

THE FRATERNAL.

Vol. VII., No. 2.

JUNE, 1913.

Contributions for the FRATERNAL should be addressed to J. Landels Love, 88, Belsize Road, Kilburn, N.W., and all other communications to the Secretary, T. J. Whitman, 12, Bergholt Crescent, Stamford Hill, N.

The Anglican Ideal of Worship.

By the REV. CANON J. HOWARD B. MASTERMAN, M.A.

If I wished to find any justification for venturing to address you to-day beyond the fact of your kind invitation, I might perhaps find it in the fact that during the first twenty years of my life I was a member of your Communion. Since I became a member of the English Church there are few things I have desired more earnestly than to contribute in some small degree to the clearing away of the misunderstandings that do so much to hinder the growth of the feeling of fellowship that must be the first step towards any closer union among Christian folk. What I think we need most is to understand more clearly each other's ideals; for many things that are meaningless, or even distasteful, in themselves become intelligible when we see them as part of the attempt to realise an ideal. We may contend interminably about this or that detail till it becomes disproportionately important; while we lose sight of the central purpose that gives these details significance.

I have chosen to speak to you of the Anglican ideal of worship. In doing so I lay myself open

to the retort that our actual practice does not even approximately correspond to this ideal. My reply would be that the last half century has been marked by a determined attempt on the part of English Churchmen of all schools of thought to shake themselves free from the traditions inherited from the eighteenth century, and return to the ideals of worship laid down by the compilers of our Prayer Book.

For our Anglican Prayer Book is something much greater than a mere body of instructions for the conduct of public worship; it is an attempt—inadequate, as all human efforts are, but noble beyond almost every other effort of English religious thought—to set forth an ideal of worship that should be at once catholic and national—catholic in the ideal it expresses, national in the form of its expression.

Our reformers inherited from the mediæval Church a great store of forms of devotion, hallowed by long use. The problem before them was how to adapt these forms to the need of an age in which the sense of personal responsibility was no longer satisfied to pray with the heart but without the understanding. The aim they kept in view in all that they did was to restore the ideal of worship as the collective act of the whole body of the faithful. So out of the monastic morning and evening services they compiled the two daily services of matins and evensong, in which the whole body of Christian folk were to be invited to join. The realisation of this ideal in the circumstances of modern life may be difficult, or even impracticable, but we may at least recognise that our Prayer Book represents the Christian family as gathering at daybreak, and when the day's work is done, to realise its common needs

and offer its common praise. It was a noble thought that set forth the Prayer Book of the Church as the Book of *Common* Prayer. It was a Book of Common Prayer because it reclaimed for the common man his place in the corporate worship of the Church. It repudiated the false sacerdotalism that taught the layman that the priest acted *for* him, and asserted the true sacerdotalism that claimed for the whole body of the faithful its priestly office. Again, it was a Book of Common Prayer because it dealt with common needs—because it invited Christian men to subordinate the merely personal to what all alike could share. So our daily service begins with the confession of our common sinfulness, and ends with the assurance of the common grace of the Triune God. This is our answer to those who object that fixed forms of prayer and praise do not meet the varying needs of men. Men's deepest needs do not vary; human sin, Divine forgiveness, aspiration and hope and gratitude—these remain permanently the same. So it is a Book of Common Prayer because it reaches below the changing conditions of the moment, and teaches us to pray the prayers our fathers prayed, and sing the hymns our fathers sang. Could anything serve better to remind us that we hold a trust from all the generations of the children of God than collects in which men have expressed their needs for a thousand years and more, or hymns and creeds behind which lie fifteen centuries of unbroken continuity of use? In an age like our own, which is constantly in danger of forgetting, that reverence for the past alone can give hope for the future, it cannot surely be a little thing that we should be called to remember in our public worship that we are members of a great society

whose roots are planted deep in eighteen centuries of human history.

Before I deal with the central act of worship in our Anglican scheme of services, let me point out two things. Firstly, the congregational character of our Public Worship. I hardly think any Christian body gives to all the congregation so large a part as we do in prayer and praise. True it is that an evil tradition, which many of us are earnestly trying to break, has allowed the choir to appropriate what was intended to be the collective act of all the faithful, but the ideal remains—the ideal of an act of worship in which every worshipper takes a personal share. Then, secondly, notice how large a place in our worship is occupied by the Scriptures. They are read in our lessons, they are sung in our psalms and anthems and canticles. If you took out of our services all that is directly and verbally taken out of the Holy Scriptures, there would be very little left.

Our ideal of worship centres in the service of Holy Communion. And the Anglican Holy Communion service shows how the English Church seeks to associate Christian worship with confession and with instruction. The only provision made in the Prayer Book for a sermon is in the Holy Communion service; and in the recital of the Commandments that precedes the sermon, and in the Confession and Absolution that follow, the compilers of the Prayer Book make provision for self-examination, penitence, and the assurance of the Divine forgiveness. For it is only through the gateway of penitence that we can draw near to our Father's Table. There is no charge made against our Church that is more unjust than the charge that she takes no steps to protect her

holy things from the desecration of unworthy reception. The whole structure of the Communion Office is designed to bring home to all who are present the solemn responsibility that rests on every communicant.

