

THE RADIANT MORN

Dr. A. T.
SCHOFIELD

**"A sane, practical,
thoroughly Chris-
tian Treatment."**
—Sword and Trowel

WORKS by
A. T. SCHOFIELD,
M.D., M.R.C.S.

CHRISTIAN SANITY.
DIVINE IN MAN, THE
FIT FOR WORK.
FORCE OF MIND, THE
FUNCTIONAL NERVE DISEASES.
GOD OVER ALL; OR, ANNO DOMINI.
GOOD HEALTH FOR ALL.
HEALTH FOR YOUNG AND OLD.
HOW TO KEEP FIT.
HOME LIFE IN ORDER, THE
JOURNEYS OF JESUS CHRIST, THE
KNOWLEDGE OF GOD, THE.
LIFE THAT PLEASES GOD, THE
MAN AND THE MULE, THE
MANAGEMENT OF A NERVE PATIENT.
NERVES IN DISORDER.
NERVES IN ORDER.
NERVOUSNESS.
RADIANT MORN, THE
SPRING OF CHARACTER, THE
STUDIES IN THE HIGHEST THOUGHT.
UNCONSCIOUS MIND, THE
UNCONSCIOUS THERAPEUTICS.
WHERE HE DWELT.
WITH CHRIST IN PALESTINE.
YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.

The Radiant Morn

OR

The Secret of Perpetual Youth

BY

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God," "Nerves in Disorder," "Christian Sanity,"
"Studies in the Highest Thoughts,"
"Good Health for All," etc.

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The Radiant Morn

**The radiant morn has passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.**

**Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, the living Way,
Safe home at last.**

**Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky—**

**Where life and joy, and light and peace,
In undivided empire reign;
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;**

**Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening's shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Lord of Light,
Art Lord of all.—*Dr. Thring.***

COMMENTS ON FORMER EDITIONS OF THE WORK.

"Let the sick, the sorrowful, the broken-hearted read this book and they will find comfort."—*Occult Review*.

"A sane, practical, thoroughly Christian treatment of his theme, with just that dash of the Harley Street physician that means so much."—*Sword and Trowel*.

"Every chapter is an excellent devotional study, and supplies food for very necessary thought on the subject of our joylessness."—*Joyful News*.

Preface

IT is really necessary to read this before perusing the book, in order that I may clearly explain that by the expression "The Radiant Morn," taken from Dr. Thring's well-known hymn, I do not mean merely childish gaiety and glee, but rather a natural happiness and brightness and joy that are so often absent in our current Christianity. It is perhaps needless to emphasise that this book on Christian experience is addressed to those who have passed from death to life, and are humble believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, their Saviour. The foundation must be laid in redemption by the blood of Christ before the temple of praise I here speak of can be built upon it, for its foundation must be the Rock, and that Rock is Christ.

The argument of the book is, that the brightness characterising childhood, so far from passing away with the advent of Christian maturity, should be intensified and perpetuated.

My object is to show that Christianity, rightly understood and enjoyed, instead of narrowing our outlook and curtailing our pleasures, enlarges both; and thus brings into the life, in a way that nothing else can, a deep, true note of harmony and happiness. The subject is simple and elementary, but is well worth consideration if it should prove the means of brightening the lives of some who read it.

A.T.S.

Preface to Third Edition

I SHOULD like to add to the above the beautiful thought that the "radiance" which characterises his heavenly home will always be reflected in the earthly life of the one who has already learned by faith to dwell there now.

ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD.

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I

“The Radiant Morn”

**“The radiant morn has passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.”**

The Radiant Morn

CHAPTER I

“The Radiant Morn”

STAYING at Tintagel, in Cornwall, with an old friend, and finding myself alone in the drawing-room one Sunday afternoon, I saw beside the pianola the well-known pile of boxes, each containing a roll of music. I played a couple over, and then my eye caught the title of a third, “The radiant morn has passed away,” and while the piano played the well-known air, the words “has passed away” seemed to repeat themselves over and over in my brain, and I asked myself, “But has it?”

I looked out of the window over the wide

western sea towards Lundy Island, and the dull grey sky and sea mist answered, "Yes, the radiant morn is gone." And then I wondered, and asked, "Why?"

My mind went back to my far-off eyrie at the top of a lofty house in prosaic Harley Street, where I sleep.

Here, lying awake in bed by the wide open window, as I have so often done, I see more of the "radiant morn" than most Londoners, and even many country folk.

Just opposite to me is a fantastic pile of varied architecture, with clustered roofs of different angled slopes of grey and red; while lower down, stone and new and old red brick mingle artistically; and high over all is the temple-like dome of a lofty building farther off.

Again and again, when the level rays of the morning sun at five or six o'clock strike the buildings, the whole pile is bathed in light and is so transfigured with radiant beauty that I can scarcely believe I am in

London, and imagine myself in Berne gazing at its old houses. It seems to me that if I could only stand on yonder roof and look away south, I should see spread out before me the whole panorama of the Bernese Oberland. Sunrise and Switzerland seem somehow linked together.

I lie in bed steeped in the glory of "the radiant morn;" for though I cannot see the sun itself, the beauty with which it invests those poor brick walls delights me with its power; and my heart and thoughts insensibly brighten at the reflection of the brilliance of the great orb. I fall asleep perhaps, and when I waken at seven or eight I am brought back to the prose of London. The glory is already gone, and the dull day has commenced. Smoke and soot have assumed their sway, and I fear I shall see the brightness no more until another morning, unless, indeed, "at eventide there is light," and the sun's departing rays once more invest with splendour from another side those dull dwellings.

Radiant mornings always remind me, as I have said, of Switzerland, because, I suppose, one rises sooner there, and thus sees sights we miss at home. There are, indeed, not a few of us who have never seen the sun rise save in Switzerland on some mountain top. But now, waking early and lying in bed with the window open, that illuminated pile in London has become so dear to me with its reflected radiance, that wherever I may be in the early morning my mind recalls it. After all, it seems to me more wonderful that the sun should be able to transfigure such a sordid view, than that it should grace with added glory the fair scenes abroad.

Then, as is the mystic's way, all this becomes to me a parable of life; and I see how the faintest reflection of the beams and glories of the great Sun of Righteousness can trace lines of beauty on the most sordid and obscure lives, on the lowest drudgery of existence, on the humblest worker.

When the Infinite thus touches the finite

and gilds it with its glory; when the Invisible thus becomes, in however faint a measure, really seen, it cannot be mistaken for any other brightness nor for any other radiance; it has a character all its own.

We do our best in many ways to brighten up and beautify the world in which we live; but just as no costly product of the loom can rival the verdant carpet that with lavish hand nature spreads everywhere around; just as no clustered shafts in cathedral aisle can equal the mighty pillars she raises in her primeval forests; just as the loftiest spire can never hope to vie with the sublime peaks of the mountain range—so art cannot attain to nature, the finite to the Infinite, nor man to God.

I was struck with this one day in a gallery when gazing at a picture of a river bathed in sunshine. The golden light was painted by a master-hand, and looked glorious, *until* a shaft of sunlight coming through the window struck the picture,

and transfigured it, and the real sunlight eclipsed its semblance.

In like manner "the radiant morn" that owes its glory to the rising sun has no peer; neither has he, however humble, on whom God has once deigned to look.

But why should the *morn* be radiant? Is it not because, whether in the dawn of a day or the life of a man, the mist, the gloom, the shadows of earth have not yet had time to overpower the brightness of Heaven? I never can persuade myself, as I look into the deep, trustful, solemn eyes of early childhood, that those "clouds of glory" that Wordsworth saw "trailing" were wholly a poet's fancy. The stamp of God is on the infant's brow, and bears witness that man was made in the Divine likeness.

But though such radiance is peculiar to the morning of life and reminds us of Heaven; when the Sun of Righteousness directly irradiates a human heart it sheds a yet brighter light, and causes a still more dazzling radiance

on the face and life; and the glory of the second birth wholly eclipses the brightness that attends the first.

This radiance is Heaven's stamp on infancy; and childhood is everywhere bringing beauty into the sordid slums, brightness into the darkest dens, purity into the vilest haunts, and a touch of Heaven into the baseness of earth. I know that children are "**born in sin**" (Psa. 51. 5). I know we are partakers of Adam's fall; for were it not so these radiant morns would ever brighten into perfect days instead of clouding over into dull lives; "the radiant morn" would not "pass away," but endure for ever. Still, in spite of this sound theological teaching, we are by God's grace vouchsafed to see in early childhood a peculiar radiance and a solemn beauty that is unique. Nothing else in the world is like it. This being so, I have thought it worth while to inquire into the cause of its short duration, and to see if this be really inevitable; or whether, on the other hand, it may not be wholly averted,

and the brightness of youth practically prolonged through the whole of life. Such an inquiry opens a door of hope, and can do nothing but good.

Of course change and decay are in the nature of all things that "around we see." The gold tarnishes, the silver becomes dull, the iron rusts, the fabric, however precious, perishes.

