

opened for them unaccountably, mysteriously, as by the touch of an invisible hand.

It was a stupendous task which he laid on His disciples in the missionary commandment with which the promise of His presence was coupled. The commission and the promise were well joined together. For an enterprise so measureless in its scope, and in the time through which it would have to be sustained—an enterprise wide as humanity and unending as the generations of men, that sought its conquests in the spiritual life of the world, and has to be renewed with a fresh zeal in every new age, there was needed the abiding inspiration, direction, and energy of its divine originator. So Christ gave this promise before His departure. So far from leaving His followers He would be nearer them and more with them than before. And it is only because He has kept His promise that the Kingdom which He inaugurated has endured and retained an inexhaustible newness of life.

The confidence which Christ had in Himself and in His destiny is the most wonderful thing in history. To feel this we have but to put ourselves in the place of His contemporaries. We are, let us say, His neighbours in the little town of Galilee, in which He was brought up. On its streets we meet a young man as he goes to and from his day's work, with his tools slung over his shoulder, or as he bends over the bench in his workshop. On whom are we looking? On one whose name will spread through all the world and through all time. His memory will become men's most sacred possession, his words their most precious treasure. He will wield a power in comparison of which that of

the mightiest monarch will be insignificant. The kings of the earth will seek for their investiture the sanction of his name, the countenance of his servants, the benediction of his spirit. Nations and peoples will be stable in the measure in which they own his authority, and are assimilated to his spirit. He will create the greatest personalities of the future, to whom it will be an immeasurable honour that he employs them in his service. From him human genius in all its kinds will derive its richest inspirations, and its noblest employment. His power will penetrate where no mortal authority can reach; he will reign in the dispositions and thoughts of the heart. He will be a new conscience to humanity. Whenever he finds a place at all it will come to be the highest place. He will be more to those who receive him than father or mother or brother or sister. He will be the only one of whom mothers will be glad that their children love him more than they love themselves. He will make immortal the name of every one who has appeared in his company; he will hallow for ever in the eyes of men whatever he has touched. Labour will be sweeter to men because he has laboured. The valley of death will be less lonely and the star of hope will shine upon it because he has passed through it. How incredible! How impossible! But it is what has happened. All this consciousness of His destiny Jesus carried in His own heart. He knew that His name would be above every name, and that He had inaugurated a divine movement in the world—a movement so in accord with the Eternal Mind that all after-history would but be the record of its struggles and of its ultimate and universal triumph.

In the Study.

Virginitus Puerisque.

I.

September

THE REAPERS.

'One soweth and another reapeth.'—Jn 4³⁷.

JESUS loved the country. The Gospels are full of pictures from Nature; the bright coloured field flowers, the green grass, the singing birds, the rustling corn, and the reapers.

They all spoke to Him; and in His parables He caught up what they said, and taught men how God, even when His workings were difficult to understand, was caring for them all the time. Most of you know something of the harvest fields. You feel that harvest is a very happy time. Its stripped garden trees mean barrelled apples. There is stubble in the field, but soon there will be a dusty miller making meal for the porridge. Some of you may even have played among the stacks; then you wished that sunny harvest days would

go on for a long time. But they never do. Fine weather makes a short harvest.

The New Testament is such a well-known book to most of you that I believe you lose interest in Christ's sayings. They fall on your ear like the striking of the clock you have at home. You never hear them.

And yet Christ was your Friend. He was always full of sympathy with children both in their joys and in their sorrows. And He thought a great deal about the sorrows that come into the lives of grown-up people. We know some of them. When they are very sad we call them tragedies. Not so very long ago, I heard of a young minister laying out his garden, putting down his seeds, pruning his gooseberry bushes. He was not well at the time, and members of his congregation who loved him, speaking to one another, said sorrowfully: 'He may live to see the early flowers, but he will never see his fruit ripen.' They were right; other people did gather the gooseberries.

This sort of tragedy was in Christ's mind as He watched the Samaritans streaming through the green cornfields to hear Him preach. He may have thought of John the Baptist, who had sown, and whose harvest He was reaping. Or His thoughts may have been of the harvest His disciples would reap when He Himself had left them.