Holy Communion is the supreme act of Christian worship because it is the highest expression of the three elements that constitute worship—aspiration, realisation, and consecration.

Aspiration. The actual service of Holy Communion begins with the challenge of the *sursum corda*. It is an invitation to every faithful man to the task of spiritual effort. For a little while we leave the tumults and distractions of life behind, we breathe a fresher air, we look out on a nobler prospect. We lift up our hearts unto the Lord. For we believe that there can be no true worship without this note of aspiration. Worship means calling into exercise the initiative powers of the soul—it means the effort to set our lives in tune with the Infinite.

Then Realisation. “This is my body broken for you.” Whatever the words mean, surely they mean at least this, that in the sacramental act we bear witness to a Divine love that has given, and is for ever giving, its life for the life of the world. We realise the reality of a Divine Presence in an act of obedience to a Divine command. And all true worship means the realisation of God. But in the Holy Communion we realise God not as an external Presence, but as a communicated Presence—a Presence coming through sacrifice to dwell in hearts whose only claim is their need. Our offering of thanksgiving—our Eucharist—is for a life given for us once for all that it may be given to us in ever-increasing measure.

Then Consecration. All true worship in-

volves the idea of offering; and we have no gift to offer but ourselves. Before we go out to live the new life among men we must give it back to Him who gave it, as the disciples brought the five loaves to Jesus that He might bless them and brake them and give them back for the people's need.

And to this consecration of themselves we invite all the faithful, not at rare intervals, but every week if they will have it so. We lay on them no command, as the Church of Rome does, for we believe that worship must be the intelligent act of a free man. It must involve personal effort, personal sacrifice. We believe that even the body should take its part in expressing the humility and reverence with which we draw near to remember again the supreme expression of Our Father's love. We think that slovenliness of attitude tends to produce a corresponding slovenliness of mind.

To the Anglican scheme of worship two objections are raised by some of our own members and by many outside. We are told, first, that our forms of worship are too stereotyped—that they lack the flexibility that belongs to all living things. We frankly admit that this is true. The task of Prayer Book revision is at present exercising the thought of our ablest leaders; and the barriers of mere prejudice and party feeling are slowly giving way under the strong pressure of a demand that has behind it all the hopeful and progressive influences of the English Church. We are asking for forms of worship that shall correspond to the more complex needs and ideals of our own age. But we are not asking (except in some particulars) for greater freedom—for that would mean, in practice, greater

diversity, the substitution of a congregational for a catholic ideal, and of the supremacy of the minister for the rights of the laity. Just as we believe that our creeds are a protection against the vagaries of private opinion in the sphere of doctrine, so we believe that our fixed forms of service are our protection in the sphere of worship.

The other objection is that our worship is associated with an over-elaborate machinery of ceremonial that obscures its meaning and destroys its simplicity. The charge is not without foundation. The over-elaborate ceremonial that has grown up in some of our churches does undoubtedly produce on the mind of the ordinary worshipper a feeling of irritation. But the Preface in our Prayer Book "Of Ceremonies" expresses with admirable clearness the mind of our Church on the whole question of the ceremonial accessories of worship. We believe that ceremonial—the orderly expression through outward forms of the spiritual significance of things—is the outcome of a true human instinct. It is an appeal from the merely subjective to the public, the general, the social. It is a constant protest against the Manichæan dualism that involves a practical denial of the truth of the Incarnation. Symbolism is the natural outcome of the sacramental view of life. It meets the challenge of materialism with a counter-challenge; it consecrates art to a spiritual service. Like all high and noble things, it is capable of abuse and degradation. Its ultimate test is the test of utility. Do the candles lighted on our Holy Table help us to realise that God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all? Does the Cross carried in our processions recall to men the uplifted Christ

and the atoning power of His sacrifice? Do our white-robed choristers lead our thoughts upward to the great multitude clothed in white robes who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?

To the instructed Churchman these things are part of the natural expression of his religious consciousness; to the uninstructed Churchman they are a challenge to thought. For the ear is not the only organ through which truth reaches our consciousness. In our Lord's teaching, a cornfield, a fisherman's net, a lighted lamp, a fig-tree by the wayside, a vine carved on the archway of the temple, became charged with spiritual significance. He trained His disciples to see as well as to hear.

There is a good deal of reason to believe that in early days the Holy Communion service took the form of a kind of sacred drama—a sermon in action. It still remains the supreme ceremonial act of our Anglican ideal of worship. Is it strange that we should desire to surround that ceremonial act with every accessory of beauty and harmony? Is it strange that love should desire to offer of its best?

For behind all our forms of worship lies one central thought—the thought that God desires the adoration of His children. We are not merely suppliants crying to their King; we are children coming to our Father—coming with gifts of which He has no need, but through which He will recognise the love that they are meant to express. The central purpose of worship is not the edification of the worshipper, or even the realisation of the fellowship of faithful men through a common act, but the expression of the love that is the human response to the everlasting love of God.

That is our ideal—how imperfectly achieved no one realises more than those to whom the forms of worship of the English Church are very dear. But we believe that it is not in the abandonment of our inheritance, but in learning better to understand its meaning, that we shall purge ourselves of the formalism and the heedlessness that so often mar our holy things.

