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mains. Word and Sacraments produce on the soul certain impressions and ideas in a psychological way; then these impressions act sacramentally on a still more inward life, and carry home to our moral centre the real presence of God in His saving power. But just how, who can tell? How does impression become creative, become regeneration? There is much yet to be done for the psychology of revelation. Perhaps we shall never reach the heart of the process. The effect is more than that left by a messenger. For in this case the sender is not only virtually but really present. He acts directly and not far off, by a mediated immediacy, with the timeless simultaneity of Eternity. We have no means of conceiving just how the human medium is united with the divine presence and effect, how the impression made on our psychic nature is transmuted into the regenerative effect on the deeper soul. It is a unique thing, and more or less miraculous. It does not fit into any of the forms of psychic process. It is a new form, this *unio sacramentalis*. Seeberg points out that we may still apply the old formulary that the body of Christ is in, with, and under, the elements, but in this way. God's action on the heart proceeds "in" the human word and act; but as a 'second thing "with" or alongside that word or deed; yet so that it acts only "under" this procedure of speech or rite.

CHAPTER XIV

COMMUNION—THE MYSTIC NOTE

The lacuna in what I have said—lack of magic in the air—the magic of the spiritual imagination. But worship of the holy turns on moral faith, not on imagination, however fine and needful. Grace not the superlative of nature, nor holiness of beauty. The mysticism is that of action, not of substance; of conscience, not of being; of freedom, not process. It is the act of a living God, more than the atmosphere of a *grand Etre*. Transubstantiation and regeneration. Analyse the idea of transubstantiation and it is an empty term. No dynamic change in the elements. Only a person can be the conveying symbol of a person. Men are God's sacraments. No desire to use the word magical disrespectfully. Among several descriptive words theosophic may be best, though unfamiliar. The region of the moral imagination, though less impressive than the spiritual, is more effective, because more regenerative, more creative. Is grace medicine, food, vitality, or mercy?

I AM conscious that, in the interpretation of the Lord's Supper which I have offered, it will be felt by some that there is a lack. What is it? It is not the mystic element which some will promptly suggest. For still, to the mystic soul, the unseen Redeemer stands in the midst of every Communion, dispensing His atoning and creating life for the world. With mystic power He flows from heart to heart of those who are one with Him, and He is Himself the timeless bond that no mere tradition can ever be, and that no mere fraternity can ever realise. It might be more correct to describe the missing element as magical rather than mystical, as glamour rather than atmosphere—the element of spiritual imagination so absent from individualist religion. I do not wish to use the word magic here in an unpleasant sense, the sense of thaumaturgy or hocus-pocus. I would use it rather in the sense in which Matthew Arnold used it in speaking of the Celtic element in our literature, in the sense of an imaginative mysticism rather than a spiritual. I am not alluding to a theurgy in the transmutation of the elements, nor to anything in the nature of incantation, but rather to the poetic glamour or temperamental aura which appeals to the religious instincts so much more powerfully

than a mysticism of the conscience does. I am speaking of the xsthetic rather than the ethical imagination. I do feel that some will miss that atmosphere which makes the Mass the loveliest of all errors, the most wonderful of all the forms of imaginative worship, and which floats like the incense round the elements at the centre. Now if worship were a function of the imagination this lack would be fatal. But worship is not such. It is not xsthetic. Worship is a function of faith, and of faith neither in a physical miracle nor in an imposing system either of ritual or creed. It is, therefore, a great moral act, with the mysticism that belongs to personality rather than temperament, an act gathering to the central and supreme moral Act of the Universe in the Cross of Christ.

The imaginative grandeur of this act is sublime, yet that is not the real greatness of its effect. The hush of the altar is that of holiness, and it is not parallel with the hush of the infinite sky, nor with the peace which is on the high snows or burning plains, nor with the calm of boundless seas, nor the lull of league-long moors, nor the silence which is in the lonely hills. It is a deeper peace upon a deeper victory than nature wins even at her most occult. It enfolds a death more effective than that of heroes, and a resurrection more rousing than the incessant recuperation of spring, or the irrepressible hope in disillusioned generations. It has something more impressive than these—the blessedness that glows in the whole moral conquest, rebirth, and recovery of the world. No doubt the spell of nature upon the imagination is divine and deep; and it grows as the research of science and the intuitions of poetry present us with nature as a living and speaking thing. To many a poetic mind nature is a sacramental thing. From its beauties messages reach us, and from its grandeurs a peace finds us, we know not how, ineffably exalting, touching, and subduing. When it comes to its height in Art, in Music especially, desire is lost in delight. For the hour we are full and complete. Nature becomes for many a whole sacramental system. And especially when it rises to human nature. If we are moved and silenced by the "sacrament of morning," how are we hushed and crushed by the sacrifice of our beloved, who

perhaps pay for our life's comfort by the loss of their own, and in securing us a home fall too early into a tomb ! Such things kindle or quiet us with a divine eloquence, and prepare us to find in the whole frame of nature a teeming significance which makes the vast order of nature one endless symbol of things, movements, and powers unseen. It is not hard then for minds accustomed to regard Christianity as the grand consummation of Creation (instead of a New Creation) to treat the Christian Sacraments as pointed summits of the long ascending chain, or the focus of that divine meaning which creation pours forth to the attuned soul, and the site of the condensed solemnity of Nature's greatness or of human grief outgrown.

But the transfer is, after all, somewhat illicit. Grace is not the superlative of nature. The Cross is more than the epitome of human sorrow, or the acme of noble sacrifice. The meaning in nature is more xsthetic than moral, more general than personal; and she has no word for the guilty or remorseful soul. The eloquence of nature is rhetoric compared with the action of revelation. She has no balm for our self-accusation, and, wide as are her margins of impunity, she has no forgiveness when at last our sin finds us out. She is far more eloquent to our imagination than active for our conscience. Conscience she does more to crush than to restore. But the sacraments are channels of another message and another might. They do not consummate nature, walk in beauty like her night, nor speak with her daily voice. They give us a Gospel where nature gives but a process or an ideal; and the just live by their faith, and not by their imagination nor their sensibility. So that to invest the sacraments with a splendour or a sanctity condensing the imaginative symbolism of a nature which they do more to cross than to crown, is to clothe them with a reverence somewhat alien to their kind, and to adore a spell rather than a redemption.

This, however, is the element that some may find absent from such a version of the sacraments as I have offered, compared with much of the Catholic spell. But it is an element associated with them rather than issuing from them, an element of the preternatural rather than the supernatural.