Jesus quoted an ancient saying to His disciples: 'One soweth and another reapeth.' Coming from His lips as it did, after He had spoken other wise and beautiful words, it was more forceful than ever. And it never came with such a meaning as now. The life that is opening for you will be one of reaping. The sowers have given their lives, that life for you in this world may be according to the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven. Our young men—your brothers—knew the 'Sermon on the Mount.' It had become part of their natures. They were ready to die rather than that its words should be disregarded. 'One soweth and another reapeth.' They rejoiced that it should be so. The story of the sowing has filled our hearts with wonder. One would need to have the power of a prophet to be able to preach about it to you children.

From the innumerable grave
There will spring a world new-born,
With the austerest eyes and brave
And its clear gaze towards the morn.

He who gave His Son to die
For man's purchase, gives once more
These, His beloved sons, to buy
Him a world worth dying for.¹

—'A world worth dying for.'

That world is, in a manner, to be in your keeping.

A mother had a very clever, good son, who died. He was fond of flowers, and had potted some fine calceolarias in the early spring. At the time of his death they were gorgeous with beautiful blossoms. The mother took some of them to a friend, and said, 'I would just like you to take care of my boy's plants. They are dear to me because he potted them.'

Boys and girls, can you be trusted to try to make this world better? It was Jesus who uttered the text: 'One soweth and another reapeth.' Surely to-day we need to be in earnest over life. Jesus left His message to the care of twelve plain men. He left it to the care of the common people. To-day, He leaves the reaping of what your brothers have sown to you boys and girls. You will not fail in doing your share. Will you ask God's help to make you worthy of their sacrifice? Think of it when you see the reapers in the harvest fields.

II.

'The Greatness of Gentleness.'

'Thy gentleness hath made me great.'—2 S 22³⁶.

Don't you think this is rather a queer text? You would not have been surprised if David, who sang this song, had said, 'Thy strength hath made me great,' or, 'Thy power hath made me great'; but when he says, 'Thy gentleness hath made me great,' you think he must somehow have got hold of things by the wrong end.

Well, if you look at the first verse of this chapter you will see that David sang this psalm, 'in the day that the Lord delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies, and out of the hand of Saul.' He was looking back on the difficult and dangerous times through which he had come, and he saw that it was God's care for him, the kind and loving way He had led him, that had made him the great man he was. Perhaps when he reached this verse in his song, David remembered the time when he had been a shepherd boy. Perhaps he was thinking of some little tired lamb that he had carried

¹ K. Tynan, *Flower of Youth*, 50.

over the rough mountain-path, and he thought, 'That is just the way God stooped down to me in my need and lifted me up, and made me great and strong by His gentleness.'

Now it is a little difficult for us to understand how great a power gentleness is, so I want you to think about it for a little while to-day. And we are going first to Mother Nature to see what she has to say about it. What do you think is the the most powerful thing in Nature? Perhaps some of you will say an earthquake. An earthquake is certainly a very powerful thing, but what does it do? It makes great rents in the earth's surface, it knocks down houses and destroys life. But can it build up the houses it has knocked down, can it give back the life it has destroyed? Not once. Then lightning seems a very powerful thing, and so it is. But what does it do? It blasts great trees, but it cannot give them life. And a hurricane is a very strong thing. It tears up plants by the root, it knocks down trees, and flies off with our slates and our chimney-pots, but it cannot make one tiny wild flower grow.

Now, do you think it is greater to make things or to destroy them? Surely it is greater to make them. It is easy to tear a book into shreds, but it is not so easy to write another. We could all destroy a toy or a doll, but how many of us could make one? And what is it that makes the flowers grow? The soft, warm rays of the sun, the gentle rain, the silent help of the soil underground. I think it is because gentle things don't make a noise that we forget how great they are. Few things are greater or quieter than the growing of flowers, and of boys and girls, the ripening of corn, or the coming of the dawn.

And just as gentleness is the greatest power in Nature, I think it is the greatest power in people too. If a friend flies into a rage with you, you will accomplish more by keeping calm and giving a gentle answer than by flying into a rage too.