We want to follow the example of our Master, when he took familiar words and re-charged them with their full significance. For words are only symbols, after all, and are valueless apart from the spiritual realities that they express, yet it is written of Him who came to reveal the whole mind of the Father, "His name is the Word of God."

Let me close by indicating three special characteristics that our Anglican forms of worship are designed to develop in the faithful.

First, *humility*. There is no better corrective of self-complacency than the reiterated reminders of our public services that we are sinful and needy. Objection is sometimes taken to the opening clauses of our Litany, in which we describe ourselves as "miserable sinners." The criticism is due, of course, to a misunderstanding of the older meaning of *miserabilis*, with its noble assertion that our claim rests not on human merit but on the everlasting compassion of God. I know of no deeper expression of human trust, need, and aspiration than the noble collect—going back to at least the eighth century, probably a good deal earlier—that opens our Communion Office—trust in the omniscience of God; need for the cleansing of the *cogitationes cordis nostri*; aspiration for perfect love and worthy service.

Then *fellowship*. It is not only that we are

all doing the same thing; it is that we are invited to enter into and share each other's needs. I am not thinking only of myself when I say, "we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep," or, "O, Come let us sing unto the Lord," or, "Grant that we and all Thy whole Church may obtain remission of our sins and all other benefits of His Passion."

And lastly, *thought*. There is real danger in types of worship that appeal almost entirely to the emotional side of our nature. Many of you will remember the oft-quoted words of the Preface of Keble's *Christian Year*, in which he claims as the special virtue of our authorised formularies that they promote "a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion." Archaic language and needless obscurities of diction are not in themselves to be commended, but the effort to realise and make our own formularies of worship of which the language is other than that of ordinary life, is a corrective of the danger of emotionalism in worship. There is emotion enough of the right kind in our Prayer Book services; there are collects that grip us with an almost painful intensity of significance, prayers that re-awaken "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," little things that open and become windows into the Infinite. Our Anglican formularies of worship are not noisy, vociferous, or sentimental; their distinctive note is a sober restraint that belongs, we believe, to the best type of English national character.

The Apocrypha : Its Place and Value.

By H. J. WICKS, D.D.

The fourteen ancient Jewish books commonly called Apocrypha have had a singular history. The Palestinian Jews never admitted them to a place within the sacred canon. They were included, however, in the Septuagint, and hence became a part of the Bible of the Christian Church, maintaining that position for many centuries. Early Fathers like Clemens Alexandrinus and Tertullian freely quoted them as Books of Scripture, and their rank was not challenged until Jerome arose. He took the view that no books save those found in the Hebrew tongue should be recognised as inspired and authoritative. He declined to make a translation of any of the Apocrypha, and was vigorously assailed for this by Rufinus. "What wickedness," said Rufinus, "to violate the deposit of the Holy Ghost! The History of Susanna, who afforded an example of chastity to the Church of God, has been cut out and rejected by you! The Song of the Three Children, which is sung on festivals in the Church of God, has been removed from its place!" Jerome partially surrendered to the storm of opposition, and consented to translate the books of Tobit and Judith, manifesting, however, his slight estimate of their value by his lack of care in the rendering. "As the Church," he said, "reads Judith and Tobit and the Books of Maccabees, but does not receive them among canonical Scriptures, so also let it read these two books (i.e. Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus) for the edification of the people, not for confirming the authority of

Church dogmas." The upshot of all this was that even in Jerome's great version the Apocrypha kept its old place, and in so representative a copy of the Vulgate as the Codex Amiatinus there is a list in which all these books are mentioned. Just as Jerome first raised and then settled doubts as to the authenticity of 2 Peter, so he first made men question the position of the Apocryphal books, and then his influence confirmed them in their rank as part of the Church's Bible.

In the Reformation period, two great Romanists made opposition to the common view of their Church — Cardinal Ximenes and Cardinal Cajetan. But finally the Council of Trent put its imprimatur on the books as a part of the inspired Word of God. Among Protestants, however, the Apocryphal books have had a different fate. They were translated indeed as part of the Bible in all the different versions, but they gradually lost caste. Martin Luther looked on 1 Maccabees very favourably, and wished it had the place of Esther in the canon, but some of the other books he condemned. Naturally he disliked the Second Book of Maccabees, but it is curious that Fourth Esdras—a book edited, with additions of his own, by a Christian—should have fallen under his ban. He also held an unfavourable view of the Book of Baruch. Probably this arose from his dislike of the narrowness which finds expression in both these works. He pronounced the opinion that, though the books are not generally equal to the Scriptures, they "are nevertheless useful and good to read," and he gave them a place in his Bible between the Testaments. As in Jerome's case, so in his, the result of his mediating attitude is curious. The books stand still in the German Bible, even in the revision of 1892.