It is the result of an inversion of the true process of our thought. It is revealing nature to herself rather than a new power and principle to nature. It is making nature 'arrive' from below, rather than arriving at nature from above. It is importing into the sacraments an imaginative value drawn from a symbolic interpretation of the world, instead of imparting to the world from the sacraments a meaning fashioned at last by the historic act of cosmic deliverance which put them there, and finding the purpose and burthen of creation in its destiny to be redeemed. For they were not part of a nature religion—not mystery plays of ideas, nor parables of the natural heart. They were the product of a historic Act of God, which did more to impose on nature a revolution than to deify its long process or condense its subtle magic. Those who miss from our discussion that element of imaginative glamour or temperamental religion have perhaps been still wandering in the plane of nature as poets when they thought they were pacing heaven as subjects of grace. The significance, the suggestion, of nature is one thing, the revelation, the certainty, of grace is another. And in the proper sense it is only in grace that we have certain revelation as distinct from suggestive symbol. The eloquence of creation is one thing, and the Act which redeems it in a new creation is another. And it is possible to invest the second with the atmosphere of the first in a way which confuses them rather than blends them, and which submerges the Word of God in the fecundity of His creature. And that because we do not take the regeneration with due seriousness as a new creation by the saving God of the moral soul in a historic society.

The sacramental idea, so great and fine, must have its due. Is that due denied it when the act of man becomes the sacrament of the Act of God? Is that not a diviner mysticism, because a holier, than belongs to any such miracle in a piece of matter as makes the care of the crumbs more than a decency? It surely gives more and not less scope to the action of a *holy* God, and therefore to the sacramental idea. And it protects it from those magical suggestions which have done so much to exploit it and degrade it. The theosophic idea of the sacraments, with its esthetic profundity, is

attractive to the imagination of an age when mystic has taken the control from ethic in religion, and an imagination, more active than conscience, beclouds the deep things of God. People try to find there an objectivity which they lost from history in an inner light. Hence so many who leave Quakerism plunge into a sacramental rather than an evangelical Christianity—the more so as they never learned the doctrine of grace in their early school.

There is a certain spell about the idea of transubstantiation, for instance, which gives it to many minds the attraction in which the magical always excels the moral to the natural man. I would not, indeed, have it thought that I am indifferent to the impressive nature of a spectacle in which a crumb of bread is under our eyes converted into the very body of Christ at the word of a man. If Christ worked by impression, it could go no farther than that, except by the vulgar way of increasing the size of the prodigy, deifying in like way the Church fabric which made a tabernacle for the host, and turning a handy house as it were into the house not made with hands. But Christianity does not work by impression, for then we should always be driven to increase the size at any cost of quality—as revivalists hanker for huger audiences and an atmosphere accordingly, or as the miracle of the altar expands through a pyx to a tabernacle, and from that to huge and splendid cathedrals with not only an unspeakable and romantic beauty but with a sacrosanctity as the temple of the incarnate Lord.

Christianity works by regeneration and not impression, and by regeneration moral and not magical. Let us hold fast to that. The temple of the Lord are *ye*. It is the flock that hallows the fold, not the fold the flock. And the flock is a community of living souls or persons with a corporate consciousness. What acts on the souls of a Church is the personal soul of the Church—the Holy Spirit of its redemption. It is the personal Christ in His Holy Spirit. And personal action is moral action, not substantial movement—it is the act of a will and not the mutation of a substance.

It is influence and not infusion. The real presence is moral, redemptive, evangelical for heart and, especially, conscience. It is person dealing with person. It is a personal act (and not only an official) flowing through our acts and making them pure—and especially through our greatest act, worship. It is not the infusion of a vital substance, it is the quickening action of a moral soul on moral souls, the congenial action of a *Holy Spirit* on spirits destined for holiness. And as we become more sanctified this is the sacramental action on us that we prize. We become increasingly regenerate. The new birth spreads out into the new life. The sacrament develops the constant regeneration by its own congenial moral method. Nothing but personal holiness can make another soul holy. It is the unction of the Holy One that gives us life, it is not a magic touch. That makes the essence of the sacrament which makes the essence of our regeneration. The essence of our regeneration is not inoculation with a celestial substance, like ichor in the veins, but it is the saving effect of a person in a person. Christ crucified lives in us from faith to faith. And the life of Christ is not substantial vitality but moral holiness, holy love, the sanctification which rears a personality into a person, not the subliminal substance which forms a hyperphysical basis of personality.

Transubstantiation is a mere and empty idea when we follow it up and track its suggestions to their inmost cell. Even granting that the thing conveyed were a finer substance, the lower matter of the bread is not transubstantiated into the higher; but, for the purposes of the inner man, it just falls away, and it is replaced by the finer substance which is unchangeable. The magic is a transplacement and not a real transmutation. It is of a mechanical rather than a chemical nature. You can see how the whole of this magical world leads downward into terms which seem almost tawdry, like the flowers on Roman altars. That warns us that we should leave the whole category of substance out of the question, and speak of personal action instead of essential infusion. If we feel that we lose in impressiveness by so doing, does that not mean that we are still at a stage when the material impresses us less than the

moral, that we are victims of sense more than freemen of the spirit, and denizens of the world while we thought we were citizens of heaven? We have not passed beyond reverence into that real worship in which all that makes us personal beings bows down to the truly holy and not the merely sacred. We are suffused with vitality rather than raised to newness of life or indwelt by the Spirit. We are more inspired mystically than remade morally. Our imagination of a spiritual world is more vivid than our faith in a world redeemed and a will reborn. We are thinking more about heaven than about Christ, about spirituality than about salvation, about miracles than about the Cross, about the miracles of power than about the miracle of grace. And we think about grace as a tincture rather than as mercy, as a Pelagian amalgam rather than a moral reconciliation. "The natural man is a born Catholic."