" A few more years shall roll,
A few more season's come,"

and the place that knows us now shall know us no more, *but*, and this is a big big, "but," **"the Word of the Lord endureth for ever"** (1 Peter 1. 25), and if we are **"begotten again by the Word of truth"** (James 1. 18), we too shall abide for ever,

" Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers,"

and unto us shall be restored in double measure **"the dew of our youth"** (Psa. 110. 3). Our natural force **"shall not abate"** (Deut. 34. 7),

our eyes shall not grow dim, our spirits shall be fresh and strong, for God **"has set eternity"** in our hearts, and in the power of an endless life the radiant morn shall not only be prolonged, but shall wax **"brighter and brighter unto the perfect day"** (Prov. 4. 18), and the babe, though transformed into **"a man in Christ"** (2 Cor. 12. 2), loses nothing of his pristine radiance, for this only brightens more and more as he grows more like his Master.

Such is the vision vouchsafed in the Word of God, and such may indeed be the actual experience of our lives if we **"follow on to know the Lord"** (Hosea 6. 3), so that they thus become illumined with **"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ"** (2 Cor. 4. 6).

II

“Has Passed Away”

**“The radiant morn has passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.”**

CHAPTER II.

“Has Passed Away”

YES, it is so, and in the next verse Dr.
Thring truly tells us,

“ Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon has quickly past ! ”

while the well-known lines :

“ The roseate hues of early dawn,
How fast they fade away ! ”

tell the same story of the evanescence of
sunshine and the long duration of dullness
and gloom.

Our meteorological reports frequently record
very short times of sunshine, or its entire
absence, and we know well that the roseate
hue itself in early morning in England is con-
stantly the harbinger of rainy weather. So
pitiful is our allowance; so gloomy are our
days, and so obscure, even when the sun

does shine, are the solar rays in this land that one can understand the Parsee's retort, when a devout lady who met him in London, one day said with horror, "I hear that in your country you actually worship the sun."

"And so would you ma'am," was the grave reply, "if you had ever seen it."

Whatever the exception may be elsewhere, there is no doubt that in this country "the radiant morn" has generally passed away even before the morning meal is over. And when we turn from nature to man it is the same.

If any one doubts the application of Dr. Thring's lines to human lives, let him observe the bright beauty of happy childhood in our parks and playgrounds, and compare it with the dull apathy of the loungers in the clubs and the labourers in the field, and he will see what I mean.

The morning radiance has fled, and in most cases no trace of it is left.

What is this morning radiance, and whence comes it?

It is seen habitually in childhood up to adolescence. It may endure in a lesser degree through youth; but has generally disappeared before maturity.

I have already alluded to Wordsworth's account of its origin:

" Trailing clouds of glory do they come
From Heaven their home,"

and there can be no doubt of the innate spirituality in a young child. It is not that he is necessarily good or obedient; but he is a mystic, he is in touch unconsciously with the Unseen, he dwells much there in his thoughts. His gravity is often profound, his abstraction unfathomable; you cannot read his thoughts, much less can he describe them. But you feel and you know that he lives largely in a world you rarely enter, and about him hovers a brightness and a beauty like nothing earthly—"the radiant morn" of his days.

Why, then, does not this beauty persist?

The answer is probably twofold: subjective and objective. Subjectively, the lower nature, the "mule" in the man, the sin in the child, begins to show itself, and very soon drags the spirit down, brings a thick film over the mental eye, and eclipses all the earlier glories. Objectively and externally, the same process goes on. The world and the Devil are soon as busy as the flesh within, and become more *en évidence* than God. He is afar off, and any recognition of God is principally confined through the week to "Our Father" and the (occasional) grace at meals; and as years advance, instead of getting nearer and nearer, He often seems to recede farther and farther away:

When, in addition to this inbred tendency to degeneration and this deteriorating outward force, the lowering effects of actual sin are added, we have accounted for all. Nothing eclipses gaiety and destroys beauty like sin in its earlier stages. Ugly in itself, it makes all it touches ugly. Only when it has become

such a habit that it is a second nature does it cease to affect the outward appearance to the same extent.

It is quite true that much worldly wisdom may be gained though all brightness be lost. Sobriety, thoughtfulness, practical wisdom, and common sense may be all more or less developed ; and these with many other valuable qualities characterise the well-brought-up youth and man. But what is gone is "the radiant morn"—the bright ingenuousness and artless confidence of childhood. A grey day is doubtless good enough to work in, but it has not the glory of the golden dawn, and our present inquiry is directed to discover how this dawn, this bright beginning of life, may be preserved and intensified.

Something of our dullness, no doubt, must be set down to our climate, and some to the natural stolidity of John Bull, which is so different from the mercurial nature of the Frenchman or Italian. Still, even in these, their brightness and levity have little in

common with the pure and artless gaiety of the young child.

Some, of course, may try to argue that radiance is only intended for the morning of our days and of our lives; but such is not the case: and while the folly of childhood, its ignorance, its caprices, and its helplessness do well to disappear as maturity is reached, I would strongly deny that its radiance, its beauty, and its brightness are intended to disappear too; or that the words "has passed away" record an unalterable law of nature.

I maintain that we have in our midst, and many of us within our own small circle of acquaintances, men and women whose radiance and brightness have never passed away, but have increased. This may be due to more than one cause, but the fact remains.

Some lives, indeed, are so shielded and guarded from all sordid knowledge of life, from every phase of the struggle for existence, and have in addition such a natural endowment of gaiety, that for many years they

successfully defy all efforts to dim their brightness. But these are the few, the spoilt children of the race.

My inquiry in this little book is rather— is there any means, is there any power by which, amid the storm and stress of life, in the fierceness of the battle, even at times in sickness and want, the bright simplicity of the child-spirit can be preserved, and the life and home continue to be irradiated by its presence?

To many, of course, this inquiry, even if it should end successfully, must seem to come too late. They are only too conscious that for them, at any rate,

"The radiant morn 'has passed away' "

is the statement of a fact. Their lives have lost their brightness, worry and discontent, quarrels and misunderstandings, jealousy and envy, have done their work, and they think that the best they can now look for is to go on as they are, content if they do not descend

to any lower level, but wholly hopeless of ever recovering the joy of their youth.

I speak to careworn mothers, to anxious fathers, to prodigal sons, and straying daughters, to lonely outcasts and down-trodden slaves, to all the seven classes, indeed, whom Christ addressed in His first great sermon—the poor, the blind, the broken-hearted, the captive, the bruised, the sick, and needy.

I would say to such, that though all radiance may have so long passed out of their lives that they have forgotten its existence, nevertheless the light can be rekindled, the fire may burn again, the joy be restored, the youth regained, the heart healed, and the soul become contented and satisfied. “A thousand years” are with God but “as one day” (Psa. 90. 4), and in the same ratio the fifty years of a dull life are but as an hour. And such is His Almighty power, that that one hour in His presence, one hour of seeing and touching the Divine, can take away fifty years of dullness and distress, and restore the life and joy of a little child to the

dead heart. Our earthly parents have maybe long since died ; we have long reached maturity , and if we would have the radiance of a child restored there is but one way.

Men and women can only continue as little children in heart, with all a child's simplicity and happiness, by "becoming children of God by faith in Christ" (Gal. 3. 26). There is, however, this hope for all ; and a certainty that the evening of our days may be even brighter than the morning, in the power of a life in which there is "no night."

A child of God who lives with his Father is ever young. Unlike an earthly father, his heavenly One ages not, but is **"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."**

Moreover, inasmuch as his life is even now in Eternity, it knows none of the changes of time ; for there is no senility, no loss of youthful freshness, any more than there is any death in the Divine life.

III

Has “Spent too Soon”

“The radiant morn has passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.”

CHAPTER III

Has "Spent Too Soon"

YES, too soon. It is not necessary. It was not intended. It is not right. Indeed, no sight is sadder than to see how seldom real joy characterises people's lives.

I think no one who reads these pages can fail to recall many instances amongst their own relatives or friends where the "radiant morn" has been "spent too soon." Look at the first recorded instance in the Bible. How fair and radiant must have been the scene when the Creator, looking o'er the bright world, declared it all "Very good" (Gen. 1. 31). But its innocence and purity passed absolutely away, almost before it was begun, in disobedience and bloodshed. It has been thought by some, and possibly not altogether

without reason, that Adam in his innocence as he left the hands of his Creator was radiant with light, that clothed him as a garment, even as the last Adam on the Mount of Transfiguration was clothed in raiment **as white as the light**; and that the loss of this through sin left him naked. Look at the history of David, and still more markedly of Solomon, and observe how both their "morns" were eclipsed and spent by the overwhelming force of evil from within, which led them into wickedness of the grossest kind.

Look at the "radiant morn" of so many of the other Kings of Judah and Israel. How in their youth they sought the Lord, and how in their old age they departed from Him. Secular history abounds with similar instances.