In our own country, Coverdale's version of 1536 contained the books, with a note, however, in which it was stated that they were "not reckened as of like authoritie with the other bokes of the byble." In Cranmer's version of 1541 and in the Bishop's Bible (1568) they are described as "the fourth part" of the Old Testament. The Authorised Version of 1611 included them, and they are named under Old Testament in the Table of Lessons at the beginning. But in some later editions of the Authorised Version, beginning as early as that of 1629, they were omitted altogether. As early as the time of the Savoy Conference, the discontinuance of lessons from the Apocrypha in Church services was argued for, on the ground that the common practice was inconsistent with the sufficiency of Scripture, and the reply by which the Bishops vanquished their opponents is of curious interest as showing their estimate of the books in question. They said that the same argument would be valid against the practice of preaching in Church! Gradually, however, the Apocrypha lost ground in the Church lectionary, until at the present time only a few brief selections are read from it in the course of the year. The British and Foreign Bible Society, after long and sharp discussion, omitted it from their editions in 1827, and the revisers significantly issued it as a separate volume in 1895. To my surprise, I found in the Fuller Baptist Church at Kettering, when preaching there recently, a pulpit Bible containing these books between the two Testaments. I never saw such a thing in a Baptist church before. So far as most Nonconformists are concerned, the books seem to have fallen into almost complete neglect. "How are the mighty fallen," indeed! Once, during long centuries, esteemed a part of the very

Word of God to men, they are now generally looked upon as scarcely worth reading.

Canon Sanday, I suspect, is quite justified when he says that most English folk might be puzzled if asked why Shylock exclaims: "A Daniel come to judgment," or why Milton describes Raphael as the "affable Archangel." Perhaps not even Macaulay's omniscient schoolboy could give the origin of the familiar saying: *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*

It is not difficult to understand the causes of all this. The books are naturally more acceptable to Romanists than they are to us. In Tobit, angels are regarded as conveying the prayers of men to God. In 2 Maccabees, there is the doctrine of the intercession of great saints in the heavenly places for Israel. One passage in the last-named book teaches a doctrine apparently otherwise unknown to Judaism. It is that sacrifices avail to change the position of even the impenitent dead. But when you consider the intense racial narrowness that appears in some parts of this literature, its occasional vulgarities, and the low view of woman which comes to expression sometimes, you can neither wonder at nor regret its almost complete disappearance from the Anglican lectionary. With a growing refinement of taste and the coming in of any worthy conception of God, the Apocrypha was bound to come into disesteem and neglect.

Nevertheless, the literature is of great value from a historical point of view, and this not merely because it gives us the splendid story of the nation's struggle against tyranny, and sets before us the inspiring figures of martyrs for the faith, but still more because it enables us to see the development of thought and feeling in Judaism.

The literature is all the more valuable for this purpose because in a number of cases we can fix the date of books within fairly narrow limits.

We see the prevalence of the idea of God as One who cares only for His elect people in such works as Fourth Esdras and Second Maccabees; and in some passages of the latter half of Wisdom. These writers do not labour, as some of their compatriots do, to reconcile this with the Divine Justice. They simply picture God as the great Partisan of their race. But this is not the view of all the writers. On the contrary, there are passages on this subject in the Apocrypha which do not suffer by comparison with the noblest utterances in the prophetic books of the Old Testament. Ben Sira and the author of Tobit were large-minded men, and there are fine passages in the second part of Wisdom in which God's justice and mercy for all men are celebrated. Some of the books are Palestinian in origin, and some emanate from the Dispersion. But it is notable that in both classes of books the widest and the narrowest views find expression.

The Apocrypha shows us the development among the Jews of belief in immortality. Some of the authors had not advanced beyond Old Testament thinkers in their views as to the state of the dead. One of them seems to have regarded the Gentiles as doomed to extinction at death, while he held that faithful Israelites would enter on a life of bliss. But some clearly teach that the departed enter at once into joy or woe in accordance with their deserts. This belief appears in the Alexandrian work, Wisdom, but it is found also in Fourth Esdras, which is probably in the main by Palestinian writers.

Of great interest to Christian students is the

question: How far did the Messianic hope obtain among these writers? There is a fine passage on the subject in 4 Esdras ii., which I ventured lately to read in church as a lesson. It is undoubtedly the work of a Christian, and reads like a passage out of the Book of Revelation. But the Apocrypha as a whole gives one the impression that the hope of Messiah was almost non-existent in the Judaism of the period. It does not appear in books such as Ecclesiasticus, or Tobit, or Baruch, where one would naturally expect to find it. In 4 Esdras, the writer of the most important part of the book puts the Messianic idea decisively on one side. But in some parts of that highly composite work, Messiah appears as the final judge of men, sometimes as a supernatural figure, sometimes as a merely human warrior. The impression created by a study of the Apocrypha needs, however, to be corrected by acquaintance with other Jewish literature, notably the Apocalypses and the Psalms of Solomon, in which the Messiah is more prominent.

One section of Fourth Esdras—i.e. that known to critics as the Salathiel Apocalypse—is of peculiar interest to Christians, because it shows us how deeply some Jews at least felt their need of that grace of God which Christ supplies. It is a veritable cry for the Gospel, for the forgiving mercy, apart from which man must be condemned, for the regenerating grace without which men struggle vainly against sin.

