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THE SUPREME MIRACLE

AND OTHER SERMONS

THEODORE GERALD SOARES



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The Supreme Miracle

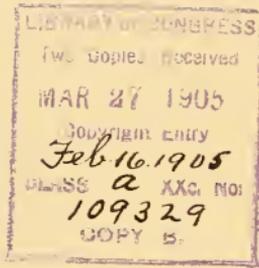
and Other Sermons

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TO
MY WIFE
KINDEST AND KEENEST CRITIC

PREFACE

The initial responsibility for printing these sermons rests with the Men's League of the First Baptist Church of Oak Park—a loyal, active and resourceful body of men, untiring in their efforts for the good of the church in the service of God. They have meant much in the pastor's ministry. One of their many plans of usefulness was this endeavor to help the sick and shut-in members of the church, and to extend the influence of the pulpit, by printing a sermon once a month for distribution. It was designed to issue eight during the year. And now that the series is completed, they are put into permanent form.

A preacher naturally shrinks from publishing his sermons, for a sermon is properly a spoken message to a congregation. But when the hearers themselves ask for the sermon, that they may be readers also, the preacher hopes that his word may be more than the inspiration of an hour. He trusts that those who have heard may be willing to think again upon the truths that he has tried to present to them. And with that naturally comes a larger hope, that the written word, even without the personal interpretation, may still preach the gospel. Not a little encouragement has come through the year from those who have found some help in the printed pages.

So this little volume goes out where the big books are, happy that it has a few friends in advance who will heed its message, not very ambitious to elbow its way into a great place, yet hoping that some may read, and be led to think of the Christ, whom the sermons have sought to interpret.

THE AUTHOR.

Christmastide, 1904.

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THE SUPREME MIRACLE

THE SUPREME MIRACLE

He that sent Me is with Me; He hath not left Me alone; for I do always the things that are pleasing to Him.—[John viii: 29.]

In one of the former conversations between Jesus and the Jews, they had asked him to work a miracle as proof of his Messiahship. Doubtless they thought they could believe if something sufficiently marvelous were shown to them. Jesus did not comply with their demand. As he said afterwards in a parable: if men believe not Moses and the prophets, they will not believe though one rose from the dead. Moral faith cannot be founded upon physical marvels. If the pretended healer of today could walk into a hospital, and by his word cure every patient of every disease, I should not believe in *him*, and his boasted apostolic mission. I should very readily admit that there was a set of psychical phenomena beyond my understanding, meriting careful study by competent investigators, but I should not believe in a man for whose methods I have no respect and whose disinterestedness is so decidedly questionable. A miracle is not a spiritual argument.

In former days a favorite method of proving the truth of Christianity was by the record of the miracles. It was felt that all should say with Nicodemus of our Lord, "No man can do these signs that thou doest except God be with him." But what if one should deny

the miracles? It is very difficult to prove them. As a matter of fact, we believe the gospel first and the miracles afterwards. Our faith is founded upon something infinitely more fundamental than any marvelous event that ever happened. We do not believe in the incarnation, "God manifest in the flesh," because of the miraculous conception. We love to read the chaste and exquisite story of the virgin of Nazareth. It seems so beautiful, I had almost said so natural, that Jesus should come thus into the world. But he never asked anyone to believe on him because he was conceived of the Holy Ghost. And the apostles made no claim for the truth of their message upon that ground. The mystery of the coming of Jesus can never be an argument for his spiritual authority. We must believe in him first, and in the wondrous Christmas story afterwards.

Have I gone too far in stating that our faith does not depend upon the marvelousness of any event that ever happened? Will it not be objected that the apostles did found their faith on a miracle—that great miracle, the supreme exhibition of the power of the spiritual over the material—the resurrection of Jesus? But Paul's splendid argument upon the resurrection is not based on the fact (though he showed that the fact could be five hundred times attested) that the dead body was supernaturally restored to life. That would be a marvel. But the resurrection was far more than a marvel. It was a revelation. It revealed that Jesus is living and is alive for evermore. Not the marvelousness then even of the stupendous miracle of the Easter morning, but its spiritual significance, is its value for our faith.

Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, the living Saviour.

And yet it was a true instinct that led men to expect miracles as an evidence of religious truth. Religion is God's revelation to man and man's experience of God. It is out of the ordinary. It is supernatural. Assuredly then religion will impress men as wonderful. But because religion is altogether of the spirit, the supernatural wonder must be in the sphere of the spirit. Christianity has a miracle in the sphere of the spirit. It is more wonderful than the virgin birth, more wonderful than the resurrection. It is the supreme miracle of the world—Jesus himself.

We need not be surprised that this miracle did not impress all the contemporaries of Jesus. It does not impress us as it ought. We still think sometimes that the act of walking on the sea was more wondrous than the personage who walked there. We have often read the eighth chapter of John without being startled and arrested by the words of our text. They seem to come so naturally from Jesus that we do not perceive the marvel. "I do always the things that are pleasing to the Father." What a statement! Always? He who understood the divine will so completely that he could give us an ideal of life that still seems infinitely beyond us—did he always the things that were pleasing to the Father? He who could say, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect"—did he fulfill his own commandment?

That is the supreme miracle. There is the super-

natural occurrence as evidence of your religion—the sinless man.

For think what sinlessness involves. Sin is everywhere and in everybody. Its taint is in every infant that is born into the world. Sin meets us at every turn in life, mingling with our best motives, spoiling our most unselfish efforts. Sin has entered insidiously into every moral reform and has marred every spiritual endeavor. Sin has lessened the influence of every great teacher and has injured the work of every religious leader. Yet once in all the centuries, once in all the world, as a white flower out of the stained waters, there was a sinless man.

Might he not have been very good without being sinless? And so our supreme miracle would vanish. A good man would not say, "I do always the things that are pleasing to the Father." For good men have been most conscious of their sins and shortcomings. No saint ever said, "Which of you convicteth me of sin?" as Jesus in his challenge to the Jews. The men of holiest lives and most unselfish work, before whom the world has bowed in reverent appreciation, have been men whose faces were wet with the tears of contrition, for they have most clearly seen that they had sinned and come short of the glory of God.

But Jesus never said, "Father forgive me." His eyes never dropped before the gaze of infinite holiness. He walked the maze of life with quiet confidence, and trod its slippery paths with certain tread. Through childhood, youth and manhood he knew that he never had desire of evil, but did always the things that were pleas-

ing to the Father. His own consciousness of himself is our best proof that he was the sinless man. The only one that has ever been, and therefore the supreme miracle.

As it was a true instinct that led men to expect the miraculous in religion, so it was also a true instinct that led the defenders of the faith to offer miracles as an evidence of the truth of their propositions. But of course there cannot be a physical evidence of a spiritual fact. The miracle to be of evidential value must be in the sphere of the spirit. Thus the supreme miracle, the sinless Jesus himself, is the great religious argument. It is first of all a demonstration that Christianity is divine. It is then a revelation of the divinity of humanity. And it is further an anticipation of the destiny of the children of men.

Think of the sinlessness of Jesus as

A DEMONSTRATION

of the divine supremacy of Christianity. That is, that Christianity is the religion of God for the whole world, the best that God can ever give to us. It is contrary to our modern attitude of mind to think of the best as having been in the past. We are evolutionists. We think of things as advancing, unfolding, improving, "the best is yet to be." Especially is this true with regard to humanity. It is plain to us that the human race has advanced. Our civilization seems to be higher than any of the civilizations that are gone. Our morality we trust is improving. How then came it that the best man, the only one who ever was sinless and perfect,

lived his life nineteen centuries ago? Why has there never been another since? How came this perfecting of humanity once in the long history, and never again?

It is a fact with which any mere rationalism will have to deal. And there is no more difficult fact to explain. The men who knew Jesus best, as they thought of him in the years after he had gone beyond their sight, tried to explain him. They said he was the Son of God. That he was God manifest in the flesh. That he was the only begotten from the bosom of the Father. We do not quite understand what they meant. But we have not found any better way of explaining Jesus. We are quite sure that he did not just happen to be. He is God's best gift to the world. He is all of God that can ever be expressed in humanity.

As the later church sought to formulate her thought of Jesus, she stated in unmistakable language: Jesus is God. That is so startling that many have been offended. They have said: there is only one God; God cannot be born and live and die; it must mean that Jesus is like God. But it means more than that. It means that God is like Jesus. The highest that we can know of God spiritually, we know through Jesus. Of course men were inspired with noble thoughts of the Almighty before Jesus came. They knew his might and his excellence,

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.

They knew more than that, for they knew him as

love and kindness and mercy. But when you know Jesus, love, kindness, mercy cease to be abstractions. You see God as he is. You feel his sympathy. You are thrilled with the spiritual fellowship. You say with a new accent, and a happier confidence, "My Father!"

It is a simple fact that Jesus is God to the spiritual minds of all the world today. Not only Christians who call him Son of God, but also those who cannot use the title, see God through him. Men among us, who do not call themselves Christians at all, have formed their conceptions of God through Jesus. The new leaders of Hindoo thought, whose beautiful teachings have so impressed us, have been under Christian influence, and they speak as they do of God because they have seen him in the face of Jesus Christ. Even the Jews, half unconsciously, interpret God to themselves through Jesus. And the rabbis of the reformed Judaism find their largest and most interested audiences when they speak of the greatest of their prophets, whom they love to call the Prophet of Nazareth.

Very largely without realizing what they were doing, men have learned that God must be what Jesus is. We cannot think of anything better. There never has been seen, or said, or sung on earth anything better than Jesus. He is God manifest in the flesh.

Therefore Christianity is not one of the religions of the world. I have every respect for the religions of other men. No one should speak slightingly of the earnest attempts of any people to know God. Religions which the great peoples of the world have believed for centuries have something of truth. Buddha, Confucius,

Zoroaster were good men. Mohammed had much of nobility and earnestness of character. The mighty religions which such men founded have had their part in the development of the race. But Christianity is not one of them. It is not even the best of them. For the Founder of Christianity was not a Confucius or a Buddha. He was not a saint, a teacher, a prophet. He did not come to tell us about God. He came to reveal God. The sinless one, who did always the things that were pleasing to the Father, could say to us, "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." There can be nothing better than that. Christianity is the supreme religion for all the world, for only Christianity has, or can ever have, the supreme miracle.

The sinlessness of Jesus is also

A REVELATION

of the divinity of humanity. If in a real sense Jesus, the sinless man, was one with the Father, then the remarkable result follows that divinity and humanity are essentially one. Will you allow me a comparison, which I offer in all reverence? It may at first appear offensive, but I think it is justified. Mythologies have conceived certain creatures combining the natures of men and beasts. The centaur was part horse and part man; the Minotaur part bull and part man; the satyr part goat and part man; the merman part fish and part man. But each of these was not only an abnormality, but a monstrosity. There is no kinship between a man and a horse. A creature with equine and human characteristics is impossible. It was only a wanton fancy that

could create it. If then God and man have no kinship together, God in the flesh would be an unthinkable being. As the centaur is neither a horse nor a man, the being produced by the union of the human and divine would be neither God nor man. The theologians tried to elaborate a theory of two distinct natures in Christ. But that is unthinkable. Jesus was one personality. The supreme miracle was not a bit of divine wonder-working, but the fulfilment of that which was dimly foreseen in the beginning, "God made man in his own image."

So far from being a strange preternatural creation, Jesus was so natural that nobody marveled at him at all. His brothers and sisters grew up with him, and found him a boy, a youth, a man. During his ministry people wondered at his works and at his words. But he himself was so natural, so perfectly a man, that they forgot to wonder at him. The supreme miracle was among them, and they knew it not. It was only afterwards, when they looked back and reflected, that they said, "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Of course the sinless man was natural. In point of fact, Jesus was the only real man that ever lived. The rest of us are men in the making. We have characteristics not worthy of men. But there was nothing in Jesus that is not perfectly, naturally human. He was not an abnormal being because he did not sin. Sin is abnormality. But there are so many sinners that we get used to it, and suppose it is the inevitable, and half

excuse ourselves with the reflection, "to err is human." But Jesus was a man as he should be.

The realization of the sinlessness of Jesus ought to end our controversies about him, and turn our attention to what he means to us. Sometimes men say very decidedly: Jesus is not divine, he is only a perfect man. *Only* a perfect man? There could not be perfection unless there dwelt in him all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, that is all of God that is expressible in humanity. The sinless man must be God in the flesh. But, on the other hand, we often insist that Jesus was not only a perfect man, he was also divine. But a perfect man is divine. The perfection of humanity is divinity. For Jesus is himself the revelation that God and men are essentially one. If it be fitting to say that Jesus is God, it is equally certain that Jesus is man. There is nothing unhuman in him. If we were all like him, there would not be a different order of beings on the earth. There would be simply humanity come to itself.

I hope I do not seem to be theological. I think this is the most important and most practical truth that we can hold. If we are kin with God, we ought to know it and to think upon it. When our Lord was praying for his disciples at the last, this truth was so significant to him, that it breathes all through the prayer, "As Thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us. . . . I in them and thou in me." Jesus prays that as he shared the life of the Father, so might the disciples share it also; that Father, Son, believers might be one, of the same divine nature.

The rashest dreams of man would not have dared to imagine such a thing, that we should be the same as God. Nothing could make it evident but the historical fact of the sinless Jesus, who revealed in himself, in his perfectness, that divinity and humanity are one.

Our Lord of course does not say that all men are divine. Humanity is divine. The perfect man is divine. The supreme miracle then is

AN ANTICIPATION,

a prophecy of the perfecting of the children of men. Humanity is an ideal which has never been realized except in Jesus. We say of certain acts that they are inhuman. For a man to beat his wife, whom he has sworn to love, to abuse those dependent on him or weaker than himself, we say is inhuman. We do not mean by that to imply that human beings are not guilty of such acts. Doubtless a majority of men and women on the earth commit acts of inhumanity. And in that expression we betray our own consciousness that humanity is an ideal. We say sometimes of persons whom we meet that they are poor apologies for men. Macbeth asks the murderers who they are. "We are men, my liege." And he answers with a sneer, "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men." Hamlet expresses his disgust, "I have thought that some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." When Antony would speak the best of Brutus, he says,

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man!

And the centuries have responded to the word of Pilate, in a significance that the Roman never dreamed, "Ecce homo, Behold the Man!"

These expressions of our speech and from literature reveal our common consciousness that humanity is an ideal. My brothers, we are not men yet. There has been only one man. But he is a prophecy, a promise. Hear Paul's magnificent anticipation: "whom he foreknew he also foreordained to be conformed to the image of his son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren." Would we then know our destiny? We need no astrologer to cast a horoscope. We may come to the gospels, and read them again, and ponder them, until the matchless personality of Jesus becomes real to us, the supreme miracle of the world, the sinless man. Then we may say to ourselves "we shall be like him." I can conceive no higher motive to live the sober, righteous and godly life in this present world.

In the days of Napoleon, who with all his selfish and pitiless subordination of men and nations to his own ambitions, was a soldier, every inch a soldier, a reconstruction took place in the French army. Under the old regime the officers were all of gentle blood; only nobles were generals; with the result that often titled and gilded ineptitude led the armies of France. Napoleon would have military genius in command of his troops. And he cared little whether his officers were the sons of peasants or of lords. He would scarcely

have sympathized with the idea that has been advanced in the American navy, that an essential quality of an officer is an acquaintance with the refinements of social etiquette. Soult went into the French army as a private, in a day when no gentleman could possibly be a private. He had extraordinary ability, and rose rapidly through the ranks of officers to the highest place, Field Marshal of France and Duke of Dalmatia. Ney was a corporal, and became also a marshal. Every private in the ranks knew that nothing could prevent his rising to the highest honor, if he showed himself worthy. The ambition these promotions engendered transformed the army. As the fine French epigram ran: every peasant that went into the ranks left room in his knapsack for a marshal's baton.

