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THE
DIVINE IN MAN

FOUR LECTURES GIVEN BY REQUEST
AT THE ALLIANCE CLUB, LONDON

BY

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"YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER"

"WITH CHRIST IN PALESTINE" "THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD"

"CHRISTIAN SANITY" ETC.

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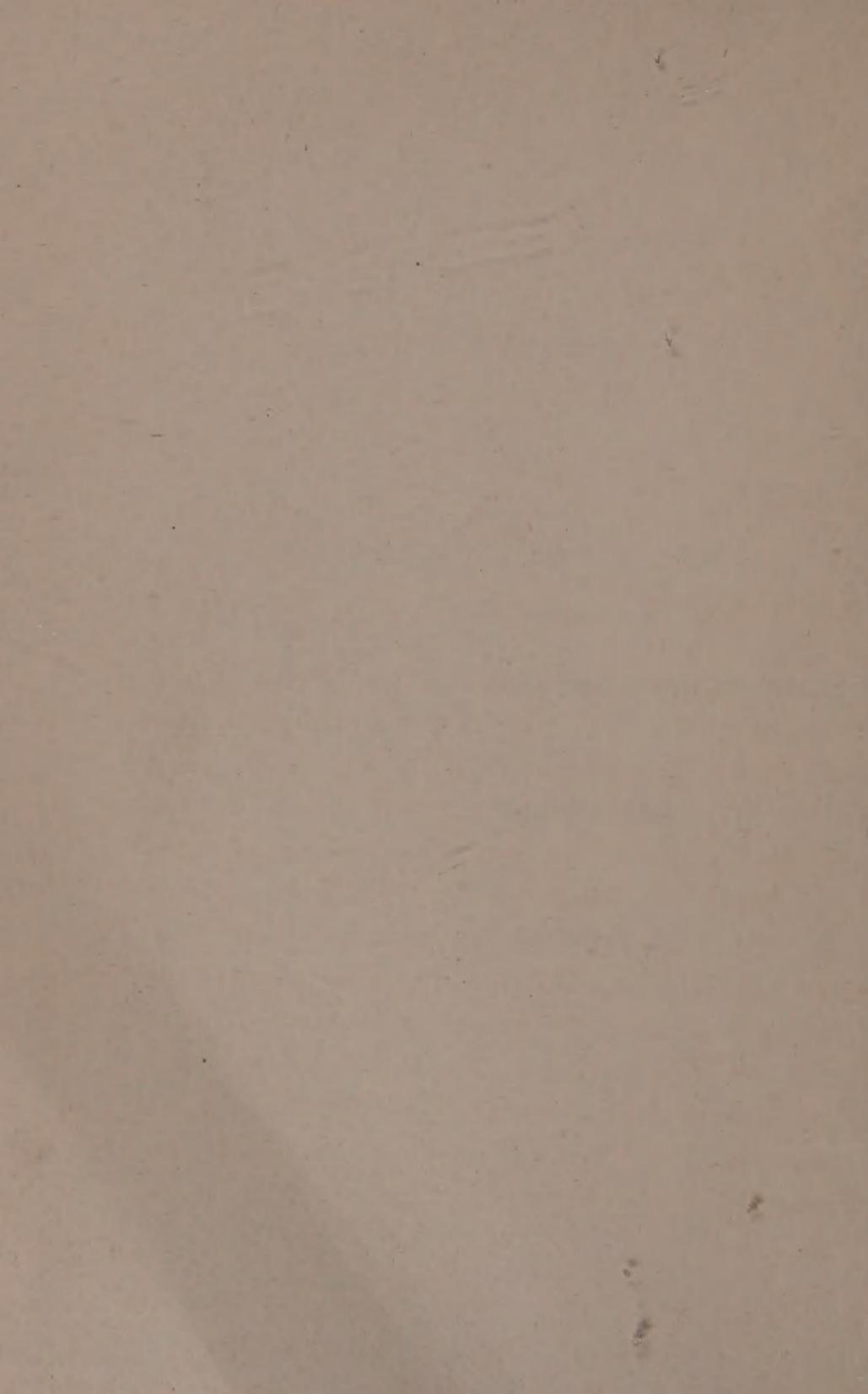
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THE DIVINE IN MAN

FOUR ADDRESSES ON THE CHRISTIAN LIFE



I

CHRIST—THE CHRISTIAN'S FOUNDATION

I HAVE chosen the "Divine in Man" for the subject of the four addresses I have been asked by the Committee of this Club to give.

In this first Lecture we shall try to find out what a Christian is; in other words, his structure. By this I mean, if I may speak medically, his anatomy. You know that anatomy is rather a dry subject in itself, and therefore I warn you that, however important, this Lecture will not be the most interesting of the four. When we get the living man before us, and see what he is—his life, or speaking medically, his physiology, will interest us much more than his structure or anatomy; nevertheless, it is quite

necessary that we should understand the man himself first.

Some people are completely confused in the present day as to what is meant by a "Christian," and others again have a vague idea of what sort of person he is, while with many it is quite sufficient to have a Christian name to be a Christian. But I would suggest that we may all, without any invidious distinctions, agree that a Christian is a man who from his heart can at any rate say the Apostles' Creed; and I place this before you as presenting the minimum of what any Christian can possibly be asked to believe.

Things indeed are at present at such a pass, and the present condition of England has been described as of such a character, that some think that to call it a Christian country is the grossest possible absurdity. I do not share that view. I quite agree that if we move only amongst the higher and more educated classes, it is absolutely false to call this a Christian country; but I say when you look at England as a whole, you will find amongst the ranks of the middle class and the much-despised poor, very many people who are sound on this subject, for the bulk of lower middle class

and common people still believe in the Apostles' Creed.

As a matter of fact, wherever the principles of that Creed are proclaimed with power, no building in England has been found large enough to hold the crowds that come to hear. Therefore I say, I do believe that if you look at England, apart from the educated classes, it is still worthy to be called a Christian country. As a French savant said the other day, "Christianity is still believed in in England, save by the higher philosophers and the street boys."

I should like at the outset to explain what I mean by Christianity as distinguished from any form of Deism or Theism. Our Bible, as we know, consists of two parts; three-quarters of it is called "the Old Testament" and one-quarter "the New." The former gives us a lofty Monotheism; it also foretells all through something coming that is better, but does not say clearly what it is. It is a great mistake to think that the Bible as a whole teaches Christianity; it does nothing of the sort. The first chapter of Hebrews distinctly tells us that "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the

prophets, hath in these last days spoken to us by His Son," and thus revealed to us Christianity.

Christianity, therefore, is not Theism. Theism can be largely apprehended by a student of Nature. An intelligent study of the natural sciences will undoubtedly lead us up to Nature's God. Theism can be apprehended to a certain extent by scientists. Herbert Spencer can speak without any hesitation of "a first principle" which, although it may be unknowable, according to him, is the Source of all; so that it is quite possible to reach Theism absolutely apart from Christianity, and to some extent apart from the distinct revelation contained in the Word of God, which we call the Bible; but it is utterly impossible to find out Christianity by any such means. You may reach a God, or a first cause, first principle, or whatever you wish to call it, but by no conceivable means can you discover the Trinity, for the Trinity is the revelation of Christianity. No one can possibly call himself a Christian, and attach any meaning or sense to the word, who does not believe in the Trinity.

Now modern thought amongst educated classes in England, as far as I have been able to trace it, is all tending to Theism; and to such the "Divine in

Man" does not mean, as it does to the Christian, "Christ in you—the hope of glory," but a natural "Divinity" inherited from birth!

Of course when I speak of Theism we must remember that in the present day all Theists have heard of Jesus Christ; and therefore He is regarded by all Theistic philosophies as an example of what a pure Theist should be, but by no means is He believed in as the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, who forgives our sins, and gives us Eternal life. There can be no doubt that, by whatever name it may be called, such a pure Theism is excessively popular to-day.

And then there is what I may call a mixed Theism, which is rather uncertain as to whether Man is God or God is Man, but looks upon both as pretty much the same, and the Divine immanence in Man and humanity is sometimes pressed to such an extent in this creed, that one noted text-book of this school of thought begins with these words: "The first Man is not Adam, but God." Well, if the first Man is God and the first God is Man, where are we? This is what I call a mixed Theism in distinction to a pure Theism which recognises God as apart from Man.

Now Christianity is a distinct revelation quite apart from these ideas. Some of us very likely

are not Christians; but, if so, the time is getting past when we find it any advantage to call ourselves so. Why should we style ourselves Christians if we are NOT? I would not call myself a vegetarian if I were not one. There is no particular credit in being *called* a Christian. If I am a Theist or a Deist let me say so, but let me not arrogate to myself the name of one who believes the Apostles' Creed, if I do not believe every word of it.

Now, let us consider for a moment the very weighty words of this ancient Belief, for they are none of them truisms or self-evident propositions: each one of them is a revelation.

"I believe in God" could be said by nearly everybody; but **"I believe in God the Father Almighty,"** in the sense those words convey here as being the first Personality of the Trinity, can only be said by Christians.

"And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord"—those words in their true significance proclaim the Deity of Christ as truly as His Divinity.

"Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary."—If you had ever sat, as I did, on the steps of a Greek temple, one Sunday morning at Nazareth, and looked

at the place where this announcement was made, you would find the difficulty of believing this; but it is this belief that makes you a Christian. I do not see how anyone can claim the title unless prepared to recite from the heart the Apostles' Creed.

“Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, He descended into Hell”—or Hades—“the third day He rose again from the dead.” Now there is a strange statement. It is all very well to repeat these well-known words without serious thought, but these statements are so absolutely improbable in themselves that unless a person is prepared to believe the revelation of God in the New Testament, he cannot accept them: therefore, if he be an honest man, he will not say the Creed, but in that case he cannot be a Christian.

“He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty—from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholick Church; the Communion of Saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body”—who believes in that?—“and the life everlasting.”