In his *Grace Abounding*, John Bunyan says that in a time of darkness there came to him the words: "Look at the generations of old and see. Did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded?" He found later that the words were from the Apocrypha, and he says: "This at first

did somewhat daunt me, but because by this time I had got more experience of the love and kindness of God it troubled me the less, especially when I considered that though it was not in those books that were called holy and canonical, yet forasmuch as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises it was my duty to take the comfort of it; and I bless God for that word, for it was of God to me; that word doth still at times shine before my face." What Bunyan found all readers of the Apocrypha may find, especially in such passages as Wisdom ii. 23—iii. 9, or Baruch ii. 27-end, or that noble second chapter in Ecclesiasticus, which is well worthy of a place within the Bible.

It may be useful to intending students if I close this brief article by naming some books which may be consulted. The introduction in the Speaker's Commentary and the articles on the Apocrypha in the Hastings' *Dictionary*, which have been laid under contribution in the the earlier part of this paper, should be read by all students. Mr. Box has lately issued a fine and badly-needed commentary on 4 Esdras. In the "Speaker," Edersheim and Farrar have valuable commentaries on Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom respectively. Mr. Gregg has a very good commentary on "Wisdom" in the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, and Fairweather and Black may be usefully consulted on 1 Maccabees in that series.

Forbes Jackson.

A Memoir.

Perhaps the saddest comment upon the passing of Forbes Jackson is the fact that a few months before his death he became suddenly famous. He was a man of unusually fine character, sound scholarship, and brilliant natural gifts. For thirty years he had laboured unceasingly for the good of his fellows, and at the end of it all was comparatively unknown. Last December he was assaulted by a Suffragette, and lo! paragraphs in London newspapers, portraits in magazines, his name and fame on every lip. "Death of Baptist Minister recently mistaken for Lloyd George"—that is his passport to public recognition! The better one knew him the more one realises the irony of that.

For Forbes Jackson was no ordinary man. It would serve no good purpose to compare him with other, and better known, Free Church ministers, but he had gifts in some directions that beggared them all. That will sound extravagant except to those who knew him. It will be difficult to justify to those who did not. In analysing his personality, as in dissecting a flower, the essential something is lost in the process. He had fine qualities of heart and brain—and some of those we shall attempt to describe—but he was more than the sum of all his qualities. There was about him when all his powers were added up an indefinable plus.

In looking back upon Jackson as a thinker and preacher one sees that he possessed many of the gifts that make for great preaching. He lived deeply himself, and in his own life spiritual

things were intensely real. He had an almost uncanny insight into human need, unshaken faith in the Gospel, and a big, brotherly sympathy with the struggles and sorrows of other men. When in the pulpit his whole nature surged with spiritual passion. He came to close grips with his hearers. His message reached hidden depths.

“Right from the heart, right to the heart is sprung,

As from the soul leapt instant to the soul.”

But the outstanding thing, the thing in which he differed from others, was his freshness, his originality. He was a voracious reader, but no man was less the slave of other men's thoughts. He was one of the few men who were originators, not transmitters. He had the direct intuitive vision of a seer, “the eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.” He saw things no one else had ever seen, said things no one else had ever said. And they were things worth seeing, things worth saying. They were often expressed in phrases of haunting beauty. And this is true not only of his sermons. His conversations, his letters, his prayers, his talks to a handful of people at a week-night service, were full of ideas, fresh, original, sometimes startling. Even an unsigned type-written postcard from him was unmistakably Jackson's. Some felicitous expression would betray the man. He had the most fruitful mind of any man I have ever known. His best things never got on paper; they seemed to well up spontaneously, unexpectedly, and sometimes in bewildering profusion. He was one of the few men worth Boswelling.

Forbes Jackson would have made an interesting study in heredity, in racial characteristics. He had many Scotch qualities, but others—and

his appearance—were so un-Scottish that some have credited him with a strain of foreign blood. That is not so. So far as his family can trace their history—and that is for a good many generations—they are wholly and exclusively Scotch. Yet he was the direct opposite of almost every sentence in Lamb's delightful analysis of the Caledonian mind. "You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth, if indeed they do grow and are not rather put together upon principles of clockwork. . . . He never stops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you before he knows whether it be true touch or not. . . . He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country." Reverse all that, and you have a good picture of Jackson. Yet he was Scotch.

It has been suggested in some of the notices written since his death that his work among students appealed to him far more strongly than the ministry of a church. There is no doubt both appealed to him, and sometimes he was "in a strait betwixt the two." But from an intimate knowledge of his mind on this matter I am convinced that the above does not state his predominant feeling. As a matter of fact, neither preaching nor teaching was his master-passion. The deepest instinct of his nature was the pastoral instinct. Beyond all else he had the shepherd-heart. College and pulpit work only satisfied a part of his nature, and often during Harley days he hungered for a church—men, women, youths, maidens, boys and girls, little children, families with all their joys and sorrows that a minister is privileged to share. With all his strength, he had what one can only call the mother-instinct, the heart that delights to give itself in

affection, sympathy, and service to those in need. "I am glad it is so well over," he wrote me after his recognition services at Aberdeen, "and this afternoon I start a wee bit of sick visiting, and then I shall feel quite a minister again."

