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THE SURVIVAL OF JESUS

A PRIEST'S STUDY IN DIVINE TELEPATHY

THE SURVIVAL OF JESUS

A Priest's Study in Divine Telepathy

BY

JOHN HUNTLEY SKRINE, D.D.

▲AUTHOR OF "CREED AND THE CREEDS" (BAMPTON LECTURES)

"PASTOR OVIVUM," "PASTOR FUTURUS," ETC.

ἐγώ εἰμι αὐτός

It is I myself

Quia vivo et vos vivetis

L.C.

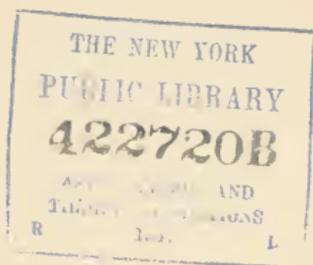
HODDER & STOUGHTON

NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

1917

1917



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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Συμγύσταίς, Συζητηταίς

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BOOK ONE
THE MAN CHRIST JESUS

THE SURVIVAL OF JESUS

PART I: QUIA VIVO

CHAPTER I

JOHN DESMOND'S QUEST

AM I—I, John Desmond, residentiary Canon of Dunminster, am I all the while—Unitarian?

The disquieting question was waked in me last night when we were home from Hay's Sacred Cantata, "The Foot of the Cross," with which we celebrated the Day of St. Mary Magdalene. Mother came back very pensive, and over supper said a little about the music, which was good, but confessed that what she had been thinking about was not the music but the words. I wondered; for there was not much to notice in what Robinson, our cathedral *sacer vates*, had composed this time. He had been little more than rhapsodist, stitching together some familiar hymns between the stages of the slender narrative. But she explained. Something quite incidental had started a train of thought; it was the allusion in one of the hymns to the Passion, "Thou for me, my God, hast bled," and it carried her quite

away from St. Mary's. "I was back," she said, "in Stoke Cineris listening to Prebendary Aylmer in his pulpit on the Divinity of Christ; and then I was reading again the manual he gave me at Confirmation, to interpret, he said, the faith of Athanasius. 'Thou for me, my God, hast bled'—sermon and manual all came back into my head with that phrase, and it made me sad. For he was a true father in Christ to me and an inspiring, and some of that old inspiration ought to have come back on me at the reminder, and it did not. Why did it not? I suppose what he taught me is as true as ever, yet—well, the truth of it may be true, but why is it that it's not the truth *I* can use? Is it my fault, do you think?"

I was not ready with an answer. Not because I did not know what I thought, but because I was afraid to say it. I felt so responsible for saying the right thing, just as if I were the grown-up and she the young person and I must be tender to her faith. That is natural, I suppose: mother and son in nature may become sister and brother in grace as time goes on, and the son may grow to be older brother, especially if by calling he is an Elder, as I am. So I hesitated to speak, and when I spoke did not speak out, only said Prebendary Aylmer was of one generation and we of another, and every age must be its own theologian and find its own new language for the old truth. But I felt a little ashamed of myself, as if I had dissembled, which I

should hate to do with her. It was not so really: I was only reserving my answer to make it a better one after reflection. And I have reflected.

"Thou for me, my God, hast bled." How can one say it and mean it? Oh no doubt it is logical enough if Jesus is God, then God bled on the cross. But this "Jesus is God," can one say that and mean it? We clergy are always saying it in the church and the school and, when there is a new heretic to be put down, in the Church papers. We say it: and we mean by it—what?

Ask Jones of Pearstead, though any one else would do, and he tells you that by the Incarnation the divine and human nature were united in the person of Jesus. That is no meaning. For tell me what "nature" is, and what "person," and what "united" is. Jones cannot do it; no, nor a wiser than Jones. These are words not things.

Ask Balthazar Daniels of the Primitive Methodist chapel, and he tells you he is content to know that Jesus revealed to us the Father and said He was the Father's Son. He takes Christ's word for it that Christ is God. This is a little more meaning, but not much more. For tell me what it is to "reveal," tell me what it is to be "son" to God. Here are words still, not quite so spectral as Jones's, but they slip away as easily when you try to grasp them.

Call up Athanasius even and let him tell you that the Son is "of one substance" with the Father.

Not even Athanasius, when he had first corrected our blundering "substance" into "essence," would leave you satisfied with his great word, though he refounded on it the very Church. To be "of one essence," what is that? And if there be a Son of God, and that Son be "of one essence," yet how is Jesus of Nazareth this Son? You can echo Athanasius and gainsay Arius: what you cannot do is to make the word of either of them into an image of fact that your mind can see before it, as you must see the things in which you believe.

Yet what are creeds for if not for this, to make images of the truth which the *mind* can see? It is the mind not the soul that wants a creed to help its faith.

See then what I seem to be doing. I am giving away the Trinitarian theology as a thing of no meaning. If my old adversary, Slagg of Blastonbury, whom Mark used to call the Hammer of Heretics (*Malleus*, mallet, the wooden-headed, he preferred), were still here and could read the thoughts which I have not written yet but may come to write, how would he protest that his heresy-hunt was justified at last. "See how right I was! Your young freethinker whom, when he ought to have resigned, you defended and passed on to Dunminster, look, he is turned stark, staring Unitarian. Will you retain him in the canonry now?"

And if they would not—! It would be this—

the uprootal again of this dear mother from a new home so dear, so blessedly found for her as a refuge for her widowhood—this mossy Cathedral Close, our grey-gabled house and mellow garden, St. Mary's beauty and all-congenial worships, friends like minded round her, all these comforts vivified by the new life that has sprung for her, when the old fell away, through her son's new beginning. If this home were to know her no more!

And another yet more miserable "if." She would follow me out from the home: she would follow me in the worldly fortune; would she, could she follow me in the spiritual? Can a man, a woman, be born again when she is old? Pray God she can: else how shall the Elect Lady, our mother church, know that birth-again which must age by age keep her in the Kingdom of God when she is old?

A man who will be disciple must forsake parent and kin, if the Quest calls and he hears it and not they. But that this should happen to me and her, it shall not be thought.

I am ashamed of harbouring such a fear. It is making far too much of myself to fancy these heroics for my case. Suppose I should end this chapter of the Quest as a non-Trinitarian, what then? Are there really any Trinitarians anywhere in the world, Trinitarian in anything more than name? Can there be one until there is some one who knows what a "Person" is, and, if he does, then *how* Three Persons can be One God, and what

it is to be *One*? Even if we should find a man who knows these things, still we should have to ask him how these things matter to us, how the knowledge of them can alter the fate here and hereafter of this living, conscious being, a man who does not know at all what a "Person" really is, but is quite sure that he himself is one.

Yes, before the Church condemns a member for contradicting her doctrine, she must know what her doctrine is. The model of the Faith must have a plain, visible shape if you are to denounce a copy as shaped wrongly. Am I saying then the Church does not know the shape of her belief? No, the Church knows, but churchmen—if any, how few!

But then it is not these Few who will be asked to judge in a heresy-suit. And it is hardly wonder, because the Many would not be able to understand them if they tried to explain their judgment. The painter cannot expound his colouring: one either sees it is right as he sees it, or does not see. And the belief in Christ is a more subtle and incommunicable experience than is the understanding of a Turner landscape. So the Church calls in an expert in logic or history, which is a little like asking in the artist's colourman who sold the paints which Turner mixed and laid on. Sometimes too this "expert" is not "expert" by training and profession but by the accident of an office of administration. That would be a little like calling in not the colourman but his partner who manages the business.

Well, wisely or unwisely, a church must judge of a teacher's doctrine whether it be hers, or not hers and needing to be inhibited; and since she must judge, she may judge him to have broken communion. Towards that danger a teacher will move, if the mind of him goes on moving, if he goes on the Holy Quest at all. And here go I, since I ^{On Quest.} must not love even a mother more than Him.

Yet after all what is the danger? Only the danger which there is in living at all. What is more precarious than life, mere body's life. How narrow a miss of right adjustment to nature can hurl us out of existence—a slip, a shock, a drop of poison, a plague germ. Verily we “stand in jeopardy every hour” with our bodies. But the adjustments which keep safe the mind are also nice, a stumble may overthrow us. And as between Church and member there is a double chance of stumble; if either miss the truth, the life between the two may break.

Yes, but as somehow the will to live does keep my body safe in a million momentarily occasions of death, so the will to live more and longer, this keeps my soul and my church's soul. We shall not die but live through going on the Quest. “Thy faith hath saved thee,” said the Healer to the healed in body. He says it even to the soul, “Thy faith hath saved herself.” To the soul, and also to the Church, “Your faith shall save you twain.” But it must be she and I who go on the Quest both together; and how know I that She will go, or will go there with me,

and go in time for faith to save herself, that mutual faith both of her and me? It is not always so; it was not so in Jerusalem that slew the prophets and after built their sepulchres. Yet Jerusalem was the Church of God.

However on the Quest I go.

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS LIFE?

JONES was here to tea last week, nominally on some business with the Registrar before he goes off on his holiday on the Continent (if he is wise in going there while things are so unsettled), but really I think to draw me about Donaldson's pamphlet on the Resurrection. I was not drawn, because to my great convenience I have not read the paper yet, and so could leave the criticising all to Jones. He told me he and his parishioners would say the writer has "taken away our Christ." That is only too possible, if it is "our" Christ whom we lose through Donaldson. And the case is very ill, unless "our" Christ is being replaced by *the* Christ.

What
sayest
thou?

I hope Jones did not think me rude, but my attention strayed from him for a moment over that "our Christ." I was saying to myself, "You must lose no time: you soon will have to tell a questioner who *your* Christ is, and you are not ready to do it. There must be no tarrying in this search."

Well, he is gone, and has left me in company with One who is asking, "Who say'st thou that I am, thou?"

But I can say it, for I know. I do not say with Peter, if indeed he did say it all, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," not because I do not think it, but because, though I can think, I cannot know it. For to know it I should need to understand what God is, and what a Son of Him can be. And if I did understand this, still I could not with a sense of reality say it to any one else, unless his understanding were the same as my own. We should be interchanging words, not images which the mind can see; we should be agreeing, not to have the same idea of one same fact but to have one name for what might as probably be two facts as one. True, that is what we have all been doing always in our conferences concerning the faith, we have said the same thing, not meant it: but I must try to do better now, if I can, and to mean something in speech on religion, not only say something.

But if I cannot speak with the Disciple, with the
An Master I can speak and will. He said, "I am
Answer. the Life." And to His "Whom thinkest thou?" I make answer, "Thou art the Life, Life from the living God, the Life of man, my Life who answer Thee."

How do I know it?

In the way we know all the things which matter very greatly. Intuition, I should have to call it, if I were talking to any one else. But Intuition means, by etymology, "looking into things," and

I want a word which shall mean much more than looking, it must mean for me seeing, hearing, touching, all at once. I want the word which shall describe a knowledge we have that a thing is there, though neither eye, ear, nor hand can tell you so; a sense like that touch at distance enjoyed by some eyeless molluses, or like what I have noted in blind folk who can steer round you in a corridor however still you stand, because somehow you obstruct space and they feel the air thicken before them. A sense (might one call it?) of the objective, an awareness of a presence only because it is present, because I am here and It is there. (Can this be the account of haunted houses where you never see the ghost, but if you are alone there is Someone there too? I expect this will prove to be the fact before long.) I should imagine this is what Bergson is after when he contrasts Intuition with Intellect? If I misunderstand him here it is from my own point of view not a dishonouring misunderstanding, and I gratefully borrow the word from him with this meaning on it, till a better can be found, as I hope it will be found. Yes, Christ is the Life; I know it by Intuition.

But the intuition was not a sudden one. Why should it be sudden, any more than a conversion? (Are they perhaps the same thing?) I know the history of my own intuition. It began with the word "life" on the lips of an early teacher of mine, a word always on his lips, when he spoke of anything

which for him had any reality. What it meant I could not have told myself, not in those days. Could he have told himself? He never told me or any one else but himself. We got his meaning, though, or much of it, for we got from him the passion which breathed itself in the word, inarticulate but strong, like the vague voice of the river when the thunder of the fall utters the volume and the motion of the flood. It was this passion for Reality that passed to us in the word, and did not pass away from us with the sound, but hung in the mind, a passion now of our own, to grow some day into a thought and be not the less a passion but all the more. For a thought it is at last for me.

Not my own thought, however, except in part. Any one else would have to say it was not mine at all, but cousin Mark's. Certainly it is his by law of copyright: he gave it words before we had been much together. But I noticed that no one else seemed to understand him, when he expressed it, and I did; which could not have happened without my doing something to make it happen, that is without my understanding him. But if we learn best by teaching another and reach truth by the encounter of mind and mind, I am sure Mark will not disallow me some modest share in his own understanding of himself.

But this talk about copyright and origination—how idle it is, if not unworthy. The matter is too

serious. What did the prophets and gossellers and even the apocalyptists trouble about their publication rights, and what does it matter how came my intuition that Jesus was the Life, if the intuition came? It did come; among my teachers it came from those two, but I possessed it only by help of another beside them; and this was Nature. Once the vague unfeatured word, Life, was lodged in my mind, I began to look abroad on the field and flood and woodland to see what Life is like when it is lived in these places. That is where my first teacher had looked. How I remember his pointing at a tree trunk, and saying, gripping my arm to say it stronger, "There, see that tree: it looks as still as a stone, and all the while there's life racing up it at no end of a pace!" Life racing up it. Yes, he had got the knowledge that life can race, but not yet what life is in itself, or even how it is able to race.

I went to the naturalists in this branch, and they told me "life is the response of an organism to an environment." When they had earlier told my teacher this, he was most angry with them: thought it materialism and denial of God; and he denounced their ignorance, and, as often with him, not in sparing language. He seemed to me wrong at that time, and so he was. But now I see he was also right, though he did not know why himself, and I have only come of late to know why. But now I do know. Their theory implied that the environment was

there before the responsive organism; so Nature, brute Nature, had created the creature to respond to herself: dead Matter had been mother to a living child! Where in this, they asked, was God the Creator? Away with such villain theory from the earth, one answers them, for it is not right that such an one should live between the lips of men, of Christian men!

Then it broke on me—the vision of Life!

Life. They were wrong, these naturalists, because they had seen half the fact; and this half without the other half is not the “more than the whole” of the Greek proverb, but something incalculably short of even half the truth. The truth is that organism and environment are there together, neither is before or after the other. There is nothing in the world, if only one of the two be there. They create one the other, and so create the world. This is what life is,—organism and environment, creature and creation, each crying “Let there be” to each.

That may sound like some empty shape of logic, a fleshless, bloodless abstraction, a spectral atomy of metaphysics. No, it came in no such form to me. I could watch this creation happening. I saw almost with my eyes, and more convincingly than with them, the earth and her living thing make, one with other, the two. I saw the leaf on the tree at touch of the sunlight live by the chemic transference of airy substances from itself to the atmosphere and back again; and the tree-roots borrow from the

soil in spring to repay it in autumn with the mouldering leafage; and the nuptials of the flower, where the pollen-stirring bee unites the bridegroom anther and a floral bride. Then I felt in my own frame of flesh the intercourse of my breath with nature's breath of life, the to and fro of the blood, the animation of nerve and muscle by the exercise that spends their force to store up more. I read the same law writ large in the vast organism of a nation's frame maintaining its vigour in war or peace by the mutual sacrifice of state and citizen, the mother and the son. And then I lifted ^{Life of the} my eyes and saw the vision of the Church, ^{Church.} the Living Creature nearest of things visible to the throne; and behold, the life of this was as the life of myself and the grass of the field; it too was an interchange of self between Whole and Part, Body of Christ and Member, a Mother unsparing of herself to cherish her children, sons counting not their life dear unto themselves so they may work the mother's will. From the life which creeps on low earth up to the life which climbs nearest towards heaven there is one law of being, and its name is the Interchange of Self, the Mutual Sacrifice of Two. Then this must be the secret of how my soul has life. Of the Two between whom that life is made She is the One, the Creature; and she lives by the surrender of herself to that Other, who said, "Let there be this man, to stand before my face, other than Myself yet in my likeness, to be apart from

Me and yet in commune, to abide in Me as I in him, till his thoughts become as my thoughts and his ways my ways, and the love whereby I kindle all that is, and without which nothing is made that is made, this love beat from this one heart back on Mine."

Once I spoke in this way to mother. She said, "Of course, John, I do not understand philosophy: but when you say that we live by our soul being there, apart from God as it were, and answering to Him, you sound as if you were contradicting what we mean by God being Creator. I thought that meant that He made everything out of nothing: but you say our soul must be there over against God

An
antinomy
of reason. before it can live. How could Adam be there *before* God made him?" I told her

that she was philosophising very well and asking me just the right question, and that I could not answer it. But neither could wiser people than I answer it. This is a thing which no one can know, how the world or anything in the world *began*. Once a thing is alive, however, we can in some degree see how it lives, and what I see is that a living creature goes on living only by this giving up of itself to the world round it and by receiving the world into itself. If that is how it lives now, that must have been how it lived in its first moment of all, or at least that is all we men can at present know of how it began to live. But how it came to be there so as to have a first moment, that is what passes my own wit, and I can't learn about it from any

one else. Still I believe that the same is the case when the living creature is a soul. It lives every moment of its present existence by what I call the Mutual Sacrifice, and therefore it must have lived by this at the first moment. I cannot tell how Adam could be there before the first moment when God lifted up from the dust of the ground what was now as He lifted it no longer dust but spirit; and I do not think we shall ever know this as long as our "soul cleaveth to the dust" of earth that makes our mortal body. "But, mother," I said, and I remember what a heave of the heart I felt, "if what I am thinking is true, then I have all the truth I need, while I am here in the dust. All our faith in God and in Christ too, all can come out of this. I cannot tell you yet what I mean, but I will try to tell you when I know it myself. I am sure of it already, quite sure. This is our Christian faith, all we know of Christ, in a word,—Sacrifice, the Mutual Sacrifice." She looked at me a moment, kindling herself, and then, "God speed you, my son," she murmured: and we have not come on it again.

God has sped me somewhat, and will speed me more, I think. It is not a little thing that has come to me—this, that Life is the name of the world-secret, of all that can as yet be known by men of what God and Man is, and that the deeper name of Life is Sacrifice, Mutual Sacrifice. If it is true, then in the light of it we shall reword our theologies. Only that? No, in the power of it we shall reneve our creed.

CHAPTER III

“WHEN YE SHALL HEAR OF WARS”

THE Mutual Sacrifice! This is strange that happens to me at the outset of the Quest. I had written those words just now, had put up my writing and come in from the garden nook which is my study most seasons of the year, and at the garden door met mother, the newspaper in her hand. She reached it me with the look I saw in her when my father took to his bed never to rise from it. It was the news of war, war for England along with all Europe.

The meaning of War. Sacrifice! That was the word that wrote itself in a phantom lettering, in a scrawl as of far lightning across a cloud, along the columns that told of mobilisation orders, ambassadors taking flight for home, rumours creeping from under the fog of war to whisper that German foreposts are stealing across a frontier, Ministers of State coming out from council doors haggard and dumb, reservists called away to ship and regiment, every name of the thousands a smothered tragedy of a home. Sacrifice. Aye, and a holocaust of lives. And on what altar? For France this time at least

it is on the pure altar of La Patrie, a divine-human Power: for German peasant in the ranks a sacrifice to the same high potency of Fatherland; but for those who send that good-hearted gallant fellow to his grave under a French or Russian sod—for these, for Kaiser and Junker and fire-eating, blood-drinking, murder-bleating professor, and the evil spirit of Bismarck stalking there in the midst of them—it is an abhorred sacrifice to Moloch, sons of the land passed through the fire unto Him, yes, only Him. (O disastrous pedantry of our English pacifists, who could not see *this* Germany through the fume of their philanthropies, and scolded us who did see and warned them while there was time in vain.) Well, a sacrifice there is abroad both to a holy and to an unholy cause. For us in England what sacrifice and on what altar? Assuredly not of a Moloch. As surely on the altar of a cause pure as theirs, who fight and die for the people, that a whole nation perish not; but of even a holier cause, the work that the God of Hosts has given England to work for Him in earth's four quarters,—and who shall work that will of Him, if in this battle England should be broken? Which as the Lord liveth will not be.

But what have I to do here with the causes high or base of the other peoples whom the Prince of this world, pitching his headquarters at this season in central Europe, has bidden to the sacrifice of a million lives, and of homes by the scores of millions.

Ours, England's sacrifice, is the one matter an Englishman must press to heart and mind to-day. And is it not strange that this thunder-clap of doom breaks upon my ear while the ink is drying in which I wrote that Sacrifice is the name of Life?

The
Mutual
Sacrifice.

A thunder-clap; and "the thunder is still His voice." For it is the Mutual Sacrifice which the voice out of the storm-cloud has bruited abroad for us. England and the great Whole for which she is the older name, must now strive for life, and like all things that have life, she must keep it by a mutual sacrifice of the mother and the sons. If Christ be the Life, and life is the giving of a self to a self, then this is the Christ-following for an Englishman to-day. This, O Christian and dear and doited criers of peace where there was no peace, this is the Christianity required from you and me, this is our act of faith for the wild hour fallen on the blind and the seeing alike. There has happened to our race that which happened to the barbarian tribesmen in our forests who knew not the Christ, and to whom their duty to the Tribe was all the duty they owned to heaven, was the worship due to the divinity most near at hand, the home that bare them. For us to-day the home of our race has become the Divine Thing nearest at hand: as parent is to child, so Country to her sons in a righteous war is, I will dare say it, is as God. When they love not their lives unto the death, so they may save or help her, they take up the cross and follow Jesus, they are

filling up that which remains over of the sufferings of Christ.

But if this is Christianity, is it also Churchmanship?

If it be not, I will be churchman no longer.

Christ's Name! how pitiful under the ^{Trans-}black cloud uprisen, and the lightning-sword ^{valuations.} playing across it, look the causes my brother clerics have up to the verge of this world-quarrel been maintaining with so solemn strenuousness! Can this lady of my congregation come to a eucharist in a truly dutiful mind of communion if a crumb or a sup have passed her lips already? On the Sunday before a battle next month may an army chaplain give the bread and wine of life to a lad from a Methodist home who has never kneeled under the hands of a bishop? If that other army chaplain has preached a sermon, declaring his belief that the Body of Jesus seen in the Upper Room was not the same flesh and bone as Joseph laid in his vault, ought an Archbishop to close the preacher's lips till he grows more wise? I try to ask these questions with an open mind as to the right answers, or with as open a mind as patience can put on when she looks at such matters in such a time as this,—for what the right answers are one cannot much care for just now. I ask them only to put our churchmanly solitudes under the fierce light beating down from this awful sky, that whatever in our thoughts is unreal or of a paltry realness, may be

scorched and shrivelled and shred away, and leave behind the knowledge of things that can be known, and the articles of a belief that is able to save our soul.

Knowledge that is knowledge of fact, belief that is an act of the soul or an act upon the soul—these are what our theology and our religion want. “Real Churchmanship,” we called it in our student brotherhood of those early days of Carleford.¹ The word was glory in our young blood; vainglory of youngsters no doubt, in some part; but a sound glory too. What has come of it, beyond what the dream may have done in its hour for a half dozen of us neophytes at the Chantry?

Something is coming of it now. Reality
The advent of Fact. is with us of England in the months which begin their iron march from this morning. Look at our garden here, those rich sheets of bloom under the cultured box-hedges, this faultless ancient lawn and the seductive rose-hung alley yonder into which it wanders away. It is Anglicanism, that “English home” of the faithful and “haunt of ancient peace.” What would our garden be, if Dunmister Street were to be a bullet-pitted Podoll, as my father saw it when Prussia had been through it in '66, and if half a battery of 15 pounders scrambled across our parterres to murder a regiment out on the hill over there? Well, it would be not unlike our prim, formal, demure, ancient-modish, high-cul-

¹ Pastor Futurus, C. xvi.

tured churchiness, when into that close garden of the soul strides and stamps the savage vasty reality—War, whose other names are Greed, and Hate, and Fury: and Sin, Lust, and Madness; Famine, Pestilence, and the Death of men. Our sweet paradise in the Close is for pleasuring, lazing, studying, and five o’clock tea: it is not laid out for battery-practice and infantry fire-tactics, and when called on for such purposes becomes a pitiful irrelevance. And what I feel concerned about is the relevance of English Church fashion in religion to the condition of England when that condition is a state of war, as now. When Reality comes, as it does this hour, like a Day of Judgment, shall it find an English earth reality in the Church to meet and to cope with it and overmaster?

I trust so, and something more than merely “trust so”: I *have* trust that this will be.

My brethren (may they forgive me if my reference just now to some lesser matters which they magnify has seemed slighting) are making their wars of the faith on small occasions—the problems which they actually name—but not for small causes, though they fail to name and perhaps to recognise those causes. Access to the Lord’s Table, the Laying on of Hands, the preaching of the Pure Word, these causes are great and very great: but let us not mistake for them some quite other things which are not they, though they came out of them truly enough. The trouble is that we do not make these lesser things

go back, when they are fairly challenged, to where they came from, and bring an authorisation with them, a passport of reality, a voucher of membership and authority in the Kingdom. Some of our staunchest leaders tell us to do it, to "go back to first principles." That is it. Back to principles, which means back to Beginnings of Faith, is where I shall try to go for myself. How far will that have to be? Farther perhaps than our summoners themselves have in view, if to go back to principles means to begin at *principia*, at the beginnings of things. For that beginning lies far behind the Creeds and even the Scripture.

But we will go thither, God being our guide.

CHAPTER IV

THE REAL CHURCH

“The waiting at the gate for dreadful news.”

REALITY has come upon our nation as never it came for a hundred years save one, since the Sunday when worshippers coming out of a Kentish church saw, as they averred, the churchyard gravel tremble and later came to know this was the last shiver of “that world’s earthquake, Waterloo.” A “world’s earthquake.” I recall the incident as it was retold by some one a generation ago, without contradiction, I think. Fact or fancy, it serves equally well for a date. From the “loud Sabbath” onward, England’s fights have been for her interests or her honour, never for her life. The quiet Sabbath which opened last week ends the long security which the other began. We are to fight for our life, we Islanders; yes, we.

My God, to think what any morrow of this war may bring of life or death to England! If like that giant of my childhood’s fairy-book I had ears that could hear the grass grow, and eyes of the same calibre, perhaps I could this morning detect the shudder of the earth-mould in gardener Gowan’s lettuce

plot as the ocean-quake from two navies in the North Sea, shaking itself at last to sleep at the foot of "Ben" Tower, Dunminster.

If it should be *our* tower of defence that should crumble in the earthquake and threaten to give way——! It will not be so, will not: yet if——

Here is Reality come to the people of England after a hundred years of unreality except among our wise. It is our life, the life unto things temporal, which is challenged and hangs upon the answer of our right hand. Even more tremendously, to my thinking, is reality come to the Church of England. This threat of secular disaster under which the merely earthly pride and joy of our citizenship might be stricken nigh to death is a grimmer challenge to that spiritual fabric so named than we have known for far, far longer than the last long age of secular security. No assailant of faith, if it is only an "infidel philosophy," or a "godless science," or a political wordliness in the ascendant, can press faith with such a strangling grip as would the spectacle of a starving multitude staring out on a desolate offing for the corn ships which delay their coming, and seeing there no vessel but the grey hull under a German pennon patrolling the barren skyline.

For I remember a tale brought back to us in 1900 by a travelling English priest from Boer prisoners in their island confinement. They came to his ministrations, and after said to him, "You see we haven't got any religion of our own now: our pastors

there told us God would give us the victory, so we can't believe in our religion any more." Will some of us feel as did then those men who now are our fellow-patriots of Africa, if God should not defend the right, so speedily as we pray; if we should have to tarry the Lord's leisure, and though it tarry wait for it?

Well do I know what my college friend, James Verley, "Christopher" let me call him again here, for his thews and stature's sake, is thinking now. His own churchmanship was real of the "Real" Church, and to-day he thumps his broad thigh, and says, "this is a bit of the real thing." He indulges in a grin at Belamice, that punctilious, erudite "Catholic" of his staff, young and too much bemused with things secondary; and the grin means, "Now, my fine young assistant priest, you are going to find out what 'catholic' means in religion. It means a deal more than getting the hang of a ritual. Catholic faith is faith that is good for all men and all things. Catholic priest is a priest who is up to everything, like one of our Tars or Tommies, 'fit to go anywhere and do anything'—*quod ubique, quod semper, quod omnia agit*, as Vincent would write it if he were here along with us now. Yes, up to anything, whatever it is that is 'up to us' at the time,—as this little tussle just now to keep that grand old thing the Empire and the world's freedom a going concern still. Up to anything, that's what Catholic means. And

here's what you've got to be up to, Cyprian Belamice, this week and a few more: you've got to help us show the world that Briton is vernacular for Christian."

Ah, don't you be afraid for Cyprian, dear Christopher Greatheart. Catholic steel can be as true as Puritan iron. He'll be up to anything, when you show him that this anything is "up to" him. He'll be "real" church, as well as his original variety, now that a realer than his old realities of ministration and catechism has come on him to "impress" him for service of the Church Militant, fighting now to keep Faith's head up when the ill powers of this world try to rush her positions.

Will the Church keep her head up? Will she prove real enough to cope with this onset of reality, brute reality,—War, Hunger, Pestilence? She has not won much honour of late in milder wars of limited liability. She made nothing of a figure in the industrial war three years ago. In the all-but civil war of late months, she has seemed to us to count for nothing, by overt action at least, though there are some of her members whose position as to party politics seemed to promise that an overt intervention on their part might be the very clinch of a peaceful decision. Well, these are bygones. But they lesson us to meet the oncomings. May they lesson the Church that her first work this day in these islands is to make if she can by the ministry of the faith "the happy warrior" abroad, and even the happy

sufferer within our gates—men, women, children for whom Christ died.

Meanwhile the suspense! “The waiting at the gate for dreadful news.” How to bear it! *Passio Christi comferta me.*

Shakespeare has two poignant sayings on Suspense.

Better be with the dead
Than on the torment of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

But Macbeth was a bloody villain: how should he endure the torment?

Then

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

But then Brutus, found in villain company but no worse in himself than a pedant, was only a Stoic, not yet a Christian.

I find apter words than Shakespeare's for the mood I covet now in those (read elsewhere) of an ancient saint crossing a midnight sea on perilous mission. Fear is not his, he says:

Rather I taste a mystic joy to lie
Disrobed one hour of temporal circumstance,
A living soul by the All-Soul uplift,
Hid in the hollow of the Eternal's palm,
Midway between the worlds.

The
suspense
of faith.

To be in dread suspense, but suspended in the Eternal's palm, our soul hanging upon Him, His right hand upholding us, comforted by the Perfect Love which casteth out fear and its torment—this is the act for this moment of "faith working through love," this is the due sacrifice of an accepted time, and shall make it, come what may, a day of salvation.

CHAPTER V

JESUS THE LIFE OF MEN

THE Quest—where have I gone on it, since the war surprised us? How could I have gone on it anywhere? A knight of the Round Table who had ridden out to seek the Grail but was overtaken by news that the heathen were on the march and Excalibur was going forth to save the Kingdom, would have turned his horse's head, and cast the twelve-month vow to the wind and to Christ's forgiveness.

Yes, but I am non-combatant, and am not wanted to stitch, or nurse, or mount guard at a railway bridge, or do anything else with hands and feet to help England, until the convoys of wounded run in to our junction and call the chaplains to the bedsides. In this vacant interval the popular maxim, "business as usual," may serve for my guidance, and more worthily than it serves the convenience of certain who keep the shop when they ought to be in the camp. Theology is my business or part of it: I will go on with it.

Ah, but not "as usual." That would certainly be wrong, with this special business of Trinitarian theologising under the circumstances

Theology
not "as
usual."

of this war. The war has called us to Reality, and has our theological "business as usual" been real?

Consider. The most recent chapter in the story has been a controversy over the Quicunque. Those who stood to arms in the defence of the integrity and large use of that formulary cannot be charged with unreality in their contention: but the thing that was real in them was their zeal for the maintenance of truth, and perhaps also their indignation against challengers; it was not their philosophic conception of the truth that was real. If they claim to be able to *realise* the great words of the discussion—Trinity, Person, Substance,—they are claiming to be wise beyond mortal measure. If that claim cannot stand it is no blame to them: their opponents are not wiser than they. But it were well that they should accept some blame for their failure to recognise that the words are words for things which are more than they or any one *can* realise. They have been thinking that when they declare the Divine Reality to be Three Persons and yet One God, or that Jesus Christ is God and Man and has taken the Manhood into God, they are by the use of these sounds bringing under the view of the mind a correspondent fact which the mind is able to view. Some image doubtless rises to a listener's mind, if it is an attentive listener, but it is probably not the same image as the speaker's and both images are removed from the actual fact by an inter-

Reality
in theo-
logising.

val only a hair breadth short of infinity. That is because both speaker and hearer are men.

This is where our dogmatists are unreal, they use words as if they were things. It is a little like our English way in politics till yesterday. We thought that our phrases of England's "insular security" and an "international amity" and "impossibility of war" had facts which corresponded to them. German Realpolitik has taught us we were mistaken, and we are beginning to be real, or are going to begin. Let this discovery also teach us to be real on other lines than the organisation of fleets and armies, and first and most on the sacred line of thought concerning God and His Christ. What think we of Christ, whose Son is He? Let us think with realness and may our thought be real. It is true we can only think in words, and words never can be things; yet a word can be on the way to the thing, though it never will arrive there; so we will go all the way that our words go, and not pretend that we have gone any further. And yet I trust we shall go further somewhat, though not on the wings of words.

Who say I that Christ is? was the question I tried to answer, and I ventured that He is the Life, for He said it. Is that word in my mouth a real one?

Is "Life"
a real
word?

It used not to be. There was no word of large meaning for which one had more frequent occasion. So frequent that it did not occur to one to ask what

it meant, unless it was when some precipitate scientist said he had found out how life is made, and thereby scandalised religious people and set them thinking what it is to be a living thing. Well, for my own part I have got as far as to know this much about Life, that the living thing lives so much and so long, as there is interchange between its being or self and the world that encompasses it. If that interchange is obstructed it languishes, if it is wholly cut off it dies.

When then I believe Jesus Christ to be the Life I am believing that between Him and the Power that makes all things there is this Self-Interchange, and that this Interchange is not, as with God's creatures, a partial communion but a perfect: Christ is not alive only, but is the Life. Man, beast, insect are alive: these creatures have the self-interchange with part, how minute a part, of that which the Creator is. But Christ's self-interchange is with all that the Creator is. That which He lives is the life which is lived by the Father, the Life absolute, ultimate, originative, the Well of Life which is, said a psalmist, with God. When I call Christ also the Life of men, I declare a power in Him to impart life, to cause men to live as He lives. While I go no further than this in my definition of Christ the Life I lose the company of none of my Christian brethren. They have always said the same.

But when they say it, of whom is it said? Of Christ the Son of God, or of Jesus the Man?

They will answer there can be no question of which. The Two are One, for the Manhood is taken into God, Jesus is there in the Son.

Ah, do they say that last—Jesus is there? Or is it only that the Manhood is taken into God—the Manhood? The Man-
hood or
the Man?

It is the latter which we affirm so often as we recite the Quicumque. Do we realise it or only recite? I must not make myself the measure of my fellow-worshippers, but for this one worshipper here is an image in word which constructs for him no image in fact. He does not blame his own little faith for this: faith is not in question, only logic. "Manhood" is not a fact but a word; there is no such thing as manhood, there are men, and there was a Man, Jesus the prophet of Nazareth in Galilee, son of Mary. This Man, Jesus who is called Christ, where is He now, where and what is He since a day when He led His disciples out as far as to Bethany and there left their sight, never to return to sight again? Where is Jesus of Nazareth now?

I wonder if my brothers in the faith will answer that question as I must. No, not as I, but as a man of God would answer, such a one as—whom could I find a surer guide of faith?—that saintly bishop of my mother's generation, of whom she holds a certain gracious recollection, in which she

links with him her boy. If I am to guard my own precarious and unworthy judgment in a matter which is the very hinge of sound doctrine, by the shelter of his authority, I must cite him as my mother would. And I can, for she once let me read in her diary an incident she treasured from the bishop's confirmation address, when I was a candidate.

"A red letter day! John's confirmation.

A word of a saint. "I never saw a school chapel with its congregation till this afternoon. How moving, the ranks of boys' faces! And my lad's fair head among the candidates clear against the dark panelling beyond it.

"But the Bishop. Mark used to say that his Good Friday addresses reminded you one moment of John Wesley, the next of an early Jesuit. Though every one seems like Mark to love him, I was wondering whether my young boy, so full of fervour for his great Headmaster, a very different influence from this simple saint, would receive any deep impression. But there came a point where I saw John's eyes travel suddenly from the beautiful East window to the pastoral chair. It was when the Bishop was asking why many confirmed men, good and upright, lapse from the practice of Communion. 'I believe,' his sincere tones said, 'very often it is—just ignorance! They don't know that Jesus Christ is *alive!*' And his eyes as he paused had a sort of clear surprise in them, that

made one think of a child. The Christ is alive for him.”

Christ is alive for the boy whose eyes the saint's word drew to his own a score of years ago. But for the man who was that boy it is not Christ only who is alive: it is Jesus Christ. Jesus who was dead, “whom Paul affirmed to be alive,” this same Jesus lives now. I seem to have escaped that “ignorance” of some; I think I know that Jesus is alive. Why should I not say so then for myself?

Yet I have some hesitation. My brethren will none of them gainsay St. Paul, nor even that saint of yesterday, but the very same word in my mouth will perhaps be rebuked. They may class me with those who acknowledge only a human Christ. Jesus of Nazareth, they will say, cannot be there yonder with God, but the Son of God who once for a little while was the man so named. The Manhood was taken into God, but how the Man?

Yes, how? That is what I do not know, ^{The Man-}the how. But then neither do I know how ^{hood in the} ^{Godhead.} even the Manhood is taken into God. I cannot hope that my co-believers know this themselves: indeed I am sure they disclaim the knowledge: it is a mystery, the fact alone is revealed. But not even the fact can be revealed, except so far as it is a fact which can be conveyed as such to a human intelligence, and “manhood” I was saying is not a fact but a word. If that is disputed, let us test the case by comparing the power of the word, “manhood”

in the practice of religion with the power of the word "man." How many conversions come from a persuasion that the Manhood was united to the Godhead by the Incarnation, how many from a belief that a Man, this Jesus who was born and died among the Jews, is yonder in the Unseen with God? Which saying of these two is in power, which in word?

Ah, yes, let us be real and discern between our words which can make present to us a thing, and other words which may be the name or symbol of things indeed, but of things which cannot be presented to our understanding, however they may stir our spirit with a spell for which there is no name.

That spell is in them, in many of them, I am sure of that. When I have heard some brother, contending earnestly for the rights of the Quicunque, aver that so far from consenting to abridge its use he would desire to restore the daily recital of the old church, I have not thought he was merely encouraging himself to battle by a splendid, valiant hyperbole. Oh no, this is just his good soldiership. In old armies the war-trumpet when it blew for onset was not the fire of battle in the soldier's heart, but the soldier kindled at it as if it were; his passion and that strain of music had been wedded into one; the musical phrase on the instrument did not hold the meaning, the meaning was all in the man's mind which caught and echoed them. And so our earnest contender for the faith prizes the phrases of this

credal war-chant not for their meaning only (though unlike the soldier's music they have it) but for the faith in him which springs to arms at the sound, because it happens that their music and his meaning have become one in his soul. "The thing becomes a trumpet," and he answers it with a soldier's truth. Only let him not on his part accuse others as laggards or deserters, because they desire some other arrangement of the war-music to which their spirit is better attuned, and which teaches their hands to war and their fingers to fight with a more divine commandingness.