The elements are not the *body of Christ*, and cannot be, even on theosophic lines. To eat the finest and purest material cannot be to receive the person of Christ our Redeemer. Nor are they the *ynbol* of Christ. For a material substance cannot symbolise a spiritual person, however it may suggest it by association. Only a person can really represent a person; his proxy is a person still. Only a person can enter a person, or really impress what is centrally personal in us. It is with the holy we have to do, and not with the merely spiritual. It is not with an unseen world but with a Holy Spirit, with a personal Holy Father and Saviour. The body of Christ is the person of Christ. If there is any meaning at all in "immaterial corporeality" it can only mean spirit "formed" as personality, and not vague as emanation—personality whose extension is not space but influence, and whose native movement is moral action. The grand and prime sacrament is the action of that person at its height in His holy Act. It is the Act and Word of Cross and Gospel. And the elements are but the vehicles of that person in His Eternal Act, the vehicles and carriers (not to say the tools), that disappear when they have done their duty, as a corpse does. They are not sections nor extensions but vehicles of Christ, and of Christ as moral saviour, and not simply as our spiritual atmosphere,

or our mystic vitality. They bear upon our sin and not our weakness. And the poetry in them is moral tragedy and not only spiritual beauty. The action involved is creative, and is not adjutorial. The soul needs saving more than feeding (though it needs both). And it can feed on no kind of substance, but only on a bread which is itself soul, life, power, heart, will, and conscience. About the substance of such personality we know nothing, nor for faith do we need to know. But we do know that whatever is material is created, however fine; nor can it become increate and creator. And it is on no created thing that the soul can live. If there be a substance which is not material it can only be spiritual. And spiritual means for Christianity personal and holy. And these are moral categories, not substantial. Their connection with what we call substance is the mystery of creation; only we know creature cannot be converted into creator. The first creation is quite a mystery, except as we can explain it by the second and higher, which is the only one we can experience in consciousness, and which is a moral and eternal act of love's holy Power. The matter feeds and passes; the Spirit feeds and stays. Our Feeder is our food. Our Christian food is that which Christ eternally and centrally is; and that is an energy which is the inexhaustible creative centre of the moral, the holy, world. There He places our centre. From that centre He quickens us at ours, and from thence feeds us, undivided into substantial parts. He shines on us, and rouses all the buried potencies in us that meet the sun. The sun not only feeds everything but it calls these powers to birth; and yet it remains the same sun; it is not distributed by all its radiation.

In this discussion I have felt obliged to use the word magical several times, but I do it with some protest and some reserve. It certainly does help to express what I mean about the subliminal, not to say occult, action, without moral points of attachment, which is supposed to be that of the sacraments as working below the region of the conscious, personal, and moral in man. At the same time it

carries associations which I do not wish to suggest, because they would be repudiated by the best of those who cherish the ideas I discard. I do not think it is quite fair to suggest that such people hold any view which would entitle us to describe their form of the rite as conjuring with the spiritual world. For the reference on the priest's part to the living Saviour as the real agent on the occasion puts his act on a different footing from that of the magician, whose power acts in direct control of the occult forces he uses. St. Paul contrasts the communion of Christ and that of devils; and the true antithesis to the action of Christ is not magic but *diablerie*, or the invocation to the evil power to set forces at work which no man can directly command. As nobody could suggest such a thing in connection with any form of the Christian religion, and as the idea of the priest's direct control of the occult world is also out of the question (through his faith in the mediation of Christ), there are risks of injustice in using such a word as magical except to express a contrast with the moral on the one hand and the natural on the other. The word mechanical has a laboured suggestion, which makes it also hardly the mot juste. While chemical is still worse—though it is tempting in view of fasting communion. Some would call it gnostic, and treat it as part of the infection which the Church brought back from its victory over gnosticism.

Underlying the forms of Catholicism which escape the grosser interpretations it will be found that there is a certain philosophy which is imported into Christ's words, or rather into the mentality of Christ in uttering the words. It would be more accurate indeed to say, instead of philosophy, theosophy, as distinct from theology, which arises out of God's Word or logos. The interpretations we reject really rest on certain theosophic views which were alien to the Hebrew mind, which we have no ground for supposing Christ knew, and which are thrust into His meaning rather than found there. One fine Roman writer, for instance, says this: "To understand the nature of a sacrament, as indeed of all worship and sacrifice, presupposes an insight of a special kind. It supposes that we realise how inseparable are theosophy and physiosophy. It supposes that we grasp the

difference between the action of two natures or corporealities—a material and a non-material, a lower and a higher, a temporal and a material." That is to say, we must be more or less at home in dealing with natures human and divine. That is theosophy, or the explorations of God's intrinsic nature, as distinct from theology, or the understanding of the word of God as active and revealed. The one works with insight, or penetration, or vision, or discovery of a certain kind, the other with the faith of revelation, the self-committal to that, the response of person to person in an act which is moral and not "natural" (in any grade of nature, however fine). Speculations of this theosophic kind are thrust under the intention of Christ, having been imported from a Hellenic type of thought very early in the career of the Church (to say nothing of the Apostles), and developed, under a fascination it is not hard to feel, down to the later days of Behmen and Law, Hegel and Schelling. If the word theosophic were better understood (see note at the close of this chapter); if the general public did not hate it (and every new word), as making a call for effort, or as offering the possibility of anything so odious as an extension of their education; or if it had not been captured by the advance agents for an Oriental cult dealing in a mixture of Buddhism and banality—then that word would have been a more accurate name than either magical or mechanical for the physico-spiritual view of the sacraments which we disown, and which thrusts its own interpretation on precious words like "This is My body," or "I am the bread of life." Jacob Behmen, for instance, says this: "With the active or creative Word of Christ, 'This is My Body,' His eternal corporeality passes as a 'tincture' into the bread without being cut off from Him or dividing Him, as the light and warmth that change the face of the earth do not forsake or dispart the sun." Behmen, being much ahead of his time, took the term "tincture," like many others, from the most penetrating scientist of his day, Paracelsus, while as yet science was trailing nebulous frills from worlds not realised. And by it he meant something like what others understood by a "virtue." It was a middle something between spirit and matter, the intermediary by which the soul

works on the body for instance, an *impenetrabile, a substantia intra substantiam*, "a mediating nature between spirit and corporeity, which works both physically and spiritually." Without it all is pallor and decay. "A poem, for instance," he says, "may be excellently and elaborately composed, but if it lack the tincture it produces no effect." It lacks the power, the life, the "lift," the quality, the *mirum quid*. The tincture is a very hypothetical entity, it will be seen; but it is one that can pass, as hypostatic, as a finer thing in things. It is an "immaterial corporeality"—a phrase to which it is now hard to give any meaning if we think of the deepest and most powerful action as the moral action of person on person, where the features are not contours of spatial line or form but spiritual character or idiosyncrasy.

It is with such ideas as that covered by the word tincture that we must work, ideas more or less spatial and not moral, theosophic and not theologic, if we are to discuss sacraments as many do to whom they stand as Christ's chief legacy to the world. But it is a region where discussion is very difficult, since the quantities are so slippery, and the speculative imagination so active. It was not in this region that Christ lived or the Gospel moved. It is a gnostic region. It claims to be the region where we find the *pleroma*, or plenitude, of the world; which, however, the New Testament declares to be not an occult wealth of being but the cosmic personality of Christ, with a moral universality and not a corporeal ubiquity. For Christian faith there is more wealth and fulness in personal contacts and their moral relations than in all the power and interplay of the material world. The grace of Christ as a moral power is richer than all the charm, wonder, or variety of the material world, however fine its corporeality may be. There is more wealth and marvel in the moral and personal world of social relations than in any degree of physicality, were it the most ethereal substance we could conceive. We are in another, a choicer, a disparate kind. If the world of forces is marvellous in its mystery, much more the mystic world of moral souls. To be morally and mystically in Christ by the sacrament of His word must be worlds more than to have Christ in us by eating a piece of matter so substantial (whatever its consecration) that it

could be tainted by contact with the previous contents of the stomach.

