

IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD

THE DERELICT

"O Wretched Man that I am, Who Shall Deliver Me from the Body of This Death? I Thank God Through Jesus Christ Our Lord."—Romans 7: 23, 24

By Rev. Dr. Eldridge, New York.

Whether this seventh chapter of Romans is an exact analysis of Paul's own experience or simply the analysis of a typical case it matters not for our purpose. It certainly is a true analysis of the universal condition of humanity, varying of course in degrees. There is such a human predicament as is here revealed, and over this condition forever hovers the finest thought and deepest interest of man. This human derelict is worthy of our thought because he is a fact that mars our modern life; he is, however, a man like ourselves, and furthermore, he is really the supreme problem of the Creator's purpose.

We have come upon the situation ourselves, in our experience have met the man, locked into his eyes, taken his hand and shook it. We have talked with him, pondered over him, prayed for him. We have tried to read him from the standpoint of God, of human life and modern thought and out of this experience we shall speak this morning.

In the chapter before us Paul has analyzed and brought the man down to the city of wretchedness. There is no force contending for supremacy in the man; one makes for life and one for death; what he calls the law of God appealing to the mind, and the law of the members rebelling against it. This puts very clearly the problem of life. What we have to do is to bring all the members of our being into the unifying, developing, ennobling purpose of God's law. But the difficulty is to do it. The law seems powerless in its appeal to those chaotic entities of the soul.

What we have to face in real life is the fact that we came in at the bottom. It is very important to remember this. We do not come down from heaven, but up from the dust: "First that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." We are first of all little automatic machines that run without any thought of ours. Then begins to rise the life of impulse, of appetites, tastes, desires, passions and their tendency to run wild. Then emerges another life of thought, reason, consideration and control of the lower nature, and this is carried out through parents, society and on to the final seat of authority in God. This makes life. But all these lower forces of life get in their way. A boy is first of all a little animal, without the restraining instincts of an animal; he has to be managed or his desires and passions will run wild. And this is true unless you bring him under the control of some higher law of life and train him to its obedience your boy is sure to go out of moral reckoning.

Sometimes by force of circumstance a man comes up with little or no restraint upon him. A good home, wise friends, the love of man and the realization of God may be his training in his life. He has been step-mothered by the street, the slum, the saloon, and they have given a ruinous bent to him. But more frequently we have the man Paul describes. He has not been without the law of God, but it has failed to command him. He has also been spared of a strange destiny in his life, of two mighty forces pulling in opposite directions, of doing the thing he condemns and condemning the thing he does. At times he wakes to the great law of God, lives it for a while, and then falls back again. He never gets beyond the intermittent experience. But this battle, the most momentous ever fought on earth, has its final and fatal end. The law fails him, its force grows less and less and at last he sinks beneath the waves of despair. He cries, "O, wretched man that I am."

As I have found this man he takes himself according to the old school of theology. I have never known him say, "These are only growing pains; this is the normal struggle of development; I am on my way to the seraphic estate and only need to have the man reach the heavenly choir." Of course there are undeveloped things in this man, dull brains, leaden eyes, dead heart, because they have failed to respond to the law of God, the law of development. But this is the wreck. The blasted bud is as much a wreck as the faded flower; only with this awful difference that in the bud there is "the might have been." No man knows better than the derelict himself that the real wreckage of life is not tumbling from the battlements of heaven, but in the loss of these elemental functions of the soul by which he might have reached a strange and glorious heaven beyond; that he is adrift when as a man he ought to be steering; that he is driven by the wind when as a man he ought to be sailing by the stars; that he is going God knows where when as a man he ought to be making port.

The wreck of a man is unlike all others. We have got to wrecks, wastes and ruins in this world. Out

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of the old ruin may rise a new structure. This is true of cities, nations, civilizations. But when a man goes down, he carries a cargo that has become individual to himself, is not transferable, and it goes down with him forever. Honor, virtue, respect for self, man and God, the incipient eternity put into his heart in the making—these are lost. A lost man is an essential loss to God, the universe and the man himself.