My comrades in the Christian life, it is not what a few of us may be, it is what all of us shall be: children of God, joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. He, the sinless man, who could say so naturally, "I do always the things that are pleasing to the Father," he is the model after which God is fashioning us. Let us go home, and go tomorrow to our work and to the market place, and live worthy of the hope that is set before us, "we shall be like him."

And unto him that is able to guard us from stumbling, and to set us before the presence of his glory without blemish in exceeding joy, to the only God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory evermore. Amen.

MAN TO MAN

MAN TO MAN

“As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.”—[Proverbs, xxvii, 19.]

Milton has beautifully described the clear surface of a pool of water as the first mirror known to mankind. Eve tells her husband how, just created, she moved through the garden and was attracted by the sound of water:

I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth water, that to me seemed another sky,
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared
Bending to look on me.

The Greeks enshrined this early idea of the mirror in the myth of Narcissus. The beautiful boy, who listened unmoved to the songs of the nymphs, beholding one day his own fair face reflected in the clear waters of a stream, fell in love with the pretty image. Bending to kiss it, he perished in the depths and was changed into the Narcissus flower.

The keen sage of Israel, ever anxious with some apt illustration to convey a moral thought, uses in

the text this simple idea of the face answering to face in the watery mirror to suggest the truth that the truly human in each of us responds to that which is truly human in another. The proverb would tell us of the subtle influence of man upon man. The potency of life lies in the genuinely human.

Of course there is so much in life that is not genuinely human. Perhaps necessarily a large part of life is very conventional. Our politenesses and civilities, our expressions of interest and concern, often seem to be dangerously insincere. And when one looks at the fashionable world, with its regard for appearances, its concealment of feeling and its peculiar code of social ethics, there seems a deal of hollowness in it all. But sometimes our humanity asserts itself. A great joy or sorrow, a call of patriotism or philanthropy, makes us forget that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," and reminds us that we are veritable men and women. That which is real in each of us responds to that which is real in the other, and the heart of man answereth to man as in water face answereth to face.

To put the truth in a word, the secret of influence is sympathy. George Eliot speaks of sympathy as the one poor word which includes all our best insight and all our best love. If by sympathy we mean fellow-feeling, common human interest,

the desire of brother to know and help brother. then sympathy is the word which expresses all the possibility of Christian helpfulness in this life.

There lay the power of Jesus. He spoke of himself as the Son of Man, doubtless intending a certain Messianic significance in the title. But we cannot help reading it: Son of Humanity. It means to us that he was man indeed, and because he was man his fellow men responded to him. Why did he speak at once to the hearts of those to whom he came, that busy fishermen left their nets to follow him, grasping publicans forsook their money tables, sinners forgot their longings after sin? Not because he was the Son of God, for that they did not understand. It was because he was the Son of Man. As he lived among them, and as his story has been told again in every tongue, there was and always has been response of the heart of man to his heart. Sceptic and believer, saint and sinner, scholar and savage have cried as they have understood him, "Behold the Man."

Jesus' power is that he stands on the human level and enters into human life. This is clearly shown in the epistle to the Hebrews to be the basis of his influence with us. "We have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." (Heb. 4:15.) Indeed the very word of which we are speaking is employed in the Greek, and the verse may be rendered, "We have not a high priest who cannot sympathize with our infirmities."

Now, it is not easy to be sympathetic. We are sorry of course for people who are unfortunate or wicked or stupid, but we are impatient with them also. We may wish to help them, but we also expect to lecture them. And so oftentimes we fail to help them really. It is only sympathy that is helpful, seldom censure, never cynicism. The glory of Jesus is that he who was wisest, strongest, best, could most completely feel with others, and thus, sympathizing, help.

I repeat that it is natural to be sorry for the needy, but it is not easy to be sympathetic. In our pity there may be a certain superiority, which is offensive. Sympathy is never offensive. We must not think that because we feel that something ought to be done for the suffering of the poor that therefore we are sympathetic. Sympathy is more than that. It is to be one with them. It is to deal, not with a case of need, but with a man who is a brother. Only then comes the response of the heart of man to man.

Some years ago when the cholera raged in Naples the condition of the plague-stricken city was horrible beyond description. By great sanitary vigilance the disease was confined to the poorer quarters of the city. This enraged the wretched people who were in the midst of the dead and dying. They threatened to take their dead and lay them at the doors of the rich, and only the utmost care prevented such threats being put into effect. Every

one was sorry for the people and many tried to help them. But in their unreasoning misery they refused assistance and hated those who came to them. A Greek gentleman of wealth, who drove into the cholera district with his carriage filled with medicines, fruit, food and comforts for the sick, was actually mobbed by the crazed people, his carriage broken to pieces, and he barely escaped with his life. They seemed to hate him because he was better off than they. At last the king came to Naples—the good Umberto. He went among the people, speaking to them in their own Neapolitan patois, nursing the sick, comforting the dying, staying with the people as one of them, until they forgot he was the king and knew only that he was a man. Their rage melted into tears and he could lead them as he would. That is sympathy. You cannot help people from above. They may take your alms, but you do not touch their hearts.

A refined and cultured lady was telling us of an incident concerning the lepers near Jerusalem. The poor, wretched, loathsome creatures, shunned by the lowest of every population, Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan, sit by the wayside begging alms, and subsist upon the small coins which are contemptuously tossed to them by those who pass by at a distance. Each leper has his cup into which the little coins are thrown. A rich gentleman was going up to the city and behind him a little way was the lady to whom I have referred. As the gentleman passed

a leper he threw a coin towards him. Of course he would not approach him, for the touch of a leper is pollution. The money fell short of the cup. The wretched sufferer was so wasted by the disease that he was unable to crawl the few paces necessary to reach it. As the lady came up he was looking anxiously toward the money he had lost. She picked it up for him, put it in the cup and smiled kindly into the face of the poor fellow. Tears filled her eyes as she told us of the ray of brightness that spread over the wan face of the leper, who had been treated as an equal by a European lady.

So, you remember, that while Jesus bade the paralytic rise and take up his bed and walk; while he told the man with the withered hand to stretch it forth; when he would heal the despised leper, he *touch*ed him, and said "Be clean." If the healing were the power of the Son of God, the touch of sympathy was the power of the Son of Man. In the fullness of his manly vigor, he could sympathize with the suffering, and heal the leper, man to man.

Perhaps true sympathy is even more difficult in the moral sphere. How strongly we condemn the sins to which we are not subject! One who is not guilty of the grosser sins of the flesh must have a fine Christian sympathy indeed to be able to come into the attitude to help the fallen. A friend of mine, a gentleman of rare Christian character, used frequently to be asked to speak to the unfortunates in the Florence Crittenden Home. The matron said

to him: "I like to have you speak to the girls because you do not assume the standpoint of superior virtue. You preach to them the Saviour, whom we all need." The parable of the Prodigal Son was generally selected by those whom she invited to speak. The superintendent of a reform school, after thirteen preachers in as many weeks had preached to the inmates from that Scripture, decided that he must ask future speakers that no reference should be made to the Prodigal Son. It should be remembered, by the way, that our Lord did not speak that parable to the outcasts, but to the Pharisees. And beautiful as its appeal is to the wandering son, its main value is still for the Pharisees, to show the meaning of the Father's love.

Jesus, the purest of the sons of men, "wearing the white flower of a stainless life," was so marvelously human that he could sympathize with a sinner. They brought the wretched woman before him. The law said that such a guilty one should die. The Pharisees asked him what should be done with her. Of course she ought to be stoned. Such flagrant sin ought to be punished. How righteous it makes one feel as one insists upon the punishment!

"He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," said Jesus.

He was writing on the ground. In a moment he might look up, and those clear eyes read the secrets of their hearts. The chief among the Pharisees was conveniently near the door. He slipped out to avoid

the challenge. The next in order followed, then the next, and the next. Presently Jesus looked up.

"Woman, where are they? Did no man condemn thee?"

"No man, Lord," she answered.

"Neither do I condemn thee. Go thy way. From henceforth sin no more."

We have not a high priest who cannot sympathize with our weaknesses. He knows the power of sin better than we know it. It has been most significantly said that only the man who has resisted knows the power of sin for all others have given way before the climax of the strain. He, pure, without sin, sympathized. It is such sympathy that saves the outcast, for as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.

We do not know. We never know. The other day we found out in one case. A poor wretch, out of work, reading of the success of the footpads of Chicago, in a moment of folly decided to make his living in that easy way. In the first attempt to hold up a stranger he was shot and killed. No one feels much pity when a brutal highwayman is killed. Yet even there we do not know. Madame de Stael, in one of those pungent epigrams of the French that are often more than half true, declared, "If we knew all, we should forgive all." At least we should learn sympathy.

'Again, if we desire to do any good with the ignorant, we must find a common level through sym-

pathy. As you cannot really help from above, so you cannot teach from above. The fact that you know something and that you want other people to know that you know it does not constitute you a teacher. It may only make you an insufferable pedant. The two greatest teachers I have known made no pretense of learning. They worked with their students. They seemed to be fellow investigators, as indeed they were. The discovery of the facts kindled their interest and enthusiasm, as if they had found them for the first time. They led us from knowledge to knowledge, and in the interest of the study we scarcely realized how potent was their mastery. They understood us. They sympathized with our point of view. They did not think we were fools because we could not see things as they saw them. They knew how difficult it had once been for them. They were not teachers who could not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for they had been in all points tried like as we were, yet without failure.

I am aware that I am not speaking to many who are teachers by profession, and so there may not seem much application of this truth here. Yet we are all teachers. Suppose you come in contact with a poor family. It is the most natural and the best kind of charity. I am a thorough believer in Associated Charities, but it is far better when you can do something wisely yourself. If you thus undertake to help a needy family, you become a teacher. You

know facts of housekeeping, cleanliness, thrift, economy, which they do not know. If they knew those things they would not be needy. It is foolish to be impatient with the poor, because they have not the methods and the virtues of the successful. If they had them they would not be poor. You are to help them because they are ignorant. You cannot do any good by lecturing them upon the methods of housekeeping. You cannot help them from above. Unless you have the fine instinct that you feel one with them, realizing that in their circumstances, with their training and environment, you might be no better than they, you will not do them very much good. You must not instruct; you must suggest. You must begin from their point of view and lead them to the higher point of view. You must be interested, not simply in that particular case until it is disposed of, but in that man, in that woman, in those children. In a word, you can help the poor out of their ignorance into self-respecting self-support if you have the power of sympathy.

We are learning this truth in our newer missionary methods. It will not do to tell people that they are miserable heathen, ignorant idolators, who must learn the truth from us. They will turn from us with hatred and with scorn. We must sympathize with them, and with their ancestral striving to know God. We must say to them, "There is one God, whom you seek and we seek. Your need and

longing and hope are ours also. Jesus has come to us and told us that God is our Father." Then we may tell them of Jesus. And, if we can keep ourselves in the background and put him forward, they will recognize him as brother. As Jesus found us, he will find them. The human interest and love will find them. They will respond, the heart of man to man, as in water face answereth to face.

Sympathy is the condition of all teaching. It was Paul's method. When he said that he was all things to all men, if by all means he might save some, he did not mean that he was a double-faced or many-faced hypocrite, taking his cue from the company in which he happened to be. He uttered a profound pedagogical principle. He would find a common level with his brother man, he would get his point of view, come into sympathy with him, understand him. Thus he would lift the Jew out of his narrow prejudice and the Gentile out of his selfish looseness, and bring both to know Christ.

An actor once asked me whether I preached what people want to hear, or what they ought to hear. I answered that I did not think there was much distinction. We are willing to be told the truth if we are told kindly. "Speak the truth in love" is a safe maxim. Men are fair. They will respond to a real human message. The heart of man answereth to man. That was Jesus' power with the people. They wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. He spoke from a knowledge of

their needs. Sympathy is the prime characteristic of the teacher.

I have tried to speak of sympathy with the suffering, the sinning, the ignorant. A word should be added upon sympathy with the uninteresting. We all like interesting people. Did you ever happen at a public dinner with an interesting person on one side of you and an uninteresting person on the other? It is a sore trial of the Christian spirit. But there are more interesting people than we think. It is often our stupidity quite as much as theirs that reduces the conversation to halting question and answer. Emerson said, "Every man is my master in something." I know that I have learned a great deal on the few occasions when I have had wit enough to find out the bent of a man, who was not at first communicative. There is something that he would like to talk about if you can only find it out, and he will talk well. There is something that he would like to hear you talk about also. It probably is not the thing that you want to talk about. There lies the difficulty. You have not found the common ground, so you and he have not "got together." You are not in touch, you are not *en rapport*. To use our word again, you are not in sympathy with him.

It is a rare gift, or grace let us call it, that of sympathy with uninteresting people, so as to bring out the best that is in them. Imagine a man of thoughtfulness, intelligence, large ideas, spiritual interests, being obliged to associate intimately with Peter,

Andrew, James and John, and the rest. Good-hearted fellows of course, but not very deep, not very interesting. But Jesus knew their interests. He put himself exactly in touch with them. From that first day when he used their own words, "Come with me and I will make you fishers of men," he led them from their own level towards his own. And I think he found them marvelously interesting. To be sure, they were very slow to understand him. Even on the Ascension mountain they wanted to talk Jewish politics, when he would tell them of the world kingdom. But Jesus talked with them on their own subject. And because he was willing to take their standpoint he was able soon to lead them from the thought of the restoration of the kingdom to the Jews to the larger thought of their apostolic duty to the world. The uninteresting company of Galilean fishermen and common folk, who would never have made any impression on the world if Jesus had not found them and been able to sympathize with them, were developed in their best in response to the wonderful drawing power of Jesus, and their names have been household words throughout the Christian world for fifty generations. It is true even of the people whom we call stupid, dull, uninteresting, that the heart of man answereth to man, as in water face answereth to face. If you have the Christ-like gift of sympathy, you can find them.

In a word, sympathy is unselfishness. It is the

Golden Rule. It is putting yourself in his place.

Are you strong? Be very gentle with the weak. Help them to be stronger, and let it not be seen that you are helping them. Are you wise? Be very considerate with the ignorant. Do not look down upon them from superior knowledge, but lead them into light and truth, and do not make it too obtrusive that you are leading them. Are you upright? Be very tender with the sinner. Reprove him, if you must, sympathetically. Punish, if need be, sympathetically. Lead him to love goodness and hate evil. Are you prosperous? Be never ostentatious in the presence of those less fortunate. You will need rare tact to play well your part. Help, but let not your assistance wound the one you help. If you are happy, let your joy bless without obtrusion some less favored one. If you are sad, let not your sadness mar some other's joy. It is the Golden Rule again:

If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's skies.

If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness, glad.

And what shall we gain for ourselves through sympathy? The blessings will come back without our seeking. The truth of the text works both ways to our happiness. If our hearts be tender and gracious, and our brother respond with a like goodness, then we in turn shall reflect him and, all uncon-

sciously, be blest. We can never give without receiving. Like begets like.

