of each one of us—we have no other business in this world—to do the will of God. We meet two classes of people who deny this. One class denies it openly; the other class, not having strength of character or will

sufficient for that, denies it by its life. One class that denies this truth is made up of those who do their own wills rather than the will of God; and the second class is made up of those who, not having strength enough to do their own wills, fall in behind their fellows and do their fellows' wills. These two classes, and the third, those who do the will of God, exhaust all the men and women with whom we come in contact. The slave, who does the will of somebody else; the knave, who tries to do his own will; and the freeman, who does the will of God.

Now, oddly enough, the man who tries to do his own will and the man who tries to do the will of some other man feel each that he is free, while they think the man who does the will of God binds himself to slavery. Do you think so? It was a just cause of regret at the World's Exposition in Chicago, that President Eliot left out of the words he selected for the Peristyle the whole core of the sentence of Jesus, part of which he wrote there. "And ye shall know

the truth," he wrote, "and the truth shall make you free." It was not a fair quotation. "If ye abide in My word, then shall ye be My disciples indeed, and ye shall [then] know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." President Jordan of Leland Stanford University is reported to have said once that, so far as he could see, the life which declared itself free to live laxly or to live with a low standard was in the most degraded sort of bondage which he could imagine. To do my own will is no freedom; to do the will of some other man as blind as I is no liberty. The only liberty to be found in this world is to be found in the emancipation of the bondage of God. They are free, who, having His word abiding in them, become His disciples indeed, and are made free by His truth.

Now these two classes of which I have spoken think also that they have this advantage over us: that it is not hard for them to find out the will that they want to do, while it is always hard for a man to find out the will of God. Some years ago, when shooting in the foothills of

the Alleghany Mountains, I spent Sunday with an old farmer and his wife. As the Sunday afternoon drew on to a close, the farmer's son said that there was to be a meeting held by some Winnebrinarian preacher on the hilltop close by, and asked me if I would not like to go there. So, after the sun had set, we all climbed up the ridge to the schoolhouse where the meeting was to be held. It was a rainy night, and the people came in from the bushes where the meeting was ordinarily held, and sat on the forms in the school-room. I think I was never in such a strained meeting. There were a number of people kneeling down at "the mourners' bench" in front, and there was a very simple, earnest preacher holding forth to them with much zeal and the warmth of what was evidently a very intense life. This was the common form of expression which all the people kneeling there were using: "I can see Jesus, but I cannot quite reach Him. I can see Jesus, but I cannot quite reach Him.' Many people seem to feel that God deals with us in that way; that the hardest

thing to find out in this world is what God would have us do and be; that if we will only drift into our own will for ourselves, that will be simple and easy enough, but to ascertain the will of God is a painful and arduous process. Is it so? You recall the lines in which Mr. Lowell expresses the truth that the best things are the easiest to get; that the heart of God is the openest door:

"At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

God, instead of standing afar off, stands near. The will of God is the hardest thing to miss and the easiest thing to find. It is seeking us.

What is that will? So clearly, that we may never miss it, the Bible suggests the three great outlines of God's will. All the rest is comparatively unimportant detail. The will of God for every man and woman, is this, first of all: "This is the

work [or the will] of God, that ye should believe on Him whom God hath sent." That is first. No one of us can ever discover anything else about the will of God until we have taken that first step. The first will of God for every man and woman is that the child of God should enter into Christ's life, and believe on Him. There are many ways of stating this truth. Jesus, of course, chose the best of them all: that the will of God consisted in believing in Him, consisted in entering into His friendship, in getting into moral and spiritual sympathy with Him, in making a complete surrender of life to Him. That is the will of God for each of us.

What is next? "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," your holiness of life; that we should go on in Christ's fellowship to a life of Christ's fullness, to a life enriched with all that Christ came to bring, to a life in which Christ Himself is all that He can be to the souls of men.

And what is third? "It is not God's will that any man should perish." It is

God's will that all should come into life. However narrow you and I may be, God has a heart of universal love. He would save every man if He could. His love is so large that every soul in this world is embraced in it, and only those fall out of it who antagonize His will.

Now these three things are the will of God for each one of us: believing in Jesus Christ, going on into the holiness of the life that is Christ's, entering into Christ's service for the redemption of man unto a Father who would not lose any one of His children. We shall find, just as surely as we let these things be the great outlines of God's will to us, that everything else that we think most important falls into its proper place, illumined at once by all the light that pours upon the life that has accepted, first of all, the great outlines of God's revealed will for itself. "If any man will do His will, he shall learn"—more than can be told to any man who has not already begun to learn for himself.

It is our business to do this will of God. Can you imagine anything more

strengthening than to have the "chance" to do the will of God? This was the watch cry that Pope Urban gave the Crusaders eight centuries ago, as he stood in the market-place of the village of Clermont: "Deus vult"—"It is the will of God," and nerved by the conviction that what they were doing was the will of God, they swept out from that old French market-place; they filled all Europe's highways with the bones of their dead; they poured out the best blood of the world on Palestinian battlefields; they whitened the Mediterranean with the sails of their fleets, and they wrested acre after acre of the holy soil from the hands of the Saracens. They believed they were doing the will of God. What can withstand the man who is summoned to do the will of God and who believes that he can discover what the will of God is, and let his life fall into line with that will?

What can be more sweet than doing the will of God? There are other things that we may wish to do that will make our lives full of envy and jealousy and discontent, but there is a life of perfect

sweetness and peace for the man or woman who wills to do the will of God. What can any one do more than the will of God? No pope upon his throne was ever able to do more. And the humblest person in all this world can do as much.

And what can be more lasting and enduring than the doing of the will of God? This is the indictment that John brings against doing anything else than the will of God, that it simply is not worth while. It will not last. "For the lusts ['tastes' is the Greek word] of the flesh, and the lusts of the eye, and the vainglory of life are not of the Father, but are of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." For

> "When the sun grows cold,
> And the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold"

then the men and women who have done the will of God will see that which they have done stand forth in all its true light and eternal radiance as the only thing in

all this world destined to last with God Himself forever and ever.

It is our business to do the will of God, and therefore we need never be afraid. I wondered very much when I first read "Robert Falconer" that that thing should be put in a man's creed. Why should we be afraid? And yet the longer one stops to think of it, the more he discovers that fear, after all, rules most of our life. We dress as we do, often most uncomfortably, through fear of breach of custom. We hold the opinions that we do through fear of emancipation. We fall into certain habits through fear of liberty. We shrink from death through fear of life. A great part of our life is lived under the shadow of fear. To those who have learned to do the will of God, fear has become an obsolete word. What is there for them any longer to fear? Not personal danger, of course, nor personal sacrifice. When David Livingstone went back to Africa, after getting his degree from one of the Scotch universities, covered with honors from every side, he compared men's judgment of mission-

ary sacrifice with what hundreds of Great Britain's young men were doing every year, going out in her armies to the uttermost parts of the earth; and he said, "Hundreds of young men annually leave our shores as cadets, all their friends rejoice when they think of them bearing the commission of our Queen. When any dangerous expedition is planned by Government, more volunteers apply than are necessary to man it. . . . Yet no word of sacrifice there. And why should we so regard all we give and do for the well-beloved of our souls? our talk of sacrifices is ungenerous and heathenish." There came, a few years ago, into the office of one of the large magazines in New York City, a young man, I think less than thirty years of age. He said that he wanted to go out to Africa. He had been studying the slave trade and wanted to give what he had of life to the attempt to strike one blow against what was left of it. The magazine did not know him, but the editor was pleased with his earnestness, and sent the young man out to Africa. Glave plunged in on

the east with a few companions, worked his way steadily north toward the Zambezi, and then west until he came out in sight almost of the Atlantic coast, and then lay down in an African hut and died of fever. But he was not afraid. He was doing, so far as he saw it, the will of God for him.

What is there for the man or woman doing the will of God to fear? Men and women often think that old John Brown of Osawatomie was a crazy man. He surely did some peculiar and unlawful things, but he did this one good thing at least. He furnished an illustration of contempt for personal danger, for personal sacrifice, for the loss of good name and the good will of his fellow-men in the doing of what he believed to be his Master's will. When he was asked by Mr. Vallandigham just after his capture, "Mr. Brown, who sent you here?" the old man looked up into his face and said, "No man sent me here; it was my own prompting and that of my Maker." On November 3, 1859, he wrote to "My dear wife and children, every one," quite

calmly, "Yesterday, November 2, I was sentenced to be hanged on December 2 next. Do not grieve on my account. I am still quite cheerful. God bless you!" On November 8 he wrote, "I can trust God with both the time and manner of my death, believing as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony for God and humanity with my blood will do vastly more toward advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote, than all I have done in my life before. I beg of you all meekly and quietly to submit to this, not feeling yourselves in the least *degraded* on that account. Remember, dear wife and children all, that Jesus of Nazareth suffered a most excruciating death on the cross as a felon, under the most aggravating circumstances. Think also of the prophets and apostles and Christians of former days, who went through greater tribulations than you or I, and try to be reconciled. May God Almighty comfort all your hearts and soon wipe away all tears from your eyes. To Him be endless praise! Think, too, of the crushed mil-

lions who 'have no comforter.' I charge you all in your trials never to forget the griefs 'of the poor that cry, and of those that have none to help them.'" And just a few days before his death he wrote to the Hon. D. R. Tilden, "I have enjoyed remarkable cheerfulness and composure of mind ever since my confinement; and it is a great comfort to feel assured that I am permitted to die for a cause—not merely to pay the debt of nature as all must. I feel myself to be most unworthy of so great distinction. . . . My sleep . . . is as sweet as that of a healthy, joyous little infant. . . . I have scarce realized that I am in prison or in irons at all. I certainly think I was never more cheerful in my life." He was not afraid. He believed he was doing the will of God.

I think if you would look into your own life, you would find that any shrinking that is there, is there through fear. Those who stand on the edge of a full surrender, those who wait for something that by no possibility can ever come to them in this limit of life until they step out into the

largeness of the love of God, those who have confused doubts and the doubting mind with the highest personal life, and exalted them over the personal will, will find, if they will analyze it to the last, that fear is there, and that the fear springs from an unwillingness to do the will of God. It is our business not to be afraid.