In estimating Mr. Jackson's work as a minister, the thing that strikes one to-day is the deep, lasting impression he has left upon each of the churches in which he has served. It is twenty-three years since he came to Worcester—a young man of 31; it is eighteen years since he left; yet his mark is clear and distinct in the life of the church to-day. It is not only that the memory of his ministry is fresh, but that in less than five years the church became Jacksonian (if I may coin the phrase) *and still remains so*. You can hear the tones of his voice in the speech of many of the best workers; you recognise characteristic work and turns of speech; he stamped himself indelibly on the best minds in the church. His work wears well. His spirit is perpetuated in his spiritual offspring. And this is true of all his pastorates. In a letter from Leith, the place of his first ministry, the following occurs: "One can hardly credit that after a lapse of twenty-eight years his memory is so fresh that the news of his death should have produced such wide-felt grief and sorrow."

It is admitted, even by the men of the old régime, that Harley College before Mr. Jackson's advent and Harley College under his Principalship were two vastly different things. He raised the standard of entry, strengthened the curriculum, lengthened the course; but best of all he gave himself to the men, poured into them something of the strength and passion of his own splendid life. He gave Harley a status it had never enjoyed

before. Prior to his coming the students had to receive further training at some other college before they were accepted by our own Missionary Society. It was not long, however, before they gladly welcomed as many as he could send them, straight from his hands. And what hero-worshippers the men became! No matter who visited the College, no matter how eminent and eloquent the speaker might be, it was always the rising of their own Principal that called forth the loudest and longest roar of applause. All over the world to-day there are men working for Christ who are what they are because of Jackson's influence. He had the power of reproducing himself in his best and strongest men.

He was a tower of strength to all his brethren in the East End of London. May I quote a few words that I wrote when he left us for Aberdeen?

"Jackson has gone. Not Principal Jackson, not even Mr. Jackson, but Jackson, the man, the big brother of every East End minister; and there is a great gap, and our hearts are sore. 'London's loss is Caledonia's gain,' was the cold comfort of one Scotch professor. All that most of us can feel as yet is that Caledonia's gain is London's loss."

It is matter of regret that Forbes Jackson did not hear the voice that says, "What thou seest, *write in a book* and send it to the . . . Churches." His brief addresses to the students at morning prayers were marvels of freshness and raciness. He was urged to publish these as "Talks from a College Desk," but he would not be induced. A book from Jackson on Isaiah, or one of the Old Testament books, would have been a permanent enrichment of theological literature. When at last he did turn author we

found to our amazement he had blossomed on another bough. We asked for theology, and he gave us "Twilight Tales." These are good, for he could talk to children as few can, but we still regret that he did not give to the world some of the richer treasures of his heart and mind.

Now Jackson *has* gone. We realise now how big he was; how large a part of our life his friendship had become. "I have all my life had the heaven above my head, but I did not know its height; and the earth under my feet, but I did not know its thickness. In serving Confucius, I am like a thirsty man, who goes with his pitcher to the river, and there drinks his fill without knowing the river's depth." Thus wrote one of the disciples of the Chinese sage. Thus feel the friends of Forbes Jackson concerning the man they have known and lost.

W. H. CONDY.

Mrs. Cordial's Curtain Lectures.

I.

(The Rev. Isaac Cordial has just come in from a rather stormy church meeting.)

Now, my dear, don't go and work yourself into a fever about nothing at all. You can't stop people asking questions. In the glorious freedom and independency of our Free Churches these ripples and upheavals "may be expected with certainty and must be borne with philosophy." I am quoting last Sunday's sermon,—you forgot to mention who *you* were quoting. After all, what are a few words? Why, Jane and I have a few words every other day!

I can give her a month's notice? Can I! And will you clean the boots and wash up during the month? It's a certainty she won't. I give *you* warning, it's more than I can do, with the Mothers' and the Sewing Meetings and the Girls' Guild on my hands. Perhaps you will find me another girl at the same time. You'll discover they are not so easy to pick up as ministers. But it's just like you men. *Your* troubles are always mountains and your wives' molehills. No, my dear, I can't run away from my unpleasantnesses, or give them notice. Until another maid gives me a "call" I must do the best I can with Jane.

Mr. Gettup is unreasonable? Very likely. If the other man were reasonable there never would be any trouble. He is difficult to convince, too, and he is related to half the church. He—

They're all cranks? Well, be thankful that your ministry is trusted with so many cranks! It is an honour. They are difficult people to manage, and they are not placed by Providence under just anybody. If you have more than your share it must be because you are specially adapted for the difficult task of dealing with them. Ordinary men get only the ordinary, unemotional, unquestioning variety. And you know you hate it when everybody agrees with you. When you were at Belton you bemoaned the stodgy acquiescence of the members when you proposed things. The eagerness with which you looked round for "anyone to the contrary" was pathetic. You would come home and say: "There they sat and looked at me. Never a word—just blank immobility. Why couldn't somebody get up and object to the colour of my tie, or complain about the cushion in his pew, or the broken pane of

glass at the back of the gallery?" Then you would glare at your row of inoffensive *Barnes* in the little black book-case without the glass door!

Where you are now things are different. You always hoped they would be. At your Recognition Service you inspired Barker to tell the people for any sake not to agree with everything you said, and if they had any faults to find, to say so. Instead of calling down confusion upon Mr. Gettup's impervious head, you should hail him as the only individual who has taken you seriously at your word.