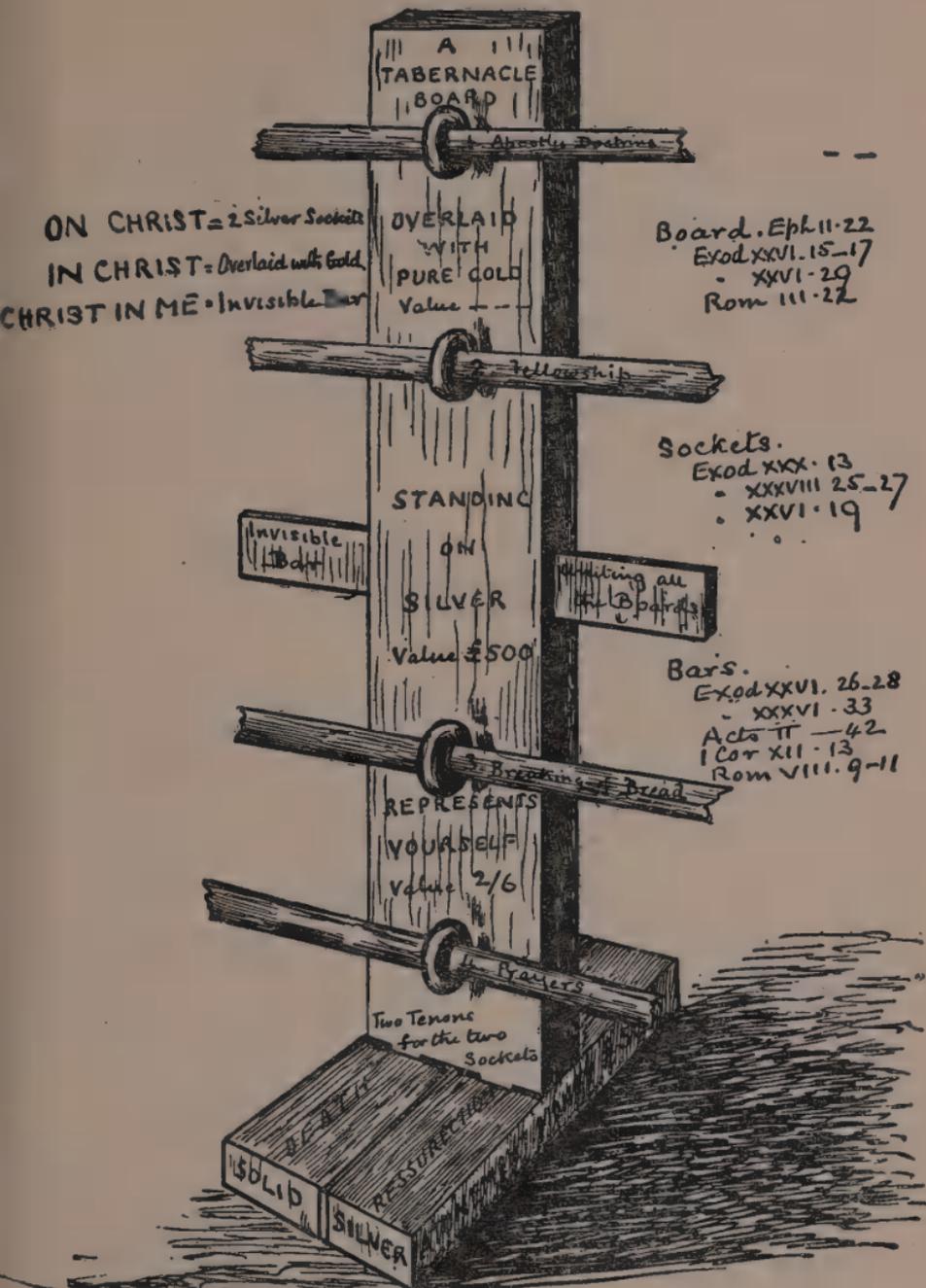
Now, as I said, I have to examine the framework

of a Christian to-day in the short time at my disposal, and look at what I may venture to call his anatomy, that is his structure, and the lines on which he is built. In the succeeding three lectures, as I have said, we hope to study the phenomena of the Christian life itself.

Of course, skeletons are not very agreeable spectacles, but still we should be no shape at all as Christians unless we had a good doctrinal basis. I shall have plenty of strong and perhaps unpalatable things to say by and by on those Christians who wear their skeletons outside their bodies, and I shall have a great deal to say about keeping doctrines in their right places. There can be no doubt that their right place is to be the foundation which gives to the superstructure all its strength and all its stability.

Therefore, I will, with your permission, endeavour to illustrate by a small sketch how the Christian may be built up. This sketch illustrates one of God's pictures of Christianity which may therefore be relied upon as accurate. It is the representation of a single board of the Tabernacle in the wilderness.¹

¹ See opposite page.



A neat Model of a Board of the Tabernacle is supplied by the Scripture Gift Mission,
 15 Strand, London, W.C., at 2s. net.

I may mention that the *Encyclopædia Biblica* directly states that the setting up of the tabernacle must be pronounced as utterly impossible. It does not say why it must be so pronounced, because structurally it could easily be set up, and has been set up, in models, over and over again; but still that is the dictum of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. All I can say is that the one who makes such a statement places himself on the horns of a great dilemma.

Even if we suppose that the details of this structure, with the words preceding every part of the description of it—"The Lord commanded Moses," "The Lord commanded Moses," are all pure fiction, the difficulty is not lessened. For if this be an invention and pure fiction, the point still remains who invented the inventor, because the man who could invent a thing like this is much more remarkable than one who describes what he has seen with his eyes. In fact, it is more difficult to believe that a tabernacle like this which is such an extraordinary representation of Christ and His people should have come from the brain of man than from the hands of God, so marvellous is it in every particular.

But, you may say, what has all this to do with

Christians? How do you know we have anything to do with the tabernacle? Because of what is written in Ephesians ii. 22. In the preceding verse it says that Christians will grow into **“an holy temple in the Lord.”** It speaks of them elsewhere as living stones, reminding us of stones that were hewn out without any noise and placed one by one in the temple on Mount Zion. But the time for that has not yet arrived; we have not yet come to Mount Zion, though we are growing into a holy temple.

But is there nothing for the present day? Yes, says the next verse, with a distinction which is not always observed: **“In whom ye also are builded together (now) for a tabernacle, or a temporary dwelling, or habitation of God through the Spirit.”** The parallel is perfect.

Just as among the Israelites there was going to be a temple on Mount Zion erected by King Solomon of stone, so will there be the glorious building of the Church composed of Christians who are represented as living stones, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone; but meanwhile, while we are in this world in the wilderness, before we come to Mount Zion, there is a habitation built in symbol of boards (which also represent Christians), but this

is only a temporary structure until we come to the city of the living God. Here, then, is one of the boards of this tabernacle.

Now there are many of us who delight in art and in pictures, and who can see the beauty of harmony, the beauty of grace, the beauty of the curved line, the beauty of light and shade, and, above all, that illusive beauty which consists in the representation of the spirit or soul in character by means of material things like pigments—a beauty most difficult to catch.

Well, to such, I would commend the study of the structure of the tabernacle in the light of the New Testament. It will surprise and delight them to see in what a perfect way all the proportions fall into harmony, and with what wonderful truth and wonderful grace the whole forms a picture of the great reality of Christianity. I trust before this lecture is concluded, by the aid of this one model board, to fill you with amazement at the wisdom that designed it.

There is no doubt whatever, that the tabernacle was the most remarkable building on earth. In the first place, it was built of the most worthless material of which such a house could be constructed. It was impossible in the wilderness to give an order for walnut or mahogany, or even for good honest oak or deal; and the only wood available was a very inferior sort of acacia which is translated

“shittim wood,” and of which the board was composed. The original value of this wood in its rough state, sufficient to make a board of the specified size, was certainly not more than half-a-crown, but, however poor, it had to be used, such as it was. In the whole tabernacle there were really twenty-eight or thirty of such boards as the sketch represents. This drawing is not to scale, but is about one-thirtieth of the size of the original board.

Some of you may perhaps have visited “Palestine in London,” some few years ago at the Agricultural Hall, where for the first time possibly in the world's history, but certainly for the first time in Europe, human eyes could look upon a full-sized tabernacle—a dwelling designed by God! It was not only remarkable on account of its outward appearance, but especially on account of that part of it which was not seen. It certainly was a somewhat extraordinary structure¹ to look at, for architects will bear me out that while foundations are very useful things, and while they are very important for a building, they are never made the most expensive part of the structure.

Now the unique nature of this tabernacle

¹ This is true whether we adopt the view of the flat roof or the penthouse ridge roof, or the flat tent with a penthouse superstructure; for all these three designs have been suggested as the true form, though by far the majority incline to the flat roof, box-like construction.

becomes evident when I tell you that the foundations were, so far as I know, buried beneath the sand, and were largely invisible, though they actually cost about four thousand times as much as the structure itself; certainly at any rate, many thousand times more. In all buildings that have ever been planned by the wildest minds that ever existed, such for instance as the palaces of the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, there never yet existed a building whose foundation was made entirely of precious metal, and worth so many times as much as the building itself.

Of course, if all this be fiction, as we are told, the man who invented this must have had the most extraordinary imagination. But, however fertile his genius, what would lead him to describe a building of such an incredible character, the foundation of which was of such entirely disproportionate value to the building itself? Surely the hypothesis of fiction here is harder to accept than to believe that the designer of the tabernacle and the source of its unique character was indeed God. One is driven into shifts so difficult with all other hypotheses that, attractive as they may seem at first to those who wish to discredit the Scripture, one is driven at length to accept the inspired statements as true.

I, for one, am old-fashioned enough to believe the

story in Exodus to be a reality. Without God's express command, why design a building the foundations of which were of pure silver? Each single board of the value of half-a-crown, and yet each board requiring two sockets, the two together being of the value of about £500 sterling. To us the idea of placing a half-a-crown board upon two sockets of four thousand times its value must seem absurd.

Now, why was it done? Of course we might imagine anything. But in this case we are not left to the imagination as to what this represents, because it is told us. In the first place, we must understand that this tabernacle is distinctly stated by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews to be a pattern of the things in the heavens. In 1 Corinthians x. we are told that all these things in the wilderness were written for an example to us. And then, moreover, in the passage I have read, Christians are described as being now a tabernacle for the dwelling-place of God, the Holy Spirit, until the temple shall be built. With these three facts before us we cannot be wrong in taking this tabernacle to be a representation of the present state of the Christian Church.

What is its foundation then, and why are there two sockets to each separate board? What are those sockets? What were they made of? Silver.

Yes, but where did the silver come from? That silver was not silver found at haphazard. Every ounce of silver placed in the foundation of that tabernacle was a part of the atonement money paid for the souls of the children of Israel. They *were* redeemed with corruptible things like silver and gold; we are not; we are redeemed with the precious blood of Christ. But they were ransomed with money, and each one of the Israelites out of about 3,000,000 had to place half a shekel in the hands of the priest as a redemption for his soul. Of course it had no intrinsic value in atonement, and served no purpose beyond pointing forward to the great redemption which was going to be revealed when Christianity was made known.

The silver therefore of these sockets is the money of atonement; every ounce of it represented the atonement of souls. Hence, if I am represented by the board, what I am standing on is the atonement of my soul; and this view is no fiction, this is no invention of mine: it is an absolute fact, as stated by the Old Testament writer, that this was the origin of these sockets.

Of course, as I have said, some profess to believe the whole story has been invented, but if so, the statement that the silver forming the sockets of the boards was the atonement money of the souls

of the children of Israel only adds one more incredible item to the story, it makes it still harder to believe in this hypothetical inventor!

Now why were there *two* sockets for one board? That is another very ingenious point for this fiction writer to invent. Why would not *one* do? Because the atonement consists distinctly and undeniably of two separate parts. And there are many who believe in one part, and do not believe in the other part at all. Therefore the sockets must be two in number, because although the board stands on one foundation, this foundation nevertheless consists of two parts. The one part is the death, and the other part is the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ; and if I am to stand as a board in the Church of the living God against which "**the gates of Hell (Hades) shall not prevail,**" I can only stand on one foundation consisting of two parts, the death and resurrection of Christ, as the board stands before us now in this sketch. And if you wish to compare the worth of the Christian with the cost of the foundation he stands on, it is here as 4000 to 1.

Now we see the reason why God marks in such an extraordinary way, as has never been shown in any building before or since, the difference between the transcendent value of the foundation of His house and the comparative worthlessness in itself of the structure that is put upon it. We perhaps

have not realised before that our value is represented by as low a sum as 2s. 6d.

But if this be our value as shown here, the worth of the work of Christ, on which I stand, is as £500 to half-a-crown. Does not such a striking contrast excite artistic admiration in some of our minds as to the beautiful way the proportion is kept between the infinite work of Almighty God in providing the redemption of our souls and the value of those who are redeemed?

We see that in ourselves we are worth nothing; and that our whole value consists in the foundation on which we are placed. On this we stand secure; and the reason we are secure is because we have two feet. Each board had two "tenons" or feet, and that is why it stood securely. There are many Christians who try to stand on one leg, and that is why they are so very rickety. People do not fully understand or appreciate the value of the strength that arises from two feet—planted on the death and resurrection of Christ.