Last of all, it is our business to go straight forward, quietly, honestly doing the thing that lies nearest to our hands, which is sure to be the will of God. We want the distant thing. If the man of God would say to us, "Do some great thing," we should be glad to do it, to enter into the will of God; but to go down and bathe in the Jordan,—we will not demean ourselves by doing any such small thing as that. Abana and Pharpar are better than the Jordan. We miss God's large will for us because we train ourselves away from the capacity to discern it or from the ability to do it if it comes, by our neglect to do the will of God that lies nearest, the present will, in the surrender of our own life to Him, the present will, in that loving word to that

other life very near us needing help at this present moment. After all, we may never be given any more of the glad and glorious will of God to do than the bit that lies nearest to us now. "Ah, think not," wrote one whom some of you know, who was shut out by physical limitation from the larger life of Christian activity:

"Ah, think not if thou art not called
To work in mission field
Of some far distant clime,
That thine is no grand mission.
Every deed that comes to thee
In God's appointed time
Is just the greatest deed that thine could be,
Since God's high will appointed it to thee.

"The present moment is divinely sent,
The present duty is thy Master's will.
O thou who longest for some noble work
Do thou this hour thy given task fulfill.
And thou shalt find though small at first it seemed,
It is the work of which thou oft hast dreamed!"

For each one of us

"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

There is no one to whom God will ever intrust any large and glorious will to do in the future who is not willing to do that little phase of God's will lying very close and very near now.

There are two ways in which we can look at this whole matter of doing the will of God afar and the will of God near. We can look at it in the dead way, as duty-doing, the finding out what our common tasks are, what our present task in life is, and then setting ourselves to the doing of that task. This view of it Mr. Lowell expresses finely in his "Ode to Washington."

"The longer on this earth we live,
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive
Or fitful gifts at best of now and then,
Wind-wavered, corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still; not fed with mortal praise:
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

But there is the better view of it, not as an impersonal task of duty assigned

us to be done, but as a fellowship with the Most High in the doing of His friendly will, as a partnership with the Father as close as the partnership between Him and His Son, in which He ushers us with all the privileges of His family life into the warmth and tenderness of His close fellowship and speaks to us moment by moment in the doing of His will.

I was looking over very recently the personal papers of Hugh Beaver, who left so great an impress at Northfield the last year of his life, and I found two from which I want to quote. One is a letter to Mr. Mott, written when the call came to him in his college in Pennsylvania to turn aside from the life toward which he had been directing himself to a life of complete Christian service.

"*My dear Mr. Mott:*

"Since receiving your letter, Mr. Bard, our State Secretary has visited us, and partially as a result I have decided to go into the work for the present, giving them from six to nine months per year. I had other plans in view, but for about three years I have been calling for Hymn No. 107 of Gospel Hymns No. 5 in about all the meetings I have at-

tended—'My Jesus, as Thou wilt,' and it seemed that the spirit of the hymn should be a guide to me in this the first call that has cost me very much to obey. So you will find me next year, if God permits, doing what I can, with His help, in our Pennsylvania colleges."

About eight months afterward, in a town in eastern Pennsylvania, spending the Sunday alone, he had evidently come to a new stage in his surrender, for he wrote this slip, which was not found until after his death.

"November 16, 1895.

"'Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.'

"This 16th day of November, 1895, I, Hugh McA. Beaver, do of my own free will give myself, all that I am and have, entirely, unreservedly, and unqualifiedly to Him, whom having not seen I love; on whom, though now I see Him not, I believe; bought with a price, I give myself to Him who at the cost of His own blood purchased me. Now committing myself to Him, who is able to guard me from stumbling and to set me before the presence of His glory without blemish in exceeding joy, I trust myself to

Him for all things, to be used as He shall see fit where He shall see fit. Sealed by the Holy Spirit, filled with the peace of God that passeth understanding, to Him be all glory, world without end, amen.

"(Signed) HUGH MCA. BEAVER."

How soon he finished the will of God, serving his own age and falling on sleep, you know: and how to that city, that after all, is not so very far away from any one of us, where the servants of the King see His face and serve Him, he has gone in, to come out no more forever. He did the will of God.

Will you do it? It is the will of One to whom we belong. It does not matter that here and there there may be one who has never acknowledged Christ as Master. People belong to Christ whether they acknowledge it or not. It is only a question as to whether life shall be lived loyally and honorably, or be lived in insurrection against Him, who bought us with His own precious blood. Would that we might come now to the point at which Jesus stood, when, lifting His eyes to the Father whom He tried always to please, He said, "I am come not to do My own

will, but the will of Him that sent Me." Would that we might say with one heart, no one holding back, "Lo, we come to do Thy will, O God."

THE SERVING CHRIST

O, Blessed Jesus, when I see Thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at Thy servants' feet,
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet
To share Thy feast. I know not to adore,
Whether Thy humbleness or glory more.

* * * * * * *

Meek Jesus! to my soul Thy spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like Thee, in lowly love;
With humblest service all Thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before Thy throne above —
Yes! serving e'en my foes, for Thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in Thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrim feet, as homeward wending
My weary way, are sadly stained with sin;
Daily do Thou, Thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with Thee
And Thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

O Blessed name of Servant! comprehending
Man's highest honor in his humblest name;
For Thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim;
He who would rise like Thee, like Thee must owe
His glory only to his stooping low.

—G. W. Bethune.

V

THE SERVING CHRIST

THE last night of our Lord's intercourse with His disciples began with a quarrel. He was intending to speak to His disciples this evening more sweetly, more fully, more confidentially, than ever before; and they made themselves ready for this interview by a strife among themselves as to which of them was the greatest.

He had sent two of them to make ready the Passover, and apparently the other apostles had followed these, Jesus Himself intending to come later to the Supper. I suppose they were already assigning to themselves the seats at this feast with Jesus, and were unable to agree as to which should have the seat of honor, and which should take the seat most remote from Jesus. They ought to have known better than to have quarrelled over this question, for they had raised this very is-

sue several times before in their association with Jesus, and each time He had given them an answer to it which ought to have shown them long before this that the standards which prevailed in Christ's company were different from those which prevailed among men. That answer should have rendered impossible any such quarrel as this of the last evening, producing a spirit to which Jesus could not disclose those things which He was longing to reveal.

Some months before they had left Galilee, the disciples had quarrelled among themselves over this matter. As they came near to Capernaum, Mark tells us, they strove among themselves as to which of them was greatest, and when He was in the house with them in Capernaum, He asked them, "What were ye reasoning in the way? But they held their peace for they had disputed one with another in the way, who was the greatest. And He sat down, and called the twelve; and He saith unto them, If any man would be first, he shall be last of all, and minister of all. And He took a little

child and set him in the midst of them; and taking him in His arms, He said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such little children in My name, receiveth Me; and whosoever receiveth Me, receiveth Him that sent Me." And as though He knew that they needed a repetition of this lesson, only a few days passed before He once again took up little children in His arms and blessed them, and said, with great point, to the apostles, that except they had the spirit of these little children, who were nestling in His arms, they should never see the kingdom of God. And yet both of these lessons were followed, after but a few days, by a request that came from James and John, two of the best of the apostles, which showed that they had wholly failed as yet to discern the Lord's teaching. They came to Jesus asking Him to do a certain thing for them, and He asked them what their request was, and they said, that one might sit on the left and the other on the right hand with Him in His glory. He asked if they were able to drink of the cup that He was to drink of, and be bap-

tized with the baptism that He was to be baptized with, and, little thinking what they said, they replied, "We are able." And He answered, "You may drink of My cup, and be baptized with My baptism, but to assign to you a place on My left hand or on My right hand is not Mine to give. It will be given to those for whom those places have been prepared." When the other apostles learned of this request, Mark tells us, they were highly indignant that James and John had tried to anticipate them, and they came to Jesus, finding fault with them, and He said to them, "You know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them, but it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be first among you shall be servant of all, for even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

Three times then, within a few weeks, Jesus had repeated this lesson of the true standard of greatness, which was to be observed in the kingdom of God; and

yet so quickly did they forget it, that but a few days afterward, as they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, Simon Peter turned to Jesus, after He had made some remark, to say, "Lord, we have left our homes, everything we have, and have followed Thee. What are we to have?" And our Lord replied, with that sublime self-restraint, that sublime suppression of what He might have said, that characterized so much of His teaching, "Verily, I say unto you, there is no man who has left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this time and in the world to come, eternal life." And now, after all this, the very last night of all, they quarrelled again as to which of them should be first.

It must have been with infinite sorrow, with infinite pity, that our Master walked into that room and marked the spirit that filled the place. First of all He knew it was necessary that He should bring them to the spirit that was the condition of His further revelations to them, and so when

supper was ended He Himself laid aside His garments, and girded Himself, and took up a towel and began to wash the disciples' feet. He came last of all, apparently, to Simon Peter. I suppose He had noticed that Simon had been most forward in claiming the first place, and so He allowed Simon to suffer longest from that vision of the humility of the Highest One, of the lowliness of the Son of God, washing the feet of His sin-stained disciples. When at last He had completed His task, and had washed the feet even of Judas and Simon Peter with the rest, He turned to them and said, "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call Me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him." "The kings of the Gentiles have lordship over them, and they that have

authority over them are called benefactors; but ye shall not be so; but he that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger; and he that is the chief, as he that doth serve. For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat? but I am in the midst of you as one that serveth." Perhaps He meant those words to refer, first of all to the scene that the disciples had just witnessed, in which He had washed their feet. They refused to wash one another's feet. "Ye refuse each one of you to be accounted the servant of the rest. I am among you as he that serveth."

They had a broader reference than this, however, and were meant to apply, also, to the great act of service that He was about to perform not many hours after this, when, stretched out upon the cross, with the cruel print of the crown of thorns still on His brow, He was as the mighty servant of God, and the mighty servant of man, to put His shoulder under the world's sin and bear it all for us.

But doubtless His words had a wider reference than this even, and were intended in some real sense to be a summary of the life that had been lived before these men and that was now to be closed before them in such humiliation of glory. From the beginning to the end it was a life that could not be better described than in these words of His, in the midst of His disciples, on the last night of His earthly fellowship with them, "I am in the midst of you as one that serveth."