But, saddest of all, we see examples in our daily life. Look at the young country girl brought up by God-fearing parents, a regular attendant at her Sunday school, and the life and soul of the simple village gaieties. She is sent up to some large London drapery

establishment, and her worldly education begins. Observe in one short year how her "golden store" of simplicity and joy is "spent too soon." I know she is wiser, much wiser, and worth more in the money market; but she is aged in mind, and the bloom of her youth has vanished. Let me not be misunderstood: I do not for a moment suggest she is necessarily in any way morally deteriorated; but only that the radiance and simplicity have disappeared from her life, and I want to know if this need be so.

Take the young man in similar circumstances. You see him after a few months' experience of London life with no spark or trace of childhood's radiance left. Even if he be not in any way vicious, it is gone. I don't say he has not many worthy qualities, and may not do well in life. What I am trying to discover is how to preserve "the radiant morn," so that wherever this country girl or man go they may brighten all around and every one be the better for their presence,

in the same way, but in far deeper measure, as every one is the better for the presence of a happy child, for **"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"** (Matt. 19. 14). It is the child "in the midst" that does us good; and I ask if there is no way of growing up and yet preserving the priceless qualities that make childhood so charming? Yes, there is; and we shall discern what it is, if for a moment we look away from these daily scenes of our own time and fix our eyes upon one quiet life in Palestine.

There, bright like some beacon of safety, some lighthouse 'mid the tossing waves of sin and shame, some bright star guiding us to the desired haven, we mark the life of the perfect Man, Christ Jesus, who from His earliest "radiant morn" **"advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and men"** (Luke 2. 52). His life shone ever brighter and brighter as the clouds got darker; and when at last it was briefly eclipsed according to the Divine will by the tragedy and

sacrifice of His Cross and Passion, it was only to emerge more brightly than ever from the guarded rock-tomb, shine briefly again on earth, until translated to Heaven, where, to the spiritual eyes of thousands on earth, it has shone ever since so brightly, that in no language of sentimental hyperbole, but in sober simplicity they can say, **"We see Jesus"** (Heb. 2. 9).

Such a record redeems the race from despair. It is true that He was God manifest in flesh; but none the less He was the Man Christ Jesus, of like passions with us, and tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.

And He is the example to all the human race. He is the Superman, to whom all who follow Him are destined to be conformed. He is not only the Way, the Leader, but He has that Divine power which can transform others **"into His likeness, from glory to glory by the Lord, the Spirit"** (2 Cor. 3. 18). Once Christ dwells in the heart by faith this transformation takes place, gradually or suddenly.

No sentimentality or exaggeration is needed to help us here. In words of one syllable and of matchless simplicity the statement that yet transcends in its mystery all our thoughts is made in Holy Writ: **"As He is, so are we in this world"** (1 John 4. 17).

Here, then, is the answer; and the fact is clearly revealed that if the radiance of the spirit passes away with the morn it is spent too soon. It is spent needlessly, carelessly, and wilfully; simply because we have not made the Man Christ Jesus our "Exemplar"; because we have not followed in His footsteps in the power of the New Life. It will, of course, be urged here, as I have shown elsewhere, that this radiance as a matter of fact does not clothe and grace the lives of most Christians whom one knows. I own it; indeed, it is for this very reason, and because so little of the brightness, the joy, the liberty of the Father's house characterises the life of the average Christian that this little book is written.

It is pressed upon me with irresistible

force that if Christians only reflected more of the Divine beauty, they would be possessed of more Divine power, and all men would take **"knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus"** (Acts 4. 13); in the same way that all men took knowledge of Moses that he had been with God when they saw his face. I would substitute these living examples for documentary evidence. I would like to depend more upon *showing*, and less upon *describing* the beauty of the Christian life. And I am sure in this I am right. This is the great need of the Church of God to-day. To be radiant with Christ-beauty, spiritual with His Spirit, gracious with His grace.

Some may think it a small thing to be happy in the Lord, but a great thing to be sound in the faith. But it is all false to place the two in such antithesis. Happiness and joy involve no yielding of principles. Soundness in doctrine, after all, is not contagious, and does not in itself win men to Christ; but happiness and joy are, and do; and likeness to

the Master in one brings other men to His feet. In these matters nothing is small or trivial, and the way a Christian man acts and speaks has a force of which he little dreams.

Look how the Bible recognises the smallest qualities of the fruit of the Spirit. "**Love is kind**" (1 Cor. 13. 4), seems such a small, such a trivial thing to say, but it represents the same quality and is of the same character as the love that gave the only begotten Son to die for us sinners on the Cross of Calvary.

Standing by the seashore you may watch the tiny waves breaking on the sand in small ripples. Do you know the origin of those ripples, and whence they come? Far away off on the ocean has been a mighty storm. Many a great ship has been wrecked, many lives have been lost, but the only expression of the tossing sea that is left is that little ripple that just reaches your feet as it dies upon the sand.

So it is with love. Out there on the ocean,

at Calvary, has been a mighty storm and conflict of love with the powers of sin and darkness; the Saviour has triumphed, and His love has been shed abroad in human hearts, until its tiniest ripple is expressed in some small deed of kindness, some smile of love.

This radiance, however, is not a small nor a trivial thing. It is not small, for it is great in its effect on the lives and hearts of men; and is a great testimony to the power of God, which can keep a man's heart in such simplicity and joy that he irradiates brightness and love wherever he goes.

Neither is it trivial, because it is one of the last results, one of the ultimate expressions of that outpouring of love by which our redemption was affected, and flows directly as a result of that great Atonement.

Thus far, then, we have seen that the morn of life is radiant, and we have considered the reason why. We have also acknowledged that, as a rule, it passes away and has no

quality of permanence. But in our present chapter we must acknowledge that it is "spent too soon," that such was not necessary, not intended, and that there is, someway and somehow, a means of conquering earth's gloom by Heaven's brightness, so that the mature life may perfectly fulfil the promise of childhood.

IV

“Help Us to Look”

**“Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky—”**

CHAPTER IV

“Help Us to Look”

AT first sight, I admit, our endeavour in these days to perpetuate the radiant morn of childhood seems hopeless. The steady pressure of cares and troubles, the household duties, the family anxieties, the personal worries, the business stress, the strain of competition, the money cares, the misunderstandings and disappointments, all age us, and make us grave and anxious, worried and perplexed, downcast and wearied, until the last spark of childhood's brightness has utterly departed from our spirits.

But there is a secret of perpetual youth, and it is truly indicated in the lines that head this chapter. “Help us to look”—this is the prayer. Lift our eyes to the Unseen and so

let us see the invisible, and Him who is invisible, that the radiance of that "bright place beyond the sky" may be so reflected in our lives that our radiant morn will never pass away!

I write, of course, as I have stated in the preface, for Christian people who understand something of the revelation of God in Christ, not merely as Creator, and therefore a sort of common Father, but as being definitely in a special sense their Father, and they His children by birth from above, a second birth which is not of man but of God, and is the result of a simple and living faith in Christ. To such I may say I have never much fancied the name of "Christian." In the Bible I think it only occurs twice, and is not generally adopted by the writers of the New Testament, but rather quoted as a nickname. Why then it should be now such a universal appellation is hard to understand, especially when its sister word "Jesuit" has such a very restricted use.

It helps little, too, to think of oneself as a Christian, for the word now means anything or nearly nothing, as when it is taken as the natural result of having a Christian name or of being born in this favoured country. I think if we accustomed ourselves to the name of “Child,” or “Child of God,” and the like, we should be far more youthful than we are. You may say, “there is not much in a name,” but in fact there often is, and in this case most decidedly the constant recalling of a relationship leads to the realisation and enjoyment of that blood tie; and if we always speak of ourselves as children we shall come to regard ourselves as such, and all this helps in the retention of the child-heart and the child-beauty.

Indeed, the only way that one can rightly remain a child through life is by fully realising that one is ever a child of God.

The truth is that when the relation between the human and its Divine Objective, the finite and the Infinite, is really known and enjoyed, it actually preserves in a man a

youthfulness and simplicity of spirit, a morning radiance that is both rare and beautiful, and the secret reason is this: Our Father who is in Heaven is Love, for **"God is Love"** (1 John 4. 16), and love never ages; love keeps the spirit evermore merry, bright, and simple, and leads out the life in that self-forgetful altruism that is the secret of happiness.

"He that loveth is born of God" (1 John 4. 7), and is a child of God, and will ever so remain to all eternity, and never, never will get old. Caleb is a conspicuous Bible instance of one who couldn't and didn't grow old. He knew and loved and trusted God, when a spy in Canaan, in a way neither Moses nor Joshua did, and after forty-five years of the most arduous life of constant travel that killed all but himself and one other, he declared he had not aged a single day, but was as strong and vigorous and supple at 85 as at 40! No one can keep gay who is not happy; and at first sight Christianity, judged by its professors, seems about the worst scheme to ensure this.