My case is that the imaginative spell associated with such views of the sacrament as deal with the mysticism of things, rather than of action and person, is not a monopoly of these views. And we only feel it more impressive because we are still at a stage where the xsthetic imagination of nature is more active than the moral imagination of sanctity, and where mere spirituality is more prompt than conscience, and is more prized than holy love by the general mind. It is grace as mercy and not as "virtue" that is the rich grace of Christ. "He shut them all up in unbelief that He might have *mercy on all*. O the *depth* of the riches (not of the nature but) of the wisdom and knowledge of God (in such mercy); how unsearchable are His judgments (not His essence), and His ways (not His being) past finding out." "The unsearchable riches of Christ" is the riches of His grace, not of His nature. So utterly foreign is it to the Gospel when we sing, how grotesque it is when Protestants sing, the theosophy of the Mass.

"And that a higher gift than Grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self,
And essence all-divine."

He is not more of Himself in His essence (which we know nothing about) than in His grace (which we know intimately). But if the Catholic is sure he has Christ in his way, and I am equally sure in mine, it is the same atoning Christ. I have the person He really means. And ought we to be on no speaking or visiting terms when we are nearest Him because our views part about essence, corporeality, substance, virtue, validity, and such like quiddities? He knew nothing of them; and what we seem to know is vanity, except for the scientists of matter rather than spirit, the students of force rather than power, and the searchers of the atom rather than of the individual. The division is less the nearer we come to the Atonement as the focus of faith. Where we part so hopelessly is on the Church, the ministry, and their authority. The Gospel unites, the ministration of it divides.

So on the other side I feel a certain moral lack as they may feel on mine the a'sthetic—and I am using that word in a more broad and philosophic sense than the merely artistic. I feel their lack, which is so conspicuous for instance in the three creeds, of the idea of redemption as the essence of Christianity. I will not say it is not in these creeds, but it is not expressed, where such an essential should be. These creeds belong to an age (whose non-ethical mark they have stamped on the whole Catholic Church) when that central idea of moral redemption had not come to its own, when attention was wholly fixed on the person of Christ, and on a construction of it more metaphysical than either moral or religious. Therein they differ profoundly from the great confessions, where faith in Christ found its access to His person by His Cross rather than by His cradle, and by the New Testament rather than by the councils; and when piety meant moral reliance on an atoning Redeemer and not sacramental union with the essence of the Son. In Protestantism we have more confidence in what Christ morally did as the Holy One; in the Catholic type we still have the stress on what He mystically is as the celestial One. And something is lacking if we have a repose in Christ's person detached from a vital, central, and personal trust in His Act of the Cross. The Catholic tendency, especially in its Anglican form, seems as if it tended to ignore the Christ for us in comparison with the Christ in us—and above all sacramentally in us. The idea of communion obscures the idea of redemption; and the moral effect both of Church and Gospel for righteousness public and private comes short. The religion is more Christian than the ethic, which is Aristotelian—the best paganism, but pagan.

There is one good feature, I have said, about the Mass—it keeps the rite in the closest connection with the sacrifice of Christ and the virtue of His Cross. This is not always a mark of the type of faith which claims to be Catholic. The most devout forms of non-Roman Catholicism often seem to lose the poignancy of Christ's Cross, and its cruciality for

the moral universe, in the participation of His person; or to lose it as anything beyond a great sacrifice, as anything like a moral atonement or a divine judgment. The effect of the Eucharist is then to convey the virtue of that person without what used to be called the benefits of His death. Sacrifice is detached from judgment, and loses the ethical quality of a moral redemption. This view produces a type of piety which is very deeply felt and very attractive; but it may also lose moral verve and evangelical passion in a subdued style more devotional sometimes than devout, more reverential than solemn, more aloof than potent, more fine than strong.

There is a form of this view which wins a certain attractiveness at this humanist day at an even greater cost to the crucial value of Christ's death. It is said that in the sacrament we take into ourselves, and "hold in us," in a special way, the humanity of Christ. Unless by humanity we mean historicity, this does not seem to fit the two truths, that the supreme act of worship should reflect the supreme feature of faith, and that the supreme thing in the Cross of our faith is not what was done by the divinest humanity but by the act of God in Christ. The precious thing is not that Christ redeemed, but that God was redeeming in Christ. Humanity is always a creature, and cannot wield or feed salvation. The body means the person. What was the person-making element in the Saviour? Was it not that resolve of the uncreated Son to empty Himself which was the foundation both of Incarnation and Atonement? It was no mere action of the historic and human Jesus when Incarnation had taken place. And that superhistoric element is what should dominate our chief act of worship. The idea of communion with Christ's person without a prime reference to atonement and regeneration in His Cross is one that takes the heart out of faith in the long run by robbing it of moral crisis and moral verve. And I am here alluding to the type of faith which marks a Church and its conscience; I am far from insisting on such a conscious crisis in the case of each individual, which would often be deforcing the soul instead of converting it.

If the chief thing in the sacrament is appropriating the

humanity of Christ, this does not seem to apply to both sacraments. And it is not clear how the Eucharist differs from other acts of intense worship. It is not clear how it is to be connected with the unique function of the Cross in the total act of Christ's person or the several acts of His life. It seems either to detach redemption from the central function of Christ and of His revelation, or to be detached from redemption in a way for which the fourth Gospel gives some colour. It is not in His humanity that Christ is Redeemer. If we are to keep up the old language of natures, the Humanity is rather the living element and moral medium in which the redemption takes place, while the real agent is the divinity, the gracious God, in Christ.

There are signs that this type of Catholicism begins to feel conscious of its evangelical defect and is making efforts to meet the need. It seems to be growing more clear to it that the great Pauline element is the main thing, and that it is Paul's ethical element; that the mystical is to be construed by the ethical; that conduct and character are not secured unless this is so; that we can have but the one moral centre in a religion for the whole man; which centre, if humanity is in a tragic crisis with a holy God, is in the Atonement; which atonement, therefore, becomes the centre, source, and norm from a God of holy love for an ethical religion and a moral redemption.

