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CHRIST AND THE RACE FACTOR¹

I

I HAVE been turning over in my mind of late a statement attributed to the late Field Marshal von Ludendorff. He is reported to have said that "Christianity aims at separating a man from his people, from his tribe and from his nation. Hence the rejection of Christianity in modern Germany".

I do not wish to occupy you over much, if at all, with the many cross currents of our very enlightened and yet confessedly very crazy and very unhappy modern world, and so I shall content myself with *adverting* merely, simply as a point du depart, to the uncanny and withal amazingly potent influence which theories of racial origin and racial superiority have come to exert in the national and religious life of certain great modern peoples.

I *do* desire, however, to point out to you this evening, in the measure permitted to me, how that in this very *universality* of the Christian faith, which makes it anathema in certain contemporary systems of political philosophy, a veritable "stone of stumbling" indeed, resides its crowning glory; and how one of the most attractive titles of Christ, by which He is most endeared to the believing heart, derives its peculiar lustre from His relation to this very question of *race*, the burning question of the hour. This universal character of the Lord Jesus Christ I conceive to be reflected in His title "Son of Man".

The only time in which our Lord asked His disciples for the verdict of the masses upon Himself, He went out of His way, you may remember, to put His question in a very peculiar form.

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Philippi he asked His disciples saying, 'Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?'" (Matt. xvi. 13).

Not "whom do men say that I am?" nor "whom do men say that Jesus of Nazareth is?" The emphasis is thrown upon a certain phrase—"The Son of Man"; and there is a remark-

¹ An address to students at the University of Otago, New Zealand.

able connexion possibly between the special form in which the question was put, and Peter's answer which the Lord blessed, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God". Those versed in Scripture are well aware that this title "Son of Man" is our Lord's own favourite title. He applies it to Himself more than thirty times in Matthew alone. Other titles were given Him by others—Son of David, Master, Messiah, the Holy One of God; with the exception of the dying Stephen no one ever gave Him this title save Himself alone.

May we pause for a moment and examine what this title "Son of Man" means? To understand its significance we must recall a little of its history. There is only one passage in the Old Testament in which the title "Son of Man" is unmistakably applied to the coming Messiah and that is the seventh chapter of the book of Daniel. You may remember the nature of that chapter. It brings us up to the end of Gentile dominion over Israel, I believe. In chapter ii the rise and development of Gentile supremacy is sketched, but chapter vii is focused rather on happenings connected with its culmination and *end*. It seems to me that this is indisputable.

The writer has a vision of the older empires of the world, empires which conquered by force—Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome; whose symbols were lions and bears and leopards. In the case of the last its teeth were of iron and its watchword "Arise, let us devour much flesh". And lo! as the prophet dreamed they passed away and in their room he saw arise a new empire of divine origin for it came from the Ancient of Days; an Empire of universal sway—ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him and thousands of thousands. On the throne of this Empire, characteristic perhaps of the spirit of its administration, sat one like unto a Son of Man. The scholars say it is remarkable that this title did not become to any great extent one of the favourite titles applied by Jewish Rabbis to the coming Messiah. Other titles such as The Servant, Wisdom, The Logos the Jewish theologians carefully worked out and unfolded. But this one for the most part was left isolated—"last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart". It was left for the Lord to take it, enlarge it, enrich it and apply it to Himself. He is Son of Man because no man's son, but child of the human race; Son of Man because in Him mankind finds the epitome of all that makes man man, the

embodiment of every ideal: Son of Man because only by contact with Him can man as man ever find his true self. As Plato would have said could he have seen His day—and Plato reached out an arm's length towards Christ; it was only an arm's length, still he reached it out—if Plato could have seen His day, I say, he would have said He was the Son of Man because He is the *Idea* of man, i.e. the underlying universal whereby alone the individual finds his manhood or womanhood.

Let us look at the matter a little more fully. This title "Son of Man" is really thrown into sharp antithesis to any tribal or racial conception; the universal, I might say, is shown against a background of the local and ephemeral.