Well, he may resemble that humble quadruped in some degree, but, like it, he has his uses. At Belton, because you met with no kind of criticism, and received no suggestions, you were fast becoming uncritical of yourself, and you had quite given up offering any suggestions of your own. Everybody felt that deadly "lack of nothing." You were drifting into a groove, and if I had not taken pity on you and married you, you'd have been there now, hard and fast.

It was your preaching got you the call? Now, Isaac, be reasonable. You know that a man may preach with the tongues of men and angels, but if he has not a wife to see that his coat-collar fits, and to preserve generally an appearance of self-respect, he becomes sounding brass. If I hadn't been your one candid critic, you would still be asking the good folks at Belton to "signify in the usual manner," and the remaining pious and immovable few would by this time be venturing to the contrary. You found a few to the contrary here, and they have been the making of you. Mr. Gettup has drawn your attention to a good many desirable reforms which occurred to nobody else,

and you have done many things which would have been left undone but for the thought of his wholesome criticism. He keeps you all on the lookout and from falling asleep—

He is only annoyed because you turned the tables on him? He accused you of cutting him in the street, and you pleaded that perhaps it was dark. No—it was mid-day. Then it might have been a case of mistaken identity. No—both he and his friend recognised you. Possibly you were on the other side of the street. No—you were on his side. He had a perfect case against you. Then you asked him, if he saw you, recognised you, was within speaking distance, and let you go without a word, why he did it? The meeting laughed, and he looked foolish. It was good cross-examination, but it was poor pastoral theology. A word of regret would have soothed his feelings and prevented a lot of subsequent irritation.

It served him right? Perhaps it did—but that text won't make an address to the children. It would help you a great deal if you went to your next church meeting determined that whatever Mr. Gettup says or does he is not going to annoy you; and if you could bear in mind that for every spoke he tries to put into the wheel there are half-a-dozen good, strong shoulders pushing things along. If you can persuade him to direct his misspent energy into some useful channel of service, you will find him a great force for good. But if you cannot harness the wind, make up your mind it shall not carry you off your feet. After all, Isaac, I dare say Mr. Gettup is not unlike Dick, the pony at Belton. You know you never could catch him unless he saw an apple or a piece of sugar in your hand. And he went all the better along the road

after a day's scampering about the glebe.

(Here, chronicles the Rev. Isaac, I had a dream that I was back at Belton, at a church meeting, offering Mr. Gettup an apple, whilst he signified in the usual manner.)

II.

(Mr. Cordial has been to a "Fraternal.")

Of course, I might have known—you've been to one of your "Fraternals." That's what has upset you! I wish I could get into your precious meeting for five minutes. I'd liven things up! But you daren't let a woman show her face there because the men's outrageous fiction that only their wives and daughters and sisters gossip would be blown to the winds!

You don't gossip? No, you talk about nothing but the Apostles' Hope and the Larger Creed! **The last time the** men of your group were here **all they discussed** at the dinner-table was the striking **similarity between** young Cocker's brilliant address **at the annual** meetings and one of Beecher's **orations**. I never heard so much gossip in an hour—no, not at a sewing-meeting!

It was legitimate "shop," and unprejudiced? Jane might say the same when she confers over the garden wall with the girl next door, and imagines her crushing retorts to my mild suggestions. You have the gift of language, my dear, and can clothe your frailties in fairer garb than when you are denouncing the same things in the pagan multitude. And what do you call the conversation over the coffee, when some of the "big men" were dispassionately arraigned for bleeding small churches by exacting enormous fees for an afternoon's preaching engagement?

That wasn't gossip? I don't mind confessing

that I know gossip when I hear it. No, I don't think I am one of the *best* judges—but I know the sound of it; and I've seldom heard more of the unadulterated kind in the same time than I heard then. The sooner you admit your wives into the "Fraternal" the better, in *my* opinion.

No, Isaac, we don't want to hear what you talk about. A lot of good that would do us. But you do need brightening up, and you do need someone to introduce cheerful topics, I am sure. I suppose you had another gloomy paper to-day? Something about the failures of the ministry? Last time it was "The Arrested Progress of the Church," and the time before, "Problems of the Pulpit." Always merry and bright! And then you come home and expect your wives to coddle you after a perfect debauch of gloomy forebodings, and a minute and prolonged survey of the dark side of things.

You can all go to the Mothers' Meeting and tell them they must see a silver lining to every cloud. You ask them as a special favour to remember the beautiful words:

Count your many blessings,

Count them one by one,

and then off you go to one of your "Fraternal" to listen to Jeremiah piling up a mountain of worries to be counted at a sitting. Anyone would think that ministers were the only people in the world who ever had trouble.

A very helpful paper to-day? Yes! I thought it sounded inspiring: "The Irreligious Tendencies of the Times"! I can picture you all sitting there, a row and a half of depression, each thinking how accurately the brother was describing your own case, sighing, and wishing you were in anybody else's shoes, and wondering, between intervals of

listening, if Crewe would give you an introduction to the vacant church at Obbleston, as he happens to be President of the Association this year. And the discussion! Each one gloomier than the other, until you are all in a pathetic state of misery which a few venerable jokes at tea-time only confirm.