St. Paul (1 Cor. xv.) tells us that if we stand on one foot only, we are of all men the most miserable; and I am sure that Christians would be far firmer and happier if they really apprehended the value of the resurrection. Our Apostle goes so far as to say that "if Christ be not raised, our faith is vain and we are yet in our sins." To use a well-

known simile, it is all very well for Another to take my place in the prison-house of death with the burden of my debt of sin upon Him. But there is no assurance that my debt is paid until my Substitute is out of that prison; and it is thus that God gives assurance unto all by raising Christ out of the dead—the argument of I Cor. xv. is thus clear.

If "Christ be not raised," I am still in my sins. But now "is Christ raised," therefore I am out of my sins. So that it is clear that, although it was on the Cross that atonement was made, we only get its full efficacy in resurrection; and hence the two feet and the two sockets of this marvellous tabernacle board!

So much then for this glorious foundation, and I think you will agree with me, even when you have gone only thus far, that the man who invented even this much must have had a pretty powerful spiritual imagination.

But now we will go a step further. I have described the board as made of shittim wood, but if you had seen it, you would see it appeared to be made of gold. Here then is another wonder. Just the same old story that was told in the Prodigal Son is told again here. The prodigal is welcomed, but not his rags; the lost son is found and accepted, but not his dirt. The prodigal's dirt and rags must be banished out of sight. The father loves his boy,

but cannot bear his filthy rags. They must be taken away, and the most precious robe in the house brought out and put upon him.¹

It is the same with God in His tabernacle. He is willing to make His house of poor shittim boards, but He cannot have them in His sight. What can they be covered with? The most precious thing in the world, which is gold; and the shittim wood is overlaid with gold. The poor half-a-crown board stands now covered with gold on its sockets of silver.

Who can tell its value now? Before God takes him up, a man may (in our picture) be worth half-a-crown, but what is the value of a man who stands on Christ? And not only *on* Christ, but who stands *in* Christ.

Have we ever realised, have we ever got home to our hearts and spirits, what it means to be in this world and yet at the same time "in Christ Jesus"? Is this a fact and a real power in our daily life? Has it any meaning at all? Did you ever notice that every letter St. Paul ever wrote was to people who were in someone else—"in Christ Jesus." I am talking to people who are in a warm room. We don't care whether the rain pours down and

¹ Adam was God's first prodigal son, and as soon as he knew that he was naked, God covered him with "the best robe"—a coat of skins.

the most bitter wind blows or not. Why? Because we are in this warm room. Just as we are in this room now, so is the believer, the Christian man (represented by that board covered with gold) absolutely "in Christ Jesus" where nothing can touch him. God does not see us in ourselves; but in Christ He sees us in all the Divine beauty and not in all our natural sinful state.

Why are we thus clothed with Christ? I will give you an illustration: What does the postman deliver at your door every day? Letters. Not he; he has never delivered a letter yet—at least he doesn't see one. But you say, "I received a number this morning." Yes, but you didn't see they were letters when they were delivered. What he handed in were envelopes. The postman never sees the letters; his business is entirely with envelopes. What use then are envelopes? In 2 Corinthians iii. we are told we are letters. We are compared in the Bible to many things, and here to letters; but letters must be put in envelopes. Why do we put letters in envelopes? For three reasons: to keep them clean, to keep them hidden, to take them safely to their journey's end. The letter that is posted without an envelope gets dirty, is seen by everybody, and, being unaddressed, never reaches its destination.

Why am I put in Christ? For three reasons:

to keep me clean, to keep me hidden, and to take me safely to my journey's end. With such a truth as this before us, it makes one rather sick to think how little Christians understand of Christianity. Christianity really is the most glorious thing that was ever brought by God to man, and yet it is so degraded that hundreds of people throw it aside like a worn-out garment, and dress themselves up in some new fashion of Deism or Theism, which contains none of the wonderful elements of beauty of a revealed Christianity.

The religion of Christ is full of thoughts lofty enough to delight the noblest spirits. They have occupied the greatest minds and inspired the noblest poetry. None can really soar to God, but the very slightest glimpse of the Eternal fills our souls with music. What a thing it is, therefore, for each one to realise and grasp the solid truth that he is in Christ, covered out of sight in His glorious Personality.

But even that is not all. You say, "I see something else: what are those two sorts of bars?" Well, first of all, we will talk about this middle bar. You see there are four that are visible to everyone, but there is one invisible bar, which is not seen at all; and if you are anything of an architect, you will appreciate the fact that the real solidity of the building does not depend so much upon the four

bars you can see, as upon the hidden bar you cannot see at all.

Now, there are some who object to that bar, and say it ought to be outside the boards like the others. I have had a great deal of controversy about this, and I simply say, I place the bar there on the authority of Exodus xxvi. 28, which says: **“And the middle bar”**—(this *is* the middle bar)—**in the midst of the boards shall pass through from end to end.** There it is passing through, and it is the middle bar in the midst of the boards. The middle is not the same as **“in the midst.”** It cannot mean the middle which is in the middle, it means the middle in the midst, which passes through the boards from end to end.

I won't stay longer over that, but let me inquire what power, what force is it in Christianity, which makes Christians essentially one the world over, that eclipses even the brotherhood of Freemasonry; so that if one comes from Iceland and meets another from New Zealand for the first time, and knows that each is a Christian standing on the common faith, they are at once brothers, their hearts and generally their homes are open to each other in Christian love. What makes this bond? It is the one bar that shoots through all their hearts from end to end, and that is the uniting bond of God's Holy Spirit. **“By one Spirit were we all baptized into one body”**

(I Cor. xii. 13). "I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Communion of Saints," for I recognise now that I am no longer a unit. That is another point.

How little Christians think that they are boards, parts of one building; they look upon themselves rather as so many trees in a grove, each growing on its own roots, and sometimes shutting out the sun from the others, but each independent of everybody else. Yet we are none of us independent of others. This board has smooth sides: it is a certain length and a certain thickness. Why? In order that it may stand side by side with the next board so as to make a habitation for God which is called the Church of God. And we must understand that we are shaped by God in such a way as to stand side by side with other Christians and so make a united front, against which the Gates of Hades cannot prevail. And the uniting bar which forms the unity is, the Holy Spirit of God, the hidden bond that no one can see, but everyone can feel.

A daily paper, when describing some very large meetings held some time ago, remarked, "We were unmoved by the preacher. At the end of his discourse we felt as callous as at the beginning, but what followed was so amazing that we can only believe there must have been some mysterious power present in the building acting on the souls of men."

So there was; but none can see it, for it is One—"whom the world cannot receive, for it beholdeth Him not" (John xiv. 17). It is impossible to understand the action of the Holy Spirit if we really go only by what we see; but there is a bond, a hidden power passing from heart to heart in Christians the world over, that everyone who is a Christian has felt.

Before I pass on, I must say one word more about this bar, because it is the third relation of Christ to the Christian. I stand *on* Christ in what He did for me in His death and resurrection; I stand *in* Christ in all that He is to God in His beauty. But there is more than that; Christ is *in* me. Consider the following passages:—"Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. i. 27). "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His, and if Christ be in you the body is dead because of sin" (Romans viii. 9, 10). "That Christ may dwell in our hearts through faith" (Ephesians iii. 17).

Put these four statements together, and if we get hold of nothing else, let us grasp this: That a Christian is a man who stands *on* Christ as his solid foundation in His death and resurrection; a Christian is a man who stands *in* Christ in all His beauty before God, so that he can say, "as He is so are we in this world" (I John iv. 17) in the eyes of God; thirdly, a Christian is a man who

has got Christ *in* him; and, lastly, a Christian is a man who has Christ proceeding *out* of him. This is what I have to speak about in the next Address.

Standing *on* Christ, that is my safety; standing *in* Christ, that is my strength and my joy; Christ abiding *in* me, that is the source of love and power which can make Christ flow *out* of me as a blessing to all my fellow-creatures. Woe be to the man whose Christianity, though it may begin in himself, ends with himself—such a man cannot be a Christian at all!

We must turn next to these four bars and see what they represent. These four bars were explained when this habitation of God was set up on earth. We are told in Acts ii. that the Holy Spirit came down from heaven, as the middle bar, to unite all the disciples into one building, and thus was founded the Church, the habitation of God in the Spirit (Eph. ii. 22); and when they were builded together, these four other bars were put in to hold them firm. They are all described in Acts ii. 42.

The four bars are—the Apostles' *teaching* or doctrine, *fellowship* or the communion of saints, the *breaking of bread* or the Holy Sacrament, and *prayer*. One faith, the Apostles' doctrine; one love, the communion of saints; one sacrament, the Lord's Supper; one prayer, the Lord's Prayer, or prayer in His Name: these are the four.

Now, I appeal to you, are not these four things the outward bonds which unite Christians everywhere? Everybody can see those four bars, but none can see the Holy Spirit; the Holy Spirit goes through the midst of the boards where He cannot be seen, but where He holds all fast.

People talk much of the divisions of Christians—but, after all, it is their essential unity that is the remarkable fact. We all feel when we come to recite the Apostles' Creed that every Christian has got that creed in his heart. There may be various diverse points, and we are very fond of chattering and talking and magnifying our differences, but in essential we are one in doctrine.

What doctrine? The Apostles' doctrine, and what best expresses it in the shortest way is the Apostles' Creed. I grant it is imperfect, because it is only a human document; but it is the minimum which can be described as the doctrine of the Christian faith. One doctrine, one fellowship of saints.

Here again is a remarkable fact, that in spite of all sects and divisions is seen to-day the world over. Whenever a true Christian meets another, however different their race or position, there is mutual love and good feeling. A Christian meets his brethren all over the world.

And then "one sacrament." Is it not a mar-

vellous thing that in no single week since Christ died, has the commemoration of his death ever been omitted the world over! Is it not wonderful how people the world over from pole to pole on a Sunday morning unite to take, in obedience to the Divine command, the bread and wine as commemorating the death of Christ!

And is it not a marvel that, the world over, you hear one prayer repeated from pole to pole! Does it not all show the unity of the Church? Are not these four bars clearly explained? There they are—Doctrine, Fellowship, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and Prayer; they are all in that one verse, and these bars were put in when the house was erected. The tabernacle was the model, but we ourselves are the reality.

And now let me point out that this tabernacle was a moving house. In spite of its firm foundations it was ever moving onward across the wilderness to Canaan. It is so with us, for each nightfall finds the habitation of God "a day's march nearer home."

I might say much more of the glories and beauties of the tabernacle, of its pillars, its hangings, its vessels, but I have said enough to show what is the anatomy of the Christian, his structure, and how he is made, and yet, wonderful though it all is, this is not the most interesting part of the story of

grace. Physiology is a more interesting study, and this is yet to come; the Christians resource which is God, his life which is joy, and his power which is love. These subjects specially appeal to all Christians who have not got any resources, who feel the want of power; to all Christians who are joyless, whose lives are grey and dull and dead; and to all whose lives are loveless and who feel that they neither know love themselves nor can give it to others. May I then ask all such to study carefully these three subjects that follow.

II

GOD—THE CHRISTIAN'S RESOURCE

YOU will, no doubt, remember that last time I spoke on the difference between Theism and Christianity. I showed that although

“Earth”

may be

“crammed with Heaven,”

“And every common bush aflame with God,”

but the bush is not aflame with the Trinity known to Christianity, nor with the glory of a crucified Redeemer.