Well, then I shall try to be real in my thought of the Risen Lord, and to discern between the word which speaks of a "manhood" taken into God, and that which declares a "man," even Jesus, to have entered the divine existence and to be there beside the Father. Before the wonder of a Jesus who is still a Man and also the Son of God I bow myself even as I bow in wistful, trustful reverence before some altar built by hands of mortal workmen, where I can see the stone of sacrifice but not the Sacrificed thereon; Him I see not, yet I know Him there. From the wrought masonry of the earthly shrine which my eyes of flesh can measure I pass by other vision to see but not now, to behold but not nigh, the Reality into which that earthly reality melts and flows and merges across the bar of sense. Would my vision

The
Godhead
known
through
the Man-
hood.

pass across that bound to the divine Beyond if it were not lifted thither by that stepping-stone of the solid material fact, this altar built by art and man's device? Do I the less behold the Lamb of God because these heaped stones of which my touch assures me are telling me that Christ our passover is sacrificed for us?

Then neither do I lose the sight of the Divine Son of God because I fasten my gaze on that of Him which the gaze can reach, that of Him, of the human Person now in the glory, which I can know and cleave to and cleaving can have life. I do not the less behold Him that is invisible because I see Him with the mortal eyes of my brethren who saw Him in the flesh, and touch Him by their hands which handled Him,—Jesus of Nazareth the Son of Mary, who is the Christ the Son of the living God.

CHAPTER VI

A NEW SCIENCE

“WELL,” said Langton, after I had tried to put out my idea, on which I wanted his opinion, about the human personality of Jesus and its survival; “Well,” he said. And after that he said nothing for a time.

Is there any one else, not an intimate, to whom I could have given this theological confidence of mine, as I did venture with this veteran of the Tractarian rank and file? But when I was hunting round for some plain mind among the orthodox for a doxy-meter by which to measure the soundness or the vice of my theory, I came up against the tall big-jointed figure, beloved of high and low, that now goes in and out of the Minster Library door; and I thought, “Langton was the soul of charity in faith while he was priest of a parish. Don’t I remember his sympathy once myself, when other people had less? And now that he has no flock of his own for whose instruction he is responsible he will find it still easier to listen patiently to a heterodox, if I am one. If he can pass my doctrine, it will not offend people of his school:

A coun-
sellor.

if he cannot, no mischief will be made by my speaking out to him." So I went across to his library and asked for a few minutes chat in his sanctum there. Then I laid my thesis before him, and asked him how it would be taken by the conservative in religion.

He said, "Well," and nursed his knee in a silence, till I began to fear the worst. Then "I don't feel quite sure, Desmond, whether I'm to say what *I* think or what other people will think. If it's me, —I feel I'm quite with you; oh I can't say how much I am with you. You make my heart beat, when you talk of the human Jesus, the one that Peter loved and that loved John, that same Jesus being as near to us as He was to those two, just as one sometimes dares to hope some very dear friend of one's own may be with one still. For I have felt like that, Desmond, sometimes, just like that. But then it's not me that's in your mind. I'm such a poor theologian, and what I think can't matter. You're thinking, are you not? of those who feel themselves responsible for the dogmatic statement of the faith, and who have to be severe about defining it and maintaining the true tradition, people like—like——"

"Like Captain Atherton?" I suggested. (A late churchwarden of Langton's, a very stalwart person, who writes letters on "The Modernist Betrayal.")

"No, not Atherton," he said rather dreamily. "I was not thinking of Atherton. I believe I was rather

thinking of Athanasius. I was wondering whether you will not seem to be contradicting the Athanasian creed. Does it not sound like saying that there are two Persons in Christ and not only two Natures in one Person? I expect they will say you have fallen into one of the four heresies, though I don't know which at the moment. The truth is I never can keep them clear in my head. But are you not afraid that is what they will say about you?"

"Very much afraid," I answered, "and what is worse I am afraid they may be right. But then it is my fear that we all do it: I fancy any one who really tries to understand the Incarnation has to fall into all the heresies concerning the divine and the human, one after the other; which, when one thinks, is exactly what the Church herself did through all the time of the Four Heresies, and indeed ever since, though we do not say so, but give new names to the same old misdirections of the Church's thought. I suppose this happens because our minds are made that way: we can only keep straight on the road of belief, it seems, by blundering into first the one ditch and then into the other. The Church calls these blundering steps Heresies. In all other walks than religion we call the same process the 'zigzag of progress': more politely, and more correctly too. When one is told *super antiquas stare sed ire vias*, I feel the metaphor is inexact. We do not keep the road by standing on it: we stumble off

it this side and that, correcting one stumble by another. That *stare sed ire* always brings to my mind nowadays those moving pathways and staircases at exhibitions; there you really can stand and go on at the same time. But religion has no such mechanical road of faith, and never will have. You must do the marching yourself."

I stopped there, doubting if it was quite fair of me to speak so frankly to Langton. I might be putting an undue strain on that most sweet and perfect charity of his, and embarrassing him between it and his loyalty to his own school. But while I was searching for other words to ease him he made them needless by saying,

"Do you know, Desmond, it does me good to hear you say that. Those heresies—when I was reading for orders I never could keep them separate for more than a week together. And while I did get hold of them, I used to feel some of them were very reasonable, like what I should have thought about it, if I had been left to myself, and couldn't trust the Church. . . . It helps me to understand the Romans, their idea of leaving such things to the Church. . . ." After a maturing pause, "Duddingham here says he wishes we read the Athanasian Creed *every* day."

This last remark had much less in consequence than appears when I write it down here; the ellipsis was easy to supply.

I took it up just there. "I hope not to fall foul

of Duddingham over this, if he will understand me. There is no word in the Quicunque which my theory of the Continued Humanity disputes, though there are some of which I can no more clearly define the meaning than perhaps Duddingham can, or (may one not say it?) the author of the creed could when he wrote them. It ^{The Old in} seems to me I am not saying anything at ^{the New.} all about that creed's main assertion—that 'the Lord Jesus Christ . . . is God.' That is the Catholic faith, and I for my part 'faithfully believe it.' But I also believe faithfully the other assertion of the creed, that Christ 'is God *and* Man'; and this is the belief I am seeking to believe not faithfully only, but understandingly, with all my soul but also with all my mind. I am trying to think out for myself all the riches of Christ, not unsearchable if only we will search, that lie in that truth, Jesus was Man and *is* Man, has a real human personality now, because once He had it, and therefore must have it for ever, else it was only a phantom Christ who was crucified and buried. Why, Langton"—and here I wondered I had never seen this before, "if we did not believe this actual person, Jesus of Nazareth, is still a living person, the same living human person with all that belonged to him as the human being who once taught and worked and made disciples, how could we believe our own persons will survive? If Jesus, not the Christ but Jesus, is not risen, then neither shall we rise; there is

no 'survival of personality,'—unless indeed a certain new science can prove it to us; the Gospel does not, if the 'first-born among many brethren' was not Jesus of Nazareth, but only Christ the Son of God. A metaphysical Christ—we can not be younger brethren of such a one; of a human Jesus we can."

"Yes, that is so true," said Langton, "when we are thinking of the Resurrection. There one does want the human Jesus, not what you call the metaphysical Christ. But when one comes to think about the Atonement and the Sitting at the Right Hand, and the Perpetual Intercession, and so one gets into metaphysics, if only one had the head for them—that's where one cannot keep hold on the human Christ. Jesus coming back alive and just what He had been to His disciples, I can imagine that. But A hard saying. Jesus at the Right Hand, that's the difficulty."

I acknowledged it. But then in ordinary life difficulties were made, we say, for the brave to overcome, and it should be the same in the religious. Jesus the Man sitting at the Right Hand, continuing the Atonement, it is a hard saying, who can The hardy can hear it. hear it? Well, perhaps the hardy, if they try hardily enough.

"And then, Langton, in common matters we call it bad science to bring in a new theory to explain new facts if an old one will serve. The Law of Parsimony applies to theology too. If what can

be known of the powers possessed by Jesus as Man, working on earth, will explain what he does for us in heaven, this will be a true account of Christ's work; at least it will be part of the account, and we are bound to learn all there is to be learned of this before we go further into transcendental things. There are heavenly witnesses who alone can show us the last truths of existence, but they that bear witness on earth must first be heard by us."

I got up to go, and he stopped me.

"Oh, don't go yet, Desmond. What was that about 'a certain new science,' and it might come to 'prove the survival of personality,' I think you said. Is it the Psychological Research people you mean?"

A certain
new
science.

"Yes, that was what I meant. Are you taking an interest in that?"

"Well, I think I should, if I knew more about it; but I find some of my friends whose judgment I value rather shake their heads when it is mentioned, and I suppose that has put me off inquiring. Ought one to go into it, would you say? . . . as religious men, I mean."

And he gave me a slightly troubled look. I understood it: he had in mind Eldway, who at a ruri-decanal chapter lately was denouncing spiritualism and all its works, and expressly included in these the recent labours of the psychic research people: if thou shalt not suffer a witch to live, how shalt

thou let her come alive again in a medium? I had a moment's hesitation, but decided it.

"Now, Langton, I hope you won't think this is presumption in me, but only honesty, and confidence in you. I am so bold as to expect that this new science—for all this psychical research, Telepathy and the rest, is a science, you know, a quite natural, sound, straightforward, wholesome one—is going to do great things in religion, very great things. Yes, if it is not unbecoming in me to say it, when I know so little about these researches, I am hoping this new knowledge will make all things new in theology, as when Copernicus widened out the skies for us. Why, just think! If it made such a difference when we learnt that the earth goes round the sun, how will it be if we learn that a man can go round the earth without crossing his doorstep? But that is what he does, if by thinking a thought in England he makes a friend think the same in Japan. It will make earth a new place. And will it stop there? If an Englishman can be in Japan as well as at home, why not in Mars, provided the Martians have organs of consciousness like our own? New earth and new heavens too! Think, Langton. Shall we not have to rewrite all our school-books on theology? . . .

"Yes, I know, that will make trouble perhaps with some of our grammarians. To say so much to others than you would *not* be becoming, at any rate till I have thought things out longer and am

more sure of my ground. You must give me some law, dear friend, and not put Eldway on my tracks for a bit; but you and I can talk of this again."

Then I added, "We mustn't let telepathy put out of our heads what I really came to confer about, the Continued Humanity, and how to reconcile it with the Quicunque. So I hope you will tell Duddingham that he must not think we are against him at all. We are only trying to know all there is still to know about the Christ who is Man. At least that is what I try to do; and I shall go on trying, God being my helper."

"Oh, go on, Desmond," he said, "go on. I'm sure you are right. I think . . . I hope . . . we shall *all* of us go with you; yes, God being our helper."

PART II: THE ATONEMENT THROUGH LIFE

CHAPTER VII

THE LAMB OF GOD

YESTERDAY it was Langton bidding me "go on." To-day, as if it were by preconcert, comes a provocation to it from my mother.

I do not know if one ought to blame the newspapers for publishing that unspeakable A Hymn of Hate. Hymn of Hate, with which the Bavarian "Jugend" confesses the national sin of a generation or longer. It is a fact, this hatred of us by a nation from junker to kerl; the most vital fact, and therefore for us the most mortal, with which England has to reckon; and England from pedant to pauper must be made to reckon. Yes, I suppose it is necessary that England should know this fact, but this morning I wished that one mother in England, Frances Desmond, might have been spared the knowledge, when I saw her put down the paper with a shudder. "Have you seen this, John?" (I had.) "It is horrible. And yet they call themselves Christians."

"Are you right about that, mother?" I answered.

“I am not sure they do call themselves Christians, those of them who think they know about things. One understands from Germany itself that the national spirit is at last recovering from a disastrous submission to the Gospel made by those docile Goths, Vandals, Huns, just when their own true gods, Murder and Plunder (now renamed Heroism and Deutschland über Alles) had triumphed over Rome, and when the race might have imposed on the world the gospel of Teutonic culture. Certainly Professor Eucken has been asking ‘Can we still be Christian?’ and answering that we can, provided we are not any particular sort of Christians. But from recent utterances even of him I gather that the particular sort of Christian you and I wish to belong to, the sort that think Right is Might and that the Gospel is not Will to Power but Will to Love, are not to be included with himself in that We. At least we could not include *him*, on the strength of his confession of faith in the rightness of his country’s doings.”

This was a wretched lecture, and I cut it short in remorse, seeing mother’s face.

“Oh, I can’t think about it like that, not in that cool historical way, and I don’t care anything at all about Professor Eucken. Why should he know more about such things than any of us? All I can think of is the horror that in countries which used to be Christian, whatever they call themselves just

now, 'men are being murdered by thousands, and women and children. . . .'"

Presently she went on. "Yet it's not that. It's the hate which makes them do it, the awful sin against love, the trampling on the Cross. It makes one ask if the Cross really is able to redeem the world. . . . Last Sunday when the *Agnus Dei* was sung, I said to myself, 'Do you *really* believe the Lamb of God does take away the sin of the world? Why does He not take away this huge sin of Europe, anger and malice and all uncharitableness.' For this sin has grown worse not better, much worse than a hundred years ago. Those letters we have of my great grandfather—he was in our embassy in Prussia—give one a good idea of how we English felt towards the French. Our people were horribly afraid of them, and 'Boney' was the word to quell children with in a nursery, but the feeling wasn't like this German feeling, though we have done them no wrong and no *sensible* person there was really afraid of us. But they sing this ghastly thing against us. How is the Lamb of God taking away this sin of the world, hatred and murder? . . ."

"Archdeacon Jefferson said to me, when I was a girl and asked that question, 'To understand this one must look at the Crucifix.' I don't find that answers my doubt now: do you, John?"

I said I found I must look beyond that; when

we talked of the Cross being the world-secret, it was vain talk, unless by the Cross we meant much more than it. "Do you know, mother, you have asked the very question I am trying to get some answer to for myself—how it is that Christ takes away the sin of the world. What does He actually do when in our phrase He works atonement? We have words and phrases for it, but when we put a meaning on them we often want to drop the meaning and the word with it. Who can really bear to talk of a Propitiation? A God whose anger can be slaked by a victim's blood—would even Prussian William, worshipper of Thor, which is German for Moloch, in saner moods acknowledge such a one? Vicarious punishment—our moralists try to bolster it up by telling us the innocent do suffer (but suffering is not punishment) for the sins of the guilty, and in some rather roundabout way their pains tend to make things better, as by turning the hearts of wrong doers (though I think the pains of Belgium have made the Germans worse at present, as mostly happens between victim and tyrant): but we want something more direct for Christ's work upon sinners—some redemption which is more certain and essential, not a mere by-product of the act of sacrifice, like the moralist's account of it. And, mother, most of all we want a way of redemption that shall look like *God's* way, His, one that will match the whole scenery of creation so far as we see it. Philosophers have called creation the Gar-

ment of God. Now, say what we may about the contrast of World and Church, and the Gospel reversing human values, one does think the scheme of salvation will not be a new purple patch on a sordid old garment of a general world-scheme. Why, the sky over us is never so lovely a blue that the dull grey or brown earth landscape and it seem to do one another a violence; the threads that weave the colours run through both, and make a harmony under the clash. That is what I want to get sight of, the harmony of the old creation and the new creation, Christ's. And I hope, I do really hope, I am getting some little glimpse of it. Of course it will be no good, even if I do get it, for any one but myself—or myself and perhaps you, mother. But that's a deal more than any one has a right to ask for, to find a truth that will do for himself *and* for one other too."

She took up my hand. "John, John, you *must* do it, you must. Try and tell us about it in one of your Advent sermons. Oh I know you will be able to do it. Thank God for His good gift."

I did not look at her; I looked out of the window. A drift of leaves came off the swaying elm. I said to myself, "The wind bloweth where it listeth."

* * * * *

What is this glimpse I am hoping for of the truth of the Atonement? I have been bold enough to tell my mother that our old names for it—Propitiation, Vicarious Suffering—do not truly name our belief any longer. They are what grammarians

might call "effete metaphors"; they have lost feature, mercifully; if we really recovered their original features of meaning, we should have to denounce them and abandon. They remain because they have come to be sounds calling up a happier and a truer meaning, though a vague. But even that other metaphor, the Intercession at the Right Hand, does even this content us? No, nor this. For *how* does the Christ intercede, since He does not, as in our childish fancy, lean from His seat in heaven to whisper a deprecation into the ear of His Father, the Judge of all the earth. What is it that takes place *on earth*, what happens upon a mortal's soul, when the Intercessor prevails, and the sinner is pardoned and reconciled? What?

It is this I am to say, if I can, in the Advent sermon she has tasked me with.

I do not know if I shall be able to say it there, or if it will be right to do so. But I may say it here, alone, and I will try.

For I do not in my own mind doubt at all that the Atonement,—not as it works in heaven but as it works on earth, where we can partly scan it; not as *Christus Consummator* reconciles the world to the Father, but as Jesus who died and rose takes away that sin of the world which is in me and any mortal brother;—that the Atonement is the same action as that by which Jesus of Nazareth took the sin away from Peter and James and John and

Atonement
and Inter-
cession.

"Qui
tollis."

Andrew, from the Magdalene and the other Maries; the same as that by which Jesus whom he persecuted took away from Paul the sin which kicked against the pricks; and by which the deliverance from the selfish self has been wrought in every soul of man or woman who has entered the fellowship of Christ's Church.

Jesus takes sin away by giving life. Sin is the failure of life. Heinous sin or venial, it is the same; it is disease winning against health, disintegration against wholeness, decay outstripping reparation, death defeating life. In the stricken body nothing can remove disease except more life infused; in the stricken soul disease is called Sin, but its cure is no otherwise. Christ takes it away by giving the sinner life.

Many of our most devout do not like one to speak thus; it is too negative, not severe enough, too like the indulgent view, they say, of the Greek for whom sin was only a missing of the mark. Sin is enmity to God; it has hatred in it, and rancour against good; it is a positive thing and a violent, an armed adversary, an Apollyon, not to be treated with, not to be spared, but always and only to be fought, hunted down, and slain.

And I answer that all this is true, but true Sin.
in the language of metaphor, not of fact; it tells us what sin is like to the mind of man, not what it is like in the nature of the world. And even in metaphor it is true for some forms only of sin and not

for others. Murder done in cold hate, lust conscious of its victim's ruin, greed trampling on faith between man and man, this sin is Apollyon. But the intemperance of the avenger of blood, the weak yielding of the seduced, the hunger that steals before it starves, this too is sin, but it is not Apollyon. And I want the word which can be said of both. But if Life be, as I think it, the highest, deepest, widest, word by which Good can be named among men at least, then the Evil which is sin can bear no stronger name than Death. Can Life have a more hostile adversary than the destroyer of life; can anything be more deadly than death?

Yet I am leaving behind me an unanswered objection which would threaten the safety of my advance. The Atonement, it will be felt, cannot be just identified with the Creation; it may be the giving of life, but the mode of the gift when its work is to reconcile the estranged cannot be the same as its mode when it begins or continues a creation. Perhaps we have made too much of sin, but sin *is* something in the world, and the abolition of sin cannot really be the same thing as the promotion of goodness and the maintenance of innocency. But this abolition of sin is what the Atonement means, and the task for me is to detect the specific difference of God's creative action, when it brings a clean thing out of an unclean and makes the sinful thing which is, be as if it were not.

Well, just now in Dunminster we have in our view an analogy of nature which promises help to my theory. We are abolishing some evil in the wards and operation rooms of our war-hospital, the evil of pain and death. How is this done? By the physicians' surgery and drugs, by the nurses' tendance? Not without them certainly, but it is not they that cause the recovery. Nothing can destroy sickness and death except the coming of life, and these medicaments and tools are not ministers of life, they only remove the obstacles to life. The *vis medicatrix naturæ* is never superseded by the most exquisite operation of medicine; nature is only set free to move along unmolested tracks by the knife which prunes away a diseased member and the appliances which fend off the noxious germs or provoke the numbed vitality and stir the fires of life. The healing of these stricken men in their beds is the same activity of nature as was their health on the march to war; the difference is that an external cause, an enemy's sword or shot, has severed or dammed the channels of the interchange between the wounded organism and its environment, or between the whole organism and a member of it. That is how I figure to myself the creative creation and the redemptive creation, the "days of man's innocence" (or the metaphysical equivalent of that expression) and the "day of salvation." Sin is a fact as truly as the bullet or bayonet wound, though its origin is not as easy to

assign. It was an importation into the world of living creatures, and has required the importation of a remedy. But this remedy of the stricken soul as of the body can only set free the energy of life, make the rough places smooth for the path of salvation.

So the question seems now to be this. "When the health of man was broken by the entry of sin (how it entered we must leave to any religious researcher who is not wearied out), what remedial measure to re-enable life in the man did the entry of the Christ import?" My answer has been that Christ the Son restored man as God the Father had made and sustained him, by causing a self-interchange or communion of the divine and the human nature, that is, *by causing life*. But what did the Redeemer need to do which the Creator had not done? The Father worketh hitherto and the Son works: What is the specific difference in the working of the Son?

We name that difference when we confess the Incarnation, the historic Incarnation. The Son worked and works the Atonement by being Jesus, by doing the things which Jesus did. What are these things? Not the good tidings, not the signs and wonders, not the going about doing good, not the holy example, if these things had been all, as to some people they seem to be all in the account of the Christ. Nor again the death upon the cross, in which others find the ac-

A greater
than the
Cross.

count of Christus Redemptor, if that had been the end of all. The deed of Jesus which atoned was not the cross. The cross did not at-one Jesus himself. It was a sacrifice but not an atoning sacrifice, a life lost indeed but, if the dead ended there, not found. The sacrifice that makes life must be a *mutual* sacrifice, a gift of self exchanged between Two. The cross was Jesus' gift of self, the Father's gift was the Resurrection. Life given was received again not a hundredfold but with infinitude. There was interchange of time and eternity, flesh and spirit. The sacrifice had been laid upon the altar and the Lord that is the God had answered by the fire. In that flame of sacrifice, earth and heaven mingled and were one. The At-one-ment was wrought, and it was the work of Jesus, the Man.

No sooner is that last word said than one's ear is smitten by the rebuke that such a word in such a place is a betrayal of the Christian's faith, that the man Jesus was also Christ the Son even while He still agonised on the tree of death.

Let the righteous smite me friendly. They will if they consider again my whole thought in this. Their creed that Jesus is God is mine as firmly as it is theirs; but not less firmly than they I believe that Jesus is both God *and* Man. What He is as God is for me, and I think for them, a matter only of distant and weak apprehension, "pursuing but faint"; what He is as Man may become, if I pursue, a matter almost of comprehension. Being myself

man I hope to know in some strong sense of knowledge what the Man Jesus was and is. And if I *can* know this, also I must. This is the knowledge which is most necessary for my soul's health, since it is by being Man that the Son of God saves that soul alive, and indeed is to this mortal a concern at all. What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world of that which can be known even of heaven and the heavenly, and to lose his own soul? What indeed!

Besides he who reveals the Father, only he can reveal the Son. And this revealer is Jesus, The process of the Atonement. Son of Man.

With that deprecation I go forward. I am to discern if I may the process of this Atonement, by what manner of action Jesus makes men live. The process must be sought where it is most discernible, that is, in history. And first I have to remember that the Atonement, if it was fully accomplished only in the Passing of Jesus, did not begin in that moment. The whole mortal passage in which, like every child of man, "from the great deep to the great deep he goes," was already the redeeming action. The prophet of Nazareth drew to Him a Peter and his brethren, a Magdalene and her sister Maries, and an atonement went on for these, for a life came to them and was taking away their sins. This life in them was caused by the life in Him, the fact which we describe sometimes as an obedience to the divine Will, sometimes as a communion with, sometimes a sacrifice to the Father—change of meta-

phors to which I have ventured to add one of my own, a Self-Interchange of Christ and God. But *how* did life in Jesus make life to be in other men? Can we analyse this more closely?

We must not content ourselves with interpretations which have been in use. To say that Jesus is the Second Adam, that humanity is summed up in Him, or that He is the Representative Man, and to think we are explaining the fact, is to deceive ourselves and to mistake words for things. Will it be only a word and not a word which brings nearer the thing, if I say that Jesus communicated life to others in the way in which life is propagated throughout all natural existence. The living creature, if it be no higher than a herb, does ^{Birth, in Nature and in Grace.} not *cause* the life of a new creature, but only *occasions* that life to be. It does a certain act of living, and upon the doing of it the new life springs. Whether this act be in the asexual or the sexual zone of generation makes no difference. Where a new individual is produced by fission or other sexless propagation there the original living thing only occasions not causes that independent beginning. It casts off a portion of its organism into the environment. This act of detachment is a vital act done between itself and the encompassing soil or water in which the slip is planted; for there is an interchange in which the mother plant gives of its substance to the soil and the soil renders its own in nutriment to that substance of the plant which has been detached from it. But

now, that mother plant has only given *occasion* to the offspring: the slip of living matter must by its own effort use the occasion, must minister to itself, by its own energy help itself to live, must strike root and effect with the soil a mutual incorporation.

In the zone of sex-production the power which begins a new flower upon the sod is an act more distinctly of parentage by union of one seminal particle and another, which thus becomes for the first its point of contact and intermingling with its world. Man's natural life is propagated no otherwise than the flower's. Let the analogy of nature interpret to us the work of grace in
 Birth of
 Soul is as
 of Body. the propagation of the life spiritual.

I conceive then of the propagation by Jesus of the life of soul in His disciples as comparable in the order of the process to the parentage by which life is generated on the lower level of the physical. That vital energy of His being by which He made the interchange of self with the Father, that life-long communion perfected in the Passion, made the occasion, the opportunity, on which the human spirit of a disciple woke into consciousness of the Divine Spirit and by an effort of union came alive. As man is brought into the world of nature by the mysterious vital act called birth, where a germ of human-kind has been quickened by the vital act called parentage, so is he born into the world of grace. Life starts in his soul at the mystic shock of life in another which pulsates beside him. Jesus,

in all moments of His mortal existence, lived unto God, and at this moment or at that some follower's soul woke at the pulse-beat from a pre-natal sleep, and lived. In no metaphor said Jesus to Nicodemus that a man must be born again if he shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Spiritual birth is no figure drawn from fleshly birth, it is one fact with it. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and of spirit spirit; the two that are born are diverse, the bearing of the two is one.

Can I clothe this abstract law of creation with the concrete, with the historic experience of those first disciples? How did the life come to a birth in one of these; how (to use more conventional terms) was Simon Peter "converted," how were John and James made Christians?

In grace as in nature the birth-fact is closely veiled from view. The record of the making of disciples brings us no nearer to it than the knowledge that when Jesus began to preach the Kingdom of God certain men and women out of a multitude whose minds had been roused to attention entered into more intimacy with this teacher, came under the spell of His person, and in the event attained to the belief that in that personality the secret of human fate was disclosed and the power to realise that fate was ministered. "Thou art the Christ," "Thou hast the words of eternal life," "Lord, I will follow thee even to prison and to death," said Peter, and likewise said they all.

Shall we content ourselves with assigning the conversion of these people to the force of the teaching and the example of Jesus, or again of a personal magnetism in the prophet? Surely we must go on to ask *why* the truths taught, the conduct manifested, the attraction exerted, caused belief, obedience, devotion. For we must not take for granted, as we commonly have done, that truth must convince, goodness compel imitation, beauty of spirit attract. Plainly that did not happen to any but a few even of those who came within the spell, and many of those who stood without it were not attracted but repelled and antagonised. There ought then to be some hearing for the interpretation I am trying to frame for my own assistance, for it rests upon facts of human nature already in some measure ascertained, and now coming fast under a steadier and more penetrating light.

That which Jesus taught and acted was the Mutual Sacrifice of God and Man. He preached that "he that loseth his life shall find it." He exemplified it by obedience to the Father's will even unto death; at the last He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem, He prayed that the cup might pass, and not passing drank it to the lees.

This was His communion or self-interchange with the Father, His offer of self-sacrifice; in our chosen word it was the act of life unto God as rendered from His side. This life was lived in the sight and touch of His disciples: the pulse of it beat

The
Mutual
Sacrifice
in Jesus.

against their own heart-beats; thereupon the same pulse of life woke in them. The birth of the life eternal was on that wise. This interpretation must for me take the place of all the older renderings of the truth with which we have satisfied ourselves hitherto. Christ did not save His disciples' souls by the Sermon on the Mount, or that in the Upper Room, by His "going about doing good," by His signs and wonders; no, nor by an expiation wrought through vicarious sacrifice on the bitter tree. He saved them, these men whose names and deeds we know, not by the letting His light of wisdom shine and His works of mercy be done before men, but by letting His life be lived before them where the breath and the beat of it would vibrate on their spirits and provoke a life like itself to waken and live in them.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TELEPATHIES OF WAR

LANGTON came to tea this afternoon, and, after he had got me alone, asked if I had "done any more" since our talk, or did I find it impossible to think about anything except the war. I said that I hoped I had made a beginning, and the war seemed not to hinder but help. "You know, Langton, it feels to me that there is a wonderful new movement stirring in our minds. When the war began we all were thinking how it would bring reality into our religion. But did one guess how real a reality? . . .

A VISION of Angels. What do you make of these soldiers' tales that come in after the first fightings, the apparitions on the battlefield, the white horsemen which enemy prisoners say they saw at the side of our men, the unaccountable frustration of an assault of their cavalry on us, as if something barred the way?"

Langton said he would like to hear what I thought about it.

"I am trying to think. One may smile at the soldier who tells you there were angels on the field, like the one who stopped the beast Balaam rode.

But one's smile might be as well bestowed on the superior people who say the tales are rubbish. Of the two the simple man is nearer the truth, just as the ass was nearer the fact than Balaam. There was something in the way of the prophet, though not an angel with a sword; and something was there between our army and ruin, though in my view not a white horseman.

"A story which has not got into print suggests to me an interpretation of these occurrences. In the late autumn there was a night attack on our thinly manned trenches which failed in a strange way. Our men held their fire. The enemy charged to within a few yards, stopped, set up a yell, and fled back to their trenches. Did they see our reserves coming up? No, there was not a motion anywhere. One of our people went to the next trench, found an officer standing there, in a kind of tranced condition, and asked: 'Do you know what made the Germans do like that?' 'Yes, I seemed to see why. For I looked along your trench and I saw ranks of white shining figures in front of you. I think the Germans saw it, and that was what scared them.'

"Now I have this idea about it, Langton. It was telepathy. Those Germans had the 'white horsemen' belief in them. (We know from prisoners that some of them have it, got from the Russians, who certainly profess it; it is a belief as ancient as Lake Regillus, and Spaniards in Mexico saw S.

James on a white horse.) Well, one or other of those German linesmen as he ran towards his death saw white horsemen, where there was nothing, or nothing *he* could have seen. Perhaps he cried out, or his silent fear infected others with a panic. So they turned and ran. But how of the Englishman and his 'shining ranks'? He was wondering at the conduct of the enemy, and so was in some relation of mental sympathy with them; this made possible a thought-transference from them to him. What they saw, he saw; but he saw according to his lights, I mean, his recipiency. In his mind there were no white horsemen, but perhaps the horsemen of Dothan were there, and he reshaped them into the supernatural infantry, more wanted than cavalry in trench-fighting. It was a case of telepathic vision, of a somewhat complex kind; it was like the seeing of a wraith, except that the mind which raised the vision to the seer of it was not the mind of a man dying or dead. And I suppose——"

Langton broke in with, "But don't you think there may have been something there,—not shining figures like soldiers, but something?"

Reality in vision. "Yes, I do. The Divine Reality was there. But that is everywhere, one knows. The Reality was saving our men in the trench, neither by horse nor foot, however, but by a thought in the breast of mortals, that thought which made the vision which scared the enemy's charge.

“Now this story it is that has set me thinking about a new movement started in our minds by the war. It is this new science of telepathy. That is a region of human nature which we are beginning to discover. Already there is a science of it, for we know there is such a thing as the transference of one man’s thought to another man’s mind, though the cause of it we do not know. Years back I had a talk about this with my cousin at Carleford, and asked him if there was not a new time in theology coming out of this research. Langton, it is not coming; it’s come. Oh how perfectly sure I am of it! A new, new time, like the time when we found the earth was not the centre of the universe, and ‘all creation widened on man’s view.’ Then we had to reconstruct all that much of theology which thought the world turned around upon our little star. But this discovery is far, far greater than the Copernican. That was a discovery in solar mechanics only, this telepathy, when we really get hold of it, is a discovery of laws of spirit. To know that the earth goes round the sun made the world wondrously bigger, but made man seem, not be, wondrously smaller. But to know that my mind can go across half the earth surface, say from England to New Zealand, and there create a force on another mind, why, it promises to make the world small again and my mind greater beyond all measurement. Now is it not likely our theologic systems will have to expand,

or else burst like old wine-skins? This telepathy is going to make all things new in theology. In theology, I mean" (for here Langton looked a little disconcerted), "not in religion; it will make no difference to our faith, but all the difference to the language of faith; it will re-name the old terms and categories and re-forged the formulas. Yes, gravitation set the theologians hard at work on repair and reconstruction, and a greater than gravitation is here."

I pulled up, ashamed as if I had been betrayed into a youthful boastfulness in the presence of this old and reverend friend; that "quiet old Tractarian face" seemed anxious to give me sympathy but not to be ready with it. I began to remember how to the men of his generation and school "psychic phenomena" of all orders were alike classed as "spiritualistic," and therefore all suspected of illegitimacy, and of "forcing a door intentionally closed." Can any good thing, such as a new theologic thought, come out of telepathy, second cousin of spiritualism—that I say not, of necromancy, as some do when they hear talk about a new telepathy of the "Discarnate." Perhaps Langton has not heard that talk. No need for me to tell him of it, for it is only with the telepathy of the living that my concern is. At least for the present. There one is on the firm earth of simple nature and her laws. That telepathy may be as I called it a greater than gravitation, but it is every bit as natural; it is a

Can any
good thing
come out
of —?

proper pasture for the scientist, not the hunting-ground of the visionary or the crank.

What Langton said about it was that the matter was very new and interesting, though it was a little beyond him. "But you set me thinking, Desmond; and I must get another talk with you some day."

CHAPTER IX

THE ATONEMENT AND TELEPATHY

Now I must try to make good that confident word I ventured with Langton, that this new science of Telepathy is going to make things new in theology. Face to face with that *sancta simplicitas* of an age that is passing I felt my exhilaration in an impulse of new thought somewhat chastened. Perhaps a Gnostic lecturer expanding in his transcendental theme and suddenly discovering among his audience the calm illumined countenance of some veteran disciple of St. John might have felt rebuked as I. Was my crude ambitious speculation a rough trespasser on sacred reserves? It may seem so to persons of Langton's school. For I call up, by the mere name of "telepathic" or "psychical," associations sinister to their mind of thinkings and practisings which are under ban. If rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, they would say, then witchcraft must be rebellion against what is right in faith and practice; that is why a Roman pastor always and an Anglican very often will bid his flock to keep away from "spiritualism": it is, he tells them, old witchcraft writ long.

Well, it is not spiritualism that I want to speak of; but some good pastor will think it is,—unless he gives me time to make myself understood, and persuade him that the thing I ask his attention for might as truthfully be called by the contrasting name of naturalism.

So, ending hesitation, I ask my fellow-believer in the Divine Christ to look with me at this class of natural facts, provisionally called Telepathy, or with more accuracy thought-transference, facts that lie on the border of the known and unknown. This need not mean the border of natural and spiritual, though I do indeed anticipate that the facts will be found to lie upon that line and on either side of it. I am expecting that this may lead us to a conception of how Jesus takes away the sin of the world more illuminative than any of which theology has had the use, and with light enough for us to walk by till some fuller clearness puts this out in turn.

The bearing of telepathy upon religion. I want to examine this. Upon all religion, all doctrine, all churchmanship, in good time, if I can; but immediately upon what is first and last and midmost in religion, the bearing of telepathic fact upon the method of salvation, its part in the redemptive plan and process, telepathy as the instrument by which Jesus of Nazareth gave life to the souls of men, while He was with them in the days of His flesh.

The part of telepathy in religion.

One can claim for this hypothesis what a while ago would have been denied it, that it is what an hypothesis ought to be if the scientific are to give it a hearing. It is a *vera causa*. No one who need be listened to will, I suppose, at this date reject thought-transference as a fact in the world. The thing which one man thinks or feels or dreams, is able to be thought or felt or dreamt at the same time or in brief sequence by another man separated by even a wide interval of space or by an interval unbridged by any medium of communication as yet discernible. The thing which one man wills is able to get executed by the will of another similarly out of contact or communication. Once we supposed the few cases observed to be mere coincidences. Coincidence cannot be the account of incidents which happen by the thousand, have been examined by rigorous method of inductive science, and present themselves with frequency to unprofessional observation in almost any household of the intelligent. Here is a natural fact, well ascertained in gross though not yet in detail. There is a law of nature by which thought in one man becomes thought in another, but a law of which the workings cannot be further formulated at present, though formulation may arrive now at any time. For the present purpose one need not wait for this exacter knowledge of particulars; the large fact serves us. If there is a telepathy for mind and will, how will there not be a telepathy for the soul? If a thought

of mine, grave or trivial, concerning the things of this life makes a friend or a stranger think the same; if a purpose of his sets me on to further it; then as surely if one of us has seen a vision of the holier realities or yielded to the impulse of a beneficence or a venture of faith, the other's eyes may be opened to the vision or his hand prompted to the deed. This has but to be said to be accepted; who-
 ever admits the transference of mundane Faith-
transference. thought and action, concedes a transference of faith, which is but the exercise of the same thought and will upon the same objects, but in relation to a wider and more enduring interest. He will be ready to believe that Jesus Christ could convey life to the men and women who companied with Him by a faith-transference, a telepathy of spirit. If, in the case of that group of contemporary followers, there was no distance of space between agent and recipient, the action was not the less telepathic. The word imports no doubt the idea of interval, but an interval which need not be measurable by space. It is enough that the bridge of transition be imperceptible; the length of its span is nothing. A thought-transference is a telepathy, if it only cross the breadth of a hearth between one silent sinner and another. Across just such an interval the faith of Jesus transferred itself to a companion. The motions of His all-pure intelligence and all-devoted will, expressed in speech and conduct or even unexpressed, were

not reabsorbed within Him nor exhaled in the air; they went out of Him as virtue, their vibration struck upon souls around Him, and where these were attuned to receive the vibration life started in them at the shock.

A hypo-
thesis of
the process
of Atone-
ment.

Here then is the hypothesis I shall put forward of the law by which Christ worked an atonement while He was in the flesh. He atoned the men and women who were in His fellowship by the means which alone can take away sin, the impartment of life. This impartment of the spiritual life was, in the method of it, the same operation of creative power as is the propagation of physical life. By living the life of a perfect communion or self-interchange with God the Creator, Jesus *occasioned* the thing which only the Creator can *cause*, the waking of a human soul into the like communion of interchange with the Source of all Being, God. This occasioning of the life of spirit in men is the same operation as the occasioning of the life in a physical organism; for there the parent does not give the life it possesses in itself, but only by a specific energy of that vitality provokes a potential and latent vitality of an existing germ to become actual, to strike root downward and bear fruit upward. The spiritual propagation is doubtless less easy to image distinctly than the fleshly, but an interpretative image is in these days presented for our service in the law of telepathy or thought-transference which is being shadowed

out by research. The motions of the intelligence and the will where they deal with the concerns of time and space do somehow repeat themselves in personalities other than that in which they have originated. My hypothesis then is that the same thing happens when the concerns which occupy the being of a man are not fleshly but spiritual, not temporal but eternal, are not situate in the narrow environment round a mortal organism but in the "large room" in which the Creator has set the feet of a soul. *By the exercise of such a telepathy of the super-sensible, Jesus—not as the Son of God but as the Son of Man and in His human existence—brought about the vital union of His disciples with His Father and their Father; this union was life unto God, and by the life unto God their sins were taken away.* Thus I declare the tenet of the Atonement as my own mind can receive it for a light, my own will embrace it as a power. A light and a power I do find it to be.