Out of this human wreck comes the cry of despair, "O, wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?" It is the cry of a man whose eyes are open to the real predicament of life, who has found in himself a problem for the Almighty, who sees clearly that a universe with an impersonal, idle or absent God will never do for him. He must have God that has not only worked hitherto, but still works, in Jesus Christ, to finish in Him the life he strives after, but falls far short of reaching. God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit must be among the workers if he is to be delivered from this body of death that drags him down.

For, think of what a dead body means the inheritance of unholy generation, false nations, dead ideals, twisted judgments, weakened wills. Think of the dead body of his own wayward life gathered like great boulders of habit, prejudice, conceit and pride into his own life. A dead body that might have been living had he succeeded in marshaling around God's eternal law of life; but it is not.

Sometimes we have found the man fall back upon the dead body and say here is the blame, not in me. If I had had better ancestors or more favorable conditions I, too, might have been a man. But he mistakes what he has done. He can never bring together an assembly of human traits either by ancestry or circumstance, so as to make a man till the man himself puts his individualizing touch upon them.

But this Pauline man has no thought of throwing the responsibility back upon the dead body. He simply feels that here in himself is a problem whose solution he must find. He looks around him and sees that he has fallen back into the mystery of creation, and the sin of history, and he looks around him and sees that he is worthy of God himself, and he looks around him and sees that he has a hope that comes in sight. It may be the hand of the brother man, but what is that against his own days and years—what a burden hangs upon him. Or he may be some day led into the place where God feeds with his people and the place where he will rest, and praise. But what is this little smatch of summer to the eternal winter of his life? He is led to pray and he watches the breath of his prayer as it drifts away upon the air, and what avails that? He is a man against the waste of years. There is a little picture of a ruined machine shop I have carried for years in my mind. In a little corner one night, there was a fire. A shop was burned, and the next morning I went over to see the ruins. Here was a great machine shop that had been a shapeless mass and twisted into a thousand strange and weird shapes. I asked a practical man who stood by: "Can these shafts be straightened? He replied: "Oh, no, never." That old picture repeats itself in this man's life. The structure has fallen, the shafting is twisted and there is no law of God, can it be straightened? He is the despaired of man. One of our local poets wandering through the parks strewn with these human derelicts, has voiced this despair:

Here in the calm of the park,
Tossed from day to storms of the city,
Drifting from day to day,
These, whom ye scold at or pity,
Some time were soul-dowered men,
Warm with Prometheus' fire,
May they be manlike again?
Shall they awake and aspire?
Weakened by hunger and care,
Fouled by the ways they have trodden,
Palsied by drink and despair,
Vacant-eyed, aimless and sodden,
Tempted may hasty and blast,
Fog-bank betwixt and bewilder,
Shattered are rudder and mast—
Was the Pilot at fault, or the Builder?

The poet raises the question and drops it in despair. Paul finds an answer in Jesus Christ. The weight of despair passes into a show of gratitude. Peering into the surrounding mysteries he sees the Christ. And having discovered Him from this standpoint of wreckage I do not understand how he must eventually cry, "God was Christ reconciling the world to Himself." For surely this is God's problem, not man's. It is the human predicament of life, of life's scope and life's wreckage that is satisfied to call Jesus a model man.

But is the pilot at fault or the builder? No doubt both. The pilot failed at the helm and the rocks and shoals did the rest. But we must make a distinction here. It was not the architect at fault but the builder. God plans human life on grand proportions, then we let the contract to the world architect as it were. The environment of street, saloon, market place and they bungle the job. Then it is really a fact that these poor souls have put to sea in unworthy ships? It certainly is. According to the Gospel all men have. Why single out these poor fellows? According to Jesus Christ the sleek-faced, prosperous Pharisee is in the worst ship of all.

But it is neither with the fact nor with the fact we have to do, but with the fact that power can descend upon this strange chaotic medley of human possibilities and redeem them to manhood. If the law has failed, is there some mightier force to invoke?

We have seen in this very man how his passions can drag him to ruin in spite of the law of God. Here is something that is mightier than the law. He does the very things his mind abhors. But we sometimes see passion of a higher order and working out other destinies. The passion of the artist going into his picture, the passion of the author going into his books, the passion of the mother going into her home and family, and the passion of the patriot going into his country. The creative power of all history is passion.