Do you remember the story in our childhood books, founded on this same fact of reflection that is in the text? A very little fellow looked into a pool of water and saw another boy. Like some folk older than himself, he did not like strangers, so he made a face at the boy. The other boy made a face in return. The little chap went crying to his mother, complaining of the ill treatment. She bade him try the experiment of smiling at the strange boy. He was a little man of the world and had no faith in such an unpractical way of dealing with his fellows, but he agreed to try. Of course the strange boy smiled back at him in return. The strange boy generally does smile back.

No doubt it pays. Sympathy is spending oneself, yielding one's standpoint, forgetting one's pleasure, to come to a fellow-feeling with another. But it pays. I think Henry Drummond, the best teacher of our generation in the meaning of love, has said somewhere, "The most honorable debtor, the most supremely honorable debtor in the world, is Love." It pays now, and it pays forever. For what more blessed summing up of life, what greater joy eternal, than to have come to some brother, man to man, and found response and led him unto better things.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In lives made better by their presence.

THE SECRET OF JESUS

THE SECRET OF JESUS

Thinkest thou that I cannot beseech my Father, and he shall even now send me more than twelve legions of angels?—[Matthew xxvi, 53.]

A most wonderful scene: midnight in Gethsemane; the paschal moon throwing deep the shadows of the olive trees in the garden; the eleven aroused from sleep, gathered about their Master, half ready to fight, half ready to flee; the temple guard with flaring torches, the traitor in the lead; and in the midst of all, calm and self-possessed, Jesus.

He alone is calm in all the company. The disciples betray the conflicting emotions of fear and anger; the soldiers seem awed by the august presence, wishing their ungrateful task were over; Judas is already uneasy with the betrayal of innocent blood. But Jesus, the center of the conspiracy, is master of the situation.

What is the source of the serenity of Jesus in Gethsemane? It is not bravado, as men in defiance of their enemies, have suffered agonies of torture without a groan. It is not ecstasy, as martyrs have even courted death, the pathway to glory. It is not indifference, as stern men accept the inevitable.

Sometimes this moment in the life of Jesus has been thought of as one of sheer passivity. It is rather a

moment of virility. See the manhood, the poise, the self-possession. There is not a trace of the agony of spirit through which he has passed. Nor is there a mere submission to the assaults of wicked men. His complete mastery of himself is manifest in the calm rebuke with which he checks the ardor of the disciple who is ready to fight and to die for him:

“Thinkest thou that I cannot beseech my Father, and he shall even now send me more than twelve legions of angels?”

The calmness of his spirit is evident in the play of the imagination, which after his usual custom clothes the spiritual in material forms. The military guard furnishes the figure of speech in which to express his consciousness of the overruling might of the Father. Man is not triumphing over God. Twelve brigades of Heaven are not held at bay by this platoon of temple soldiery. The prayer lately in the darkness is being answered, “Thy will, not mine, be done.”

The secret of the serenity of Jesus is to be found in that prayer. He had a healthy and exquisite sensitiveness to pain, sadness and unkindness. It is not manly to be able to endure anything, without caring what happens or what people say or do. That is rough insensibility. Our Lord had a fineness of nature with all his strength. He shrank from the horror of the betrayal, the mockery of the trial, the howling mob, the bitter, base ingratitude, and the cross. He loved friendship, and the popularity that comes of appreciation, and the comfort of happy living. And so he prayed, “Let this cup pass from me.”

And yet with that strong interest in life and life's goodness, Jesus had the remarkable power of holding himself independent of every material condition. He was in the world, living as a man among men, subject to all life's vicissitudes. And yet he held himself so aloof from things and circumstances, so masterfully he used them and never allowed himself to be servant to them, that whatever happened he could not be overwhelmed. I think it was Matthew Arnold who spoke of the secret of Jesus to secure mastery by utter self-renunciation. He was so completely, and in such an entirely healthy manner, unselfish, that he was invulnerable. Therefore he prayed with perfect sincerity, "nevertheless not my will."

And with that self-renunciation, there was confidence in the Father. Jesus believed that God was ever near, that he had a great deal to do with this world. He believed that the interests of men were more important to God than to the men themselves, and that the Almighty Father would care for his children. His utter self-renunciation is not the sheer necessity, with which the shipwrecked sailor gives his craft to the chance of wind and wave. It is rather the confidence with which the captain yields the wheel to the pilot, who through the tortuous channel will bring the vessel into port. So Jesus in Gethsemane could pray, "Thy will be done." And rising from his knees he could go forth to waken his disciples, and to meet Judas and the soldiers, with the calmness of the Son of God.

The secret of Jesus in the crisis of Gethsemane was

the secret of his strong, peaceful life throughout. As much in the boyhood home of Nazareth, and in the early years of his happier ministry, as in the latter days when he set his face steadfastly toward Jerusalem to give his life a ransom for many.

The secret of Jesus is faith in the Father who knows, and loves, and rules; and with that an enjoyment of all the brightness of life, and a confidence that every loss may be the means of spiritual gain.

FAITH IN THE FATHER.

We have all probably had illustrations of the simplicity of a child's faith in God. The child easily feels that God knows all about him, and all about his toys, and his playmates, and his hopes and fears. And the child believes that God is interested, for if God loves him how can he help being interested in such important matters as fill the mind of the little fellow? And as he is quite sure that God can do everything, he prays that the weather may be fine, and that he may have many good things, and he expects a divine assistance in all his plays and plans. So long as his faith remains simple and undisturbed, the child believes in a God who knows, and loves, and rules.

Jesus commended the faith of a child. And his own faith in the Father was as direct and simple. When he would tell his disciples that they should not worry about food and clothing, he said to them, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need

of all these things." God is not too high for our small concerns.

But of course the faith of the child is imperfect, because it is self-centered. The child thinks of God as he thinks of his own father, largely as a wonderful being who can do things for him. True christian faith is just as simple, but it is God-centered. It is not a confidence that the Father will do what we want, but that the Father knows our needs and will do the best. Out of such a faith grows self-renunciation. You can leave everything to a God whom you can trust.

We all share the faith of Jesus so far as he himself was concerned. We are as confident as even the Lord himself that he was safe in Gethsemane. The plotting Sanhedrin, the cowardly procurator, the brutal soldiers had no power to harm the Son of God. And if they were permitted to kill him, what divine purposes have been fulfilled thereby! And Jesus has seen of the travail of his soul and has been satisfied. But he was satisfied then. He could leave the issue absolutely with God, feeling that the Father knew all about him, and about all the circumstances, and all the future; that the Father loved him with an everlasting love; and that the Father was supreme. We look back now on those events and feel quite sure that God was in them. But the secret of Jesus is to believe in the midst of the circumstances.

Perhaps there is no truth that every christian more naturally accepts as a part of his creed than that God may be absolutely trusted. Of course the Being

who knows all, and is infinitely kind, and also omnipotent is beyond all question trustworthy. And yet in practical living how easily we forget God. We worry over the future as if there were no providence. We are vexed and disturbed as if God had no part in our lives. We cling to things, and set our hearts on our desires, as if they were the supreme concern. The joy of self-renunciation springing from a perfect trust, not many of us know.

Ruskin has beautifully shown the application of this principle in common life. He wrote a letter of advice to young girls, in which he reminded them of Christ's great demand of self-renunciation, but added that in their young lives they probably would not be called upon to give up houses, and lands, and parents, and home, while they would have to meet the annoyances of spoiling a pretty fancy-piece, and tearing a valuable handkerchief, and suffering the rudeness and unkindness of companions. Then he says, "The one thing needful for you is that none of these things vex you, and spoil your evenness of temper. Say to yourself after prayers every morning: Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be my disciple." And he explains that to forsake all that one hath, is not to give it up, but to give it to the Lord to take care of. If he does not take care of it, it was of no value; if he takes anything away, you are better without it; if he gives anything back, it is just what you need.

Such a self-renunciation means self-mastery. And

it is not unhappy. Part of the secret of Jesus was the enjoyment of all the brightness of life.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.

He never gave up anything just for the sake of giving it up. He never thought there was any value in being miserable. The Son of Man came eating and drinking. He loved the flowers and the birds and the fruits. He delighted in the friendship of the cultured home at Bethany. It is in view of his supreme sacrifice, that the prophetic title "Man of Sorrows" has attached to him. But Jesus did not call himself the Man of Sorrows. He spoke rather of joy.

If religion is especially self-renunciation, then Buddha may teach equally with Jesus. But Buddhism is repressive: let me desire nothing, for desire leads to all covetousness and all wickedness. The glorious balance of Jesus is that he can truly yield everything to the Father, and, at the same time, fully enjoy every good thing that life brings.

There is an abiding scepticism among us that God does not care about our joys. Too often the heavenly Father is regarded as a kind of religious being apart from the life of the world, a kind of supreme High Priest, who would have us ever at devotions, and sacrifices, and in attendance at the sanctuary. But God made the world. He made skies blue, and grass green, and snow dazzling white. He made all the colors of the flowers, and all the flavors of the fruits. God hid in the earth the shining metals, for which we dig so eagerly. He crystalized the diamond and the

ruby, and taught the shellfish to build the exquisite pearl. God created the sheep with the shaggy wool, that we may card for our clothing, and commanded the worm to spin the silken filaments for our delicate fabrics. God clothed the otter, the mink and the seal with the skins that we prize. He imprisoned the sunbeams of a myriad years ago, that we might liberate them for our warmth, and light, and power, and for all the colors of our garments. This is God's world. He made it, and saw that it was very good, and said to man: Have dominion.

The secret of Jesus is to enjoy every good thing, only not to be so absorbed in the gift as to forget the giver, and not to repine if the good things do not come, for God knows best.

In that same letter of Ruskin to young girls he bids them love pretty things, and wear bright colors that are becoming, and enjoy the sunshine and the sweetness that the days may bring; but to enjoy them because God sends them, and not to complain if he withholds them.

How well I remember in the boyish schooldays the glorious half hour at noon on the old English playground, under the horse-chestnut trees. Lunch was dispatched in dangerously short time, and then came football, cricket and every fun. All too soon the bell rang. Then every eye sought the place where the head master stood, for sometimes on a sunny afternoon he would lift his stick, and that meant a half hour longer in delightful freedom. But the second bell always sent us back to work. We wished the

stick might have been lifted every day. But the good master knew best. It would have been safe to trust him even had there been no compulsion. The secret of the strong boyish life was to enjoy the fun heartily, and then go back to our desks to put our life blood into the mastery of learning.

One afternoon Jesus started for a holiday. He and the disciples had earned the rest. They had been on a long tour, and had been separated, going two by two. So Jesus said: We will take the boat and go away from the crowd, and spend a few hours quietly on the eastern shore. But when they reached the other side, the crowd was there. Some great preachers would have been irritated if a vacation were spoiled. Jesus might have argued that this stupid crowd was only following him for curiosity, and for what material good they could get out of him; that God had nothing to do with their importunity. But Jesus never left God out of any circumstance. His behavior in that single incident reveals his attitude toward life. He needed rest. He would greatly have enjoyed the green slopes of those hills in the spring time, and the beauty of blue Galilee. Instead of rest he was offered one of the most exacting days of all his ministry. He accepted it with calmness and willingness, as later he accepted the hard conditions in Gethsemane.

That was his secret. He could enjoy the brighter ways of life as the gift of the Father, or he could forego the joys, confident that God works all things well. For Jesus knew that every loss may be the means of spiritual gain.

NO LOSS WITHOUT GAIN.

I do not think it is true that everything happens for the best. That is a pious phrase that we often hear, but it is not scriptural. Many things happen because of sin, and sin is never for the best. Our Lord did not tell Peter in the garden that it was all for the best. He told him that God was reigning. He said that the traitor and the band of soldiers, bent on wicked purpose, were not frustrating God. There were twelve legions of angels to overwhelm them if necessary. He said: We will not pray for the angels; God knows; there will come good even out of the evil.

I think that is a most important distinction. It is really the distinction between fatalism and faith. It is the difference between Jesus and Mohammed. The distinction is seen strikingly in two English poets. Pope has the line,

Whatever is, is right,

a statement absolutely false, and serviceable to defend conservative stupidity and vested wrong. But Browning, with noble and true optimism, sings,

God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

That is very different, for it means that God's oversight and overruling shall bring the right.

There are sad things and bad things in life. We are surrounded with the mysteries of sorrow and suffering. None of us has been secure from losses, real losses of good things. It is a loss when a boy has to

leave school to support his family. If we had proper social conditions that would never be necessary. It is a loss when a man is laid aside with a contagious disease. If we applied the rules of sanitation that would be avoided. It is a loss when people cheat us and deceive us. There are a thousand things that are against us, which God does not bring, and which would not come, if his will were done on earth as it is in heaven. But they do come, and they will come. They are losses, but they can be transformed into blessings. All things are not good, but all things work together for good to them that love God.

We must take the world as it is. Jesus has given us very little philosophy about the problems of life. He took the world as he found it, and has shown us how gain may come out of every loss.

We are here among men, friendly, helpful, inspiring, but also selfish, sinful, troublesome. We dwell in bodies, wonderful, vital, responsive, but also limited, decaying. We live under physical conditions, beautiful, gladdening, happy, but sometimes hard and destructive. It is the secret of Jesus to make all of them helpful and none of them harmful; to find God in the hunger of the wilderness and in the good cheer of the publican's feast; to work out character and destiny in contact with a John and also with a Judas; to be self-possessed, and mindful only of the will of God, when the multitude would make him king and when the soldiers would arrest him in Gethsemane.

There is nothing sinister that can happen to anyone who has learned this secret of Jesus. In the Hellenic

legend the hero, plunged in the waters of the Styx, was invulnerable: no weapon could harm him, no enemy destroy him. So is the christian who has the mind of Christ.

I think of an old man who has learned the secret. He has fallen into evil days, for he is on trial for his life on a heavy, well supported charge of treason. But some friends are true, and they make up a little purse, and send it by one of their number to help him in his necessary expenses. It wonderfully cheers him, and he writes them a letter full of joy, "I have learned, in whatever state I am, therein to be content. In everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." Perhaps he is rather a passive character, this prisoner who simply puts up with the inevitable. Scarcely would you think so, if you had listened to his impassioned plea for liberty when first arrested; and if you had seen him before the Jewish council and the Roman procurators; and heard him with rare skill plead, now his Jewish orthodoxy, and now his Roman citizenship, in his great endeavors for release. But his efforts have been in vain. He has been sent to Rome to wait the dilatory pleasure of the imperial court to hear his case. The missionary of the world is chained to a Roman soldier and confined in one small room. But he has learned the secret. Rich spiritual experiences come in those months. The most spiritual epistle ever penned comes from that prison. Paul has meant infinitely more to

the church because he was the prisoner of Jesus Christ.

God makes no mistakes. The twelve legions are ever ready to do his bidding. Sometimes he sends them. Sometimes he lets the losses come, and then brings spiritual blessing out of them, that could have come no other way.

If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

WHY MAKE JUDAS THE
TREASURER?

WHY MAKE JUDAS THE TREASURER?

“Judas had the bag.”—[John xiii: 29.]