It is as yet an hypothesis this of mine; but a strong one. For first it is, as I have claimed, a *vera causa*. It supposes a cause which is a thing in the world; there is in nature this reality, a man can under certain at present ill-explored conditions bring it about that a brother man shall live, in his reflective and active faculties, the same life of a human spirit which the first is living. If the universe is truly one it almost is a postulate of reason that the highest life of human-kind is oper-

This hypothesis is a *vera causa*.

ated by the same machinery that operates the mode of existence next below it in the scale.

In the organism of the natural man all the mechanism and vitalism of the animal is taken up and elaborated into the mechanics and vitality of man's mental organisation, so that the same general laws regulate the new specific functions, and the higher creature has all that the lower has, and also that which is his own. In spiritual man the raising and refining of powers is carried further; the animality and the humanity are there, but they are worked up into spirituality. It is inconceivable that the subtlest of all the organic laws, this energy of mind at which we aim the word Telepathy should be an exception to the rule, and not accompany man as an endowment when he crosses the horizon from the intellectual existence into the spiritual.

That becomes only the more incredible when the human nature contemplated is that of Jesus of Nazareth, for whom the claim is made that He is the Life. *For Telepathy, the common telepathy of science, is an energy of life. It is (to give my own assured belief, whether scientists share it or no) a reciprocity of two factors, like every other vital response to environment. A self-interchange takes place between telepathiser and telepathised. To conceive of the transmitter as only active and the recipient as only passive is a vulgar error; mind must meet mind, will energise with will, if a transference is to*

happen. It may be, and commonly perhaps is, that neither agent is aware of the other; but the new study of the sub-conscious makes it not difficult to imagine that the intercourse can take place without an awareness of it. If then telepathy itself be human life at its subtlest and nearest to the super-sensible, *it is reasonable to expect that the yet more mysterious life comes by that life-process which is nearest to the bound where the knowable passes into the unknown.*

Ah, and further yet there is this to say.

Of the known telepathy what better account can be at present offered than this—that it is a manifestation of an underlying unity of the race? When some of the researchers suggest that the psychic communications over wide distances imply a continuity of substance more ethereal than the ether of physical speculation, they may be right or wrong, but they at least are helping us to imagine this unity by a sensible figure, which one may hope we shall one day transcend. By this figure's help we imagine how a movement of mental force in one person is echoed in other persons; it is because the mind of the race distributed among its individual members is a continuous unity, and every thrill in it must travel everywhere throughout its area as the water-circle round a stone cast in a pool. We declare this truth *in excelsis* when we assert the telepathy of souls. We profess in it that all are one body in Christ, and whether one member suffer or enjoy

Telepathy
and the
Unity of
Man.

all the members enjoy or suffer with it; we confess, that is, the principle of catholicity and of salvation by the Church, of all that is true in the often mis-read maxim *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*.

CHAPTER X

THE ATONER IN THE DAYS OF HIS FLESH

“A little while I am with you.”

THE hypothesis then has been put forth: Jesus in the days of His flesh made atonement for men, His contemporaries, by the impartment to them of the life unto God through the medium of a telepathy of spirit. Can the hypothesis so marshal, order, and unify the concrete facts it offers to explain as to make good a standing as a theory?

The concrete facts that can be ranged at all for investigation are those which can be gathered from the Christian documents, and these facts are few, as was likely in a brief narrative of a very brief career. Had the career and its record been long the muster of facts could not have been considerable, because the events of a life-movement in a soul or between soul and soul cannot be themselves observed. All that can come to view is the accompanying life-movement in the field of the sensible. This indeed is true, I take it, even of the physical life; but certainly the spiritual movement can transpire only through symptoms, the things men

said and did on the surface of themselves, from which may be inferred a cause below the surface. These symptoms must be few where the narrative which holds their memory is so brief, so objective, so little analytic, and written down at such a distance from the live moments it records, as is the narrative of Christ's temporal career. Yet not so very few in proportion to the fulness of the story are the glimpses which can be caught along the story of a power in Jesus to work on other persons effects which we should now describe as psychic and telepathic.

To gather them into some order I will group the indications under the two exhaustive categories of things human, man's knowing and doing, the transference of thought and the transference of activity.

I. THE TRANSFERENCE OF THOUGHT

Thought-transference is a name for communication of an idea either from the side of the agent or of the recipient of a motion: there is thought-reading when the idea is first in one's neighbour, thought-writing when it begins in oneself. The process is the same in both, an interaction of two minds, which may be conscious on the side of agent only or recipient only, or both of them or of neither. The former process is the more easy to study.

(a) The Thought-reading of Jesus

That Jesus did read the unspoken thoughts of men is frequently noted in the tradition; He "perceived their thoughts," "knew their thoughts," "knew what was in men," "knew who should betray him." Doubtless this is evidence given by unscientific observers, not by psychic researchers. But where the unscientific bear witness to occurrences of a kind, which the later science finds to be verifiable fact in its own day, there will be little hesitation in accepting the early witness. On the same ground, when we can produce instances of thought-reading which have the particularity desired by the scientific investigator, as we can on resort to the Fourth Gospel, we shall feel that the present controversy as to the historical value of that document does not put the testimony out of court. When that author describes with precision a case of thought-reading, as in at least two instances he does, we shall say that while the particulars of word or action remain open to doubt, the general fact of the power in Jesus is guaranteed as a trustworthy tradition among his followers. The relater of the scene with Nathanael and that with the Samaritan woman believed, even if he was trusting a vague legend of his church, nay, even if he was writing an imagination of his own, that such incidents could happen to Jesus, as those who had known Him knew.

The passage with Nathanael is not explicit: for *what* was it that happened in the two minds when Jesus saw him under the fig-tree which could evoke the "Rabbi, thou art the King of Israel"? But the very want of explicitness in the allusion of Jesus is a note of authenticity in the story. Had it been invention, would not the logic have been more visible, should we not have been clearly told what the glance of Jesus passing by had signified to the man under the fig-tree.

The passage at the well of Sychem is one of a perspicuousness to gratify a modern inquirer into these phenomena of mind. The mechanism of the interacting minds lays itself bare to us. "Sir, give me this water . . . that I come not hither to draw." The woman thinks of the long bearing of the burden from well to cottage door, and the mind of the Rabbi goes that journey with her, enters with her the door, and sees with her the inmate waiting her, the husband. "Go call him and come hither." Sadly or shamefacedly comes the reply, "I have no husband." Her mind envisages the man who shares her roof, and reflects the vision on the mind of Jesus. "Thou hast well said, I have no husband;" . . . His eyes peruse her, . . . "for he is not thy husband." Backward runs her thought up the avenue of her ill life, and the Listener's goes with it, and the events are numbered out to Him, as if her face were a dial registering her sinings one after one. "Thou hast had . . . five hus-

bands." Then she perceives the speaker is a prophet, and against the prophecy which reads her she shuts a window by the prompt diversion to the national religious problem, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain," and presently is bidding her friends "come see a man who told me all that ever I did."

Read thus the tale is a thought-reading of the most familiar character, but I can think only of one instance worthy to serve for comparison in so sacred matter. It is from the story of the woman whom Michelet called "The Christ of France." Joan is presented to Charles VII. in his Court at Chinon. She impresses him at once by discovering him though disguised among a throng of courtiers, and presently converts him to her project by a thought-reading, which the king long afterwards authenticated in confidence to an intimate. Let me give the incident as I have seen it done in verse. On the A parallel. Maid's appeal to his faith in God, Charles, troubled by slanders as to the legitimacy of his birth, asks for a sign to confirm her message.

Maid, the man

Who does not doubt his God may doubt himself.

JOAN (*starting and looking fixedly on him*).

"May—doubt—himself." Ah! then I see it, I see.

God showed your face; He shows to me your heart.

You do mistrust yourself the heir of France.

.

CHARLES. Ha! sayest thou, maiden?

JOAN (*seizing his hand*). Stay, and hear me out.

Now is it borne in on me like a light.

Yea, this it was when at the feet of Christ . . .

Fallen on His altar stone . . . in the lone shrine . . .

Under the banner of your fathers' wars. . . .

Say I not true? Yes, yes, in that sharp hour

This was your prayer, that of His pity Christ

Would ease you of a realm not yours, or else

Write you His sure Anointed by a sign

Not to be questioned more. Behold! He heard.

Behold! His sign am I. Thou *art* the King.

CHARLES. Maid, I am overborne and borne away

By a great wind of wonder. . . . Witness Christ

That you have spelt the prayer none knew but He!

“Come listen,” might Charles have said, “to a maiden who has told me the thing I did in my most secret soul; is not this the Messenger of God?”

(b) *The Thought-writing of Jesus*

But if Jesus was plainly gifted to read the thoughts of men, only less plain was His power to write His own upon the mind of another. Why did the Baptist hail the young prophet whose walk passed where “John stood and two of his disciples” with that mystic utterance: “Behold the Lamb of God”? The word has been an enigma to us, so premature a con-

fession of faith it sounds when the sacrifice of the Christ had not yet dawned on the mind of Israel. To me the enigma is solved, if I may believe that the sacrifice of the Christ had dawned already on the consciousness of the Messiah Himself, "the glorious Eremite," newly come from the spiritual ordeal of the wilderness; that the thought of it, kindled on his inner mind, conveyed itself without to John in some interpreting light of "the gospel of God in the face of Christ Jesus."

I would venture to resolve in the same way another question in which the same John is concerned. The vision which followed the baptism of Jesus, was it to Himself only or also, as the Fourth Gospel would inform us, to the Baptist? How harmonious with the new teachings of psychology it is to understand that the vision was to Jesus, the reflection of it to John.

Or the Transfiguration. Let whoever finds himself unable to fit into the framework of a modern conception of the worlds of Nature and of Grace such an episode as the return of the two Great Ones of the past to a part even for a moment on the stage of mortal history, yet who finds himself no less dissatisfied to pronounce the story an allegoric myth of the Law's supersession by the Gospel; let him recognise in the tale an event more substantial, more a fact in history, more charged with reality for men than would be the presence again on earth's stage of Moses and Elias, though it were

truly they and they truly should talk with Jesus. For my own self I do think it was they and that the talk did pass: but let that be for now, since the ground of that belief is another story and not for the telling yet. Give me no more of fact than a happening in the soul of Jesus. Grant me that this midnight on Hermon held a moment in which man's destiny passed through an ordeal, a moment in which the Son of Man gathered up into His own conscious present being all the past being of the world as it had hitherto fulfilled itself in law-giver and prophet, and then carried humanity forward in Himself towards the all-consummating fulfilment of the Christ's self-devotion, the deacease He should accomplish at Jerusalem; grant me that the mountain side was the scene of the first act in the Agony, as the oliveyard and the hillock of the Cross were the second and the last; that here on Hermon as there in Gethsemane and Golgotha, the salvation of human-kind underwent decision in the will of the Saviour, as He should choose or should decline the Sacrifice that saves;—grant me this event in the soul of Christ, and I know what the event was which befell Peter and James and John. It was no illusion flitting across half-awakened eyes. Vision it was, but vision, for them as for Jesus, which was action too! Before the Master's mind there passed the world's drama of redemption; the sacrifices of the Law, the devotions of Prophecy were doing obeisance to the

offering of the Lamb, the immolation of the Lord's Christ; of that drama He was alike spectator and actor, in His mind at once and in His will was it enacted. And the Three, they too were spectators and also actors. The Passion with which the Master was travailing was projected from His being on the being of them; it was a reflection as of a pageant on their mind, a stress as of an ordeal on their will; they saw His glory and were glad, the shadow of His doom and shuddered; it was good for them to be there and "let us build——"; nay, they feared as they entered into the cloud; the disciple here was as his Master, he watched the Agony though with how scantily awaked intelligence, he endured it though with a sympathy how infirm.

Call the Transfiguration, if you will, a phantasm, a picture painted on a cloud. Be it so for you, if it can be for you no more; and yet believe thus much at least with me, that this picture is the portraiture of our very cause, who are being saved by the sacrifice of the Lamb, if only that mind shall be in us which was in Christ Jesus, if the divine-human drama of a Passion enacted in His soul shall cast its glory and its shadow upon ours in a believers' vision, in a disciple's love.

Must I go on, for completeness' sake, to note more humble and wayside examples of the reflections thrown from the mind of the prophet of Nazareth upon those of simpler disciples? Humble examples are necessarily little available, because

they were indistinct and unimportant and therefore escaped record. There occur to one that confession made by the multitude, that Jesus "taught with authority and not as the scribes," which I take to mean more than that the latter taught "out of a book" and Jesus out of His heart: it describes rather that effect of a personality which we call "magnetic." The officers who would not arrest Him because "never man spake like this man," were bearing the same testimony. The apostles who followed Him and were afraid when He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem were receiving an impression of something more penetrating than the verbal warnings which the Master had spoken out. These are scanty indications, but in the nature of the case it could hardly be otherwise, for scanty too would be the opportunity of a disciple to confess in words his reception of an impulse from the Master received on his secret soul. But this thin illustration by specific instances is much fortified by the large and general observation of the kind of persons on whom the person of Jesus most worked effect. To the poor the gospel was preached, and theirs first was the Kingdom of Heaven. The poor who were the simple in culture, the fishermen and yeomen, not the doctor and scribe; the poor in social status, the publican and sinner, not the Pharisee and Sadducee; these poor were the glad hearers of the word. Might one put it in a phrase and say that Christ was sent

not to the wise and prudent, who walk by reason, but to babes whose light is instinct? This is what one should expect if the force exerted by the Teacher made appeal rather to the psychic and intuitional side of human nature, than to the intellectual. It would not be the "Intellectuals" who would most readily respond, but those whom we might name the "Instinctives." It was bound to be so if telepathy worked then as it works now.

But these inconclusive evidences of a thought-writing are bringing us to the second branch of our matter. The impact on a follower's consciousness of the unspoken thought of the Master which could not easily be disclosed by word of mouth might receive expression by act of will. But such a communication to him from Jesus would be a transference not of a thought but an action, and thus we are led straight to the other of our two categories; from the knowing of Jesus we turn to the doing.

II. THE TRANSFERENCE OF WILL

This power in Jesus to project the action of His will upon those in contact with Him is luminously illustrated in the whole story of the Healing of bodies and the Conversion of souls. No one, I suppose, needs to be satisfied that the cures worked by Jesus were operations of His will upon the will of the patient, for that is the account we should most of us give of the strictly analogous though

not equal achievements of the modern spiritual healer. It would be tedious to go into this further than to call up a selected example or two. These had better come from cases where the telepathy—action across an interval—is marked in character. The cure of the centurion's servant and of the Syrophenician's daughter are the most obvious, and in these the interest has this complexity, that the will of Jesus transfers itself not to the patient's will immediately, but through a third person's will. It was the centurion's faith, greater than any found in Israel, that saved the servant; it is the heathen mother, whose faith is great enough to win the bread of life for her unconscious child. There is intense suggestiveness in this mediation, but one must not complicate the problem by going aside to pursue it here. For our purpose it is enough that, whether to principal or to second, an energy of will did really pass from the faith in the soul of Jesus to wake a faith in the soul of another, and by that intercourse the cure was done. But it appears that the unconsciousness could sometimes be in the mind not of the patient but of the agent. When the sick woman in the crowd touches the tassel on the rabbi's robe and is healed by the act, the faith which makes whole is *initiated* by the patient, at least so far as is indicated in the story. Jesus at once perceives that virtue has gone out of Him, but the action did not begin with Him. Here again reflections are started in us

which we must not follow out at this point. What was to be demonstrated was a power in Jesus to evoke by His own act of faith an active faith in another, and this I think has been done very readily; will-transference seems the certain account of the miracles of healing. Well, here we have been forcing an open door by my argument; but what can my theory say to the Raisings from death? The child of Jairus, the widow's son, what will to live could be in them, when life itself was there no more? Do I know, does any one know at what point life ends when even the physician declares the man dead? Certainly it does not always end when consciousness is gone, nor sometimes when other functionings of the organic life have ceased, for even physicians have erred in declaring death. Where is the line, where the bourne from which the traveller cannot return? Point it out to us, and I may admit that the faith by which the traveller recrossed the bourne was not "the will of the flesh," and there is more than nature in his return. You will challenge me to explain the tale of Lazarus so. But the tale of Lazarus is a too much disputed history to be a test case for any theory; and also my present purpose does not require a decision of that point. I am producing evidence that Jesus conveyed physical vitality by the shock of His will evoking the will to live in another. That evidence has been adequately adduced, if we had only proved the power of Christ to enhance an existent or to fortify a strug-

gling vitality in a sufferer having the faith to be made whole. So much surely has been made good.

Where I should like to go further in this general direction, if only I shall not weaken my whole case by adducing disputed matters of fact, is the problem of the "Nature Miracles," that stumbling-block for some who are among our most faithful, and to whom the Healings present no difficulty at all. The Draught of Fishes, the Quelling of the Storm, the Walking on the Sea, the Feeding of the Five Thousand, the Wine of Cana, the Withering of the Fig-tree, are occurrences which are not, it is thought, made credible by any known or imaginable laws of human existence, and are therefore not to be accepted by conscientious thinkers until the external evidence for them is strong enough to enforce that credence. So long as it is more likely that eyewitnesses or historians made a mistake, than that a vast human experience was contradicted by unprecedented facts in nature, our friends say they can treat the stories only as symbols of spiritual truth, not as history. Well, if and when the evidence is proved worthless, the incidents must become symbols; symbols of a history still that of man's spirit, not his flesh. That position has not yet been reached; and meanwhile I seem at times to feel the shadow falling on us of a new revelation of Fact, which will reevaluate and transvaluate our hitherto conceptions alike of nature and of super-nature. Am I ready to give any shape to

that coming Fact, or even any substance to its shadow? And if I am not, would it not be best to hold my tongue, even from my own hearing? But no, I cannot quite refrain, while no one overhears me but myself. Think, John Desmond, of the least of the difficulties you have named, the Miraculous Draught. If we claim it for a miracle and not a chance coincidence, what is it we have to accept? This only, that the presence of a shoal in the water on the ship's right side was able to impress itself on the psychic consciousness of Jesus. Why should it not? All things in the world (as the philosophers sometimes remind us) do impress themselves on all things; every magnitude affects every other at least by physical attraction. When the magnitude is not star nor stone but the thing which has "power to say I am I," when the forces Gravitation and Electricity have been elaborated into Conscience and Volition, then one speculates that the being of the conscious creature may be, not attractive of, but aware of other facts and objects in its world. Potentially it will be aware of all facts and objects whatsoever and wherever. Actually it will be aware of them only with an awareness varying in degree as the presence of the object varies, that is to say, according to the more or less nearness and intensity of the relation in which it stands to the object perceived. But in explaining this particular incident of the fishermen one need not be purely abstract.

A concrete example suggests itself to any one who has watched the water-finder and been led to surmise a physical sensitiveness in the "dowser's" organism to the presence of water under earth. If that surmise is right, my hypothesis of this sentience in Jesus of an object beyond the range of known sense-perception is a *vera causa*. But this opens to me a deep-going vista into the region of human potency upon nature. It does not yet make the multiplication of loaves or the walking on water events credible on their own merits, but it does much to disarm a hostile criticism so far as the critic bases on the *a priori* impossibility of the facts. "Miracles do not happen." Do they not? Let us grant it you, and then ask, How do you know these things are miraculous?

"Irresponsible fancies," are they, these of mine? Well, they are fancies certainly. In religion you cannot travel far with matter-of-fact for your only guide. That pedestrian soon reaches the brink of the sensible order, and one can go forward only on the wing. Fancies then; but not so irresponsible. They may not be called to account by any church authority, but they are answerable most severely to my own soul, for she trusts all the weight of her insignificant private fortune in time and thereafter to this fancy, the scout she sends out through the fog of sensuous blindness to bring intelligence of the world beyond it—a world where she must presently try to live. What in earth or

in heaven matters to me so much as to know the facts of both these very unequal hemispheres of the full world; and what can I hope to learn of the greater one except its extreme borderland where the seeming-solid flesh melts into spirit across a line which is only ideal? But of this borderland I do have hope to learn something by a method which has found itself to my hand. It is this faculty of my total being to learn of the world beyond our senses *by the touch on it of the sense of life in me*, by that organ of knowledge which is not an organ of my being but the organism itself of my being—spirit, soul, and body together. With this organ of sentience I make experiment of the insensible reality, the experiment of discovering whether when I touch that reality I live by the touch. If life comes to me from that which I try to touch in the blind void of the super-sensuous, then it is reality that I have touched. You may call my experiment fancy, but others will call it faith. My own is a better name for it than either; I go on calling it Life.

What more? Why, something which is everything in my contention. It is not Christ's power of making whole the bodies of men by will-transference or of their minds by thought-transference that I am to make good. I was to show that He made atonement for their *souls* by such a ministry. I was to prove that the faith which made whole their mortal and eternal being was a mind and will

stirred into an energy of life unto God, by that energy of life in the mind and will of Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth, not as yet declared to be the Son of God by the rising from the dead. It was right and methodic of me perhaps to set in order as carefully as I could these indications of His faith-transferring power which worked effect upon the mundane thinkings and doings of men, but that study looks almost too plodding an industry as soon as I face the essential problem of the Atonement for the soul, and seek to find the evidence that this too was the work done by a telepathy of spirit.

The Telepathy of the Passion

“The Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood!” That has been our idea of Atonement: it was wrought by the shedding of blood, the blood of Jesus, by the sacrifice of the death of Christ. We were right and also not right. The shedding of the blood did atone; not however because the blood was shed, but because “the blood is the life.” The sacrifice of the death does save; not however the sacrifice which was a dying on the Cross, but the self-offering which was a living unto God. That life was outpoured, that sacrifice was bound on the altar, before the Roman soldier set up the cross and Pilate wrote on its head, “Jesus, King of the Jews.” This sacrifice, the obedience of the Son, which was the daily life unto God which

Jesus lived in His disciples' sight, this was the sacrifice which atoned for Peter and his brethren, and the women who followed from Galilee. It atoned because like all other thought and act it had power to repeat itself in the consciousness of men and women near enough in range, apt enough in intelligence, to receive the stroke of a virtue which went out from it, and to respond by a movement of their own. With an impoverished apprehension we commonly have explained the conversion of Christ's contemporaries and our later selves by the wisdom of the Preacher on the Mount, the power of the Healer, the holy conduct of the Just One. Sermon, miracle, example, are parts and parcels of the facts, pieces of the whole which we can find names for; but the true fact and the whole fact is the more mystic operation incarnated in these mortal words and deeds, but also in a flesh less palpable,—the sacrifice of the being of Jesus, which momentarily He offered to the Father by every thought of His which mirrored the eternal mind, and every act of His in which the Father's will not His was done. This sacrifice went out in virtue and repeated itself in the souls of those who encircled Jesus and were sensitive to His touch. By this telepathy of spirit the ministry of the Nazarene, not yet revealed as more than Son of Man, wrought the atonement of those who companied with Him in the flesh. Because He lived unto God they *Quia vivo*. lived also.

Can one be required to describe in terms of the concrete an operation of which the senses, our informants of other fact, cannot take cognisance? No more should be asked than to indicate the points in the earthly story where the secret line of spiritual action catches the light for a moment by embodiment in some historic incident. Those few moments are enough to substantiate the interpretation of the Christ-act which I am submitting. There are the prophecies which went before; Simeon's presentiment over the babe in his arms of a sword that should come with him to pierce a mother's bosom; the Forerunner's signalling of the Messiah's entry by the title not of Champion of Israel but of Lamb of God. Then the kingdom is proclaimed from the Mount, but is a kingdom where might is not right, nor is even might, but the weak shall inherit earth. The soldier oath to the Christ of God is drawn from the follower, only that he may learn, soon as it has passed his ardent lips, that it has been sworn not to a conqueror but a martyr king, and that to deprecate the martyrdom is to desert to the enemy, Satan the tempter. His closest comrades ask for posts of honour, are warned that honour is peril; they are schooled enough to dare the cup, though not yet to drink it. Veil by veil the pageant of sacrifice discloses its features of pain and shame. Strength by strength the magnet of the unique personality draws the true follower or repels the false. The tragic crisis finds

the disciple incapable as yet of a fellowship in sufferings which are not seen for an entry into glory. Death's curtain falls upon the spectacle and hearts of watchers dead as death within them. It is lifted on the divine issue: behold the Lamb of God that was slain and is alive again: the sacrifice has been answered by the fire; to lose self unto God is to win the self; Jesus died and Jesus lives; because He lives we shall live also.

So I read the tale. It is told in many words, line upon growing line, precept upon precept, but one line sums it all. Jesus by self-sacrifice lived the life unto God in sight and touch of His human brothers; the pulses of that life in Him beat upon their soul; that soul awoke at the touch and lived unto Christ and God.

The evidences for the law of faith-propagation which I have outlined here are drawn from the experience of men who were Christ's mortal contemporaries. Surely we men of to-day can find in experiences of our own an evidence to confirm or else confute that testimony. We should know each in himself what it is that makes us Christian, whether it is the tradition written in Bible and embodied in Church institution, or is also and more effectually the Person of the Sacrificed, casting from His sacrifice a vibration on our person which it receives and echoes. Yes, evidence is there indeed, and evidence that most constraineth us.

But this will be the story not of the Galilean preacher but of Jesus human and glorified. We are drawn to the brink of that mystery, but at the line this seeker will pause and rest. He feels as the adventurer of a great rhymers' tale when before the threshold of the enterprise he turns to sleep, and dreams of himself as a discoverer, who in the twilight anchors his barque by the coast of promise, and there rocks out the night lapped in a brimming blest expectancy,

On that dark shore just seen that it is rich.

CHAPTER XI

THE ATONEMENT IN THE THREE DAYS

“A little while and ye shall not see Me.”

“ALL men are mortal.” That is from the Death manuals of Deductive Logic, an example of a major premiss in a syllogism. “William Smith is a man”; there is a minor premiss; and the conclusion is logically certain, “William Smith will die.”

The major premiss is impregnably true, the conclusion is beyond rebutment, but it has taken the war to make us draw it. Till then it was common knowledge that all men die, but not a private conviction that any one in particular, if it was oneself, would die. Distinguished men were reported to us in the newspaper to be dying, or we read there of a young officer killed in India by fever or a hillsman's bullet, or a letter told us of a friend's son drowned in a Thames lasher. It was a thing that happens, not a thing that happens to us. Death is no personal concern of ours; how then the things which are behind death, the Resurrection and the Judgment?

But now . . . What is this chant that comes ringing down the street?

Vive la—vive la—vive la—
Vive la compagnie.

It is a company of the Dunminster levy swinging past my door. I stand on the step, and from the athlete striding at the head of his men with the tread of a stag, I catch a salute, which elates me. It is a scholar of mine in college days. "Vive la—Long live the company!" do they sing? Who knows if they will live, this company of a hundred lithe English lads. Next week they will be at a finishing school on a Surrey heath or Wiltshire down. Next month (or so they fondly anticipate) they will be in Flanders. The next month—where? Something of them, not they, will be lying two thousand yards away from a hill-side, innocently festooned here and there with patches of shrub and stacks of firewood, out of which Death, that lay in wait there, has opened her mouth upon them and swallowed them up quick into Hades the Unseen.

Ah, then men do really die, for these men die; every day their likes are dying out there; death is what happens to a man. And if death, then that which is "after death," which we say is a judgment, a fortune good or ill according to the sentence dealt to this one or to that. It happens to these

lightsome youths, this After-Death. Then it happens to me. My heart aches, oh how it aches sometimes! for the lads in that tramping column; the next moment the pang is on its own account. I shall die; I shall go find a fortune in that Afterwards. What do I believe that fortune will be? And why do I believe it?

I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

At Weimar in the Goethe house, to which before it was nationalised my uncle Richard was privately admitted, the last of the Goethes, the then owner, showed him among the relics a pencil-sketch left by the poet. A Greek hero in Hades hails a newcomer to the Shades, a greater than himself (but I am not clear as to the name of either), with the greeting inscribed below, "Bist du auch herunter gekommen?" "Art thou also" (one might paraphrase) "thou, our great one, become weak as we; art thou become like unto us?" It haunted my uncle, it has haunted me from him. No wonder: it is mortality's heart-cry out of a deep heart, the soul of one of earth's strong spirits, long since become "weak as they."

"Weak as we, like unto us." But they . . . what are they like, and are they indeed weak, they who are there? Isaiah thought so, and so perhaps thought Goethe, or believed themselves to think, as I would rather interpret the mind whether of

prophet or of poet. But "Art thou also come down hither?" has for my ear sung itself like a changing chime upon a bell into "He descended into Hades." Thou also, Thou our greatest, art gone down thither: Thou didst descend into Hell the Hidden, into Hades the Unseen! Thou didst become like unto them who were there before Thee, wert weak as they,—if theirs indeed was weakness.

But what Jesus was like when from the Seen He passed into the Unseen, this we know. He was like the man who walked in Galilee and died in Jewry. Nay, He *was* that Man, the very same; handle Him and see that it is He Himself, none other than Jesus the Son of Mary, nothing less than He, whatever more, unimaginably more, than Jesus, be also here with Him.

Jesus went into Hades the Unseen. We say it in our Creed, and of late have been thinking that we ought to unsay it; and since we are afraid to unsay a word which has once been said in a venerated formula, we have disarmed it of meaning; have told our flock that no more is affirmed than the word Hades (the "not seen") connotes; that Jesus went out of sight; left the body which made Him visible, underwent a real dissolution of flesh and spirit. The mediæval fancy of a "Harrowing of Hell," must be put away as a childish thing. The New Testament's "Preaching to the spirits in prison" was a pious but unauthorised opinion.

This emasculation of a primitive dogma "Where has been theology's second thought. We ^{wast thou,} ^{Brother,} need rest in it no longer. That guess of the ^{those three} early Christian that Jesus went and preached ^{days?"} to the spirits in prison, was a guess but a well-inspired. To me it seems of late an inevitable truth. It could not be otherwise. We know that Jesus was no longer in that mangled body laid in Joseph's vault (though not all of us remember that we know this when we theologise about the Rising); then where was He? In the "other world," the timeless spaceless world, where eyes could not follow Him; and so we have called it Hades. What was He doing there? He was doing as He had ever done; He was being the Life, making souls to live. The souls of whom? Those who were in that "other world," all who had once been, and were no longer, in the flesh. They were there already, and now He too was there; He was now with "all the company" . . . not yet "of Heaven," but of Paradise, and of that dim region which is no garden of souls but a wilderness, perchance a waste, of the spirits that departed hence but not "in the Lord." Yes, in the company of these men. Oh the sudden backward vista that opens as if by a shaft of illumination to my understanding! For at last I see it, the thing I could never see till now: how the historic Incarnation could profit the souls of the men for whom that history was not history, for whom Jesus had not yet died. Often have I tried to see

by some optic glass of metaphysic, straining my visual faculty to peer through the illusion of time, cheating myself with the conceit that I was imaging a power in the historic event of the Incarnation to project its force back through the past as well as forward through the future. Phantasmal logic; vain racking of the mental nerve! And needless wholly. All's clear as air and plain as earth. What hinders those men of the past, whose human fate had a first brief mortal chapter written without the Christ-tale to illumine it,—what hinders them to receive life from Christ as surely as we whose temporal record is now writing itself under the light of the Jesus in record of the Son of Man? They are there Hades. *now*, there where He is; their human fates no longer miss Him. He is fulfilling in Paradise, by the touch of the Spirit of Jesus the Human upon spirits human, that of them which was left unwrought, remaking that which was made amiss, or that which the Enemy had unmade. Do we tell ourselves, in that unknown Christian's conjecture, which the sacred record carries down to us, that for two nights and a day Jesus went and "preached to the spirits in prison"? Why call we them "in prison"? Is Hades a prison, unless it be for evil-doers, reserved in chains under darkness against a judgment? Jesus called the Hades to which He was going, not a prison but a paradise, and the malefactor was to go with Him there. Then the spirits of men who have passed into Hades, how are they less

free of that wider world than our brothers who on sick-bed or on battlefield died yesterday, died and went the same whither as went their forefathers and Father Abraham, and as Jesus the Crucified Himself,—into the Beyond, the land whose name, still as of old, is Hades, the Unseen Country? And why must the Saviour be preacher to them of the evangel only in those few hours between His dying and His rising? Whatever that Christian thought, we think that Jesus became by death dweller in both the Unseen and the Seen. If we have said of Jesus Christ that He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, let us dare say it also of the Jesus whom once men knew not to be the Christ. Jesus then who went yesterday into the Unseen is there to-day also and forever.

Ah, here has my quest discovered something, or rediscovered. It has found not a new article of the Creed, not an old article reinterpreted as a symbol, but a credal fact which some of us thought was a pious figment, and the rest could only keep in its place by a nerveless interpretation. After all, the despised and rejected article is true, a simple truth, a pregnant truth. Our Lord Jesus Christ was crucified, dead, and buried; yes, but also verily and indeed He descended into Hell the Hidden. He went into Hades the Unseen.

My fellows who pronounce the article with me may for a moment fail to find the Hades of the Three Days in my conception of an Unseen World

where the Christ abides for ever. Let them look at it a few moments more, and they will be able to find their own conception there, though only as one finds a part in a whole.

Whom did
Jesus meet
in Hades? He went into the Unseen. With whom did He meet there, to whom did He give life by His converse there? The men of the past, so we all have told ourselves. There, writes one churchman poet, He is "at large among the dead," He "wakes Abraham to rejoice," His eye calms "the thronging band of souls," at His side the companion of His crucifixion "waits on His triumph." It is a very great company, a multitude whom no man can number. But are these the whole company whom Jesus meets in the Unseen World, are these all whom there by His being's touch He redeems from spirit's death, or in whom He fulfils the life which a mortal accident cut down as a flower or an un-gospelled ignorance kept shut in the un-opened bud? The fate of the untaught or the early perishing of our day, the child of the thieves' quarter or the boy slain in his teens, how is it different from that of the "thronging band," whom our poet compassionates? If it was here, in Hades, that Jesus brought life to Abraham and the fathers of Israel, or to Dymas the robber, will He do less for one of those soldier lads who drops by a German bullet before his soul has had time to decide its choice for life of the narrow way or the broad? Tell not me that this has not been told us, must be left to Heaven's

uncovenanted mercy. No, there are things of his mortal destiny which a man knows without being told: there is a mercy of heaven not revealed in the Bible but in the heart. By that revelation I know thus much, and on the knowledge I would venture all I hold dear of here and hereafter: in the Unseen World Jesus works atonement on the still unatoned. In that large opportunity of time and room, He can touch to fair issue the arrested life and the spoilt; souls broken in this world He can make whole, souls which it left still to be made He can there make perfect.

My heart tells me this. Others round me are being told it, so they say, in these days of war and death. It is not their heart that tells them, as they think, but a more articulate voice; words from some one dear to them who was yesterday here, and to-day is not here but yonder. He speaks to them, they say; speaks words which dictate themselves, write themselves down as from the unseen, unsounding lips; write themselves on the paper of the mortal scribe, with the scribe's pencil, but not the mind or the will of scribe. He sends messages of how it was with him when he "met a shell," and after it, how it does not hurt to die, how you do not know you are dead till you try to go on digging in the trench and find you cannot do it now; how death proves not to be death at all, but a fuller life and vigour, how one remembers

Words
from the
Unseen.

those he knew and whom he loved, loves them still more than ever and receives their love. They say, these friends of mine, that this is what is happening to them. They show me the messages written by their own pen, but as something taught them, not by their own self.

What do we think of all this, we others to whom these communications do not come? Some of us call it a folly, some a sin. The first are near-sighted, the last are blind. For myself, I call it neither. To call it not folly but truth I wait till the research into this thing is older; to call it not sin but faith I will not wait a day. For my heart is inditing of the same, or a very like, good matter as these messages of theirs, and I know not if another than itself teaches it this, but I am sure it has not only taught itself. Somehow the thing is wrought between here and yonder. Let that be, however, at least for this now. Let it content me that into that unseen went Jesus, He who said to a man dying at His side, "Thou shalt be with me in the paradise." Then He is there and mine are there with Him. Ah! remember that, dear mother of sorrow, whereso'er thou art, who art longing to feel the slain boy back again at thy side, but no vision and no message comes to make you sure, and when you call there is none to answer that you can hear—remember that One is there and thine is with Him, and also that One is here, and without Him was nothing made that was made,

nor is anything unmade which He has the will to make to be. And He who has willed that there be with Him in the paradise the man slain by violence of men, wills that thou also be with Him, thou still on this quiet hearth. For He that is yonder is also here. Mother and son, ye are together, on the one side and on the other of that throne which was the Cross.

How all this matters to me! For now I, who shall go thither myself, know in some measure what it is to be there. It is to be with Christ, for He is there. Nay, it is to be with Jesus, for *He* went there, the same who died on the Cross and was buried. And this Jesus we somewhat know who and what manner of man He was. He was life-giver here to whoso would be with Him in a true response of soul. Then He will be life-giver there to those with whom He is, for He is the same there as here. Then it will be well for me yonder, if God shall make my soul alive unto Him; well for me, this war-less scholar here in a minster close—and for any youth of this gallant fighting company, whose foot rings under my window in this morning's air, whose blithe eyes may some morrow be dark under Flanders sod.

That
which can
be known
of Hades.

CHAPTER XII

LEAVES OF THE SIBYL

YET no; I will not let it be, as I said I would, even for this now, that matter of the "Scripts," the question where they come from and what they are,—authentic messages from the departed or only creations of the scribe's own mind, proving nothing of reality outside that mind. It is a wise curiosity in me to seek at least to harmonise with such other knowledge of the world of things as I seem to be master of, this phenomenon of an automatic writing, words that write themselves by the hand, but not the mind and will, of a human writer.

When our Dean's niece, that specially sane young woman, of steady nerve and practical in all her ways, feels something rise within her which pushes her to take up a pencil, set its point on a sheet of paper, and there let it travel where it, not she, wills, like a horse on whose neck a lost rider drops the rein; when that pencil marches forward confidently carrying an unguiding hand, sometimes breaking into a runaway gallop, which makes the rider breathless; when the career comes to a stop as if with exhaustion, and see! the steed has

known where it was going, though the dizzied horseman did not, for here lies the writing, a clear and grammatical sequence of meaning;—when this thing happens, whose meaning, one asks, is it that lies written there? What mind composed these sentences, that of the woman with the pencil or another? Did this bubble up from the woman's subterranean consciousness; or did it come along the earth-floor, a telepathem, call it, from a living mind elsewhere; or did it drop on her from the clouds, a message from a soul discarnate? That is the question the Psychical Society labours to answer. All I myself am sure of is that no one of the three wrote the words. No *one*. Words cannot be written, because they cannot be thought, by less than two minds. There must be, we are mostly agreed, both a subject and an object to beget a thought. This object cannot really be a thing (though we commonly say so, speaking of the dualism as mind and things) but a person; because nothing really exists in the world except persons, God or some creature of God's, a personal being, a fragment of the All-Mind; and what we call things are only detailed manifestations of some personality, human or divine. It takes two then to make a thought: dialectic is not only the best way of thinking, it is the only way.

Therefore I have to say, for I can no other, that this script is a register of some act of mental life which the writer has done by a self-interchange

with a mind not her own. That mind could be either a brother mortal's, or a brother's in the spirit world, or, in the case where no created consciousness can be the co-agent, then the mind of Him who is the Father of all spirits. He is acting upon the woman's consciousness, subliminal or normal matters little, not through some human personality, but through some fact in Creation, which is everywhere God's thought.

Which of these three is in any given case the co-agent is the problem of our researchers. The wisest of them assure me that for some proportion of these automatisms neither self-suggestion nor a telepathic origin in another living mind is admissible, and that they are left to infer that the script is a message from beyond the sense-world. They persuade me, if it is right to be persuaded by another man's report. What is my own mind's report to myself?

That report is that these writings are like other thoughts of men, a communication of realities, but a communication which may be conveyed *in cipher*.

I mean this.

When I studied recently a series of these writings which some one had printed for the use of persons interested, I had to say to myself, "there is no telepathy, of the living or of the discarnate, here: these are but pious lucubrations of the writers, self-mistaken for inspired; a cynic indeed might suggest that they

had been printed in the interest of a derisive scepticism.