I was never more struck with that thought than sometime ago, when stepping out of the train at Northwood on a lovely spring Sunday morning, all Nature bursting into leaf and all the birds singing in harmony, I felt how near I was to God through the beauty of Nature. And then I went inside the little Church on the hill, where they were reciting the Apostles' Creed, about our Saviour who suffered under Pontius Pilate. “Yes,” I thought, “Nature

can teach me nothing of that ; Nature can tell me a great deal about God, but nothing about Christianity ; for that a revelation from heaven was needed."

Now to-day, having in your presence carefully examined the construction of a Christian in the last address, and looked at the anatomy and doctrinal framework that underlies all his outward form, we proceed to consider the physiology or the phenomena of the spiritual life that lies before us in the Christian man. We study to-day his resources in God ; while we next consider his daily life of joy, and then examine in the last Address his power, which is love : and in these three we see embodied the living force of the Christian man.

In connection with our present subject I will read one verse from St. John 1-18 : "The only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." He could declare God, because His home was in the bosom of the Father, and no man who does not live where Christ lived can fulfil his mission on earth. The man who declares God on earth must live with God in heaven, for the true Christian position is nothing less than that. He hath "raised us up with Him, and made us to sit with Him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (Eph. ii. 6). When I say "in the bosom of the Father," you will distinctly understand I am not speaking of a mere knowledge

of God as God, but of God as Father, the Christian's God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. And it is in the knowledge of Him that the resources of Christianity exist.

Let me read one passage here—for I do not want to encumber your minds with too many references—"Divine power hath granted to us all things that pertain to godliness through the knowledge of God" (2 Peter 1-3). Am I not right in saying that the knowledge of God is the Christian's resource? His divine power granteth us all things that pertain to life and godliness. How? **"Through the knowledge of God."**

Now I come to another point. Knowledge is of two sorts and two sorts only: hearsay and personal. For instance, I have heard there is a place called Japan; I have no personal knowledge of it. I have seen a number of quaint articles reported to come from there, and have also seen people who say they have been there, and small people called Japanese have been over here, and so forth. I can put my finger on a place which is marked Japan in the map. But after all I only know it exists from hearsay knowledge. My daughter has been there for a considerable time; her knowledge is on an absolutely different plane from mine; it is a personal knowledge.

All my life I had heard of Palestine, I had read

about it in the Bible, and I never doubted its existence. But hearsay knowledge is absolutely different from personal knowledge. I have now been to Palestine, and that on which the sole of my foot has trodden I possess by personal knowledge in a way which differs altogether from hearsay knowledge.

But I do not possess Palestine as a whole, for though I have been in Judea and in Galilee I have not been in Samaria. I possess Judea, for I have been there, and Galilee for the same reason. I know nothing about Samaria except what I am told, and have no "possessions" there—so vast is the difference between hearing of a place and seeing it.

Now the knowledge that most of us have got of the living God is hearsay knowledge. We are like Anglo-Indian children sent home very early from the East, who have heard they have a father there, who have received many letters from him (just as Christians have many epistles in the Bible), but who have never seen him, have never known him personally. Now the desire of God for us is always to change hearsay into personal knowledge.

Let me read Acts xvii. 26, 27, and see what we find there in that memorable Sermon of St. Paul on Mars' Hill: "God hath made of one blood every nation of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." What for? "That they should seek God, if haply they

might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us." That is the aspiration of the Apostle; that men should change hearsay into personal evidence as realised by touch.

The moment I touch a person, I have personal evidence without sight of his existence. The simile is of one feeling after some one whom he cannot see but can hope to reach and touch. He is therefore either blind, or in a strange dark room.

I do not know whether any of you have felt about in a dark room to find where the gas was, or where the matches were, and have run against one piece of furniture after another, and got lost and felt how mysterious darkness was. Then can you imagine what it would be to you in that darkness suddenly to touch a warm living hand? You can never forget it; and such are the sensations of humanity feeling in the dark and suddenly touching the hand of the living God, **"that they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from each one of us."** How many of us here have touched the living God? The man who has, is never the same again to his dying day. He possesses God, or rather God possesses him, in a sense that no hearsay knowledge can give, and he is a changed man, for he has reached his resource in God.

How can I get this personal knowledge and

enjoy it? By being where God is; there is no other way. I must live there. How can I "declare" God on earth? By living in His bosom in heaven. That is, my soul must dwell in the heart of His affections; nothing less.

All of you have heard about the higher spiritual life; and when you see people rushing in thousands by trains to Conventions, you wonder what are they all after? One and all, every Christian, is after this one thing: to exchange his hearsay for personal knowledge. Then he is a made man, because he has reached his resource, and never need be without power again. And that is why people go in such crowds to these gatherings, that is the meaning of all the talk about the higher life. It simply means that a man must get personal knowledge of God who before had nothing but hearsay knowledge.

There was a Christian carrier once going into Exeter, and he saw a tired man on the road, and he said, "Let me give you a lift, sir." So the man accepted the offer and got into the cart; and the Christian carrier, wishing to improve the occasion, said, "Are you a Christian? Are you on your way to heaven?" The man said, "I live there." "Dear me," said the carrier to himself; "he must be deaf." And then he repeated louder—"Are you on the way to heaven?" "I live there," said the man. "No," shouted the

carrier, "not to Exeter, but are you on the way to heaven!" "I live there," said the man. "Poor fellow," said the carrier; "he is stone deaf, what a sad case!"

Now to prove that this man was not only not deaf at all, but had given the right answer for a Christian, turn with me to Psalm xcii. 12, 13, and I hope you will never forget those two verses: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."

Once I did not think it was like that, neither did some of you; yet such is the Divine order. What we all understood was that we had to be planted down in this world; and when we grew to the blossoming time we should be transplanted to heaven. But this verse, as so many verses do, turns all our ideas upside down. It says, "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."

Anyone who is familiar with biblical phraseology will understand that the house of the Lord is the *Naos* or inner temple, where God dwells; and they also understand that "the courts of our God" are the outer courts where anyone can come. The house of the Lord is certainly heaven, and the courts of our God are certainly earth.

So that the truth is this: so far from being planted on earth, that he may flourish in heaven, the Christian's history is that he is planted in heaven that he may flourish on earth; the other way about. And let me tell you this: the reason why we do not flourish like the palm tree, and our leaves so often droop and we ourselves are often such wretched, miserable specimens of Christianity, is because we do not understand these two verses. Our roots must be in heaven if we are to flourish on earth. That is why it says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."

That palm tree means the date-palm tree. Now the date-palm is a very remarkable tree. If you go to Biskra, on the very borders of the desert, of which Hitchens wrote in "The Garden of Allah," and are there when the Simoon or Sirocco blows, you will see all the vegetation wither before you with one exception, that is the date-palm tree. That tree cannot wither because it has a root like a carrot, a tap-root that goes so straight down through the sand into the soil beneath that the winds cannot wither it, for it has always moisture, which its leaves draw up from its deep root.

Now then, the righteous man flourishes like that, if he is rooted like the palm. He is turned, as it were, upside down; his root, his resource, in the heart

of the living God in heaven, and his flourishing in the courts of my God, and his greenness all the year round, is the result of personal knowledge of Him.

Look now at Psalm xci. 1. You get the same thing there. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." That is not what I thought; that is not what you thought. We thought that if we abode under the shadow of the Almighty here, we would eventually dwell in the most secret place of the Most High in heaven. The very hymn says :

"Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord,
Go and hide beneath His shadow, this shall then be your
reward."

Hymns turn things upside down; but in the Psalm it is the right side up. You do not live under the shadow in order that you may reach the secret place.

Surely the shadow is on earth, for there is no shadow in heaven; it is only on earth you want shadow to shade you from the heat, and it is "he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High" in Heaven with God who is the one that "shall abide" on earth "under the shadow of the Almighty." Is it not delightful to hear of such lovely things, such possibilities, in the Christian life?

May I ask you to listen for a moment to a letter

from a clergyman's daughter, who is in many things only a child, but in others she has been taught by God far beyond most of us in this room. She writes, "Someone told me a little while ago to think about the 15th Psalm. It does seem so full of wonder; it looks as if all we need is in a verse and a half. 'Who shall dwell, and who shall rest with God? He that leadeth an uncorrupt life.' If there is so much as that, which is all I can think about for a week, it is so big and beautiful, in a verse and a half, I want to spend all my spare time looking for more, or I will not know much before I die. Troubles come, but I just think of the one word 'dwell' and look to God my Father, and away they go. We dwell like settled sort of people in a peaceful home in heaven; but the worst of it is I keep popping out of the house, to look and to listen to all sorts of rubbish now and again, but I find nothing equal to my home, and so I creep back to God."

Now touching the resources of the Christian, turn to a passage at the close of Isaiah xl. "Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard? the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might He increaseth strength." Here we are told is a

Being who has an inexhaustible strength and infinite wisdom. He never knows and never reaches any limitations of either. This Being is the everlasting God, our Father.

Then we are told of beings who soon reach the end of their resources and who even at the height of their strength readily faint and get weary. These are ourselves.

We are next shown that the Divine comes to succour and refresh the human in time of need, as a gardener waters a drooping plant. God picks up the fallen and makes the weak strong.

But there is something better than lifting up a man who faints, and fortifying the weak; there is in plant life something far superior to being dependent upon the watering-can for strength: and that is, by putting the plant itself in direct communication with the river itself, according to Psalm i., where the tree has its roots in the river, and becomes an evergreen because it can never know thirst or exhaustion again. In like manner, can God prevent us from ever being faint or weak at all. And the secret of how this is brought about the remaining verses disclose.

“Even the youths shall faint, and the young men shall utterly fall.” It is not by having young blood in us that we avoid fainting. But there are people, beings like ourselves who cannot faint, and

who have such a resource in God that they do not fall. Observe, "They that wait upon the Lord"—or in other words "dwell with God" (Psalm xci. 1)—"shall renew their strength": or it should read "shall change their strength" or "change their ability," "change their powers."

Before they waited upon God, they could run and they could walk, but if they ran too far they fainted, and if they walked too far they got weary, and God picked them up. But they that wait upon the Lord shall so change their ability, as to do something they never did before. Before they could walk and run, now they shall fly. "They shall mount up with wings as eagles."

Now that does not mean you are to mount up to the sky on some spiritual platform, some "pinnacle of the temple" and look down upon poor people who are not so clever as yourself. No, if God gives me eagles' wings it is to bring me to Himself—"I bare you on eagles' wings and brought you unto Myself" (Ex. xix. 4).

How can you live with God in Heaven if your soul has not wings? It is impossible. He makes us mount up "with wings as eagles," and once we have learnt to fly we are never tired again. Our roots have reached the river and we are never thirsty again, for we have reached the infinite source of all strength and power. "They

shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." What, never? No, absolutely never! For if we wait upon God, if we dwell with Him and get this personal knowledge of Himself, we mount up with wings like eagles—that is, our souls, our spirits, are in touch with the Divine, and are privileged at any moment to come straight into our Father's presence. And the result is, that in our Christian life and journey we are never faint, we are never weary. What a delightful condition when strength is not dependent on age, and is inexhaustible!

You get the same thing in the New Testament. In 2 Cor. iii. 18, you also see the impossibility of fainting. "We all with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit. . . . Therefore seeing we have this ministry, even as we obtained mercy, we faint not":—of course we do not; we can't faint, for as a mirror we reflect the glory of the Lord.