The question has often been discussed, why Jesus made Judas one of his disciples. It is not enough to say that he knew who would betray him, and chose him that the prophecy might be fulfilled. No man was ever brought into this world predestined to sin. Judas was not obliged to be a traitor. Of course our Lord, who read the hearts of men, knew his character. But I think he had hope of Judas. Why not? He never gave up anyone as lost. Many of his warnings must have been directed to that man. Indeed, the very purpose of his statement in the upper room that he knew that one should betray him must have been to give the traitor an opportunity of confession. And if he had confessed, he would have found forgiveness. Let no one ask how God's plans could have been carried out had Judas repented. God's plans are not dependent on any man's sin. No evil deed was ever done in this world that God needed or desired.

Jesus did choose Judas, when he was selecting twelve men especially fitted to be with him and to learn his thought of the Kingdom of God. There must have been some promise in the man. We know of him only that he was from Kerioth in Judea, while the other disciples were from Galilee. We can only conjecture that in joining the apostolic band he may have been sincere enough, but probably with the lower

motive that the kingdom would be profitable. He had the same opportunities as the rest of the disciples. He heard the Sermon on the Mount. He went out with a companion on the preaching tour, speaking the word of the Kingdom, healing the sick, casting out demons.

Judas was distinguished from his fellow disciples by the office that he held. Thirteen men having given up their occupations to become itinerant preachers must have means of support. Some of the disciples may have had a little money. We know that a number of godly women contributed funds toward the simple expenses. Whatever they had from various sources was naturally put into a common store, and somebody must take care of it. Not Jesus, of course. It would be out of place for him to concern himself with the details of their small finance. Who should be treasurer? Judas had the business ability. Then let Judas carry the bag.

The besetting sin of this new treasurer was covetousness. No accounts were asked for. Nothing could be easier than the abstraction of small sums for his own use. He began to pilfer. He must have quailed when Jesus spoke about the covetous, and the dangers of that dread vice. But he hardened himself. Very likely he excused himself. Why should he give up his time without recompense? The officers of the Kingdom ought to be provided for, and well.

Judas was ambitious also. If it pleased him to be treasurer, it did not please him that he was not one of the three nearest to Jesus. And he was greatly troubled that the Master should put so slight emphasis

on the political and practical aspects of the Kingdom. The great day came on the eastern shore of the lake, when the hungry multitudes were seated, and the loaves and fishes in the Master's hands were enough for the five thousand. Now, indeed, the Lord was using his power as became him. The people began to question whether such a one was not their king. The word fell gratefully on Judas' ears. King he ought to be. And the disciple already saw himself Lord Treasurer of the reconstructed Jewish kingdom. But Jesus threw away his chance. He let the crowd disperse. When they gathered to him again he spoke to them only of the bread of heaven. Judas began to wonder if he had chosen wrong. Dark thoughts of disappointment were in his heart. The people fell away from Jesus. Only the twelve remained—Judas with them. The Lord read his bitter disappointment. I think that stern word was intended for Judas as a warning, "Did I not choose you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" For the devil of covetousness and ambition was possessing him.

But still he stayed. Perhaps still he hoped. At least he held the bag and there was opportunity of gain. Enmities grew around the Master. With fine yet hopeless loyalty Thomas said, "Let us go with him to Jerusalem and die with him." Judas had joined the apostolic band with different purpose. Yet he followed to Jerusalem.

Then came that night when the fervid Mary broke the vase of costly ointment for the Lord. Judas could not conceal his annoyance at the waste. It might have

been sold and put into the treasury—and given, of course, to the poor. Yes, and with a handsome percentage for the expenses of administration. For at this point the record plainly states that Judas was a thief.

But Jesus approves the waste, speaking of the perfume as for his burying. It is clear that he will not use the means of gain that come easily to his hand. He is determined to refuse the leadership of the people and to let the rulers kill him. Why should Judas any longer hesitate to renounce so unprofitable a master. Bitter disappointment indeed. He had hoped so much. And then the fiendish scheme suggests itself to make at least some profit out of the renunciation. Judas goes to the priests and asks them, "What will you give?" His besetting vice has reached its last possibility of enormity. He will sell his master for silver. How easy the progress of sin: covetousness, sordid view of the kingdom, pilfering from the bag—a thief—a traitor.

Then why did Jesus give Judas the bag? When a man was already liable to the sin of covetousness, why make him the treasurer of the little society? Why not keep money out of his fingers, watch over him, compel him to be honest? It is with us a settled maxim of Christian influence that temptation should not be put in the way of the unstable. But Jesus did not put temptation in Judas' way. He put victory in his way. As if he had said: "Judas, you have the petty miserable sin of loving money better than truth and honor lurking in your heart. Come with me.

I trust you. Carry the bag. It is your chance to be a man."

He must conquer or fall *with the bag*. He must meet the trial. But not alone. He must meet it in the presence and companionship of Jesus. He is to carry that dangerous treasurer's bag under the inspiration and influence, with the prayer and help, with the kindly warning and loving encouragement of Jesus. In the company of Jesus he must carry it to victory or failure. And so must we. It is

THE TEST OF THE BAG.

The conditions of life are those of conflict with temptation. To become a Christian does not mean to be removed from temptation. It is certain that we shall be subject to its fierce assaults.

Are you hot tempered, my friend? God will not remove you to an Eden of delight, where nothing shall ruffle your sensitive spirit. There will be something to test you to-morrow. There will be something to swear at in the morning, some one to quarrel with at noon, some one to bully in the evening. You will meet men and women and things at a thousand points of irritation, and will have every opportunity of breaking into anger.

Are you naturally idle? You will not be brought into circumstances where every effort is delightful and finds immediate reward. It will be hard to get up to-morrow. There will be monotonous duties to perform and a dozen opportunities to shirk will be afforded.

Are you tempted to impurity? You cannot be removed to conditions where the passions of the flesh are extinguished and purity of heart is inevitable. Evil suggestions shall come to-morrow. Unexpected means of self-indulgence may be afforded. It is the condition of life.

Are you covetous? You shall carry the bag. Of course, it is dangerous. You would be safer if it were taken away from you. But it shall not be taken away from you.

Why should things be so? Why not remove the causes of ill temper, and the incentives to idleness, and the suggestions of all that is shameful and the opportunity of every sin? Why not order the world so that naturally, spontaneously, even inevitably we should be good? Well, I suppose, because such conditions would not make men. And God wants men.

I am not much of a mechanic yet, but I often remember with amusement one of my early attempts at carpentering. When quite a little boy, I had some chickens, for which it was necessary to provide a run. I built a fence. It looked fairly well when I had finished it. It would probably have answered my purpose satisfactorily, but unfortunately somebody leaned against it, and it broke. It was not meant for people to lean against. It was only intended to restrain the roving propensities of a few chickens. But what is the good of a fence that will not stand some strain? And what is the good of a man, if he cannot stand the strain of life? Make him the treasurer, give him the bag, send him out into life's difficulties. He must con-

quer or fall. It is the only hope of his manhood. If he cannot be a man with the bag, he can never be a man at all.

It is strange, of course, how easily the opportunities of sin are provided. The world seems to be made so that a man can go wrong if he at all desires. There is alcoholic intoxication. Man is so constituted as to make the stimulus of fermented liquors, pleasing, animating, delightful. It cheers the heart, quickens the senses, promoted sociability. And nature has lavishly provided the means of gratifying these tastes. Almost every natural juice ferments if it be only let alone. Even savage races have easily found the art of producing fiery beverages. And the vice of drunkenness with its attendant brawls, brutalities, impoverishment, madness, despair has rioted in the world since the beginning.

Why create men with such cravings, and why provide so easy means for their satisfaction? Would it not have been better to make men so that they would not care to drink, or else to make fermentation impossible? And so we go on asking questions, until we come at last to the final question: why the possibility of evil at all? And it is a foolish question. Man is here, and sin is here, and God is here. God makes manhood through victory over sin. If there be any better way to make manhood we do not know it. We may as well take the facts as they are. Give Judas the bag. It cannot be kept from him. Jesus prayed "not that thou wouldest take them out of the world, but that thou wouldest keep them from the evil." To be

a Christian is to stay in the world and to keep from the evil.

Then give him the bag. But not alone. Judas is not the treasurer of the apostolic band as a lonely test of his strength. He must have the test of the bag, but it is

THE TEST IN THE FELLOWSHIP OF JESUS.

He might have conquered. Infinite strength would have been given to him. That is what salvation means. Salvation, in its full significance, is not letting a man off from the penalty of his transgression. It is not a mere pardoning of the embezzling treasurer when his guilt is discovered. Salvation is power. Salvation is character. A man is not saved fully, strongly, till he can carry the bag, spite of the temptation and covetousness, and, with the sense of the fellowship of Jesus, finger its contents with clean hands.

Judas was not the only covetous man whom the Lord called to be an apostle. Levi was a publican. The publicans were notorious for dishonesty. No man who expected to be honest would go into the publican business, any more than a man to-day who really believed in the moderate use of alcohol would go into the saloon business. The profits of the publican were made by grinding the people, as the profits of the saloon keeper are made through the promotion of drunkenness. Jesus called the grasping cheat from his place of toll, and Levi-Matthew with a new strange desire to be one of the kingdom of God, followed him. Followed him who had not where to lay his head. Followed him

when he refused to be a king. Followed him on the last journey to Jerusalem. Fled to be sure in the fear of Gethsemane, but was one of the eleven who waited. He followed Jesus on the last walk to Olivet, then went forth into the self-denying life of an apostle. Matthew had plenty of opportunity to fall into the sin of a lover of money rather than a lover of God, but in the new power of the companionship of Jesus, he conquered.

That was the whole secret of Jesus' hope for men. He would call them, sinners as they were, and, by the mighty inspiration of his fellowship, he would lead them to love him better than they loved their darling sins. He called John. We cannot help thinking of the young John, so beautifully drawn for us by the master, painters, as a sweet and tender spirit. He seems to be rather meditative and made of a finer clay than the common run of bustling, pushing, selfish humanity. But of course we well know that the young man was nothing of the kind. If we had the full history, we should better understand why Jesus called him and his fiery brother "Boanerges," sons of thunder. John was high spirited, irascible. It was he, as we well remember, who wanted to burn up a village, because the people refused them hospitality. It was he and his brother who sought a secret pledge from the coming king that they might have the two highest places in the new administration. Jesus gently rebuked his ardent disciple, taught him the better way, showed him the kindlier spirit, loved him, and the love begat love. John, in the fellowship of Jesus, attained that

greatest of all triumphs of character, the subjugation of an angry, self-assertive spirit. John had plenty of opportunity for irritation. There might easily have been struggle for supremacy in the early church. But he seems to have learned of his master, "he that would be greatest among you, let him be your servant." John conquered in the fellowship of Jesus.

And so must we. We may as well recognize the fact that we shall not be removed from temptations in this life. If we overcome the grosser seductions, we shall be assailed by those subtler and even more dangerous. If we triumph over the sins of the flesh, we shall yet have to meet the sins of the spirit. But Jesus is here still. Like John, we need not fight alone. Nor need we, like Judas, fall alone.

I know a very even tempered man. In our earlier acquaintance I should have classed him as one of those naturally mild individuals, kind of heart, simple of spirit, who do not know what it is to be in a rage. And in the later years I never saw him angry so that he lost his temper. But I saw him irritated. I saw possibilities of wrath. And I learned, what I should never have suspected, that temper was the man's besetting sin. He was too sensible a Christian to make the absurd excuse, which in some people is scarcely to be distinguished from self-approbation, "Well, I am naturally hot tempered. I easily flare up. But then I don't stay angry very long." As if it would be recommendation for a horse that he would occasionally run away and smash things but—he would not run very far. My friend knew the

purpose of Jesus to save "unto the uttermost," that is, to the farthest reach of human need. So he lived in the fellowship of Jesus, and like John, learned poise of spirit.

I knew a young man inclined to the more refined self-indulgence. His natural tastes would have led him to a respectable, moderate, refined, pleasure-loving life—utterly irreproachable and almost utterly selfish. He was a Christian and he saw his need. He separated himself from all wrong things alluring, found opportunities of kindly working, and lived a Christian "kept by the power of God." There were still plenty of means of self indulgence, and I doubt not many a time he reproached himself for selfish love of ease. But in the fellowship of Jesus, he learned the overcoming life.

It is the meaning of salvation. Today the drunkard walks with even steps, the woman who sinned is chaste, the thief steals no more. The strength of the world's sin is not less. It is the presence of Jesus. Judas may turn away to his bag, but some—some listen to the words of the Master. See them. These are tempted to pride. But they hear him saying, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." These are tempted to anger, but Jesus says, "Blessed are the meek." These others are naturally harsh, but the Lord reminds them, "Blessed are the merciful." Some are quarrelsome, but he has said, "Blessed are the peacemakers." These have darker temptings, but Christ's words come to them, "Blessed are the pure in heart." And these,

so many of them, now in this wise, now in that, would find naturally their satisfactions in lower things, but the Master has told them, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." And Judas, the covetous, might heed, if he would, for Jesus speaks so searchingly, "Where your treasure is there shall your heart be also."

In the presence of Jesus no one need lose courage because of a besetting sin. Indeed, it is the glory of Jesus that he not only overcomes our failings, but actually transforms them into virtues. Judas has the bag, not only as the test of the strength of manhood in the companionship of Jesus, but in order that his evil tendency may become his way to glory.

THE BAG IS THE OPPORTUNITY.

Every fault is only wrongly directed activity. It is a good thing to realize the value of money, to have ability to care for it and to administer it, to be economical, watchful against waste, wise in accumulation. In the new society that Jesus was introducing, there would be many requirements for just the administering activity that Judas might develop. Doubtless Jesus chose him because he needed a man with his capacities. Strong sins are indications of strong natures. There are certain people whom we call harmless. The Lord cannot do very much good in this world with harmless people. He would have men and women of strong passions, and he would make them useful by a

process, not of mortification, but of transformation. So we are to glorify God in the body.

Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh today
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
helps soul!'

To an Italian worker in precious stones a gentleman brought a very beautiful onyx to be carved. The stone was perfect save for a peculiar flaw in one place, where it had a brownish appearance. The owner was fearful that this flaw would interfere with the carving of the stone. However, the old lapidary promised to do his best. When the gentleman called to find what the artist had been able to do with the onyx he was delighted to see upon it an exquisite carving of the goddess Diana standing upon a leopard skin. The blemish of the stone had given the opportunity for its finest beauty.

So it might have been with Judas. So it was with John. The ardent, earnest young disciple became the noble evangelist, whose fervor was one of the mightiest forces in the great days of the apostolic church. Jesus would not crush a man's spirit; he would train it. Peter's rashness that might have made him unstable was steadied into the devoutness of him who could be rightly called "the rock." Nathanael's hopes that

might have made him visionary were encouraged into the earnestness of the practical disciple. Thomas' doubts that might have set him apart into vacillating uncertainty, were resolved into a splendid faith. Paul's persecuting bigotry was transformed into the glorious enthusiasm of the missionary of Christ.

Christianity is least of all negative. It is not the mere suppression of fault and resistance of sin. It is positive character and spiritual achievement. Give Judas the bag, not that with fear he may carry it and with pain resist the temptation to betray his trust. Give him the bag that the temptation of selfish covetousness may give way to the glory of unselfish ministration. It is the purpose of Jesus.

I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp with divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

That is salvation through Jesus, who is able to save unto the uttermost (to the last weakness and to the furthest failing) all that come unto God by him.

AMERICAN ANTAGONISMS

AMERICAN ANTAGONISMS

If a house be divided against itself, that house can not stand. [Mark iii: 25.]