In calling Himself preëminently a servant, our Lord was not lowering His title to a high place in the esteem of men. "Son of Man," is a glorious title. "Son of God" is a title yet more glorious. Lord, Saviour, King; to all of these titles Christ has a right in the lives of those who call themselves His; but besides all these titles, and as sweet as they, explaining every other title of His, may be placed this one, "The Servant of man." "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth." In calling Himself a servant, our Lord only took His place, like the true Son of Man that He was, among

the other true sons of men. All those who before His days had endeavored to serve their own generations by the will of God had called themselves servants also. The last chapter of Deuteronomy, which tells us of the death of Moses, the man of God, relates it in these words: "So Moses the servant of the Lord died, and He buried him in the land of Moab, in a valley over against Beth-peor,"

> "And no man knows that sepulchre,
> And no man saw it e'er,
> For the angels of God upturned the sod,
> And laid the dead man there."

And he kept that title even after, lifted out of his old life of service, he entered the new life of glory. When John, straining with ecstatic vision from Patmos, looked off upon that great city which hath no need of any light, "for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof," he saw there a great multitude who had come up from the dominion of the beast, who stood by the shore of the glassy sea, with the harps of God in their hands; and they sang the song of Moses,

the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb. So too that great servant of God in the years that came afterward, David, the king of Israel, called himself also God's servant.

And have you ever noticed that no man writes in the New Testament who tells us in any place that he was one of the New Testament writers, who does not call himself the bondslave of Jesus Christ? Paul begins the Epistle to the Romans, "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle." Simon Peter begins his Second Epistle, "Simon Peter, a servant and apostle of Jesus Christ." James begins his Epistle with the same confession, "James, a servant of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ." And Jude goes so far, according to the old version, in the beginning of his Epistle, as to call himself "Jude, *the* servant of Jesus Christ." And although in no place in his Gospel does John call himself so, yet when he begins the Revelation, he applies the same title to himself. "The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto His servants things which

must shortly come to pass; and He sent and signified it by His angel unto His servant John."

In this long line of God's true disciples, who through all the ages have attempted to do His will, Jesus Christ took His place as the greatest and highest and holiest, and yet the humblest and the lowliest of them all, when He said, "I am in the midst of you as one that serveth."

The noblest picture of Jesus Christ as a servant that the Bible contains, strange to say, was not written by any one of those who saw Jesus in the flesh. It is the picture that the sublimest of all the prophets, Isaiah, drew, when, lifting up his eyes in one of his holiest and fullest visions, he beheld the matchless servant of God, in whom God was well pleased, whom He has raised up by His own power to sit in judgment on the earth, and for whose return we are waiting. And there were five characteristics of Christ as a servant that specially appealed to the Prophet Isaiah, looking forward to the Messiah that was to come. Matthew, who knew Jesus, regarded this vision as

so real a description of Him, that when he was taking up those prophecies that were aptest in their demonstration of the Messiahship of Jesus, he gave special prominence to this one from the forty-second chapter of Isaiah.

The first of these features of Isaiah's vision was this: that Christ made the touchstone of His service the pleasure of God. "Behold, My servant, My elect one, in whom I am well pleased, in whom My soul delights." He did not measure His life's duties, He did not determine what He would do in life by asking whether or not this course or that course pleased Himself. He referred everything to the pleasure of God. "I came down from heaven," He said, "not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me; and He that sent Me is with Me. The Father hath not left Me alone, for I do always those things that please Him." And one of the apostles, who never saw Him, looking back over all that he had been told of that matchless life, was impressed by nothing more than by this fact, that Jesus Christ sought ever

to please God. "Even Christ," he said, "pleased not Himself."

And God was delighted to have it so. When Jesus went down to His baptism, and the dove abode upon Him, there came a voice from heaven that said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And when later, on the brow of that hill on which He was transfigured, His raiment became all white and glistening, as no fuller on earth could whiten it, and His face was so dazzling that the apostles had to turn their faces away, there came a voice, saying, "This is My beloved Son, My chosen one; hear ye Him."

The touchstone of all true service must be the pleasure of God. Some one proposes a certain course of action to us, and we say, "That would be very pleasant." But pleasant to whom? To us? That is no rule of life. Pleasing only to God. What pleases Him must determine the course of my life. And truly there is no bondage in submitting everything to such a test. There seems to me to be rather the largest joy and liberty in the

very power to please God; that I, poor, weak, sinful, unkind, can give Him pleasure, the infinite, the eternal One, who opens His hand and supplies the need of every living thing; that I, here in my little place, by shunning that and loving this, by rejecting that and pursuing this, can actually bring pleasure home to the heart of Him who rules the lives of all men, what can more dignify life? Jesus Christ's service was so acceptable to God, because He made its acceptability to God the touchstone of His service.

The second thing that Isaiah foresaw about the service of our Lord was its constancy. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged," Isaiah says. Now, truly, if there has been one worker in this world who had good cause to be discouraged, it was our Lord Jesus Christ. His own family refused to believe on Him. His own disciples totally misunderstood Him. The very last night of His life they quarrelled together when He was coming into their presence to give them their deepest blessing; and the last confession of faith that they uttered was far short of the

first confession of faith by John the Baptist. And the great world that He came to save, instead of loving Him, pressed down upon His brow a crown of thorns, and crucified Him upon a cruel cross. Yet from the beginning to the end, His service was as constant as His unselfishness and His love.

After Sir Bartle Frere, the great African explorer, had been away many years, his wife got a letter from him, saying that he was expecting to reach home on a certain train; and she called one of the servants and said, "You must go down with me to meet Sir Bartle." The man had entered the service of the house since Sir Bartle went away, and had never seen him, so he said, "How am I to know him?" Said Lady Frere, "Look for a tall gentleman helping some one, and you cannot miss him." And the servant went down to the station and looked for a tall gentleman helping some one. After waiting a short time he saw a tall man helping an old lady out of a railway carriage and he went to him and said, "Are you Sir Bartle?" "I am," was the reply. He

was "a tall man always helping people." I don't know whether our Lord was a tall man or not, but I know He was always helping people. Frere had for the rule of his life the serving spirit of the words that David Livingstone wrote to one of his sons when he went from home back to Africa; "George," wrote he, "fear God and work hard." Work in the fear of God is service. And David Livingstone learned the secret of this constancy of service and was willing to pour out his life without any withholding after the example of his master, Christ.

And the third mark of Jesus Christ's service that impressed both Isaiah and Matthew was this: the humility and lowliness of that service. "He shall not strive, neither shall He cry out, nor shall His voice be heard in the street. The smoking flax shall He not quench, a bruised reed shall He not break." So quiet would be the touch of the ideal Servant when He came. And He Himself did not hesitate to point out this trait of character in His service. "Come unto Me," He said,

"all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light." And those who were associated with Him loved in after life to remind themselves of nothing quite so much as this, that their Lord Jesus had been a gentle and a sweet and a kindly Lord to them, a mild, meek, patient, loving, gentle spirit, "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." Simon Peter, with His life in mind, speaks to those to whom he writes in his Second Epistle, telling them not to clothe themselves with fine raiment and jewels and handsome attire, but to put on the garment of a meek and quiet spirit. And when the Apostle Paul, who had never seen Jesus on earth, but was impressed again and again with the loving gentleness that Jesus showed to him in all the mistakes and failures of his life, desired to appeal to the Corinthians, he said, "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ." He never said one harsh word.

The cry that fills the twenty-third chapter of Matthew was not so much an invective hurled against the people as it was a sad, pathetic, ominous judgment pronounced upon those to whom life had been offered and who had turned away from it, who, having been led to the doors of the holy kingdom had refused to cross over its threshold.

There is a great secret here. What pleasure is there in pride? What satisfaction is there in esteeming yourself highly? What delight is there in accounting yourself of more value than those among whom you are thrown? "In lowliness of mind," wrote Paul to the Philippians, "let each count other better than himself." I believe the Apostle Paul meant that each Christian man should be marked by just this spirit, the spirit that leads him to esteem every other better than himself; that longs more to have others advanced and given posts of honor, than to claim them for one's self; that is anxious to shrink away into the hidden places in order that others may be heard and seen. "Let every man esteem

every other man better than himself," as He did "who made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

I remember very well six or seven years ago, a visit to a college in the South, when I was entertained by the president of the college. It was a poor little college, but it sought to do the work of God, and it was trying to help many to do His will. There were not very many rooms in it, so the president of the college gave me his room. I was waked up very early in the morning by hearing some one come into the room. I did not want to appear inquisitive at all, so I lay quietly without speaking out; and I saw the president of the college come in, and he took my boots, and I saw him take them to an adjoining room, and kneel down there on the floor and black my boots. That act went right to my heart. It showed the character of that man. God has exalted him greatly in his church. His was too humble and true a spirit for God to keep in a low place, and He

has lifted him up to a position of great honor. He esteemed other men better than himself. "And he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Though Jesus had a right to wear the crown of the eternal city on His brow, He willingly laid it all aside; though the foxes had holes, and birds had nests, He had no place to lay His head; though He was rich, for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.

And the fourth feature that Isaiah and Matthew both noted in the service of our Lord Jesus Christ was the breadth of it, —the absolute, unlimited breadth of it. He was to establish judgment in the earth. He was to send forth judgment to the Gentiles, and the far distant isles were to wait for His law. You could not tie Christ down to a small life. He went on one of the first Sabbath days after His temptation to Nazareth, His own home, into the synagogue and began to preach, and when He came in His sermon to the missionary reference and pointed out that in the days of Elisha there had been many

lepers in Israel but none were cleansed save Naaman, the Syrian; that although in the days of Elijah there were many widows in Israel not one of them was visited except a woman of Sarepta, a city of Sidon, who was a heathen woman; they all rose up filled with wrath and cast Him out of their city, and would have hurled Him over a precipice, except that He passed by and made His escape. He came to reconcile to God, not a small locality only, but the whole world; that He might carry the sins of great multitudes. "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the whole world."