For, alas! Puritanism has deeply stamped our faith with an aspect that is the reverse of bright or attractive, and few have the need in these days, as Moses had, to wear a veil on account of the radiance of their faces!

There is still a deep underlying thought which vaguely pervades many minds, though never uttered, that after all Christianity is a sort of scheme for making us more or less miserable now, that we may be happy hereafter! And I fear this idea is strongly supported by the gloomy faces and lives of many of our good men.

On the happiness hereafter, though assured to us through the merits of Another, I do not speak here, as it is not my theme, and is not a common cause of youthfulness now. But that Christianity was meant to imply present unhappiness I must strenuously deny; and if Christians' faces were on an average one inch shorter the Devil would have a poor chance, for happiness is contagious, whereas misery sits alone; brightness attracts, while dullness repels.

When, moreover, we cease to use so much the name of Christian and imagine we are grown up, and think of ourselves more as children, what a libel such an aspect and frame of mind is on our Father's care and love!

When Jacob whined at the court of Pharaoh about the "**few and evil years**" (Gen. 47. 9) of his life, I often think he did more to injure Pharaoh and turn him against God than if he had openly blasphemed. Be assured, then, that the long, unhappy face is the Devil's servant.

What is the prayer of Moses, the man of God, the one man who wore a veil? "**O satisfy (or saturate) us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days**" (Psa. 90. 14). In other words, give us that radiant morn that cannot pass away. This looks as if Christianity were meant to make us happy now, and I am glad to believe that a change is passing over our ideals, and that in spite of these difficult days, in many cases the brightness and joy of Christian life are being more realised and more displayed.

To me, walking about at Keswick during Convention week, as I have done at intervals during the last twenty years, the delight has been to see “the radiant morn” stamped on hundreds of faces long past their childhood. Personally, that seemed to me a stronger argument in favour of Christianity than all the discourses delivered in the tents.

If one has truly the heart of a child, and that child God’s child, one cannot refrain from boasting of one’s Great Father and the good care He takes of His children; and one is also careful never to look sick or sorry, or old or dull, lest it should cast a reflection on His great Name.

If we **“make our boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad”** (Psa. 34. 2), for it is quite certain that once Christians strike the major chord boldly and firmly, instead of harping on the minor keys of life’s harp, the glad sounds from the Father’s House will attract many prodigals and homeless strangers. **“It is a good thing to give**

thanks unto the Lord" (Psa. 92. 1). A good thing, not for God, but for us, for after all there is a deep meaning in the words, "**The joy of the Lord is our strength**" (Neh. 8. 10). And so our question how to prevent the passing of life's radiant morn is answered when we look up and by faith reach the Divine, so that our lives reflect the glories and echo the harmonies of Heaven.

To keep young is to keep bright and well in body, soul, and spirit; to keep pure, to keep childlike and humble, to keep radiant and happy, to live for others and to forget oneself.

There is a deep sense in which bad people are all old, and good people all young; and while inculcating, as I shall seek to do, the right and wise care of the body in every detail as conducing to happiness, one cannot deny that even with every care this end may not be reached, and the life may prove dull, unless by this upward look the true childlike heart and spirit and purity of thought and aim are preserved.

V

“Where Life and Joy”

**“Where life and joy, and light and peace,
In undivided empire reign;
And thronging angels never cease
Their breathless strain.”**

CHAPTER V

“Where Life and Joy”

IN the last chapter we tried to look for the secret of perpetual youth, and I think we may say that at any rate we found it in theory, and all that remains is for each one for himself to translate this theory into practice.

Thousands have done so, and if it were needed I could produce men and women from every class of society who have all the radiance and bright simplicity of childhood, combined with full maturity of mind and body. Having, therefore, proved that the early eclipse of joy is needless, and having indicated the true remedy, I would here, and in the next two chapters, consider the various hindrances to happiness in body, mind, and spirit; how they do occur, and in what way they may best be overcome.

Turning, then, first to the physical side, I may at once point out that "radiance" is by no means entirely dependent upon physical health. That this is true is proved by hundreds on sick-beds who are radiant with light and glory. No doubt, regarded generally, sickness and death are evils; but God is able to make all ill turn into blessing for us, and nowhere is this seen more wonderfully than in sickness. While, therefore, every healthy mind desires recovery from sickness as speedily as possible, if this be not granted and the illness be prolonged, a rich compensation is found in the wonderful revelations of the love of God that these sufferers at times experience. I felt sure that the reason that this revelation of the glory of God is not more common is because the arguments and sequences of thought in the Epistle to the Romans are but little appreciated by many. The Revised Version reads: **"Let us also rejoice in our tribulations (or crushings): knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience,**

probation; and probation, hope; and hope putteth not to shame; because the love of God has been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost which was given unto us" (Rom. 5. 3). The Twentieth Century New Testament reads: "Let us also triumph in our troubles; for we know that trouble produces endurance, and endurance stability of character, from which springs hopefulness—a hopefulness which never disappoints. For the love of God has, through the Holy Spirit which was given unto us, flooded our hearts."

With such a sequence the secret of the radiancy is revealed; and, indeed, there can be no doubt that it is often easier to be bright and joyful in the quiet of a sick-room than in the hurry and drudgery of daily life.

I was much struck a short time ago, when going through the largest diamond-cutting works in the world, to notice how unattractive an uncut diamond really is; no one could possibly wear it. I found that what really

made a brilliant was the fact that, though it might be no larger than a small shot, no fewer than sixty-four facets were cut upon its surface, every one of which reflected a fresh ray of light. Is it not often in sickness and trial that facets after facet is cut and polished on the human diamond, so that it becomes more and more luminous and radiant? It is the cutting that beautifies the gem; and the diamond, which has no colour itself, thus reflects every colour of the rainbow when this long process has transformed it into a brilliant. The radiance will never pass away from any human jewel when it has once been through God's workshop. There are plenty of "rough diamonds" among God's children that might be thus changed into "brilliants."

It is then quite clear that there is a pressure, a crushing, a sickness, a failure of bodily power that does but brighten and illumine the sufferer. "Life and joy" do not therefore necessarily mean "healthy life and joy," for joy may be seen in many even when the life

is unhealthy, though we grant that such is not the normal condition. We are not all diamonds, but we are all His jewels, and all jewels require cutting to be radiant, and still deeper cutting if they are to reveal the image of their Lord.

“ The gem to which the artist did entrust
 That face which now outshines the cherubim
 Gave up full willingly its emerald dust
 To take Christ’s likeness, to make room for Him.
 So must it be, if thou wouldst bear about
 Thy Lord—thy shining surface must be lowered,
 Thy goodly prominence be chipped and scored,
 Till those deep scars have brought His features out.
 Sharp be the stroke and true, make no complaints,
 For heavenly lines thou givest earthly grit;
 But, oh! how oft our coward spirit faints
 When we are called our jewels to submit
 To His keen graver, which so oft hath writ
 The Saviour’s image on His wounded saints.”

If, then, even in sickness and pain we may be happy, how much more should this be the case in health and strength! And so, indeed, it would be if the health and strength of the spirit and mind always worked hand in hand

with that of the body. But it is not so. How many stalwart bodies do we see, which are but the outward frames of spirits sick unto death; of sin-stained souls, of weary and heavy laden hearts!

Health of body is, after all, only one out of the three factors needed, and, as we have seen, in many cases it is not essential.

There is, however, a peculiar illness to which I must allude, for I have so much to do with it. It occupies the borderland between the physical and the psychic, between body and mind, and sometimes we think it belongs to the one, and sometimes to the other.

At any rate, seeing it as often as I do, and so frequently amongst good Christian people, I can bear witness that there is nothing that can *temporarily* so eclipse all brightness and light, so extinguish all radiance and joy, as this disease! Though the person is sane enough, yet the disease seems to overspread the mind, just as a sudden cloud of mist obliterates a landscape. All is often swallowed

up in temporary gloom. This disease is also very insidious, and creeps on inch by inch, and its early inroads are so quiet and gradual that it is often neglected until it is most difficult to cure. This affection is called "nervous disease," and has many varieties—hypochondria, neurasthenia, hysteria, and mild melancholia are some of them. It has been brought home to all of us in the familiar "shell-shock" of the Great War, and we understand it now better than ever we did before. When it has reached a certain pitch it may darken the brightest Christianity, and for the time, at any rate, all hope is extinguished: God disappears, prayer and the Bible have lost their value, and all seems lost, while the soul may lie under the crushing weight of some imaginary unpardonable sin. Nothing is more piteous than to see persons in this condition. They may be dying of consumption, or lying in bed with broken limbs, or suffering from fever, and yet be bright and happy; but with this disease, when at all severe,

the happiness of the mind seems entirely gone and the depression is profound. The reason I allude to this distressing subject here is to bring relief and comfort to any sufferer who may read these pages. Once they understand it is *not* spiritual darkness, but a physical disorder that has temporarily darkened the spirit, they take courage, knowing that all is really unchanged, and once the weakness is combated and overcome all the brightness will return.