This passage of Scripture is inseparably connected with Lincoln's classic use of it, "I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided." The slavery antagonism is over, for we have just passed the thirty-ninth anniversary of Appomattox. But there have arisen other antagonisms in our national life, so menacing, that it behooves us to read again the solemn warning, "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

There is the antagonism that has grown out of the slavery conflict. It is not now an antagonism between North and South, but between white and black. The sectional antagonism has given place to the race antagonism. It is impossible to shut our eyes to its peril. Two races live side by side, without sympathy, with no possibility of union, the one feeling that the other must forever occupy a position of inferiority, while that one in its turn is embittered by what it feels to be oppression. The presence of any population that is an object of suspicion and aversion to the governing race is a menace, but when that population numbers ten millions the menace has become a peril, for "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

That perhaps is a Southern problem, although it is not less national because it is Southern. But we have our antagonism in the North, not of race but of class. It has been our boast in America that we were free from distinctions of caste. We have always had our good families, people of means, culture and education, who have been our natural social leaders. But our poor boys have so constantly advanced from the farm and the factory to the highest places, and worth has so easily made its own position in American life, that we have felt secure from class antagonisms. There should be no patricians and plebeians, no aristocrats and common folk among us. We have been glad to say "a man's a man for a' that." We have hated the snobbery that still exists even in democratic England, where a social expert by asking who your father and grandfather were, what business you are engaged in, how much money you have, where you live and what church you attend, can classify you to a nicety as belonging a trifle above the seventh, but not quite up to the sixth layer in the social pyramid. But if we are fairly free from snobbery, except among our Four Hundreds, who do not count much in American life, we are coming to something else that may be worse. We are coming to have a distinction amounting to a real antagonism between those, on the one hand, who earn a living by the manual trades, and those, on the other hand, who either in large or in small measure are employers of labor. There are influential newspapers today whose main purpose is to stir hatred.

There will be thousands of meetings this Sunday afternoon, where the wrongs and the rights of labor will be the one subject of discussion and where the one aim will be to devise means for compelling recognition of these wrongs and rights.

We cannot forget also that there will be other meetings held this week, probably not on Sunday, and certainly not advertised in the newspapers, where small companies of gentlemen will discuss the ways and means of levying illegal tribute on the whole body of the people; tribute upon all that they eat, upon the fuel they burn, upon the clothes they wear, upon the books they read, upon the medicines necessary to save life; tribute purely for selfish profit, in defiance of the law of the land and in utter contempt and disregard of the striving, struggling mass of the American people. Here is an economic antagonism, so grave, so growing, that the thoughtful man may well say over to himself, "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

See another antagonism. The great ocean liner enters New York harbor. There are Americans returning from the European pilgrimage. There are foreign visitors coming to see the new world. Perhaps there is a distinguished professor in fulfilment of an engagement to lecture at an American University. And then there is the large steerage contingent. Rather miserable people. They are homesick and most of them have been sea-sick. A few have come to meet friends, but most have simply come under that impulse that has been stirring men from the beginning to arise and get

them out to far countries where there is promise of a better chance.

See them as they leave the ship at Ellis Island with their worldly possessions tied in bundles and slung across their shoulders. There are young men, and men with families, and mothers with children in their arms and at their skirts. They have come to the new strange land and they do not understand much about it. They are formed in line for inspection to see if they fulfil the slight requirements imposed on incoming American citizens. They must be healthy and give evidence of being able to make some kind of living. It does not matter whether they can read or write, or whether they have any sort of intelligence. Of course, it is not necessary to have the most rudimentary notion of what America means. If they are not sheer paupers that is enough.

Some come with tickets for farther destinations. These are convoyed to their trains by government officials to protect them from the sharpers. The others pass out from the inspection into the streets of New York City.

Here is a group of Italians. A nice Italian gentleman meets them, who understands English and knows all about things in America and will get them work. They are soon employed in a railroad gang. They do not know that a good portion of the wages they earn is paid to the Italian gentleman, and that a part of that is paid by him to the boss. And if they find it out, they had best keep quiet, for they have signed contracts and it is almost more than life is worth to break them.

So another group of Italians, speaking Italian, meeting only Italians, have formed another Italian community in America, and about all they know of our country is that they have come into a servitude from which there is no escape.

These Jewish families from the steamer have found their way to the Jewish quarter in New York, and other Jewish families have crowded a little closer together and made room for them in the packed tenements. So more men, women and children are at work from early morning till late night, stitching, stitching the coarse garments that constitute the great cheap clothing industry of America. They are among the Jews. They speak their strange jargon. All that they are likely to learn of Americanism is that the adult males have a vote, which is worth a dollar on election day.

In like manner Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians, Austrians, Russians drift each into the settlement of their own people. They will speak their own tongues, think the thoughts of their own people, send their children to parish schools where the same language will be spoken. They will settle down as separate communities, distinct from one another and from the great America of which they are supposed to form a part. Thus sixty-three languages are spoken in the city of New York. We know something of cosmopolitan Chicago. So are all our cities.

In New England, in addition to the European immigration there is a French-Canadian immigration so large that Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian premier, said; "New England is on the way to be a New

France." They do not care to become Americans. They speak French to the third generation.

We must not be misled in our estimate of the meaning of immigration by the prosperous and, in many respects, admirable suburb to the west of us. There is a thrifty German people living away from the great city in a suburb of its own, where the public school gives education to the youth in English. We must think of present day immigration as consisting of Slavs, Latins, Jews, rather than Germanic peoples. We must think of a million of them coming in last year, 140,000 of these illiterate, with all the hopeless unintelligence that goes with blank illiteracy. How long will it take them to become Americans? How much do they care for Americanism? They do not understand it. American law probably touches them for the most part on its repressive side. Of its beneficent effects they know little. Of its power to compel them to fulfil contracts which they do not understand, of its prohibition of vice and of its insistence upon a respectable Sabbath, however poorly enforced, they know much. Their leaders are often socialists, who represent America to them as under the oppression of a tyrannical commercial class. There is little, very little, to lead the mass of present day immigrants to become intelligent and patriotic American citizens.

The question before us is whether a congeries of separate people can become a nation. A clever Frenchman, after paying us a short visit recently, went home to say that America was not a nation. The only bonds of unity he found were that we all speak English and

chew gum. But we do not even all speak English! Is it too much to quote the suggestive Scripture, "a house divided against itself cannot stand?" There is not, of course, between the American and the foreigner such antagonism as between the white and black. The educated Pole or Italian is welcomed among us. To be sure we are not free from the anti-Semitic prejudice. But the antagonism that does exist and is dangerous is between the great American population on the one hand and these large and increasing foreign communities within our borders, alien to our life and thought, on the other hand.

I cannot help pressing this point a little further, even at the risk of being thought illiberal. We have a developing antagonism, I believe, of priest versus patriotism. A large proportion of our immigrants are Roman Catholics. If they retain their religion and do not become atheists, they go to the foreign church. The priest, doubtless in most cases a well meaning man, is a foreigner in birth, sympathy and education. He owns supreme allegiance to a foreign ecclesiastical prince. He is by religious interest and conviction opposed to our American free school system. The immigrants therefore, under the direction of the priest, send their children to the parochial school, where the instruction is in a foreign tongue and where the Protestant religion, being wholly misunderstood, is misrepresented. The Polish or Italian child leaves the parish school wretchedly instructed in secular learning (for the schools are notoriously ill equipped) and fortified in ecclesiastical prejudice. His whole training has kept

him a foreigner. He will vote for a foreigner for office because he is a foreigner and in order that the foreign idea may prevail.

It is a fact to be reckoned with that Roman Catholicism, which is dead of dry rot in every Catholic country, is setting its hope on a vigorous propaganda in the Anglo-Saxon countries. I am not an alarmist. I do not expect the Pope to transfer his residence to Washington. I know that Rome has lost enormously in this country—probably more than half her adherents. But still she has ten millions of our population. Her hierarchy is the most remarkable organization in the world. She has plenty of time. And, without imputing unworthy motives to any man from the Pope to the parish priest, it is plain to see that the Roman Catholic idea and the American idea are antagonistic. In the city of Chicago has not the archbishop endeavored to cripple the school system by the abolition of the normal training for teachers? And is it not significant that the few prelates who have tried to be Americans have not found favor at the Vatican?

Another antagonism to which we have been somewhat blind has recently been forced on our attention through the consideration of the United States Senate and through the appearance of Mormon missionaries in Oak Park. It is polygamy versus the Christian family. Our missionaries in Utah have been telling us for years that polygamy was taught and practised in the Mormon state. But we have preferred to accept the findings of Mormon grand juries and the statements of an interested press. Let me say, by the way, that

it is the fashion to sneer at what missionaries report. But when the proofs come in, whether it be as concerns liquor selling in Manila, cruelties in the Congo rubber trade, vice in the English Indian army, or the violation of solemn constitutional provision in Utah, the missionaries are generally found to be right. Well, it is clear to the whole country now.

Not long ago one of the Mormon apostles visited a school and made a gift toward a scholarship of so much from himself and so much from each of his two wives. The boys laughed. Nice training for the boys! The smooth representative who came to my house had the impudence to defend polygamy. I reminded him that Paul said a bishop should be the husband of one wife. "O yes," he replied, "that means at least one." We have been joking about this matter, but the Mormons have not been joking. They hold Utah. They have their hands on three or four other states around them. Some day they may have the balance of power in the United States Senate. We thought the fundamental idea of the Christian family was safe in America. But there has developed an antagonism. There is a limit beyond which it is not safe for that antagonism to extend, for "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

May I speak of one other antagonism? It does not very much touch us, for it is on our frontiers and we do not realize it. Once it was more important than any of those that I have mentioned—the antagonism of Indian versus settler. We have nothing to fear from the Indian now. He has been driven into the far reser-

vations, where in paganism he is nursing his real and fancied wrongs. The white man is still crowding upon him, pushing him further and further, and the sad story of the poor Indian is told ever again. It is not a dangerous antagonism, but it ought to be ended for the credit of our nation and for the sake of the remnants of the red tribes which remain after the trying process of three hundred years of civilization.

White versus black, workman versus employer, Americanism versus foreignism, polygamy versus purity, Indian versus civilization—these are the antagonisms of America. Taken together they constitute our peculiar problem. No nation was ever the meeting ground of such antagonisms, so many and so varied. How can they possibly be resolved? There must be a way. We do not expect the house to fall, but we do expect that it shall cease to be divided.

Does history teach anything? In the old Roman world there were two great antagonisms, one of class and one of race: master and slave, Jew and gentile. To the master, the slave was the creature of his will doomed to inevitable inferiority. To the slave the master was a tyrant. To the Jew, the gentile was alien in race, in creed, in destiny. It was pollution to eat with him. To the gentile, the Jew was a bigot, a hater of his kind. But a new institution came very quietly into the life of the old Roman world. Soon there were groups of men and women meeting together on the first day of the week. There was mingling of masters and slaves in those companies; yes, even of Jews and gentiles. Children were instructed very carefully in the

principles of truth, purity and love. The love of God and of men was in the hearts of those people. The Christians multiplied. The children in the classes of instruction increased a hundred-fold, a thousand-fold. At last the great distinctive feature in the Empire, breaking down all barriers of nationality and caste, was the Christian Church. And when the barbarians came down from the North and inundated Rome, the Church took them and taught them. Christian education resolved the great antagonisms of the old world.

Christian education is the hope of America—the common school, the Church and the Bible school, the alliance of positive spiritual Christianity with earnest educational effort. Put the negroes out of account for a moment and consider the other antagonisms. The solution of the labor question lies with the laborers themselves. In the Christian spirit they can solve it. If the Christian idea possesses them they will proceed in the right way and the wise way. No Christian working man is a very dangerous type of unionist. I am not of course suggesting the old plan of keeping the people down by preaching obedience to the existing order of things and teaching them a catechism, that they should be contented in the station of life to which it has pleased God to call them. I am suggesting that in Christian enlightenment are to be found those ideas of fairness, honor, generosity, brotherhood, which are needed on both sides of the labor antagonism. They tell us that Christianity has not made rich men fair or poor men honest. It is because there has not been enough Christianity.

The foreign problem absolutely yields to the evangelical church. There is no foreign problem where Christianity is ascendant. Drop into the Italian Baptist Church in Buffalo some festal Sunday. Those black eyed youngsters belong to the Sunday School. If you could not see them you might know their race, for even Christianity cannot eliminate garlic. The chapel is decorated with American flags. Hear the children sing in English, "My country, 'tis of thee." They are not thinking of sunny Italy, but of the land of Washington and of the Protestant founders. Keep those children in that Sunday school. Teach them our holy faith. Teach them in English. Reach the older folk, of course, in the language in which they were born, but teach the children in English. Your Christian young men and women of Italian parentage will be no danger to the Republic.

Our Home Missionaries are preaching the gospel in twenty-two languages to the parents and in English to the children. The children of Baptist foreigners are Americans. They come out of the clannish communities into our broad American life. It seems a small thing to bring to bear on the incoming tide of a million immigrants—a chapel and a Sunday school. But it is enough. It will do the business. But you must have more than twenty-five chapels for a million immigrants. There's the rub.

Roman Catholicism is not to be met by political anti-Catholic organizations. Preach the truth. Let them know. Give them the Bible. "Are you a Catholic, Mike?" "Yes, sir." "And do you pray to the Vir-

gin Mary?" "No, sir." "Why, how is that?" "Well, you see, they were reading us a piece how Mary and Joseph brought Jesus up to the big cathedral and they lost him. And Mary was three days looking for him and knew nothing about him. So, says I to myself, if Mary knew nothing about her own son for three days, what does she know about Mike Maloney?"

Give Mike a little more of the New Testament, and when he has children of his own, and he will probably have a good many, he will send them to an American public school and to an American Sunday school. Little chapels in New England are beginning to Americanize even the French Canadians. There is no other way. But as yet there are not enough little chapels.

Of course spiritual Christianity and enlightenment will end Mormonism. Already outside of Utah the Christian standard of purity is making itself felt upon the Mormons. I have seen in the South the blue miasmatic haze settling down at night with its death chill on the land. But the sun in the morning dispels it. If for a few years we took a fraction of the pains to flash the light of our Lord upon the Mormon peoples that their hierarchy takes to gain recruits from other states, we should soon see the passing of this evil foolish thing from our national life.

It has been proved that Christian education will make a good citizen of the Indian. There are great qualities in that race. A shame that we should have treated them as children, feeding them and telling them to play and be quiet. It has been demonstrated that the Indian can be taught to be clean and to work. He can learn the

love of truth. He is naturally reverent and will love the Great Spirit, when he is known as Heavenly Father. Our Indian Christians have given us a most suggestive characteristic word for the Christian life. They call it "the Jesus road." There are not wanting Indians of distinguished ability, and there is no reason why those who remain of the old tribes should not come into our Christian civilization.

Now come to the Southern antagonism. Suppose every negro were at work at the thing he could do best. Suppose every negro were intelligent. Suppose the black people owned their little homes, cultivated their own little farms, and the shiftlessness and squalor of today should give place to orderliness and thrift. Suppose there should be added to his emotional religion the idea of righteousness, so that to be a Christian negro meant to be honorable and chaste. Just suppose such a transformation should take place. There might still be some difficult questions of social and political equality, but would not the dangerous antagonism be ended? Of course such a consummation, however devoutly to be wished, is far off. But the means to attain it are in our hands—Christian education, the training of religious and educational leaders and the spiritual and industrial education of the mass.