We need to learn this thing in our own lives of service. Let us not be narrow as we go out into the world. Let our hearts be large enough to take in all the rest of Christ's disciples, no matter by what name they call themselves. Let us be large enough to sympathize with those who disagree with us, only so they hold with us the great Head of us all. Let us remember also that there can be no real Christlike service that is as broad as

Christ's in the spirit of it, that does not go out to those uttermost parts of the earth of which He was speaking when the clouds came down and from the brow of Olivet caught Him up from the sight of men, until that great day when He shall come back again, and we shall see Him as He is, and be like Him.

It is said that scarcely one man out of a dozen visiting Calcutta asks to be shown the house where Warren Hastings lived when he was in India, scarcely one man out of a hundred the houses where Thackeray was born, and Macaulay lived, but scores upon scores want to be taken out to the little Dutch burying ground of Serampore to be shown the grave of William Carey, the last resting-place of the cobbler who re-taught to the world the glory of that service which is as broad as mankind, as broad as the love of the heart of Him who came not to condemn but to save the world.

And the last thing about the service of our Lord Jesus Christ that especially fixed the attention of both Isaiah and Matthew, was this; the tremendous power of it.

"I will put my spirit upon Him and He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles." When men came to John the Baptist, supposing that he was the one who was to bring the great blessing, He said, "I indeed baptize you with water, but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose; and when He is come, He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." "I will put My spirit upon Him,"—so that the service which that matchless servant renders shall be the most powerful service of all time. And it was so. The temple police came to arrest Him, and they went back to the Sanhedrin that had sent them, and when they were asked why they did not bring Him, they replied, "Never man spake like this man." The throng came up to the garden of Gethsemane to take Him, and when He came out with simple, quiet, peaceful aspect, they went backward, falling over one another, and tumbling with fear to the ground.

All those who joined their lives to Him rejoiced at nothing more than this, that

they beheld mighty and glorious works done by Him. There was no weakness in the service of our Lord. It was a life of gentle, but intense, unwithholding service. He spared Himself not at all.

I received a letter some time ago from some Chinamen in the city of Ning-Po. It was about a friend who had just died. It was a very odd letter; some good friends of theirs and mine had translated it. And in their letter they were expressing their great sense of loss at the death of Mr. McKee; and the sentence that struck me most was this: "We can testify that while he was with us he spared himself not at all." He spared himself not at all. It was the testimony that Sir Robert Ker Porter bore of Henry Martyn, after he came back from Persia. As he travelled in southern Persia, he heard often of the young Englishman who had been there some years before. Some said they could remember that young Englishman, a frail man, enfeebled by disease, who had come to their city and had sat down among their learned men and had presented such arguments as

they were not able to meet. Years later another traveler met at Shiraz an old man with a Testament, given to him. Written on the fly leaf were these words, "From Henry Martyn. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." He did not stop there, but turned his way west; and at the age of thirty-two, having, as the quaint phrase of the wisdom of Solomon puts it, "fulfilled a long time in a short time," he lay down at Tocat and died. He spared not himself. He fufilled his early desire, "Let me burn out for God." And any one who will walk in the footsteps of Christ as a servant must spare not himself at all.

Our Lord's service was a service of fidelity to the pleasure of God, of constancy, of lowliness, of breadth of sympathy, of power; these things marked Him, who was among men as one who served. He was not ashamed of it. It did not grate upon Him to be called a servant. You and I are often ashamed to be seen serving. We take the chief places in the synagogues, we desire the highest

places at the feasts, we do not want to be counted among those who serve—but our Lord Jesus Christ showed through the whole of His life that He came "not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

And He finished His work. No other servant ever did. Neither you nor I ever finished one piece of work that we put our hands to. All our work is rough edged; and the man who comes to deal with it after we have left it finds almost as much difficulty in touching it as he would have in starting a new work. It is ragged with splinters. But our Lord finished His work. "I have finished the work which Thou hast given Me to do." And one of His last cries from the cross was but the expression of the same truth; "It is finished. It is finished." Up to the very end of His life He was working, not willing to let even the last moments of it slip by. Even in the agony of His suffering on the cruel tree, He opened the gates of the kingdom of heaven to a dying thief, and He made a new home for His mother.

And so all men who have learned Christ's spirit and who have begun to serve as Christ served, desire to finish their work. When John Eliot lay dying, a friend came into his room, and found the wonderful old man teaching a little Indian child his alphabet. And the friend said, "Don't you think you have earned a rest?" And he replied, "I don't think I have. I prayed the Lord a long time ago to make me useful in my sphere, and He heard my prayer, and now that I am no longer young, He leaves me strength enough to teach this little Indian child its alphabet." The old man of eighty was determined, if it was a possible thing, that he would finish his work for God.

How do you feel about these things? Have you ever written above your own life, "I am among men as one who serves"? Have you ever written on the fly leaf of your Bible, "Like the Son of Man, I am here not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give my life as a ransom for many"? The glory of life is not to gain. The glory of life is to be

of use. The glory of life is not to get places of authority, but to put yourself under the authority of others. The crown of a useful life is not to acquire as much influence as possible. It is to throw away as much influence as you can, letting it disappear into the lives of other men and other women. The glory of life consists in laying down your life for your friends. The greater life does not consist in more Bible study. The greater life does not consist in clearer appreciation of spiritual truth. All these things are good and have their places. But greater life hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends; lay down his life in humility; lay down his life in obscurity; lay down his life in service; lay down his life in the desire to be helpful to those whose lives may rest above and upon his.

Several years ago the newspapers gave a thrilling account of a passenger train that started down from Duluth when the forest fires in Minnesota were raging most fiercely. It got as far down as a town about halfway, and then the

smoke became so intense that they had to light the headlights of the engine, although it was early in the afternoon. And by and by the smoke was so heavy that the engineer and fireman could not see more than five yards in front of the engine. Suddenly a great wall of fire burst out in the darkness in front of them, so that there was only time to reverse the engine, and run back to a swamp. The fire chased along almost as fast as the engine was going. The fireman and the engineer could not stand it. So the fireman got back into the water tank, and would only come out to throw water over the engineer, and would creep back when he could no longer stand the heat, into the tepid water of the tank. At last they got to the swamp, and when the great fire had rushed by, they found, still living, but unconscious there on his seat, the engineer, sitting with his hand on the throttle. There was something there of the spirit of Christ, who was willing to lay down His life for His brethren. Whatever the engineer's later life may

have been there was the great spirit of a true service in it that day amid the smoke and the racing flame.

What else is there worth living for? What else? Society, a degree, the gratification of certain tastes, the development of certain gifts that we believe that we possess? What are all these compared with the life of service? My friends, we were sent, not to be satisfied, but to serve. I think sometimes the words that Jesus spoke in another connection, refer to spiritual life quite as truly, "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it." What God wants of us is that we should follow in the footsteps of His Son, and serve. Let us begin to-night. Let us learn this last lesson of this sweet and helpful day. Let us write over our lives before the night shadows have altogether fallen, "I will be among men as one who serves."

PHILIP'S PROBLEM

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels but have not love,
I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.
And if I have the gift of prophecy and know all mysteries and all knowledge;
And if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains
But have not love, I am nothing.
And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor
And if I give my body to be burned,
But have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not.
Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly,
Seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;
Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;
Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.
Love never faileth;
But whether there be prophecies they shall be done away;
Whether there be tongues they shall cease;
Whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.
For we know in part, and we prophesy in part:
But when that which is perfect is come,
That which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child;
Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

For now we see in a mirror, darkly, but then face to face:
Now I know in part: but then shall I know even as also I am known.

But now abideth, faith, hope, love, these three;
And the greatest of these is love.

—*Paul.*

VI

PHILIP'S PROBLEM

In the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John and at the ninth verse there is recorded for us one of the many personal questions which Jesus addressed to individuals. It was His last night with His disciples before His crucifixion. He had given them the magnificent object lesson in service of which none of them failed to catch some of the significance, when He girded Himself with a towel and taking a basin of water stooped down and Himself washed the dusty feet of His disciples. Judas had already been sent out into the night, most of the disciples knowing that something was wrong, and Christ had just said in the presence of all to Simon Peter that before the cock crowed twice he should deny Him thrice. All this seems to have created a great deal of disturbance among the disciples. One of their number had gone out into

the darkness, many of them suspecting evil from it, and they had just heard of another, the most prominent of their number, who was to deny Jesus within a few hours. One can readily understand that these things, added to the pain of the parting which they all indefinitely felt was near at hand, must have made this night to all of them a very anxious time, full of self-distrust and general uneasiness.

This probably explains the words with which Christ begins the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, "Let not your hearts be troubled." They were troubled because they knew He was going away. Their faith in themselves and in their own fidelity to Christ had been very severely shaken. "Let not your hearts be troubled," He said, knowing just what it was that they needed. "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God. Ye may have lost faith in one another, but ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place

for you, and if I go, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also. Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." He had something else in mind evidently that He was just about to say. He clearly had a train of thought along which He had intended to lead His apostles; but, at this point, Thomas interrupted Him. It seems to us that he did it rather rudely, but no doubt it was out of the brusque honesty of his heart. "No, Lord," he said, "we don't know whither Thou art going and how can we know the way?" Thomas was a man willing to die for the faith he had. When Christ wanted to go down to Bethany where Lazarus lay dead, and His disciples endeavored to dissuade Him, but found it impossible to do so, Thomas was the first to say, "Let us go along that we may die with Him." I say he was ready to die for the faith that he had, but he was not willing to profess a faith that he had not; and the moment he saw that Christ was assuming that all the disciples were following Him and assenting, he

contradicted Jesus, wanting Him to see that he could not follow Him beyond this point. It was a natural difficulty; it was just like Thomas to speak it out. Many of us, failing to see the end, refuse to be satisfied with the vision of the way. Like Thomas we are not able to sing,—

> "So I go on not knowing,
> I would not if I might;
> I would rather walk with God in the dark,
> Than walk alone in the light.
> I would rather walk with Him by faith,
> Than walk alone by sight."

As always, Christ dealt patiently and lovingly with Thomas. He had answered Thomas's difficulty often before, but He turns to him to answer it once again saying, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me. If ye had known Me, ye would have known My Father also: from henceforth ye know Him and have seen Him." Thomas was silent, thinking over this reply.