But also I have studied, through the kind confidence of friends, some other series. These would chasten the sceptic. Co-operation of a human mind with the writer's is everywhere suggested by them. For the language is highly idiomatic, and the idiom is not the writer's own, unless of course we are referred to the subconscious self—that still mythic region where, as a Greek historian might say, that which cannot be scanned cannot be refuted. And the idiom varies in harmony with the change of speaker, when a new communicator announces himself, and varies with a dramatic propriety in cases where we can judge of the appropriateness. This too, perhaps, will be referred to the subconsciousness, which *may* be a sufficiently good dramatic artist—since we do not know to the contrary. When however a speaker, whose personality is known to the reader, but who is unknown in his person or his works to the writer of the scripts, intrudes himself and dictates things which are enigmas in a language utterly like the speech we knew in him, and violently unlike the writer or any one else; or when there arrives upon the sheet through the pencil of a scribe who has no acquaintance at all with the classic languages a sentence in Latin or Greek, and scholar's Greek;—in these circumstances the subliminal consciousness asks a credit for the authorship which we are not disposed to accord.

What then? Are these writings to be accepted as what they purport to be, messages out of the unseen and from the particular persons whose names they bear? That may be not more than the student tells himself, but more than he is willing to affirm aloud while demonstration tarries. The position in which this observer of the phenomena rests at present is that here is certainly if not *communication* between the human consciousness and the spiritual, yet *communion*.

I take a short road to express my meaning. I believe we have here the phenomenon which in other and higher aspects we call Revelation, Inspiration, Prophecy. All these are communions of divine and human. For what is it when God reveals a truth or inspires a prophet? Prophet and poet, as we know, "when God makes music through them," can only sound it "by the framework and the chord" of their personal make; the saint under inspiration must himself breathe in the truth which the Spirit in-breathes; and Revelation, which some dogmatists still try to contrast with discovery, is only able to reveal so much as the recipient is able to discover. The revealing, the unveiling, is a drawing of a curtain by a human hand guided by a divine. In my own interpretation of religious fact these three are diversely conditioned acts of the life unto God in the sphere of knowledge, acts of self-interchange between the individual and the universal mind. The psychic phenomenon under our study presents us with a

weak yet not unrecognisable form of the same interpenetration of part and whole. It is a special mode in which the human consciousness obtains contact and relation with reality; the words written are a product, perhaps only a by-product, of this effected relation. A certain attitude of the soul towards reality is expressed, or it may be only symbolised, as if by what I called a cipher. The essential communication is not, or need not be, the ostensible, just as a cipher telegram may carry a message wholly different from the sense it spells out upon the receiving instrument.

I frame this supposition upon the character of scripts which friends have shown me. In these I can find much and animated exhortation, little particularity of direction. They have constant reference to an actual situation of the subject, but they rarely or never say, "Do this or do that," but "Be minded thus or thus," not "Such is the step to take," but "Such is the temper in which to act." They incite to faith, hope and charity; to fearlessness, endurance, serenity, love; they make promise of help and foretell victory. Now was not this how the old prophets prophesied? And apostle or evangelist, did they impart to the flock a policy of action or rather encourage a spirit? Christ Himself, did He frame a constitution for His church, or only enounce a principle of the kingdom? Well, so, I imagine, the message which comes through in these ambiguous pencillings carries in-

formation indeed, but it is a spiritual situation of which it informs us; it lends an impulsion, not however to a practical course, but to an ethical temper which shall select a course or maintain it. Such a message has at least the signs of a likeness in source to the messages which come to us through the medium we call prophecy; if the writings of prophet or evangelist are accepted as transcripts of reality, may we not think it possible that writings of humbler scribes may carry a message from the spiritual world?

By what test then shall we prove that the possible is the actual? For me it can be no other test than the experience that the act by which the communication is sought and achieved, causes or fails to cause more life in the being of the receiver. If a consultation of the oracular wisdom hoped for from this source has for its result on worker or quester a stronger pulse of venture and firmer sinew of endurance, if it is light to the eye and speed to the foot, then this was a faithful oracle. Here was prophecy, as from a prophet for whom we claim inspiration, a word of the Lord as was his, fainter and of slenderer import, but not less sincere. Whether it is a communication from any one in the unseen, or

Communi-
cation or
Com-
munion.

from whom in that world, is for another research than mine to question. But if it be not a communication, a communion it is. It is a valid sacrament, and what passes to the communicant is a grace.

I am much confirmed in this reading of the fact by something I heard only yesterday from an observer who has a wide conversance with these matters. This is that some "writers" find that a diminution in them of the impulsion to write coincides with an intensifying in the sense of contact with the spiritual, of a more convincing presence of the unseen fact and more urgent action upon the practical life. That is, communication decreases, communion increases, as if the Spirit when it would speak more inwardly speaks less articulately. The original mechanism of intercourse becomes less necessary when the path of intercourse is a more beaten track. Between the human and the unseen it is as between the near and dear in inter-human converse. Two intimates can sit together and exchange their thoughts with little speech or none: whence we say that to be silent together is a mark of a real friendship.

With this agrees an observation of my own. Those who seem most to have this power of spiritual communion seem least to be interested in so-called "spiritualism," and even in the scientific research for evidential fact. Why? I suppose because these things are only the mechanics of the intercourse, good or bad, apt or inept, honest or fraudulent, genuine or delusory, but mechanics; and these persons have come through the mechanical to the vital, from the spiritualistic to the spiritual, from knowledge to vision.

One thing more. Even a research on lines such as mine has its word to say on that problem of the immediate authorship of the scripts. I confess a belief in the Catholic Church, and to do so is to profess an expectation, if not more, that the authorship is personal. Belief in the Church is a belief that the spiritual life, like the physical, is in its origin social, comes to the man not directly from the divine source, but mediately through persons who transmit it; he draws blood and breath from a family, and he derives his knowledge of God from the sacred family of the Church. But as in nature he is born of parents who are individual, so in grace he is taught by teachers who are persons. If then the lessonings of the scripts derive from the world beyond sense, they must be given by definite personalities there. Who should these be if not those with whom our natures have some vital tie, affinity of blood, of temperament, of association in the mortal history of the two? In all reason then I, who believe in the communion of saints, which is other name for church, ought, even before evidence is shown me by those who possess a method to procure it, to expect this intercourse and commune of personalities across the horizon of the mortal senses. I do no less; when I speak to my own mind as reasoner, I expect; when as a natural man I "speak to my dear heart,"—why then, something more.

One thing strangely moves me. It is their signalling,—if I may speak of "them"; the way they

can beckon to a mind on our side and provoke to a parley. There will come along not a word but an emblem, some love-token which stirs a dear mutual memory; the wise pencil knows how to design it on the sheet, but the writer who holds the pencil, stranger as he is to sender and receiver, cannot decipher. It reaches through him the mark, and presently a friend who reads is looking on the very sign-manual of his friend in the Beyond. Who can find self-suggestion here, who find chance coincidence? Not I. I overhear in it a converse of Yonder and Here "face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend."

How long is it since I wrote these pages? Some months certainly, and in them has been happening a thing which sends me back here to record my acknowledgment.

"This signalling" did I write, their "love-token, which stirs a dear mutual memory," the "sign-manual of a friend in the Beyond"? And again, "Who should these (personalities) be if not those with whom our natures have some vital tie, affinity of blood, of temperament, of association in the mortal history of the two."

While I was writing those phrases, what vivid signalings were passing to some of us, from friends withdrawn from touch already by the fog of war, and now engulfed still deeper in the blindness steamed up from battlefields,

"Ray-
mond, or
Life and
Death."

to shroud away from us those who went out to a warfare from which they have now discharge. One on our side whom the signals have reached has constrained a parent's heart to share with the world his own intelligence from the Other Side, and admits strangers to these new intimacies between Here and There, intimacies so surprising and also so of course! Deep thanks to him be ours.

But in this record the most appealing note is struck in the messages which, if they speak truth at all, speak the truth that "affinity of blood" can outlive the battle's death-blow, that the bond of family is not cut by the shears of mortal violence, that the warrior son "being slain yet speaketh," and still has his life unto the home. We used to say, "Not nations are saved, but souls." It may still be true of nations. I shall say it of families no more.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ATONEMENT IN THE FORTY DAYS

“Again a little while and ye shall see Me.”

A HOLOCAUST! Here they go into the fire, my four-score pages, the lucubration of some weeks on the story of the Forty Days and the doctrine of the Atonement as there enacted. Here they go, a score at a time, as the grate can devour them. It is a sacrifice which does not cost a writer nothing, this of the first-born of his mind, the fruit of his spirit, that I say not the travail of his soul. But of letters as of the human affair in general it is true that “he that loseth his life shall save it.” May it be so now as I turn from my burnt sacrifice to begin again.

In that labour which has thus ended in this smoke I had set forth a study of the place held by the Resurrection fact in the whole work of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Did the Christ of the Forty Days take away that sin after the same manner as in the days of His flesh?

The doctrine of the Resurrection as taught by the Risen Lord.

My study has been too studious, my labour too elaborate. For it is all so simple. Three words

of Luke declare the whole matter, Ἐγώ εἰμι αὐτός. Jesus stood in the midst and said, "It is I Myself."

The riddles of the Resurrection story—the tomb found empty, the Body that visited the Upper Room and the lake side, the theories of vision or of illusion—melt away, not solved but dissolved, under the spell of those words, when their meaning has been grasped, that what Peter and his brethren saw was—Jesus.

And the same Jesus, he of Nazareth, son of Mary, brother to James and Joscs and certain unnamed wives of Nazarene townsmen; Jesus the soul's-master of twelve chosen followers, taken from their head three days ago, and now again with them. What else than this Jesus could "I Myself" mean, spoken to these actual listeners? More indeed than this could be meant and was meant, an infinite more, though this "more" could not yet be conveyed to the mind of these hearers. But this was meant and this could be conveyed, that the Jesus known to Peter and John and Thomas, to the Magdalene and the other Maries, this Jesus was standing in the Upper Room, was seen and heard and, if any willed it, could be felt by touch of hand.

Jesus Himself was there, in the same way in which He had been there to Nathanael under the fig-tree, the Samaritan by the well-side, to the Pharisees in a synagogue whose thoughts Jesus knew, or to these same disciples when they sat at supper and desired to ask a question but did not

give it words, till He answered it unspoken. The way of the presence on the first day of the week, and in the forty days, was a thought-reading and a thought-writing, a thought-transference on the part of both. The witnesses of the Resurrection knew Jesus, because they were known by Him. There passed a vital act of mutual recognition between person of Master and person of disciple; each living unto the other. Cleopas began to know who was his companion on the road by a burning of his bosom; Mary knew Him by a leap of her heart, when her own name struck it in an accent that only one lip could mould; Thomas a week hence will know Him not by the feel of the scars but by the tender irony that bade him have his wish: John will know Him in the morning dusk and whisper to Peter, "It is the Lord," by a mystic tact like that which in thick darkness tells us there is some one near; presently on shore the others will not dare ask Him, "Who art Thou?" knowing by a like touch it is He; and Peter when they have breakfasted will be sure it is no dream, not because he has taken food from his Master's hand, but because he was asked thrice if he loved, and thrice been bidden feed the flock, and who but Jesus only could have done that, and done it *so*?

Ah, but He was seen, all the records keep repeating, seen. What need we any further witness than the seeing which "is believing"? What was it to "see the Lord"?

Well, but the Ten *saw* Him in the Upper Room, yet did not believe: they thought it was a ghost, not He Himself, till He spoke, and person met person, and knew that He Himself it was. *Then* were the disciples glad, seeing the Lord. Thomas was quite right in doubting, while his friends could only offer eye-witness. Peter might have feared the breakfast by the lake was a dream (as one critic has thought it), but the after-colloquy—if that was a dream, then it was one of those of which it is said, “Thou spakest sometime unto thy saints in dreams.” It was his Lord who spake in this, for never man could speak to Peter as this man Jesus spake, for the thoughts which came to birth in speech between Peter and this Other could come to birth by no origination but the mutual action of these two selves, the interchange between these personalities, only these. Of these two Peter was one, then the other must be Jesus.

“But there was seeing,” some man will say, “seeing with eyes. Are you ignoring that or how do you find place for this evidence of eyesight in the account of the recognition?”

The visual presence was part of the thought-transference, a detail in the whole communication. That is so in the common telepathy. A dying man's wraith is his thought made visible to his friend at distance, a portrait of himself “air-drawn” by the artist. Also it seems there can be pictures (I have seen them) on canvas or paper made by telepathy;

a hand that has no art can produce in line and colour a design created one must suppose by some unknown painter's art, and conveyed to a canvas through the artless limner's consciousness. Why then cannot the vision-seer paint on the air a portrait of his friend, taught by that friend's personality? Painting on air and on canvas are different operations of art, but this is common to them: both are originated by a vision of the "mind's eye," which is externalised by different methods and in different media. If telepathy is the cause of the one vision, it can be the cause of the other.

I was saying our puzzles about a physical Resurrection were going to be dissolved by this conception of the event as a return of Jesus to His friends in His human person-ality. A certain dogmatism of many of the faithful, and some of the faithfullest, must undergo such dissolution. Their particular envisagement of the event of Christ's Rising must die and be born again,—their demand that we should assert a "physical resurrection." Their dogmatism, I say it with care, not their belief. The faith they are contending for is, if only they knew it, right; at least, it is right in my eyes; I hold it with them. For their faith is that the Christ did truly rise, that He did really show Himself alive after His Passion, that it was no phantom but His very self, that all that had been in the Galilean prophet who had died on the Cross,

A dogmatism which must be "born again."

was present in the Upper Room and in Joseph's Garden and on the Emmaus road.

This is their faith and mine. But Jones of Pearstead, when he came over to "draw" me about Donaldson's heretical pamphlet on the Resurrection (he drew my covert blank, because I had not seen the pamphlet), Jones did not know his own faith correctly, but mixed it up with things doubtful and irrelevant. He played the stalwart apologist, demanding with thump of fist that Christian critics of the New Testament should accept "evidence good enough to convince a jury." Pitiful heavens, a jury! Twelve householders of reputed integrity who are summoned from their counter or oven. Well, if this were a crowner's quest, and these worthies were there to cross-examine witnesses who identified the person of one found dead, and gave evidence of the when and where and what of the discovery, they would be competent to fill the panel. But the task is not such. Physical things are physically discerned, as spiritual spiritually. But here are metaphysical things to discern, and what is Jones for a metaphysician? What has to be determined is not an experience of men's corporal organs, eye and ear, or hand, by which similar fleshly organs were verified in the apparitions, but the experience of the most central spiritual consciousness of a Peter or a Thomas, the precise event which happened to their personality. This juror must investigate and report on, not the stimulation received by the

optic nerve of the eyewitness, but the psychic stimulus and response to it between the unseen Reality and the total personality of the man, which is the true incident denoted by the witness who said, "I have seen the Lord." Now God indeed looketh on the heart. He can measure the fulness and correctness of that heart's response and self-surrender to a Presence which has passed by it, and in passing has stirred it with a life-provoking touch; He can count the beat of the pulse which is a creature's will energising towards the will of its Creator. God can look on the heart; but your juryman, friend,—can he? If he cannot, what have I to do with his judgment on what the witness really saw and heard? Eye of witness hath not seen nor ear heard the things which belong to our peace, which are the invisible world, and "they which it inherit." That visitation must be known not by this and that sense, not by all the senses, but by these and that which lies behind them all, the spirit in the witness which creates the sensitive flesh to be an organ of knowledge, the personal being of a man who can have intercourse with a personality that is divine.

When I shall say this to Jones, he will I think answer me not with thump of fist this time, but with a dogged shake of the head, that he does not see how my idea is any better than Donaldson's "personal resurrection theory," which he got from some German professor. And see what their

liberal theology has brought religion to in Germany, where, says Jones, they have lost that wretched Kaiser his soul. (Or is it just the other way, as I have been thinking?) No, no; a resurrection of the *body* is the Church's belief, and no other is of use to a plain Christian.

Now if I were a Socrates, I suppose I should ask Jones, seductively, to explain to me what exactly a "person" is and "personality," and again what a "body" is and why men have bodies. Then, if he did not succeed in satisfying himself or me, I should ask him to consider my own humble understanding, how I could find no better way of describing personal existence than to say it consists of the highest form of life we know; nor any closer way of defining body than to call it the instrument by which one living being can live a life in association with other beings like himself: we have eyes and ears that we may see and hear one another, and hands and feet that we may do business together. However, I not being a Socrates and Jones being a good Christian, I would take a quite other course, and say, "You believe, brother, with myself in a Real Presence at a Eucharist." Now what do we mean by this Presence? Neither of us thinks that the Christ is present on the altar as a Galahad sees it in the legend:—

The Res-
urrection
and the
Eucharist.

I saw the fiery face as of a child

That smote itself into the bread, and went.

And I think you will reject with me the Transubstantiation of the elements as a bad translation of Galahad's poetry into arid and ungrammatical prose of scholastic logic. Then in what manner is the Christ there, what is the Reality of this Presence? Tell me if it is like this for you; not always but at times. You have gone to the altar with a moral perplexity to lay before Christ, and as you come away your disordered thoughts fall into clear shape, as if some one had marshalled them, and you say with Paul, "I think I have the mind of Christ." You have confessed a fault, and your spirit now is set at liberty, so as no confessor can absolve it. Or you carried there a chilling venture to have it blessed; it was a lump of ice at your heart, and you bring back a live coal in your bosom. Or you desired to see one of the days or at least moments of the Son of Man, and—and—you saw it; craved to feel upon you the *osculum pacis et caritatis*—and you felt.

Did you do these things alone; was it you that out of yourself created the order, the freedom, the courage, the vision of love? Some of the wise and learned will say it was so. "Gigadibs, the literary man," would tell you it was yourself that raised this sense in you of order and freedom; there was actually no other and nothing there but you; the Presence that seemed to be there was only your own reflection thrown by yourself. But that is because this literary man does not know

his world as we. For we—if you are with me in this—we know that no one can make anything, even a reflection, even an illusion, by himself. To bring anything into being needs two who must between them make it to be, if life is the final fact of Being as man can know Being, and if life is what we find it to be, union of two, a reciprocity between a conscious self and self. This experience then of yours was a thing made by yourself and another self which ultimately is the divine reality, through the union of the two selves. There is only to ask what reality it is you touched, what specific point in that reality, what part of it had intercourse with you; or in the phrase of Christians, what of God was this with which you had communion. That can be declared only by the special quality of the life which kindled in you on the contact. Was it an awareness of Another than yourself whom you recognised as the Jesus, known to you through the witness of the Church begun in tradition and Scripture and continued by witness of all saints? Was that mind in you which, as you know by that witness, was also in Christ Jesus? What manner of spirit were you of when the converse had passed; was it the spirit that cries Abba, Father, Thy will not mine be done; the spirit of sacrifice which the Lamb of God, the Prophet crucified, must communicate if He lay His own spirit on another; was it the spirit of self-dedication to the Truth for their sakes, your brethren; the spirit of peace as Jesus gave it,

His peace, to those disciples; spirit of truth that makes free and sanctifies; spirit of counsel for a venture that gives you in that hour what you shall speak or do?

Was it like this for you, that holiest of communions; did this thing happen, not at all times but at some times? Then that which inspired, absolved, inflamed, empasioned you, in a word made you live, was He. Here was a Presence of Jesus, a Real Presence, the Divine Reality present to you in Him, His Person. The Master came, and you were with Him.

He came, but how? With what body? Jesus had been crucified and laid with the dead; how then was He raised up, with what body did He come to *you*?

“With what body?”

Do not meet me with a smile or a shrug, when I say He came to you, His disciples of to-day, with the same body, with which He stood in the Upper Room, the body that appeared to Simon, and that Thomas not having seen, craved to see and also touch.

For what else is a body, if it be one of our own, than the relations of mutual consciousness, subsisting between a conscious being and other conscious beings, together with the world of matter environing that consciousness? Or if that definition sounds pedantically abstract (though after all we cannot escape from using the technique of philosophers) let us for now say, that a human body

What is Body?

is the instrument by which a person lives a life in nature and among other persons. The senses of sight, sound, touch, and the fabric of bone and flesh and nerve on which these senses are, so to speak, mounted for their action, enable the person to communicate his thoughts and co-ordinate his actions with others like himself. This organ of intercourse, a body, is created by the personality which uses it, as a tool is made by a workman according to his special craft, and the particular work he means to do. Our present bodies are what they are because we need to see, hear, and touch our fellows in the universe, and because all this has to be done on the earth-plain. They have so much of solidity as this solid environment requires of them. If our habitat were the air we should need wings not feet for human intercourse; if the depths of ocean, eyes would be useless in that dark, and the sense of touch the more necessary.

The question then, with what body did Jesus come after death, is the question what body He required for renewed communication with His mortal friends. It was one by which He could make them know He was with them, and could inform their mind and influence their will. He must be seen and heard, and seen and heard to be the same person as the Jesus they knew; He must be able to offer Himself to their recognition by touch, if He could not otherwise be recognised.

Therefore the wound-prints must be seen, and if Thomas had not been satisfied by that, I doubt not that he could have also handled the limbs, which, as I read the tale, he did not do. And why not? Because conviction had now come to him through the other senses; the personality which met him by intercourse of sight and sound, was Jesus' self without further witness; the eyes which exchanged intelligence with his, the ears which recognised the Master's very accent, the brain which perceived its own thought and doubt read back to it in the, "Reach hither thy hand . . . be not doubtful but convinced," these cried to Thomas, "It is the Lord," and he cried in echo of them, "My Lord and my God!"

The Real Presence then of Christ to a Peter or a Thomas was the presence of His Personality to the personality of the disciple; the disciple was made aware of his Master's presence by a sense of certain relations which arose of the one to the other person. The Body with which Christ came to him was that cluster of relations which caused him to recognise the Person with whom he was now in contact as the same whom he had known as Jesus of Nazareth. They were relations of vision; the hands and feet and the wound-prints in them were seen. They were relations of audition; words were heard and their tone and accent recognised; and these were the more trustworthy signs because they carry thoughts, which are more essential parts of person-

ality than visible shape and colour of limbs. Less trustworthy again than sight was the sign Thomas trusted most, that of solidity under touch; for shape and colour which give expression to character are far more indicative of personality, than are the mere mass and density of the flesh.

The Real Presence. May I not say then that the Real Presence to a worshipper of our day at the altar is the same fact as the Real Presence to a disciple in the Upper Room; that we in some more blest communions are witnesses to the Resurrection of the Lord? Our personality recognises the Person of Jesus Christ through His Body and Blood presented to our sight and touch in the bread and wine. He said at the First Communion, "This is My Body." Our brethren of the Church of Rome are right when they hold that the words must be accepted literally, and not as metaphor, though their own literal version is faulty religious scholarship and lowers incalculably the true sense of the original. But that loaf which the Head of the feast held in His hand *was* His Body in the meaning of body which we have found for ourself. It was being made the medium of a communion of His Person with the persons who should take it and eat, it was the mean and instrument of a life kindled by His spirit with theirs. His word "This is My Body given for you," made it be this to them; these men received and ate, and lo! they became one with Him; the bread had been the organ of an intercourse, the live bond along which

spirit and spirit made each with other the self-interchange of life. What was so at that first supper is so at any Supper of the Lord for us.

Transubstantiation is the human child's crude version of the fact, but the fact is there: Christ is really present in the elements, for through their substance, as through any of the bodily organs of communication, the Divine Person passes to the human and makes that we abide in Him and He in us.

To what end has been all this reasoning with my brother, the vicar of Pearstead? To this. I have been seeking to persuade him that the presence of Christ to one of us in our holier moments is the same fact as His presence to the first witnesses of the Resurrection, and that to these latter He was present in the same manner as to the same persons before the Resurrection. I have sought to establish a continuity of being and doing in Jesus of the Ministry wearing mortal flesh, Jesus of the Forty Days clothed in a flesh not mortal, Jesus presenting Himself to men to-day in no fleshly presence at all.

What is the fact which makes this continuity? It is the continuance under differences of external conditions of a basic relationship of the Master and the disciple. This relationship I find to be the life which arises between them of each to the other, a life which I define as a self-interchange of Person and person, an interpenetration of Being and being,

an inter-communication of spiritual qualities and energies. To appear to the disciple, to see the Lord, are metaphors from physical vision to describe from the side of Christ and of the soul this divine-human mutuality. It is an operation of life, that name by which we come nearest in our present knowledge of things to the secret of creation, to the secret name which names what God and Man is.

The Spirit
of Jesus. Yet am I when all is said persuading my brother believer that Jesus, coming only with such a body as I make it to be, was really He Himself? More likely he is "troubled and reasonings arise in his heart," supposing that when he looks with my eyes he "beholds a spirit," and that to see a spirit is but to see a ghost. Ah! there is all his error, that he thinks spirit is ghost, and forgets that One Spirit whom he calls the Holy Ghost is the maker of all realities, who brooded on the face of the blind deep, and all bodies of men that be—it was Spirit that brought them into their being. Then what more of Jesus can show itself to a disciple than the Spirit of Jesus, if it is surely the Spirit of Him and not another? And what more of me can see the Lord than the spirit of me, which where I have to speak learnedly I call my consciousness? And how can my consciousness see anything any other way than just by being conscious of it? That is what I declare as my doctrine of the Resurrection to my,

brothers of the doubt of Thomas. This it is and was "to see the Lord":—consciousness of Master touches consciousness of disciple, and the touch is given back; the man knows as he is known; that act of life, life's highest within the range of human, which we call an act of faith, is wrought between the two, and in it the human self has life unto the divine. Whether eye meets form, and ear meets voice, or neither sense awakes at the shock of the appearing, are questions not of the happening but only of its varying mode. The thing that happens is the meeting of a self with a Self, the human with the Divine. If this has happened to thee, brother, and a life has sprung in thy soul, then "be not mistrustful but assured"; thou hast seen the Lord Jesus.

And it is He Himself, Jesus once of ^{Of Jesus of} Nazareth. For He deals with a disciple to-^{Nazareth.} day as He dealt then; reads the man's thought and writes his own thought in the man. Even so comes the Lord Jesus. He works that coming by the same thought-transference as under Nathanael's figtree, or the well-head of Sychar, or the Mount of Transfiguration. These were acts of the life natural wrought for uses that lay in nature and super-nature at once. Here again is an act of life that takes effect in both regions, His spirit made flesh, our flesh becoming spirit. We give it a raw unworthy name from nature's diction, because we have found as yet

no worthier: we call the witness of the Resurrection a Telepathy of Spirit.¹

¹A footnote is wanted here by my mother. She says it is not clear to her how, seeing and knowing Christ after His Resurrection could be the same thing as, what I call it, an act of life. Knowing and living seem to her very different things: plants have life, but not knowledge; and worms have more life than plants, but what can they be said to know? Will I clear this up better?

I shall say that even plants know something, for they have a kind of consciousness. Wordsworth's faith, he tells us, was that every flower enjoys the air it breathes. He was the poet of nature, and took perhaps a too indulgent view of his protégée's capacity. But still, if life and pleasure really are one, as philosophers say, the flower must have at any rate as much enjoyment as it has vitality. And enjoyment is a function of consciousness, and therefore may be called a kind of knowledge.

But the worms? there I can make my point better. For these at once remind me of a great man of knowledge who studied them, and tempts me to compare Darwin and the earth-worm in respect of their knowing and living. Now the naturalist's knowledge of the worm's habits, and that creature's knowledge of the sod he burrows in are the same function—the exercise of a reciprocity between the consciousness of the sage or the worm, and the world which encompasses each. Both acquire knowledge of their world by an experiment in this reciprocation, that is, by attempting to unify their self, which in the one case possesses a brain, and in the other at best some kind of nerve-centres—to unify this self with some portion of the universal frame of things which is other than the self, but is in contact with the self. The burrower in the soil maintains itself and grows by a ceaseless self-accommodation to the facts of earth, air, and water: the mind of the researcher expands and is vivified by an adjustment of his reason to facts to which a ripper reason can relate itself; he “holds a mirror up to nature,” and catches on it the truest and distinctest reflection of which his mind is capable. Each functioning is an act of knowing, and each is an act of living, if life is, as I think, self-interchange. The degree of vitality exercised

is the degree of consciousness exerted; the worm's life unto its world, and the sage's knowledge of his world, at least in the eyes of Who makes both and spieth out all their ways, are one same vital operation, though with difference of intensity, range and spiritual quality. The crawling creature feels itself live and thrive by sucking nutriment from the substances in the mould, by the vital chemistry of assimilation; this is its mode of self-interchange with environing nature, this act of feeding. But the fact of alimentation is for it the fact of intelligence, all the intelligence it has; it knows the earth is there, and knows this much of it, that by the earth it lives. Life and knowledge are one thing for this low creature. But they are one thing also for that higher creature, the naturalist, who observes the doings of the worm. The widening and elucidation of his science are so much expansion and intensifying of life in that organ of mental vision which operates in the observation: not the body of the man as of the worm makes the response to nature, but the mind, and not his physique but his spirit is vivified; but in the high creature, as in the low, the knowledge is life and the life is knowledge.

I should have liked to say this more simply if I knew how. Perhaps after all it would be enough to say that life is the whole fact and knowledge is a part of the whole; that there can be life where there is no knowledge, but not knowledge where there is no life. However, let my footnote stand.

PART III: THE ATONEMENT THROUGH LIFE IN "ALL THE DAYS"

CHAPTER XIV

ST. PAUL AND THE ATONEMENT

"I am with you all the days even to the end of the world."

WHAT has been done by my imaginary colloquy with my brother priest? He has gone home to Pearstead, saying to himself, "So then Desmond wants me to think that the Resurrection was one of those hallucinations where a man sees the figure of a friend who has died in a distant country; that the Jesus in the Upper Room was just—a wraith. Well!!"

And perhaps it *is* well,—if he will turn his thought round, and say not that the Resurrection was like the apparition of a mortal friend, but that this visitation is in some remote degree like that of the Risen Master. St. Paul thought "we shall be in the likeness of His resurrection." Why then, when my dear friend undergoes life's greatest event, the leaving of it, may not this fugitive, faint, doubtful visiting

of my consciousness by his be the momentary flicker of a transfiguration which befalls him in far-off likeness to his Lord's?

Ah, St. Paul. Why have I not sooner thought of him in this question? I have asked my friend, own brother to Thomas, the doubtful, to take this wide leap of imagination from the vision of Jesus given to his first witnesses to the vision of the Risen Lord, which may be given in a sacramental moment to one like himself or me. And all the while the gap is bridged, the interval between the witness of Peter and the witness of a churchman of to-day is spanned by the experience of St. Paul. For he claimed that he was an apostle even as Peter was, for "have I not seen Jesus our Lord?"

How did Paul "see the Lord"?
 How did this witness see the Lord; with what body did Jesus come to the sight of Paul?
 Paul?

I do not find that any of my fellow-Christians, who are sure the body with which Jesus came to the Upper Room was identical with the wrecked frame of flesh laid by Joseph in a vault, are ready to affirm that this same body was presented to the eyes or other organs of Paul. And I do not quite know how they are to comport themselves towards the suggestion of some critics, which they reject with horror if they hear it, that Paul's vision was the illusion of an epileptic seizure. Were I in their place I suppose I could answer that, whether the witness were in epilepsy or in health was not a relevant matter, if only

the apostle were able to know that to his person, whether sane in body or disordered, the Person of Jesus was certainly present. That answer will not seem to them available, not at present. Can I persuade them to look at the fact from where I look? I will try.

Let me first give out my own understanding of the occurrence on the way to Damascus, the sudden violent revolution, as it was, in the nature of Paul the Pharisee, the cataclasm, as it seems, of the Pharisee in him, and the new creation of the Evangelist. Then let me, if I can, harmonise my conception with the whole history of the occurrence and all that preceded and that followed it.

My belief is that Jesus of Nazareth, once mortal but now "with God," encountered ^{By the meeting of} with His own Person the personality of Paul, ^{person and Person.} and by an action which we men of this generation would call a transference of thought and will caused the man to know the truth of God as Jesus knew it, and to will as He willed it, the will of the Father in Heaven. The wonder of the "wonderful conversion" lies not in the abruptness of the transformation from persecutor to apostle, for if our eyes could follow the process we should doubtless find a breachless continuity in the change, such as we assume might be detected by a closer insight in the sudden transformations of mere nature. The wonder is not there, but in the extreme forcefulness, and effectiveness in the sequel, of the interchange of self be-

tween the person of a mortal and the divine Reality present to the mortal in the Person of Jesus. This is the supreme and hitherto the unique example of faith-transference between the eternal and the temporal; the Conversion is the great Telepathism of history. All other manifestations of that divine agency must be read in the light of this as the interpretative type.

And this telepathism was the "seeing of the Lord," claimed by Paul when he justifies his apostleship. This was the appearance by which Jesus showed Himself alive after His Passion and was seen of this witness to the Resurrection. In this instance we are to look for the essential nature of the Appearances before Paul's entry into the Church, and of the witness to the Rising from the dead which is borne in all the days unto time's end by the believer, who comes to know in himself the "power of the Resurrection." How Peter and John and Mary and Cleopas saw the Risen Lord, and with what Body He came into their presence, will be learnt through the experience of Saul the Pharisee become apostle. How the Christ can "appear" to one of us to-day in a reality of being present, which is only less because our capacity of that presence is less than theirs, this we may expect to learn by the same instructions. That expectation, it penetrates how deep!

But I am to make good my understanding by comparison of the theory with the phenomena. Psychological fact is not often laid so bare as the psychology

of the "wonderful conversion" is by the thrice-told narrative of the incident (a bit of history so unencumbered by critical doubts as to the external facts narrated), by the story of Paul in the two periods which it divides, and the self-revelation of the Letters. It is ground so

The
psychology
of Paul's
Conversion.

well traversed, that the most allusive treatment will serve us. No readier method can be than to point out where each of the alternative interpretations misses the mark, and my own finds it. There are the theories that the seeing was a "vision"; that it was an illusion self-suggested by the seer; and there is, or in consistency there ought to be held, at least by brothers of the doubt of Thomas, the theory that the appearance was the same as that to the first witnesses who saw a "physical resurrection." This last, if any one can hold it, is rejected by the story. A light shone, a voice was heard: this is all that is reported. It is incredible that the fact of a visual appearance, if it had happened, would have been left unreported each time, and that by a writer who had studied and recorded the Appearances to the first disciples; especially as Paul in one narrative speaks of what he did see, and says that he "saw a light." Would he on a later day have written that he had not known Christ after the flesh, if he had ever, though that once only, seen Him as in the flesh? No; when the Lord showed Himself to this new disciple, not in the same wise showed He Himself as to the seven by the sea of

Existing
theories.

Tiberias. Here was no act of a "Resurrection of the flesh."

The "vision theory" I can find no fault with, if only we are agreed what vision is. For me it is the perceiving an incorporeal object with an incorporeal organ of sight. Grant me that "reality," and the vision theory is some part, though part only, of my own.

The theory of self-suggested illusion, an appearance where there is nothing to appear, I do not try to controvert out of a psychology, my own or another's. I say that Time is a sounder psychologist than our best: the test of illusion is in the laboratory of history; can the idea resist the solvent of duration, can it last? Illusion in religion is like treason in the State; it doth never prosper; and the reason is that if illusion prospers and persists, none dares miscall it illusion; they must give it the right name of fact. Paul's vision of the Christ's presence has prospered; it persisted through the visionary's unmatched career, it is persisting through a score of centuries. No solvent of criticism can dissolve a reality which has passed through the chemistries of time and the hour, yet by no stress or mordancy of theirs been resolved into vapour or into dust.

But I—what have I to do in such a matter with talk of chemistries, or even of the arch-chemist Time, the dissolver of all things? To endure, to persist, is to be something in God's world; whatever exists long is real at least with the reality of

existing; so the oak and olive last long, and the hills are called everlasting. All these outlast man the mortal, but then it is his not to last only but to live; theirs is not to live, only to last. The test of truth or illusion in Paul's seeing of the Lord does not lie in the mere endurance of the sight. Was it the living Jesus whom he saw in vision, and did he—does he—by that vision live? For the while, however, let us be content to have cited the probation of time.

Well, then, if Paul, when Jesus met him in the way, saw neither the body of the Lord nor yet a hollow phantom, the fume of his own ^{Another} ^{interpreta-} ^{tion.} mind, what was it that truly happened? I am to tell my own story of it now.

It should begin where Paul began, ^{The story.} the day when God chose him from his mother's womb, but it shall begin where his record begins, at the High Priest's court in which a young man Saul, forward in good works of religion, and for their sake charged with executive office, watches the face of an arraigned heretic, and wonders how a cause so foul should so wear the brows of grace. Was there, then, a deeper wisdom in Gamaliel's counsel on an earlier day than the Sanhedrin or their statesman knew? Was it certain that those two frontless rebels would come to naught like Judas and Theudas? Could it be that these obstinate insurgents might bring that

man's blood upon the Lord's anointed ones, the trustees of the faith?

Why does the foolish question so prick the mind?

And to-day this inexplicable brightness on the face of an endangered criminal, for whom Saul's officers are waiting the sentence, how comes it there? Is it the effrontery of a rebel fanatic, the vain confidence of a perverted Messiah-seeker, or—? But how could any least cross-shimmer of the Shekinah go astray to light the face of such an one,—a blasphemer of the Temple and the Law?

But there the prick comes again, and sharper.

And he beats down Stephen, and makes havoc of Stephen's partisans. "But why do these too die like their ringleader with the—the gladness on the face? Can they all be frenzied as he, and is this how blasphemers look when their sin finds them out? Ah, and they tell me that the deceiver's self, who has been their ruin, he died so; prayed God to forgive us, said we knew not what we were doing. . . . Did we not know? . . . Yet there is something here more than I dare to say we wholly know. That Jesus of theirs was deceiver and self-deceiver; folly and sin it was. Yet can I quite spell the folly, quite name the sin?"

With whom is Paul speaking this? Is it only to himself, or to a brother Pharisee? But that were not safe, till he knows all his own mind on this mystery. For mystery it is, and it pricks him like a goad.

Ah, Damascus, and the rebels gone to refuge

there! Work to do still; no time to waste on speculations, curious but scarce beseeming a zealot of the Law. Off then to work! Doing makes knowing, say we not? He that does Jehovah's will, he shall know of a doctrine whether it is of God or of man. Away!

Six days' ride from Jerusalem gate, with a clump of constables behind the Sheriff of the Sanhedrin. Six silent rides in that cloddish company; lonely rides, but is there One who rides at his bridle unperceived? The debate goes on, insistent, truceless, tireless, without discharge. The question pursues him, masterful, merciless, a tyrant o'er a slave, a ghost behind the haunted, till the haunted seems a ghost to his own self. Is it Paul who takes both the parts in the dread dialectic, accusing and excusing, matching, like the player of a game in solitude, the right hand of his reason against the left? Or is it not soliloquy but colloquy, a drama where passion antagonises passion, a tragic drama where a cause is in deadly wrestle with a cause, and a victory is a doom for one; and if it be such a drama, who is it that personates the counter-cause to Paul's?

Friends, have we memories of our own through which a glimmer comes to our duller sense of this great one's travail at the cross-ways of fate? It was that long, stark day-time in which a soul's travail of debate must forge a decision before the night; the small decision of small men, yet not smaller, well you

knew, than one man's fortune in his mortal time, or, who can say, his fortune in the times of God. Brain was spent, heart was sick, the will shrunken to a ghost. "How can I choose the right who cannot know where lies the right? Lord, how long?"

And lo, even as you despaired of choice, it had been chosen. Yes, and you had chosen true.

Was that wrestle only yours, and between yourself and yourself? Did you think it so, when the storm ceased, and there fell peace on you, a peace of God that passes all understandings and counselings of man? Had you been there alone, without comrade, without antagonist:—did you win it yourself against yourself? Why, then, it might be this great one was alone, and no divine wrestler strove with him and kindled the man's strength with the grasp of his own. It might be so; but so it was not. "He, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Paul saw
the Lord
by an act
of life.