There is nothing in human history that stands out more sharply and ineffaceably than *race*. What a mysterious thing race is! How lasting are its characteristics and peculiarities! The Pyramids are slowly crumbling away; the *Jew* lives on. The Star of David may be removed from the Nuremberg Synagogue amidst Nazi plaudits in August 1938 but the significance of the Jewish Shema—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is one"—with its positive and negative implications is still living. Is there not a sort of mystery in it that, out of 4,875 verses of the Pentateuch, the battle cry, the martyr cry of the Jewish people for more than twenty-five centuries should have been found in one verse—Deut. vi. 4? The Jews had a mission in the past for "unto them were committed the oracles of God" (Rom. iii. 2) and despite man's will and man's way and man's day, they are destined to play a glorious rôle in the future. "I will make them to be a praise and a renown in every land where they have been put to shame", says the prophet (Zeph. iii. 19) and Zechariah (viii. 23) records the divine decree, "In those days it shall come to pass that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, 'We will go with you: for we have heard that God is with you'." Every Jew is a living testimony to the reality of the judgment of God; but though judicially blinded till God's higher purposes of blessing are worked out, his halcyon days will come.

II

And how one race *differs* from another race! and has a life of its own that you cannot communicate. If there is one

thing more certain than another it is that God has not made the races of the world after one pattern. Races cannot be standardized. There is no such thing as mass production when it comes to race. Every race has its own angles, its peculiarities, its own horizons, its own work in the world; no race can be put into the place of another or perform the work that another should do. The duration and extent of nations, the definite boundaries which they cannot transcend, are determined, according to Holy Writ, by God and evolved in history.

“God . . . hath made of one . . . all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation” (Acts. xvii. 26).

As Augustine said, “History is a poem of the divine intelligence”. Every race lives its own individual life and works out for itself its own salvation. And, be it noted, there is no murderer in human history worse than the murderer who tries to murder the life of a race. Race is as sacred as Personality. For the life of a race is a sacred life that comes direct from God and in one case as in the other inalienable rights have been conferred. There is really no meaning in citizenship either apart from the link with God. To attempt to wipe out a race is a crime against God Himself.

You will permit me to carry my argument a step further. There is one thing that follows from this individuality of the separate races. No one race ever exactly understands another race. The Roman, for example, never understood the Greek; the Greek despised the Roman. To the one the ideal of life was law and order. The Roman sought to bind the ends of the world to the Eternal City, to make all the diverse nations part of that one marvellous empire. He imposed upon it a system of law which still after twenty centuries governs half mankind. But he had little understanding of the ideal of the Greek, of what the Greek stood for in the world. To the Greek to “think imperially” was political poison and the history of Greece, to quote Mr. Baldwin, “was simply one long failure to create an Empire”.

The Greek ideal of life was individualism; each polis was a state in itself, working out to the fullest in its larger or lesser sphere the life of the individual. The Greek dreamed not of law and empire but of beauty. He regarded beauty as the

divinest thing on earth, and to him the worship of beauty was the worship of deity. Simonides, one of the greatest Greek poets and thinkers, frankly admits that of the four things for which he yearned most, beauty came first.

No, the Greek did not desire to bind the ends of the world to Rome by an imperishable system of roads and a perfectly organized administration, but to discover the hidden mysteries of thought. There was no holy of holies in Greek religion. And the Roman did not understand the Greek, while the Greek sneered at and exploited the Roman.

The French and the German! There is infinitely more than the Rhine dividing these two peoples. The Irishman and the Lowland Scot! How little sympathy, how little understanding! It is impossible to mistake a Welshman for a Highlander. You would never confound a Russian peasant with a Jap. And your Englishman—is he not notorious for going through life indifferent to the special peculiarities and aspirations of other nations, wrapped up largely in his own prejudices? Does not the relative isolation of New Zealand tend to beget an insular outlook, a somewhat insipidly exaggerated conception of our place in the sun?

Half the troubles of the world and more than half its wars¹—and we may as well accept the Scriptural ruling that man being what he is “till the end wars and desolations are determined”—half the wars of the world, I say, have arisen from this cardinal fact: the inability of one race to understand another.

I want to mention now one result that flows from all this. When you come to think of it, it is really self-evident—this fact, I mean, that the characteristic man of any one race is never fully understood save by the race from which he sprung. For the typical man is the embodiment of the race peculiarities and ideals and these, as we have seen, do not appeal, at any rate to the same extent, to any other race. Illustrations of this are as wide as history itself. Consider the amazing success of some of the personalities of the modern world. Was not this the secret of the triumph of Kemal Pasha in Turkey, Sha Riza Khan in Persia, etc.?