American antagonisms are to be ended through the varied activities indicated by the phrase, "Home Missions."

WHAT IS GOOD?

WHAT IS GOOD?

“He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?”—[Micah vi: 8.]

Here is the prophetic answer to the cry of humanity seeking after God. In sacraments men have sought to find him, and in ceremonials to please him. Oppressed with the sense of the awful necessity of satisfying Deity, wretched humanity has even offered its own blood for atoning sacrifice. Centuries of heathenism cry from myriad altars dripping human blood.

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord,
And bow myself before the high God?
Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression,
The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

The prophet Micah has the answer. No need to prove the divine inspiration of his utterance. Its appeal is immediate to the conscience and the heart. It lifts religion out of the ceremonial into the ethical realm, defining goodness in terms of relation between man and man, between man and God. It condemns with its own sublime reasonableness all sacramental and ritual religion as immature and unspiritual. It has been well called the greatest saying of the Old Testament. It breathes

the spirit of Jesus Christ seven centuries before he came. It is God's answer to man's need,

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good;
And what doth the Lord require of thee,
But to do justly, and to love mercy,
And to walk humbly with thy God?

Men are still seeking to know what is good. We believe that our Christianity is the good that the world needs. A very practical question for us to consider then is, whether our modern Christianity meets this divine definition of religion: justice, kindness and humble fellowship with God.

The demand

TO DO JUSTLY

would seem so elemental and inevitable as to need little discussion. No one can deny the obligation of fair dealing without condemning himself. And yet a serious embarrassment of Christianity today is in the interpretation of honesty and fairness by its adherents. What is it to do justly? Of course it is to tell the truth, to give fair weight and fair measure, not to adulterate nor misrepresent. These run glibly off the tongue, but in practical business Christian men do not always find these evident principles so easy of application.

A lumber dealer told me that specifications reached him every week calling for bids for second grade lumber. As a matter of fact third grade lumber was always used for that kind of work. He knew that his competitors bid on the basis of

third grade, although of course they were agreeing to furnish what was called for in the specifications. If he put in his bids on the basis of second grade lumber, he would never get an order. He decided to fall in with the prevailing custom. Was that to do justly? He said that it was, because he gave his customer what he needed and what everybody else would have given him. But he did not give what he promised.

A few years ago I helped elect a man to the Legislature. He was an exceptional man, and we all expected him to take a stand against every abuse. He did, and we were proud of his record. But it transpired that he accepted the customary pass sent by the railroads to members of the Legislature. Some of his supporters thought that he ought not to have done so. I had a talk with him on the matter. He said that he had not at first intended to accept the pass, regarding it as a kind of bribe. But he found that the companies simply regarded it as an accommodation which they were glad to furnish to those who were required to travel often on public business. The railroads asked nothing in return, except that they expected to be treated fairly. My friend did not doubt that there might be at times very questionable railroad lobbies, but he found that the principal work of the railroads at Springfield was to defend themselves from the assaults of rascals. A favorite method of blackmail employed by some of our representatives is to introduce a bill, which is apparently very much in the public inter-

est, but in reality is drawn so as to cause the greatest possible annoyance to the railroads. It is never intended that the measure shall pass. But the introducer of the bill and his friends expect to be well paid for allowing it to be withdrawn. My friend opposed such measures with a good conscience—and used his pass. Was he right? There can be no doubt that railroad passes are a great evil. Every man could ride for two cents a mile if every passenger paid his fare.

A few years ago a train of fourteen Pullman cars went down to Springfield loaded with legislators, office holders, office seekers, political henchmen and hangers-on generally. After they had passed a country station half way down the line, the conductor came into the car where a group of the statesmen were chatting and said with a grin, "Gentlemen, a blamed fool just got on this train with a cash ticket." Not another man had paid his fare. A prominent magazine writer asked the other day: "Where is the line at which graft begins?"

The Southern Baptists were greatly stirred a few years ago over a suit brought by a prominent minister against a Texas railroad to recover damages on account of injuries which he had sustained in a wreck. He was travelling on a clergyman's half fare ticket. Now the clergy permit has the provision that the holder shall assume all risk of accident without claim upon the company. Notwithstanding that he had signed that agreement, the minister sued the company and won his case, be-

cause the provision is void in law. You cannot make a contract to allow a company to break your leg. Our Southern friends said this man had disgraced the ministry by violating his agreement. He answered that any agreement is binding only in so far as it is reasonable, moral and legal. What is it to do justly?

One of our members told me that some years ago he was annoyed by a petty persecution of the police in his business. Every day it could be held that he obstructed the sidewalk in the passage of his goods from the wagons to the store. A five-dollar bill would keep the policeman quiet. To refuse to be blackmailed meant constant annoyance, fines and loss of time. It is not so easy to do justly in these days.

Graft goes on in its myriad forms, rebates, rake-offs, discounts, favors, bribes. The vital danger is that men shall say that Christians are no better than other men. I raise these questions, which I think must be answered: Is Christianity at a premium in business? Do you feel safer in a commercial transaction when the man with whom you are dealing is a prominent church member? Does the business world believe that Christian business men are in the lead in settling the difficult problems of commercial honor?

The pulpit cannot tell men their duty in specific cases. Each man must decide for himself how to do justly in the complexities of modern business.

I undertake, however, to lay down these three principles of conduct:

First, honesty is a high religious obligation. A Christian man is one who feels a great conviction on this matter. He may be uncertain at times about what he ought to do, but he cannot be indifferent. The man who is in for business, and in for it as everybody else, and who does not care about God, is not a Christian man. If he is not concerned about the demand to do justly, he is, in principle, dishonest. A dishonest Christian is a contradiction in terms. As well talk of an ignorant scholar or a cowardly hero.

I used to hear of a gentleman who went into a hardware store and asked for a spade. The shopman handed him one; "Is that the right size, sir?" The customer began to bend it, testing if it were well made. The merchant smiled. "Do you see the name on the back of that spade?" "Yes, Whitman Manufacturing Co.; what of it?" "Well, sir, that spade is made by John Whitman, and he makes a Christian spade. You need not be afraid of that breaking." I do not know whether Christian spades are made nowadays or not. Let us hope so, for honesty is a high religious obligation.

The second general principle of action would be that wherever the issue is clear between right and wrong, the Christian cannot hesitate for a moment. No consideration of loss or inconvenience can possibly weigh. A Christian cannot do a thing that he knows is wrong. A young clerk called on Mr.

Campbell, of London, a while ago. He was in difficulty. He explained that he had been selling to a customer a piece of antique furniture, a Louis XV. It was genuine, but not perfect, for it had been necessary to insert a new piece of wood to repair it. The customer asked if it were genuine throughout. The young man saw the proprietor watching him. If he had explained the repair, he would have missed the sale and have lost his place. He felt compelled to say that the piece was wholly genuine. Yet, being a Christian, he had come to his minister to ask him, "What would you have done?" It is no easier for a minister to be good than for anybody else, so Mr. Campbell answered him with fine discrimination, throwing the responsibility on the conscience of the young man himself, "I do not know what I would have done, but you know what you ought to have done." At that point we must draw the line. If in other days men were called upon to die for the truth, then today, if need be, men must fail in business for the truth—when the issue is clear. Not when somebody presumes to tell us what to do, but when the issue is clear between right and wrong.

A third principle would be that where the issue between right and wrong is doubtful—and it often is—a Christian will earnestly desire to find out the right. It is easy to use Nelson's ruse, putting the telescope to the blind eye and then saying that we cannot see the signal. A Christian wants to know if the signal is flying. There is this difference be-

tween us and Nelson, that he knew better than the admiral and we do not. The promise shall be fulfilled to us in business matters, if we will, that the Spirit shall guide us into all the truth. Then, Christianity can be nothing less than Lincoln's noble determination "to do the right as God gives us to see the right."

I believe that the appeal of Christianity to our generation depends very largely upon whether Christian business men and workmen shall show the world that to be a Christian is to do justly.

To this great fundamental demand God adds another. Goodness is

TO LOVE MERCY

or, as the American Revision has it, to love kindness. Here we seem to be on easier ground. Business may be complicated, but philanthropy is simple. Many a man who wants to do right, yet cannot quite stand the strain of it in the commercial world, takes refuge in charity. I do not think it is hypocrisy when rich men, whose methods of business we may not be able to approve, give largely to charitable objects. It is not done as an offset to their misdeeds. I think they want to be good, but they want to be good the easiest way. It has always seemed to me unfair to say that a monopolist gives away a million dollars and immediately raises the price of some commodity to reimburse himself. I think most men who give to charity do so out of a good heart because they love mercy. If railroads give passes to legislators and

half fares to clergymen, they are equally willing to give free transportation and half fares to the needy. The unreported charities of great corporations are very large.

It is not good psychology to say that benefactions are done as a cloak. Men want to be good. Goodness in the business sphere is too difficult, so they find their opportunity in the sphere of philanthropy. But of course that is not Christianity. It is not what Micah meant. We are not offered alternatives—honesty or kindness. If a man says, "I am just; I do my duty; I pay my debts; let other people look after themselves," he is not a good man. He is straight, but he is not good. If another says, "Business is business; politics is politics; I get my money the way it comes the easiest, but I am glad to help anyone in need; I love to succor the unfortunate and to promote any good cause," he has not found what is good. He is generous, but he is not good. Fairness and kindness may not be separated. Christianity is two-handed—the hand of honor and the hand of help.

Never were philanthropies so numerous and so blessed as today. But, instead of being the bright flower of our twentieth century Christianity, they would be like the beautiful dangerous poppy if they should dull the fundamental demand for righteousness. The labor unions have made many mistakes, but they have been right in their insistence that the poor should have justice rather than charity. Socialists are doubtless extreme in their doctrines,

but they are right when they demand that the people who make the wealth of a nation shall have what is theirs as a right and not as a gift.

If we will lay it down as a proposition axiomatic, undebatable, forever established, that no goodness of heart or generosity of hand can condone the smallest departure from strict honor, then we may lay all the emphasis that is possible on this requirement of our God that goodness is to love mercy.

I come more and more to feel how much the world needs simply kindness. It is the oil on life's machinery. You know what that means if you have been trying to use your rusty lawn-mower this spring. How easily things go when everyone is kind. The mother who never nags, the father who never grumbles, children who try to be helpful, the mistress who is considerate and the maid who cares for the home—those are the prime conditions for a little heaven on earth. And it is easy to be kind. It seldom costs much. It comes back again thrice repaid in sunny looks and happy hearts. Be kind.

A friend was telling me about the manager. That cheery "Good morning" makes things brighter all through the office. He knows the salesmen and the stenographers and the boys. They are not simply hired help. He has an interest in them. He cares about their improvement. He is a busy man, but he finds time to be kind. If the typewriter girl is sick or the office boy's mother is in trouble, they know the manager will be kind about it.

Kindness of course is more than charity. I suppose we must let the word charity go for the ignoble use to which it has come to be applied. It means money or goods given because the donor thinks he ought to help some poor wretch, who unfortunately is not able to help himself. It is necessary to have some word for that kind of giving, because undoubtedly there is a good deal of it.

Kindness is more than that. The Lord requires of us to love kindness. It is not a mere sense of duty. You may give to every beggar who bothers you and not really be kind. You may religiously set apart one-tenth of your income and yet not be kind. Kindness is love, compassion, interest, longing that men and women and little children may be happy, that the sorrowing may be comforted, the sick healed, the hungry fed, the naked clothed, and the unfortunate given the realization of human friendship.

It is more than charity to be kind. Some one was speaking of the late Mrs. Astor's gracious habit of sending her carriage out with invalids who could not afford to pay for a drive. One of the company instantly remarked, "She did not send the carriage. She went in it. The drive was not an alms. It was a courtesy."

What a long way kindness would go towards healing our ills, and making us friends, and bringing the human brotherhood for which we pray. It would do more than all our conventions and discussions.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

All manner of beauties of character follow upon kindness. You come to have faith in men, and hope. You refuse to be discouraged. Peace floods your soul. You are companionable and gracious. You are accessible so that people can come to you. You can do your best and be of use. And (may I suggest it?) you keep in subjection that troublesome enemy, bad temper, for you must keep your temper to be kind.

What, then, is good? To do justly and to love mercy, to have right relations man with man. But we must not forget to look upward. There is a third requirement,

TO WALK HUMBLLY WITH THY GOD

You have left out the glory of life if you have left out its religion. Some think it does not matter if God be left out. But is it reasonable to ignore the supreme fact of the universe—God? Is it grateful to disregard the Creator, Preserver, Redeemer? Is it filial to neglect the Heavenly Father? No man can be good without God. He may have good qualities, but reverence, faith, humility, love, spring from the fellowship with God.

That is a beautiful Hebrew phrase, "to walk with is near, invisible, yet present. And the Hebrew be-God." The Almighty is not in heaven afar off. He lieved that he could live in the divine companion-

ship. It is written of one of the old worthies that he walked with God, and so intimately he seemed to know God that when he died it seemed but a natural passing into the closer fellowship, and the record reads, "he was not for God took him."

The secret of the life of Jesus was that he walked with God. He never for a moment had any other feeling but that God was with him. He was no "infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry." He never prayed, "God, if there be a God, hear me." He could say, "Father, I know that thou hearest me always." Therefore Jesus could do justly, for to know God's will and God's way were ever the considerations before his mind. We have no record of the business in the little shop at Nazareth. But no doubt the work was well done there and all was fair. People who bought plows and yokes and simple furniture got their money's worth from the young son of Joseph. He walked with God in his daily toil. And because he was ever in the divine fellowship he loved mercy. His heart was tender toward his brethren, for he was in the Father and the Father in him. The fruit of the Spirit is goodness, kindness. The result of companionship with God is inevitably to be right, to be kind.

To walk with God is to make him the partner in all of your life. To walk humbly with him is to make him the dominant partner. Let him have the controlling interest. Let him direct.

If it seems at all that this humble companionship

is not manly, think a little. Think of all your past. Let it come in review, these closing moments, before your thought. All the years, all the striving, all the failing, all the thoughts and all the deeds, and over against it God, holy, loving, forgiving. If you do not feel humble, I am very sorry for you. John was humble, and Paul, and Augustine, and Francis. Do you know a great man who has ever walked with God, who was not humble? It is the humble confidence out of which comes strength.

He rises in the morning. When he lay down to sleep, darkness wrapt the earth. Now the light of a new day has risen. No matter how the calendar reads, he says, "This is a day that the Lord hath made; we will be glad and rejoice in it." It is a new day with a new chance and a new danger. He kneels in some secret place. Alone with God, he humbly kneels and prays:

My Father, may I hold thee holy this day:

May I do my part to bring blessedness to other men;

May I do thy will in gladness;

Give me what I need today;

Forgive the past, and I forgive my brother;

Keep me from the trials that test me;

When I come into the opportunity of evil, bring me surely through;

I pray in the spirit of Jesus. Amen.

And then he girds him for the duties of his home and calling. He walks humbly with his God that day. He deals justly with his fellow men and shows kindness from a gracious heart. He has learned what is good.

A HYMN.

(Tune Uxbridge.)

O Mighty God, what must we bring
To satisfy Thy great demands?
Would'st Thou exact some grievous thing,
Some dear bought offering at our hands?