Once upon a time a man arrived in a town with a monkey and a barrel-organ. The monkey wore a little red coat and a little red cap. He sat on the organ while the man played a tune, and afterwards he performed some tricks. One day a little dog came rushing out of one of the houses, and flew at the monkey, barking and making a terrible noise. The monkey waited till the dog came quite near, and then he took off his little red cap and made the dog a very polite bow. You should have

seen that dog. He was so astonished and so ashamed that he just dropped his tail and sneaked off into the house, without uttering another bark.

You will find that people will do much more for you if you are polite and gentle than if you are rough and rude. 'Please' and 'thank you' will always accomplish more than grabbing. Don't imagine that gentleness is a sign of 'softness.' It is a sign of strength. We can all be rough and cruel if we like, but it takes a strong brave man to control a temper, and be kind to little helpless things.

There is a story told of General Lee who was the leading general on the Southern side in the American Civil War. One morning he was standing with some officers under a tree on a battlefield. A shell burst near them, and the General said he thought they had better retire as the enemy had evidently got their range. Nobody moved till the chief should move, and the next shell crashed into the top of the tree. Then the officers took their leader's advice and began to retreat; but when they looked round the General was still under the tree. The shell had knocked down a bird's nest and he had stopped to pick it up and put it carefully on one of the lower branches. Although he was a great general he was not ashamed to take care of a little helpless bird.

And now we come back to the place where we began. It is God's gentleness, not the thought of His majesty or power, that makes us great. It is His love that draws us. There is a legend of a knight who did not believe in God and who was always laughing and sneering at those who did believe, and boasting of his unbelief. One day in a bragging mood he threw down his gauntlet, as knights used to do when they challenged each other to fight, and he said, 'If there be a God, I challenge Him to come down and meet me in mortal combat.' And while the people waited, trembling, expecting to see a lightning-flash strike the bold, proud knight to the ground, there came down from heaven a scroll of parchment on which were written these words, 'God is love.' That message broke down all the knight's pride and unbelief, and he was ever after a humble and loving servant of God.

God knows how foolish we are, and how far we can wander, and how much we can hurt ourselves, and He just wants to put His arms round us and wrap us in His love, safe from all harm. He

stoops down and takes us—poor, silly children, and He lifts us up and makes heroes of us—strong and wise, and tender. His gentleness makes us great.

III.

An Aerial Attack.

Who was it that said he preferred the Old Testament to the New, because there was so much in it of wars and battles? It is not in encouragement of so depraved a taste that Lettice Bell writes a whole book about *Bible Battles* (Oliphants; 3s. 6d. net). It is to draw us all to the study of the Bible by showing how interesting it makes everything that it touches. We shall take the liberty of quoting the account of an Aerial Attack, as Lettice Bell rewrites it.

‘Had Gibeon been only a village, the fact of Joshua having made peace with its inhabitants would have troubled nobody. But being a great city, as one of the royal cities, the kings of Canaan were greatly upset.

‘Adoni-zedec King of Jerusalem was absolutely furious. What was the use of the agreement by which the kings had leagued themselves together to crush Joshua, if the Gibeonites were allowed to treat it as a mere scrap of paper? In a rage, the indignant king sent off to four kings of the Amorites, and this was the urgent message his servants delivered:

“Come up . . . and help me . . . smite Gibeon: for it hath made peace with Joshua.”

‘The four kings lost no time in bringing all their hosts together, and they, with Adoni-zedec, set out full of confidence to punish the faithless Gibeonites.

‘You can just imagine the consternation that there was in Gibeon when the five kings were seen advancing and preparing to make war against it. The very voices that had once urged the pretenders to dress up and take Joshua in, were no doubt the very loudest to wail: “I told you so. Why ever did we make peace with Joshua, we shall all be killed! Five kings, did you say? Whatever shall we do?” This we feel sure was the way the people lamented over their terrible plight.

‘Fortunately, amongst that weeping, chattering crowd were the men who had so successfully pretended to have come from a very far country. They had actually seen Joshua, had actually heard his promises. “Never fear, Joshua will help us,”

they said confidently. “Joshua will come . . . to us . . . and save us.”