A religion of mystic communion is very well for a time of settled peace and its pieties, when a reference to blood becomes for some more tasteless than solemn. But a time of crisis calls for a faith more profound in its note, more tragic in its tone, and more redemptive in its effect. In all the history of religion, when order and civilisation are well settled the ordinary goods of life are secured, and therefore are less prayed for. But that is only for a time. Not only does crisis end peace, but desire itself becomes dissatisfied by all that is supplied to it. The desire is met, but the desiring soul is not. All desire has deep within it the instinct of eternity, of making itself and its satisfaction

perpetual. But in experience either the desire fades or the things fail that filled it. Then comes the note of pessimism; and therewith the passion for religion as redemption. In the East we are familiar with it as Buddhism. In the West it took other forms, some as recent as the type of redemption so finely represented by Eduard von Hartmann. But this may yield no more than a religion of xsthetic redemption, as I have before explained the word. It may mean but a rescue from ills that the natural man feels or a fulfilment of aspirations he cherishes—the benediction and refinement of human nature, the eudxmonist treatment of its egoism, however spiritual. Religion is then what satisfies the best desires, or gives us escape from life's poverty or its fears. It might be but the precautionary religion of the healthy, happy *weltkind* who attends to his religious duties. In all such cases religion is xsthetic as distinct from ethical because it does not seek first rescue from guilt, and it wants even Christ as boon rather than grace. It gives spiritual good rather than moral change. In Christianity it seeks rest in Christ, peace in believing, but it knows no tragedy of conscience or of the Cross. Its faith is of the soothing, consoling, edifying kind. Its sacraments are mystical without being crucial, and all is quiet, happy, and supprest.

But as we pursue the history of religion we meet with another and deeper need, the need not for redemption only but for moral redemption. Besides the affections, aspirations, and purposes that are crossed, there is the will that thwarts the love and crosses the purpose of God. We become less egoist, and we turn to think of what was due to God rather than man. We are then in the region not of feeling personal or xsthetic, but of conscience; not of feeling towards the dear and desirable but of obedience towards the holy and imperative. The mysticism inseparable from deep religion grows moral because we are placed before the holy and not the solemn only. In this moral region the redemption must be more individual (as the sense of guilt is) and at the same time more universal and social than mysticism can be. It founds a new society, which enters active history to take command of the nations, and to surprise them with a missionary passion to which

national religions are strange. And, another thing, the desire is for union with the god and not merely vision or contact. It is true the union may be still at a stage more xsthetic than ethical. The communion with the god is entered by rites, lustrations, feasts—eating of the god or of some supernatural food which he blesses or shares. The idea is not fully moralised. Escape is sought, not now indeed from ills, but from impurity rather than guilt. The devotion is wholly mystical; and the practices are ascetic and disciplinary rather than morally atoning. Subjective peace is the object rather than reparation to a wounded deity. The eye is still not on the object but on the self. The rite has its initiative in the man, not in the god; the idea of the god being self-atoned is unheard of. It is a gift to the god, not an obedience. It is not a response in kind to a divine act, an act of the holy, an act therefore of moral achievement, giving to man's act both truth and value.

The recurrent sense of sin is not to be stilled by any ascetic nor by any rite. And rites that depreciate that sense or cover its absence are non-ethical however religious. They tend to the xsthetic side, to religious good form or egoist satisfaction. It is a bad symptom when we find an increased stress on sacraments alongside of a decreased sense of sin. And there are many who seem to observe the conjunction to-day, as the prophets did long ago with bitter denunciation of national judgment thereon. If the prophets are refused, the remedy prescribed for ills that cannot be denied is a speeding up of the old way, multiplying services and sacrifices, tithing the mint and cummin, and making religion punctilious, scrupulist, and expensive. It dare not enter a conventicle, nor let the wafer enter any but an empty stomach. The provision is then only more spiritual vitality to pursue the old path, and not a new type of religion and life, issuing from a crisis in God vaster than anything either in the individual or in the people.

Of course the Stoic intervenes; and he brings a highly ethical note, but without the power to sustain it or to spread it. Be self-redeemed. Stir up all that is within you to put yourself in line with nature, with the moral order. When duty says you must, reply you can. But, except from the

untried and self-confident, who have not discovered either the depth of demand or their own poverty, the reply is "I can't." Which plea there is nothing to meet but the fresh asseverations of "Christian Science": "You can. Only believe, and you can." Thus Emerson ends in an Eddy. In such ways reconciliation is cherished without redemption, and peace ingeminated without victory. So transcendental idealism ends where Brahmanism, Judaism, and Hellenism all ended—in the same failure that called for Buddhism and Christianity.

This brings us to the kind of redemption which centres in a historic act; which is easily viewed at first as an eschatological redemption. Faith looks for a moral renovation not of the soul only but of the world, and it looks for it by redemptive catastrophe. Both Judaism and Parseeism rose to this hope, which for its accomplishment required a Messiah or a Soter. And it was this passion which Christ finally converted from xsthetic to ethic, by an act of redemption which was on the scale of the world because it turned on the holy not as the superior and aloof, too pure and proud to fight, but as the intimate act and final moral conflict of the Universe. By His atonement to the holy He converted all worship, all mysticism, and all sacraments from the xsthetic to the ethical; and He set the longings or enjoyments of religious feeling on the eternal foundations of a moral redemption which truly contains spiritual communion for the soul, but on the basis of a salvation for the conscience and the eternal life of a Kingdom. The great gift was a forgiveness rather than a food, a regeneration rather than an ecstasy. The chief criticism of a certain notion of sacrament is that it does not thoroughly establish the morally holy in control of the mystically xsthetic. Esthetic religion is the religion of human impulse encouraged, idealised, and fed, only not redeemed in the divine and thorough way by a new creation, not regenerated in a moral and personal way. And ethical religion is that of human nature condemned, converted, reborn, regenerated, and revolutionised (though not necessarily with sudden violence). At its height it is redemption mystically moral. For a mere xsthetic religion with its reparatory food, stimulus, or motive, nay, even

with its personal communion, is not yet at the level of the Cross with its creative *gift* of eternal life by forgiving redemption. An xsthetic religion saves from sorrow, or in sorrow. It is therefore sedative, quietive, consolatory, refreshing. An ethical religion goes deeper—if morality be the nature of things; it saves from guilt, and it carries with it a new creation and an unearthly inspiration in the name and power neither of the homely, nor the happy, nor the sacred, but of the holy. As the nature of a Church's faith is and its type of religion, so are its sacraments. The xsthetic kind of religion either overrides the moral (or is in a parity with it) or it is entirely controlled by it—as the Cross of Christ controls and interprets all we know and enjoy of His person. The holy sacrament is the sacrament of the holiest act and not simply of a most sacred essence or even presence. From Christ in the Church's midst it is refreshing food, but still more it is personal life creatively new from the one source of the world's new creation in the Cross, which made Jesus the Christ and installed Him as the Son of God with the eternal power of the Spirit of holiness.