This is how I tell the story of Paul's witness to the Resurrection. It is not the full story: there is no language yet in which I or any one can tell that; but the tale so far as it is told is true. The saint born out of due time did see the Lord who was dead and is alive, and this Lord was Jesus, whom the saint was persecuting. He saw this Jesus, but not with that organ of sight through which John the beloved saw One standing on the

lake shore, in the twilight of morn, and whispered his comrade, "It is the Lord." How then? He saw by the seeing of that organ, the person of a man which can know the person of another than he by the act of life in which a self makes interchange with a self. The career of the persecutor was the side turned to the world of a soul's experiment of living unto God. This man verily thought with himself that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. The threatenings and slaughters and "exceeding madness" against the followers of Jesus were the vehemence of a human spirit in a storm of endeavour to fulfil itself by being fellow-worker with divine Reality, and doing that which God will have him to do. The will to live, the will of a spirit to live, and to live unto That which is,—this it was that worked the ferment in that Pharisee. He calls himself afterwards the chief of sinners, yet the sin was not in the heat nor in the havoc: these were the motions in him of a life striving to live, but with a blind miscarrying strife, which thought to do God service and thought all amiss. The sin was in the self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, which looked on his own things, and would not look on other things whereon were the eyes of Jehovah; which revered the God of Israel, but as Israel's God and in the image seen by Moses in the Mount; and knew the Law of God, but as Paul the scribe could know it by the wisdom of the scribe; and

controlled the dispensation of the covenant, but as Paul, a steward of that old mystery, willed to administer the entrusted wealth. This was the sin of Paul's offending, this was the flesh, the body of death, from which he craved deliverance, and found in the surrender of, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" This, not the jealousy for the Law and hate of those that kept not the tradition of the Elders. These were rather vital energies of the creature seeking to respond to the encompassing Creator, and making false response. The monitions of the Spirit, the pricks of the divine goad, he thought they were spurring him to the adventure of championing the Church against seducers; that career of inquisitor was an unsparing bitter experiment in adjusting thought and action in these ways to the motions of the All-mind and All-power in things. Reluctantly in that experiment he began to learn how different was his task; into what strange furrow, across what undreamt fallowland of human kind, his strength was being driven by Heaven's goad to draw the plough of God. But the hand that held that goad was a hand not in a figure but in fact. It was the hand of a man, as Paul whom it urged was man, the hand of Jesus, whom Paul's chiefs had destroyed, whose memory and works he himself was destroying now. Through Jesus who died and, behold, He lives, the Reality is in commune with the creature. The mind that was in Christ Jesus casts its image on the mortal's; can he mirror it back? The

will which rendered the great obédience to the Father touches the strong servant's hand; dares the human hand let close on it the divine, lay itself as liegeman's under lord's? The sacrifice of the Lamb of God, that perpetual sacrifice of the Son of Man made one with God, begun on the Cross, continuing in the eternity, never to be taken away till humanity, or till human sin be taken away,—that Sacrifice is working its work of atonement on the soul of Paul. The live coal from the altar is sent to touch His prophet, and his iniquity of self-will is taken away and his sin of pharisaism purged.

These are consecrated images. There must be one more, my own. In the speech with which this seeker of the truth interprets his own faith to his own self, Jesus, a master in Israel, works the conversion of His new disciple by the telepathy of spirit. He vibrates from His Person to the person of this man an intelligence by which he shall understand the counsel of the Almighty, that to forsake self is to find self, and stirs an energy by which the fire of that sacrifice shall be carried in this chosen vessel far hence unto the Gentiles. And the power rayed forth from the divine-human personality was not lost in an unechoing gulf nor returned to the Sender void. The work prospered in that whereunto it was sent; the live coal of the Sacrifice kindled fire in the prophet; the stroke of grace was answered by the pulse of faith. By the abiding sacrifice of love Jesus, the Just One made

The Con-
version
was
worked
by the
telepathy
of spirit.

perfect by obedience, lived, as once so now, the life unto God in the presence and touch of men His brethren, of this man His persecutor. Life only can gender life; only the living can make his kind to be born. "Because I live," saith Jesus, "thou, Paul, shalt live also."

CHAPTER XV

“THESE HAVE SEEN ACCORDING TO THEIR SIGHT”

I TOOK this last to Langton and read it to get the advice on it of that now venerable churchmanship in which he was formed; though I feel it is not really his churchmanship against which I measure myself there, but the blessed old self of him inside the churchman.

There was encouragement in his air nearly all the way through the reading. He gave me a puzzled look more than once, yet as if he were even more pleased than puzzled. “Yes, Desmond, yes,” he prefaced a long, warm silence, which made that new phrase “Fellowship of Silence” creep into my mind and suddenly convince me. Then, “You know, Desmond, I’d much rather think about this than talk, for fear of spoiling it. These things are so good, so very, very good to think of, till one tries to *say* what one thinks; then it all goes away from one. It does from me, I mean; not from you, I can see that.

“But I dare say what you want from me is something very humble. You come to me to tell you where it is simple folk like me can’t get at your

meaning, so that you can clear us up. Of course I am very dull about such things; that's the use of me, isn't it? Well now, did you say St. Paul's seeing of Christ was like St. Peter's; and, I think, that even our seeing of Him is the same thing as his? Do let me quite understand that. For, you know, the two things seem to me so very different—that bright light, Jesus speaking out of the sky—so very different from St. Mary Magdalene, and Jesus looking to her like the gardener, and giving her the name and bidding her not clasp His feet to hold Him there. . . . Or St. Thomas again. . . . Jefferson who studies psychical research thinks St. Paul's vision was a *photism*, and many saints have had the same. Do you think you could make this plainer to us rather puzzled people?"

I tried. It was not a good try, but I am glad he got me to make it, for though I did not satisfy Langton, I left myself better convinced, and perhaps a little more capable of satisfying future listeners,—if I ever find them.

I wonder though if the thing can be done. I mean, if it is possible to give any hearer, who has not already got it by nature or study, the attitude of mind by which one can recognise the identity of these occurrences,—one where a witness says, Three "I saw with these eyes, heard with these "Seeings." ears," another where it is, "I did not see, but I heard him and he heard me," and a third, the com-

mon case, in which the witness can only say, "I see and hear nothing at all. Something is said, but it is in my own mind and nowhere else, only I believe it is true."

If Dr. Johnson had been sitting in Langton's chair, I suppose he would have hammered the chair-arm with his fist and said, "Sir, you may take that stuff away with you; you were well to carry your wares to Dr. Berkeley's." That is, if he were still clothed in that old ponderous robe of his flesh, not clothed upon with the new garment which God giveth as it hath pleased Him, and to every spirit its own. Wearing that, he is understanding me well.

Is it possible then that I can persuade this Doctor, or any of my fellow-believers of a like robust intelligence, that we, threescore generations later than the event in history, can have a faith-experience that could make us fellow-witnesses with the saint who saw Christ face to face, or even with him to whom Christ only spoke in human syllables?

But I do think this can be. And it is not presumption in me. It is the issue of long, honest, urgent pondering on the saints' experience and on my own.

Their high and our humble experiences as witnesses of the Resurrection differ to the eye out of all measure, but the difference is to the eye. There is an element they have in common, and that element

is the very pith and virtue, the sum and substance of each.

“I have seen the Lord”—the man who says that, what is the fact he records?

To “see
the Lord”
—what
was it for
Paul? If the fact is that the man whose name was Jesus stood before this witness in the same form of flesh as that which suffered dissolution by the cross, then Paul is found a false witness; for this he had not seen, and our faith is vain for his part in the making it.

But this is not the fact recorded by the chief preacher of the Gospel of the Resurrection. What he attests is that he had an intercourse with a personal Being whose life was in the eternal world, yet who was the same person as the Jesus of Nazareth, whose followers he was pursuing. With this Being he had conversed, and by that converse he had recognised the Speaker as Jesus, because the thoughts interchanged between them could come into existence through a converse of himself with this One, but with no other in earth or heaven. This interchange did take place. Therefore Jesus was there.

If we should try to shake the credit of the witness, as many have tried, by suggesting to him that this converse was only in his own mind, and the Interlocutor was a figment of a morbid brain, disordered by the “much learning” of a scholar pietist, what is his answer? To a Festus, an uninitiated in the things of soul, he can only reply that he is not

mad, but speaking sober truth. To an Agrippa the churchman he turns with his "Believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." He makes appeal to a belief in the spiritual world, in which God by His Spirit speaks with men, and there is intercourse of earth and heaven. For the appeal to Agrippa was this; no less. Here we have not the reforming theologian defending a heretic thesis by reference to the Church's statutory creed; it is the saint and mystic summoning a fellow-churchman to confess with him the faith in the Eternal and in man's communion with the Divine that speaks by the prophets. "King Agrippa, what are you and I in the world? Are we (as to this Deputy we seem) two members of the Roman empire, a princely and a private, who presently will be no members of this or of ought else, but two handfuls of earth's dust, ashes that life's fire has left? Or do you believe (nay, but I know it, for how could you not?) that God who saith "I Am" is a living God, and all we live unto Him; that we men have our portion not in this life only, but also in a world eternal, immortal, invisible, and the only true world; that the grave, which disenfranchises us of Rome and brings forfeiture of all the flesh, cannot disinherit us of heaven, the Father's house where the son abideth ever? Fellow Israelite, I know that thou believest in the Eternal and the life of man unto God. Why then should it seem incredible to thee that God should raise the dead?"

He *has* raised the dead; I know it who have talked with One who died."

What for Peter? With that One who died, Peter too had talked. What matters it that this witness, unlike Paul, had sight of Him and not only speech? The sound of that voice, the sight of those features, these were but variable action of one same energy, the life-force of a Person in commune with the person of another, Jesus and His disciple knowing and being known, loving and receiving love, interchanging the divine self which was human too, with the human self that by the interchange may become divine. Did that Presence for the one disciple take form and feature, with the other take only sound of mortal language? It was because each saw according to the sight of his eyes or heard by the hearing of his ears; saw as he was framed to see, heard as he was gifted to understand. Why, even in this inanimate nature too are forces, elemental and powerful, which in their invisible movement reveal themselves at some point of contact variously according to the varying matter through which they pass. The breeze declares itself in the whitening wave-crest, the electric current by the fire that kindles on an arrest; the sun-ray falls on the landscape, but you cannot see it till its feet alight on the earth, and then it is diversely revealed as a blanched streak on the highway, a green shimmer on the fringing wood, a dazzle on the window of a grange. It is the same sunlight on all, and—the

analogy may be helpful—that sunlight itself is there, it is a presence of the sun, an actual presence, on that spot of earth, though a presence which declares itself with a difference of appearance as that which receives it differs.

These natural things I would in a figure transfer to Peter and to Paul apostles, and to humble disciples like ourselves. Jesus appeared to each of those two with an actuality of presence which was equal, but in a mode of actuality most contrasted. Just as in nature the sun-beam displays itself on the sunned object with a colour and an intensity compounded of two forces, the light which descends, and the special fibre of the surface which receives it, so the Appearance of Christ to men was a resultant of the two factors, the appearing Master and the witnessing disciple. One and the other witness saw the same Jesus and really saw Him, but to that sight each was a contribution in different kind according to the differing relation in which they severally stood towards the person of Jesus. Peter knew Christ after the flesh, knew Him as a man of certain lineaments, voice, manner, and those marks of bodily distinction, the wounds of the Cross. These characteristics were integral in the sum of that idea, "My Master," and could not be separated from it. If the Personality of the Master is to make itself felt as present, those characters must be there, or the presenting could not be effected: in more usual language, Peter would not

The
 "Seeing"
 of Peter
 and Paul
 —the like-
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 ence.

have had the faith by which the communion could be brought to pass. In offering Himself to sight with the pierced hands and feet, Jesus was acting only as He did with the blind and the deaf, when He put a finger in the stopped ear and anointed the sightless eye. It was a sacrament, enabling belief.

But to Paul the physical traits familiar to Peter were unknown, and had no place in his conception of the personality. He conceived of the Crucified Prophet as a person indeed, and an object of a passionate hostility, but he conceived of His personality only as the vehicle of heretical principles which must be fought and destroyed; Jesus to him—the Jesus, that is, not yet revealed to him “in the way”—was not a body but an idea embodied. Somewhat as in politics the multitude regard a statesman whose figure is unknown to them, not as an individual man of a particular habit of body and temperament, but as a vague idol or shadowy bugbear serving as a frame to sustain before the mind a public policy, which they worship or abhor, so would this Jewish churchman regard the dead adversary whose religious policy he detested. Jesus to him was not the Prophet but His prophecy; Saul’s hitherto relations to Him were the relations of fear and anger and perturbed self-conflicting conscience towards a principle of belief and worship, the Gospel, which was antagonising his own principle, the Law. An appearance to him of the Christ in a bodily form would have been irrelevant if not per-

plexing or misleading. But indeed one must think it would have been impossible, as impossible almost as such an event would be to one of us to-day, because he would have been unable to supply on his part that necessary factor in a vision, and still more in a recognition, the idea which enables a perception or the memory which recognises the past. To use again our analogy, the dusty highway cannot receive from the sunbeam the green shimmer, nor the woodland catch the sparkle on the window pane; but the sun is present to each of them, and they see him each according to their sight. So it was that Peter must make his communion with Jesus in His habit of the flesh as He walked in Galilee, as well as with the thought of the Teacher and the temper of the Leader, which praised him or rebuked; but Paul could make his only with Him whom he named to Luke in later days the "Spirit of Jesus," the Spirit which he had come to know, as Jacob knew the angel antagonist, by the long wrestle and the blessing in which the struggle was resolved. Therefore Paul heard and did not see. By him the personality of the Christ could be recognised by the mind, not by the organs of the body, or not in their accustomed function. We go beyond our knowledge if we claim the colloquy before Damascus gate as a physical occurrence, an actual vibration in the air received upon the organ of hearing; the bystanders conceived themselves to be "hearing a voice," but there is no need, and per-

haps no inclination, to treat as supernatural a fact for which a naturalistic account is for us moderns so ready at hand. Even if we accept at the historian's own value the testimony of the companions, their impression of a voice might be only a dumb telepathic reverberation on their consciousness of the experience happening in their chiefs.

A more important distinction between the visions of the earlier and the later witness than the differing proportion of the mental and the physical in the consciousness of the two, is that the first experienced the Resurrection of Jesus as a historic fact, the other only as a spiritual. Those who were in Christ before Paul not only had known Jesus well in His mortal time, and so could affirm His identity, but had seen Him "on the third day," that is, so immediately after the separation caused by the death as to preclude a false identification through a confused or faded memory. They spoke to seeing the Jesus of history. This could not Paul, or nowise in the same degree of historical. He could not identify the Jesus who encountered him on the Damascus road with the victim of the Sanhedrin, on his own knowledge, but only the report of his adherents. From these, however, he could know what manner of man in mind and character Jesus was before the Passion, and with this record he could compare the Jesus whose mind and character he had learnt in his inward struggle and the vision in which it issued, and find that the Person was the same, that

He who now addressed him was the Jesus whom he was persecuting. In technical language Paul could identify his subjective Jesus with the objective historic Jesus.

So presented, the position of Paul towards the Historic Resurrection, seems not essentially distinguished from that of any still later saint or even ordinary believer who attains to the belief that the Being with whom he has communion is the Jesus whose story is in the Gospels. His faith like the Apostle's is based on the agreement he finds between the data of tradition and experience; the Bible and his own soul confirm one the other. This is so: the distinction between St. Paul and ourselves is not fundamental. Yet there is a distinction, and it is one which makes the witness of the Christian born out of due time to be of a unique and cardinal value in the Tradition of the Church. If the strength of a chain be in the weakest link, and if in the Church tradition that weakest link is at the junction of the Apostolic and the Post-Apostolic age, of the generation to whom Christ was the object of direct knowledge and the generation who knew Him by report of the elders, then it is a felicity worthy indeed of divine ordering, that the link which couples the age that saw to the age that only heard should be the faith of the strongest of the faithful, and be the life unto Christ of which the story is the fullest and the most alive. The link where most as it seemed the strain falls on cred-

Paul's seeing is our own.

A distinction and its value.

ence is the link where the strength is most. If we are timorous lest our soul-experience of a living and present Christ should be a subjective illusion, and the risen Lord an error of history, we shall stay ourselves on the strength of Paul, in whose person met and were knitted the two strands of faith, the truth which our fathers have told us, and the truth which the man troweth in himself. He could know as none of us can, whether the brethren who had walked with Jesus were witnessing to things they knew, and he was utterly sure that their record was true; and he, the most potent personality of men Christian, perhaps of men at all, so trusted his soul-experience of a Son of God revealed in him as the Jesus whom he had persecuted, that he built on it a personal life of spiritual fruitfulness and the vast and enduring structure of a Church; which, if life genders life, and reality issues out of the real, are witnesses hardest to gainsay, that the believer had not believed in vain.

CHAPTER XVI

ON THIS WISE SHOWS HE HIMSELF

“A WOMAN when she is in travail hath sorrow because her hour is come, but as soon as she is delivered of the child she remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world.”

This joy, brethren, is ours, now that we know what manner of man was born into what manner of world, when first the disciples of the Crucified Prophet “were glad, having seen the Lord.” Jesus of Nazareth had been born, by the birth which is from above, into the world, that world which is the real, being as in heaven so in earth.

We know what manner of man this is who has been declared to be the Son of God with power, by the rising from the dead. It is Jesus, the same whom Peter and John and Mary loved and followed, whom Caiphaz and Pilate slew on a cross, whom Joseph took down from it and laid in earth. It is Jesus, the same who went about in Galilee doing good, from whom a virtue went out to others, and these, if an answering virtue in them came to meet it, were healed; who preached a kingdom of heaven, and they that had ears to hear and eyes to see that

kingdom found themselves to be in it and of it. It is the same Jesus, for John and the Magdalene know Him again by the voice that calls over His friends their name and, when they look up, by the eyes that speak more clearly than the lips. But we who never knew the eyes and voice, we know Him by the way of Him, which was the same as was His way with those.

On this wise does He show Himself and this—

Appear-
ances of
Jesus. For we are alone, in the sorrow of the newly bereaved, like her in the garden; something speaks to us, we turn, we look, and it is He; death then is not death, to die is to live.

We walk with a comrade conversing sadly of youthful hopes, which we trusted should have redeemed some little Israel, but time and the event have wrecked; and a thought that is not mine, brother, nor thine sounds in us, "increasing like a bell," till it becomes, "Ought not the men of Christ to suffer first and then to enter into their glory?" and our hearts burn within us till at some breaking of the bread, the smoulder bursts aflame and we know Him who He was.

We meet our fellows-in-council of the faithful, all with anxious, some with desponding minds; and one comes in among us with a light from somewhere on his face, whispering "I have seen Him"; and suddenly One is there in the midst breathing a "Peace be unto you"; and we know Him, all of us, for He stands there "as He had been slain":

by the wounds of hand and foot this is He, the Man whose soul and body were made an offering for sin.

But such an one of our company has not been there; he will not credit John nor Mark nor any testimony which cannot pass the scrutiny in the court of the learned in history. Yet there passes a space, and why is this one more confident in his loyalty and loyal service than we? Has he looked closer, judged more narrowly for himself, has he found the evidence in his own soul?

We go a-fishing or to other trade of ours, and the toil is barren; hands grow heavy and the heart. From the dimness comes a word of counsel, and we stare astonished at the work's sudden yield; but one with keener sight murmurs, "It is the Lord."

We rest awhile for hand and heart's refreshment. The old ambition wakes and challenges us: "The Master—was it for the love of Him or of self that you made life's adventure?" "He knoweth all," we sigh, "He knoweth it was also love of Him." "Then shall thy venture win, thou shalt save many souls alive; feed thou my sheep." Thereon we see as in a magic crystal the doom of whom would follow Him.

But why must my fortune be less sweet than this other man's, my even fellow? And He answers me as Jesus ever answered, "Follow thou Me."

These are things that happen to any of us men to-day, though I borrow old-world phrase to tell

of them. But they happen, and when they happen then and by this, we know that Jesus is risen. We know it because His way with us is the way He had with those who had known Him after the flesh. But that way of His, what is it? It is the way of a man with a man, when the one has life unto the other, each living by the interchange with each. Of a man with a man. That which animates, quickens, makes to live is not an idea, a principle, a movement, no, nor an example. It is nothing abstract, impersonal; it is a concrete actual Self, it is a Person, it is a Man Christ Jesus. Between our own self and this Other Self, something happens; it is a thought that goes to and fro, and comes into being by that to and fro; it is a will that beckons our will till it springs to that which beckons, a purpose meeting a purpose with an embrace; it is the Telepathy of Spirit making the far to be near, the sundered to be together, the Christ who is with God to be the Christ who is in us.

What is this that happens, when we name
The happening is an act of life. it with the name which brings us nearest to the reality? It is life that happens; life at

its highest and most wonderful, but life, and nothing new or different from the life we knew from the first. This is only what all things do that live; they render up themselves to that which renders itself back to them, and thereupon they thrive; they burgeon and blossom and fruit; a breath fills their nostrils, a blood swells their veins; they store up speed

in foot and strength in hand and nimbleness in brain ; they harvest light upon the eye, garner music in the ear. This it is to live when the living creature is the grass of the field or the cattle that pastures on it, or Man the Wise who tills it. This it is when those who live are creatures such as these. But when it is Man the Spirit, Man with the life personal,—how should such a creature live unless spirit meet spirit, person make interchange with person, ^{Between Spirit and spirit.} human enter and be entered by the Divine ?

Can that be ?

Between the human finite and the Divine Infinite is a great gulf fixed ; who shall go over it ? Between earth and heaven is a great height reared ; who shall climb it ?

I THAT CROSSED THE GULF, I THAT HAVE ASCENDED,
I THAT WAS MAN AND THAT AM MAN, AND, BEHOLD
ME THAT I AM WITH GOD AS GOD.

My belief, mine who write down these words, is that when Jesus lived, died, rose, ascended, then and by that action upon the plane of human history, a personal being, like unto a son of man in all that man is and has, entered into possession of an existence which was a vital union with All the world that is, and with God who maketh All. At the close of His temporal course, He was born, as every living creature is born, into a world, that is, into an environment with which His organism could have correspondence. That world, by communion

with which His being must have now its existence, was not the "penfold which men call earth," but the wide House of God, in which earth with her sun and stars, her time and space, is the least of little chambers. Of that whole House of God this Man has become heir and lord, but with it also of this little room which nurses our humanity, His own childhood's nursery for a while, of which He does not quit possession, He that can now fill all things with Himself.

The Son of
Man be-
come Lord
of All.

I sit here at my study window, that looks on the quiet greensward under the Minster tower. Beyond its pinnacles my sight travels away along the highway of space towards a goal which my eye can no more reach than my foot, my mind scarce more attain to than the eye. Yet I know that at this endless road's unimaginable end there stands a Man, such as I am myself in all that it is mine to have and to be, but such as God is in all that is not mine but God's. And I know that this Man is seeing me with human eyes, as plain and near as

The God-
Man seeth
me.

I could see a friend standing in my open doorway. I know that a certain not untroubled care, needing a counsellor, lying in my breast this hour, lies as it were written on a parchment before His sight, and that the decision blindly and dumbly taking shape within me is not of my devising, but is a truth of action created, as all things are of God created, by the gift of self in which I cast this care

on Him, and lo! He careth for me,—for me who would judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, and behold, He is here to judge it.

The wise and prudent tell me this confidence is but an illusion. They have studied it till they can tell me how it was made. Every man is God unto himself, sees his own figure cast dilated on the mirror of space, takes it for the Other than Self, makes a God in his own image and likeness.

How do I answer them?

I answer that a self can make nothing—no, not even a God—by itself. It needs two to make a world, or to make anything at all; two that can interchange a self and a self. *Then* there can be life, something *then* can be brought into being, a man can be born alive, and God Himself become a living God to the man. The two whereby the being of this man here comes to be a living soul (if such he be, God knoweth!) are this man's self and the Self of Jesus Christ his living Lord. For only one who is human can really mingle self with a human self. Surely that is why Jesus Christ was with the Father before the world of men began. Without Him nothing could be made that was made, least of all could man be made. To the making of this creature, man, came the Creator with His Son, the Word, *in whose Person humanity was already there*, as the flower to be is already in the flower that is now and bears its seed within it. Therefore said God (said it deeper than His prophet

meant it), "Let us make man in *our* image." Therefore was it that father Abraham, so long an age before the mortal Birth, could yearn to see the day of Christ, and saw it from far off,—who now sits at Jesus' feet in the Unseen, and the far is the near to him,—even as far is near to me who tarry here in the Seen, yearning as he.

Spirit of Jesus, Thou who leddest Paul and didst "suffer him not when he would have erred from the way thou sawest for him, pardon this thy servant" venturing—yet nay, for is it pardon that for this is needed?—suffer not thy servant's wildered thought, that feels after if haply he may find Thy presence, suffer it not, in this so vast and chartless wild of Being where thought must range, to stray down any path that leads not whither thou wouldst have him go.

Ah!—but still, the wise and prudent, my answer to them? I have begun it; I have said my hope in Jesus the Man cannot be self-made in me, because two must be there to make anything, myself and another than myself; my single self can make nothing, not even an illusion. Good. But that which has been made between whatever two are demanded by my theory, what, they ask, is it? Is it the thing I persuade myself to call it, or is it some different fact misread for it by me? Men do imagine vain things, they urge; how do you know that what you imagine is not a vain thing, but a fact and a reality; how do you know that what

you seem to have commune with is Jesus the Man, and not some other thing which you mistake for Him?

And my answer is that things are known ^{The test of} to be real or to be unreal by the life that ^{reality,} comes to us, or fails to come, when we at- ^{life.} tempt to live unto them, that is, to effect the interchange of ourself with the other self which cannot be seen with eye or felt with hand, but which by some intimation we surmise to be there. In this as in all endeavour, "the attempt and *not* the deed confounds us," and hope maketh ashamed. If, that is, the attempted union fails, if the interchange does not happen, and the life does not come, then our surmise was the imagining of a vain thing, the reality is not as we thought. But if the attempt is not without the deed, but brings a union to pass; if when we endeavour to live unto the unseen fact, we find that so endeavouring we do live, then it is the reality that we are touching, and that reality is such as we surmised it to be, and addressed ourselves to according to that surmise. Do not the men of other sciences make their experiment this way, and this way verify their expectation by the results? Thus then do we believers in the Eternal World make experiment to know if it is there and what like it is, and thus we verify it. We feel after if haply we may find in the invisible one Jesus, Man as we are men, but now with a Manhood that "fills the wide vessel of the universe." We feel after and we find Him;

we know it is He because at the touch the fire of life catches in our soul and body; He fills this narrow vessel of my being as He fills the universe; I am alive unto Jesus the Man.

“How do I *know* that I am alive unto Him?” How knows any one that he is alive at all to any thing? What cares any breathing man to answer a questioner who should bid him prove his body to be alive? Yet that question is scarcely less wise than his who asks proof that my soul lives. Life is its own proof to itself, and life is not concerned for any proof to any but to itself. Yet some such proofs there are too, if the idle questioner has a mind to read them. A body can prove its life by moving itself; the soul has movements which can be observed by another.

But the man himself who lives, can he find no name for the proof renderable to his own self, by which he knows that he lives unto Jesus, and it is no dream?

Yes, one name he can give, the name I have given Life and Joy. already. It is the joy of living. Joy is one thing with life. Life is none where there is not joy, where life is not neither can there be joy. These are two fronts of one reality, two fronts which it turns to the mind of man, not to God's mind who made it, and not to the soul even of the man who has it. No one should ask me to make that good, for not the most pragmatic physicist denies it of

the lowest living thing he studies. Pillar of cloud and pillar of fire that kept Israel's march from hurt were not more the same than are life and joy.

But who has had such joy as the believer in Jesus who died and is alive for ever? From the disciples who "then were glad, seeing the Lord"; from Stephen when "from a happy place God's glory smote him on the face"; from Paul bidding his converts to rejoice evermore, and again he said, rejoice; from those later generations whose brows were sunned with the heathen knew not what good cheer; from these far-off ones down all history till to-day, the mystic gleam which travels the sombre field of time, as a sun-ray from one sees not where, will wander and here and there alight upon a clouded plain,—that gleam of a joy has ever fallen and been ever given back from the face of men who in the phrase of my loved saint are not "ignorant," but "know that Jesus is alive."

This our joy, my brothers, is fulfilled, the joy that a Man is born into the world which is both earth and heaven. A Man. In the world eternal and in this world of time Jesus lives.

Because He lives, we live also.

My mother will say to me: "What you tell us here seems quite true, John: but I think you must be meaning something more than I can quite get hold of—Jesus being present with us, seeing us,

knowing us, speaking to us—one always did believe in this, surely. How does your way of saying it make any difference?"

I shall say, "It has made a great difference to myself. Not to what I believe about Jesus, but to the way in which I believe it. Almost it is the difference between having a dream and knowing a reality. For my belief now is that Jesus not only is a Person, but a Person with whom my own person can have to do, which it cannot unless the other Person is human. Whenever men have had a belief in God they have figured Him as a Person. How could they otherwise, since nothing is real in the world except persons? Nothing else at least is real to us as men; earth and her brute matter are real to us as animals, not as spirits, as those of whom it is not said, that man turneth again to his earth and then all his thoughts perish. This is why men have always figured God as a human person: he could see and hear as a man, and watch over His people, though He neither slumbered nor slept like human watchers; could be angered, could forgive and love as men are angry or are loving. But they figured it only: all was figure not fact. God was not a real Man, though He did certain things which were like things done by men. If one had done a mean thing and confessed it to the Most High, the shame and pain were not as if the confession went before a friend of loftier nature, and those eyes of sad reproach clouded at the hearing. If

one had ventured a brave choice, the glory of heart was not as if one had sprung to the side of a heroic father, a worthy comrade for him in arms. But that is how it is in fact between us and a Christ who is Jesus, the Son of Man. Verily 'near Him is near fire': fire that scorches up corruption, fire that swells the veins with the heat of love adventuring. Ah, yes, it is so. The difference is between dream and waking fact, between life in a world of shadows that will break, and life in a world actual, imminent, encompassant, urgent, and never to pass away. O dear Mother," I shall plead with her, "listen if the difference be not like something I will tell you of, which is of this very season in which your soul and mine are vexed with this whole vexed world of man.

"You remember, neither of us can forget ever, one of those Raemaker cartoons we saw together. It was the Kaiser's waking in the imperial bedchamber. A valet is calling him; brings him the morning cup. The author of our world-misery is raising from the pillow a face on which a smile of complacency, afterglow of pleasing dreams, is dying, and an affright is dawning there instead. He says to himself, 'I have just had a delightful dream that the whole thing wasn't real.' But the whole guilty thing *is* real; and to that dread realness he wakes, to that ghostly merciless presence, that iron face of doom. All yesterday it watched, all night has watched, to-day is closer to him. He

is that prisoner of my childhood's tale, who wakes in the 'iron shroud,' the cell with nightly narrowing walls, which at the last must meet and grip their victim's flesh out of being.

"Mother, one night I dreamed that picture. I woke, and as it shuddered off my mind, it was as if my eyes too were unclosing to find 'the whole thing' is real, but, for this unworthy believer in a Christ who is Jesus, not more real than it is blest. Old words of the faithful in old days sang themselves in my brain. 'His compassions fail not, they are new every morning'; aye, His compassions, the Man who knows what the passions are of man, once having been of like passions, and can share them, can compassionate indeed. This is my reality, the solid and abiding world which has me for its creature—the world of which the light falls from these brows of tenderness dawning on me through slumber's dusk, the world of which the air is breath indeed, being spirit, very air of heaven, spirit divine, all spiritual and yet human all. That air is about my bed and will be about my path; those eyes spy out all my ways, and shine to light my feet in them.

"And another charmed word from the poetry of ancient faith floated round me with an enchantment twice-enchanted now. 'When I wake up,' my heart whispered me, then hushed, 'When I wake up, even from a mortal's slumber, I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness. . . . I shall see *Thy* face, O Master: that vision of Thee shall all fulfil my being.'"

PART IV: THE DIVINE-HUMAN JESUS

CHAPTER XVII

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST

Joy then is ours, who have known that a Man is born into the Eternal World, because we know that Jesus is risen. And yet I cannot go on my way rejoicing in this if I am to go on it alone, and not in company with others sharing the joy. Will all the brethren share it? Not at once, some of them, and I foresee what will hold them back.

They will think—it always has been so—that if we declare the Risen Lord to be a man, Jesus the son of Mary, we shall be denying the belief—than which what else matters?—that He who rose was the Son of God. They will say this doctrine of mine is not Christianity but an Humanitarianism.

What shall I say to keep them with me?

I shall begin with this. When you and I, brother, confess with the mouth that Jesus Christ is God, what is it that we do? We utter certain syllables upon the air, but what more than this happens? What is it to believe in the heart that Jesus is God?

Your answer will be as mine, that you cannot tell it in words, because there are no words for the telling of it; yet what one believes in the heart one also knows in the heart, though there only; and you know that to believe this of Jesus is to be in strength and peace and joy of heart. Yes, you say with me that you are sure this belief is true because to hold it ministers life.

Well, but part of this life which the belief ministers is life in the mind of us, is a vital energy of our *thought*. Thoughts can in some measure be told in words, indeed they cannot be thought at all except by some kind of language. Some words then there must be for this thought which comes to us when we believe in the divinity of Jesus. What words do you find for yours?

I will tell you the words I find for myself.

The manner of the Divinity of Christ. In confessing Christ to be the Son of God, I declare my belief that Jesus alone of all men before or since lived a life unto God which was a perfect life. By that I do not mean only that He was without sin, though I declare that also. I mean that the interchange of selfhood between His Human person and God was a perfect interchange: all that Jesus was in His human being was harmonised with all that the Father is. I see not how there can be expressed in preciser words the entire identity of Jesus with God, the truth declared when He said, "I and my Father are one."

Thus then I understand the Godhead of Christ on

the side of His relation to God the Father. They have the life of each unto each, which is the life of all of the One to all of the Other. This definition of the Divinity of Christ presents perhaps to the mind of most men a less vivid and easily realised picture of divine fact than does the credal term "God the Son," which raises a concrete image: but the claim it makes of a divine position of Jesus in the universe is in truth much more definite than the claim asserted by the image of sonship; and it seems also to declare the co-equality with more adequacy than does the figure drawn from human parentage; for to that clings a note of subordination and inequality in a son. A perfect life of the One to the Other is no doubt a halting human image for the unimageable reality, but it brings my own mind a little further on the way to truth than does the metaphor from mortal sonship. All that son can be to father is taken up into it, and something is added which is more than son can be. The mutuality of thought, affection, purpose that is, or that is conceivable, between child and parent is there; but this paternal-filial mutuality has the limitation that there is not equality in it, for one is before and one is after other; and this limitation is transcended by our definition.

1. In relation to the Father.

2. In rela-
tion to
Man. But the Godhead of Christ on the other side, that of His relation to man, how do I understand this: how is Jesus now as God to us? One can *say*, by help of vagueness and ambiguity in the title, that Christ is God; but how do we *think* of a human personality that has survived death as having the attributes of divinity, and the divinity of very God?

As I found the divinity of Jesus in the perfect-
ness or absoluteness of His life unto God, so I find
The in-
finity of
His Life
unto men. it in the infinity or absoluteness of His life
unto men. He is able now to give life unto
all men. In that is His Godhead. Or, as
I ought rather to say, in that is so much of His God-
head as I, a man, am able to apprehend.

Jesus of Nazareth, while in the world of time and space, communicated life to those who proved capable of it within that circle of men and women whom His personality could reach. These were few. But Jesus when He "entered into His glory" could communicate life to every soul receptive of it wherever its station in the time-world or the eternal. He did thus impart life to the group of disciples with whom He had converse in the Forty Days. He did so in the event which we describe as the Effusion of the Spirit, or with more realism as the Church's birth into a full-conscious life; in the intercourse to which St. Paul witnessed under the name of the "Spirit of Jesus," which deterred or prompted the movements of his mission, or of

“the Lord who stood by him,” with counsel or reassurance at moments of difficulty; and in the intercourse which the same Apostle claims in all his epistles to be the universal and necessary experience of the believer as a man who is “in Christ,” and in whom Christ is. That claim has been the assertion made in the mouth of all its more vital members at every time by the great society of men and women into which the primitive body of believers has expanded. The humblest of these can profess an experience identical in character, if remote in degree of intensity, with that of an Apostle who trod the roads of Anatolia in the piloting presence of the “Spirit of Jesus,” or of another, who on a morning by the lake re-vowed allegiance to the Master, when that Master’s personality had transcended time, yet forsook not the old mortal intercourse.

The Divinity of Jesus as towards mankind is conceived then by me to lie in this universality of His impartment of life to men. A potential universality, it is true, not an actualised, though progressively made actual. To declare this is to declare the person of Jesus to be infinite; and that is to declare Him to be God. As the Creator is infinite and makes all of finite life that is made, so is Jesus the Man. As Man and by a force which is man’s, and can be energised even in the mortal condition of humanity, namely, this force of Life-transference (called in one special direction of it telepathy) Christ

makes all of spiritual life that is made within the spheres of humanity. That interchange of His person with the person of another by which He made life spring in apostle, prophet, evangelist, or plain Church member is exercised by the same vital contact upon every soul of man in the present or in the future; and, as I ventured to speculate in an earlier page, also upon the souls whose days of the flesh had ended ere His began, yet to whom He can, being infinite, go and preach in that "prison" of an existence from which not yet the Christ had made them free.

Infinity of power to make men live, power to redeem from death all men everywhere in all time, power to work that which the Father worketh hitherto, the re-making of man in the image and likeness of God, when some mystic counter-power, sin or the Fall, had marred the image made by the first creative stroke—to find this in the Risen Jesus is to find Him to be as God the Creator is on the side of His Personality turned towards man. That which the Creator does to man is done through Christ and by the Humanity of the human Jesus, and without Him is not anything done that is done. This is to confess Jesus to be divine, and with the divinity which we name when we speak of the Godhead of the Father.

But if I declare Jesus of Nazareth who rose from the dead to be as God in the infinite fulness of His life in God, and as God in the infinitude of His

power to make men live, what does my faith lack, my brother, which your faith has? You ask me, Do I believe in the Son of God? I answer, Who is He, that I may believe in Him? If there is more that you, friend, have come to know of Him, tell it me, that I may know it too.

And if it be so that you can add nothing to me, because neither of us nor any other can know ^{That} the Christ as He is God, why then let us all ^{which can be known of the Son of God.} the more try to know of the Christ that which can be known and named. The invisible things of God, said Paul, are known by the things which are seen, the heavenly facts are characterized in earthly fact. Paul thought of Nature—the nature in which as yet Jesus was not a part—as the mirror of divinity, a mirror how dim, blurred, ruffled, and distorting. But we may see now within that Nature, as in a glass, not dimly but in clearest lineaments, the image of Him who is invisible: we scan the express image of God in the human fact among Nature's facts, which is Jesus of Nazareth, mortal once and now eternal. Let us search out this which is not of the unsearchable mysteries. Let us learn all that we have not as yet tried our best to learn concerning the Christ, what He is to us, what He does to us as He is a Man; a Man who has entered into His glory, but in that glory is no less and for ever Man.

“And last He hath appeared unto me also,” murmurs the latest and least believer, “for that

which I live is He, when most I know myself to be alive."

If we should never come to learn more than this, yet even so we should have enough. Is it not so? For we have peace and joy in believing that Jesus the Man, the slain and glorified, the dweller and worker now both in eternity and in time, is to every one of us both God and Man. As God He is infinite in presence, is about our path and about our bed, and spieth out *all* our ways; as Man He is human in His presence, and draws us with those same bands of love and cords of a man by which mortal soul and soul are knit, so that thought and will of one become thought and will of another, and person has with person the mutual gift of self which makes the life of human-kind. The joy of believing this!—that this Presence is divine inasmuch as it is unto all, but human inasmuch as it is unto each; that about our path and bed and spying all our ways is a Companion, who can bear Himself as a man with a man, whose thoughts can be our thoughts and His ways be as our ways, who can weave my being into one life with Him by threads of the mind of a fibre that can intertwine, and who by strands of purpose that cross and grip can knit my mortal will into one strength with the Eternal's.