“Send for him,” cried the frantic inhabitants, and at once a message every bit as urgent as Adoni-zedec’s went flying over the twenty miles that stretched between Gibeon and Gilgal.

‘And did Joshua listen to the request of these men who had so shamefully deceived him? Did he? What a foolish question! Why, had he not pledged his word to let them live? Of course he had, and all his power and all his help were at their disposal in their hour of need.

‘This time, however, Joshua did not omit to ask counsel from his Divine Captain, and he was able to go to the help of the threatened town, with a sure and certain promise of victory. “Fear them not,” said the Lord, “for I have delivered them into thine hand.” How? Joshua did not ask, because it did not matter how. He lost no time in mobilising his men, and in the night he marched quickly towards Gibeon.

‘Before he arrived there, the five kings had each brought up their armies, and were already encamped around its walls. They were not worrying about Joshua in the very least. If they gave him a thought, it was only to picture him resting quietly at Gilgal, miles and miles away. So the five kings lay them down to sleep, quite comfortably, never suspecting that the armies of Israel were coming nearer every moment through the darkness.

‘We do not think that the Gibeonites within the besieged city slept much that night, with five great armies ready to attack them at any moment, and no help in sight. Supposing Joshua did not come? Even supposing he did, would he ever be able to conquer five kings?

‘Then as the Gibeonites trembled and wondered in the dark, a terrific noise startled them to their feet.

‘Trumpets and shouts, the clash of arms and cries of terror rent the air as Joshua suddenly rushed his forces upon the formidable camp of the sleeping Canaanites.

‘With the dawn, the anxious Gibeonites would be able to see the cause of the uproar. While safely within their own walls, they gazed on the battlefield strewn with their dead enemies, and watched those that had escaped the general massacre flying for dear life along the Beth-horon road. Then they knew, from the eldest to the youngest, that Joshua did not consider a treaty just a scrap of paper, to be torn up if convenient.

'Can't you imagine how the Gibeonite children would ask all about Joshua, and why he had come to save them? How they must have opened their eyes in amazement when their mothers reminded them of the dressing up in the old garments, and told them that Joshua was the very man their fathers had taken in! "Did he help us after that?" said the children. "After that," said the mothers softly.

'And as we think of the meaning of Joshua's name and the keeping of Joshua's pledge, he fades away from our minds, and the Saviour of whom Joshua was but a shadowy picture stands before us. His Hands are outstretched to help and save sinners as unworthy and despicable as the pretenders of Gibeon. "Come unto Me," He is saying to us, "and I will in no wise cast you out."

'Yes; after the way we have behaved; after all the times we have run away from Him, He still stands and says: "I will save you: come unto Me."

'Now we must get back to the battle. Along the Beth-horon road the Israelites chased the runaway Canaanites, and as they ran, heavy black clouds gathered ominously in the sky. A long narrow pass, between the hills, lay in front of the fugitives. We do not think they were best pleased to be obliged to go through it, with the storm in their faces and their foes at their backs.

'Such a storm as it was too! A regular deluge storm, for God was fighting for Israel and for Gibeon with the mighty forces that lie within the hollow of His Hand. Not from aeroplane or Zeppelin did bombs descend upon the panic-stricken Canaanites, yet bombs as deadly as any made in Germany fell down upon them from God's Aerial Fleet of cloudy chariots. Bombs not made with steel and gunpowder, the work of men's hands, but stones of solid ice fashioned by unfathomable skill in the arsenals of heaven. So hard and so great were the weapons of destruction, that more died from the hailstones than were killed by the sword. Modern air-craft can boast no such success.

'And of all the Bible battle stories this one must be specially meant to give us courage when we feel like shivering at the thought of German Zeppelins. God still holds the wind and the ice in His almighty Hand, and those are forces He can use at any moment on behalf of those who trust in Him.'

Point and Illustration.

A South American Rescue.