So, if it is asked whether grace is medicine, food, life, or mercy, we answer thus. There is no Christian who does not set out by saying that for him everything must begin with the gift of God. His God is his Giver. What then is this gift? We may take it perhaps that we are outgrowing the stage in which that question was answered by saying it was truth about Himself. It was nothing else and nothing less than Himself that was the gift. The grace of God was His holy, gracious Self. But that does not come to quite close enough quarters with the real issue. It is enough to meet the Roman view of the sacrament, which interprets the divine self as the divine substance, and sees in a sacrament a greater gift than grace, namely, the communication of God's essence. If the gift of God was not a theology, or truth about Him, was it His person in the sense of His act or in the sense of His essence? Was it something moral—redemp-

tion; or was it something material (however fine), something metaphysical, something ontological, something in the nature of a substance, a tincture, a virtue? Was it interpenetration with His will or participation in His being? Was it given to our conscience or to our nature? Was it grace as bestowed mercy or grace as infused vitality? The new life—did it grow outward from the new conscience, or did it suffuse the whole soul and just include the conscience in its sweep? Was it moral regeneration or pneumatic reinforcement? The evangelical view is that the gift was God, holy God, and that it was new and eternal life, but also that it was still more positive and pointed—that it was the holy God's mercy to guilt in His atoning self-oblation at the moral centre where men are made men or marred; it was not the flooding of our enfeebled nature by a spiritual vitality which floated up the conscience among other things of equal moment. The gift was moral mercy, it was not medicine (far less was it magic). The great gift was for the last need. Grace was mercy to guilt, it was not medicine for disease. More than disease ailed us. We are not responsible for disease, except in a secondary way. Somebody may be to blame for my typhoid, but I am not. And who is to blame for cancer? In my sin even, others may have had some share, but I made my own guilt. Grace is the moral, the holy treatment of that, the destruction of that. The great grace is not sacramental grace in any substantial sense, but evangelical grace, moral grace, the grace of holy love dealing with the conscience by a personality, and not of mere generous love repairing our nature by the body even of Christ. That grace is the soul of sacrament, and its right to be.

And, as the gift of grace was the gracious God in person redeeming (and redeeming, not simply recuperating) us, as, therefore, it was more than medicine to our weakness, so it was also more than food for our strength. As it was more than a cp&pti,axov «60(v«6i a s, so it was more also than a eetov p p w j - a t. All that is too Pelagian, too synergist, too fatal to a real regeneration and a new creation. Christ's own metaphor of the food in His gift, or in His sacrament, has been overdrawn and abused, till it has in many quarters lost

its force; so that we feel His beneficiaries but not His property. As a metaphor is a brief parable, that has happened to the one which has happened to the other. The metaphor, like the parable, has been allegorised. Its detail has smothered its idea.

I mean this. The parables have been treated as allegories instead of parables—to their misfortune. They have been treated (and chiefly by the pulpit) as if every detail was by the author deliberately charged with tutorial meaning instead of touched in with pictorial value. Each touch has been treated didactically instead of xsthetically, as if it were there to multiply meanings instead of to complete the picture. That is allegory, which bristles with symbol at every point. The parable, on the contrary, crystallises upon one idea. It is there for the sake of one idea. It is that idea taking lovely flesh. It is an incarnation more than a composition. It is the field in which a pearl of price is hid; it is not salted with seed pearls all along its course. The central idea creates the parable, secretes it as its own integument, so to say; whereas in an allegory all sorts of symbolic garments or figures are hung upon it. So that in the one case we feel the creative power, in the other we admire the reflective ingenuity.

You have only to compare the parable of the prodigal, revolving on the one idea of the absolute and joyous freedom of grace, with Addison's well-known allegory of the Bridge of Life in his *Dream of Mirza*, or the still better-known allegory of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The parable has more to do with regeneration, the allegory with edification. The one aims at deep impression, the other at detailed interpretation. Well, the like thing has taken place with the short parable in which Christ described Himself as food, and His sacrament as a partaking of it. The metaphor has been treated as an allegory.

Two things have happened by dwelling mainly on this idea. First, religion has come to be viewed as the satisfaction of spiritual desire or aspiration instead of the atonement of moral guilt; the redemption has become more xsthetical than ethical, as it did in Buddhism or mysticism. And second (which is my chief point here), the metaphor of food has been allegorised. Our modern knowledge of

physical forces, of the chemistry of nutrition, has been brought forward as deepening and completing the analogy. It has been pressed into the service not of edification only in the way of fancy, but of theology also in the way of truth. The theosophic mind saw in the details of the chemistry of food not only analogies but principles which were imported into the meaning of Christ, though He was conscious of none of them. The forces in the food die, sacrifice themselves, and ascend into the higher life of the human organism, and thereby into thought and action. So the heavenly body of Christ, consumed in the elements, undergoes death and sacrifice in us to rise in our newness of life. And so on, with even more detail in the way of theosophic chemistry, and by way of explaining the inwardness of sacramental action. It is pious ingenuity with a philosophic pose. It is another case of the intrusion of natural law into the spiritual, and above all the moral, world. It is a subtle naturalisation of the higher ethic. No such knowledge of process was in Christ's reach. And yet these details are crowded into His parable, as being within the significance of the entire Christ and the conscious intent of the historic. We might impose upon Christ in the same way any of the speculations which attract us, and get some reputation for mystic insight in doing so. But it takes the moral force out of religion in the end.

Truly, we live on Christ. Truly, we feed on Him. And to men in the natural stages of the spiritual life it gives a solemn sense of union with Him to think that a portion of His body is within them at its divine work upon their supernatural self. But the more we treat that food as substantial the more we lose it in the long-run as moral. Without moral support, from being supernatural it becomes but preternatural, as the religious life in Catholic lands would seem to show. The more we peer into the qualities and processes of the finest substance and apply them to the action of grace, the more we oust the conscience for the imagination. And at last we lose Christ in the influence that flows from Him. When Christ said that we were to live on Him as He lived on the Father (John vi. S7), was He thinking of the Father as an outgoing essence or influence which He appropriated

to be His life? Or was He thinking of that interpenetration of persons (as we now call it) which is the communion of the Holy with the Holy, and which makes the Holy Spirit not an effluence but a person and a power? One is tempted to say that argument from scientific metaphors has done more harm than from poetic, where the touch is lighter and the tendency less dogmatic.