Nay, Thou hast showed us what is good.
Thy mandate is not hard to find.
"Do justly." Oh how honor would
With equal fairness bless mankind!

"Love mercy," Thou hast then decreed,
For Thou would'st have Thy children feel
Compassion for a brother's need,
That kindness human ills might heal.

"Walk humbly with thy God." We pray
That in our lives these all may be,
Justice and kindness every day
And humble fellowship with Thee.

T. G. S.

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL

Seeing, they see not.—[Matthew xiii: 13.]

Jesus repeats Isaiah's striking paradox—and with more significance. He was the Truth. The people saw him, but they did not see the truth.

The paradox is well justified. Many people see without seeing. It is a well known fact, of course, that a baby cannot see at first, although the human baby is not, like some animals, born with the eyes shut. The eyes are open and the organs of sight are perfectly developed, and the images are made as truly on the retina as ever they will be. But the infant cannot see. That is to say, the images that fall upon his eye do not convey correct meaning to his mind. A baby does not cry for the moon because he is an irrational little creature, wanting things beyond human possibility, but because the moon is a pretty object which he supposes to be within reach. It is only after many experiments and failures, after a long unconscious education, that he is at last able to translate, as it were, the images on the retina into a correct conception of the objects of the external world.

In point of fact, we do not see with the eye but with the brain. The eye gathers up the impressions that fall upon it, and the brain has to learn by experiment how to interpret them.

Investigations made with adults born blind and suddenly by surgical operation restored to sight have made clearer the gradual acquisition of this faculty of sense perception. One person, thus given sight for the first time, was very much troubled about objects with which he had become familiar through the sense of touch. A book held near him looked bigger than a house across the street. He could not understand it. An electric car, to his great surprise, became smaller as it receded from him. Pictures conveyed no meaning to him at all, for he could not see why a man in the foreground should be larger than a mountain in the background. Gradually he had to learn that distant objects appear smaller than those nearer, that solid objects have a different appearance from plane surfaces; and so very slowly he acquired consciously, as we have all had to acquire unconsciously through the years of childhood, a true sense-perception of the external world, the mind forming accurate judgments from the images presented to it by the eye. True vision depends on the sense of relation, the sense of proportion.

This very simple truth of physical vision applies equally to spiritual vision. There is the difference however that while the experiences of life teach all of us in our infant years how to see things, the experiences of life do not teach everybody how to see truths, interests, spiritual realities. So it may still be said of very many that "seeing, they see not." How many think that little things are big, only because they are

near; and that great things are little, only because they are far! How many are discouraged and troubled, because they see something that they want and cannot reach it, so that all seems to them a mockery! They have not acquired the sense of proportion. An important secret of happiness, of achievement, of patience and of power is to learn to see things as they are.

Take for example the things that do so easily vex us. A cardinal lesson of wisdom is to see

ANNOYANCES IN THEIR PROPORTION.

It is, of course, annoying to break the handle off one of your best cups, when you have only half a dozen of them; and very annoying indeed, and stupid besides, for somebody else to break it. But is it worth while to get into such an anger of fret and fume that you spoil half a morning over it? It is vexatious for the clerk or the delivery boy to forget something that you wanted for dinner, but you need not be as deeply stirred with indignation as if you had been assaulted and robbed by a highwayman.

Every day brings its trifling annoyances. They are real enough of course. You cut your finger, and it is just the finger needed to write or sew. You lose a train for which you thought you started in good time. Persons in your employ do not work as you have a right to expect. The weather interferes with some planned event. These are real annoyances. But they are little things. True, "little things are great to little minds." Aye, there's the rub. Shall we cultivate little mindedness by allowing trifles to assume such

proportions that they take all the sweetness and spirituality out of life?

What is a cup worth—fifty cents? Well, it is a pity. But there must be some wear and tear in a house. Why not make up one's mind to it, and put a few dollars in the budget for breakages? Of course, if the car is gone you must wait for the next. But the most methodical cannot save every minute of the day.

One does not need to acquire the easy-going, slipshod manner, that it does not matter what happens. It does matter. The hurt, the accident, the loss, the failure may well ruffle the spirit. But if it be a little thing let it be only a little ruffling, which our good humor, our Christian brightness, yes, our faith in God, will overcome quickly. It is a grievous sin for the spirit to be stirred to its depths by trifles. We must learn the elementary lesson of spiritual perspective.

Of very great importance is it to see

AMUSEMENTS IN THEIR PROPORTION.

If you want a test of yourself, go off alone for fifteen minutes, ask yourself a few questions, and find out how much you care for amusement. If you find that you do not care for it at all, then you may know that you are getting into bad ruts. You are becoming a drudge, or a drive, or an old foggy. There is danger of the loss of elasticity and of break down. You need recreation. Even our Lord, although living at high pressure in order to do a life's work in less than three years, tried sometimes to get away into the country for

a little rest. It is not a sign of health that you do not desire change and recreation.

On the other hand, if your self examination reveals that you ardently and persistently long for amusement, and that your interest is more in the fun that you can have than in anything else, then that is a graver danger sign. You are becoming frivolous. Amusement is not to be desired passionately, for it is a little thing. It is good and needful and, at the proper time and in the proper manner, we should enjoy it to the full. But it is not one of the great interests of our lives.

There are many people of whom it may be said, "seeing, they see not," because they cannot see anything but pleasure. Unhappily, many of the clerks in offices and stores, who work very hard for the little they earn, have such an exaggerated idea of the importance of amusement that they spend upon it all their money and all their leisure, to the detriment of their work and to the starving of the higher needs of the spirit.

The principal objection to the more intoxicating forms of amusement is that they throw the idea of recreation out of proportion, till work becomes tedious, prayer is forgotten, and there is no hunger and thirst after righteousness. The danger of unduly exalting amusement is evident in the bad sense which attaches to an otherwise good word, when you call a man a "sport."

Boys and girls ought to learn this truth early. Of course, they should be full of fun, and should delight

in their merry games. But fun should not be the chief end in their minds. The most miserable of all children, I scarcely except the wretched children of the poor, are those who are allowed to devote themselves entirely to their own pleasures. "Work first, pleasure afterwards" used to be the good old motto. School, study, chores if you please, as important and constituting the main business of life, and then plenty of wholesome fun to fill in.

So we learn the right balance of interests. That person is happy who has just the right amount of amusement to keep him healthy and merry, and who has learned to enjoy it in the healthiest fashion.

But we must be careful also to see

OUR WORK IN ITS PROPORTION.

The common duties bulk very large in our lives. The duties of the office, the home, the school, those common things that must be done every day for six, eight, ten, even twelve hours, naturally take so much of our time that we think they are the greatest things. And sometimes when this toil is monotonous we say, "Most of my life is a dull, wearisome routine. I have not much joy or pleasure. I am a worker, that is all." Well, you ought to be a worker. A pity for anybody who is not. But your work, though it occupy ten hours a day, may not be your greatest interest by any means. Things are not big according to the time they take. Every man or woman who is doing any good in this world is spending a great deal of time in monotonous routine duties. Paul had to use a large part of his

day weaving tent cloth for a living. But he saw things in their proportion. The tent cloth weaving certainly occupies a very small place in his letters. An hour spent in encouraging his fellow Christians to be earnest and faithful held a larger place in his mind than the six or eight hours in the daily duties of the shop. If life has higher objects the mere time spent and the labor is not the measure of what we do. An old Eastern story beautifully teaches the lesson of proportion: "Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few hours for the love he had to her."

We ought undoubtedly to glorify our work by seeing in it the opportunity of expressing the best that we can do in the needed work of the world. And happy indeed is the man or woman whose daily work is of the kind that such expression is possible. But if it be not so, then the work must not be held to be the most of life. I knew well a gentleman whose lot was for many years to be engaged in uncongenial labor to earn a living for his family. I heard him say with a sigh that it must be delightful to have a business that one could really enjoy. Yet, though he worked at his business hard and well, he never allowed it to fill his vision. He saw it in its proportion. It was only his means of livelihood. There were far higher interests—his home, his books, his friends, his church, the extending influence of a Christian man among men.

The need of our laboring men is not only more wages, and is not always shorter hours and less work. Their

deeper need is a due sense of the place of work in life, and a proportionate idea of the greater things. The true way to lift the laborer's life to dignity, happiness and real comfort has not been very much discussed among them yet.

I should like to strike deeper in this same vein and speak of

FORTUNE IN ITS PROPORTION.

Of course, inevitably we compare ourselves with others. And how often we make the comparison blindly. The world has its ready method of judging fortune. The first and greatest test is money—how much is he worth? The second may be expressed in the general term "success"—has he been able to secure high position? No matter so much how he has attained it. The world has not time to consider processes; results only are seen. And the third test is talent—is he clever, brilliant? Rich men, smart men, clever men, these the world honors. The rest are the common throng. If you are rich, you are to be envied and admired indeed. If you are smart enough to climb to a good place, you are also to be highly esteemed. So, also, if you are brilliant, though this quality cannot be recognized very highly unless it be associated with financial success, for the world has only pity for the great scholar or brilliant genius, who cannot turn his talents into gold.

Are we saying these are the judgments of the world? They are our own judgments. We compare ourselves with the few rich, smart, clever, who have secured

their goodly share of the good things, and we murmur. It is about the most unchristian spirit that we can manifest. Jesus would say of us very sadly, "Seeing, they see not." We have not estimated the fortunes of men in their proportion.

I read a story somewhere. One evening, into the dining room out of the great New York hotel came Squire Adams with his wife and daughter. They were celebrating. It was the one extravagance of the year, after the crops were harvested, to spend a day in the city and dine at the fine hotel in the evening. What a menu! What a prospect! A pity that even a country appetite would not suffice for half the good things that were promised. But the squire suddenly lost interest in the menu. He was looking with great attention across the room.

"Susan, Emily, there he is. That is the man we were talking about. That little thin man over there. That is Andrew Rogers, the great financier. He is worth fifteen millions. And he and I went to school together. Why, I believe he recognizes me. He is coming over here. Good evening, Mr. Rogers. Proud to see you sir. Let me introduce you to my wife and daughter. Will you sit with us, sir?"

"Thank you, I shall be very pleased," said the old man. He seemed a great deal older than the squire. He refused the menu, saying that the waiter would bring him some broth.

"Yes, I have a wife and two children," he said in answer to an enquiry. "They are abroad. My daugh-

ter is to be presented at court shortly. My son is shooting in Scotland, I think, this month. They are not often in America.”

He listened as they talked of the old town; smiled as the squire ventured to remind him of their work together in the hay-field; smiled a little cynically when the good farmer spoke of him as the most successful man that the town had produced in its history. He sat with them through their meal and then wished the simple family good-night.

The magnate went to his handsome apartments in the hotel. It was all the home he had. He could not help thinking of the kind of home to which that farmer with his wife and daughter would return next day. How strange to have a wife and daughter who would care for a man and make a home. Adams had married the girl he loved in his youth. The Wall Street man had waited till he could marry the rich society woman. And now his daughter wanted an earl with a coronet.

Strange, unspoken longings filled his heart. He thought of the old church. He had not had time for church while he was making the fifteen millions. He fell asleep. He dreamed of his mother tucking him in and saying the evening prayer.

The papers announced a few weeks afterwards the death of the celebrated financier produced by nervous overstrain. Squire Adams read the report and shook his head. “What a fortune that man made. When I think how many of the good things of life he had, and how few have fallen to my lot, it is hard to understand the dealings of Providence.” Seeing, they see not.

What do we, measuring ourselves by our neighbors, to our disadvantage? The best things this life can offer are for the many—home, love, goodness, hope. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the *things* that he possesseth. But how few of us have eyes to see that evident truth. We are fools enough to accept the world's estimate of values, the world that counted Jesus and Paul to be failures, and has never recognized its best succeeding children till they were dead.

But so far we have been thinking of the comfortably circumstanced. It may be admitted that home, love, health, friends, simple comforts are best. But what if these are lost? Can we see

OUR SORROWS IN THEIR PROPORTION?
If pain or sorrow be with us they fill our thoughts. There can be no circumstance of happiness if I have an aching nerve. There can be no compensating joy if I am bereft of my friend. The easy philosophy of contentment that I have just been trying to preach breaks down in the case of thousands, who are not concerned about the man with the great fortune, but are envying the neighbor who has enough bread and meat for the next meal. What of the family of the poor, when the bread-winner is sick, and the coal bin and the larder empty in the winter time?

I am free to confess that these problems are too much for me. I find no solution that is limited to earth. But men with inspired vision have seen and declared unto us that sorrow and pain are not the greatest realities, for "the sufferings of this present time are

not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to usward;" "for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

There is your proportion—time:eternity. For my own part, I see no satisfaction in a religion which can dispense with immortality. Men have said that we invent immortality to explain the contradictions of this present life. But we do not need to invent it. It is involved in the very idea of personal relation to God. "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs: heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him."

Immortality gave Jesus the true perspective, and the great words just quoted are from Paul. And John, out of the persecution that tortured and slaughtered the hapless Christians saw, for he had eyes to see, "Who are these that are arrayed in white robes? . . . These are they that came out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat. . . . and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes." The things that seem great are not always the greatest; nor the things that seem far are the least.

Browning has strikingly suggested how the values of earth are changed to a man who has realized the eternal meaning of things. The Arab physician meets Lazarus, who had been dead three days and had come back to earth from the beyond. Lazarus does not see as we see. Some things that mightily disturb us, he knows are insignificant. Others that we do not note, he recognizes to be of highest moment. The puzzled physician says:

The man is witless of the size, the sum,
The value in proportion of all things,
Or whether it be little or be much.

But the poet would have us think otherwise. Spiritual perspective determines what is really little, what is really much.

As the last and best lesson of spiritual vision we may come to see

OUR RELIGION IN ITS PROPORTION.

Not all that is religious is great. All that is formal and ceremonial, our attendance at church, our observance of religious customs, our conventional contributions—these, good in their way, are not of the essence of the religious life. Jesus never puts the emphasis upon them. He points out a widow, who in great devotion is giving her last coin. He pronounces blessing upon the cup of cold water given in love. He endorses the prophetic estimate that mercy is better than sacrifice. He insists that not the right place but the right spirit makes true worship. He sees things, not as they seem, but as they are.

Jesus said to the disciples, "Blessed are your eyes for they see." If we will be his disciples we may see religion, sorrows, fortune, work, pleasure, vexations, all that comes to us, in the true proportion.

Trying to learn this Christian philosophy of the balanced life, I have thought of it like this :

Not much of wild enthusiasm,
But a hopeful, earnest striving.
Not much of gay excitement,
But a happy, joyous brightness.
Not much of fretting and anger,
But a cheerful endurance of worries.
Not much of sullen drudgery,
But hard work, the price of life's blessing.
Not much of clutching for baubles,
But a worthy ambition for high things.
Not much of despair and heart breaking,
But a sorrow that hopes and is patient.
Not forgetful of anise and cummin,
Yet mindful of faith, truth and mercy.
The life of the Christ in proportion,
Beholding all things in their measure.
The things that are seen, merely temporal,
The things that are not seen, eternal.

IS CHRISTIANITY THE FINAL
RELIGION?

IS CHRISTIANITY THE FINAL RELIGION?

“Art Thou He that cometh, or look we for another?”
—[Matthew xi: 3.]