The 'Other Lands' series of Messrs. Oliphant is the best value for the money in children's books that we know. The new volume, *Children of South America*, by Katherine A. Hodge (1s. 6d. net), contains one hundred and twenty-eight beautifully printed pages and eight richly coloured full-page illustrations. And it is a book for children out and out, as the page we shall quote by way of example will show. It is full of incident, and every incident is told in language that is simple and yet imaginative. This is the story of the rescue of a baby.

'The mother of a dear little Indian girl became very ill one day. The husband, who really loved his wife, did all he could to make her well, but in spite of this she gradually grew worse instead of better. When he saw that she could not possibly live, and that all hope was gone he left her alone.

'There she lay, outside the hut, with a reed matting over her face, her life fast ebbing away. It was about an hour before sunset. The Indians were getting restless, when the missionary walked into their midst. Seeing the form on the ground, he stooped down, taking the matting from the Indian woman's face.

'She whispered: "Water." Reluctantly it was brought by the Indian husband, but a few minutes later she became quite unconscious. The eyes of the Indians were anxiously looking, not towards the dying woman, but toward the sinking sun, for she must be buried before sunset. They would all have to pack up and hurry away to a new camping-place, where the woman's spirit could not follow.

'Impatiently they stepped forward, but were waved back by the missionary. Her grave was ready, everything was prepared for the funeral rites.

"The spirit has not left her yet," he said; "do not touch her."

"But we must hasten, or darkness will be upon us before we leave," replied the husband; "we cannot break our custom."

'The missionary held them off as long as he could, till finally they bore her away. Stepping into their hut, he heard a faint noise, and seeing a small, dark object on the floor, he stooped down and tenderly lifted up the now motherless baby girl. What a dear, wee, brown living thing she was!

'Turning round he saw her father, who held out his arms saying that he had come to take her away to be buried with her mother. The missionary gazed at him with horror in his eyes.

"Oh, but you are not going to kill her, surely?" said he, hugging baby closer.

"Of course not," said the father; "we are going to put her in the ground alive. It is our custom!"

'He did not think about the cruelty of such a proceeding. It was part of their religion, and, therefore, must be carried out. So there was a tussle between the father and the missionary for the Chaco baby's life, and I am glad to say the missionary won, but the Indians did not like it at all.

'The first thing to be considered was what to give baby to eat, and the second problem how to get her to the mission-station a hundred miles away. Finding that no Indian woman would help him in the matter of nursing and feeding her, he saw that he would have to be both nurse and mother to her himself.'

How he nursed the baby is full of fun, but you must go to the book for it.

The Teeth.

After Robinson came Thomson, after Thomson came Neil—that is the succession of the men who have done most to illustrate the Book by the Land. Mr. James Neil's last volume (he died before it was quite through the press) is *Palestine Life* (Simpkin), an octavo of about four hundred pages, filled to the brim with the things that illuminate the words of Scripture. Mr. Neil had a genius for bringing custom and text together. Out of this last book of his it would be easy to gather illustrations enough to fill a notebook. And that is the more surprising when we remember that so many books with so much in them have gone before. Here is something about teeth, which might become the basis of an address to children.

'The teeth of the mass of the people are very beautiful and long preserved, and toothache is not much met with, except in the case of the rich in towns. They never use a tooth-brush; but, notwithstanding this, their teeth are of the whitest, with the enamel so well preserved that they shine like those of wild animals of the feline order. This regular, glistening, pure white, elegant appearance

of the teeth is doubtless brought about largely by their exceedingly simple, healthy diet, and vigorous open-air life. The *fellahheen* are practically vegetarians, and owe much of the perfection of their teeth and gums to their only on rare occasions eating meat, and also to the very little sugar they take, and that mostly in the wholesome and easily digested form of grape sugar.

'But they owe still more to their careful practice of thoroughly washing and cleaning their mouths immediately after each meal, using for this purpose water, and sometimes soap and water. In wealthy houses, after the guests have finished the repast, slaves come round with a cup of water, a bowl, and napkins used for this purpose. This practice of the ablution of the gums and mouth immediately after taking food is of the highest importance to health in general, as well as to the preservation of the beauty of the teeth.