The joy of this; ah, and the awe! For we who have thought we could welcome the nearness of the Christ, while we conceived of Him as a Provi-

dence, can we so welcome Him as a Friend? For is it so with one of us and some unseen friend, who has been the seen friend in mortal days, that there is only joy and no fear at all, when we think upon the intimacy of one who is of "the company of heaven"?

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?

We rejoice in his counsellings, comfortings, encouragings; but a compunction shivers through us as we image the friend's withdrawing eyes when some false step or unworthy mood threatens to separate, like a sin, between us and our soul's lover.

Yes, and so is it with the One Lover of the soul. There may be not the *joy* of believing in the Risen Christ; but the *power* of our believing—that is here. For power upon us there is in our forecasting vision of a cloud gathering upon that brow of love; power to forestall the faulty act, to transfigure the unrightful thought. It is the power of the Resurrection; the power breathing upon humankind of the Glorified Humanity.

Humanity. Nay, that word must be bettered. It has been ready in all mouths, but what has been its strength in any heart? The Humanity, the Manhood—it is nothing in the world, or nothing that can be known or felt by us. Not the Manhood do I confess, but Jesus, Son of Mary, the Man.

Therefore "my friend shall look me through and through," though I be a breathing, fleshly, sinful son of man, and my friend be a Man, and the very Son of Man.

Here is the awe of it, but here also is the joy. Even so come, Lord Jesus, even so.

* * * * *

"What does my faith lack, my brother, which your faith has?" So I asked a page or two back.

This faith in Jesus, the Redeemer by life-giving, has verification. But I must be bolder. I must begin to ask, "What does your faith who believe in Christ the Son of God lack which mine has, my faith in Jesus the Son of God? This it lacks which mine does not lack—Verification. I *know* that my Redeemer liveth, *know* it. For that Jesus in His Ministry redeemed His disciples, gave them life, atoned them—this is not belief only, it is knowledge. It is the witness of a history, not the conclusion of a philosophy. That Jesus has been redeeming men ever since, this too is knowledge not belief; it is the verified record of the Christian Church to which in "all the days" each story of a Christian's faith adds its new atom upon the cumulus of certitude.

But of the Son of God as apart from and beyond Jesus what is your knowledge? Is it knowledge, as men speak of knowing? It is indeed already the fruition of your faith; of knowledge it is still but the aspiration and endeavour.

And again, as the result of this life-giving which

redeems is a thing verifiable, so too is the process. Faith-transference, telepathy of spirit, is a matter not of speculation but of knowledge. Telepathy is not an hypothesis but a law of nature. Telepathy is an ascertained functioning of human organism by which the higher life-motions, those of mind and will, are operated in the sphere of the sensible. Reason would therefore count on finding presently that the highest life-motions, those of soul, are operated by the same functioning. But experience does not disappoint reason. In the record of the Ministry we have seen Jesus imparting life to his disciples by an action identical with the telepathy which is the discovery of positive science. In the record of the Church we have seen the members of that society propagating and maintaining the faith by an action of the faithful upon their brethren, converts, scholars, children, which is the same in kind as that of Jesus in His Ministry—a life of their own souls lived in contact with other souls and, by the vibration of it received and answered, kindling the like life in them. Because these lived (may we not say in the phrase of Jesus?) those lived also.

And yet again. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself," saith John. It is so. The witness that verifies the life received from Jesus, the final witness of it, the irrefragable, is in the self. But not as Son of God *in severance from the Son of Mary* is the Christ and the life He gives verified in the believer's self, and made to be

not belief but knowledge. He knows a life he has unto One who is in the Unseen, and of this life he knows the nature: it is a life which is the response of his person to a Personality human as his own, and having a humanity such as was that of Jesus. What that humanity was is known to him by the report of men who companied with Him in the flesh, and of all disciples in all times since who believed their report, and in their own experience proved it true.

Of that humanity the believer discerns the authentic touch in those vital impulsions which, "like a wind bearing health from lands of health," visit his mortal soul and interpret their immortal source. He has essayed to commune with the Master of whom the prophets have told him, and the communion has come to pass; the Divine Breath has brought him life from a land of life. He had heard of Him by the hearing of the ear, but now his eye sees Him, beholding by ken of spirit Him that is invisible to sense.

I do assure myself that to know Jesus the eternal Son of Man by the life unto Him which is found in vein of the human spirit when it seeks commune with the Spirit of Jesus is not a belief but is a knowledge. Yes, a knowledge even as men call knowing when that which knows is not the soul but the sense. Of the soul's nature too there is a science; this like the others must be followed.

This is the faith in the Son of Man which I hold fast and will not let it go.

There is a
science of
the soul.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MAN ATONING MAN

“WE have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets in the Gospel did write,—Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Mary.” That is the message with which I can now go to greet any friend who ever has been with me on holy quest of the Christ.

Will my Nathanael meet me with his doubt, “Can ought so good as man’s salvation come out of this insignificance, this Nazareth of our mere humanity? Can the Christ deliver His brethren by the power of a manhood which He shares with the brotherhood, in a measure indeed how unequal but in a character so like?”

Can the
Manhood
make
atone-
ment?

And my friend must be answered as was he with, “Come and see.” Only experience of his own will make him sure that a Man born of Mary, reared in Nazareth, can be the King who redeems Israel from all her sins. Let him draw near, like Philip’s friend, and learn whether a life-current passes to his spirit from the spirit, the human spirit, of a Man, the same with whom Philip and his friend had speech; whether that Man is able to read his

unspoken reasonings under a fig-tree's shelter, and to send without voice to carry it that Man's faith into this other's soul.

If he shall find that such a stroke of life does pass to his mortal nature from somewhere in the Unseen, and that the quality of this life and the character of the stroke which carries it are that quality of life which the Jesus of history once communicated, and that manner in which He conveyed it; if light in counsel, strength in decision, cheer in gloom, hardihood in peril, and sometimes along a bald or shadowed road the surprisal of an inconsequent delight, come to him borne on the breath of tradition, which wafts a memory of Him who taught from Nazareth—then

Experience of life received must answer. he will believe that the Jesus of history is the Person with whom his own personality is in the communion which makes to live. He will have attained the faith which is made in us when Tradition and Experience with diverse voice declare the self-same truth. He has come, and seen and known. But he knows only for himself. When he shall desire to make the Christ known to another friend, he can only do that which was done to himself, can only draw this new quester with him to come and see if Jesus of Nazareth can be indeed the Christ who shall redeem Israel.

But I come back to myself. What have I found in finding that Christ who is God and Man is our redeemer, by the virtue even of His Manhood? Is it something only for myself, an incommunicable

treasure of knowledge, which I cannot share with my brother, which he cannot touch until he discovers it all afresh for himself?

It is this incommunicable thing indeed: that is first and finally what my hid treasure is to me. Nothing profits a man unless he saves his own soul, and that salvation he can impart to no one else. But as it is with life's less great experiences,—bitterness which is the heart's own, joy with which stranger intermeddles not,—that the joy or sorrow is the man's alone, but his thoughts concerning it can in some degree be laid before his neighbour and be counsel and strength to him in his own war of a life, so it is with the supreme experience. The life unto Christ Jesus can be known only by being lived by who would know it; when he knows it he can tell no one what the actual life in his being is; but something he can tell of his thoughts about it, of how he came to it, and how it has changed his thinkings and his doings in religion.

Now I foresee thoughts, a whole world of thoughts, that will flow to me out of this discovered truth that Jesus the Man by the force of His Manhood is able to make men His brethren live; that His Manhood makes this life arise in them by operation of a law of fact no different, except for the scale of its application, from that law of nature by which in time and space thought and action can transfer themselves from man to man. A whole Christology has come to

A Christology that flows from this conception of the Manhood.

our hand in this discovery, to be unrolled when and how we can. Yes, a whole knowledge of the Christ; no new patch upon the old garment of Christian confession, but a vesture woven new and without seam from the top throughout.

That is bold language in such as I. Bold to presumption if it meant the weaving of a new garment of belief for any but my sole self. That is not presumed by me: how should it be? But to reclothe one's own naked soul with a vesture of personal faith, which shall be seamless, continuous, whole, of one piece, one pattern throughout, that is the very task which Christ's own parable has set to whoever will be gospelled by Him. That task I must attempt; I am no Christian else. For every Christian must make his own Christology. For this cause came he into the world, however humble an incomer he be. He came to know the Christ; but to know Christ with that of his nature which is thinker, this is to Christologise.

But the task is a new one. It is not the quest I set out on when these pages began, saying I would go on search for an answer to the Christ's demand, Who say *ye* that I am? That quest can have indeed no ending, here on the earth-plane nor yet, as I forecast, beyond earth's horizon. The Vision fleets before our pursuit, like the cloud-bow's foot before the child in chase of it. The nearer the quester comes, the further off him hovers again the Grail. The search has no ending, but a stage of it may

end; and such a goal of a first day's journey I have reached. For some timid, reverent answer I have been venturing to the "Who sayest *thou* that I am?"

I say that He whom our creed names Christ and Son of God is also Jesus who was ^{A summing up.} once a Man, and now and for ever is a Man.

I am saying in this that which the theologian who interpreted that creed more fully in the writing known as the Quicumque has said, that the Christ is God and Man. But I am saying it with an explicitness of meaning which he might own or disown, but which my brethren have not, I think, yet recognised as their own explication of his formula. For I cannot content myself with the language of the Church's hitherto philosophy to which the Quicumque gave a lead. When our philosophers lay down that the Christ is the union of two Natures in one Person, that He has "taken the Manhood into God," they leave me not alone untouched in heart but unsatisfied in mind. They seem to me not to have found the truth, but only to be feeling after it, if haply they may find it. For what it is to "take the Manhood into God," I do not at all conceive, nor am I sure that it can be conceived by any one else as mortal as myself. If there be any real thing which is named by the word Manhood, I am incapable of figuring it, and to me it is no reality. Men I can see, Manhood I cannot. There is, I am sure, a most real event and

a real fact for which "taking of the Manhood into God" is at present a name we use; it names all our hope in heaven or earth. We must go on using it till we can find or frame a better; but it is needful to remember that it is not a description of the divine-human fact, but only a symbol of it. I am trying to decipher the symbol in such part of it as my apprehension can attain. The whole fact, that assumption of the humanity into the divine, will always be beyond my imagination's reach so long as I am mortal and as images in the mind can arise only from mortal things. But a part of that whole fact—call it, if you will, an infinitesimal part of the infinite fact—a part of it is not beyond my reach, for mortal things do render me an image of this. A Manhood taken into God may be a word of little meaning to my reason, and of still less to my spirit; but a Man taken into God—this is not a word to me but a thing; my reason can arise to scan this thing, my spirit can spring to be embraced by it. Within that vast unfeatured glory which breathes up like a luminous cloud before my wistful eyes when they tell me of a Manhood now with God and made one with God, within that glory I see One who is glorious standing there, and the form of Him is like a son of man, but of all sons of men it is like Jesus only, and is in all things like to Him. What there is else of Him there, what the real Reality is which reaches back into the infinite and invisible and pre-

Not a
"Man-
hood"
taken into
God but a
"Man,"
can be a
knowledge
and a
power on
the soul.

sents to a mortal's gaze, as Jehovah once to Moses, one facet, as it were, of Divinity, the face of Christ Jesus the Man—what the whole Christ is who is more than Jesus, I aspire, but cannot attain, to know. But this face of Jesus Christ, these lineaments of a Man, this I do attain to know. This of the Word of Life we have seen with our eyes, we have looked upon, and our hands have handled once in time through our brethren who knew Him in the flesh. This I have determined with myself to know, because it is knowable of such as I. This my knowledge I hold fast and will not let it go. No one shall take out of my hand, as one takes from a child's hand something which concerns him not, this instrument of truth, my vision of Jesus of Nazareth, a Man who lived and died and lives for evermore, and who said on the morrow of His death to them that knew Him on its yesterday, "Behold that it is I myself."

I hold fast then the Vision of the Man Jesus seen in the heart of the "excellent glory" of the Son of God. Yet this Vision, if it is allowed me by my fellows without breach of holy sympathies, can it suffice us as a faith?

Is this
faith in
Christ the
Man suffi-
cient for
us?

This Human One, viewed as it were in relief upon the field of a Divine Reality, can He, my brethren ask, be a saviour of the world; "Can He by Himself, apart from the 'excellent glory,' redeem Israel from all his sins? He can indeed reveal to us the Father by His words and works in the mor-

tal existence; He can inform and stimulate our carnal natures by the example of a life tempted but temptation-proof; He can by some mystic action, of which the Cross and Passion was the instrument, achieve our pardon for the sins which lay to our charge and so make a new beginning of right living possible for us. But that we may persevere in right living, nay, even that we may begin, there needs that a power from heaven should both prevent and follow us. The Spirit must be sent. But *He* proceedeth from the Father and the Son; He cannot proceed from the Man within the Son. You will not bid us think of Jesus, as do certain who hold the Unity of the Divine Being but refuse the Trinity, as one among earth's saints though the very King of saints, one among heroes of the faith, though a Hero unapproached. A saint may by his holy example better his brother man; he cannot deliver his brother or make atonement for him: a hero may fire his comrades by his living virtue, or when dead by the memory of it; he cannot champion them against the mystic enemy of their soul. How then can the Christ atone and save us as He is only Jesus Christ the Man?"

But I have answered this awhile ago. *It is, if the Human Christ is Infinite.* Jesus the slain and glorified, finite and human once, is human still but now is also infinite in His humanity. He who before the world began was the Logos or Wisdom is now, even in His Human Person, that which the Wisdom

of God is; He reacheth from the one end unto the other, strongly and also sweetly ordering all things human. In His Manhood He is present to all men everywhere and in all times. This Presence to all is that union of a self with a self by the interchange of forces of their being, which we symbolise by the word "Life." All men live unto God, said Jesus or an evangelist for Him: all men now can live unto Jesus, for in all places and times He is there to effect with them the vital intercourse, and whoso will apprehend that by which also He is apprehended, can be through that mutual touch born into life.

Things beyond sense can be thought of only by help of figures drawn from things of sense, and this transcendent energy of life I have imaged to myself by the highest mode of vital interaction which man has discerned and found a name for. It is doubtless a word of somewhat low quality, new and of uncertain status in science and literature, and in religion of no position at all; but there is as yet no other. We have to name this as we can, and so we call it Telepathy, Experience of the Far. The word is not only unworthy of the high matter because it lacks high associations; it is also inadequate in logic, failing to touch closely enough the fact, which is not described truly by "Experience of the Far." Farness or nearness is not of the essence. It is not the distance between the two factors in the action, telepathiser and telepathised, that gives the experience its character; what

The only
word for
this service
is "Telep-
athy."

constitutes telepathy is the interaction of the factors across a void. Whether the void between them is measured by leagues or inches, by a segment of the globe or the interval of two sitters on a bench, the passage of force from mind to mind is at present an equal mystery, though the one occurrence is familiar and the other rare.

Accepting then the name with its inadequacies, I use it for lack of an apter to interpret the basal fact in man's spiritual fate. Man has his life, his life unto God which is his real life, by submitting to the action on him of this law of existence which, in its highest activity on the mortal plane that we are able to verify, we have called telepathy. By telepathy, I mean the same fact on the level of human existence as the fact we name "vitality" on the lowest level of organic existence. The soul lives by the same law as the mollusc, interchange with a world which environs it. The mollusc is a germ floating in a liquid world, the soul is a germ in the creative encompassment of the final Reality. What makes the difference between the lowest and the highest creature is the different measure in breadth and depth and height of the environment with which the creature is able to have relations of self-interchange. Man is capable of a relation to the Whole, he lives, we say, unto God. It is the Christ who enables this relationship, by causing him to attempt and attain a union of his being with the Being of God. He causes this by telepathic action

of His human personality. Having in that personality during the mortal period attained a perfect life unto the Father, He conveys that vital condition to the soul of a man, by the same functioning of His nature as that by which thought or purpose is conveyed from one man's mind and will to those of another.

Christ
saves us by
the tele-
pathic
communi-
cation of
life unto
God.

There is in this case not a bare thought-transference but a faith-transference; but faith is only thought and will exercised upon the supreme interest of a soul; the nature of the thing transferred is different, the mode of the transference is the same. Jesus then by His sacrifice of self in the temporal career lived unto God; by the perpetual sacrifice of self maintained "in heavenly places." He lives now and ever unto God; that activity of His Being, wherever its vibration falls on the being of a man who can respond to it, repeats itself in the man; the man offers to God the like sacrifice of self in his thinkings and purposings as Jesus offered and offers still. In making it he has life. His sins are put away, his separation becomes union, atonement has happened to him, he is redeemed. It is the Man Jesus Christ who has redeemed him; He has released him by His power as Man.

But this makes all things new for him who believes it, as it does for this one solitary seeker after the truth of Christ. I cannot patch the old garment of

my Christian confession with this new truth. Every thread of it must be woven again on the pattern set me by this Vision of the Glorified Manhood, which not I have overtaken by my pursuit, but which has overtaken me the pursuer. The new garment is for the covering only of my single self; it will be a confession of faith uttered to make my own faith better by a better confessing of it, not to alter a brother's faith or even his confession.

Not our
faith is
here dealt
with but
the terms
of its con-
fession.

Yet somewhere even this may happen to a brother. Nay, it will.

But indeed there can be no talk of altering *faith*, however it be with *confession*. Faith is my communion with Christ in God, my life unto the Eternal brought to me by His Son, my Lord. No new discovery of human fact, such as this telepathy, can affect the law of that communion, it can but prescribe some revision of the words that interpret it between a man and his fellow; my soul can ascend to God by no other wing of flight than hitherto. The divine word of faith is re-written never, though ever to be re-read by every soul in its turn.

That is what has to be done by my soul henceforward; I must read again in a light new-fallen on them the words of eternal life.

A quest ends for me, a quest begins. And what a vast of country it will call on me to range! Not one article of our creed but I must halt before it and ask why I, who believe what I do believe of

the Man Christ Jesus, accept this word of ancient men, which tells of what He did and suffered and now does. Not a practice or an institution of the Church but I must examine its origin and find whether that origin lies in the Person of this Jesus as He appeared to His Church after His Resurrection, saying, "It is I Myself." That is not a quest to be entered on in haste, still less to be followed up with the scant remaining energy of the impulse which has brought me thus far. I will rein in and rest, and prepare with forethought and patience the long and, it may be, not unperilous adventure.

* * * * *

Ah, no. I cannot stop just where I stand. The new scope will seem to myself unreal, a delusive mirage not a prospect of a promised land, unless from the height I have been led to I cast my eye north or south, east or west over the land which I hope is given me, and distinguish yonder or yonder some feature of the new great landscape and the vista up which I must presently steer my course to it, with this secret of mine and its method for a pilot. Yes, before I leave this vantage let me just seize one prospect or another of the land whither I trust to go in to possess it.

CHAPTER XIX

A SINGLE BELIEVER'S CREED

"BUT, JOHN," said my mother when I had read this last section, "before you go on to that look up the vistas of Church questions there is a thing I much wish you would do. I want you to give us a short summary of all you have been saying. You know, when I read the daily papers (now, don't look offended!) I am so glad of their plan of putting all the war-news short and clear in a quarter column. Then I know how things are going, and I do not have to pick it out for myself from the confusing telegrams. Couldn't you give us a summary like that, to bring all these many chapters into one little picture where we can take it in at one look? I feel, John, I *have* been understanding you; but I expect there are plenty of slow thinkers like myself who would be glad if you did this—when you make a book of this."

I reflected, and saw she was right. I said, "Your advice is most good. It has much better authority than the practice of the Press—the practice of the Church. She made a summary of her teachings in a short creed, for just the reason you name, to get

the whole Gospel under the eye in one picture. Yes, that is what I must do—try to bring my musings on the mystery of how Christ saves the world into the frame of a brief Confession of Faith—my faith, my own personal understanding of divine-human fact, so far as it is not expressed for me already in the language of the common creed of all churchmen.”

* * * * *

I have tried, and this is my Confession.

I believe with mind and heart and soul that Jesus Christ was and is the Life, and all that is within me shall praise that holy Name.

And I believe, with my frail and humble understanding, that He became the life of men in this wise:—

That He was the Saviour of the world by making atonement for the sins of men, not in His Passion and death only, but in all the days of His flesh.

I believe that He wrought this atonement first by the attainment in Himself of a perfect life unto God through the entire surrender of His being to the Father's will.

That this surrender was consummated by the death on the Cross.

And I believe that in the Rising on the third day the God that answereth by fire took part in the sacrifice of the Christ, and made it to be the Mutual Sacrifice which maketh life.

That hereby it is known assuredly that to lose life for Christ's sake is to find life, as He found it; and this is the "Power of the Resurrection" which brought life and immortality to light.

And this I believe to be the Secret of the World, of that which now is and that which is to come, so far as man can read it yet.

And I believe that having attained this perfect life unto God, He communicated it to men through the action of a law of Nature which is also a law of Spirit—the law of faith-transference; which I would rename faith-conference, because in this transfer of the mind of one to other both giver and receiver must act by a self-giving which is mutual of the two.

I believe that in the earthly ministry and all the time on earth Jesus of Nazareth conveyed to other men, by this action on them of His person, the life which He had unto the Father. Through an interchange between His soul and theirs they came to have "the mind which was also in Christ Jesus," and they lived as He unto God.

But to give life to the spirit of a man is to make him whole in spirit, and this is to take away his sin, for sin is death.

This is, in my frail understanding, the truth of the Atonement—as Jesus wrought it being yet in the flesh.

And I believe that He who rose from the dead on the third day was none other than Jesus, whom men had crucified and buried.

I believe His word, "Behold that it is I Myself," and that it was the same Man, Jesus of Nazareth who had walked in Galilee and been slain at Jerusalem.

I believe that this Man was also God (by what wonder of Being I know not nor can any man; God knoweth); but this of Godhead in Him I seem myself to know, that this Man had through death become Infinite both to know and to do, for that to all men everywhere and always He has become a power to give them the life unto God through life unto Himself.

For so gave He life after His Passion to Peter and the brethren to whom He showed Himself, and so to Paul and others who knew Him not after the flesh, and so to all souls in all time since who because of their word turned to Him.

And I believe He gives this life to men by the same law natural and spiritual as when He taught in Galilee or Jerusalem; the mind that was and is in Christ Jesus towards the Father, that mind can also come to be in whoso of us shall give his thought and will to receive the thought and will of Jesus who gives of them to us.

This is to my mortal apprehension the truth of the Atonement as Jesus works it now by the glorified Manhood. This is that which may be known to man

of the eternal Sacrifice of the Lamb, and the perpetual Intercession. In His Manhood Jesus eternally liveth unto God, and because He lives we live also.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, whose office on earth is to bring men into the bond of life between Jesus and their souls.

And in the Holy Catholic Church, which is Holy and is Catholic according to the measure of the life unto Christ which the Spirit works in its members, each by each and all in one.

And I believe that the pillar and ground of the Catholic Church is the life unto Jesus Christ, whereby the Church has communion with Him and in Him with her members; and hereby we know if a belief or practice be Catholic truth, by the life it works in Church and members.

This is my confession of the faith of Christ as my weak understanding can as yet attain to frame it. Wherein may my brethren's faith amend or else confirm my own; and may the Holy Spirit of counsel and of strength send to them and me the light in which we shall see light, out of the well of life which is with Christ Jesus our Lord.

BOOK TWO
THE FORECAST OF A THEOLOGY

CHAPTER XX

THE PRIEST

FROM the retrospect back again to the prospect.

“By their fruits shall ye know them” was said of prophets. It is true and even truer of their prophecy, and only less effectively true of that which is not but only may come to be a prophecy, ^{Salvation} a man’s thought before he forthtells it. My ^{by life—is} thought shall not be told forth beyond my ^{it in word} own door until I ^{or in} foresee some fruit of it. ^{power?}

That is what I must try to do at this ending and beginning of a quest and a quest. This truth which I have found—that the Christ made and now makes men to live by His human person exercising a human faculty—has it the promise of light and power for man in that struggle for existence by which he must strive to enter into life? Will it bring counsel to the knower and ghostly strength to the doer of truth?

The principle must either claim nothing or claim to guide into all truth. The garment of faith cannot be patched, I was saying, but woven throughout. Nothing that the men of the faith have thought and declared, instituted or practised, may be fenced off against its search, nothing whatever. Does it

define some conception of the relations of man to God, in a sense which does not agree with the language of a creed; it must not retire like a trespasser before the heritor with an apology for the intrusion. It must stand its ground, abide the question of the article of faith which is in possession and submit its own question. *Beati possidentes* is a sound maxim in theology as in politics; but *regnum caelorum patitur vim et violenti rapiunt illud* is also sound and of far higher authority, and the new thought must press into the kingdom if it can. By pacific penetration first. But if new principle and old tradition cannot find themselves one in the other, there must be re-examination of both, and if the disharmony of old and new cannot be reconciled after closer scrutiny, there must come decision which of the two should yield, the Church or her member; then, if the Church will not and Churchman may not, must come the ordeal of contention. The truth does often send a sword on earth. More often than not the one or the other unsheathes it before there is need; but often enough the need does arrive at last. To know how to wait for it, this is right soldiership in the war of faith.

But what a commonplace! Surely I am wasting words.

Am I? Or am I signalling a hope that

If knowledge bring the sword,
Knowledge will take the sword away,

and that this principle of salvation by life is a knowledge that will make a peace, peace between old and new? I do hope it, and the hope is firm in me. The prospects of the promised land which I am going to attempt will be the seal or else the cancel of my hope.

Up what vista shall my first outlook be?

But I am priest; the first scope should be my priestly duty. How does that landscape display its features under the light of the new principle?

Will it interpret priest-hood?

Of this and of any other tract of the kingdom that invites our occupation the prospect to be attempted here must be not a survey but a glimpse. One must only seize it, and then look elsewhere for another glimpse up some other vista.

“As My Father hath sent Me even so send I you.” How then did the Father send His Christ? For that mission is the direction of ours. What was its method?

The method of faith-transference. Jesus of Nazareth lived the life unto God, and the acts of mind and will of which that life was made repeated themselves in the mind and will of disciples in whom the vibration of His energy met with response. Jesus the Risen Master sends forth from His human Personality the same virtue upon new disciples; the same in the mode of operation as in the days of His finitude, but now in the measure of its infinite;

the transference of faith is *ubique, semper, in omnes*, because the Humanity has become the Glorified.

If the disciple is to be as his Master, the pastor must evangelise by the method of the shepherds' Shepherd. He must so live the life unto God, that the vibrations of that energy in him may reach the flock, and when a son of peace is there the spark of life be struck on a new heart. His cure of souls is the cure of his own soul. The physician must heal himself, for that is his ministry of health to others.

This is no doubt a mere truism in pastoral science. Everybody knew that the unworthy priest, though his unworthiness does not annul the sacrament he ministers, is a spoilt evangelist. Yet did everybody know why? His example, we said, seduces, his evil manners corrupt the good communications of his preachings. But did we all know why the bad heart made the public ministry become a barrenness or even a mischief?

For me that truism has blossomed from the dry tree into the green. A vision has come of the radiation from the hidden man of the heart. It is the Lucretian vision, *video per inane geri res*, movement of matter in a void, this vision discovered in the universe of spirit. We have caught sight of forces of evil and of good which can cross a vibrant spiritual ether solid and continuous as the material ether, and strike upon hearts resilient to the stroke a health or else a pestilence.

That vision leaves the pastor with all the old duties and the old ways of discharging them, but also all things are become new. He has been thinking it was time that this should happen to him. For twenty, thirty, forty years he has been telling his people to come to church, and they have not come. He has preached for that time to the few who came, but he is not sure that they are wiser or better for it. He has taught the children diligently, and what do they know of their Church's religion, when they leave school for trade or service? He has faithfully gone his round of their doors, and only now and then has he been sure that anything religious happened on his visit. Then on one of those soulless afternoons which are no strangers to him, when he has crawled about the parish from samely door to door, and feels meagre, blank, and aware of his leanness, and tells himself that one has got to do this thing and must go on doing it till the incumbency shall be incumbent on himself no longer, but one does not see much use in it and is more than half ashamed of the futile ceremony,—why even then there pushes up in the soil of the heart, like a tender root in a dry ground, the all-blessed thought that Jesus of Nazareth may have had afternoons like this of his. Afternoons when He marvelled because of their unbelief, when He sighed within Him, "Ephphatha," and yet nothing did open, or had to say aloud, "O faithless generation, how long shall I suffer you?" afternoons when

The
pastor's
faith-
transfer-
ence.

the Spirit of the Lord was not present to heal, but round Him were they that had eyes and saw not, ears and they did not hear. And yet of the three thousand who at Pentecost became His own were there not hundreds or even tens of hundreds who would not have found this salvation if something had not earlier found themselves? But something had found them earlier. These were men who had hung on the skirts of the crowd that clustered round the new Rabbi, and had gone away home ungathered into the flock, yet had gone home with an arrow of grace fast lodged in the heart. It was an arrow shot at a venture from the Teacher's heart, soothly an arrow of the Lord's deliverance, though the mark it found was not foe but friend; for it was the stroke of the life which was in the Person of the Christ. That stroke had fallen on the person of his human brother, it had fastened itself in an unconscious, seemingly unpregnant soul, but there the arrow lodged. Then at a new visiting of the Power from on high, the Giver of Life, a response awakes, and the soul quickens round the prick where the Spirit of the Man Christ Jesus had touched the spirit of him who shall be a man of Christ.

It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master; enough, but is it too much? Shall he not be as his Master was, a quickener of life in his brethren he knoweth not how or how soon?

Do we remember the Psalmist, who warns the

builder and the watchman of the City Spiritual that his labour is lost and his waking is in vain save for One who giveth His beloved *in their sleep?* "In Shepherd, your flock are in their sleep, but ^{sleeping.}" the shepherds' Shepherd can give them nourishment even in this sleep of their unconsciousness, their unconcern, which blinds them to your signalling and muffles your appeal. That is what you have to believe. He gives to this slumbering people though they give no sign; He gives a grace which flows to them in a virtue going out from their mortal shepherd's soul, they know not how nor does he know, but it flows. More untraceable than the creeping of the night dew upon the meadow there steals along the garden of souls, to quicken and nourish the tender plants of Gods planting, this dew of a divine blessing breathed from one faithful brother's heart. So was the life wrought in others at the first by Jesus of Nazareth; so was it after wrought, so is it still being wrought by Jesus the Risen Master; and even so is life wrought in simple folk of street or hamlet, wherever their human pastor lives openly or in secret a life that is a life unto Christ.

This prospect into the landscape of the ministry was to be not a survey but a glimpse. But I am bold to believe that in this one throw of the eye we have traversed the whole field, and no carefulest student of the priest and pastor's duty will hereafter

show us one detail of the task for which our vision of the pastoral secret cannot render us the inspiration and the rule.

All things of his work will be the same; also all things are become new. He will go on telling his people to come to church, and they perhaps will go on staying away. But he himself has known better than at first the reason why one should go to church: it is that a well of life is there, and a worshipper drinks and lives. He tells them of this, and now some of them think they are being told what is true, for they discover that their teacher thinks it true himself.

He bids them in this evil day of a war against and for the Cross to come with him to the sanctuary and pray for Church and country, for soldier and sailor and statesman. But now he can show them good reason why men should pray for others. It is not only that God will answer the prayer of faith. Prayer can answer itself. For if thought and will of one man can convey themselves to another man far away, then may a prayer of faith uttered under a church roof in England make faith spring in English breasts along a shell-battered trench in France, till eyes that were seeing nought but a hell begin also to see some glimmer of a heaven. Is it not this that happened to the soldier lad here in hospital, who reports that it did them good when his officer came along at noon and said, "Cheer up,

men; it's all right, they are praying for us now in England"?

He preaches in his church to those who come. They are only a little less few, but these he is sure are wiser and better, for he is somehow aware that a mutual inspiration breathes between them and him. He teaches his boys and girls in school, and he dares not promise himself how much of his doctrine will be written in an unfading script upon their minds; but he is not afraid to believe that sometimes something quickens between the child heart and the man's, and that seed is the word of God. He celebrates the holiest Mystery with the words and the acts in which there may not, cannot be, any change, or any note of difference between one celebrant and another; and yet—yet there *is* a difference to the flock who commune with him. In holy symbol and holy utterance there pulses for himself the stress of a live energy, ineffable but sure: it is life that beats from the living Christ to him. O priest, how can it that, and not also beat by the selfsame rhythm from thee to this people and from them to thee?

CHAPTER XXI

THE CHURCH

PRIEST and Church are correlated terms. The principle which has promised me light on the meaning of priesthood should cast a beam, where illumination is needed even more, upon the meaning of Church.

What is the Church?

The instinct of Christians has recognised her nature and office by three metaphors, "Jerusalem from above that is mother of us all," "the Church which is the Bride of Christ, the Lamb's wife," and "the Church which is His Body." I will pursue these images, consecrated guides, and see where they lead us.

To speak first of the Bride, for bridal is prior to motherhood, which is its consequence and fulfilment. How then is the Church the Bride of Christ the Lamb?

Church Bridal is the union of two selves that are
the Bride. at once like and diverse, and by union brings
into being more life. This more of life is primarily
an enhancement of life in the one and the other

nature, by the mutual giving of the two selves; this mutual enhancement is all the life that bridal *per se* achieves.

The Church then is Bride to Christ in a most exact significance of the figure. She is that much of humanity which has with the Divine both affinity and disparity; she is mortal yet akin to the immortal, temporal but receptive of eternity. She is capable of union with Christ, and that union is effected by her act of self-surrender to Him met by Christ's gift who gave Himself to her. Out of that reciprocation of faith and grace flows life to the Church. And be it reverently and heedfully said, there flows life to the Christ, in that meaning with which we would say that Christ the Creator lives the more through every creature which He makes live unto Him.

This is the marriage of the Lamb and the Church; it is a communion which makes life for the Bride and the Bride's Lord.

But now when this is seen, it is only an abstraction that we have looked at. The Church when we have envisaged her as that much of humanity which has with the Divine both affinity and disparity is not yet a visible picture to the mind. And the Marriage of the Lamb is a figure of speech, expressing a spiritual fact in the material sphere, the wedding of two like and unlike beings, which does not bring us so close to the meaning of the relation between Christ and Christians as we need to

come, and as we are able to come by another similitude of higher and the highest authority. **A truer figure.** Jesus Himself gave us a better figure than His disciple John. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." The *Unio Mystica* is likened to a group of three to whom another joins his presence. A figure still, but a likeness more near to the reality of a union of Christ and the Church.

The union of two or three disciples unto Jesus differs from the union of one (the Bride that is the Church) with Christ because it is not simple but multiple. It is a complex, mutually penetrative union. The three are "gathered together," and "agree" in a petition; each joins his assent to that of the others and also to Jesus; and the two actions of assent are involved one in the other, each disciple agrees with his brothers to agree with the Divine One. And his union with the Divine, as we may add to the saying, unites him more to his human fellows: the two or three are the nearer one to other, because they are near to the Christ.

But there is a deeper efficacy yet in this imaging of the presence of Christ "in the midst" of a group.

For what is this presence? Not a bodily contiguity except in the corporeal figure of a "gathering together." They "agree" together, and thereupon Jesus is there in agreement with them. There is the assent in a group of minds of one with others and all with Jesus.

The Presence of Jesus to disciples.

A thought and purpose in each bosom becomes a thought and purpose of the whole three and of their Master; the presence of this Master is a oneness of minds and wills, not of bodies.

The presence of Jesus then among the three is the union of His mind and will with theirs. How are these united? We are giving the account of it that there is a telepathic intercourse between Jesus and the disciples. Is there any other account which can bear to be put beside it and compared to it in visibility and convincingness? The presence of the Christ is constituted by a transference of the Christ-mind to the several and collective consciousness of the three; Christ is there with the men, because they think and purpose the things which are thoughts in His mind and purposes in His will. We have stated the union of Christ and the Church no longer now in terms of metaphor but of fact; between the two things compared there is not similarity but identity; the *Unio Mystica* is not like to telepathy, it is telepathy; it is a manifestation of that law of things human on the level where human is becoming divine.

Will any one still grudge me the word telepathy, as if it were too low, of too equivocal associations for use when we are reasoning *in excelsis*? Not if they will remember that the word is for me the name, not a happy name, but the only one, of what is highest in religion because deepest in creation. Telepathy is the law of life's operation, where the

living creature is man the spirit; it is the specific self-interchange, the communion, the mutual sacrifice, of soul and soul, and of soul and Him who made it.

Church
the
Mother.

If this is the Bridal of the Church, what is the Motherhood? How does that Jerusalem which is above and is free gender children unto the freedom of the Spirit?

This is to ask what it is to be born, what the nature is of birth, and what is the part in birth of parenthood.

To be born is to begin to live; birth is the first moment of the self-interchange of organism and environment. Parenthood is the action which occasions the beginning of this self-interchange, that is, which places a germ of organic existence in contact with an environment with which it can effect an intercourse and so be quickened. This introduction of the germ into an environment is the essential fact of parenthood, whatever be the specific mode of the generation; from most elementary to the most complex, be it fusion or propagation, or sexual reproduction in all its degrees of articulateness. The parental element in plant or higher creature can do no more than this,—place a germ-cell where it can quicken by union with that which is other than itself. There the germ must bring itself to birth by making interchange of its own substance and force with the substances and forces

of the world it touches; which is a more precise way of stating what has hitherto been called "the response of organism to environment."

How the germ comes to be at all is the mystery of the creation of life. Some scientists hope to penetrate the mystery by producing artificially, say by chemistry and electricity, living matter such as we have in protoplasm; and some religious people are afraid for their faith if these hardy explorers should succeed in this. They need not be. We shall then have found that living matter did not come straight from the Creator's hand already alive, but mediately through chemic and electric forces. But whence then came these? Our mind will have travelled up the stream of creative agency from one reach to a higher reach; we shall be so much nearer the fountain-head. And shall we not be glad of this, glad "to see the nearer God"?

Nearer. But how little nearer! What promise or what fear that the gulf beyond will ever be passed? We have contemplated the fact of birth and parenthood, for the sake of a desired abstractness of treatment, under the type of plant-existence. But the law of parenthood is the same in the spiritual birth where Church is the mother of children. Jerusalem that genders unto liberty is mother of all Christians in the same measure and mode as that in which the natural society of man raises up the seed of a new generation. By the ministry of individual members whom we call parents, or the

family, the human race continues itself; parenthood does not cause but only occasions a new birth, brings it about that a germ which is the living soul of a man is placed in a certain environment of time and space, which we call the natural existence or the world of flesh; there the man must "do for his own soul the rest," must put forth an energy of his own and quicken himself by union with his world. The birth of man Christian is on no other wise.

Let us look at this in the concrete. One of ourselves—how was he born in the spirit?

The birth of a Christian. The familiar saying that the child draws in religion with the mother's milk is a bold, exaggerative, but not untruthful figure; that physical commune is a just type of the spiritual. The babe is nourished by its intercourse with the mother's vitality, which is her own intercourse with physical nature. Perfectly analogous is the good mother's impartment of her religion to her child. One remembers how well! One morning she arrests his mind with the tale of a Father who is here and sees him but cannot be seen, or of a Jesus, kind to the little ones, whom this little one must try to please. What makes him try? His reason which is convinced of the fact? But at this age one does not need to convince a child's reason that a fact is so, one needs only to tell him it is so; your consciousness of the world is his consciousness as soon as he feels yours. That is what he has done, he has *felt* your consciousness. You, the mother, had

the consciousness in yourself of a Father present and unseen, of a Jesus, kind to the little one and to his mother. That consciousness was both an intelligence of the unseen fact and a purpose to realise it in your action; the intelligence mirrored itself on the child's mind, the purpose reverberated on his will; he had a vision of the Father, your vision, and a readiness like your own to be a child of His. Your faith transferred itself to this creature of the Father; by a telepathy you brought this mortal into touch with the Eternal; the child must "do for his own soul the rest," but if he shall do it, if he shall attempt the response to the new world to whose border you have drawn him, he will be born alive unto God and His Christ.