The figure of eating is in the Bible applied to a book as well as a person, as in Ezekiel iii. 1-3. It was a vivid way of saying he thoroughly mastered it, and assimilated it, and lived on it, as many a man has done to Ezekiel's book, or to Plato, or to the New Testament. These works have passed into their very blood. They lived in them till they lived on them. But there is no suggestion of any of the finest particles of the roll entering Ezekiel's system in the breakfast sense of the word. Nor is there any suggestion of the subliminal substance of the higher person passing into action underneath the consciousness of the lower. Deep, latent, and long as the early influences of one person may slumber in the soul of another, they mean nothing in the nature of a dormant ether. A son might say he just lived on his father, or a wife on her husband, in whom her own personality seems lost. "I just live on him." They are in entire and sympathetic communion. But, even if it be the old-fashioned relation of lord and master between the married pair, it is not yet the relation of Redeemer and redeemed. She dwells on and in his character with entire devotion; but she has never been false. She is no Guinevere to his Arthur. Their communion, therefore, is yet not in the region of grace but only of love, the love of peers (as the love of Christ seems for many). It is of sacred love indeed, yet not of holy love. And it has nothing to do with lapse. So much of the moral element it lacks. But is it suggested that if the new communion between them did rest on forgiving grace there would still have to be some passage of an ethereal substance, without which the old confidence could not be restored and made deeper still?¹

There are certain *risque* analogies sometimes used here of a kind to which theosophic mysticism is somewhat prone, but which are not unlawful if sacred processes in nature are to be taken as images of holier things. Indeed, it is not unlikely that these analogies may have acted as arguments to such

If we ask where the great gift was secured to us, we have answered that it was on the Cross (unless we are to put even the Cross into a siding). But what was given us in the Cross was reconciliation, it was not amalgamation, not suffusion, not absorption. It was not our absorption into God, nor God's into us. It was not the integration of a divine essence into human nature—not if the Cross, with its moral victory, is the very summit and key of the Incarnation. The boon was not some kind of communion which was the fruit of reconciliation; it was, and is always, the reconciliation itself. It was Christ our reconciliation, and not our new habit. The Cross was not a preliminary to the great gift. It was not a condition of it. It did not free God's hand. It *was* His free gift. It was God in Christ reconciling. And it was, above all things, a moral act. It was the crucial act of the Holy upon guilt, the creative act of the conscience which makes God God upon the conscience which makes man man, but which also unman him beyond all else. The gift was grace to our guilt more than food to our weakness. It was moral re-creation, not pneumatic reinforcement. We live on the holy person and grace of Christ, about Whose substantial Being or cryptic virtue we know nothing, as there is no sign that He knew anything. Our communion is not with Christ's body except as that image stands for the person; and it is not with His person except as that person in its consummate and eternal Act is our Redeemer. It is not the spell of that person that we own, but its saving grace that we worship. We do not enjoy its kind beauty, nor drink up its sympathy, but live on its act and power.

Grace is a matter of moral and personal relation between holy love and deadly guilt; it is not a matter of substantial continuity, nor of energetic vitality of a pneumatic kind. And our best analogies will come from the region not of occult process but of moral psychology. Christ is more even than our food, He is our life. He is more than what

minds during the formation of the mystico-material doctrine. I will quote from Baader one illustrative passage quite in the vein of his master Behmen:

Der Speisegeber, oder Zeugende, verleiht sich unmittelbar als Speise oder Samen, der Speiseesser oder Samenempfänger hebt diesen Samen-leib auf, womit der Speisegeber in einen mit dem Empfänger gemeinamen Leib sich aufzieht."

refreshes our life, He creates it. But creation has no real meaning to us except in the moral and experient sphere of redemption. It is the action distinctive of the Holy One, *i.e.* of the absolutely moral, Whose very love has "Thou shalt love" in it. Christian love is a matter of conscience, of a mystically moral imperative (i Timothy i. s). And the Act which gave us our new life gives also the principle of its maintenance. The principle of a sacrament is the principle of the *holy* Gospel. It is moral in its nature, as redemption must be. And we become immortal by a kiss rather than a medicine—righteousness and peace kiss each other. We live not on a sacramental substance, but on a divine person; nor only on a divine person of benignant excellence, but on a holy Redeemer of regenerating love.

Addendum on Theosophy, Theology and Theodicy

HERE are three words which it would be useful to distinguish, both historically and philosophically—theosophy, theology, and theodicy. For they each represent certain strains in the history of the Church, which mean much for the rise and progress of faith in the soul.

Theosophy (which means God-wisdom) is a knowledge of Him on data drawn from intuition, and developed by speculative imagination tending to the mystic and occult. Its knowledge is analogical or cosmological, *i.e.* bearing on God's being, the substantial unity of things, and the relation of it to God. It represents the whole gnostic tendency, whether in the Church or out, in the second century or the twentieth, to seek God in the withdrawn moments of the soul and its thought. In its extreme forms it is represented by Indian philosophy, and by Plotinus at one end of the Christian era and Behmen at the other, descending to Schelling and Swedenborg. But it really covers all the tendency to reduce the Gospel to a speculative system precipitated (as it were) in Christ, and parabled in Christianity, from Origen at the beginning to Hegel at the close. Left to itself it sinks gradually till it debouch into all the negations that, as at this day, disintegrate faith, history, civilisation alike, in one pale burial blent. For it really ends in making man the measure of God. It means ideal man therefore as the authority for God, instead of owning God as the authority for man. The ruling idea of religion here is light or wisdom. And it is often full of beauty and good—if only it had power to the same scale.

Theology, on the other hand, is the content of God's Word or Logos; by which is meant the historic revelation in Christ when He is viewed as the Logos, or moral energy, of God. It was with this idea of the Logos, as God's active reason revealed to man, that the early Church fought the gnostics and their idea of Sophia, or man's wisdom applied to God. The medieval Church represented a compromise between these two in a magnificent mental fabric, carried by a historic institution magnificent to correspond, and

invested with a spiritual spell. When, after the Reformation, the Bible took the place of the Church as authority, and was regarded as the infallible source of pure doctrine, theology was adjusted to this new idea of the Word or Logos as the book. But, since such a Word was not a person, the theology drawn from it became a scholastic system, elaborated from passages of Scripture, which, however, were still read and put together by a logic more or less medieval, and a system more or less Aristotelian, with a spiritual atmosphere much less impressive. It became an orthodoxy. And the ruling notion of religion was then truth. The ideal of Christianity was pure doctrine. Much use was still made of the old and rational idea of the Logos, though in a harder form. And the collapse of orthodoxy into the flatness, stiffness, and inhumanity that have so often made it a travesty of the severity of holy love, shows how much that Logos idea has come to injure the work and doctrine of the Holy Spirit, and taken the life out of faith.