'Well-preserved teeth were always reckoned a great mark of beauty and health, and of the bride we read in the Bridal Song:

"Thy teeth are like a row of the shorn ones,
That have come up from the washing;
For all of them are forming twins,
And a bereaved one is not among them."

Or, as it is again:

"Thy teeth are like a row of the lambs,
That have come up from the washing," etc.,

that is, they are spotlessly white, clean, and regular. It is interesting to note, in this connexion, the fine figure of periphrasis, or circumlocution, by which the Lord speaks of hunger in the judgment denounced on the kingdom of Israel for their idolatry at Bethel and Gilgal:

"I have given you cleanness of teeth,
In all your cities;
And lack of bread,
In all your places."

This word *makoam* being the technical name of the "place" or "high place," "the idolatrous mountain shrine," we have here in the last line an allusive reference to the corrupt worship, the sin of idolatry, which had brought upon them the punishment of famine.

'It is striking to notice in this connexion that the pure, glistening white, snow-covered summit in which Anti-Lebanon ends at the south, a pointed

peak, was called by the Amorites, *Seneer*, probably for Sheneer, from *shain*, "a tooth." This summit is 9,150 feet above sea-level. It is one of the most striking features of the land, and is to be seen from afar, standing out, a white cone, against the blue sky. I have seen it most distinctly from Joppa, a distance of some 120 miles! In Canticles the bridegroom cries to the bride:

"Come with me from Lebanon, [my] spouse,
with me from Lebanon,
Look from the top of Amann, from the top
of Seneer and Hermon."

Hermon appears to be the name of the mountain, and Sheneer, which occurs under the form of Seneer, the tooth-like peak at its summit.

Men of the Knotted Heart.

The Rev. Thomas Cassels, M.A., Junior Minister of Wellpark United Free Church, Greenock, has done one of the most difficult things that any man could be set to do, and he has done it well. He has written the biography of two men, both of peculiar endowment and without external incident. He has written their lives together as if it were one life—for they were of closest friendship. He has done this so well that the men live before our eyes, separately and together, and will live now, as long as biographies are read. For he has thrown himself into the book with an abandon of admiration which carries one's whole soul into sympathy. The title of the book is *Men of the Knotted Heart* (Greenock: McKelvie; 3s. 6d. net).

We had marked good anecdotes and incidents for quotation, but still better will be the quotation of a section on a single topic. The men are the Rev. Alexander Duncan Grant of the United Free Church and the Rev. John Paterson Struthers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, both settled for many years in Greenock, and both associated in our mind with that wonderful little monthly magazine *The Morning Watch*, although Mr. Struthers was really the editor of it.

This is the quotation:

'Of Struther's preaching the doctrinal basis was the thought of the Love of God. To him the world was full of kindnesses, great and small, which God was busy doing. The tender mercy of the Lord was over all His works. Perhaps there is no more valuable asset in any town than a man who

believes invincibly in the love of God. We all believe, but how many believe *invincibly*? How many times do we hesitate in the face of some most cruel sorrow, and wonder how God's love could ever say "Amen" to that! We faint by the way. We may even admit hell and God's mercy there, but we hesitate, sometimes, in face of the little pitiable things, which so rend the heart and break open the fountains of our tears.

'Just such a story is that which Lord Lytton tells of the old Frenchman, who made his living in Versailles by exhibiting some white mice, most intelligent little creatures, whom he had trained to climb poles, leap through paper hoops, and perform other antics. Late one night, when he was crossing the Boulevard des Italiens with his little performers, who had gone to bed snug in their box under his arm, he was nearly run over by a steam-roller, and, in the effort to save himself, dropped his box, which was crushed beneath the iron monster. Three hours later, one who had witnessed the tragedy passed the spot again and found the poor old man still there, leaning against a lamp-post and weeping bitterly for his white mice. Here is a story typical of the miseries that are daily recurring round us, and there is in it a certain needlessness, a wanton heartlessness, which sets one wondering and perhaps doubting. Now in *The Morning Watch* Struthers tells the story, and there is a little pathetic picture of the Frenchman; and when he has told the story he makes this comment:

"One wonders why God did this thing, and yet one may be sure that, if we knew everything, we should see that God did it all in love, love to the old man and love to the little mice too. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And not one of them shall fall on the ground without our Father. Not one of them is ever forgotten before Him. He permitted them, as the Psalmist tells us, 'even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.' But mice have come closer to Him still. For do we not read in the Book of Samuel how the mice of gold were put in a little coffer, and the coffer was laid beside the very Ark of the Covenant, close by the Mercy-seat and the Cherubim?"