And then when Jesus was about to go on, apparently with the line of thought

which Thomas's question had suggested, Philip breaks in with an interruption even more vexatious than that of Thomas. He said, "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." Had not Christ just said, "Having known Me, ye have known and seen the Father"? Where had Philip's thoughts been? Christ had just answered his question in the words He had spoken to Thomas, but Philip breaks in, apparently not having heard what Christ had said, or only having caught the word Father at the end, and says, "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." If Thomas's interjection was characteristic of him, Philip's was not less characteristic of him. Every time we are shown Philip, by himself, in the Gospels it is in circumstances that do not reflect credit upon his intelligence, although they show his sincerity and eager earnestness. The first time he comes into view is in his interview with Nathanael, whom he wants to bring to Jesus. Nathanael's first question was, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip might have told him that Jonah and a great

many other noble servants of God had come out of Nazareth, but poor Philip was unprepared to answer him so and could only stammer out, "I can't say, Nathanael,—come and see." A little later Christ turned to the disciples, when He was about to feed the five thousand, saying, "Where shall we get bread to feed so many people?" John saw the point of Christ's question, that He wished to test the disciples, but Philip did not see it and said, "Lord, two hundred pennyworth would not buy enough to feed all these." When some Greeks came up to the feast, wanting to see Christ, and perhaps because they had before had some association with Philip or his people, (he had a Greek name and he came from a Greek settlement in Galilee) they found him first and said, "We should like to see Jesus"; Philip did not know what to do, so he found his brother Andrew and said, "Andrew, there are some Greeks here wanting to see Christ; what is the proper course to pursue?" It was indeed a delicate situation. And Andrew took the whole matter out of Philip's hands,

not willing to trust his direct, but infelicitous ways.

And here in John's fourteenth chapter we meet him once more. Christ had told him all he wanted to know, and Philip asked for it over again. And Christ in His loving way tries to help him. It would have been a natural difficulty of course, if Christ had not already cleared it up. Yet what an unintended insult to Christ was in Philip's words! There He had been with these apostles for three long years attempting to satisfy them with Himself, and now one of His pupils says, "It does not suffice us to have been three years with you; let us see the Father, then we shall be satisfied." How we blame Philip! We think if we could only have been there in that little upper room with Christ when He spoke those last loving words to His disciples, we should have said, "Lord, we are satisfied with Thee, don't go away from us. Just stay by our side here and we shall be satisfied forever." And yet, was Philip's mistake such an uncommon one? Christ had said practically, "He that hath seen

Me, hath seen the Father"; yet Philip said, "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." Is not this just the mistake that the great majority of Christians are making? Here stands everything already in front of us, and we say, "Lord, show it to us." Philip had it all in front of him, enfolded in Christ; he asked for what was already there for him to see and take.

Have you ever noticed the gentle courtesy, divine in its perfectness, with which Christ answered Philip? "Have I been so long with you"— He did not put the reproach on Philip,—not that, Christ was too perfect a gentleman to reflect on Philip. He took all the blame of Philip's stupidity upon Himself: "Have I been so long time with you, Philip, and yet have I failed to get this idea clearly into your heart?" He had come for just that purpose, to show men the Father, and now at the end of three years' careful instruction, one of the disciples told Him that He had failed in just what He came to do; yet , instead of blaming His disciple for his ignorance in not having

learned what He had been so clearly teaching, He took all the reproach upon Himself. It must have been with infinite sadness that He said these words, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me?"

Philip had said, "Show us the Father," but Jesus said not a word about the Father,—"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known, —not the Father, but *Me*"—and then He adds his name, "Philip." There are, I think, only ten cases in the Gospels where Jesus Christ speaks to a person that way by name. Five of them are in connection with Simon. "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." "What thinkest thou, Simon? Of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute? Of their own children or strangers?" "What,

Simon, couldst thou not watch with Me one hour?" "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" Once He called Martha by name, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." And once He called Mary Magdalene by name as she stood by the door of the sepulchre and mistook Him for the gardener. He waited until she was done with her question, and then said quietly, "Mary," and she wheeled about with the words, "My Master." Before the garden where He had been praying, He said to the traitor, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" And standing before the grave at Bethany He cried, "Lazarus, come forth." Whenever He wanted to draw a heart specially close to Himself, He called it by name, but it was very seldom. "Hast thou been so long time with Me, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?"

"Philip," He said, "any man that has seen Me has seen the Father. Believest

thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in Me? The words that I say unto you I speak not from Myself: but the Father abiding in Me doeth His works. Believe Me that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me." Now He had said this same thing many times to His disciples. Time after time He had gone over just this lesson which perhaps He knew it would be hardest for them to learn. Yet now Philip shows he has not learned it. What does Jesus do? Grow impatient? It is said that once a visitor was staying with Mrs. Wesley when Charles was a little boy, and Charles came in and asked his mother a question, which his mother patiently answered. In five minutes he came back and asked the same question and his mother patiently answered it. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh times Charles came back and asked the same question and his mother answered it as patiently as she had done the first time. Then the visitor said to her, "Why did you waste time in answering that troublesome boy's question seven times?" "Well," Mrs. Wesley said,

"because six times were not enough." "She had learned patience in the school of Christ," who, when He found that His disciples could not catch the simplest truth in ten times repetition of it, was willing to repeat it again as He did here for Philip.

"Believest thou not that I am in the Father? Why, I should have thought thou wouldst have been one of the very first to believe this. Thou wast one of the first to follow Me, to call Me Messiah. Thou wast one of the first to appeal to sight as an evidence of My claims. And to think that thou hast not known that the man that has seen Me has seen the Father! *Believest* thou not that I am in the Father?" It simmered down to a matter of faith. The question was, did Philip believe? By belief here, Jesus did not mean intellectual assent to a certain set of propositions formulated for the intellect to pass judgment upon. He meant a personal, moral surrender to Christ, the living appropriation of that which Christ has to give. If Philip believed in this sense, his difficulty would disappear.

And then Christ came down in dealing with Philip to the very grossest evidence that he offered to man, and said, "Well then, Philip, if you have not enough of the Spirit of God in you to enable your spirit to answer back to My spirit when I show you the Father, if your soul's spiritual response to Me does not convince and suffice, why don't you believe Me for the works that I have done?" He descends to the lowest of all the evidence upon which His claims to be the true representative of the Father rested, and asked Philip whether if he couldn't come up to the high level where in spiritual fellowship heart of man answers to heart of Christ, he was not willing to accept the evidence of His works.

Christ's mighty claim is in this reply to Philip. He makes here one of His divine and unquestionable assertions. "I am in the Father and the Father is in Me. He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Let us not pare down these words. Deal squarely with them. Can we hold to the faith not of Christ's divinity but of His sanity and honesty,

without going on to a rich faith in His deity and in the revelation in Him of the living God, Father of His spirit and of ours?

"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me?" I do not know any better question for us to ask of our own hearts in behalf of Christ. There are men who grew up in Christian homes, with this Bible open from their very earliest memories on their mothers' knees, where they learned their first lessons in holy living, to whom Christ may fittingly speak this question, "Hast thou been so long time with Me, have I been so long time with thee, and yet has thou not known Me?"

Have we known Him, fellow-students, as the object of our speech, as the object of our thought, and as the object of our life? Ask these questions in order of your own heart. Have you known Jesus Christ as the object of your speech? Have you ever read through the Acts and the Epistles of Paul to find out what it was that the early Christians talked about? Luke tells us in his clear way, describing

the early apostolic life in Jerusalem, that every day they ceased not in the temple and at home to talk Christ. He tells us that when Philip went to Samaria and spread the revival spirit there, he preached Jesus to the people; then on his way back, when the Spirit of God put him down by the Ethiopian eunuch, he proclaimed to him Christ. Turn to Paul's writings and see what he preached as he went from city to city. He tells us clearly that the chief thing he did was to talk Christ to men. When he came to Thessalonica, he said, "This Jesus whom I preach to you is Christ." When he got into trouble at Athens it was because he preached Jesus. When he reminded people in his Epistles of what it was they had heard from him when he was with them, what did he say it was? Doctrines? Yes, in a sense. Truths? Yes, in a sense. But he preached a Person. He says, "When I was in the midst of you, I preached Christ to you. Not myself, but Christ." Christ was the conversation of the early Christians.

Have we spoken one word about Jesus

Christ this morning? Are there not scores of men who have not said to another man one word about Christ all this past year? Are there not many of us who have never thought of making Jesus the one object of our speech? I know that it is hard. There are many men born with a constitutional disinclination to speak the name of either God or Christ. In Patterson Du Bois's little book on "Beckonings of Little Hands," he tells the story of one of his children who has since died, whom he could with greatest difficulty only get to mention the name of God or of Christ. The child was born with this holy hesitancy. It was the holy place in the child's life, and he had not come to the time when he was able to open the doors of that place and let any profane eyes gaze in; but when the child had died, a little notebook was found which had been given him by his nurse, and there printed in great sprawling baby letters, right across the page, were these words, "God is love; He loves lambs." If the child had lived he would have fought his way to the place

where he could have talked of the God who loves lambs. But he was born with a constitutional hesitancy about doing it.

Why did God make it so hard when it ought to be the very life of men to speak so about Christ? Perhaps He did it because He did not want such speaking to be cheap, because He wanted each man to gain a victory over himself each time he spoke the name of the great Victor. So He gives us the great joy of being victorious on each occasion over ourselves in the act of speaking and talking and teaching Christ.

Has a Christian man concern with any other conversation than Christ? This whole land would be swept with the Christian life as no section of the world has ever been swept with it if men made it their business to talk Christ; if, when they walked with one another they talked Him, if, when they sat down for a conversation they talked Him, if they came to know Christ as the object of their speech. Mr. Ruskin, I think, is setting forth the truth in his "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds:"

"Although, however, the Protestant laity do not often admit the absolving power of their clergy, they are but too apt to yield, in some sort, to the impression of their greater sanctification: and from this instantly results the unhappy consequence that the sacred character of the layman himself is forgotten, and his own ministerial duty is neglected. Men not in office in the Church suppose themselves, on that ground, in a sort unholy: and that, therefore, they may sin with more excuse, and be idle or impious with less danger than the clergy: especially they consider themselves relieved from all ministerial function, and as permitted to devote their whole time and energy to the business of this world. No mistake can possibly be greater. Every member of the Church is equally bound to the service of the Head of the Church; and that service is preëminently the saving of souls. There is not a moment of a man's active life in which he may not be indirectly preaching; and throughout a great part of his life he ought to be directly preaching, and teaching both strangers

and friends; his children, his servants, and all who in any way are put under him, being given to him as special objects of his ministration."