¹ From the year 1496 B.C. to A.D. 1862, a period of 3,358 years, there were only 228 years of peace. Within the last 300 years there have been 286 wars in Europe. From 1500 B.C. to A.D. 1860 more than 8,000 (permanent)! peace treaties were signed, the average duration two years!

Who, for instance, is the characteristic Englishman? In the realm of thought there is no dispute. It is Shakespeare. Do the French understand Shakespeare? To Voltaire he was a barbarian. He was a Goth who knew nothing of the symmetrical unities to which the Great French masters pinned their faith. Shakespeare needs the Teutonic mind to interpret him aright. Does the average Englishman appreciate Goethe? The answer is obvious.

I trust I do not tire you in pursuing this train of thought a little further. Even more true is this law on which I have laid stress when we leave the republic of letters (which, after all, is cosmopolitan) and come to the more insular realm of politics. Who is the characteristic Englishman in the sphere of *action*? Modern historians tend to find the true John Bull incarnate in Oliver Cromwell. I do not labour the point. But I want you to grant it for a moment. *Did* the Irish understand Cromwell? *Do* the Irish understand Cromwell? What would be the reaction in Eire to-day if someone proposed to erect a statue to Oliver Cromwell outside the Senate House in Dublin? Did the Scots understand Cromwell? If you care to read that rather wonderful series of letters that passed between the great Ironside and the Presbyterian divines who governed the nation, you will be in no doubt about the answer.

Once, once only in all time has there come One whom all men can understand; who is neither Jew nor Gentile, nor Roman nor Greek, nor French nor German, neither Englishman nor Irishman; but with whom every race—Jew, Gentile, Roman, Greek, French, German, Russian, Japanese—feel perfect affinity. Once, once only in all time has there come One whom no peculiarities cut off; who is not limited to any race or century, for whom there is neither language nor speech where His voice is not heard. And he speaks of Himself as the Son of Man, for the life blood of every nation flows in His veins—"sin apart". He is the Son of Man, because all that is best and truest and loveliest and tenderest in human life in every age and clime finds in His glorious Person its perfect summation and expression—Son of Man, because East and West, North and South, white man, black man and yellow man, those who dwell around the Poles, those who wander amid the sands of Sahara, all alike feel—and it is true, mark, of no other one in the world—that He supplies their perfect Ideal, the crown

of their hopes, as Cowper says. He is Son of Man because He is the magnetic centre to which every quickened heart is drawn, the hope of universal mankind through twenty centuries. So you see the force of His words "whom do men say that I, this Child of Humanity, this mysterious satisfaction of human hope and yearning, this Changeless Ideal of changing humanity, whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?"

III

If you reflect on the human link that Christ is among men I think you will discover in it what I may be permitted to call an argument for His Deity. I will not try to define what I mean by human link. You have human links in your own lives. Our lives are like links in a chain. At most we seem able only to touch a heart or two on either side. And how quickly the human links are snapped, and how powerless and inoperative they soon become! Those who were at school or college together, or undergraduates later on, how far apart in thought and sympathies may a lapse of ten years find them! School links, college links, university links, these may bind *but only after a fashion*. But Christ is the universal link of regenerate man and woman in every age. He is the only really abiding link to-day and in this sense He has linked men together for twenty centuries. Look round on life! Think of the gulfs which separate different classes of men. We go through life with labels on our backs, like the bottles in a chemist's shop—political labels, social labels, intellectual labels. And how much rejoicing in these labels do we see every day of our lives.

What is it that unites Man? Do politics unite? Conflicting political ideologies are the curse of our times. Spain is running with blood through politics and Europe may soon follow suit. There is nothing that divides so speedily as politics; and were I to invite you to-night to discuss the relationships of Christianity and Socialism, or to debate the compatibility of Pacifism with a man's duty to his country and Christian teaching, warring camps might easily appear even in this tranquil gathering!

Wealth does not unite. Wealth more than anything else separates class from class and man from man. Wealth has given rise to the London West End with its selfish and unlimited

wealth and the awful degrading squalor of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel.