Do I strain the idea in giving to this the name of a telepathy, because there is no distance in the case, for he sits on the floor with the small head leaned against your knee? In telepathy there is no far nor near as we men measure distances, there is only a Here and There, and a gap between them with no bridge that we can discern. And how unbridged for our present intelligence is the interval of "I and Thou," when these are beings that have life, yet more when they are persons that have souls. That interval has been crossed by that movement in your spirit which becomes a movement in his. How was this done? You think you understand how, because your voice reached his ear across a foot or two of space. But this was the crossing of

a physical gap by a physical force; the air of nature carried the vibration of your speech. What was the "finer air in air," which carried the vibration of your faith? Such an air or such an ether there is, I do not doubt: there must be a continuity of substance in the spiritual universe as in the physical; but of what stuff is this continuous ether made? What is the force that spins its fibres and makes them transmissive of the beat of your soul's pulse? May be we shall discover this; but till we do so, Telepathy, Experience of the Distant, is the best name we have for this fact in religion, that when a faith stirs in one bosom then a faith can be made to stir in another, though they are as wide apart as is that which says "I am I" from that to which it says "Thou art Thou."

Review this action between mother and child. She has mothered his spirit in this sense, that an act of thought and will in her has placed the child's soul in contact with the deeper environment, the world spiritual, so that it is in his power now to attempt response to it. That is the extent and the limit of her function as his parent in Christ; she has introduced the germ of a Christian soul into the bounds of the divine kingdom of being. She can do no more, he must live there as a member by his own energy, united to the divine energy, by apprehending that by which also he is apprehended.

Is this spiritual parenthood any way different in principle from the natural, and is not the Church

as really the parent of the child's soul as the natural human society is the parent of his body and mind? Then I have seen how the Church is Mother of children. It is by a birth into life that happens at any hearthside on any day,

When one that loves but knows not reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows,

if only he reaps from his teacher, with the truth, also the teacher's passion for the truth.

This is normal conversion to Christianity, but I know some good Christian people who will quite refuse it that name "conversion." For them I will try another example.

"St. Francis said (to Brother Ruffino), ^{Birth by a} 'I command thee by thy holy obedience that, "conver-
clad in thy "brache" only, thou go to Assisi, ^{sion."}
and enter into a church and preach to the people.'"

This Ruffino did, and presently Francis in remorse "stripped himself in like manner and went to Assisi. And the men of Assisi mocked him, thinking he and Ruffino were crazed. . . . St. Francis mounted the pulpit and preached so marvellously of contempt of the world, of the longing for the kingdom of heaven, and of the nakedness of the shame and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, that all who were at the preaching, men and women in great multitude, began to weep exceeding much, with wondrous devotion and piercing of heart; and not only there but

also throughout all Assisi there was on that day so great a weeping for the Passion of Christ that there had never been the like."

If any of those men and women received, not compunction for a day, but devotion for a lifetime, this was the manner of their spiritual birth; and Francis was their father in Christ and he begat them unto a lively faith by the truth and the passion for the truth which was in his soul and beat upon theirs. This was "conversion" as Wesley and Whitfield knew conversion, and the manner of it was the same, in all that matters for the soul, as when the preacher who works the conversion is a woman in a home and the convert is a child on the hearth beside her. Whether "men of violence take the kingdom," or a babe strays into it unaware is all one: they enter into life eternal, and what can they more than this? They enter through a communion, a passionate or a still, but a communion which they have with their fellow men in a communion which these and they have with Christ.

Have I found my answer to the question which began this, What is the Church?—the answer which was to be procured me by the principle that salvation is life, and that the Saviour both at one time made and now in all time is making men to live by His human person of Jesus exercising a human faculty?

My answer is this, that when we name the Church, not in the popular and concrete sense as a noun of multitude denoting the aggregation of believers, but in a scientific sense connoting some abstract law of human fact, we mean a certain principle of the soul's life unto God. That principle is that, though in the ultimate fact a soul receives its life by a direct immediate communication from Christ in God, it receives life proximately by a communication of it from Christ through the human brotherhood. This transmission of life to each individual Christian is effected by an act and condition of *self-interchange at once of Church with individual, and of Christ with both*. It is a triune communion in which the three terms interpenetrate. The process of this communion is mystical, and is like to remain for ever mystical; but the human understanding may hope in the growth of the world's spiritual experience to attain to a more and more intimate analysis of the mystery, and certainly, at each stage in the advance of human knowledge of natural fact, to master a new conception of spiritual fact, which shall be not less wide and deep and luminous than is at that epoch our conception of man's place in physical and social nature. Our knowledge of that nature has of late achieved an advance which is very great. We have discovered that a man is able, though under *conditions* which as yet we have not discovered except in very small part, to apply the energy of his mind and

The principle of Church is in grace what telepathy is in nature.

will to the mind and will of another man with whom he is not in any contact or even continuity that can at present be discerned. To this fact we give the names of telepathy, thought-transference, and others. We consider it as truly a fact of the natural order as gravitation, electricity, and the transmission of light and sound.

My surmise is—and for my own self I must confess it as not a surmise but an assurance—that this fact of nature is the likeliest image under which can be conceived the facts of grace.

In the divinely directed evolution of the universe, the telepathy or thought-transference of mortal man and man is ripened into the faith-transference of man with man, and once in history of men with the Man Jesus of Nazareth. This telepathy belonged still to the natural order. That Jesus exercised this force upon His contemporaries is a matter of historic testimony, as I read the New Testament. That at this day faith makes faith between man and man is a matter of ready observation. But our knowledge of human fact has gone a step or two across the border of the natural. Some of us, “believing where we cannot prove,” as yet, perceive a telepathy by which Jesus the Man, glorified and become one with God, exerts upon His mortal brethren at this day the same force of faith-transference, the same communication of thought spiritual and act spiritual, as He exerted upon His

A divine-
human
telepathy.

contemporary disciples when He was Jesus the prophet of Nazareth in Galilee.

This belief we trust not to believe only but to prove, though each one at first only to himself, in that way in which alone "things worthy proving can be proven." This must be the way of experiment with our own proper person. If when we try to live unto God by the sacrifice of the self, we find that we have life (and how can we be mistaken in this?), we know that God is there. And if when we attempt that special and most vital act of life, the interchange of our own mind and will with the mind and will of Jesus, known through His temporal ministry and the Church's thereafter experience,—if, I say, when we attempt this communion with the Man Christ Jesus thus manifested, we find the communion comes to pass, that we do have the mind of Christ in our thinkings, and do will the will of Christ in our doings—the mind and will known to us through the records—; then it is proved to us that the life of which we are aware is wrought in us this way. It is wrought by a thought of Jesus, which reflects itself in the dim mirror of our brain and heart, by a deed of Jesus of which some slender doing of ours is the faint, far-off yet not despised reverberance.

So then if I must define "Church" in such meaning of the name as can become a fountain head of inferences in doctrine and in practice, inferences as to the Church's proper rights over men and work

upon them, and the proper duty and rights of men toward her, I have to pronounce my definition thus:—

The Church of Christ is not a personality, though we call her Bride of the Christ and Mother of Christians; nor is she even a thing, in the sense of having substance and parts. She is a principle of things, a principle of personal and corporate life. She is a law of grace, as gravitation and evolution are laws of nature. This principle or

Church is law is life. Life constitutes the Church, the life of but life in a specific mode. For while all a triune life is a communion of two, the life of com- Church is a triune communion, a self-inter- munion.

change of the three terms—Christ, the Church, the Member—of each with the other two. Regarding it from the side of the single soul, but of the soul as a member of the spiritual community, it is the life unto God not as it comes to him by immediate intercourse with the Divine, but as it is quickened when, by his own communion with the brotherhood in that brotherhood's communion with the Man Christ Jesus, he himself has his fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. "The words I speak unto you," said Jesus, "they are spirit and they are life." The word Christ speaks to us through the name of "Church," it is life, and life on this manner.

Last that metaphor of St. Paul's, that the Church is the Body of Christ.

This is no metaphor as the others were.

It is direct matter of fact. He did not by "body" mean merely a whole having various

Church the
Body of
Christ.

parts with several functions. He meant a body like that of his or this of mine. What is a body? Again I ask it as I did over the problem of the Resurrection of the flesh. There I said—and now it seems to me a cold and pedantic phrase—a body is the sum of relations between a living creature and the world in which it lives. Can I now better that? Body is the communion of a spirit with other spirits, it is the actualising of a mutual life between person and persons; brain and heart and nerve and sinew are the various detail of a life-action set up by two personal factors, a man and his fellow, who pass the forces of one to the other by sight and sound and gesture and expression, and activities of hands and feet. It is the communicator of living being's self to living being, and it is the creator of new being that can live. Flower genders flower with a seed that is in itself, oak with its acorn generates oak again. In the being born as in the dying the Greek poet's word is true, "as are the generations of the leaves of the wood so are those of men"; for in whatever higher family the lamp of life is handed on, that which is handed, torch and flame alike, from one to other, is part and parcel of the life-bearing body from whose hand it came.

A body then is that which makes life to be and enables new life to come into being. It is in this

meaning of the word that the Church is the Body of Christ. She is the communion of Christ with the men who are already His, and the communicator of Christ to other men He hath who shall also become His own.

So far I wrote, and then thought of my mother. Will language of this sort content that reverence and affection of hers which she turns upon that mystic living creature, servant of the Most High, the Holy Church sprung from the Blood of Christ? No, I can hear her saying, "Can't you teach us this in a more human way, and not as do—well, the theologians?"

Yes, in a more human way than these "theologians," if they teach that the Church is the Body of
And the
Body of
Jesus. only Christ. For she is the Body of *Jesus*,
 who is the Christ.

In a sainted scholar's book, now of more than a generation ago, I read his endeavour to unify the Risen Body, in which Jesus showed Himself alive to His disciples during forty days, with the Body Mystical, whereby He is with disciples all the days. My memory of how he worked out his thought has grown faint, and the book is missing from my shelves. But however the scholar worked it for himself, to me the thought to-day is clear, and sound. They are not two but one, the Risen Body and the Mystical; one not by likeness but identity, for the function of both is one, and it is only func-

tion that makes body what it is. With the body which re-visited the Upper Room, Jesus re-made the communion of His few from Galilee; with the body mystical, the Church of yesterday, to-day, and for ever, He moment by moment visits new generations of the faithful, and brings them to the birth of that same communion whereby men live to God through a life they have to Jesus in whom God is Man.

The Church that is Christ's Body is the Body of Jesus. The mystical and wonderful is also the human and the real.

Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

If the Church is the Body of Christ Jesus, the communication of Him to men, what then is the member of Church? But that has almost said itself in the giving him that name. He is a member of the body spiritual no otherwise than ^{The} member of eye, ear, tongue, and hand are members of ^{Christ's} Body. the body natural. For how is that? What-
 ever is done by an organ of our fleshly frame is done by the entire organism. The eye can of itself do nothing. Seeing is an act not of the retina, but of the body, acting at that point of its surface through a co-operation of the general nervous system, itself supported by the system of muscle, bone, and vein. "The light of the body is the eye, and if thine eye be single the whole body shall be full of light": yes, and also the eye can give us no light unless the whole

body is full of light to give the eye its power to lighten us. Such an organ is the individual soul. It has vision, hearing, apprehension, speech—by forces of the society which energise at that nerve-point of the social organism which is the person of a member. When then a new convert, as Paul the Pharisee, enters into communion with Christ, it is an act not of his sole self, but of the spiritual commonwealth acting in and through that self. Without the Church the man could not see the vision or do the deed, as neither can the Church have deed or vision without the prophet who sees or the soldier who can achieve.

And yet if our un-catholic brethren are wrong, who would merge the personality of the Church in the sand-heap of the atoms who compose her, neither may the Church efface the member, as perhaps are inclined other brethren whom we might name the “unco-catholic.” (I am looking at Rome in this; I do not so often see an Anglo-Catholic, at least if he is a man and a priest, divest himself of personal independence in matters of judgment or practice.) If the Body of Christ is mystic and wonderful, so also is the member; if the Church is ineffable, neither is there the speech which can utter the mystery of the single soul. Society and Individual—neither of the two is the other, each of them is both. They are the Duality in Unity, which philosophy cannot interpret nor yet can deny, any more than theology can interpret the doctrine

of Three who are One in heaven. But I am sure my mother will not require me to make clear to her this that is dark to every one. It will be enough if when we two seek the Lord and speak one with the other, there arises some distincter, more inspiring image of that which has been to her a shape of mystery and romance, her reverent passion's aim, the Church which is Christ's Body, now known to be His Body indeed, because She is one of God's living creatures, who lives by eternal communion with the Christ who is Jesus, and she draws all men unto Him by a life which, through her, men can have unto a Man.

Ah me! that haunting phrase from the epic, that shaped the ideal of an earthly communion, Rome. *Italiam petimus fugientem*. The more we pursue the idea of Church with our toiling definitions, the more it flies back beyond our attainment. Each image of logic or fancy in which we try to grave her likeness—Bride, Mother, Body—becomes as soon as we fashion it a despised broken idol. The emotion in the heat of which we cast a similitude for our worship has cooled, and lo, there has come out of the fires of thought and passion only this dry, meagre, soulless effigy, of which our late ardour is ashamed. But thus to have put to shame the idol image of it, graven by man's device, is the ^{The Ideal.} very proof of divineness in that which our worship would pursue. It is to the Lamb of God that the

Church is Bride, it is of the men of "our fair father Christ" that she is Mother, of Jesus who is Christ the Life that she is the body. How should our earth-bound imaginations compass her who is so encompassed of the Eternal?

Nay, but since she is the body of Christ who is *Jesus*, since her being springs from and hangs upon One who within his Godhead still is a Man, we can somewhat know her, though it be no more than as we know our own self. This knowledge of his own personal being, who and what he is, a Paul had and any Christian can have,—“for me to live is Christ.” But “to live is Christ” speaks not a doctrine but an experience, because that Christ is Jesus, and a man’s spirit can have experience of Spirit when it is a Man’s. So much can be his knowledge also of the Church’s being, of what reality in the world of things she is the name. For her as for him to live is Christ,—but Christ who is Jesus, He Himself, the same that died and lives.

CHAPTER XXII

THE TRIUNE COMMUNION IN SECULAR LIFE

THE words which Christ speaks unto us when Church is named, they are spirit and they are life, I said. Ah! but are they also flesh and blood? This abstraction of a triune communion which I call the Church, is it an empty spectral thing, spirit that cannot embody itself in the matter of practical human work and fortune? Or will it be one of those words which have feet and hands, in Plato's phrase, and so be a doer, in the sphere of the religious interest? Will it interpret the rights and duties of Christian men in those disputes about doctrine which they once thought so important that a solution was to be reached by the sword or by the stake, and even now think, some few of them, may be settled by banishment from a commonwealth of Christ?

Till I come to an *a posteriori* proof of my method's efficacy by taking my organum of inquiry (to myself at least a *Novum Organum*) and trying its edge upon one or more of those problems which are the stubborn knots within the mass of the whole problem of "Church," I do not expect or deserve to gain the admission from others that my tool can cut. But I

may create a favourable predisposition of the public judgment if first I can point out that the principle of what I call the Triune Communion, and have asserted to be the meaning of "Church," is the law of life not only in man's spiritual existence, where it is least demonstrable owing to the faint visibility of the material, but also in man's political functioning. There one should be able to read it, not indeed writ large, but writ in the coarser and blunter type of tangible acts and sufferings, such as journalist and historian can placard before our sight. This writing I will try to read off.

The Tri-
une Com-
munion in
the nation.

What is a Nation?

It is one term in a relationship of three. The two others are the Man and the Race of men. For more precision in our study of them let us call the three—the Citizen, the State, and the Civilised World.

The existence of the citizen and his State is maintained by a twofold communion of each term with the other two, a triune intercourse of the three.

It is thus:

(1) The State can hold itself in life only by a life of fellowship with its individual members on one side, and with the world of nations on the other.

There must be fellowship of State and Citizen. Their self-interchange is a self-sacrifice of the man to the needs of the community met by the community's self-giving to him, that is, by the creation of him under God by the community, his preserva-

tion and all the blessings of this common life of him and his. For instance—and it is but one typical instance—in peace time the man must produce the national wealth by his industry, and his country must protect his exertions by arming the frontier and policing the street: in war time the man must (*pace* certain of our pacifists) offer to fight for his home, and the country must put a rifle in his hand, and direct him where to go with it and how to use it.

But there must also be fellowship of State and Civilised World, for these have to live together, though one State in Europe ignores that necessity at present. Humanity, or that portion of it which is humane, does not suffer to live in permanence a national power which will not yield a vital response to the pressure of the whole upon the part.

Nineveh and Babylon, Spain and Napoleon's France did not defer to that whole and did not endure; Greece survives, not in Alexander's empire, but in the "glory that was Greece," her gift to the world of mind; Rome survived, not in Cæsar's mastery of the *Orbis Romanus* but in Roman Law, her gift to the world of order and justice. Germany will survive, not in her Cæsarism nor in that Kultur which she recognises, but in a humanity not extinct in the better strain of her populations, though encrusted for the time in Cæsar's erocodile mail.

(2) The Citizen must be in fellowship with his national kind and with humankind, and the one fel-

lowship must be realised through the other. If he is to live and his days to be long in the land, he must keep the Fifth Commandment; not however only as it was said to men of old time, by honouring the family and the race that begat him, but by so honouring this as not to dishonour the All-Family of earth, which is named after the Fatherhood of heaven. This is why if the citizen is in political office he must use his best wit in guidance of the country's international politics, but not in the contriving of another state's ruin by signing compacts with the purpose of a surprise by breaking them; and if he is a private soldier must use his bayonet in charging the enemy, not in killing a babe, even if his State has ordered it. And again the man's fellowship with the State must be the State's fellowship with him; he has not only duties to it but rights against it. The State may drill him in the rank or labour him in the steel factory, but her officers must not treat the linesman as men treat their beasts, nor the civilian as men deal with vermin. Such unfellowship makes life for neither, it deadens the unit and unsinews the mass.

(3) And the Whole, the Comity, which ought to be the community, of nations, what is its law of life, if not a fellowship both with State and citizen, and with each through the other?

Humanity at large claims the loyalty of the man, but with what an inspiration she repays it! What power under heaven so raises man's stature, as the

love of mankind that comes before him when he lifts his eyes over the frontier of the tribe and finds that all that is human is lovable and the service of it a joy. But how came this communion of the man and humanity? It came to him not direct, but through his love of parent and brother in the family, and then of kinsman in the tribe.

And Humanity claims the loyalty of the Nation. She is sovereign over the sovereign state, though Germany claim to be "over all," and Prussia knows of nothing higher than her Cæsar and holier than the "Holy Empire," of late years restored (as she says) in him. But with what beneficence the lordship of humanity exalts her lieges, if they will but a little endeavour, as mortals can, to be holy and humble men of heart. For could not England under the storm that suddenly blackened over her fortunes dare to avow, with a thankfulness purged of pride, that if her empire, which a foe thought must crumble at a shock, stands fast, cemented with firmness as of iron and vigour as of blood, it is because she conquered lands not all for pride but for *their* people's wealth as our own; and is mistress of the seas, on the terms that she suffers no other to master the sea's freedom for himself.

That threefold fellowship then of member and whole and greater whole, which I found interpret the nature and office of Church, is also the organic law too plain to be missed of the existence of State. That abstraction of the triune communion, viewed

on the concrete field of politics, proves no empty, spectral thing, but a solid framework sustaining and ordering the flesh and blood of that very living creature of God, a civil society of men. That is encouraging. If my method works so well in the sphere of the practical, it is likely in the spiritual-material to be even more at home.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH

WELL, I have seen what the Church is, viewed by the light of my method. Can I by the same light read her names of Church Holy and Catholic?

These are of course not two names but one. "Holy" is only "whole," and "Catholic" means "on the whole" (*καθόλου*), and each is but change of spelling for "hale," and "hale" is synonym for "living" or "live," and "health" for "life."

Then the Holy Catholic Church means the Living Church, and it means nothing less wide and great and wonderful, than the Church which is alive unto God through Christ.

Does any one dispute this? Not as it stands in this largeness of conception. For we are all agreed that the Holy Ghost, the Giver of Life, is the maker of the Church. And how can He make her otherwise than by making her alive?

Yet some who are content to say that ^{"Catholic"} the Church Catholic is the Church Living ^{and} will be less content if I were to go on and ^{"Living."} say that the parts and members of Church are catholic only if they are alive;—the articles, I mean,

of her creeds, her institutions of Order and Sacrament, her rules of life. They would say that livingness is too vague a test of what is catholic, and that Vincent gives us in his canon a test which is distinct and workable—Catholic is canon. “that which has been believed everywhere, always, and by all.”

I can go with them if I may take Vincent at his word—his own word, not that of some interpreters, those who think *ubique* means everywhere within the bounds of the Christendom known to Vincent, and *semper* means the first four centuries of Church history, and *ab omnibus* means the multitude of them that believe at the epoch when a question of faith rises for decision. But I cannot suppose Vincent was one of these democrats who would accept the voice of the multitude as the voice of God, or that he considered the then territory of Christianity to be final, and the people of his or any generation to be the men with whom wisdom would die. Cousin Mark’s idea of the Vincentian Canon has always satisfied me. The *Ubique, Semper, Ab Omnibus* are just the three notes of life. The Church is Catholic if she is alive through all her body, and if the life abides in her all the time she has the two notes of vitality, extension in space and extension in time. But another note is necessary, not extension but intensity. Vain were the catholicity of a belief which spread everywhere, if what covered the space were only a shallow film of faint acceptance; or its persistence in time, if

it persisted only in the bosoms of a few. No, this faith must be found not merely everywhere over the surface of the body corporate of believers, but also with a specific density at every point. Not all Christendom must hold it and have held it always, but all Christians and with all their heart. That *ab omnibus* was a rude quantitative way of expressing the intensity or reality of the belief which is Catholic.

But the quantitative figure is not an adequate one. Mark thought not, and translated it into the figure of vitality, and I am following him. The Church is catholic in so far as she is alive unto God, and an article or a custom is catholic in so far as its use makes those who believe or practice it to have life, and to have it abundantly.

Will any churchman care to dispute this? Again, not as it stands in this broad generality. Yet assent should not be yielded idly, for assent will not be facile when we begin to embody the principle in particulars, and have to ask whether the Episcopate and the Threefold Ministry are as an organisation exclusively catholic, whether a catholic Eucharist can be celebrated only by an episcopally ordained ministrant, whether the Descent into Hades, the Virginity of Mary, the physical Resurrection, are inseparable elements of the catholic creed, and immune from interpretation, whether our church in declining to impose the rules of confession or the pre-communion fast is forsaking full Catholicity.

The Lamp of Life. My doubt is whether, if we bring in the Lamp of Life and search out with its beam this manner of question, there will be readiness everywhere to search and research these matters under that light. It has not been our practice, I think, to do so. The Roman Communion, with the sympathy of many in our own, pronounces those things to be of the Catholic faith or practice which the Tradition of the Church vouches for. The Anglican communion puts in the place of authority the Bible. But neither is an original fount of light. Behind both is the Lamp of Life; its beam passes through them, and their transparency is not pure of stain or refraction. Letter of Scripture, Law of Church, they are the translation into thought and action, doctrine and practice, worship of God and duty to men, of the creative energy which holdeth our soul in life; they articulate and time the rhythm of the divine human interchange, the reciprocity of stimulus and response, by which soul of man and soul of Church live unto God through a life they have each to the other.

The test of a doctrine. Is it not so? Search the Scriptures where their word is most quick and powerful, and judge if the fountain-head of knowledge is really in them. Test it over the doctrine of the Resurrection. Do we believe in the Resurrection because, and merely because, it is written that one rose from the dead, Jesus of Nazareth? No, but because the Resurrection is a fact of our life, of all of us and also each.

Our belief that Jesus rose is our awareness of a vital union we have with the Eternal World in the person of Jesus. And how are we aware of this? We are made aware by a contact we have with Him through the persons of certain members of our race who had "seen the Lord," and report their seeing in the record of their time, the books of the New Testament. But also by a contact with the same Jesus through our own person, contact in which our person experiences a life in itself. Without this we could not trust the other evidence, though without that other we could not put confidence in this. In the mouth of these two witnesses, but in neither alone, is this word of God, His greatest to man, confirmed. Well, then, it is not the Bible which gives us this truth, but the fact of finite man's life in the infinite, which has one reflection in the Writ we name Holy, and another in a Writing of the Holy Spirit on fleshy tables of mortal minds and wills.

If this is so with the authority of the Scripture, who will require, at least among my brother-churchmen, that I should exemplify the principle in the case of the authority of the Church?

But let no one who admits the principle make little of the admission. Introduce the method of inquiry constructed out of this principle into our systems of belief and practice, and you lodge in them a force which will penetrate every part of them and make all things become new, if not in themselves

yet new to ourselves; a force which will transmit its energy through all the framework of our conceptions and observances, expanding this but perhaps exploding that, and electrifying into an elastic vigour all that cannot be shaken but remains.

But I restrain myself. Perhaps I have already overshot the mark which is my due aim. For what is that? My mark is the commendation of a method of inquiry into the final truth of man's existence in the world of things, the method which I call the The Experiment of Living. Experiment of Living. I seek to persuade my brethren to test with me our system of creed and conduct by this experiment, by trying whether and how much all the parts and members of the system minister life to the corporate and the single soul. Shall I be able to persuade them, some of them at least, if it should appear to them that their own interpretation of an article or their preferred mode of an observance will suffer shock, if this intruding force of my method comes too near? It is requiring much of them to require this right of entry; not indeed too much, but more than needs at this stage. The Unjust Steward, in Latham's ingenious reading of that parable, is commended to the imitation of gossellers in the point that, like him, they should know how not to ask too much of those to whom they are ministers and stewards of the Gospel, but to make concessions, like his reduction of rents, because of the hardness of the times, and the hearts of their hearers. Let this admonish

me. I will ask no more than that we should study together our common faith in the light of the Holy Spirit who is the Giver of Life, and teaches by the life He mediates to us. But to ask no more is to ask something, if it is something on a believer's part to yield up a pre-conception that the Bible's letter is its own sole and final interpreter, or that the whole inheritance of the faithful is locked up as in a sealed treasure-house in the wisdom of centuries fewer than the fingers of a hand.

But this is a delicate task I am setting myself. I am to illustrate my method, but to do so without applying it, or at least without too close application to too much cherished particulars. I have to satisfy myself and my friends that I have found a tool which cuts, but to be careful not to cut anything which these friends will not submit to its edge. A delicate task, but not impossible. Attempted it must be. And if I turn the edge upon the surface only of a few problems, go only so deep as to show there is keenness to go deeper, but not to show in advance and for certain what actual things will be severed or excised, I may effect that which is my only desire and whole duty here—the commending of the experiment of living as the method of religion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“THE RELIGION OF ALL GOOD MEN”

I MUST choose then for illustration of my method's efficacy such matters of church creed or polity as are at once the fittest and the most unfit for my actual purpose—the commendation of the method. For, if I want to be attended to I must, as speaking to Englishmen of my own or any church, choose matters which are of practical and also of present concern, such as the re-union of divided Christendom, the principles of Episcopacy, the validity of Sacraments, the intercommunion of churches, the Ornaments Rubric, the rights of the Quicunque. These are clearly the fittest opportunities to exhibit the efficiency of this organum of inquiry. But at the same time they are the unfittest. For these subjects, at any rate the narrowest of them, are those on which the disputants on each side are most sure that their own conclusion is the only possible conclusion and that no weapon that is forged against it can prosper, or even be considered a lawful weapon. If he who is ready as churchman to die before a priest shall wear a chasuble at the altar, should forecast a rehabilitation of the celebrant as the likely issue of a

reasoning on my lines, will he not think that reasoning to be a logic tainted with superstition? If his brother churchman, who has set his face as a flint against all amendment of the Quicunque or restriction of its use, should fear that he opens a door to an invasion of sacred places when he suffers Revision of the Prayer Book to be controlled by the experience of life unto Christ, will he not suspect that here is one of those philosophies with which faith must have no dealings? And so I should not commend my method, I should procure its rejection untried.

Fit and unfit, however, such must be problems on which I must turn, with all the wariness I may, the edge of this instrument of sacred science.

The Re-union of Christendom

This will be the safest matter for the illustration of our Method. For no one—no one ^{Re-union.} churchman, that is, for I do not say no church—has his own conclusion ready about this, and nearly every one agrees that re-union ought somehow to come about. So I will put in just my humble word in advocacy of the Method of Life. That word shall be that the other means of re-union which are before us give no promise at all of effecting it. Rome’s plan, the submission of the rest of Christendom to her system, appears to seem a feasible one to a certain group of intelligences in our own communion; but

to the rest of our church and other churches has not strength enough even to provoke argumentation. The counter plan, that of procuring one creed for all Christians by going without any creed for anybody, has more following and less force. Our "People of a Book," the Reformed Communion, are, I imagine, no longer hopeful, that Luther's open Bible, which Martin Tupper said

flew unfurled
Flag of freedom to the world,

is also a banner under which to rally it and reduce to discipline. Or does Episcopally-governed Christendom, East and West, cherish any vivid or solid hope that our Church Order has the promise of unification; that it is destined to be the magnetism which will draw in and duly cluster and dispose the scattered magnitudes of the divided Body of Christ, and thenceforward be the gravitation binding all in one universe of Faith? No, not one of these solutions holds the field, or any part of it, in force or confidence. Is there yet another?

Why yes. There is still "The religion of all good men." That must needs be a unifier, if it is the religion of all the good, for none but the good is it possible or desirable to unify. But then the religion of all good men—what is it? Has any one stated its creed? Those who profess this religion commonly do so as a way of declining to state any creed. But I think they

The "religion of all good men," what is it?

are wiser than they know in the name they give their profession. For what are the good men of whom this is the religion? “Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God.” None good save God. But He is good. Then man also will be good so far as his being can be identified with the Being of God, can be according to the most consecrated word “in” God. And this it can. For to be in union of being with God, what is it else than to have a life unto God, to become the human factor in the divine-human interchange of self, the mutual indwelling; what else but to be offering in sacrifice the mortal’s thoughts and purposes, and to receive in grace the mind which was and is in Christ Jesus, and the power from on high which is the will of the Eternal. Here among things mortal is the image by which is imageable the supreme concern of man—the union of man with the Divine, the “being in” God. It is the image given in the fact, Life. The invisible things of God are clearly seen through the things that are made; and that most invisible thing of God, the Creator’s relation to His creature, man the spirit, is known by this thing that is manifest to our senses—the creative relation in which stands to the Creator whatever has a being in the visible encompassment of Nature’s waters and soils and airs. Here is the image which can image to us our destiny of man. By this aid our mind can mirror and our will can lay hand on the reality that saves the soul. And having found this image, we must serve ourselves by

no other. Those by which hitherto we have tried to come near to God the Unapproached; calves we made in Egypt, man-like deities we graven in Greece, even those fleshless moulds of abstract dogma graven by art and man's device of reverent logic, all these similitudes are become childish things and must now be put away. They are idols to ensnare the soul if we trust in them to bring us near, now that we can be brought more near, and nearer by how many spans, through a similitude graven not with our hands but the creative hand, even this wonder of the world, this veiled but ever more unveiling mystery, life that is in grass of the field and spirit of men and in all between them, life that is diverse in each by each, and in all of them is the same and one.

The "re-
ligion of all
good men"
is the life
unto God.

There really is then a "religion of all good men," though it may be not in the meaning of those who moulded the phrase. It is the religion of having life unto God, and having it by means of life unto Jesus Christ, the Man that is with God and is God. Is the Church divided and can her divisions reunite? They cannot unless they will discern and return to the point of true undividedness, nearer to the river-head than the branching of the water of life. No church at present consents to go back so far. One church supposes the rally-point is acceptance of the Bible, one a certain administrative system, one a ministerial Order, one a mould of religious philosophy, cast long ago

and unalterable, one an emotional affection without form and void. We cannot rally on any of these. These are but the disentwined strands of the whole cord of Life, which holds the Church in life by union with the Source of Life. What is the Bible but a thread, the strongest of the threads, along which can pass the vital thrill in which the human knows that it hangs upon and is upholden by the Divine? What are governments, orders of ministry, theologies, heart-movements of adhesion to the Unseen, but other threads of slenderer, more precarious fibre less firmly holding us in life? We shall never find ourselves together till we feel our way back, each of us, along the strand of life we have most trusted, and reach the point where it issued from the unsundered vital unity, and began its separate way. The life of man unto Jesus in God—only as the churches live this life can the Church be one and undivided.

Only on
this can the
churches
re-unite.

Yes, but this can be so said that nothing is said by it. We can see, I shall be told, a meaning in churches agreeing to use one Book for a rule of life, one Rite for a mode of worship, one Polity for the administration of the Christian society; it may be impossible to realise the thing, but at least it is possible to frame the idea of it. But this life unto Christ in God, thought of apart from any of these particulars, is a form of words without content of sense, a guide of faith and conduct like a

map without features and landmarks; this appointment for re-union is a rendezvous in the clouds.

Not so. For these several strands of Word, Sacrament, Order, Doctrine are in their severalness still continuous with the knitted cord of life, from which they have been unravelled into distinctness of function. The Written Word is a line of vitality along which man makes the interchange of that of the self which is the intelligence; the Sacraments are a path of intercourse for his affections, the Disciplines prompt and regulate his Godward activities. It is this communication of life by their means to the man who uses them which makes Word, Sacrament, Order, Dogmatic System to be anything at all in religion. But the churches which so use them as to draw life in the use, these churches are at one just in the degree of the liveliness of the life they draw, however they seem at disagreement in the provisions of their rule of conduct, in the ritual of their worship, in the terminology of their catechisms. The hope entertained by many would-be union-makers, that some one church has a mode of Christian thinking, worshipping, and administrating, which if all would agree to use it would make all to be one, is a hope which maketh ashamed. Those who seek a catholicity of this character will never reach their mark nor yet point the road to others who come after them. Their effort is less unfruitful than that of those who propose to make all systems one by evacuating each of all distinctive content; less unfruitful, yet of lit-

tle fruit. There is *no* mode of thought, worship, discipline which is the one, holy, catholic mode. Catholicity is not a mode: it is not a way of doing a thing, it is a force which does it by whatever way it is done. In the Body Catholic of Christendom the Catholicity is not the frame of propor-

The bond of union is not creed or rule but the life in them.

tioned and compacted members, nor the network of arteries and sinews, but the rhythm which pulses the life-current through the vein and the lightning which speaks a message along the nerve. Nothing less elemental and originative than this, nothing however “primitive” which is not primal, can be the bond of unity for the churches. Nay, even for the members of a single church who consider themselves united the bond of their union is not the creed they subscribe or the authorised rite: it is the consciousness, waked by the recital or the celebration, that a life beats between the churchman and his fellow churchman, which is also a life between both of them and the Christ. Herein lies the truth of that com-

Anglican “Comprehension.”

prehension of our own church, which some think her reproach, some know as her glory. Evangelic, Sacramental, Modernist faith are one faith not three, because through one or another part of the believer’s nature all have in common one self-same vital intercourse with one Person, the Man Jesus Christ, the Incarnate. A threefold cord, we say, is not quickly broken; but which of us can have even the desire to part one strand of these

three, or, if we have a desire, will be so hardy as to utter it?

How trite and conventional and blank a saying is this I have written—that Christians are
 Unity through the Person of Christ Jesus. one through one devotion to the Person of the Christ. All agree, and all go on as before with the wrangle which keeps them many and not one.

Yes, while the saying is “the Person of the Christ.” But that is not my saying. I speak of the Person of Jesus, the Incarnate, and also the Man. Is that conventional and trite and blank? Heaven grant it may come to be a well-worn and agreed-on profession, though blank it can be never, being filled with all the fulness of God’s power on man.

Dare any who have felt the touch of that fulness on their own spirit and mortal flesh seek to speak of it openly with their brothers? They do not dare so to speak of it, and yet perhaps they ought. They will venture no more than to speak it to themselves. But in that colloquy with self they will cast back a memory to some hour of moral choice, a great choice or a very small, in which decision came, not when the man saw before his mind, like a legend written in the sky, that “thus or thus is the law of Christ,” but when a Presence stood by him, having the form (for he knew it) of a Man, and the feature and voice of that one Man, Jesus of Nazareth; and under that shadow the doubting mortal made choice to forbear or to attempt this thing or that, because love

of this Jesus the Man constraineth him. Then, by a health that quickened in his spirit and his very flesh, he knew that his commune had been with Jesus, and that Jesus was, to him the life.

And yet must the discovery that the Christ whom we profess is Jesus of Nazareth bring always health and life to the discoverer? I read as a boy the story of a traveller who, it was related, had through a journey in the Holy Land “lost his faith.” (How old-world and inapposite sounds that phrase now to me!) It was too hard, it seems, to believe, in contact with the physical scene of the Ministry, and with the features, dress, speech, and habits of Syrians of whom after the flesh Christ was, that a Divine Reality was here in a working man of the Syrian town. Jesus had been a workman in Nazareth, like these here. How then could He be God? So Volney lost his faith in Christianity. Lost? Or was it that he found he had never had it? He had come from Europe, supposing that he believed Jesus to have been God among men, but had so believed because he had never asked himself what it is to “be God.” How many Christians do it; how many writers even on Christianity ask themselves, What is it to be God? So easy to say it, so hard to mean it.

But not all who go to Palestine fare as Volney. I know one traveller’s tale of happier note. “One of my afternoons at Nazareth,” he said, “I had walked by myself out of the town to the valley, over-

Jesus the
Carpenter
a stum-
bling-block
to some.

hung by the Latins' 'Mount of Precipitation,' a glen mottled with rock and patches of greening corn. The Christ may have sometimes gone this way, I thought, along this very track, through these meadows of dry winter grass. Ah! He that is at the Right Hand came from a workshop yonder at dawn and walked, stood, knelt on this sod, where I, and as I, to-day stand and kneel. . . . Then something happened like nothing I have known. A spell seized me. Not To others the power of God. a rapture, not a lifting up: it was heaven that came down to me, came near me; came upon me. 'The Divine Reality once was here,' under my breath I said, 'here upon these grasses of the field, the Blessed Feet treading them as my foot treads them, the eyes resting on that same hillside before mine, the hands clasped in prayer to the Father in heaven, hands that would presently be at work at a carpenter's bench in the village street behind me.' "

He says he thought what had happened was what some call a "conversion." Yes, it made him begin to understand even that Conversion which we name the Wonderful. For did not Saul the Pharisee in that moment of vision make discovery that the Holy One of Israel had truly been with men in the person of this Man whom he persecuted as false prophet? What had befallen that high saint, that, it seemed, was befalling this humble man in his most unlike and narrow fortune: a Voice out of the

Eternal was speaking to him, “I am Jesus, whom thou confessest, Jesus whom thou callest Christ.”

But all this concerns the experience of the single soul, the making of the personal faith. This may be the “religion of all good men,” but it is the religion not of all good men as a body, but of each good man in his sole self. That was not the thing I was seeking to find. I was to find the religion which should be that not of all men but of all churches, and thereby a religion that can re-unite.

But in finding the man’s religion I have found the Church’s. The corporate faith is different from the personal only as the Church is different from a churchman. How that is, we know.

The corporate faith and the personal differ as church and churchman.