There are few Americans for whom some of us grew up to entertain a higher reverence than for Robert E. Lee, the leader of the Confederate armies. Dr. Broadus used to tell a story of him that had been told to him by a clergyman who was accustomed to go to White Sulphur Springs, after the war, to preach. He met there the white-haired old man whom every Southerner, every man who came in contact with him, loved. One Sabbath, he said, as they held service in the ball-room, as was their custom, he noticed General Lee coming in late. Knowing that he was a punctilious man and very particular about the little courtesies of life, he inquired the reason for this. After the meeting was over he asked some one why General Lee had not come in in time. He told him that he had waited as was his custom until he thought all the people who intended to come to the meeting had come into

the room, then the old white-haired man, whom every Southerner loved, walked out under the trees, and over the verandas, and wherever he could find men he would lay his hands on their shoulders and say, "We are going to have a little service in here. Won't you come in?" Few could resist that gentle, loving voice. He preached Christ. He did it through the war, and after the war; Christ was the object of speech to him.

Many who are studying for the ministry, some who have been in the ministry for some time, have not as yet learned what it is to make Jesus Christ the one object of their speech. You remember in "His Mother's Sermon," the young Scotch student who came out from his divinity school intending to preach such sermons as many intend to preach. He finally wrote his first one on "Semitic Environment," the childishness of adhering to the abandoned superstitions regarding the composition of the Old Testament books, etc., and got it all ready to lay before his people as the bread of life. You recall how the Spirit of God recalled

to him the promise that he had made to his mother on her deathbed when she said, "If God calls ye to the ministry, ye 'ill no refuse, an' the first day ye preach in yir ain kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Do we make it the business of our lives to speak such words, or do we do it now and then only, or not even now and then? So many of us salve our consciences with a little piece of personal work in one month, and another little piece in another. Have we made it the great object of our lives to talk Jesus? "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known Me as the one object of your speech?"

Have we accepted Him, as the object of our *thought?* You know what that means, you men who would be ashamed to let your mothers or your own sisters look into your minds. I learn more painfully each year how much stain and corruption there is on the men who pass for Christian men in our American colleges. I remember one man who came to me once and said, as we walked late

at night under the pure stars, "I would have both my hands cut off or my eye plucked out if I might be given the pure soul I had when I lay as a little child in my mother's arms." Perhaps this man voiced the longings of the hearts of hundreds of college men. Oh the corruption of evil thinking; the worthlessness of it; the corroding degradation of it! while all the time there stands One knocking at the door of each life and saying, "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not learned to know Me as the one object of all your thinking?" We never can drive out the uncleanness of evil thoughts except by pouring in the clean wholesomeness of the thoughts of Christ. We can cleanse these minds of ours from what we want them freed from only by flooding them with the light that shines from the face of Jesus Christ. Have you tried for one hour to think no thought except Christ? Have you made Christ for any length of time the one object of your thought? Try it, you who want to break loose from the shackles that you know are

keeping you away from the great blessing of God, and from the pure sweetness of His free and holy life. What else is there to think about that is worth anything compared with Him? All treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hidden in Him. It must grieve Him to see us filling our minds with passing things, worthless things, dying after the fashion of the world, while Christ is crowded away into some bare and paltry place in our lives. Let us learn to make Jesus and Jesus only the object of all our thinking! If we did, how we would lose taste for much that pleases us now! How music that perhaps takes a large place in our hearts now would be put into a subordinate place! How the taste for certain classes of books or of studies or certain lines of thought would vanish into an insignificant place the moment we gave to Jesus Christ the place to which He is entitled in our thinking! "Have I been with you," says He, "for so many years, and yet hast thou not come to know Me as the one object of your thought?"

There is nothing narrowing or belittling

in this claim of Christ for sovereignty over our thoughts. All true thoughts are thoughts of Him. All beauty and holiness is in Him. He is glory and power and wisdom. And He deserves to be the sole object of our vision. He died for us. When Cyrus took captive the king of Armenia and Tigranes his son and their families he gave them their liberty on condition that they would surrender their kingdoms and go quietly home. On their journey they were all discussing Cyrus, his power and splendor and magnanimity, and at last Tigranes turned to his wife who had been silent and said to her, "What didst thou think of Cyrus?" "I never saw him," she replied. "Never saw him!" exclaimed Tigranes, "Where were thine eyes?" "I fixed them," said she, "upon him whom I heard in my presence offer to lay down his life for me." She had eyes for none but that one.

Have we come to know Him, lastly, as the object of our *life?* I suppose that Philip did not talk about much else than Jesus; I suppose he did not think about

much else than Jesus, and yet it was to Philip that the question was addressed, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me?" He had been with Him for those three years, he had heard all that Christ had taught, he probably thought and talked nothing but Jesus, and yet Christ asked him whether he had not altogether missed knowing Him. What did He mean? It would seem to be possible to associate intimately with Christ for three long years and to pass for His disciple and yet not really to know Him. Of course what Jesus meant first of all was that Philip had not come to know Him as the revelation of the Father; that, missing the knowledge of Him in that particular, he had missed it in the first and most important particular, and no matter how much he talked about Him or thought of Him, Jesus might appropriately say to him, "Philip, you don't know Me; I have been with you three long years, and yet you have failed to learn the very most essential thing about Me." Is not this true of some of us

also? We have missed knowing Christ as the revelation of the Father, giving to each of us perfect power and perfect rest and satisfying us wholly. There are three grades of Christian life; there is, first of all, the dissatisfied life, the life that knows there is something it does not have, and that wants it, and that is perpetually discontented, and rightly so, with itself. There is secondly the life that is half and half, that now and then rises up to the Mount of Transfiguration and then paces for long seasons over weary wastes of whitened ashes. There is a third life of satisfaction and content and peace, and power, and rest, the life that has made Jesus Christ its one object, the life that every man lives who is able to say in the fine phrase of Ignatius, O Christ, Thou art "my inseparable life." The soul that has made Christ its one object has entered into rest and has entered into power; it has entered into a life of activity which no foe can withstand, and of contentment which no storm can ruffle; for over all the seas where it voyages speaks that voice which quieted the tur-

bulent waves of Gennesaret, "Peace, be still." Nothing can overcome or disturb the soul that is hid with Christ in God and has made Christ the one object of its life, and found the Father in Him.

Do we know Christ? I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, but what do I know about Him? Christ declares, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." I believe in the Holy Ghost, but what did He come here for? Christ declares "When He is come, He shall testify of Me." Jesus Christ is life, Christ is the centre of life, Christ is the object of life, and, if Christ is not our life, we have missed the great thing that Christ has for us, and the great things that Christ is waiting to be to us.

I wish I might make His loveliness stand out so clearly and distinctly that every man would long to be linked to Christ in such a way that nothing could sever him from Him, that he would simply talk Jesus perpetually, think of Jesus incessantly, and live Jesus forever

and forever. For this Jesus longs and waits. And this is life abundant.

His word in the Apocalypse which we quote constantly with reference to non-Christian men, was not spoken to non-Christian men,—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." It is a picture which Christ draws of the relationship that exists between too many Christian souls and Him,—Himself without, the door fastened. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." He knocks to-day at the heart of many a man. Will you let Him in?

"Oh Jesus, Thou art standing,
Outside the fast closed door—
In lowly patience waiting
To cross the threshold o'er.
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

"Oh Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo, Thy hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.

Oh love, that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh sin, that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

"Oh Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for thee, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
Oh Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door.
Dear Master, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore."

Will you say this now?

THE NEW COMMANDMENT

Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
Call to the saints and to the deaf are dumb ;
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices,
Glad in His coming who hath sworn, I come.

This hath He done and shall we not adore Him ?
This shall He do and can we still despair ?
Come let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,
Cast at His feet the burthen of our care.

Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanksgiving,
Glad and regretful, confident and calm,
Then thro' all life and what is after living
Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

Yea thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed :
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

—*F. W. H. Myers.*

VII

THE NEW COMMANDMENT

Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek Me: and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye cannot come; so now I say to you, A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.—JOHN xiii. 33–35.

THERE is a saying of Mr. Ruskin's that of all the pulpits from which the human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave. We all know with what tender receptiveness we listen to the last words of those whom we love, as they draw near to that hour when they cross the bar and see the pilot face to face. It must have been with much deeper receptiveness that the eleven disciples who were left in the upper room after Judas had gone out into the night listened to these words of Jesus. He had been pre-

paring them for this hour. Everything that had transpired showed them that the clouds were gathering thick and dense above their Master's head. And if His appearance had not told them that the words He was about to speak were to be words of special importance to them, the way in which He began His remarks must have told them: "Little children, I am going away from you." It is the only time as far as the Gospels tell us that He used that term of address. Even in this Gospel, which of them all shows us most fully the intimacy of the relation which existed between Jesus and His disciples, the term "Little children" is used but once. In the last chapter, John tells us that when Jesus stood on the shores of the Sea of Galilee and looked off through the grey morning to where the disciples were in their boat, tired after their fruitless night, He said to them, "My lads, have you anything there to eat?" It is Jesus' own word, "My lads!" Here, however, it was more tender than that, "Little children, dear little children." How sweet it must have sounded to

them, one can guess from the frequency with which the beloved John repeated it afterward. Six or seven times in his Epistle he addresses those to whom he is writing as "Little children, dear little children." And one of the best attested of all the legends about John tells us that as an old man, when they carried him each day into the Christian church at Ephesus, he was wont to say, "Little children, love one another." They asked him once whether he was not tired of repeating the same message over and over again, but he replied that it was the whole of the gospel,—if they had that it was enough. The only other place in the New Testament where the term occurs as a term of address, is in one of the most passionately eager passages in all the writings of Paul, where he tells the Galatians that he was travailing for them, as a mother in childbirth, that Christ might be formed in them, and he begins the sentence with this word, "Little children."