You told a new one to-day? Then you've put yourself out of the running for the vice-presidency. However, I hope they were glad to hear it. Oh, that one. What that had to do with the arrested progress of the Church I'm sure I don't know. Probably less than your melancholy discussion. No, Isaac, I'm not getting confused. That's a joke, if you think about it!

I don't wonder you feel depressed. Surely a dozen ministers could find something cheerful to talk about—even on a Monday. If you would only make up your minds to be encouragers for a change, and determine to see that bright side of things about which you get so eloquent elsewhere, and to see it at least once a quarter, and tell one another your joys and triumphs, you'd find the "Fraternal" more helpful, and you'd leave the banqueting hall looking a little less like a funeral procession.

It would do you good all round. The older men would realise that life was still worth living, and the younger men wouldn't feel that their one hope was to return to business as soon as possible, or to emigrate. You tell your friends from me to think less of empty pews and conscientious deacons and falling collections, and if you don't come back from your next "Fraternal" looking as though you had found a surprisingly good text, my name isn't Cordial!

(At this point, writes Mr. Cordial, I fell on sleep, and dreamed that my sanctuary was packed

from floor to ceiling, with seats down the aisles; that the deacons were consulting me about some minor matter; and that the treasurer was hunting high and low for the chapel-keeper to help him into the vestry with a sack containing the offerings of the faithful.)

JOHN MELDRUM.

From the Secretary's Desk.

We are glad to be able to report that our Annual Conference was a great success. The numbers were above the average, but it was a pity more of our members were not able to hear the exceedingly interesting address by Canon Masterman. However, through the courtesy of the Canon we are able to publish the address in this issue of THE FRATERNAL. We are greatly indebted to him for his kindness throughout the whole matter. The one blot upon what was otherwise a very happy gathering was the Financial Report; the Treasurer had to inform us of a total deficit of about £18. I think every member of the Fraternal should realise his responsibility in this matter. I might say that the debt is not altogether on last year's working, but it has been slowly accumulating for several years. Still we cannot go on in this way. The deficit is largely due to the failure of subscriptions in the past, and the Union would be absolutely sound financially if all our members paid up systematically. There are 170 subscriptions still unpaid for this current year; we don't like to mention any names, but every letter in the alphabet is represented among these delinquents. So let there be great searching of heart from Alpha to Omega!

We should like to call attention again to what was mentioned in the last issue—if any brother finds the 2s. 6d. a heavy charge upon a slender purse, the Committee has decided that only the 1s. membership fee should be asked. Of course the matter would be strictly confidential.

Below we append the list of Officers and Committee for 1913-1914, elected at our Annual Meeting on May 1st.

We are proud to have Dr. Gould as our Chairman, and the Fraternal would like to contribute its share to the general congratulations to our Chairman on the honour he has received from his own University. We are to be congratulated on our Vice-Chairman, Mr. Emery, who is held in great esteem by all his brethren. Officers:

Chairman: Dr. Gould, Regents' Park College.

Vice-Chairman: W. W. B. Emery, Coventry.

Treasurer: J. H. French, London.

Secretary: T. J. Whitman, London.

Editor: J. Landels Love, London.

Committee: J. H. Brooksbank, Chesham; C. Brown, London; C. T. Byford, London; J. C. Carlile, Folkestone; E. D. De Russett, London; J. C. Foster, London; W. Y. Fullerton; Walter Hackney, London; C. M. Hardy, St. Albans; C. H. James, Derby; F. A. Jones, Ilford; W. Joynes, London; R. M. Julian, Birmingham; J. Kemp, Southsea; T. J. Longhurst, London; J. Moffat Logan, Accrington; W. S. Lord, Lough-ton; J. E. Martin, Erith; S. G. Morris, London; T. Phillips, London; A. M. Ritchie, Watford; J. E. Roberts, Manchester; J. H. Rushbrooke, London; W. R. Skerry, Beckenham; J. R. M. Stephens, London; H. V. Thomas, Manchester; G. Turner, Sutton; W. T. Whitley, Preston; J. Wilson, Woolwich; T. Woodhouse, London.

College Notes.

Regent's Park College.

We are favoured with the presence, though, unfortunately, for this term only, of Herr Mürger from Switzerland.

We have rejoiced in our Principal's Presidency of the Baptist Union; and our joy was greatly increased by the further honour conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow.

In closing we must make mention of the late Dr. C. F. Robertson, whose memory will always be held dear within these walls. All who knew him as a student here have now left the College, but the time that he spent here has not yet passed out of remembrance.

F. S. D.

Glasgow.

The Devotional Class is now drawing to a close. We have had a fine series of addresses on "Practical Christianity."

Preceding the class each Friday we held a social study circle, Peabody's "Jesus Christ and the Social Question" being the text book.

The Summer Session was opened by a *Conversazione* on Tuesday, April 22nd, when Principal Henderson, of Bristol, was the speaker, and delivered a most scholarly address on "Participation with God," full of the soundest thinking.

Bristol.

J. C. R.

Mr. A. J. Westlake, B.A., has recently begun his ministry in Glasgow; while Mr. J. H. Brooks, after much self-denying work for the Student Christian Union, is now passing on the secret of true joy at Coseley. We are indebted to them both for their helpful companionship here, and rejoice in their entering the Senior Fraternal.

E. P. B.