Now, I put it to you: if a mirror is to reflect my image, where must that mirror be? It must be in the same room where I am. And which way must that mirror be looking? It must be looking at my face if it is to reflect my image. And if we want to reflect the glory of the Lord, or, as it says in the verse with which I began this Address,

“to declare God” (“the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him,”) where must we be? In the same place where God is. And which way must our faces be turned? Towards His face. And then we will never faint again. “We faint not.” I do not care whether you go to Isaiah or whether you go to St. Paul, you find the same truth: the man that lives with God never faints.

Before leaving the subject I will for one moment remind you of the contrast of these spiritual truths with spiritualism. We hear a great deal about clairvoyants and clair-audients; people who are said to be “sensitives” and who have the faculty and the power of seeing spirit-faces and hearing spirit-voices; and this is thought at present to be the last and highest position that humanity has attained with regard to the invisible world.

But the man or woman who has reached the true position of Christianity, the man who is planted in the house of the Lord, the man who dwells in the secret place of the Most High, the man who flies with wings as an eagle is not only a clairvoyant, but a clair-audient. It is not, however, spirits that he sees and hears, but the living God, the Father of Spirits. He sees God; he hears God. This is the really sensitive man, for he is sensitive to the Presence of the Infinite.

Now let us look at the example of a man who could not faint. Read Numbers xiv.; he is worth looking at; the man who never got tired; and his name was Caleb, which means a dog. He was a poor Gentile, naturalised in Israel. It is not the man of great philosophical insight, it is not the man of an all-commanding spirit, it is not the giant amongst men who is never tired; it is the poor Gentile, who outlived all the giants and who never got old.

Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenizzite who was sent as one of twelve, to spy out the land, was the only man, when he came back with the others, who stilled the people before Moses and said, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it" (Num. xiii. 30). Even Joshua never opened his lips.

All the people fainted at the thought of the giants, and there was wailing in the camp, and the bravest among them were terrified because of the sons of Anak who were so fierce and gigantic. I saw one of these the other day, when visiting a hospital with which I am connected on Mount Lebanon. He was a gigantic patient, and I asked, "Who is that big man?" And the attendant said, "That is one of the sons of Anak; he has six toes and six fingers." Such are called the sons of Anak to this day, and this was possibly

one of the descendants of the very people who frightened the Israelites out of their wits.

They said on the next day, "They are giants and we are grasshoppers." "Yes," replied Caleb, "but what are grasshoppers if the Lord is their strength? God and a grasshopper is equal to any giant."

And now Joshua's voice was heard, but on the first day Caleb stood alone—the only man out of the millions of Israelites who was found to stand up for God.

The result of all this was, the Children of Israel had to wander for forty years through the wilderness. But God spoke a word before they started about Caleb, and He said: "Surely they shall not see the land which I sware unto their fathers, neither shall any of them that provoked Me see it, but My servant Caleb because he had another spirit with him, and hath followed Me fully, him will I bring into the land whereunto he went; and his seed shall possess it" (Num. xiv. 23, 24). Now when all this happened Caleb was a fine young man—forty years of age.

If we pass on now to Joshua xiv. 6, we find that Caleb the son of Jephunneh, the Kenizzite, said to Joshua, the only man still living besides himself who had seen the land forty-five years before: "Thou knowest the thing that the Lord spake unto Moses the man of God concerning me and concerning

thee in Kadesh-barnea when we went to spy out the land ; and I brought him word again as it was in my heart. Nevertheless my brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt, but I wholly followed the Lord my God. And Moses sware on that day saying, 'Surely the land whereon thy foot hath trodden shall be an inheritance to thee and to thy children for ever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord thy God.' And now, behold the Lord hath kept me alive, as he spake, these forty and five years, from the time that the Lord spake this word unto Moses while Israel walked in the wilderness ; and now, lo, I am this day four score and five years old. And yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me : as my strength was then, even so is my strength now for war and to go out and to come in. Now therefore give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day ; for thou heardest in that day how the Anakim were there, and cities great and fenced ; it may be that the Lord will be with me and I shall drive them out as the Lord spake. And Joshua blessed him ; and he gave Hebron unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh for an inheritance."

And then what did Caleb do at eighty-five years of age? Caleb drove out thence the very

three men he had marked down for death forty-five years before, Sheshai and Ahiman and Talmi, the three children of Anak. Am I not right in saying that this man could not faint, neither could he get weary? How could he when he knew, and lived in spirit with the Everlasting God, who fainteth not, neither is weary? Everyone else died, but Caleb remained ever young; he could not get old.

Now I will tell you the secret. Caleb *began* with knowing God. Our mistake is in thinking only of going to heaven, which is right, of course, but we should remember we also come from it; Caleb was not only going from Egypt to Canaan, but he started with Canaan before facing the wilderness. He began the journey with Hebron: he possessed the land first in spirit: he picked the grapes of Eshcol himself, and brought them out to the people, and they saw what fine fruit it was.

But observe, Caleb might pick the grapes, and the Israelites may say, "How delightful they are," but it is one thing to eat grapes in the wilderness that some one has picked for us, and quite another to eat what we have picked for ourselves in Canaan. It makes all the difference in the world, for the one represents hearsay knowledge, the other personal.

There is no real power in hearsay knowledge; and in a day like this nothing will stand but personal knowledge of the living God, and that

is the reason why Caleb never got tired; because instead of only marching to Canaan, he began with it; he had Hebron in his heart all the time, he was living in his soul on the knowledge of the beauty of Canaan, he knew he was going to have it, and be there for ever, just as we know we are going to dwell in heaven by and by, but meanwhile we are dwelling there in spirit now.

I maintain, this personal knowledge of God is the true resource of the Christian. There is nothing so strange and sad as to see a Christian without power. A powerless Christian is an amazement to the angels who look down from heaven on those who are the children of God; a powerless Christian makes the devil rejoice; a powerless Christian is despised of man. Indeed, it is an incredible condition when we think of the infinite resources that are ours in Christianity, when we are brought into touch with the living God. The secret, then, of the strength and the resource of the Christian lies in the personal knowledge of our God and Father, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, by the power of the Holy Spirit.

III

JOY—THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE

OUR subject to-day is "Joy—the Life of the Christian." As you know, at the first lecture we looked at the Christian's anatomy, and saw what his real construction was; and at the second we looked at his resource in the living God. To-day we look at his Joy as the characteristic of "his daily life." I dwell on this "joy," for I do not think we sufficiently realise how Christianity brought real abiding joy to this earth ever since the herald angels sang at Bethlehem. Paganism was a gloomy religion as were all the religions of the East. The joyous hymns with which we are familiar are the creation of Christianity, which has also robbed the grave of its terrors, and death of its victory.

I will refer now, in the first place, to Psalm xc. 14, and I will couple with that Ephesians iii. 14, 16, 19, where we get a parallel thought. I will read the two, the one written by Moses, the man of God, and the other by the Apostle Paul, and it is worthy of

note that both are prayers to God. Moses prays: "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." St. Paul says: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father. . . . That Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith. . . . That ye may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; that ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God."

The central idea of both prayers is the same, and implies complete filling even to overflowing with mercy and love, the result being a life of joy and rejoicing. "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy." The people who are satisfied *are satisfied*. If there is any person in this room who is not satisfied with Christianity, it is simply because he has not got enough Christianity to satisfy him. That is the whole point. There is enough in God to satisfy anybody, but if you have not got it, that is the reason you are not satisfied. "O satisfy us *early*"—that is in our youth, in the early time of our life. And I am glad to see many here who are young, because it is a great thing to be satisfied *early*, for only thus can one be glad and rejoice all the days of one's life.

We cannot be glad and rejoice *all* the days of our life, if we only begin to be satisfied when we are old, and half the life is gone. But to be glad and

rejoice all the days of our life! I think that is a condition that everybody would love to experience. "O satisfy us"—yes, that is the prayer, but who is satisfied, and who can satisfy?

I wonder if you would understand better if instead of "satisfy" I used a chemical expression—"saturate." Do any here know what a saturated solution is, as distinguished from a solution which is not saturated? A saturated solution is one where as much of the salt or drug is put in, as the water will take up, until it will not hold another grain.

"Saturated" means holding all one possibly can. "O 'saturate' us early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days!" Who are the saturated people here this afternoon? Who are the satisfied people in London to-day? God forbid that any could possibly misunderstand me at this moment, and imagine that I am talking of *self*-satisfied people, the most odious race on God's earth.

The man who is satisfied with himself is a Pharisee, and very soon loves nothing but himself; but the man who is satisfied with God is the humblest of men, and has his horizon enlarged until his love embraces every creature that God has made. The man who is saturated with the love of God, becomes in measure like the God he loves. Love of self kills, but love of God ennobles; satisfaction with God enlarges the heart, but self-satisfaction dwarfs and

sterilises it. No, you will make no such mistake, as to confound "satisfaction" with "self-satisfaction."

But you say, "I am not satisfied, I am a long way from it. Christianity sometimes seems to me, after all, to be a scheme for making us more or less miserable now that we may be happy hereafter"—and such is a very common view of it indeed. We often say in our hearts, "I believe I might be much happier now without Christianity; but then it is going to secure heaven for me by and by, and so I will stick to it."

But Christianity is not a scheme for making us miserable now, that we may be happy hereafter. The "saturated" Christians are full of joy *now*, but the miserable Christians are those who have just got a pinch of the drug in a pint of water, and a noxious mixture it makes, that is no good to themselves or anybody else.

There is nothing worse than unhappy Christians; they look so miserable, so wretched, so woe-begone; I would rather meet a cheerful worldly person. Miserable Christians are not saturated solutions; they are not satisfied early with God's mercy. No, they are, all unconsciously, used as Satan's messengers wherever they go, I do not care what doctrines they believe.

The miserable Christian is in a sense the devil's servant rather than God's. Jacob was one at

Pharaoh's court, when instead of praising the God of Israel at the royal palace, and extolling His goodness all through his eventful life, and thus influencing Pharaoh, and turning his heart towards Jehovah, he miserably complained, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years : few and evil have the days of the years of my life been" (Genesis xlvii. 9). What a familiar sound this has! How often have we heard Christians whine in the same strain!

How then are we to get this "satisfaction"? By the *personal* knowledge of the living God, which I distinguished last week from the *hearsay* knowledge. The personal knowledge of the living God so fills and overflows the soul of the one who is allowed to touch the Almighty's hand (Acts xvii. 27), that his heart is more than satisfied. When can a soul be more than satisfied? When it overflows. If you put more than a pint of water into a pint jug, it will overflow. If there be so much of the drug that it cannot all be taken up by the water, it is called a "supersaturated solution." Christians who have this knowledge of the Divine, are supersaturated solutions; they are oversatisfied; overjoyed. And it is this overflowing joy that brings happiness to all around them.

"Well," you say, "that is a condition that I have not heard of before, and describes a person I have

never met yet." All the more disgrace to the Christianity of to-day! for the personal knowledge of the living God infallibly brings it to everyone who knows Him.

I have told this story elsewhere, but it is so apropos that I will tell it again. Years ago the daughter of the King of Attica, Iole, one of the most beautiful women that ever lived, was in love with the mythological god Hercules, and was to marry him. Iole was asked how she knew Hercules was a god. Now she had heard of his seven labours which were regarded as proofs of his divine origin; but she did not refer to hearsay knowledge to prove that Hercules was a god.

How do you know that God is indeed the Lord? You have heard He exists. "I believe in God the Father Almighty." Yes, but do you *know* God the Father Almighty (John xvii. 3). Ah! there is a profound depth in that knowledge.