There was a report current some time ago that an official committee had been sent from Japan to investigate the Christian religion in England and America with a view to ascertaining whether it could be called a success. Like many a newspaper report it probably had no foundation whatever. But one cannot help wondering: what if such a committee were appointed? what if the world should ask the question, “Is Christianity the final and successful religion?”

There have been many religions and most of them have contained some truth. Many of them have been uplifting. Christianity makes claim to be greater than all, the full revelation of the Father, the last and best expression of God to men. Such a claim cannot be admitted without serious question. Christianity must meet the question.

There was actually appointed once a committee of investigation. No doubt was entertained that the religion of Jesus Christ was good. The point of uncertainty was whether it was the best that should be. After the many attempts to know God, was Jesus the complete revelator, or would there be other and greater prophets after him? The committee was sent by John

the Baptist, and it came straight to Jesus to put the question, "Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?" The Lord accepted the challenge. He found no fault with the enquiry. He never objects to an earnest investigation. His answer to the committee was not speculative but practical. He bade them see and hear and judge for themselves. "Go and tell John the things which ye hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached to them." That is to say, Jesus declared that Christianity is a message and a ministry. He bade the enquirers hear the message and note the ministry, and judge if he were the sent of God, or whether the world must wait for another.

Our holy religion must meet the question still, "Art thou the great faith, the saying faith for a sinning and sorrowing world, art thou the religion perfectly, finally divine, or must we count Christianity as one of the many searchings after God, and still look for another?" The only answer that we can give is that of our Lord. We must say, "Hear and see; listen to the divine message, behold the human ministry." The message is that God is love; God is Father and Saviour, loving his children, saving his people to the reach of infinite sacrifice, and inviting all men to come to him and to be partakers of the divine nature. And the ministry is the service of love, helping the weak, cheering the despondent, healing the sick, lending a hand to the toiling, doing deeds of kindness. Christianity is the grace of God and the graciousness of God's chil

dren. The world needs his grace and sorely needs our graciousness, and it will form its estimate of our religion according as it hears and sees.

When we attempt therefore to answer the question that we have set out to consider, we do not need to go into the field of theology, but must ask whether we who profess and call ourselves Christians have a word to tell that is so good, and a service to render that is so blessed, that the world need wait for nothing better.

Jesus said that in his day the poor had good tidings preached to them. Probably he meant not only the poor in worldly goods but also the poor in spiritual estate. Perhaps we should not dare to speak as confidently as he. Our problem of evangelism comes before us. We are quite sure that God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have eternal life. But we are not so sure how we can let people know it. It is the old, old story, and people are supposed to have heard it. But they have not heard so that they must heed. The story is still to be told so winningly and so convincingly that men will believe. And that is our problem of evangelism.

Christians have been saying that the only way to answer the question: "Is Christianity the final religion?" is by a genuine revival. Some are looking for a Twentieth Century Moody, who will lead us. They feel that there must be a clarion voice that will ring above the roar of the street, and above the din of commerce, and above the buzz of society. They are waiting for some

voice to speak that will compel attention and make the people hear. Some are looking for the great evangelist who will preach the old theology in its old power and bring sceptical men to their knees. Others are hoping for a new prophet who will formulate the new theology so that it shall be a positive convicting power to bring men to God.

But Jesus was not a clarion voice in Galilee. The prophet who could thunder to the thousands was in prison, to lift his mighty call no more. Jesus was going through the towns and villages of Galilee telling the good tidings of divine love. I have an idea that when the five thousand were gathered to him on the eastern shore of the lake, he did not speak to them as a modern orator would make himself heard by a great audience. The narrative seems to read as if he went among them, talking to this group and to that, healing, helping, encouraging.

Jesus never put stress on great meetings and stirring eloquence. And we do not need to wait for the mighty leader of the Twentieth Century Revival in order to make it evident that Christianity is the religion for men because of the divineness of its message.

In a young man's room, half a dozen companions were spending the evening. It was a typical young man's room. A couple of baseball bats were crossed on the wall; a tennis racket hung near them; the golf sticks were in the corner; a pennant was over the bureau; and the pictures of two young ladies stood on the table. There was no evidence of tobacco there,

by the way. The fellows had been chatting about the prospects of the several leading football teams. At last as they were about to break up, one of them said, "Now fellows about the Sunday School class. We have often talked of Jim. I am sure he is not satisfied while he is not a Christian. What can we do to help him?" Immediately they fell to the discussion in the same frank and manly way that they had talked of the athletics. They made some plans, and before they separated they had a little prayer together. Next day one of the young men took the opportunity to lunch with Jim down town, for they were all in business. In a friendly way he said a few words to him about his own Christian life and expressed the hope that his friend might see the helpfulness of living with God. Later in the week another of the fellows wrote Jim a letter saying that he had had it in mind for some time to tell him how much he had been strengthened and satisfied since he had become a Christian, and he hoped the same for his friend. Another invited him to the ball game on Saturday afternoon, and then made an appointment to go with him to church next day. Those young men besieged their friend as carefully and with as much tact and courage as a besieging army before a fortress. At last the time was ready for one of them to ask him straightly if he would give his life to the Lord. They won him. It took several weeks and much thought and prayer. I am not sure whether they believed in the old theology or the new. And I am quite sure that it did not matter. The boy had not realized in his heart that God Almighty cared for him, would

forgive him, would save him from himself and from all evil, and would build him into the manhood of Jesus Christ. And perhaps it was only his own companions who could tell him so that he would understand it.

I am coming to feel that this, and about only this, is the solution of the problem of evangelism. We cannot reach men from the pulpit very much. It is too far off. The pulpit will have its place of inspiration and instruction and appeal. But the telling of the old, old story of Jesus and his love is far the most effective when it is from man to man, from friend to friend. One of our religious leaders has called it "conversational evangelism." As you would tell a man that your own town is a good place for residence, as you would introduce your friend to the wise conscientious lawyer who would care for his interests, as you would recommend the physician who had saved your life, so simply, frankly, earnestly you tell that Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Some enthusiastic people who have had zeal without knowledge have pursued what has been called "personal work" so officiously as to bring discredit upon such effort. Indeed it is noticeable that among more thoughtful men this hackneyed phrase is seldom used, and words are substituted more expressive of the loving interest of friend with friend. We need not march up to a stranger with the challenge "Are you saved?" But as Paul talked with his companions in the weaving shop of Aquila at Corinth, as he kindly counselled Onesimus at Rome, as he spoke always with an

earnestness which was begotten of his realization that he had good news to tell, so may we, all of us, tell people what we know of Jesus Christ.

We believe in the gospel. We are very sure that the divine message of God's love through Jesus is enough to heal the world of all its ills. And if ever the world itself shall really hear the gospel it will be satisfied. Men will know that the salvation that should come has come, and they need not look for another. The gospel, as Jesus said, is its own divine credential.

But Jesus added a human credential also. He bade the disciples of John see the gracious ministry as well as hearken to the message of good cheer. And in our attempt to answer practically the challenge of the world, we must couple with our gospel a genuine human ministry.

Christianity is a service. Jesus was willing to rest the case on the evident results. "Go and tell John how we are blessing people, easing their cares, bringing joy instead of pain." He said to his disciples, when he would explain to them the very meaning of his life, "I am among you as one that serveth." Ruskin has reminded us with a touch of sarcasm how strangely we have misapplied the word. When we go to church for comfort, help, inspiration, we call it divine service; though at church we are serving nobody, unless it be ourselves.

There was a little girl—this is a true story, not a sermon illustration, I know all about it—who always came to Sunday School at nine o'clock and remained to church. She enjoyed the meeting and she under-

stood the sermon. I do not know whether it was because she was a very bright little girl, or because that preacher knew how to talk so that children would understand him. She had noticed that the minister's wife was seldom there. One day speaking to her of the sermon she said, "I wish you had heard the sermon last Sunday. It did me so much good. I have wondered why you have to stay away. Is it because of the baby? Would you trust him with me next Sunday, while you go to church?" The lady was happy enough and gracious enough to accept the offer. Next Sunday morning saw the girl tending the baby. As the little fellow was very quiet in his cradle in the kitchen, our young exponent of practical Christianity looked around for something else to do. She saw that the breakfast dishes had not been washed. Ministers' families do not always get up early enough for all those things to be done. So she washed the dishes and laid the table for dinner. The minister's wife did not go to the service. She went to the worship and the sermon. It was the little girl who was at divine service that morning. She repeated the goodly office for a Sunday or two. Then some of the other girls found it out and wanted to help. Then they found some other mothers who were kept away from the house of the Lord to care for their babies, and so the kindly ministry was extended. There are so many ways, if we only would think.

One young lady found her place of ministry in a very simple direction. She did not attempt anything ambitious, that would soon be too much for her. She

found that she could spend a couple of hours one afternoon in the week at the hospital. Out of her pocket money she could buy a little fruit for each of the patients in the women's ward. One day she had left a golden orange at each bedside. The nurse passing the bed of one of the patients soon afterwards said, "I think I must take this away. It would not do for you to eat any fruit yet." But the sufferer answered her, "Oh, don't take it away. I am not going to eat it. I just like to look at it and feel that somebody thought of me." We need not be afraid of all the investigating committees in the world, if Christianity can make the sufferers realize that we are thinking of them and seeking to help.

I should like to tell how a young man, whom some of us know well, followed Jesus in the path of service. He was a mail carrier. The conditions of that employment are such that it is often possible to get a day off or a half day, losing pay for the time of course. This young man had a class of boys at the Sunday School. He would sometimes take a day from his work and spend it with the lads in a picnic by the river. Or he would use an afternoon at home in preparing to give them a good time at his house in the evening. It was a fine combination of the message and the ministry. Somebody praised him for it. Said he, "Well it is all I can do. I have been a boy and I know what they like. I want to bring them to Christ and give them a good time."

How easily we might make more of our Missions. Teaching and preaching are the Lord's work on Sun-

day of course. But there might be some good thing every day in the week. There could be a night school. Some of the High school graduates could give an evening a week to teach arithmetic, history, English to the boys who have been obliged to give up work too soon and are poorly educated. Another evening might be devoted to games, and some fine young fellow, one of the honorary High school graduates, who would not shine particularly in the intellectual branches might spend an evening with the boys in bright, wholesome amusement. One of the good athletes could conduct a weekly gymnasium class. Some of the ladies might start a sewing and cooking school. There is enough talent in the home church to conduct a thoroughly modern institutional mission, and to manifest the spirit of Christ to a whole community. "I am among you as one that serveth."

Everybody can do something. A poor widow, who had to take care of her house and do everything for herself, gathered together a Sunday School home department of over three hundred members. She visited each of them every quarter. Her helpful kindly visits resulted in conversions, and in unknown religious comfort to the shut-in and often neglected ones.

Even busy people can do something. And because they are busy the world will be the more impressed by their goodness. Gladstone wrote a letter in 1845 to a college friend. He was then thirty-six years of age, and already in the full vigor of his busy life. He was prominent in Parliament, an earnest student of the stirring questions of the day. He had abundant literary

employment and was engaged in innumerable activities. He wrote, "It is difficult to satisfy the demands of duty to the poor by money alone. On the other hand, it is extremely hard for me to give them much in the shape of time and thought, for both with me are already tasked up to and beyond their powers. . . . I wish we could execute some plan which, without demanding much time, would entail the discharge of some humble and humbling office. . . . Let us go to work as in the young days of the College plan, but with a more direct and less ambitious purpose." In the College days of course he had enthusiastic projects of uplifting the masses. But many a man when he finds that great and conspicuous things cannot be done falls back and does nothing, or he gives some money for other people to do it. Gladstone did not commit either unchristian error. I do not know whether the often told story of his being found reading to the newsboy is authentic. But some helpful, gracious thing regularly he performed as a part of his life as a Christian.

And there is the point of importance. It is the regularity, the untiring steadiness of Christian ministering that counts. There are plenty of people who will do a good thing once. But Christianity cannot show its spirit of love to the world by occasional spurts of beneficence. It is not so important that we undertake a great thing as that we undertake something and do that, come what may.

We have a great Christian force. We often take comfort from a contemplation of the statistics of the evangelical bodies. But the world does not get the

impression of our millions. The church ought to learn a lesson from the recent developments in warfare. Two small nations have astonished humanity by their achievements. England laughed at the idea of serious difficulty in defeating the Boers, yet she was obliged to spend her strength to its utmost to conquer them. Russia thought it absurd that there could be resistance from Japan. But the little Island Empire actually expects to win in Manchuria, though the fight be prolonged ten years. And the secret of the Boers and the Japanese is the lesson of modern warfare—the effectiveness of the individual soldier, an effectiveness which consists in power of initiative and ability in execution. It is not enough to have great armies and fine display. There must be men who can think and act. The mighty Christian army must learn that secret. Our numbers are great enough to evangelize the world in a generation. But the increase of individual effectiveness is the vital need.

Each Christian must cultivate the power of initiative. I should like to put that so that the boys and girls can understand it. It means that each Christian, no matter how young or how poor, has some good thing to do. And it is his business to find out what that is. Nobody else may be able to tell him. The pastor may not be able to point it out. But each one can discover it for himself, if he is in earnest. As the soldier often finds himself without the elbow touch of his comrades, and out of hearing of the command of his captain, and must think and act for himself, so is often the Christian. There will be no doubt that Christianity is the

final religion when each one of us, whether we be appointed on committees for special work or not, is actively, regularly spending some time and strength in loving service. Then it will be said, "What can be better? See how the disciples of Jesus are busy in making the world happy and good."

It does not make much difference where we find our place of usefulness. The fact that there is so much to be done should never be a discouragement, but rather a reason for beginning right where we are. In one of the battles of the Civil War a Colonel of Reserves galloped up to General Phil. Kearney and asked excitedly, "General, where shall I lead my command?" The genial Irishman smiled and answered coolly, "Onywhere, Colonel, onywhere, there's beautiful foighting all along the loine."

I would like to insist that the loving ministry of Christians cannot be performed by professional workers. It is a most excellent thing to-day that so many young people, who do not feel called to the ministry or to definite missionary work, are yet able to devote themselves to religious and social service—leaders in settlements, in boys' work in churches, in religious teaching, and, of course, in the many departments of the Young Men's Christian Association. There were never so many people in Christian work. But the professional service is not enough. The larger the number of trained workers, the larger must be the number of volunteers associated with them. We cannot buy substitutes. Paul said of the Macedonians, who had contributed so liberally of their money to the collection

that was being made for the poor, "First they gave their own selves to the Lord and to us." Beneficence in Macedonia was not a substitute for personal effort.

A pastor called on a very cultivated and refined woman. She said to him graciously, "I suppose you have come for some help for your mission. I am glad to give five dollars." "No," said he, "We need more than that. We need you."

Jesus told the disciples of John to report what they had seen and heard. It has never been doubted that John was satisfied. No one could really hear Jesus and see his works and have any thought that another and a greater could come. Men do not always hear Jesus to-day, for there are confusing voices. They do not always see the Christian works, for these are mingled with our selfishness. Christianity to-day is not represented by him, who spake as never man spake and who went about doing good, but by the millions who bear his name. Therefore the world still asks of the Christ, whom it does not clearly hear nor clearly see, asking sometimes with a sigh, sometimes with a sneer, "Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?" We must tell the gospel as he told it, we must live the life of service as he lived it, and then, though men do not understand our theologies nor comprehend our denominational differences, they will be satisfied that the Truth has come; and Jesus will be able through us to fulfill his blessed mission to draw all men unto him.

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