Christianity as the religion of holy love has for its ruling idea neither light nor truth—in the Western sense of such words at least. It came to meet neither our darkness nor our error, our passion neither for illumination nor for knowledge. It was neither for the imagination nor for the intelligence in chief, rich as it was for both. It came to the heart, and, above all, the conscience. It came in the name of righteousness, and not of culture nor of cultus in the first place. It came to man neither as dull nor as sick, to cure neither spiritual ignorance nor spiritual disease. For those purposes would have been required the gift either of fresh knowledge to dispel the dark, or of some fresh essence to restore vitality enough to cast off our disease. But such was not the trouble, and such was not the boon. The lack was neither vision nor vitality. It was love's holy righteousness. Christ came to redeem us from our last strait; and this deep distress was neither blindness nor sickness of spirit, neither dark nor disease it was guilt. The difficulty was not our attitude to love alone—it was not coldness needing warmth it was our treatment of *holy* love, or holy love's treatment of us. The redemption Christ brought was not from our stupidity, nor from our feebleness—it was from

our sin. And the question, the cry, He met was, "How shall man be just with God?" or "How shall God seem just with man?"

Christ came as the holy One and the just rather than as the loving Light. The great issue was that of righteousness (Romans i. 17). It had to do with man's righteousness to God or God's to man. That is to say, it was concerned, in the first place, neither with a philosophy of love nor a theology of truth, but with the moral issue of a theodicy; which means God's righteousness, the justification of God. I was writing a book on this subject recently, and everybody told me I must on no account put that word into my title, as nobody knew what it meant. It was another of several such shocks I have had of late. The more you come to close quarters with faith and the Gospel amid blood and fire in heavenly places, the more Christians do not understand you. "Why do ye not understand my speech? Because ye are unable to grasp my Word." To our dreadful education close thinking is but obscurity, and the easy is taken for both the clear and the free. People have been sickened with orthodoxy and its pulpiteers, softened by sentiment and its troubadours in the Press, toughened by vulgar efficiency, and debased by the luxury of peace till the real issues are beyond them. And when the great flood comes in war they are all found eating and drinking of these nice things, and they are carried off their moral feet. They lose, I say, their moral footing—always precarious, for their rock wobbled on the sand. They can only say it is a great mystery, and turn to the ambulance. Wherein God bless them, prosper them, and cure them of thinking that Christianity came into the world only to make doctors, nurses, and comforters, or that the Church is there chiefly as the greatest of the Red Cross Societies. It came as Christ came, as He came to make Christendom do—seeking, before all else, the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, which would increase and multiply all these other good things in tail. Can it be doubted that the pains (in both senses of the word) which the Church has spent during all these centuries upon its theosophies and its theologies would have made a very different world to-day, and one much nearer the Kingdom

of God, had they been spent on theodicy, on God's righteousness, as much as upon light, truth, or sentiment? The word would then have been more familiar than even theology, even if no better understood.

It is one of the hopeful features of the time that this matter of a theodicy is coming to be the chief religious interest, whether our egregious education lets the public know the word or not. Find a better word if you can, but at any rate develop the thing. If your soul is not a mere mystic adventurer, with an interest egoist and temperamental, and with the winsome note of flute and viol, seek first righteousness with your religion, whether you rope in people fast or slow. There is no other way to end war or commend the Church. The revival of the passion for righteousness at any price is the mark of the true aristocracy which severs the Kingdom of God from all these egoist democracies that seek, however piously, a whole skin, a full purse, and a good time in a well-warmed world, and then put on moral side in the name of peace. It is the apparent absence of righteousness from the world that makes the chief doubters and deniers to-day; it is that far more than the lack of a system of the universe, or the culture of a hard science that leaves no room for God. Things have much changed since the day of the Agnostics a generation ago. It is the wrongness in things that rouses resentment with either God or man. It is not their tightness that will not let God through, but their crookedness that makes even Him seem to lose His way. It is the moral wrongness in things, and especially in society, that makes the trouble. And it cannot be dealt with by the mysticism in which so many seek refuge from scientific scepticism or philosophic no-where-ism.

The word justification seems in many quarters to be losing the meaning which the word theodicy never won. But it is the word that covers the real, the moral issue, which for society has become the chief. As soon as conscience becomes the leading power in man, and the holiness of His love the supreme thing in God, then the issue between man and God is the issue of justification. It is a question of God's justification of man or man's of God. Now the sense of sin has for the time gone out of coin-

mission, or it has changed from the sense of individual sin to social (which feels more tolerable and welcome as responsibility has come to be distributed over a wide area and lies thin and light on each). Therefore the moral interest has passed for the time from the justification of the sinner before God, and it has turned to the justification of God before the sinner. The vindication of God takes the place of the conversion of man. We do not cast our sin on God but our blame. "Why hast Thou made me thus?" "Why hast Thou let things come to this?" The interest has passed from justification by faith to a theodicy. But that must be by faith no less; and by a faith no less moral in its nature, than the evangelical faith was, which engaged the man as conscience with the holy Conscience in forgiveness and regeneration. I cannot go into it here, but God's dealing with the world can only be found to be moral, good, wise, and holy by the evangelical faith,' which settles us in His justification of the soul in Christ's Cross. God can only be vindicated by His own Gospel, and not by any expectations or imaginations of ours. The standard for the world is that which is the salvation of the soul. But that the religious interest should become theodical instead of theological, should turn upon righteousness and not orthodoxy, is the best possible thing for theology. It will moralise it, popularise it, and make it the backbone of a religion which intends a new humanity and a new history of humanity on earth. The religion of humanity must have that backbone, else it dies into a mere humanitarianism which is the green mould of democracy, and the blight of its type of Christianity. "A just God and a Saviour." We have lost hold of the Saviour because we have lost hold of the just God. And we have lost Him because we have come to think of the Saviour as the ideal of a young people, the warrant of happy homes and a pot boiling on each hearth, as a divine means of making things pleasant, the future secure, life easy, faith eloquent, work casual, and nothing sacramental—everyone genial, everyone liberal, everything sentimental, nobody heroic, none apostolic, and nothing sacramental. Hence these tears of blood.

¹ See my *Justification of God*, Latimer House Press, 1947.