Iole was asked, "How do you know that Hercules is a god?" Now mark her reply! "Because I was content the moment my eyes rested upon him; he conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat."

How do you know that God is your Father? "Because I have been content ever since my eyes have rested on Him. I am satisfied early with His mercy, that I may rejoice and be glad all my days."

Such was the testimony of a heathen princess

about a false heathen god. Can any Christian give as good a word for the Almighty God from his own experience? Can anyone here say, "I know as I sit here that God is my Father, because my soul has been content ever since I have known Him?"

I received this letter the other day from a very intelligent woman: "Do you remember telling me to read Romans v. 5, which is about the love of God being shed abroad in our hearts, and that if we know God we rejoice in everything? It is true; and I have found it. The last six months have, I think, been the very happiest of my life, though I think I have never suffered more. It is a half knowledge that hinders us from happiness—half knowledge. I always used to be wanting things for myself, not material or harmful things, but sympathy, appreciation, etc. Now I feel as if I wanted absolutely nothing—and suddenly I find myself rich in all that is worth having, and able to give and give and give to all who are in any need. It is simply like living a new life."

You see again, the one who enjoys himself, very soon enjoys nothing else; but the one who enjoys God, enjoys everything and everybody, and gives and gives and gives. This joy is a wonderful thing. In fact, it sometimes seems almost indecent to be so happy in such a sad world. St. Paul speaks of himself as "sorrowful yet always rejoicing."

I notice that our Saviour was like that, and I notice He let people see His tears, and I know He let His disciples see His sorrow ; but I notice that at times He went apart by Himself up into a mountain, and it has been suggested that He went there alone to conceal His joy ; when He had that wonderful hidden blissful communion with His Father that the world could not understand.

People expect you to be miserable if things go against you, and you appear callous if you do not mind losses and disasters ; so you have to put on a long face, even if you do not feel upset. Christianity is so out of touch with the ethics of the world, which expect one to be sorrowful when one has a loss, and often looks on joy at such a time as a sin. Therefore, to be accounted sane, a Christian has often to dissemble his joy.

Observe, I only speak here of what concerns the man himself. When it is any question of loss or suffering borne by others, he is full of sorrow and sympathy, and all the more so *because* he has such joy himself. Divine joy quickens all our compassions, and never extinguishes them. No one can be hard-hearted who knows God !

There is another thing about those who have this first-hand knowledge and this joy. You can tell them by the way they treat and speak of God. They never test (*i.e.* tempt) Him, they never question

Him, and they never speak evil of Him: there is a reverence about them with regard to God that is characteristic. You do not hear the name of God always on their lips.

I remember noticing a very curious instance of this reverence in Harley Street the other day, when a young fellow came to see me from Oxford. He said, "I am engaged to a charming girl, but 'unfortunately' I am not going to be married for a year. Oh," he said, "I do not mean 'unfortunately.'" Well, a sort of intuition came to me, and I said, "I know why you drew back that word 'unfortunately.'" He said, "Why did I draw back that word?" I said, "You are a Christian who knows God, and the thought flashed through your mind that it would be a reflection on His care." He said, "How did you know I felt like that?" "I knew it, and love and respect the feeling," I said; "but do not be too accurate in your speech, or it soon drifts into 'cant' and you tend to get morbid! talk in the language of men and say 'it is unfortunate'; though in your heart you may know it is not. Do not be too particular, or else you will cease to be natural. God sees your heart. But I appreciate the feeling greatly, and what is much more, God does. I saw your fear lest you should cast the least slight upon His gracious care."

We thus become careful of God's honour when

we begin to understand what a Father and what a Saviour we have got! "O satisfy us early"! Be happy! I am perfectly certain one of the causes of regret we shall have in the next world will be what I may call the remorse of memory, the feeling that we did not enjoy ourselves as Christians more now.

When we think what a God we have; when we think what a position is ours as revealed in this one verse, and that we are here professing to belong to Christ and to believe in God, we shall surely feel remorse by and by if we do not rejoice and be glad all our days.

When I was young, my brother and I used to live near a very beautiful lake that was often frozen over in the winter; but it required knowing, and we knew it perfectly and just where it would bear; and we used to put on our skates and enjoy ourselves. Scores of people assembled round the lake, but were afraid to go on it. But we knew where it was safe, and went on skating, cutting threes and eights on the outside edge all over the ice.

At first, the people expected us to go in; they thought the ice would not bear, but it did. In the same way, when people make a Christian profession for the first time, their friends watch them, never expecting them to persevere. "They will soon give it up," they say. But they do not fail or give up, just as the ice did not fail us.

The result was, when they saw that we were safe, and having a good time and enjoying ourselves, the crowd were soon skating over the ice by scores. There was no need for me to beg them to come on. All we had to do was to enjoy ourselves, for people cannot stand seeing other people being happier than themselves.

And what we have to do now is to enjoy ourselves as Christians, and that will do more good than preaching fifty sermons. But we are often so miserable, that I want to show to-day what a wicked thing it is for a Christian not to be filled with joy, what a foolish thing it is not to rejoice in God. Please do not think I am presenting transcendental ideas which cannot be realised on earth; I am talking words of truth and soberness, as the lady who wrote that letter has found.

Let us, then, enjoy our Christianity, our Saviour, and our God, and let all see what a good time we are having, as children of God who are satisfied with His mercy; and such will soon want to know how to share our joy, and "to rejoice and be glad all their days." They will say, "If you can only show us how to do that, we will become Christians to-morrow." If we do not know this joy we have only ourselves to blame, for, as I have said before, "if any here are not satisfied with Christianity, it is simply that they have not enough Christianity to satisfy them."

Now who wrote this psalm? Moses, and he knew what he was praying for: "O satisfy us early," was the prayer of the man of God. Moses was satisfied early with God's mercy, so he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, "accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he looked unto the recompense of reward" (Heb. xi. 26). And what was the result? His joy when he had been with God was too great to show; he had to put a veil on his face because it was so bright, and reflected God's glory as a mirror (2 Cor. iii. 18).

And there are Christians, too, who almost have to put veils on their faces, because they are too bright to go unveiled in this gloomy world. Anyone who has been to a great convention such as that at Keswick, will find amid the thousands of happy faces many that fully illustrate what I mean.

If I may speak of so sacred a thing I should like to tell you of a daughter who was such a great sufferer, that the nurses could hardly bear to see her sufferings at times. She has said to her father, "Dad, ought I to be so perfectly happy on earth as I am? Is it right with so much suffering around, for me to be so happy?" Moses the man who wrote this blessed text, "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy," was the first to put a veil on his face, but there have been many since.

Let us remember that joy is strength, and both are love. Joy is love enjoyed, and strength is love employed, for all our strength is in our love; and the measure of our strength is the amount we can love people. Get hold of that wonderful secret, for I am going to talk about it next week. The measure of our strength is the amount we can love people; and joy is love enjoyed, and strength is love employed.

Look at "love employed" in a little letter from that same girl who wrote the words I read last week: "I should not like at all for people to try and not tell me all their troubles. I know about the sick babies, the naughty children, the crabby mother-in-law, the tipsy husband and a score of other things. I can only say to them all, 'Oh well, missis, I am right sorry for you, but just keep on loving him hard enough and may be he will come all right'" (now take this last sentence into your minds and do not lose it)—"*like God loves us until we get like Him at last.*" God loves us till He loves us into His own likeness, and we grow like Him as we love Him.

Now what about the daily life? Turn to Psalm xcii. 1-6. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High. To shew forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning." The first point in the daily life

is that we are "to shew forth!" To "shew!" Do we understand what shewing means? Supposing I asked you to shew me a thousand-pound note; you might say, "I cannot, for I have not got one, and I cannot shew you what I have not got, but I can describe it." But I do not want a description, I want to see it. That is the whole point. We cannot shew God's loving-kindness every morning unless we have it.

No Christian then should leave his bed-room in the morning until he is "saturated" with the love of God; and none should go down to face that often dull breakfast table with the day's cares and business and troubles before him, until he has given "thanks unto the Lord" and sung "praises unto the Most High." We cannot "shew forth" unless we are "supersaturated" with the love of God; for to shew love one must possess love. We therefore pray, "Oh saturate us *early*," not only early in our life but early in the day, that we may "shew forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning."

For many years I have had much to do with nerve patients, and I find one of the greatest helps towards their recovery is to make them take their breakfast in bed; it shortens the day, it sends them out fresh and satisfied, and they come down calm and rested at ten or eleven o'clock, instead of cross and irritable at eight.

Now this is the point in our verse: have your (spiritual) breakfast before you leave your room. Should not the soul be fed as well as the body? Ought we not to face the daily life with a fed soul rather than a starved one? How are we to shew forth His loving-kindness every morning unless we have our spiritual food before we begin the day?

If we do that, when we leave our room we shall be a blessing to every person we meet, because we are supersaturated and can give, give, give, because God gives us so much more than we can contain. I do not mean that we are continually on the strain trying to be pleasant, and are therefore unnatural. No, we are natural; love overflows out of us; and life becomes brightened and sweetened by our Christianity, instead of dulled and hardened as it sometimes is.

The more spiritual a person is, the more absolutely natural he becomes; and those people who speak so much of spirituality and try to keep spiritual, as if it were a matter of walking along a tight-rope, of maintaining precarious balance for fear they should tumble down on either side, are really not spiritual at all. True spirituality is no acrobatic feat! The spiritual person is the one who dwells with God, and who is able to shew His loving-kindness every morning; simply because he is full of it ere he leaves his room.

And then, what about the end of the day, when he comes back to his room at night? Look at the close of the verse, "Thy faithfulness every night!" What a good thing it is then for God's holy priest to offer up the spiritual sacrifice of praise, even the fruit of his lips—giving thanks unto the Lord and singing praises unto the Most High! What a delightful thing to shut that bedroom door at night, and after all your prayers and intercession for others are over, to send up one note of praise as you recall God's faithfulness and God's kindness throughout the day! To remember what a good time He has given you; how He cared for you here, how He watched over you there; how His goodness and mercy followed you all this day of your life! And then you go to sleep in the care of the living God, or as the old hymn says, "Safe in the arms of Jesus" with a most delightful feeling of repose.

Such is the daily life, a life of perpetual joy; that we "may rejoice and be glad all our days." And yet, withal, we may be sorrowful, though always rejoicing, for we have the deepest sympathy and feeling for the misery and sorrow of others.

The Christian's sphere is to feel for everyone, and to try to minister to everyone. But nothing can stop that spring of joy; that is always there, nothing can dry it up. To some jaundiced souls, no doubt, such a picture is intensely irritating, and there can

be no doubt that where there is the least artificiality or display or want of feeling, or when any false note of feeling is struck, the sober-minded Christian is disgusted.

Such, however, is never the case when the joy is the simple, natural outcome of the personal knowledge of and dwelling with God. He that is in tune with the Infinite, is in tune with all that is right, and is so graced with a refinement and a consideration for others, and above all, with the spontaneous naturalness that is the result of true spirituality, that he jars on none. In short, he lives with God for others.

Turn now to Psalm xliii. 5, if any are not satisfied yet. What does it say there? **“I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.”** You are to have a healthy countenance! **“Who is the health of my countenance?”** Why does it say countenance rather than soul? Because the love of God ought to shew itself in the human face, marred though it may be by sin, and scored and scarred though it may be by lines or suffering; for none of these are able to obliterate the brightness of God's love, which ought to be the health of one's countenance.