For the expression of life and joy, therefore, it is essential that the person be not suffering from any severe form of functional nerve disease. And it is well for those who wish by their own brightness to illumine the lives of others, to see to it that any beginnings of nervous debility be attended to in time before the spirit has begun to be affected.

The cause is often entirely preventable, and is frequently due to overstrain or worry of some sort that could well be avoided.

Many, indeed, fall victims to nervous

debility from sheer overwork, often self-inflicted, slaving all the week, and working all Sunday, and having no real day of rest. Of course if the fundamental law of God and of nature of one day's rest in seven be thus set aside, however plausible the reason may be, the result is the same, and sooner or later comes the nervous breakdown that might have been wholly avoided. I trust that these words may warn some in time of the danger they are running. The proper and rightful care of the body is an absolute duty we owe to God as well as to ourselves, and Christian workers are egregious sinners in this respect.

I know well that, on the other hand, there are large numbers of arm-chair and feather-bed Christians who are in no such danger, but whose lives are equally dimmed by sloth. For health, the *via media* must always be trodden, and excesses of either sort be avoided. There is, however, one great proviso I must make, one caution I must urge even in these brief counsels, and that is: There is one thing

worse than neglect and carelessness of the body, and this one thing is over-anxiety and over-care of it. Once health becomes the "end of life" and the proper and common-sense precautions that the physique should not deteriorate are exaggerated into a constant introspection and perpetual dread of disease, the evil is greater.

The pursuit of health is good, says a cynical but true writer, "if it be not our own," and there is no doubt that undue carefulness does far more harm than carelessness. It is possible to be careless and happy, but it is impossible to be overcareful and happy!

One almost fears, therefore, to give any counsels respecting physical health, lest they be overacted upon and become an absorbing pursuit. Let me urge, then, ever to let the occupation of your mind be outside yourself. Live for God and man, and do not live for yourself, if you would be both healthy and happy: otherwise, it is certain you will be neither the one nor the other!

Healthy life should be joyful, and “life and joy,” as in the heading of this chapter, should ever go together. Health is ease, and ill-health is dis-ease; and when I am well, all my limbs, my organs, my functions work in such perfect harmony that life itself is a pleasure, and each morning is like a resurrection, and there is a sense in which I cannot tell whether I am in or out of the body, so perfectly does the physical frame respond to every demand of the spirit and to every dictate of the will. Though this in itself cannot maintain a radiant life, none can deny that it is naturally a great help to it; and although, as we have shown, the power and love of God often displays its greatest triumphs in a frail and broken body, at the same time the normal, the true and right condition is a joyful spirit, a sound mind in a healthy body.

VI

“And Light and Peace”

**“Where life and joy, and light and peace
In undivided empire reign;
And thronging angels never cease
Their breathless strain.”**

CHAPTER VI

“And Light and Peace”

IN the last chapter we took “life and joy” as representing the *physical* factor that preserves life’s radiance; and in “light and peace” we will take the *mental* element, while in the next chapter the words “uplift our hearts” shall be the text on which to speak of the *spiritual* source of brightness and joy.

There can be no doubt of the close connection of the mental attitude with happiness. “Nothing,” says Maeterlinck, “can hurt us but through the medium of our own minds.” It is the way we look at things that makes them evil or good to us, and according to our standpoint is, to some extent, our happiness or our misery.

We have, of course, optimists and pessi-

mists, and for the former it is comparatively easy to look, as people say, on "the bright side of things." This class hope for "the silver lining," while the other class see nothing but the dark cloud. For true "light and peace" to possess our hearts, however, we must have in our minds that larger vision of which Browning wrote with such power:

" And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days ? Have we withered
or agonised ?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing
might issue thence ?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony
should be prized ?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal
and woe :

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome : 'tis we musicians
know.

There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall
live as before ;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying
sound ;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much
good more ;
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the Heaven a
perfect round."

Abt. Vogler.

Much depends upon the direction in which the mind is turned, and inasmuch as the radiance of which I write is not, after all, a physical but a mental attribute, it is quite clear that the mind must be in health to be happy. For there is this great and radical difference between a healthy mind and a healthy body: the latter may be diseased, and yet the person may be full of brightness and joy, but if the mind be worn out or diseased the joy all goes. Of the two, therefore, it is clearly more important to keep the mind in health than the body, and to this end we must ever remember that, after all, it is the spirit at the back of both, and its relation to the Divine, that is the real source of true happiness and joy.

Let us look at it in this way. Our theme is the continuance of the radiant brightness

and simplicity of childhood throughout life, and we find that its source lies in the relation of the spirit of man to the Divine Being who is both light and love; but that though this be the source the spirit is always dimmed and eclipsed if the mind be weak or warped, whereas if the body only be ill the life is often brighter and the fuller of joy and happiness.

The source of light and peace then is the spirit; the media through which this shines are the mind (or soul) and body. The former is the more important; it is therefore of its condition we now speak.

How can the mind be best kept in health, and "in light and peace?"

Work, steady work is an essential, but must not be carried to the point of exhaustion. There should be no worry or shock. All overstrain of the nervous system (as pointed out in the last chapter) will surely affect the mind, for when the piano is out of tune, the most brilliant player cannot produce sweet music.

Extreme monotony of mental occupation

is also very bad for the mind, and the rigid narrow spiritual grooves or ruts in which the lives of some of the best Christian workers seem fixed is almost as conducive to an unhealthy mind as the lives of the monks of old. Such conditions are incompatible with brightness and joy. It may be with some they are unavoidable, but it is seldom, indeed, that there is no choice and no relief possible for the tired mind! Work is of course essential, but so is variety, and the secular is as much an essential part of a healthy life as the religious.

"My son, give Me thine heart" (Prov. 23. 26) does not mean that we are to enjoy none of God's good gifts save those connected with eternity and Heaven. He gives us **"all things richly to enjoy"** (1 Tim. 6. 17), and it is the sheep whom the Good Shepherd has found that alone can **"go in and out, and find pasture"** (John 10. 9).

We all know there is pasture within the door, but it is a new thing to find God everywhere, and pasture without as well as within.

"Nothing" to God's child is henceforth common or unclean, and "all things" are His. Brother Lawrence found this out hundreds of years ago in his monastery in Paris, for in "*The Practice of the Presence of God*" we read that while he was cooking the monks' food in the monastery kitchen, amidst a perfect babel of sounds, he felt as much peace and fullness of joy in God's presence as when kneeling before the altar in the church. A mind that can thus **"go in and out, and find pasture"** (John 10. 9) is healthy and sane as well as devout. We must remember, however, that Christ is ever the door of the fold, and it is by Him we pass in or out; in other words He is the sanction and the real joy both of our devotions and of our recreations.

With regard to the work, we must remember that, after all, it is not so much its amount as the manner in which it is done that breaks us down. Sudden cessation of prolonged arduous work, so far from brightening the life, is often dangerous to the mental balance.

Many a hard worker dies sooner from inactivity than from excess of work.

Warning signs of brain trouble are seen in changes for the worse in the temper and affections, in a total loss of the sense of humour (that most sane and healthy of qualities), and in the occurrence of constant mistakes. Coupled with these are found some morbid fancies or feelings. All should be regarded as symptoms of exhaustion.

Much may be done by change of thought and the use of will power. A calm review of the real facts of life and conduct, a cessation of undue strain, a change of life for a time, but, above all, a realisation of the presence and care and love of God, will, however, do most to clear away the mists and restore the lost balance.

The general exhortation of the Apostle to good thinking is of special value in these cases. **“Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just,**

whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, . . . think on these things" (Phil. 4. 8).

An old proverb truly says, "As a man thinks, so is he."

It is of the greatest importance to cultivate some hobby and recreation as a relief from the daily work. The more such differs from the daily occupation the more useful it is; if of an out-of-door nature, so much the better. Interest in life should be kept up all round, and the mind should be kept in contact with many and diverse subjects, and, above all, be ever occupied with and drawn out in the interests of others.

I am constantly seeing the painful results of neglect of these simple and practical maxims.

Most mental and nervous breakdowns can be distinctly traced to some perfectly preventable violation of the laws of health and common sense, and we have no warrant whatever to believe that if we persistently

set the laws of nature at defiance, God will interfere and save us from the results of our own folly.

It is a great help to be able to detect the first signs of mental deterioration. One of the earliest indications of overwork is "staleness." The occupation becomes wearisome, little worries upset, little mistakes are made, little things are forgotten, lassitude and depression ensue. It does not amount to much, but it is significant.

Now is the time to act. The work should be stopped, a sufficient change taken with congenial friends, and the full routine should not be resumed until one feels vigorous and anxious to get to work again. All this requires time, and it is extraordinary how one grudges spending time over oneself, though one is glad to spend it for others; there is also a healthy repugnance against taking any special care of ourselves that requires to be overcome on these occasions.

If this condition of staleness be neglected,

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the trouble goes on and becomes "nervous irritability," or the first stage of neurasthenia. And now, indeed, the brightness and joy have departed for a while, and the life becomes overshadowed.