Does art unite or literature? Literature and art have in them by their very nature something that is divisive, something that makes you what is called academic, that puts you out of touch with those who have not the keys to the treasure house you have entered. These things *isolate* intellectually.

"All literature is profane," says Vinet. "Christianity has no literature of its own. It must wait till it has a world of its own. . . . All literature, taken as a whole and piously judged . . . is outside of the truth; and if you choose to submit it to the most formidable of ordeals, it will almost melt away in your hands. Be, then, Christian yourselves, since literature is not, that is all I can say to you; and be sure that it can be instructive, luminous and fertile for no one so much as for the Christian. . . . You cannot have a literature made on purpose for your convictions."¹

How true it is that there is only one human link that binds men everywhere, that has the power to bind men everywhere, that bridges all gulfs, that stretches over all the centuries and knits together all the continents. It is the Son of Man. The old boast of the Roman, "Nothing human is alien to me", is true alone of Christ. He is Son of Man because in His heart is a width like the width of the ocean and a depth like the height of heaven; Son of Man because overlapping all barriers and all distinctions, He draws to Himself, links with Himself and with each other everywhere. At His feet we lose consciousness of those things which otherwise would separate. With Christ there is *no race*, *no time*, *no century*, no class. He is the First-born among many brethren. (Rom. viii. 29.)

There is a passage which deals with this *universality* of the Person of Jesus Christ in Luthardt's *Fundamental Truths of Christianity*. It seems to me so very beautiful that I reproduce it:

"What does He imply when He calls Himself the Son of Man? By this title He, on the one side, includes himself amongst other men—He is one of our race; while, on the other, He thereby exalts Himself above the whole race besides; as, in a truly exclusive sense, the Son of Mankind, its genuine offspring, the one Man towards whom the whole history of the human race was tending, in whom it found its unity, and in whom history finds its turning point as the close of the old and the commencement of the new era. His title, Son of Man, implies that in Him the whole race is comprised, and that He is the object of its history."

¹ Vinet, *Outlines of Philosophy and Literature*, 2nd ed., p. 473.

There is in the whole demeanour of Jesus Christ the characteristic of *universality*. This is an impression He makes upon everyone. There is in the history of every nation a tendency to comprise itself in certain individuals of more than usually comprehensive mind and character. Every nation reverences such heroes of its history who are in a higher sense than others the depositaries and organs of the national genius, and in whom the nation sees itself, as it were, incorporated. Still these have all been but approximations and contributions to a perfect representation. And this has been more especially the case when a comprehension of the entire nature and mind of the human race is concerned. Even such as have been most representative of the human mind, even the most nearly universal-geniuses we can think of—how far are they indeed from being representatives of mankind! Jesus was such a representative man; but He was the only one the world ever beheld. He is the true prototype of the human race. In Him were perfected and exhibited, not merely individual aspects of human nature, but human nature itself, in its primitive truth and purity, free from the disturbances and perversions introduced by sin. In Him we find the realization of our true nature. It is in this character and primitiveness that Jesus Christ is the universal archetype. How various soever men may be with respect to their nationality and individuality, every one may equally look upon Jesus as his prototype. It is true that He was, as to outward circumstances, both individual and national—He was the Son of Mary, and a member of the commonwealth of Israel; His external life comprised but a limited circle of situations—and yet this definite and special form of His historic manifestation so thoroughly bears within it the character of universality, that He is the supreme, the all embracing, the inexhaustible prototype of all men in all ages and under all circumstances. In His presence all thought of national peculiarity, distance of time, variety of mental cultivation, vanishes. When we see Him followed by the Greek, though a founder of none of his sects; revered by the Brahmin, though preached unto him by men of the fisherman's caste; worshipped by the red man, though belonging to the hated pale race—we cannot but consider Him as destined to break down all distinction of colour, and shape, and countenance, and habits, to form in himself the type of unity to which are referable all the sons of Adam.