'Here, I take it, is a comment which only a man with an invincible faith in the love of God could write; and to the afflicted, the wounded in life's

affray, such a man was the very Presence of God, and his words as a banner and a sword.

'This invincible faith in God's love was part of his heritage from his mother. I have told of her last prayer: here is another story of her dying time. She told her son that she had remembered with great pity the souls that are outcast for ever. "But the All-Merciful may save them yet," she said. "It repented Him once, it may repent Him again." The text she alluded to (Gn 6^b) has been a stumbling-stone to many, but what a strong faith it was which struck from it a spark of eternal hope!

'Grant had much the more philosophic mind. He met such an incident as that of the old Frenchman, not by a simple child-like statement of his continued and triumphant belief in God's love, but by seeking some explanation along lines I have already indicated—the existence of a Fate in the world, created, but not inevitably controlled, by God. He used to point out that there was a heartlessness in things. One could see it in Nature, he said. And he would quote:

"Ye bank and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How *can* ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

as an illustration of the careless indifference of the most beautiful things to sorrow and heartbreaking. When he was challenged to square such ideas with the cardinal thought of the love of God, he pointed out that our games consist in overcoming difficulties which we ourselves have made. In golf we could walk up to the hole and drop the ball in with our hand—as Struthers did on one occasion at Bo'ness—but, instead, we multiply the difficulties—bunkers and rules—and the game consists in getting the ball into the hole in spite of these. Even so, he would say, God has made rules for Himself with regard to us. He has created Fate; He has made rules, which we call natural laws, and which by their action break an old Frenchman's heart or somebody else's, every day, every hour. And we have to play the game also—with these rules. We have to accept the killing of the white mice, and loved ones ten times dearer; and the game is to keep loving God, and knowing that He loves us, in spite of all.'

Retardation of the Beatific Vision.

BY THE REV. H. B. WORKMAN, D.D., D.LIT., PRINCIPAL OF THE WESLEYAN TRAINING COLLEGE, WESTMINSTER.

THIS heresy, if indeed it be a heresy, is chiefly of importance for its relation to the question of Papal Infallibility. On November 1st, 1331, Pope John XXII. at Avignon preached a sermon for All Saints' Day on the doctrine of the Intermediate State. He maintained that the saints who have no need of purgatory must await like ordinary mortals for the Beatific Vision until after the Resurrection and the Judgment; for, if otherwise, the Resurrection, by adding nothing, would condemn itself as superfluous: 'The soul separated from the body has not that Vision of God, nor can it have before the Resurrection.'

John was little prepared for the outburst that followed. On December 15th he found it advisable to preach a second sermon to explain the first. In this sermon, John concludes with the words: 'I say with Augustine that if I err let him who knows better correct me. I cannot hold otherwise unless the determination of the Church or the authority

of Sacred Scriptures be shown to be contrary.' In a third sermon (Jan. 5, 1332), 'in the presence of cardinals, prelates, and doctors,' the pope, aroused to his need of the defensive, showed that his opinions were not new. He referred especially to his contention that if the blessed do not enter at once into heaven neither do the wicked enter into hell until after the Judgment. In a fourth sermon (Feb. 2, 1332) John acknowledged that there were many murmurs against his opinion, but added, 'I can do no otherwise.' John did not see the far-reaching consequences of his doctrine. In reality he swept away popular medieval worship, for if the saints are not in heaven prayers for their help become vain. Moreover, did this doctrine apply to the Virgin Mary, for no pope had yet ratified the favourite dogma of the Paris University, the Immaculate Conception?

On the news of the pope's sermons being brought to Paris riots broke out, and in the autumn an