Jesus meant undoubtedly to draw His disciples for these closing moments into

the warmest personal relationship with Himself. He was the Father's child, they were His little children; He would remind them of it as they gathered together on this last evening of His earthly life. They had heard Him speak of this same truth before. In the parable of the Good Shepherd He had said that He knew His sheep and was known by them, that even as He knew the Father, so the Father knew Him, and that, because of His relationship to the sheep on one side and to the Father on the other side, therefore He would lay down His life for the sheep. He knew that they had not understood the relationship, for in this same evening's talk He told them so. "I know," He said, "that you do not understand this now, but the day will come when you shall understand it, that I am in the Father and ye are in Me and I in you; ye are His little children and Mine."

"Little children," He said, "I am going away from you. This is the last evening we shall have together. What I am now about to tell you is the last

thing I shall tell you before I depart." Not forever did He say that they were to separate. In talking with the Jews, He had said that whither He was going they could never go; for they should die in their sins. But He did not say that to His disciples. "I am going away," He said, "and whither I am going ye cannot come just now, but ye shall follow Me afterward. Indeed, I will come again for you."

Luke shows us even more clearly than John how careful Jesus was in this last interview to lead His disciples up to the moment of separation; how anxious to fortify them against all the fears which He knew would come upon them the moment He was gone; but even with all that preparation, it must have been an hour of great agony both to Him and to them. He knew, of course, that the Father would keep them, that not one of the Father's sheep would be plucked out of the Father's hand, but He knew also that when the Shepherd was smitten, the sheep would be scattered, and He had heard Satan desiring to have them. Far

better than the disciples knew, torn as their hearts must have been, did Jesus know the significance of that hour. I well recall a quiet room in an old Pennsylvania town, when more than twenty years ago a father led his children into its holy stillness and prayed that One who had promised to be a father to the fatherless might also be a mother to the motherless. Very little did we know what it meant, but the one who prayed knew, and the knowledge was agony. It must have been so with Jesus this night. He knew that He who had been their one safeguard through these three long years was to be taken from them. It must have made these last moments unusually sacred to Him. And heavy witted as that company of fisherfolk and countrymen were, they too knew something of the significance of the hour. They had been leaning for these three years heavily on Him. "To whom else shall we go," said Peter, "Thou hast the words of eternal life." And when they could not prevail upon Jesus to avoid running the physical risks

which were involved in going to Bethany, Thomas said, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him. Better for us to go to death with Him than to stay here alone in safety and in peace." They were to be separated from Him now, and they knew it. If they had known it from nothing else they would have known it from what He said: "Dear little children, I am going away." They must have felt that what He was about to say would be of unusual importance to each of them.

One can imagine the little company listening intently to catch the words that might fall from His lips; James and Peter expecting Him to define more clearly what was to be the form of organization of the new Christian kingdom or society. John and James were both men of that temperament. They had come asking through their mother, that they might have places on His right and left hand in His kingdom. Over this question all the disciples had quarrelled. Perhaps they sat now wondering if He would not assign them their places and give them the

constitution of His society. Perhaps Bartholomew and Thomas were waiting for Jesus to give them a clearer and fuller statement of His doctrine. It was to be one of His most famous sayings that eternal life consisted in the *knowledge* of God and His Son Jesus Christ. He tells the Father in the great high priestly prayer that He had delivered to the apostles the *words* the Father had sent by Him. One could not wonder that Nathanael and Thomas, each of them probably lovers of clear doctrine, should have been anxious to get from Jesus in that last hour some succinct and simple statement of the new truth, on which they could rest and which they could use. Did Jesus gratify these expectations? "Dear little children, I am going away from you now, and My last word to you is just this, A new commandment I give to you, that ye love one another."

Our Lord's words gained additional significance from the fact that He said almost nothing else that was new. People thought He was a novel teacher when He healed the sick man in the synagogue

at Capernaum. They held up their hands in amazement and said, "What is this, a new teaching?" But it was not. Almost everything Christ said was old. Christ's teaching was almost all taken out of the Old Testament. Almost all of the Sermon on the Mount could be constructed from the Old Testament. Many of Christ's parables have their roots in suggestions in the Old Testament. Some of Christ's miracles are clearly only the working out of Old Testament teachings. The body and substance of Christ's doctrine was borrowed, with a new spirit and life of course, from the Old Testament. There was a marvelous divine originality about Jesus which should be studied deeply and never forgotten, but He was constantly telling those who took Him for a novel instructor, that everything was in their own records and temples if their eyes were only open to see it. He would tell the healed to go and carry out the law of Moses. Only three times does He allude to the novelty of His teaching; once in one of His parables when He said that no man puts

new wine into old bottles, or patches an old garment with a new piece of cloth; again when He said that every good scribe of the kingdom is like a householder that bringeth out of his treasures things new and old; then once again as He passed the wine cup from His own hand to the hand of the next, "This cup is the New Covenant in My blood. I will no more drink of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God."

It makes it the more startling that on the last night of His earthly life He should tell His disciples that He was speaking to them something new. His words are the more surprising when we consider that this was the last element of His teaching which one might conceive to be new. The Old Testament was clear enough in its commands to love: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In what respect then was this command to love, given to the disciples on this last night, a new commandment? Was it new in the sense that it supplemented the old ten, making an eleventh

commandment, giving men something that had never been given them before; or did it abrogate the ten, giving men a law of love, whereas before they had had a law of stern duty only? Clearly not, because when Christ was asked by a scribe as to what commandment was first of all, He said plainly, "The first is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The commandment as a commandment could not have been new then in the sense that Jesus commanded love while the old ten commandments did not contain it. Was it new as being an interpretation of the old, putting the emphasis now on the spirit, while the old ten had put it on the letter? Clearly not that even. The ten commandments were a law of love. Love was their fulfilling. In what sense then was the commandment that our Lord gave His apostles that night a new commandment? It must have been that

He was commanding them to possess and to manifest a new kind of love that had not been known in the world before, and that this love was so novel that He could speak of it as new. One who had followed His teaching carefully might have expected something of this kind, for early in His ministry He had said:

> Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you, that ye may be the sons of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them which love you what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the Gentiles so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your heavenly Father is perfect.

Any Jew might have expected, if he was an honest, sincere, open-hearted man, prepared to recognize the true Messiah, some word from Jesus of a positive character regarding love. There was need of it. Hillel, one of the most famous Rabbinical teachers summed up the whole

law in these words, "That which is hateful to thee thou shalt not do to thy neighbor: this is the whole law, the rest is only commentary." It might properly have been expected of Jesus that at this time He would speak some word about love. He gave them a command to love with a larger, positive, transfigured love, not as the Old Testament had said, "as thyself," but *better* than thyself.

Sometime ago I was present at a gathering of ministers, where the subject for discussion was, "What should be the attitude of the Christian minister toward the new movement in Christian sociology?" A theological professor maintained that the attitude should be hostile, on the ground that it was unscriptural to say that we should love our neighbors better than ourselves. Yet such a command gave Jesus Christ: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." A new love, of new motive, new scope, new sanction, establishing a new society, bound not by any rites or organization,

but by self-obliterating love: this was what Christ commanded, and as Wendt, in "The Teaching of Jesus," points out, "The nature and intensity of this love which Jesus taught and which He Himself manifested, were such as had yet no sure basis in the Old Testament knowledge of God and as had not yet been recognized as belonging unconditionally to the righteousness commanded by God; therefore this commandment of love, as Jesus Himself had practiced it, could be characterized as a new commandment."

"Little children, I am going away, but I will leave with you a new commandment, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." The heart of the matter lies in those little words, "even as I have loved you," which furnish, first, the explanation of the new commandment, and define the character of the new love; and supply, secondly, the motive, the power, to enable us to love as Christ loves.

Those words furnish us an EXAMPLE of how we are to love. It is a rich theme, but let us take up only three traits of the

love of Jesus which we are here bidden to have in our own loving.

His love is a *self-sacrificing love.* "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." With that in mind, Paul writes lovingly to the Ephesians, "Walk in love, as dear children, inasmuch as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us." John declares the same truth, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." This is the truth regarding Christ's love that the German verses proclaim:

"A Lamb goes uncomplaining forth,
The guilt of all men bearing;
Laden with all the sin of earth,
None else the burden sharing!
Goes patient on, grows weak and faint,
To slaughter led without complaint,
That spotless life to offer;
Bears shame, and stripes, and wounds, and death,
Anguish and mockery, and saith,
'Willing all this I suffer.'

"That Lamb is Lord of death and life,
God over all forever;
The Father's Son, whom to that strife
Love doth for us deliver!
Oh mighty love! what hast thou done?
The Father offers up His Son —
The Son content descendeth!
Oh love, oh love! how strong art thou!
In shroud and grave thou layest Him low.
Whose word the mountain rendeth!"

So we are to love. There is such love in the world. During the civil war, in the naval battle when Farragut's squadron sailed into Mobile Bay, the monitor Tecumseh was struck by a torpedo and began to sink. The only way of escape was by a narrow ladder, and a small door through which but one could go at a time. The pilot and captain both sprang for the ladder at the same moment, but the instant Captain Craven saw that another man was seeking life, and that there was time for but one, he stepped back with a bow and the courteous, quiet words, "After you, pilot," and went down with his ship into the sea. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his

friends." Christ loved so, and so must we love.

Remember another characteristic of Christ's love: it *condescended.* "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die," said Paul. "Scarcely for such an one would one die. Peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die, but God commendeth His own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." There was no barrier too high for Him to surmount, there was no chasm too wide for Him to cross. The Son of God reached us in His love. Think over the circle of the people you love and see between how many of them and you there is any chasm in the social life? Have you not picked those you love from that sphere which will not necessitate your going down to them? It was not so with Jesus Christ's love.