The life of the single soul unto God is (abstractedly considered apart from its relation to the Church) the simple communion of two, the soul and God. The life of the Church is not simple but complex, a communion of three, the Church, the member, and the Christ in God. The Church lives by a spiritual intercourse with the Christ and also with her member, and the one intercourse is involved in the other; the mutual sacrifice of a church and the churchman is at the same time and by its very nature, a sacrifice of each of the two agents to the Christ. Thus the believer renders loyalty and service to his Church, yet not truly to her but to that which is beyond her, and in her, the Person of Jesus: he must obey her, but only so far as she is Christ, and her laws are

the expression of His will. And the Church renders her service of protection, control, inspiration to her child, but only as he is in Christ, not as he is merely in her. Thus no "benefit of clergy," nor of laity, can rightly protect an ill-doing member from civil justice for civil wrong; and all her mother duty to her son is motived not by his worth to herself, but his worth in the eyes of Christ; what is done by her to her children, the least of them or the most, she does it unto Him. That is how I conceive the faith, the corporate faith, of the Church: it is the triune communion of Church, member, and Christ; one communing with one both directly and also through the third. This is the faith by which the divided brotherhoods will come back into one communion and fellowship, church with church.

And again how trite and conventional and blank a saying have I written down—that churches can be one through one devotion to the Person of Christ. All the divided sisters agree, and all will go on as before, in the dividedness which we call the "unhappy" of the household of the faith.

That may be, I know not, if the saying only is the Person of Christ. My own saying is "the Person of Jesus." Christ is not divided, but somewhat the churches have divided the *name* of Christ, and it means to one something other than it means to her sister. They cannot speak of Jesus with the same variance of meaning. "Christ" words a fact of human thinkings, "Jesus" words a fact in history.

The Person of Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Mary, is a Reality, which, like every reality, presents itself no doubt with a shade of difference to every differing intelligence; but the substance of it cannot be parcelled out at the pleasure of those intelligences. Jesus was a Man, and of what man is we have all a knowledge which is large enough and clear enough to be guide of life; and this knowledge of Him is the same for all the churches. In that knowledge of Jesus the Man they can be at one in mind; by the power of it they can be at one in will.

Union in
the name
of Jesus
the Man.

It is here that reunion must begin. For there begins the faith of church as of churchman; there begins and there must end in the Author and Finisher of our faith.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOLY COMMUNION

NOTHING has been done in my effort to commend my method of religious inquiry while one thing remains undone. That thing is to show that "To whom is the Grail served?" this organum of research may be applied as an instrument of thought to the central question for a churchman, the question which in the archaic and almost uncouth form of the Church's sacred legend ran in the words, "To whom is the Grail served, and of what is it served?" Unless I commend my method this way the other advocacy will go for nought with those brethren of mine who find religion, as do I myself, to be the Quest of the Grail. Will my theory further a believer in knowledge of the Eucharist and in its use?

But with what reverent care must I approach a matter in handling which I touch convictions and loyalties how sacred, soul-interests how beyond measure dear. Yet I can hardly much mishandle this, if I only try to tell my brother what thoughts upon this highest matter come to clear my own mind and nerve my own spirit, when I take my instrument in my hand and go to inquire into the Sacrament of

the Saving Passion, to contemplate that mystery *sub specie æternæ vitæ*.

I then, this humble seeker of the Grail, how, if I follow my own rede, do I think of the Mystery of the Body and Blood?

The guide I have taken is my apprehension of the Incarnation fact. "I am the life" is to my understanding the expression of that fact by Christ Himself. He becomes the life of men by a self-interchange of His spirit with the man's spirit, which in process and spiritual mechanism is identical with the observed law of thought-transference between man and man.

It is the Manhood of Jesus which thus works the life in men. But this could not be were it not that the Manhood of Jesus has itself a life unto the Godhead in Him.

The Communicatio
Idiomatum.

In fuller and more precise phrase there is a life of Christ's Person constituted by His relations to men of a mutual self-giving; this life is what we call His Manhood. But there is also a life of His Person constituted by His relations of a mutual self-giving with the Father; and this life is what we mean, so far, that is, as a definite meaning is attainable by us, when we speak of the Godhead of Christ. The union in Christ's person of this life unto God and the life unto man is called by the Church the "taking of the Manhood into God," or more technically the *Communicatio Idiomatum*, which I for my own understanding translate as "Interchange of Selfhoods."

This *Communicatio Idiomatum* must not be conceived under the image of a logical copulation or mechanical cohesion or chemical combination (the two natures do not mingle like water and wine, as in that image of the Fathers), but under that of the highest known mode of existence, Vital Interchange. The Godhead in Christ, which is the life of Jesus unto the Eternal Father, is the force which works the self-interchange of the Manhood in Christ, which is the life Jesus lives unto men; that is, the force of this Godward life impels and sustains the manward life, and the manward life is the realisation and exercise on earth of the Godward. In simpler and humaner language, Jesus in such a manner loves God that in the act of this love He gives himself to God's creature, man; and He so loves man as in loving him to exercise and make actual the love he has to God. In phrase Himself has taught us we may say of Him, "Inasmuch as He does the act of love unto the least of these His brethren, he does it unto God."

A trans-
lation in
terms of
human ex-
perience.

When I now come away from the consecrated dogmatic phrase of theologians, and offer to replace their *Communicatio Idiomatum* by a formula which is an application of the natural law, telepathy, am I darkening our vision of the mystery or throwing light upon it? That at least I am giving some feature to the indistinct, I am quite sure. That the dogma will thus come to the unlearned in power and not in word only,

and become the good hand of our God upon us, seems to me not too much to hope. There are, a Greek told us, words "which have hands and feet." Now is *Communicatio Idiomatum* such a word? Telepathy, or whatever name shall better it some day, has some promise of that potency with the simple. For it names a real law of fact. It is the law that the thought or will of one man can unify itself with thought or will of another, without any discernible medium of intercourse. By this thought- and will-transference Jesus in His mortal day imparted life to His contemporaries in the mortal state. By the same I believe Him in the first days of His glorified humanity to have imparted life to the disciples who survived Him in the flesh, and since then to all generations after them. The Man Christ Jesus became through the self-sacrifice of His Passion one with the Almighty and Eternal, and therefore infinite as He in range of knowledge and of action. Henceforth He exercises a divine telepathy upon every human consciousness in all time and everywhere which is susceptible of a reciprocation in this intercourse, or as we commonly say is capable of faith in Christ.

One who thinks thus of the Man Christ Jesus and of the life He gives to men, what should he think of the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ?

He must begin his thinking there where Christ began the Sacrament. Jesus at the Supper took the

bread, and said "This is My Body." My brethren tell me this could not be so when the words were said, for how could that loaf taken up from the table in His living hand be His Body broken for men, seeing His body was not yet broken, and visibly that loaf was no part of it: hereafter but not now the bread would be His Body. But I hold that the saying was true even then; the bread He gave that evening truly was His Body. For the Body, as I found when I thought out the meaning of the Risen Body (that is so far back that I may do well to repeat it here), is for Jesus that which our body is to any of us—that much of earthly matter which becomes the medium or instrument of mutual life between a man and a world of men. My body is the eye, ear, lip, hand, and foot, by which I have contact and intercourse with my world of other human beings, by which I live a life unto them; and such was the Body of Jesus at the supper table. Whatever of things material was an instrument of the intercourse by which He lived a life unto His disciples was for that time and purpose part of His Body; He was embodied in it. But that bread was such an instrument. When He "This is My Body." said, "This bread is My Body," He caused a thought and will of His own to meet a thought and will of a disciple in the action of seeing and touching that piece of matter; a reciprocal giving of self took place between them on the focus of that earthly substance; it was no otherwise than as when the

The vital
inter-
change
interpret-
ing Sacra-
mental
doctrine

physical substance which is an eye becomes the point at which two personalities unite by a seeing and a being seen, or an ear registers a vibration of air which communicates an idea by the interacting intelligences of the speaker and the hearer.

And in no merely metaphysical or logical sense was this bread the Body of Jesus, but in a sense most practical and real. It was *efficax signum*, it conveyed a grace, imparted a life. A Peter and a John who touched and tasted felt the heart burn within them with the fire of that fresh life; likewise also burned they all. The sacrifice of self which Jesus was offering to God—and surely the declaration, "This is My Body which is broken, this My Blood which is shed," was a self-committing act which made the acceptance of the doom irrevocable—this sacrifice cast its vibration upon the circle round Him, and through their response the Christ's soul-surrender passed to the men of Christ, and became a soul-surrender in them. In that bread and that cup they verily received the Body and the Blood, receiving a life which was created between themselves and Him.

We to-day receive it no otherwise than they. We in our Sacrament behold Him, the Breaker of the Bread to us, that it is He Himself, Jesus, who brake it at the Supper. He is in heaven; but as in heaven so in earth is He. The bread which we break is it not His Body, and His Body in the same fashion

as then? It is an organ of the Person of Jesus in the glorified Manhood whereby It makes interchange with the person of a man. The hand of Jesus at the Supper was not more an instrument of His Spirit's purpose than the loaf which it raised from the board; and apart from that function it was not less a mere portion of earth's dust than was the meal kneaded into that loaf. And so, at our own Supper with the Lord, upon that visible substance that lies on the paten there is directed at the consecrating moment the mind of Christ who knows the Father as He is known of Him, with the will of Christ that the Father's will be done, and to that same point in things visible is directed the mind and will of whoever draws near in faith. On that meeting-point assigned by the Master fall, as on a focus that gathers both into one, the divine light and the human sight, the beam from the Manhood infinite and timeless, and the strained vision of a manhood bound in time. This meeting could not have been had not Jesus appointed the holy tryst by saying, "This is My Body." That was His promise that He would turn the light of His mind and the motion of His will upon the earthly elements if we would thitherward turn our own. So should take place the spiritual telepathy, and that mind come to be in us which is in Christ Jesus. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of you; where ye gather to break the bread, there in that

bread am I, and ye that eat it are in Me and I in you."

This is the Real Presence. Jesus is present to the worshipper by a vital union of thought and will. Thought and will make up the man.

A presence more real of the Christ to a ^{The Real} man cannot be. ^{Presence.}

And need we much dispute with our brethren in another communion who maintain that the Christ is present even in the perishable fruits of earth that lie on the Holy Board? For my own part I ^{Holy} can find the Presence to be in these without ^{Board.} calling in the doctrine of Transubstantiation. There is no need to transmute the substance from material to spiritual. Remaining as they were created these creatures are, in my understanding, Christ's Flesh and Blood, not in figure but in actuality. For they are the instrument of a communion of Person of the Christ with person of worshipper, not less truly than was the loaf which the Founder of the feast took and brake; and that loaf (have I not said it?) was, for the passing moment at least, as truly a medium of intercourse as the living hand which brake it. Will our brethren of Rome weigh my humble interpretation of the Presence in the elements and judge whether theirs and mine are wide apart?

And this also is the Sacrifice of the altar, ^{The} which some affirm, with truth but miscon- ^{Sacrifice.} strued truth, and others deny but with a denial which their philosophy does not demand. For the Sacrifice

of the Eucharist is made in heaven, but also it is made, as in heaven so in earth. And both in heaven and earth it is being made—for ever.

Is it not so? Those who would confute the Roman version of the altar-event do so by asserting the “full, perfect, and sufficient oblation, and satisfaction for sins” made by the death upon the Cross. But *if sacrifice be life and life sacrifice*, as my creed is, and *if sacrifice atones for sin by causing life* in the sinner, then the sacrifice by which Jesus atones was not finished on the Cross. Had that been so, no sins of men subsequent to the death of Jesus would have been taken away,—unless indeed we should go back to old juridical interpretations of existence, and conceive the Judge of all the world as declaring in advance the cancellation by the historic incident of the Cross of men’s later wrong doings. “Having begun in the Spirit are ye now perfected in the flesh,” would be the due rebuke for this. But

The Perpetual Sacrifice. we know the sacrifice of Jesus to be not the closed event in history but an abiding fact.

It is the life unto God the Father which the Manhood, offered up on the Cross in consummation of the thirty years’ obedience, has lived and lives for evermore; and from which virtue goes out evermore to the healing of the nations by an imparted life which beats from heaven to earth. The death upon the Cross was “full, perfect, and sufficient,” not in its operation on mankind but by its significance for the Person of Jesus of Nazareth Himself. Him it

atoned, Him in His mortality. It made His choice of the Father's will definitive and past recall; it achieved life for Himself, and so it perfected sacrifice in Him. Not yet in us. As Paul made his sacrifice in the cry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" but brought redemption to his brother men by the stern constancy of his persecuted ministry; as Francis accepted the cross by his wedding vow to Poverty, but wrought his work in the Church by the lifelong fidelity to the bride; as some great soul of our times, who should strip himself by one day's act of a wealth, a rank, an opportunity, an ambition of genius, to follow a selfless service of some unrewarding cause, could be fruitful in his well-doing only by persisting on the height of the high resolve, so was it and so is it with the Master of all such. Jesus the Man, the same who died by sacrifice and by the sacrifice had life eternal, is ever making that sacrifice "full and perfect," not, as we in our earth-narrowed imagination figure it, by "making perpetual intercession" in His seat at the throne's right hand, but by the mystic unimageable motions of His spirit in the interchange of love whereby He lives unto the Father. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work" was spoken of the divine energy which creates the world: it is to be spoken also of the re-creation. As the Creator momentarily upholds His world, not resting on a seventh day, because heaven and earth were made by a full, perfect, and sufficient "Let there be," so the Redeemer momentarily upholds the Church; and

not of her redemption was the word "It is finished" spoken when He bowed His head upon the Cross. Ah, no. In every beat of the pulse of life unutterable and full of glory which is forever making the Manhood of the Christ one with the Godhead of the Eternal, the Sacrifice is every moment offered in heaven. But also every moment in earth, where a soul of man is reached by that thrill across the all-containing spiritual ether, by that going out from Jesus of the virtue which redeems—where a soul is thus reached and responds and receives the transference of faith from Master to disciple, there and in that moment the Redeeming Sacrifice of Christ is wrought in earth as it is in heaven. Such a moment every Eucharist can be.

How often comes such moment except in the Eucharist, for those who seek it in that opportunity of it? It comes indeed otherwise and otherwhen. Comes in some clap of calamity, some rose-dawn of joy, comes in the iron silence of inward debate, comes in the fire of the decision which forges the iron into steel. Yes, but these moments are not made; they must make themselves; how rarely, how unforeseeably! Who can record of them but as the Greek, *ἐν τῷ τελει ὀλίγακις καὶ ὀλιγον χρόνον συμβαίνει γένεσθαι*. Rare and brief are life's attainments.

Ah, but not so is it with the Eucharist: not "rarely," not "for a brief while" only, comes the "attainment" which a man may know through the mystery of which Christ planned the ritual. Un-

failing, faithful, punctual as the seven-day phases of the moon, "the faithful witness in heaven," arrives the opportunity. The fire from heaven descends in the due hour; hovers as the dove-wing by Jordan; and if the offering lies in order on the altar-pyre falls on it to kindle and consume.

Aye, so the habit of an ancient imagery has con- strained me here to speak. But it is imagery still, and no longer apt, since a nearer image has been given us. Altar and victim, wood and knife, the outpoured blood, the flesh laid on the pile, the fire put under or falling from above, let us forget them all, they serve no longer. Our victim is not slain, but is a living sacrifice; the flesh quickens more, the blood beats with a stronger pulse by the consecration; the flame that consummates our oblation is fire that at once falls from on high and springs from below; it is that energy which makes all living things to have their life—it is the mutuality of the creature's will to live and the Creator's will to make alive.

Wherever and whenever these two meet and make interchange, there and then is celebrated a sacrifice which saves, whether with ritual or without it, secretly or in the great congregation. But how more surely is the human will drawn to the place of sacrifice, and there empowered to make the oblation, when Christ has named the place and defined the action "This is My Body, My Blood. This do. Whoso will draw near to this altar, he shall find that I

The
Living
Sacrifice.

am there in the midst of you: whoso will eat of this Bread and drink from this Cup, he shall know that there enters his own very being no other than I myself." That assigned and pledged opportunity makes possible the activity in the man which is the condition of the act of God; it enables the faith which enables the grace, the faith which, however inconceivably, must both prevent and follow the divine motion by which itself shall be followed and was led.

In every altar rite then, there is the sacrifice which Christ offers for the sins of the world; it is the fact that every priest stands daily offering it. It is The Daily Sacrifice. not the commemoration of it, but the trans-action; not the remembrance of the Passion, but the experience of it; in that one same moment the life-act which is the communion of heaven and earth is enacted by the Christ above and by the Church below; it passes there in a Godward motion of the Christ's mind and will, it passes here in a Godward motion of human minds and wills, which is echo and reverberance of the Christ's. "I fill up on my part," said an apostle, "that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ." "We are filling up on our part," may priest and communicant declare, "that which is yet unfulfilled of the sacrifice of Christ."

But if our Sacrament is not a memory only of the Passion, neither is it a repetition. An act cannot be re-enacted before it has been enacted; we can-

not repeat an event which is happening only and has not therefore happened; cannot do again a sacrifice that has not once been done but is still a-doing. How can that crumb from the Holy Table, however consecrated and guarded under seal, be the *Hostia* that can work a grace? It is that, while the life-current passes through it between heaven and earth, by the stroke of reciprocating wills; it is a dead thing or a nothing when the current has past and left it earth of earth again.

And yet a grace it can work, away from the altar and from the hour of sacrifice; the grace of suggestion. It can be that the simple worshipper, lifting eyes of desire to what he deems a vessel of the Grail, does feel the thrill of the life-current and is graced. We may worship the Blessed Sacrament if what we worship be indeed the Sacrament.

And yet again the Eucharist is the "extension of the Incarnation." The Incarnation is the taking of the Manhood into God, or Communicatio Idiomatum, which here we call the Interchange of Selfhoods. This Communicatio takes place at any celebration. For what happens when a priest breaks the bread and gives it to other disciples? Is it not this? Jesus is making communion at once with the Father and with men His brethren. There passes between God and Christ a self-rendering of their being on the part of the Father and of the Son *as man*; and there passes between Christ and men the like rendering by both of

The "Extension of the Incarnation."

the one self to the other. The two actions are one. The mystic act done in the sphere of heaven is the force or energy by which is done the act in the sphere of earth; the transaction at the visible altar is the carrying into effect upon that level of existence of the action originated in the Highest. Thus are welded into one fact the two natures which cohere in the person of Christ, the Idioma which is the life He has unto God, and the Idioma which is the life He lives unto men. The taking of the Manhood into God has realised itself in the altar rite; the celebration at the altar has been an extending of the Incarnation.

Who is like unto Jehovah our God,
that dwells on high,
that looks so low—
in heaven and on earth?

“That looks so low,” said the Psalmist. In the Hebrew’s simplicities more than in the latinities of Schoolmen is the word wanted for me. Jesus that dwells so high can *therefore* look so low. His human consciousness exalted to infinity and eternity can reach to all of earth: the divine thought-transference strikes across the worlds to light on all men, in all time, in every place. By the telepathy of Spirit He communes with the Eternal, and in that commune’s power holds communion also with the mortal.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE CHAIR OF MERLIN

In our great hall there stood a vacant chair,
Fashioned by Merlin ere he passed away,

And Merlin called it "The Siege Perilous."

The Grail is here again.

YESTERDAY, my birthday's eve, I was pondering an archaic fancy. It was the question which a knight who came to the Castle of the Grail should have asked and did not ask. The Holy Vessel entered the hall, but he let it go unspoken past his diffident eyes and arrested tongue; and so of "one little word that he delayed to speak came to pass such sore mischance in Greater Britain that all the islands and all the lands fell thereby into much sorrow."

"The Holy
Thing is
here
again."

I woke this morning to find a gift dropped on my pillow, like the magic bread which fell from "the Sunbright Hand of the dawn," at the side of adventurers in the Isle Bountiful. It was a word echoing in my ears out of a breaking dream, "the Grail passes; question it—Unto whom should the Grail be served?"

If a knight of the Quest failed to ask, how shall

not a simple student-priest in a cathedral close, who is no knight, if war and deeds make knighthood? Yet a rider on Quest can any one be who will gird on the armour of a Thought, his own, and ride abroad to prove his armour. Abroad, beyond his pale, not knowing' whither he shall go or whom and what he shall meet, except that he will go whither the Vision draws, veiled and hidden, yet strong on his soul.

It was certain that the Grail would be passing at such a time of the world as ours. Have I not known this, my own humble self in a humble, narrow experience? It has been in seasons of sorrow or of danger, so few for me, that something in me has said, "The Grail is near." How should it be otherwise, if the sight of the Cup be the presence to us of the Passion that heals, be the

Blessed Vision, blood of God,

and if it be the Presence of the Incarnate who heals by the Passion which gives life;

I Galahad saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail descend upon the shrine;
I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread and went.

The symbol of Redemption is the symbol of Incarnation, for the two are one thing, the Coming of Life. The older human legend of a Grail, old as man, the fairy tale of a Fountain of Youth, of a

Food of divine strength, of a Weapon that gave victory—this legend, when the Church captured it where it ran wild in heathen woods, and tamed to her service, already carried in it the heart of the matter. It was man's word that there is a life beyond man's life, and he who found it should live indeed. And that is the word too of the legend after its baptism by the Church. The Grail is the Passion of Christ that giveth life unto the world; the Passion of Christ is the Incarnation of the Son of God healing sin: the Incarnation is the life of man unto God begun, continued, ended by Jesus, Son of Man and Son of God, Jesus who was and is and is to be—the Life.

The Quest of the Grail is the Will to Live.
 How should the quest ever be out of date?
 When should men go on quest if not in the
 peril or the pain that worketh death? When
 should we look for the Grail to pass, if not in the
 world's travail of this evil day of battle?—battle
 again of Arthur's Britain against "the heathen of
 the Northern Sea."

The Grail
 and the
 Will to
 Live.

But with these signs of the time I seem to note another sign of a Coming. It is that which Merlin called the Siege Perilous, in which "no man could sit but he should lose himself; and in which Merlin himself sat, but by misadventure and so was lost; but in which Galahad who cried,

If I lose myself, I find myself,

sat down fully aware, in holy venturousness, and lo! in wind and fire came on Arthur's hall the Grail,

Venture
and the
Vision.

and Galahad, the venturer, saw.

Venture must win that Vision, in Arthur's Britain and in ours. But we have the venturers here. I learned this last week, listening to Constance Merrion when she spoke of her work in London to a group of friends we gathered for her. While this young woman, sane as she is ardent, talked, I felt in her a restrained fire which would have been flame, if there had been a little more oxygen in a Dunminster drawing-room. Afterwards, the guests gone, we three sat on together. In the releasing spell of the magical half-hour under the cross-lights of hearth and window, I learned what spirit this was of. Adventure. People like Constance have found a new boldness in the face of an old enemy, the evil that is in human society through lust. We have been so timid till now; let ourselves be blindfolded to pass on our way, as you might blindfold a horse to lead him past a terror at the roadside. Or if we did look at ghastly facts straight, then so hopeless; men were always like this, we said; there is no use in taking arms against a sea of trouble, such as the evil worked by human passions; we cannot by opposing end them. Dam the sea out here, it floods in there; snatch a few drowners from it, what are they among so many whom the deep sucks in and disgorges dead upon the shore. What then is it has made these workers so hopeful to-day, planners of large things, expecters of

achievement, marching starkly up to Castle Mortal to sound a challenge on the slug-horn at the gate? Whence has the New Spirit come?

There never is any knowing whence a new ^{The Spirit} spirit comes. Spirit blows where it listeth, ^{bloweth.} and its breath is going to send more challenges through the horn than this of Constance and her friends. The King of Castle Mortal has other servants challenging our champions to the Drink, the Lust and its scourge, sweater's tyranny, master's selfishness, workman's selfishness, trader's fraud, and that other carnality, disguised to itself as a piety, religious or political, which has been bidding the strong young man to say to his country when she asks for him, "It is Corban whatsoever thou ^{National} mightest be profited by me, the gift of my- ^{Service.} self is vowed to Conscience and to Liberty;" and suffers him no longer to honour by arms his father and his mother, making that Fifth Word of God of none effect by your tradition.

Friends, your Conscience and Liberty, incompetent guides with reverend badges, I ^{"After the War."} could wish they had stood by me when lately I too talked with a strong young man, and our talk was of the gift of self. This one was in arms, and going to the front; also he was just come to his inheritance. Our talk was of the new opportunity of service for such as he; *patriæ sit idoneus, utilis agris.* "Yes," he answered, and paused "—after the war." For him it is now already "after the war." He has

inherited; he has his portion, but not in this life; the lot is fallen unto him in a fair ground, fairer than his fathers' lands.

And yet have I said "his portion, but not in this life"? That is not for me to say who in the fabric of my faith have been replacing that stone which our creed-builders were minded to set aside, "He descended into Hades the Unseen." If we have been, as Paul saith, in the likeness of His Death, we shall be also in the likeness of His Descent. He went into the Unseen, and behold He was with them all the days, their days on earth and ours. The Christ who went into the Invisible was not thereby disinherited of the Things Visible. Ponder we that "likeness of His Descent." It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master, but is it too much? If not, it may not be said of the disciple that when his breath goes forth and he turns to his earth again, then all his thoughts perish. But man's thought is the man, and where his thought is there is he, and dwells among his own people still.

Be this as it may, and as we may one day come not to think it but to know, this venturer, and the thousands of his likes, have found the Grail, if venture be sacrifice, and sacrifice be the secret of life, and life has for its true image the Vision of the Cup.

Yet not all venture is the sacrifice that sees the Grail and wins the Life. What said the Berlin professor whom Mark met in the early eighties? "Since

our war with France we can get only second-rate men for professors or teachers: scholarship, mathematics, art, science, history, it is all the same; all the best go away to commerce or the army. It is the spirit of Adventure ^{Venture and} "Wandering Fires." has done this." That lure of glory was not the beckoning of the Grail; no, but the "wandering fire" which leaves its followers "lost in the quagmire."

Ah, no; there is a losing self which finds, and a losing which is only loss: there is the hero's venture which always prospers and the gambler's throw which is barren either way. It is the self-giving of Two, the mutual sacrifice, the altar-gift kindled by fire from heaven, that is the venture which wins life. He who sits in Merlin's Chair not by self-venture but only by misadventure and not counting the cost, only loses self. He that dares the event open-eyed, trusting the self in faith's adventure to the Other than self, to him comes in the Spirit's wind and fire the Holy Grail.

O soul, but how shalt thou know, before thou chooseth, whether thy choice shall thrive or fail; whether thy sacrifice will draw on it the fire, thy venture be victory or defeat?

How did Jesus know when in Gethsemane He made the venture of the Cross?

The Greatest of Venturers.

He knew it as He had known when between Jordan pool and Jordan bank He ventured the doom of Messiah. He knew it as when He lifted

eyes to heaven over the dumb man and cried, "Ephphatha, Be opened"; or beside the bier at Nain commanded, "I say unto thee, arise."

These were ventures all. How if by Jordan the heavens had not opened, if by the Syrian roadside the dumb had not found his tongue, the dead not raised himself on the pillow? How did Jesus know this would be as He prayed, that He would not stand confounded, a Christ who could not save? How?

He knew it by the life that even in the venturing filled His veins. There passed a divine telepathy; that mind was in Jesus of Nazareth, which was also in God the Father of Heaven. The Creator's thought, the Almighty's will, was thought, was willed, in the Christ. The Father that sent Him, He did the works. As the divine "Let there be" made Adam rise living from the sod, so in the voice of Jesus it made the dead man rise, from his bed between them that bare him to a grave.

A mystery. It cannot be uttered; yet it can be experienced; we can know the might of it though not the measure. In such faint adventures of the spirit as we mortals make, there is a knowledge that the gift of self is a winning not a waste. We stand at some doubtful parting of the ways, and we pray that the mind to choose be in us which was in Christ Jesus. We dare a choice, and in the daring it we know that we have chosen with Christ: the venture-act is such fire in our bones.

Yes, and in the venturing which is the act not of this hour and that, but of all the hours of all a lifetime, we cast our fortune upon the world eternal; and how know we that we have ventured wisely? By the joy and peace in believing, by the eternal hope which is born in us and thrives, by certain fears in us that wither and are no more.

“After the War.” The ventures which will call on us then! By the telepathy of the divine Manhood we shall make them wisely and well.

“Unto whom should the Grail be served?”

That was the question which the knight, Gawain, in a faulty reverence forbore to ask when, in the hall of the Castle of the Grail,

By his oppressed and fear-surprised eyes—

the Holy Vessel passed, and passed away, no answer won from it, and therefore “came to pass sore mischances in Greater Britain.”

That is but an unhandy tale, if one trusts one scholar of the legend, penned to allegorise the failure of Dominic, when on embassy to the Pope, to ask permission for the Cistercian Order to minister the Sacraments in lands under interdict, as Britain became in the reign of John. Let me try to fit the allegory to a more liberal use. Our knights of the Grail shall ask, “Unto whom should be brought in Britain and her Church the Christ whose Passion

is the Life of men?" They shall ask, and they shall be answered, "The Grail should be served to all in Britain, and served to all the life of all."

1. In the realm of the State. What are the "sore mischances" and the "much sorrow" from which Britain can be saved to-day, "after the war," by the speaking of this "one little word," and the answer it can win—"the Grail is served to all and to all their life"?

Mischances enough can be foreseen in the State of Britain: strife renewed of State and Citizen, England and Ireland, Master and Man, Manhood and Womanhood. The Grail is for the healing of these. For the Grail is the Mutual Sacrifice, the Interchange of Self, the Passion that worketh Life.

Of two mischiefs which can befall the health of the commonweal must we accept one? Must either the State, as with the Prussians, enslave the citizen, or the citizen's liberty not to serve the State threaten England's liberty with enslavement to a conqueror? Germany's place in the world would be greater if a German had a greater place in Germany; only service of England is the perfect freedom of her sons.

Great Britain and Ireland, what is for their peace? Not, because once Ireland bore wrong, now to crown Ireland with all the rights and load on Britain all the wrongs. That were no remedy, no more than force.

Ulster and Nationalism, what is their peace? Can you cure an old ascendancy by a new; redress the level of North and South by inverting them, make above to be below and undermost to be uppermost, free one half a country by enslaving the other? No more than you could cure Ephraim's envy by making her the envy of Judah, or by vexing Judah put Ephraim at ease.

Capital and Labour, will their peace be found by letting the once exploited class exploit in their turn the community, and the workman be now above the law, because once he was below it? We do not amend unjust privilege by unjust privation.

And when Woman makes offer to do more work and new work in the world beyond the hearth, is it well to say she shall not do it and must go back to the fireside; or ought we to search and see what new duties she *can* render and, when we find them, render her the right to do them?

I am dealing, it will be said, in helpless negative generalities. Well, the positive and particular is for the statesman to supply, not for the ignorant cloister-keeper. No one makes him a judge and divider in such matters. Yet he too may be wise enough to see what ought not to be done, if he cannot tell the other what to do. And have the statesmen always studied their problems in that light by which a cloistered brother may read them, if he will, in the golden twilight of the shrine?

An answer
from the
oracle seat.

“Until I went into the sanctuary of God: then understood I,” said one, “that which was too hard for me.” It was in the sanctuary, it was before the altar, and in the thought of its significance, that another one came to see a further truth of the Mutual Sacrifice, when that sacrifice is a concern not of Church but of State. Life is the self-interchange of two, where the life is that of the single living creature; and it is still an interchange of two when it is the life not of an individual, but of a society and its members. But in this latter case the life is a triple interchange, the sacrifice is three-fold; it is a mutual self-giving of society to member, and of each of these to the whole of which a society is a part, the whole which we name according to our philosophy God or the Universe. At the Communion of communions, there are the three interchanges by which the Church and the member have fellowship one with the other through a fellowship of both with Christ. By the light of this I discern a like triune communion as the secret of the secular existence of nation or class. The community stands fast or falls in the measure of the fellowship by which the State lives for the subject’s good, and the subject for the State’s, and each for the good of mankind. The bane of our enemy people at this time is two-fold, a gross inequality of sacrifice between government and citizen, and a denial that above the State is a greater whole to which sacrifice is due. Need I go further with examples to recall my thesis, now some

chapters behind me, of the triune communion which is the foundation law in politics as in religion? ¹

But it is the *Church* "after the war" ^{2. In the Church.} which is the proper study of the priest. That on her the light of the Grail may fall and be remedy of her "mischances" must his prayer be said. Unto whom then within the Church should the Grail be served?

It should be served to all and to all the life of all.

Mischance in belief—is there danger of this? Yes, Catholic and Liberal well agree in affirming danger, though they expect it from opposite quarters. The salvation of our faith will be that the Grail be served to all and to all their life. That will be done if Old and New, which to-day are Dogma and Modernism, resolve their antagonism, and each find its own in the other by the mutual surrender of what is only self in either. Pride of birth in an ancient faith, standing *super antiquas vias*; pride of worth in a new knowledge, rejoicing to run its course; must discover each its self in the pride of son in his family's honour, of a father in a gallant heir. The Modernist will be able to recognise his own creed in the primitive, when he realises that his formula and his first fathers' has no force and scarce a meaning apart from the life-pulse which created it and by it is kept a-beat; the life which beats between Jesus and a soul. The Catholic must be perfect in catho-

¹ P. 266.

licity, which means wholeness, and expect to find the catholic truth in nothing less than the whole of time and in the mind of all the race. The Grail is served to all time and all human kind. But four first centuries are not twenty centuries, nor were the "all men" of Vincent's day really all. This Catholic, for an instance, one which far back engaged us, must discover that the "personal survival" confessed by a Modernist is one same thing with a "physical resurrection" asserted by himself: each a human echo diversely refracted of one word of Jesus, "Behold Me, that it is I Myself."

And then our dividedness not over formulas of thought but forms of practice, over great questions of Intercommunion of Churches, lesser questions of discipline and confession, little questions of vestment and fast. Again the resolution must be the same: let the Grail be served to all. It can be served by a celebrant in a chasuble or his brother in a surplice, by a director of conscience or by a "soul's friend"; to a much disciplined or a little dependent flock; to the partaker who observes a fast or another accounting fast or fulness to be alike. What matters is that the Grail be served. But the Grail is the Cup of the Blood of Christ, and the Bread that is His Body. To thee or to thy brother is the Grail served? To thee who fastest, to thee who hast broken fast? By the bare ritual or by the rich? Nay, the Grail is served if thou or he live by the touch of those holy things; so and no otherwise. Which then of you two

is touched by the rite he uses to the finer issues and the more living? He is the better catholic, if catholicity be wholeness and wholeness be life. Follow then him, not in the form of his sacrament but in the faith.

But one is ashamed to be talking of division, where it means division only between the faithful, when there comes in view the wide estranging gulf which separates these faithful, who are the few, from those outside the faith, who are the many. ^{But how of "them that are without"?} "We are only working on the fringes," sigh the workers for the Church in our cities. "The more part of our English people are not Christian but heathen." I should echo them if I thought—as Christ forbid I should think—that to be Christian or heathen means knowledge or ignorance of the Church's system and use or disuse of her institutions. Yet how can I look on the scene of Christendom among us, and echo the word of Jesus, "To the poor the Gospel is preached"? Or how answer the question, "To whom is the Grail served?" with "The Grail is served to all?"

Yet to us in "Greater Britain" is this word of salvation spoken, "The Grail must be served to all and to all the life of all."

It has not been done. It is now to do. To all and to all their life.

With what strange want of true perspective do we call the working man a "heathen"—because he

does not go to church, just because of this. It is indeed ill that he will not come there where to him the Grail could be ministered; not to the altar, not even to the church floor. We know his loss in this. Yet, if the Grail touched him even there and in an hour of worship, to what end would it touch him? To the end that the touch might vibrate a life into his veins not in that hour only, but in all the waking hours of all the seven days. That life in him, that and not his church attendances, is the measure of his life unto God the Father, and therefore of his faith in Christ the Son. By that measurement, not by the measuring-rod of a Church's ordinances, the man is heathen or is Christian. The Grail is served to all his life, or it is served in vain.

How is the man's worth measured by this rule of the life that is in him? In other days none of us could read the register of our fellow's secret life of soul, because God looketh on the heart, we cannot. Something is revealed of it in a day of battle such as ours, for life is sacrifice, and sacrifice is life.

There has been a life unto Christ in the veins of our multitude of which even human fingers can count the beat. It is the life of a sacrifice. "For that the leaders took the lead in England, for that the people willingly offered themselves, bless we the Lord." Do we call a multitude "heathen" who, deaf to the restraining voices of certain prophets of Conscience and of Freedom not to serve the brethren, have offered themselves to war

The Grail
seen by
them that
are with-
out.

or work, which in no rhetoric but naked truth has been a service under the Cross, a coming to the help of the Lord who died on it, the help of the Lord against the mighty, whose might saith it is the right and is not ?

Does not this sacrifice of the common people tell the Church that the Grail can be served to all if only it be served to *all* the life of them, the secular and practical as well as spiritual and devotional? This is her task in the new day—to make the common life of common men to be not heathenism but a life unto Christ the Sacrificed. How is she to do the task ?

The answer to this will be the answer to the other question which the knight Gawain forbore to ask, “Whereof is the Grail served ?” “Whereof is the Grail served ?”

My answer must be that which has been the saying iterated all along the pages of a book which comes here to an end because here ends its quest.

But I must say it first in the language of the legend.

“Lo you, two damsels issue forth of a chapel, whereof the one holdeth in her hands the most Holy Grail, and the other the Lance whereof the point bleedeth thereinto.” The Grail then is served to men from the Redeemer’s Blood.

As I must for my own behoof rewrite the legend, the Grail is ministered to all, and to all their life

out of a power which is the Self-interchange of Two, the Mutual Sacrifice, the human-divine telepathy, whereby the Master is incarnate in the disciple, and through him is incarnate in his fellows. With sacrament or without sacrament, in spoken word or in the speech of deeds, by the social discipline nameless and inscrutable of thoughts which re-think themselves in a brother's mind and purposings, which gender in his will obedience unaware—by these things

A National
Mission in
the sign of
the Grail.

the Church must turn the many to righteousness. In this her might she will go with a mission to the nation. In this sign, the Grail, deeper in significance than even the Cross, since it sets forth not death, but death unto life, not sacrifice but the mutual sacrifice between God and man, in this sign she will conquer. *Vexilla regis prodeunt*, and under them the little ones go forth with the mighty. Ah, think! Lone weary pastor, in the silence among your scattered cots, or drowned fathoms deep under the deluge of the city's crowd, lift up your heart; look up and lift up your head. This is your power upon the world to make it live, this life unto Christ in your own bosom, though it works faintly in your hands, and burns dim on the lip. Not hand nor lip will do your deed on earth; but the deed shall be done. It is your Self that will do it, your self in the interchange of a man of Christ, with Christ the Man, in the union which is mystical and is sure. Out of that self goes forth in a viewless, measureless radiation a virtue that can heal

your brother, being the virtue that is the impartment of life, death's only cure, *medicina immortalitatis*. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, but it is not too much. If virtue go out of thee, pastor, it is only when, moment by mortal moment, virtue comes out from Him to thee by a divine radiation of the Manhood Glorified.

Some will say there is nothing in all this. My Telepathy between man and man they will call just "personal influence," and have done with it—as if that were doing anything with it at all. The telepathy between man and the Christ they will say is only the familiar "influence of an idea." Will they say so? Then you and I, brother, who have not so learned Christ, will wish they may yet learn Him as we, who seem to know Him as speaking, not indeed "face to face," but person to person, "as a man speaketh unto his friend." Nay, let me say it as would that saint of my childhood's day, to whom a boy's heart went out, saying of certain who are blind to their own chief good, "It is just ignorance; they do not know that Jesus is alive."

I took this to Langton. Who should know if it is true better than he? He has read it and he gave it back, a tremulous light in that pure, patient, old Tractarian face of him. "John," he said (it was the first time of that), "John,

The Old to
the New—
"Forward."

I am a dry old stick, but this thought of yours puts some greenness into me. I often think over that '*stare sed ire,*' in our first talks about this. Poor me, I have enough to do to stand on the old. But I remember I said to you, 'Go on.' Well, I say it still, Go on, brother, and the Lord go with you and bring you there."