To get well now takes more time, trouble, and expense, but it must be achieved at all costs, for unless something radical is done, the sufferer gets still deeper into trouble and reaches the stage of apathy or true nervous debility.

But I must not say more, and only write this much in the hope of preventing avoidable breakdowns, and to help to maintain the mind at a normal healthful level. It is much easier to keep well in mind when one is well than to regain strength once it is lost, however slightly, and the mental medium through which radiance and brightness shine must be in health, though the source of the light and peace be spiritual.

VII

“Uplift our Hearts”

**“Oh! by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky.”**

CHAPTER VII

“Uplift our Hearts”

HERE at last we reach the ultimate secret of a happy life—the uplifting of our hearts to realms on high. So long as our affections are set on things on the earth, so long is it a story of endless disappointments, worries, and troubles. But when our ears have heard the word, “**My son, give Me thine heart**” (Prov. 23. 26), and when our wills have obeyed it, and we have really known and believed the love of our Father in Heaven, and of our Saviour at His right hand, our treasure-house is transferred from earth to Heaven, and where our treasure is there is our heart also.

It is position that gives us power. It was because Christ dwelt in spirit in the bosom

of His Father in Heaven that He was enabled to declare God perfectly on earth. And if we would do the same, we must live where Christ lived, who declared when He was in Jerusalem that He was **"the Son of Man, which is in Heaven"** (John 3. 13).

"But," you say, "this surely involves being in two places at once." Of course it does, and there won't be much radiance in our lives until we are.

Look at that letter of St. Paul to Philippi, or, indeed, at any of his epistles. In all of them you see men and women in two places at once. Men and women who were at Philippi, and whom you could meet there in the streets any day in the week, were at the very same time **"in Christ Jesus"** (Col. 1. 2) in Heaven. And I feel very sure that if you had met one of them you would see in his bright and steady gaze something that marked him as a citizen of **"a better country"** (Heb. 11. 16).

"Are you on your way to Heaven?" asked

a Christian carrier of a man to whom he was giving a ride in his van.

"I live there," was the reply, and the carrier thought the poor man was deaf.

But in sober truth, and in hard matter of fact, and in real earnest, what I am saying is so, and there is no romancing or exaggeration about it. But proof is better than assertion, and I will quote a few passages in support of what I affirm.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High" (Psa. 91. 1). Where is that? It is in Heaven, in the heart of God.

"Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (Psa. 91. 1). Where is that? It is on earth, where alone shade is needed.

"He that is planted in the house of the Lord" (Psa. 92. 13). Where is that? It is in Heaven, where God dwells. **"Shall flourish in the courts of my God"** (Psa. 92. 13). Where is that? That is on earth, for a man must be planted in Heaven if he would flourish on earth.

"They that wait on the Lord . . . shall

mount up with wings as eagles" (Isa. 40. 31). Where to? To God in Heaven. **"They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint"** (Isa. 40. 31). Where is that? On earth. If we don't want to be tired on earth, we must live with God in Heaven.

"We all, . . . reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed" (2 Cor. 3. 18). Where is that? In Heaven, in God's presence. **"For which cause we faint not"** (2 Cor. 4. 16). Where is that? On earth.

"We sit with Him in the heavenly places, in Christ Jesus" (Eph. 2. 6). Where is that? In Heaven, and now. **"Good works, that we should walk in them"** (Eph. 2. 10). Where is that? On earth.

From all these passages, and many others, we see plainly our life, conduct, character, courage, and strength on earth depend on our living in Heaven. This is the true, in contrast to the spurious, mysticism. It involves the first-hand or personal knowledge of God

as distinguished from second-hand or hearsay knowledge. **"No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Him. Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest"** (Matt. 11. 27, 28). Here is the whole process. The way to know the Father is by coming to the Son, and when He reveals to us that we are in this special sense children of God, and all the wonders it embraces, we are at rest. The tossing and the troubles are over. There is no trouble in Heaven, and this is the secret of God's pavilion, where we are **"hidden from the strife of tongues"** (Prov. 31. 20). "Uplift our hearts" becomes thus a very real prayer, and involves a very real change from earth to Heaven, and a broadening and a deepening of our outlook on all things that nothing else can parallel. The heart becomes satisfied, the spirit joyous, and the whole life is overspread with a roseate hue as the light of Heaven dawns upon the path.

Listen to what an old monk sang hundreds of years ago :

" I pass within the glory even now,
Where shapes and words are not ;
For joy that passeth words, O Lord, art Thou,
And bliss that passeth thought.

I enter there, for Thou hast borne away
The burden of my sin ;
With conscience clear as Heaven's unclouded day
Thy courts I enter in.

Heaven now for me, for ever Christ and Heaven,
The endless NOW begun ;
No *promise*, but a gift eternal *given*,
Because the work is done."

Listen to another saint of old:

" Marvel not that Christ in glory
All my inmost heart hath won ;
Not a star to cheer my darkness,
But a light beyond the sun.

I have seen the face of Jesus,
Tell me not of aught beside ;
I have heard the voice of Jesus,
All my soul is satisfied.

In the radiance of the glory,
First I saw His blessed face,
And for ever shall that glory
Be my home, my dwelling-place."

And yet one singer more, the saintly Paul
Gerhardt:

"The land! the glory of all lands,
Beyond the Jordan's wave;
Beyond the weary desert sands,
The land beyond the grave!

Now safe within that glorious land,
We prove His faithful word;
'Midst Canaan's golden fields we stand,
The ransomed of the Lord.

His joy fulfilled in us who tread
That land His love has given;
We followed where His footsteps led,
And found ourselves in Heaven.

In Him we tread these radiant heights,
His endless joy our own;
The full deep tide of God's delight,
He could not drink alone."

To reflect, therefore, anything of the Divine
on earth we must dwell in spirit with God in
Heaven. One finds the result of this plainly
declared in that wonderful story of the Prodigal
Son. Here we get the whole episode of "the
radiant morn." We see the boy at first in his

youth happy in his father's house, "the radiant morn" of his days. "Has passed away" is clearly shown in his journey to the far country, and "spent too soon" is fulfilled in the wasting of his substance in riotous living. "Help us to look" is the first turning back towards home. "Where life and joy and light and peace" is the story of the prodigal's remembrance of his father's house. "Uplift our hearts" is the moment when he decides, **"I will arise and go to my father"** (Luke 15. 18). "Thy soul-inspiring grace," the reception he gets there; and "shadows never fall" and "Thou art Lord of all" are the entrance at last into the father's house and the restoration of the joy of his youth.

"And they began to be merry" (Luke 15. 24). Here at length is "the radiant morn" restored, and the prodigal son, so old in sin, at last becomes a child again.

We can picture his gravity, his misery, his depression. We can see him weeping tears of repentance at the father's kiss and robe

and ring; but not until the father's house is entered and become again his home do the last shades of sin depart, and he begins "**to be merry.**" That word "began" is most significant. No fear of this radiance passing away. It is for eternity, and the heart thus uplifted is cast down no more.

This is the beginning of the new life in fullness and power—but how few reach it!

Many prodigals have been received by the Father; they have the robe, the ring, the shoes, and know that for them the sacrifice has been offered; but they are not yet dwelling in spirit in happy intimacy in the Father's house. They have the gravity, the peace, the assurance that God's forgiveness gives, but not the simple joy, the happy radiance, that is reflected from a life lived at home in Heaven even now. They are going to Heaven, but haven't yet got there. They are going to sing the new song, but haven't yet begun to learn the Divine harmonies.

Those old monks knew more about this than

many of us to-day, and my earnest wish is that by the constant reiteration of which I am guilty in this little book, I may, by the very force of repetition, make my readers believe that there is a Christianity that many of us have not, but which is worth having, is possible to attain; something which fills the life with the simple joy and brightness of Divine childhood.

VIII

“Thy Soul-inspiring Grace”

**“Oh! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky.”**

CHAPTER VIII

“Thy Soul-inspiring Grace”

THY soul-inspiring grace” gives us the other side of the Christian secret of a happy life. In the last chapter, “Uplift our hearts,” we soared to Heaven in spirit, and found that the secret of a radiant life on earth was for the spirit to dwell in the radiance of Heaven. In this chapter we get the reverse of this. It is not a question now of dwelling in and with God, but of God dwelling with us. It is down here on earth, in our homes, in our business lives, that “Thy soul-inspiring grace” is needed and is seen.

If half of any radiance our lives may possess comes from God’s radiant home on high, the other half is from His goodness to us on earth. In both cases, I admit, God our Father is the source; but in the last chapter it comes from

our dwelling in His home, and in this from His dwelling in our home. You get the two ideas clearly shown in the last chapter of St. Luke and the first chapter of St. John. In this latter chapter you get two disciples coming to stay with Christ in His home one afternoon. In St. Luke you get Christ going to stay with two disciples in their home at Emmaus, at about the same hour. We know how radiant their faces became; and how their hearts burned within them; and we can well believe it was the same with the two in St. John, who came, and **"saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him"** (John 1. 14). What, then, is "Thy soul-inspiring grace" of which our hymn speaks?