In Him mankind has found its oneness and consequently the history of mankind its object. It is He that was to come. All history previous to His coming was a prophecy of Him. The whole course of external events, and the progress of the human mind, were tending towards Him; the result of both was to demand without being able to produce Him; hence in Him both find their completion. The secret of His power, and the pledge of His success, lay in the fact that He is the demand and object of the collective development of the whole range of man. He is the fulfilment both of Israelite prophecy and Gentile prediction; for He is the manifestation of the divine counsel for the salvation of men. But He is, moreover, the fulfilment of that prophecy which is uttered by our own hearts. He it is who is the secret object of our aspirations. This is the hidden tie which, unconsciously to ourselves, unites us all to Him, and involuntarily attracts us towards Him. It is He at whom we are aiming, unknown to ourselves. We are all so affected by Him, that without Him our souls are without rest; because He is the truth of our being. Thus He is the object of us all.

IV

Let us go back again and look at our argument in its relation to time. How quickly time does its work with most of us! How speedily we tend to get out of date and out of touch with a new age. I suppose the gulf between old and young in some respects was never quite so pronounced as to-day. There are few books written thirty years ago—with the exception of course of those that deal with the elemental facts of human nature—that are not out of date to-day.

The thoughts of one age are not the thoughts of another. The knowledge of one generation, brilliant and clear though it be, becomes the fog of the next. Some cynical church historians like to remind us that the orthodoxy of one generation is apt to appear as heresy to the next! This is an overstatement; yet those that follow us are how often out of touch, out of sympathy with those that have gone before. I am told that every young man or woman of any individuality of outlook is a *révolté*—I think it is true within limits. I do not know whether it should be so. The living are governed by the dead whether we recognize it or not.

Nothing in fact is more difficult than to throw yourself back into the mental standpoint of men who lived in the past. That is why writing history is so difficult. Dante was a universal genius, but how hard it is to take up his minor works—his *De Monarchia*, for instance—and not to feel that you are standing upon the shores of a world that has perished and that between him and you there is little in common. But Jesus! No age outgrows His power to understand and be understood. No century exhausts the fullness of His meaning. Time never withers or stales the infinite variety of His charms. Scripture says “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever”. Jesus Christ whose sympathies and affinities and comprehensions not merely race but time itself is powerless to limit or impair. Time has no effect on Him, for He transcends time. He was there before Time. Time began with creation. As Augustine wrote “non *in* tempore sed *cum* tempore finxit Deus mundum”. The time form did not antedate the birth of things but it came into existence with them. And Christ made Time.

I would like to give you an illustration of what I mean here. Suppose we received a visit from two figures of the past. And suppose our first caller to be an early Christian scholar—Jerome. In the Albrecht Dürer house in Nürnberg there is preserved among other treasures the original copper plate (1514) of the famous engraving of St. Jerome in his study. It portrays—Charles Mierow describes it for us—“the little room in Bethlehem that this early Christian father called his Paradise. Across the foreground asleep, yet on guard against all that might disturb the peace of his sanctuary lie the little dog and the lion which—like Androcles—he once befriended. The interior of this pleasant retreat, with its heavily beamed ceiling, its thick walls, its simple, homely furnishings, its books, is suffused by a warm light. We can see the sunshine through the bottle glass panes of the mullioned windows, mottling the walls and floor, illuminating the entire scene with a subdued radiance.

“And there in the background, seated at a writing desk that surmounts a broad table, is the figure of an old man absorbed in his task of writing wielding the pen that has, given to Christendom its Latin Bible.” His hair is white, his brow furrowed with wrinkles, and a dewlap like that of an ox, hangs pendulous beneath his chin. Jerome died at Bethlehem

on 30th September A.D. 420. In the closing years of his life civilization was rapidly being engulfed by the rising tide of barbarism. He refers to the Sack of Rome by Alaric in A.D. 410. "A dreadful rumour reaches us from out the west. We have heard that Rome has been besieged. The city which took the whole world has itself been taken." And he asks "What is life now Rome is no more?" I wonder what Jerome would think could he return to-day and survey the glories of the new Empire at the Augustan Exhibition.

Jerome was a giant in the days in which he lived. But we would find it uncommonly difficult perhaps to make points of contact with him. He was harsh and intolerant. He was the sworn foe of marriage. He solemnly tabulates its pros and cons (Letter XI). He showed himself a very fiend incarnate when cosmetics were in question. No rouged lips and cheeks, no necklaces of precious stones, no stylist head dress. As for auburn locks, artificially induced, Jerome is inclined to derive henna from the same root as Gehenna. He would have had you up two or three times in the night for a few mental jerks, in the way of getting Scripture passages off by heart. But here is my point, when Jerome loses himself in Christ somehow or other *we are immediately together*.