Our very aspect should be a credit to our Saviour. We ought to look as though we are turned out well. One can always distinguish men who live in London lodgings from those who live at home and get

good food and good care. A Christian should live at home in spirit now, and he ought to look as if he wanted for nothing: he should be a credit to his Father. His Father takes wonderful good care of him, for He will not let him go far away without sending two servants after him; just as in the case of the King, two private members of the Police Force are responsible for his safety, so are these two servants of God responsible for my welfare wherever I go, and if I am quick enough I can sometimes recognise their care in the circumstances of the day, but not always. One is called Goodness and the other is called Mercy, for **"goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life"** (Psalm xxiii. 6). But whether we can trace God's goodness, or whether we cannot, it is always there, and it is no wonder I rejoice and am glad all my days!

Well now, we will look for one moment at the result of all this in the Christian's life. A life so happy should produce good fruit; and we read of the fruit of the Spirit which consists of nine grapes on one cluster; it is one fruit, but it has nine separate berries on one bunch.

I want to distinguish between fruit and works. Work is the result of conscious effort, and fruit of the unconscious life. Fruit is the unconscious result of a happy life; work is the conscious result of trying to

serve God. The fruit of the Spirit is therefore wholly unconscious, and I am the last one to know about it; and yet I am the one who must produce it in my life.

Now, in Galatians v. there are nine grapes in the cluster. The first is **love**. I want to call your attention for one moment to this word love: the word is *agapê*. That word is never used in Greek classical writings. The thought that is enshrined in the word is an absolutely Divine concept. The highest thought before was *philanthropia*, or philanthropy. In itself *agapê* is devotion, self-denial; and if towards God, adoration; towards man, sympathy; it is a spring of goodness flowing out to others with its own intrinsic force, not called forth by what is external, but flowing out by its own internal power.

Agapê, love, is then the first fruit of the Spirit in the daily life of the Christian. When we consider for a moment the deep meaning of this word love, we ask what do we actually know about it? How much of it have we really got as a force in our daily life? Think of a love that hopes for nothing again; that wants no return or reward; that does good for its own sake, that is like God's rain, which descends on the evil and on the good! A love which simply sheds beneficence abroad because it cannot help it!

I will not dwell more upon this Divine grace now, since it forms the subject of the next address, but pass on to the next fruit which is joy; that is what I am speaking about to-day.

Peace; and long-suffering follow. Of course long-suffering is difficult or easy according to the standpoint you take. I had a trying patient once, and I put two nurses to look after her. They tried to be long-suffering, but she was so troublesome they could not stand it, and came to me, and told me they must give up the case. I said, "Don't you know you ought to pay that woman five shillings a day for teaching you patience? As nurses, there is no cause to complain; on the contrary you should be grateful for what she is teaching you." Well, they saw that, and went back to her ready to bear anything. After a time she ceased to be cross, and then they felt they were being defrauded of their lessons.

Everything depends on the way of looking at things, and you can alter your standpoint if wrong. If anyone here is feeling upset with regard to some trouble, and they look at it in a different light, from a fresh point of view, the pain of it, the anguish of it goes.

Kindness and goodness are the next two. The difference between kindness and goodness is that the former is active, while goodness is the sterling worth;

kindness is what goes out of one from the goodness within.

Then come **faith** and **meekness**. Do not mistake this meekness. It is not that meekness of face which is often so disliked. I think nothing is more objectionable, because in nine cases out of ten meek faces conceal proud spirits, and I believe the real reason they are hated is because they are felt at the bottom not to be genuine. "I am meek and lowly of heart" said Christ, and that is where meekness has to begin. This meekness is that gentleness and tenderness of spirit, that is the essence of all refinement.

And lastly, we get **temperance** or self-control. Please do not think that the person who has this self-control is one of those weak amiable nonentities that one sees sometimes. This is a strong, self-contained man, who is as good as he looks, good all through; the more you know him the more you find he has this self-control. Tennyson says,

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

This is one of the most important of all these fruits, though it is placed last.

The one that is placed first is the most Divine, and the one that is placed last is the most human, because self-control is not needed by God. Love is

Divine. "God is love," but self-control is a human attribute, needed by us poor mortals. This closes this wonderful list of the fruits of the Spirit.

But I imagine that even now, at this late stage of my address, there is someone here who is not happy. I imagine there is someone who may say, "You have not touched upon what keeps me back; but the fact is my life is not a success. I have tried to do this and I have tried to do that, but I am one of the failures in the Christian race; I have not achieved what I have tried to do. I have not been able to reach my ideal, I have come short."

Those well-known lines of Addison's truly tell us:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius: we'll deserve it."

Look at 2 Chron. vi. 8: "The Lord said to David my father, Forasmuch as it was in thine heart to build an house for My name, thou didst well in that it was in thine heart. Notwithstanding thou shalt not build the house." The judgment of our life is not by what we succeed in doing, but by our aims; it is our spirit, it is our desires, that will judge us in the last great day; it is not our achievements. It is not the successful ones who will be first in heaven, but those who have had the noblest aims, the highest aspirations. "Thou didst well in

that it was in thine heart. Notwithstanding thou shalt not build the house"—"Thou art a failure as to that"—but, says God, I can see the purpose in thy heart, and I judge thee by thy purpose and not by its accomplishment?

Who was it liberated the slaves in the States? A dead man—John Brown's spirit. His body might lie mouldering in the grave, but his soul went marching on. It was the purpose of his heart; he died in utter failure, but his heart did the mighty work, for it was the purpose that counted, not the fulfilment of it in his own life. You know how Browning beautifully says:

"This low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it;
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundreds soon hit;
This high man aiming at a million,
Misses an unit—
This has the world here, should he need the next,
Let the world mind him;
This throws himself on God, and unperplexed,
Seeking shall find Him."

But there may be also others who are more miserable still, and say: "All you describe of this knowledge of God is true, but I have not got it. I am more unhappy than when I came here, for I see there is a joy in God, and a happiness to be

had, but the joy is unknown to me." Ah! there is hope for you! It is when we hear the harmonies of heaven that we feel the discords of earth, and one of the greatest steps on the road to happiness is to be unhappy. Divine discontent leads to the prodigal's return, and the Father's kiss!

IV

LOVE—THE CHRISTIAN'S POWER

THIS is the last of this short series of Addresses, and I should like to remind my hearers of what was in my thoughts in giving them. I felt that we in England were being over-run with a vague sort of Theism which, under various reasons, was striving largely to supplant Christianity in our midst; and therefore I ventured to occupy the first lecture with a description of the structure, or what I called the anatomy of a Christian man, and showed that Christianity was a distinct revelation of a Trinity and of a Saviour, long posterior to the knowledge of there being a God.

Some may have noticed, that I have not said much about Christ in the last two lectures. I want you clearly to understand that I laid the foundation of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ in the first lecture, and I was not going to return to first principles in the subsequent lectures.

I also wish to point out that I often use the word

God as including Christ, and although one can have a God without Christianity, one cannot have Christianity without God. It is essential we should understand that we do not believe in three Gods, but One; at the same time, when I speak of God to the Christian, it means to him Father and Son and Holy Spirit. There are many passages, especially in St. John's Epistles, where it is impossible to say of which of the three Persons of the Trinity the writer is speaking: he glides from one to another as much as to say they are all God. In the same way, the use of the word here in any particular instance is determined by the context.

The three lectures that follow that first one are given, because my observation in London and elsewhere seems to show me a Christianity so singularly devoid of *resource*, *joy*, and *love*, that I thought that I could not do better than devote our time to studying these three subjects. The Christian's Resource is found in God, Joy I called the music of his daily life, and Love I consider to be the secret of the Christian's power; for I would earnestly insist upon the important truth that the true power of all Christians does not consist in their skill, their intellect, their knowledge of the Bible, their acquaintance with theology, their capacity to expound texts—none of these things mean strength; it is the amount of love

that they possess which is the measure of their power.

You must remember in speaking of Joy last week, I pointed out how many people fail to get it because of the attitude of their minds. Our happiness really ultimately depends upon the way our minds are looking. Maeterlinck so well observes that nothing can really hurt us but through the medium of our own minds. These two short lines, which may be familiar to some, well illustrate this, and they also show that all our happiness in life depends on whether we look up or down :

“Two men look out through prison bars,
The one sees mud, the other stars.”

Now to turn to the subject for to-day, let us read again Psalm xci. 1. “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.” I have already brought the peculiar order of this verse before your notice. I have shown that it does not say, as we all of us have thought, that the one who abides under the shadow of the Almighty on earth shall eventually dwell in the secret place of the most High in heaven; but that, on the contrary, it begins with heaven and ends with earth, and points out that the way to enjoy the shadow of the Almighty on earth, so that the sun shall not strike us by day,

is to dwell in the secret place of the most High in heaven.

Let us pause here a moment, and let our souls consider carefully, and try to grasp again, the meaning of that word "dwell," and seek to realise its force and power in our every-day life.

Now to-day I have to carry this thought a step further, and I have to bring before you a most startling truth, and that is that "he that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall" not only "abide under the shadow of the Almighty," but becomes himself a shadow of the Almighty—becomes himself a source of refreshment to others.

Let me ask you to turn now to Exodus xxxi. 2, and read it carefully. "See, I have called by name Bezaleel"—Bezaleel means "the shadow of the Almighty." Here is a man who was the shadow of the Almighty, and how did he become so? He was the son of Uri and the grandson of Hur, and all these ancient Hebrew names are full of meaning. Here, Hur means Liberty, and Uri means Light; and the one who is the shadow of the Almighty on earth is always the child of Liberty and Light. Uri and Hur must be your parentage if you would be a Bezaleel; there is no other way of becoming such a man.

Observe, "I have called by name Bezaleel." That means to say, we are to emphasise the

meaning of the word "Bezaleel" because he was to represent God on earth in the construction of the Tabernacle, and the result is seen in the third verse. He is the first man in the whole Bible who is "filled with the Spirit of God."

We hear a great deal now about "filling with the Spirit" but here is a living instance—"I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship." — He is perfectly equipped for his life on earth, the child of Liberty and Light, the shadow of the Almighty!

We get the same thought of being filled with the Spirit, in different phraseology, in a verse that I think I have quoted at every lecture, 2 Cor. iii. 18: "reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory." To be transformed into the same image is to be filled with the Spirit; it is one and the same thing.

Someone may say here, "All this is rather too far-fetched for me; I am only a plain man, and I must have a solid basis for what I believe, and the etymology of an Old Testament name is not enough to show me that a man can be a shadow of God."

But we do not need to rest on inferences, for Isaiah xxxii. 2 tells us in so many words that a

man can be a shadow: "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest . . . as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Here a man is as the shadow of a great rock.

And then we can go on another step, and illustrate this extraordinary position still further by turning to Acts v. 14: "And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women, insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." If we live where Peter lived, and if we know what is meant by dwelling in the secret place of the most High, there can be little doubt that our shadows will cure all the sick on whom they fall. Talk of the gift of healing! It is here demonstrated as the unconscious influence of the man who dwells with God.

To-day happens to be a sunny day, wonderful to say, when shadows are cast; for we all know, no sun means no shadow. If you want to produce a shadow, what have you to do but go out on a sunny day? If a picture of yourself has to be produced, an elaborate painting is required; if you want to have a statue, an elaborate sculpture must be made; but for a shadow, all that is needed is to walk in

the sunshine; and as long as my hearers walk in the light of the Sun of Righteousness they will cast a shadow for blessing on everyone on whom it falls.