The last words of the Bible are these: **"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen"** (Rev. 22. 21). What is this grace, and how can it be with us all? The grace of Christ is at least threefold in character. There is His personal grace and beauty. **"Grace is poured into Thy lips"** (Psa. 45. 2). **"They wondered at the**

gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth" (Luke 4. 22).

There is, secondly, the grace or graciousness with which He endows us. **"Singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord"** (Eph. 5. 19). **"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt"** (Col. 4. 6).

And lastly, there is the grace of God shown to us sinners, and which follows us all our lives as God's children.

Christ came to the earth **"full of grace and truth"** (John 1. 14), and the grace of God brings salvation. We are **"saved by grace"** (Eph. 2. 8); **"we have access into this grace wherein we stand"** (Rom. 5. 2).

And this wonderful grace or favour of God having been shown, first in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, by His provision for our salvation and eternal happiness, shows itself now in His care and provision for all His children. It is this which is called **"Thy soul-inspiring grace."**

Now this favour of God has two things

which regulate its supply: one is its source in the love of God's heart, and the other, to use a simile, the tap that determines the amount of this endless supply that I use, according to the amount of my need. When grace is the result of the former it is called "**the glory of God's grace**" (Eph. 1. 6), when it is regulated by the latter it is called "**the riches of His grace**" (Rom. 9. 23). "Glory" measures God's heart; "riches" measures my need. In other words, one might describe the former as "the goodness of God," and the latter as "the mercy of God."

Now with these two words in mind describing the two qualities of God's grace, look at this sentence of the Psalmist: "**Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life**" (Psa. 23. 6), and you will see how it is parallel to "**The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all**" (Rev. 22. 21). The difference is, the latter is an aspiration, the former a statement by faith of a fact. That delightful word "**shall**" sets the seal of

certainty by faith in God's never-failing care; it is this that irradiates my life, that neither His goodness nor His mercy shall ever fail me for a single day!

"His goodness"—His own loving provision for His child, according to His ideas of what is best for him.

"His mercy"—His own loving upholding in all my steps and failures. His forbearance, His forgiveness for Christ's sake of all my sins and shortcomings.

The child of God in the eyes of Heaven is a personage of royal lineage, and therefore of no small importance. He is cared for every moment, as was our late King Edward.

Some time ago I saw one of the two private detectives who always shadowed the King, without ever being known or seen. His real safety was not due to his regiment of soldiers, nor to the blue-coated police who surrounded him, but far more to the ceaseless vigilance and watchful care of those two unnoticed men.

It is ever so with me. I can seldom trace

my Father's loving care, but I am never allowed to be without it. It is not only in all the years, months, or weeks of my life. But it is in *all the days* of my life that my Father's two servants—Goodness and Mercy—have to follow me, and care for me, in every emergency. One cannot always trace the action of these servants, but one reaps the benefits and one feels the care.

And really, when one is so cared for, one need care but little for oneself. One becomes, perforce, altruistic, and careful for others, for egoism has left nothing to ask for. **"We have all, and abound"** (Phil. 4. 18). What can you give to a man who is overflowing and wants nothing?

It is impossible for such a one not to be happy in himself, although in such a world of grief and pain the expression of his joy may be much restrained, and tempered with deep sympathy for sufferers everywhere.

For one who really knows "Thy soul-inspiring grace," it is comparatively easy to shed brightness in the lives of others. But,

as we have seen, we are not only thus cared for, but called to study the beauty that was in Christ, and in studying it, to reflect it in our own characters.

Surely this is the force of the Apostle's words: **"But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Lord the Spirit"** (2 Cor. 3. 18).

"From glory to glory," or from "character to character," ever advancing, ever resembling more and more our great Ideal, in His grace and love.

We shall thus gradually become very nice people—unselfish, loving, gracious, bright, cheerful, radiant, sympathetic, generous, humble-minded. Ever "taking knowledge of" that we have been with the Master; and then people begin to think that, after all, there may be something in Christianity that is worth having.

What we want, therefore, is not more knowledge or learning, not more profound

theology or critical acumen, but a simpler and more childlike faith that can make the truths of Scripture actual facts in our lives. People who are really inspired in their lives by this wonderful grace of God are transformed, at any rate in some measure, from their own ugliness into the Divine beauty. The one who, then, knows God's glory in Heaven, and His goodness on earth, cannot fail to have life's radiant morn perpetuated through all the days of his life until he dwells **"in the house of the Lord for ever"** (Psa. 23. 6).

God's first purpose when He formed Adam from the dust of the ground was "His own likeness," and however frustrated this purpose might be, and however the likeness has been destroyed by sin, God's purpose is unchanged, and in 2 Corinthians 3. 18, as we have seen in the last pages, it is once more carried out in the power of our spiritual life until it reaches its culmination in Revelation 22. 4, **"His Name shall be in their foreheads."**

IX

“Shadows Never Fall”

**“Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening’s shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Lord of Light
Art Lord of all.”**

CHAPTER IX

“Shadows Never Fall”

EVENING'S shadows never fall" on the spirit that knows and loves God; but there are other shadows besides the shadows of evening. There are shadows that do not imply gloom on the departure of the sun; but, on the contrary, are caused by its presence, and are only seen when it is shining. Such shadows are blessings and not curses, bring joy and not sorrow, and thus add to our happiness instead of dimming it. It is said that **"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty"** (Psalm 91. 1), that is to say, shall abide under God's protection and blessing. Such is the portion of the man who dwells in spirit with his Father who is in

Heaven, the one who, waiting on God, "renews" or "changes his strength" and mounts "**up with wings as eagles**" (Isa. 40. 31) to His heavenly home. It does us all good to see and know the man who thus lives in the Unseen. No wonder he is content and happy; no wonder there is a song on his lips and joy in his heart; no wonder his "radiance" has not "passed away," for he is abiding "**under the shadow of the Almighty**" (Psa. 91. 1), and the sun cannot "**smite him by day, nor the moon by night**" (Psa. 121. 6); he is secure and freed from care.

But we may go a step further. Such a man is not only blessed, but inevitably becomes a blessing in his turn, for he who abides "**under the shadow of the Almighty,**" becomes himself the shadow of God. In Exodus we are told of a man who was specially named Bezaleel (which means "the shadow of God"), and we note that he was also the first man in the Bible who is said to be full of the Spirit of God. He was filled also with wisdom,

and capable of carrying out perfectly God's will and work.

Such a "shadow of God" must be a blessing wherever he goes.

Shall I ever forget sitting in an old chapel, the property of the Berkeley family in Worcestershire, and hearing the old clergyman, about eighty years of age, dully reading out his sermon. I was almost asleep in my pew, when suddenly these words burst upon my ears, and what they have done for me since I cannot tell: "*The mind casts a shadow just like the body, for good or for evil, on every one that passes by.*"

Look at St. Peter. **"They brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at least the shadows of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them"** (Acts 5. 15); and Peter's shadow is no better than yours, if you walk in the Sun as Peter did, and love it as he loved it. Talk of the gift of healing! No one can measure the power of the unconscious

influence of the man who walks with God. And it is no hard work to cast a shadow! It is simply a question of living in the sunshine.

It seems a contradiction to speak of a bright shadow, and yet there is such a thing in contrast to a dark shadow, and in our metaphor it is the brightness and radiance of your personality that thus restores the sick around you. It is a suffering world, and you were once very ill yourself; and if Jesus Christ has made you whole, get up and walk in the sun, and overshadow some sick ones with the brightness God has given you; and do them good, "**hoping for nothing again**" (Luke 6. 35).

The person who casts the shadow is the last one to know anything about it. Others can see it, those on whom it falls can feel it; but the man himself has nothing directly to do with it, because it is cast by him as unconsciously and without effort as the radiant morn shines in childhood.

Such a shadow does more good than fifty sermons, and requires no effort. It cannot

tire a man to cast a shadow, and I often think that we sometimes effect the greatest good with the least fatigue. Blessing cannot be measured by the amount of effort to produce it, and you cannot limit the value of the Christian to the actual work he does. There must be, in addition, the value of the fruit he bears, the value of the man he is. All this is not a question of learning or of doctrine, it is a question of where we live and what we know of God. It is becoming a channel of Divine love and power to those who need it. The power of love does indeed conquer all! It heals the sick, it looses the chains off the prisoners, it binds up the broken-hearted, and recovers sight to the blind. The radiance of Divine love and joy is a blessing wherever it goes, and evening's shadows will never fall on the lives of those who possess it, for there is no night there—in eternity. This, indeed, is the Christianity that is everywhere needed. I found out its value many years ago, and therefore I write.