And He loved with an *eternal love.* This chapter begins with these words: "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the uttermost." Having loved them once, He loved them ever. I love to turn to the

story in Matthew of the betrayal of Jesus by Judas to mark the tone of address with which Christ spoke to Judas when he came leading the band of soldier hirelings. We might suppose that Christ would have turned to him with scorn saying, "Thou serpent! After these three years, is this My reward that thou comest to Me with this blistering kiss? Depart from Me into the eternal night and let Me never see thy face or feel thy hands that have held the silver coins." Have you ever noticed what the Gospel of Matthew says He did say? He turned to Judas with the words, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" The Greek word does not really mean "friend," but the spirit of that translation is true. Treason was not enough to break the bands of that love. There is no such thing as a love that stops. It never was love if it stops. He that has loved loves still. Love cannot change. Sensations and convictions alter, but while God is God love changeth not nor can till God denies Himself. "They sin who tell us love can die," says Southey. Never say that

you had a friend and have not that friend still. Never let a Christian say that the love he once felt is dead. No love ever dies. Emotions have died, sensations have died, imaginations have died, but a love never. When Christ bids us love as He loved, He sets us this example of self-sacrificing, condescending, unchangeable love. As His we must so love one another.

Writing on this passage in his "Discourses on the Gospel of St. John," that great prophet, Frederick Denison Maurice, has said that if these words are "mere precept written in letters in a book, it is the cruelest precept that was ever uttered." We can love "in obedience to no statute, from dread of no punishment." There are two answers to that: First, love can be commanded. The contradictory proposition can be defended only by resting on an indefensible psychology. Our affections in their true dignity are children of the will. Who can answer Browning's teaching in "Pippa Passes," that love does not depend on the lovableness of the object of love? Is there anything attractive in us? God

loves us in spite of our hideousness and unloveliness, because He wills to love us. Love is a moral attitude. God can command it.

But Christ Himself removes Maurice's difficulty. What Christ said was, freely rendered, "I command you to love one another. I love you into loving one another." First of all He bade them to do it, then He said He would love them into doing it. That is what John means when he says, "We love because He first loved us." He planted the seed in us which has grown into the tree of love. "As I have loved you into loving, so love ye one another." George Bowen, whom Bishop Taylor called the lamb of India, thus expresses it in his sweet meditations on "Love Revealed": "I give you a new commandment, that ye love one another. But why do you look at Me with such blank unsatisfied expression of countenance? Is this a little gift (an impossible gift)? Know then that I Myself am love incarnate; I have clothed Myself with flesh that I might reign in your hearts. Love one another as I have

loved you (into loving one another) and you will no longer find Me absent."

How good it would have been even if He had stopped there! How sweet if we had to rest our hearts simply on that bidding to love! But how good also His next words! "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." Think of these words a moment! In them He declares that obedience to this commandment makes up the essence, the test, and the power of Christianity.

Jesus says it makes up the essence of Christianity. Loving is a great thing. It is the greatest thing. As one who adheres to the old landmarks in Christian thinking, I reverently urge that Jesus said that the first essential element in the Christian life was not sound doctrine but love. As one who clings with affection to the oldest and simplest ecclesiastical conceptions, I lovingly mark that Christ said that the essence of Christianity is not in ritual or liturgy or apostolic lineage or ecclesiastical organization, but in love. Paul says: "Love is the fulfilling

of the law." This was realized in the early Christian community. The essence of the gospel was there, for they loved one another. "Seeing," said Simon Peter, and it gives us a new glimpse into the personal experiences and struggles of those early Christians, "seeing ye have purified your souls in your obedience to the truth unto unfeigned love of the brethren, love one another from the heart fervently." The fierceness with which James attacks those who put aside one part of the church for the men with gold rings and fine clothing, and another for the paupers and the poorly clad, is only a testimony to the strength of the hold which the gospel of love had gained upon the best members of the early Christian community. It was love that caused the mention of Quartus in the Epistle to the Romans. A poor Corinthian artisan, he happened to be present when Paul was writing and said, "Paul, I love them too, send my love"; and his name was put down there with the wealthy members of the Corinthian church, because he loved.

The test of Christianity is love. It is not adherence to sound doctrine, important as that is, nor membership in a church whose organization is believed to rest upon the authority of the scriptures or of the apostles. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." Our discipleship is our glory. "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples." God and we are both glorified by our meeting the test that shows that we are His disciples. Read from the First Epistle of John:

"In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother. For this is the message which ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. . . . We know that we have passed out of death into life"—

Why? Because we believe the creeds? I do not depreciate them. No, "because we love the brethren." "He that loveth not abideth in death." There are men who will not speak to their brothers attending the same church, and yet in their

Bible as in ours are these words, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. Hereby know we love, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Do we love? No? Then we are not His. It is His own test.

And Jesus said also, that obedience to this commandment is to constitute the *power of Christianity*. "By this SHALL ALL MEN know ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." This same night, after having left this little upper room, He spoke practically these same words:

"Neither for these only do I pray, but for them also that believe on Me through their word; that they may all be one, even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be in Us: that the world may believe that Thou didst send Me. And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given unto them; that they may be one, even as We are one; I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be perfected into one; that the world may know that Thou didst send Me, and lovedst them, even as Thou lovedst Me."

Do we lack power? Do we love? "The sight of a Christian community whose members love one another is the irresistible argument for Chistianity." Let us apply these words to our hearts in the narrow sense. We long to be personal workers, to be able to draw souls to Christ. Perhaps we have found it difficult. Have we loved? If we loved souls as Christ loved them, we should be able to draw them in. If we longed for them with a yearning such as was in the cry of Paul!

"Oft, when the word is on me to deliver,
Lifts the illusion and the truth lies bare,
Desert or throng, the city or the river,
Melts in a lucid paradise of air.

"Only like souls I see the folk thereunder
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings.
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder
Sadly contented in a show of things.

"Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call,
Oh, to save these, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all."

Or if we turn away from this close personal application to the broad sense of

Christ's words, how we must bow our heads in shame that the world should stand mocking at the dissensions and bitternesses among us, while we have written upon our banners the words, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." As good George Bowen says, "When Christians love one another with the love of Calvary, then the people who dwell in the heart of Africa, Australia, China, Japan, Tartary, Arabia, Russia, Siberia, America, and England will know who are the people of God, and will hasten forth, ten men laying hold of the skirts of one to learn the way of life." Oh that God might renew among us that love which bound the early Church so close together that Tertullian could say, "The heathen are wont to exclaim with wonder, 'See how these Christians love one another.'"

How great is the need of this commandment to-day! How greatly we need to learn to love one another! The poor dying world hungers for the society

of lovers. There must be hundreds of brotherhoods in this land, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, Free Masons, Knights of the Golden Eagle,—all sorts of brotherhoods organized to supply the want of fellowship, of love. Poorly do they supply it but they express the irrepressible longing. Our colleges are full of fraternities to supply the need which men and women feel in their hearts for that which apparently the Christian life as they know it has not supplied. The world waits to be loved, to see the vision of men loving one another, to feel the touch of love.

I read a few years ago in *St. Andrew's Cross* the proceedings of the convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew at Washington, where Bishop Potter told of an effort made in New York on the part of bakers who were obliged to work all day on Sunday in hot holes under ground, to enlist the assistance of the ministers of Brooklyn and New York in their movement to be free from work on the Sabbath day. They sent circulars to five hundred ministers. One of the bakers in

talking about it afterward said, "Do you wonder we don't take much stock in the clergy when I tell you that we got from these letters only six replies?" I cut from the same paper recently a testimony from another member of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood who said: "Some time ago I had an experience here much like that related by Bishop Potter concerning the bakers' union, in his Washington address on 'The City and the Nation.' The street car men were working seventeen hours a day, with no rest on Sunday. They struck, and a bitter struggle followed. In the midst of the struggle I sent a printed letter to every clergyman in the city whose address I could get, setting forth the facts, and among others the fact that these men could not go to church if they wanted to, yet no word was heard from a single clergyman in support of the men. The printers in the office where the letters were set up were much interested. As I looked over the proof several gathered around me and all of them declared that none of the clergymen would do anything about it."

"That ye should love one another, even as I have loved you, that ye also should love one another." Do you wonder that multitudes of men stand off from the Christian Church, saying, "We can get brotherhood among non-Christian men. The great longing of our lives is for fellowship, but the Christian Church would not supply it for us, and we will stay outside"? Meanwhile the same sweet voice is speaking, "That ye love one another." It is a command for believers first, of course. But John widens it to its true extent in his epistle. We are to love all our brothers, and all are our brothers who are brothers of Christ.

We are all of us responsible, more or less, for a great deal of the feeling of antagonism to the respectable churches and also for much of the unmerited criticism of the Church. We pass along the street. A badly dressed man is jostled by us, and we merely look around in an irritated way as much as to say, "You should not have been in my way." A well-dressed man is jostled by us and we turn around politely to ask his pardon.

Is it not widening the breach between the "down" and the "up," which is a hellish breach, and which would not exist if we all loved one another? Would that we might learn this lesson, and that although we separate here we might hearken to the words of Christ, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you that ye also love one another."

Such freedom, such satisfaction, such rest, will come to us if we are willing to enter into this life of love.

"I know a bush that fire does not destroy,
I know a flower that heat can but expand,
I know a sacrifice whose root is joy,
I know an altar that unbinds the hand.

"Love is that altar; in its cleansing fires
The tree of life grows green with youth again,
And in the fervor that its flame inspires
The captive heart forgets its former pain.

"Put on my fetters and thou shalt be free;
Embrace my altar and thy cords shall fall;
Become love's captive, and thy soul shall be
Lord of itself and master over all."

But the same truth is put more lov-

ingly, more profoundly, and in diviner tones in these other words to which our hearts may well turn at the close of this good Sabbath day:

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. Herein was the love of God manifested in us, that God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another. No man hath beheld God at any time: if we love one another, God abideth in us, and His love is perfected in us: hereby know we that we abide in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit. . . . And we know and have believed the love which God hath in us. God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him. Herein is love made perfect with us, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, even so are we in this world. There is no fear in love. but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath punishment; and he that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love, because He first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar!

For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

This was the way of Jesus and we are to remember Him, and, remembering Him, to be like Him, first of all and last of all, in His love and His loving.

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