Suppose that we could receive a second caller to-night—that uncrowned Pope, that king of men, the dictator of Europe, Bernard of Clairveaux. There is a most informative life of St. Bernard by Dr. Morison. Now if Bernard came we should find it uncommonly difficult to find any points of union between ourselves and him. We stand on another shore and watch the tired waves of a different ocean here and there gain some painful inch. For us the age of Bernard—and what a glorious age the age of the Second Crusade was! brimful of life, simply pulsating with activity—for us the age of Bernard has passed away for ever. There would scarcely be a thing on which you would agree. He ate only one meal a day, and that of hard peas. He thought the use of pepper and ginger a sin against God. Like all medieval saints he had the dubious virtue of seldom changing his shirt. The ways to heaven that to him seemed the only ways no feet here will ever tread. No man could seem so hopelessly out of touch. You would feel that he was just like some extinct Ichthyosaurus—a very big fossil remnant of a past generation, and nothing more. But wait a

little. This repulsive Bernard, so out of touch with you, between whose life and yours there seem these centuries of great gulfs fixed, tells us his spiritual experience. He begins to sing of the mystical love of Christ.

VESPERS

Dulcis Jesu memoria,
 Dans vera cordi gaudia,
 Sed super mel et omnia
 Eius dulcis presentia.

So gracefully and sweetly reproduced by Edward Caswell.

Jesus, the very thought of thee,
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest!

And we and Bernard are one—one in a mighty sympathy binding us together—one in a common bond to a common centre; Christianity remember is held by the *Centre*. Judaism was held by the Circumference. But Christianity is held by the Centre and the Centre is a Person. Yes, it is Christ that has stretched your hands across the centuries and clasped it in the hand of Bernard: and it is *Christ* that makes you feel the common bond which no difference of race, of culture, of environment, are able to suppress. "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" The Son of Man, because all down the ages, Christ has been the common bond in human life, the common link, binding, where known, class to class and man to man and *race to race*. Son of Man, because all through the centuries the Sons of men, however divers in other ways, however different their dreams and hopes and aspirations, have united in this one cry of the heart "We shall be satisfied when we awake in Thy likeness".

Just a little more and I am finished. Look at the matter again; not from the standpoint of race this time but of the individual. How narrow our lives and influence at the best! How small the ripples of our influence on the infinite expanse of human activity. We may live alone, we certainly die alone. We know that we must pass out beyond the reach of time *alone*. Is it not beautiful that there is One—only One remember—for whom the limitations of human lives have no meaning and who in the moment of darkness and perplexity takes us

by the hand. Twenty centuries have proved the truth of the simple hymn:

What a friend we have in Jesus.

Let me sum up what I have tried to show you. We have seen that "a man called Jesus" has within Himself a power that no other man ever had of leaping over race distinctions and bridging all the centuries, the power of drawing men of infinitely different types, through all the ages, to His feet. We have also noticed that however sharply any one race is distinguished from another race, however fondly it clings to its own ideas and dreams, and has its own heroes, there is no race found yet the wide world over that either has not or is not capable of putting Christ on the throne of its hopes.

We have noted also another aspect of the universal in the Man Christ Jesus—that for Him time has no power to wither His charms or exhaust His meaning. All down the centuries with their changing needs He is the changeless ideal in which every generation of believers have discovered some new glory. We have also noticed—I trust the illustrations have made it plainer—that Christ is the universal element, the universal link amid the diversities of human lives; that there is nothing that binds men together, nothing that *can* bind men together like His influence, that there is no influence so completely human as His influence nor so perfectly divine, and that there is no class or age He cannot touch.

"Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" Ought we not to join in the Confession of the Apostle—Because Thou art Son of Man, therefore Son of God?

I leave with you the thought of the moral beauty and transcendent greatness of Christianity—untold myriads on earth as the Sun rolls on its course [to-morrow] coming under the influence of the collective power of this Glorious Person, the risen, living Head of His Church and finding in His Incarnation and Humiliation and in the intensity of His redeeming love that which challenges all the reverence of which renewed minds are capable, and subdues the heart in adoration and worship.

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