I was then staying, by what one calls the merest chance, in a neighbouring country in the house of a man I had never seen before. But he was a man with a shadow. I lived a week with this man; he never said one syllable directly to me about Divine things, but I watched him. I am a trained observer, and I watched him. And I saw for the first time a man who so thoroughly and quietly enjoyed his religion, his God and Father, and his Saviour, that they irradiated his life through and through, and it made my mouth water to live with him. He threw such a Divine shadow of love over me that I felt I was being melted and changed. I could not help it. The chains were falling off, the sick was being healed.

I could stand a good deal, and was by no means a novice, but there is a power in love and joy that is irresistible. You can stand argument, and you can stand scolding. The more you are argued with, the more you can argue back and show you are right; but you

can't argue with a man who does not speak, but only lives; you can't dispute with a shadow. This man was a noble and true Christian, there were no cant phrases about him, and nothing of the ordinary conventional religionist. But he was a man whose soul was burning with the living fire of the love of God, and whose life was radiant from morning to night, and he was glad and rejoiced every day of the week.

I won't say, I can't say, I don't yet know, how much that man did for me. He knows nothing about it, but he cured a sick man that week and struck his chains off, and put a song into his lips that hasn't come to an end yet. And if I write this book, it is that others may sing this song, too, and become shadows of God themselves, and prove by the irresistible argument of personal experience that the radiant morn need not pass away, and does not pass away, and will never pass away from the life of him who really lives in the power of this endless life, and thus becomes a

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channel, however small, for the love of God to the heart of men. It is abundantly proved that shadows, dark shadows, never fall on the life of the man who himself abides under the shadow, the bright shadow, of the Almighty.

It may be that some aged friend is reading these pages, and he has constantly been taught to associate shadows with old age.

“Shadows are around the eaves,
The long day closes.”

Yes! this would be so, doubtless, were this the close of life; but death no longer places us in a grave, but in a gateway, through which the freed spirit passes in the power of an endless life into fairer scenes and greater development. The old man may therefore be the brightest of the party, and the radiant Indian summer of his days eclipse the radiant morn of his childhood. His cares and anxieties are past; he is near his heavenly home, where his Father is awaiting to welcome him, and all is

well. No wonder he is bright and gay, and no shadows fall around his feet! No poet has expressed what old age should be like with such force as Browning. And as his "Rabbi ben Ezra" may possibly not be known to all readers, I give a few stanzas:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor
be afraid!'

"... Should not the heart beat once 'How good
to live and learn?'

"Not once beat 'Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Make, remake, complete—I trust what Thou
shalt do!'

“ But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men ;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy
thirst :

“So, take and use Thy work :
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o’ the stuff, what warpings past the
aim !
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth, and death complete
the same ! ”

CHAPTER X

“Thou art Lord of All”

TO understand this, our closing theme, it is necessary we should understand “The Lord’s Prayer.” Let us look at it, and particularly at the sentences that I emphasise.

“Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in Heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen” (Matt. 6. 9-13).

The words I have emphasised have all to do with the Kingdom of God, the reign or

dominion of God, and inasmuch as **"the Kingdom of God is within you,"** whatever may be the outward manifestation of the reign to which the prayer may allude, we cannot eliminate its subjective force. **"My son, give Me thine heart"** (Prov. 23, 26) finds its echo in the aspiration **"Thy kingdom come,"** which we here take as a prayer, that our Heavenly Father, who is so addressed in this prayer, may take His great power and reign now in these hearts of ours, for it is only then, and in the measure in which this aspiration is fulfilled, that God's will can be done on earth AS it is done in Heaven.

Observe the point of the request is not that God's will should be done. His will surely will be done some way or other, but the prayer goes far beyond this. That the will may be done **"as it is done in Heaven,"** that is, the delight and joy of the heart. So **"I come to do Thy will"** (Heb. 10. 7) **"I delight to do Thy will"** (Psa. 40. 8) are the expressions of Heaven and of the Son of Man who is in Heaven,

and it is this at which the prayer aims. It is no overcoming of my will by a stronger. It is no surrender of my will to a conqueror. It is the result of love. Once my Father is enthroned in this poor heart of mine, my delight and joy is to please Him, and do His will, and in this I show in some small measure a feeble reflection of the Spirit of Christ.

There are, thank God, thousands in whose hearts this prayer has been answered, who honestly, sincerely, and without exaggeration or cant, do truly find a greater pleasure in doing God's will, as far as it is revealed to them, than their own. To them "He is Lord of all" (Rom. 10. 12). They have not only presented their spirits, but their souls and bodies, a living sacrifice as a reasonable or intelligent service.

Once, then, that the Kingdom of God is within us, and that as a result His will is done by us *as* it is done in Heaven, we may pass on to the triumphant pæan, or song of victory, with which this prayer closes:

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

"Thine is the kingdom." Yes, it is true at last! Christianity has become real to me. Christ has conquered, and Thine, O God, is the poor kingdom of my heart. All I am and all I have are Thine, and Thine alone. Not only this, but all the power to effect this, to keep me, and to inspire me, is Thine also, **"and the power."** For of myself I could do nothing. It is the sight of Thee, my Father, the influx of Thy love and grace into my heart, that has conquered it, and subdued my proud spirit and made it Thy kingdom, and made Thy will sweeter than my own: therefore I repeat, **"Thine is the kingdom, and the power,"** and would add, **"and the glory"** too. For I have done nothing, I desire nothing. Too long, indeed, have I resisted, and if now at the last I surrender, it is no credit to me, for I could hold out no longer. Thou hast conquered, and—

"The Gospel of Thy Grace; my stubborn heart
has won,"

and so to Thee, and to Thee alone, who givest all the power, will I ascribe all the glory too, and from the depths of my heart I seal and settle the whole transaction to all eternity with the closing, "**for ever. Amen.**" "So be it," I would not have it otherwise, for it has brought a sweetness and a brightness into my life that I never had before.

I suppose that to some who read this, and who doubtless have repeated this wonderful prayer daily for years, what I have written seems but a fantasy, a dream, an unreal vision. And not only so, but even if such experience could be true, to some it would not be desirable, for fear of becoming narrow, bigoted, disagreeable, and gloomy. I know, alas, that this is a widely spread idea; but I must, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, urge once more that such is *never* the effect of the presence of God in the soul. I grant the presence of mere theology can

produce it, or religious views, or ritual, or any other way of getting the form without the substance, the dogma without the Divine, and it is this that so many Christians possess, and therefore show so little of the grace and joy and liberty of the true child of God.

The fact is far otherwise. Just as in earthly love, known and enjoyed—that rare and most heavenly of earthly blessings—the face and very form are transfigured and radiant, so, but in still greater measure, is the whole man outwardly transfigured and beautified and radiant with the joy of God's love from within, with the nearness and reality of the Divine relationship, with the overwhelming power of the Infinite dwelling in the finite. Once from our hearts we say, "Thou art Lord of all," the problem of "the radiant morn" with which we started is for ever solved, for it can never "pass away." It endures for ever.

I often think of these remarkable words of the Apostle Paul when before King Agrippa:

"Therefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision" (Acts 26. 19).

I firmly believe that no human being passes through life without having at some time or other this heavenly vision. To some it comes in one way, to others in another, but to all God speaks. With Belshazzar it was writing on a wall, with Pharaoh a dream, to the rich farmer in the parable a passing thought, to St. Paul a vision. This heavenly vision is of infinite importance, and when God deigns to speak to man it behoves us to listen. With regard to the problem before us in this book, we may say that its solution turns upon our obedience to this heavenly vision. All the brightness, the radiance, the joy, the love in life depends on our obedience to this revelation.

I have said that it comes in various ways: the reading of a text, a sentence, a sermon, or even a little book like this may bring God before the soul, and may raise the question, "Shall this God be my God, this Father my

Father, this Lord my Lord, and shall my heart be His kingdom, and His will mine? These are great vital questions, and can never be rightly answered save in the presence of God.

Answered rightly, the heart is filled with joy, the soul is content, the will conquered, and having all things and wanting nothing for oneself, one is free to live and die for others, and to let the brightness and joy and love that fill the heart overflow to all who need it.

Obedience is what is required, and **"This is the work of God, that we believe on Jesus Christ whom He hath sent"** (John 6. 29).

Man's fall was brought about by disobedience; his restoration must be through obedience. **"Therefore I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision!"** (Acts 26. 19).

I have now tried to answer the question as to whether a man's life can, even in the stress and pressure that surround him on every side,

be radiant, bright and joyful, simple and loving, and the answer is that it is not only possible, but is actually proved and shown to be so by thousands around us, in spite of the distressful and gloomy days in which our lot is cast. It is at such times that God is glorified in a special way in the brightness of Christian hearts. Still, throughout all our radiance and happiness we must ever remember, as the Psalmist reminds us, that this harmony of life is played upon the harp with a solemn sound. We recall with bowed hearts to whose love and sacrifice it is all due, and when the "*Gloria in Excelsis*" shall be at last sung by the heavenly choir, it will be voiced in the immortal words:

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"
(Rev. 5. 12).

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