Shall I ever forget a visit I once paid to one of the seats of the Berkeleys, at Spetchley in Worcestershire, where there is an old chapel where service is held once a fortnight? I sat there, one Sunday evening, and an old clergyman, about eighty years of age, was reading the sermon out painfully by the light of a tallow candle. I was almost asleep in my pew, when suddenly these words burst upon my ears, and what they have done for me I cannot tell you—"The mind casts a shadow just like the body, for good or for evil on every one that passes by."

Now the difference between an image and a shadow is just the difference between "works" and "fruit." A good image, which is a correct representation of any one, requires a great deal of conscious and voluntary work to produce it. But a shadow is produced unconsciously. I am the last person to know I have a shadow. Others walking after me can see it; people on whom it falls can feel it; but I am the last to know anything about it, because I have nothing directly to do with it, it is made without effort or consciousness. All I have to do to make a shadow is to walk in the sun. Here

is another illustration of the ease of all true Christianity that is really Scriptural.

As I said in my lecture on Joy, if you are only happy and enjoy yourselves according to the 90th Psalm, you will do more good than fifty sermons, and that without any effort. One cannot say it tires a man to throw a shadow on the pavement, however delicate he may be; all he has to do is to walk in the sun. Do you know I often think we are doing the most good when it causes us the least fatigue. I do not think that blessing is measured by the amount of effort made to produce it; but I think the nearer we live to God the greater the amount of blessing that we bestow on others.

You cannot limit the value of the Christian to the work he does; there must be always, in addition, the value of the fruit he bears; and love, joy, peace, etc., do infinite good though they cannot be called Christian work. No man can be a Bezaleel, a shadow of the Almighty, without being full of three things, Power, Joy, and Love—which are the subjects of these three lectures.

The reason that no effort is required here, is, because the result depends upon the personality. Judges viii. 21 says: "As the man is, so is his strength." Not "as he says," not "as he does," but "as he *is*." "As a man *is*, so is his strength." Oh, take this in! Get hold of it; don't let the words I

am now speaking pass away with the hearing or the reading of them. Love is the power and the strength of the Christian man. How little is it shown!

I often wonder whether Christians, regarded as fruit, are more like nuts or peaches. Nuts are hard outside, but they are not bad if you can only get inside the shell; but peaches are soft and beautiful outside as well as good throughout.

Did you notice last week when I was speaking of the fruits of the Spirit that they were all, what I might call, soft fruits. You cannot call "Love" hard. You cannot find a shell on kindness, or on meekness, or on goodness or on joy. They are all what I should call "soft fruits."

Many Christians have such a forbidding aspect that they are more like crabs than human beings. A crab is hard outside, he has an external skeleton and his soft flesh is inside. And that is the type of so many, many Christians, deplorable to say! I do not allude to this in any light spirit. Anything that is a greater offence to God could not be imagined.

They have a wonderful sect in America called "hard-shell Baptists"; I don't think it is known here, but it is very significant of this class of people. I hope I am not offending any "hard-shell Baptists" from the other side who may hear or read this. Shake hands (speaking metaphorically) with one of

these people, and instead of grasping spiritually a soft hand of warm flesh and blood, you grasp an assemblage of bones. They seem proud of it, as if to say "You will find every bone in its right place."

Some people appear to think of nothing but doctrinal perfection. Doctrinal perfection by itself, however invaluable, is nevertheless only the skeleton of the Christian. It must be clothed with three things, Power, Joy, and Love; and there is neither Power, Joy, nor Love in skeletons, therefore I say that as Christians we have to be more like human beings than we are.

It is extraordinary that many people are soft enough naturally, but on their Christian side they are as hard as nails; and indeed the moment you begin to talk of Christianity there often seems to be a sort of hardening coming over them. You all know what I mean, for it is a common experience. And it is a thing that must be spoken about, if this can be done without offence.

We may be great anatomists as Christians; and we may know how many bones we have in our skeleton. But what is it all worth, what testimony do we give by it to the God of all grace and all love, if our hearts are loveless; or rather I would not say loveless, for there is love enough in these hard Christians if you can only get at it, but the

terrible shell is so forbidding that nine out of ten never get beyond it!

We may be great teachers and dogmatists, but poor lovers and poor brothers. "This commandment have we from Him, that who loveth God love his brother also." Let then the love flow; let it out; don't say "I have a loving heart inside," but show it. Let it characterise the shadow which you throw. I am sure love as well as power characterised the shadow that Peter threw on those sick people for their healing.

Ah, that Love, that heavenly Grace! It is music, it sings, and when it sings the very chains fall off the prisoners' hands. What cannot you do with the power of Love! What made Paul and Silas sing praises to God at midnight? Was it because they were perfect in their knowledge of God and their knowledge of theology? No; it was because their hearts were glad with a Divine Joy and Love, and they could not be silent. And if you in trouble and distress have Love like that, and can raise your voice in song to God at midnight, the poor prisoners in London will hear you, and every man's bands will be loosed, and all their chains will fall off; and the shadow that you throw on them of Love and Joy will bless them and heal them.

This is Christianity. It looses prisoners by a song, it cures the sick by a shadow. I ought to

know well what I am talking about because I have experienced it myself.

Many years ago, by what one calls the merest chance, in a neighbouring country, I stayed for one week in the house of a man I had never seen before. I was a Christian, but I had lots of chains on; and I thought it a very good thing if I gave God all Sunday, and about an hour one evening a week, and had the rest of the time to lead my own life. Of course, I was in some measure under the impression that Christianity was a scheme to make us miserable now and happy hereafter, and I thought if I gave up all Sunday and one hour in the week, I could be free the rest of the time.

I lived a week with this man; he never said a syllable to me about Divine things, but I watched him every hour. I am a trained observer; I can see through people; and I watched him. I saw for the first time a man who so thoroughly enjoyed his religion, his God, and his Christianity, as to make one's mouth water to live with him. He threw such a shadow of Love over me that I felt I was being changed. I could not resist it.

I can stand a great deal and have been put through a great deal, but there is a power in Joy which you cannot resist. You can stand argument. The more you are argued with, the more you can argue back and show your reasons are better; but

you cannot resist Joy, you cannot overcome Love. That man was a splendid, noble Christian man; there were no cant phrases about him, nothing of the ordinary conventional religionist; but he was a man whose very soul was burning with the Love of God and whose life was full of Joy from morning till night, "satisfied with God's mercy," and he was glad and rejoiced every day of that week. The result was that week was to become a turning point in my life.

After I came away, I was out on a pleasure trip with some young fellows. I was steering a boat up the river, and I remember the very spot where I dropped the rudder lines, and said: "I won't stand it another minute!" They said, "Stand what?" I said, "Never mind," and took the ropes again and went on steering. What I meant was I would not stand the slavery of enjoying myself any more, I was going to enjoy GOD. I wouldn't have the positive misery of slavery to self for five days a week and be dull the other two; I was going to be happy all the seven. That man cast such a power over me with his shadow, that the sick was healed; his life sang such a song, that the prisoner's chains fell off; and although no doubt a great deal has altered since, I can tell you from experience the power of such a love and how it makes a sick man well.

But there are some feeble creatures about, who remind one of a story which I read some time ago, called "The Shadowless Man." There are shadowless Christians, who go through life, and do no ostensible harm, but certainly do no obvious good. They may do some good with their purses, but they do not do good with their presence. They do not do good with their personality; their personality is shadowless, and therefore powerless. They are not the shadow of God, they are not Bezaleels. What a pity! Receiving, receiving, but never giving out. As I said the other day, the Dead Sea is dead because it always receives and never gives; the Sea of Galilee is alive, because it receives at one end and gives out at the other.

Talking of shadows, only the other day I heard of a young fellow in one of our large houses of business, who so enjoyed his Christianity that two well-known sceptics higher up in the firm were both brought to God merely from watching that young Christian. We have not the slightest conception of the power and the blessing that we might become in our daily lives in London, if we only got into our very souls the value of our personality, and realised that the whole power of our personality depends on the way it is in touch with the living God. When this power is due to personality, and not to effort, there is no fatigue in showing it.

I must say one word about fatigue. There is really no such thing as fatigue of the Christian spirit; fatigue is a physical, not a spiritual sensation. We say, "I often feel tired in my mind." Certainly, but we must remember that to use the mind, the brain must be in action; and it is this that gets tired in spiritual exercises, prolonged study, etc., and not the immortal spirit. All Christians are now in possession of the power of an endless life, but at present this life is in a body, ever liable to fatigue. Whatever is mortal can get tired, but what is immortal never can.

I saw a young Christian this morning who came up from the west of England. He told me he finds praying to be fatiguing. He says it makes him so tired. I said: "Is it any wonder?" Why, I often am amazed at the words of the Apostle Paul when he said—here he laboured, earnestly, in prayer continually. I think of all the exhausting exercises, there is nothing so fatiguing as real earnest prayer. Why? Because it requires the highest faculties of the brain to follow the soaring of the spirit. The spirit is not tired; it is the brain, the vehicle of all our thoughts.

Now, unconscious work does not fatigue the brain because it does not use it. Indeed, it is not, as I have said, called work, but the fruit of the Spirit? So I say this casting a shadow does

not ever involve fatigue of the brain. I do not know whether any of us have noticed that all those things we do unconsciously do not tire us, but those things we perform consciously do: but it is so.

In our present state we want rest, we want sleep, and we can feel fatigue; but I rejoice to think that in the coming world there is to be no more night. Half our lives are now spent in the arms of sleep, the foster-brother of death. We are only alive half of our existence here; we shall be altogether alive there, because then, in the changed and glorified body, in the house which is heaven, it would appear that we shall know no more fatigue in our bodies than we do in our immortal souls.

There is one other point I would like to remind you of, and it is this: it is quite true that "He that dwells in the secret place of the most High" shall not only "abide under the shadow of the Almighty," but becomes himself as the shadow of the Almighty, like the shadow of a rock in a weary land. I have shown you a man who was that in the Old Testament. I have referred you to a man who was called a shadow of a rock. I have also given the example of Peter in the New Testament. I have pointed out to you that the same thing now occurs, and that the shadow cures as much as ever it did.

But remember this: don't rest satisfied with the

shadow of other Christians. Christians can throw shadows, and a great many, especially ladies, are fond of basking in the shadow of a favourite preacher or a favourite divine, and they ask for nothing better. But do not be content until you are resting in the shadow of God Himself. Be content with nothing less than the Master: however honoured and however great the servant may be, never stop short of Christ. There is always a danger in man-worship; there is no danger in worshipping God.

I refer again, in conclusion, to that first verse of the 91st Psalm; because to manifest this power we must come from above, we must descend from heaven to earth, we must understand the simple touching words of that child's letter about "dwelling," that I read in the second address. "We dwell like settled sort of people"—I like that so much—"like settled sort of people in a peaceful home in heaven, don't we?" Well, until one really knows that in one's spirit, we cannot come down and be a blessing, for "**He that descended is the same also that ascended.**" We must have ascended in order to descend, we must come down from the mount if we are to cure the sick. Sick people cannot help sick people, and the mass cannot raise the masses, nor can worldly men bless the world. The Christian is the true humanitarian, and the

Divine is the sole power that can uplift humanity. None other so loved the world as God, and it is Love that conquers all: and that we may all know more of this "love that passes knowledge" is my most earnest wish and prayer. May I close this address with these beautiful lines from *A Death in the Desert*, which Browning puts into the dying lips of the beloved Apostle John. Just before he breathed his last, he is supposed to say these words to the disciples round him:—

"Our life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is;
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost
Such prize despite the envy of the world,
And, having gained truth, keep truth: that is all."

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