Now, what is proven in man is proven in God and here is the very genius of the gospel. When you have explored its thought, marked its revolutionizing purpose, and marvelled at its transcendence, it passes into the passion of the author going into his books, the passion of the mother going into her home and family, and the passion of the patriot going into his country. The creative power of all history is passion.

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will be carried into effect. Charity to their own souls—ought to dictate that the best time to have Masses said is whilst they are living. It is a sweet, such a request, but it will also take time by the neck and arrange to have Masses offered up for their spiritual welfare, whilst they are alive and in the flesh."

THE ANGLICAN.
"Why Don't You?" Sermons
Canon McCormick, rector of St. James' Church, Fleetly, has issued a novel little for a series of evening sermons during January and February. The title is "Why don't you?" and the subjects included are: "Walk, give, talk, fight, fear, love."

A Self-Denial Week
The new Bishop of Down, Connor, and Mr. Moore, rector of his diocese to a novel little for a series of evening sermons during January and February. The title is "Why don't you?" and the subjects included are: "Walk, give, talk, fight, fear, love."

The Kenst Crusaders
Kenst Crusaders met the Bishop of London as he entered Mont Dore Hall, Bournemouth to speak on behalf of the "Church Fund." Their leader Mr. H. H. Martin, shouted, "My lord, no popery for East London!" The Bishop placed his hand upon Mr. Martin's shoulder and explained, "You look like an honest man, but you are in opposing this fund you are doing the devil's work." To this episcopal rebuke Mr. Martin replied, "Ah, my lord; you are a man of the Gospel only, but you are not a man of the Bible."

Bishop Carmichael's Scheme
Some time ago Bishop Carmichael of Montreal had a plan to devote \$20,000 to be devoted to church extension in that city. The appeal has met with a generous response and St. George's parish has undertaken to build two new churches.

THE PRESBYTERIANS.
Lord Haddo as Elder
Lord Haddo has been ordained an elder in Traves Church, Aberdeen-shire. Lord Haddo is in his twenty-third year, and is the son of the Earl of Galloway. He is also an elder in the Scottish Established Church.

Mission Work
The U. P. Church in the United States of late years has been active in its missions in Egypt and India at the rate of \$200 per member—the most of any denomination in any church. The U. P. Church has been active in its missions in Egypt and India at the rate of \$200 per member—the most of any denomination in any church.

In Toronto
In most of the Toronto congregations the annual business meetings were held on Wednesday evening of last week. The year taken as a whole was a marked success. During the year three new congregations were organized and are now comfortably housed. The Toronto congregations are: St. Andrew's, St. James', St. Paul's, St. Peter's, St. John's, St. George's, St. Mark's, St. Luke's, St. Matthew's, St. Nicholas, St. Raphael, St. Simeon, St. Stephen, St. Thome, St. Valentine, St. Vincent, St. Zeno, St. Agatha, St. Agnes, St. Ann, St. Barbara, St. Catherine, St. Elizabeth, St. Francis, St. Gerard, St. Ignace, St. Joseph, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, St. John the Apostle, St. John the Virgin, St. John the Martyr, St. John the Virgin, St. John the Martyr, St. John the Virgin, St. John the Martyr.

An Imposing Ceremony
BOSTON, Jan. 25.—The Sacred Pallium was placed upon Archbishop Win. O'Connell by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross today with all the pomp, dignity and solemnity which sixteen centuries have contributed to the ceremony of conferring final authority upon the head of the Arch-Episcopate in diocese by the personal representatives of the Pope himself. The splendor of the decorations of the altar, the grandeur of the Mass, the imposing array of Bishops and priests from twelve states, together with representatives of the political life of state and city, and finally the placing upon the shoulders of the head of the church in New England of the white pallium from the tomb of St. Peter in Rome by the primate of the church in this country, mark the occasion a memorial one in the religious history of Boston.

Concerning Masses
The Monitor says: In connection with the subject of Masses it may be well to point out a common mistake in the matter of bequests. People on their death-beds make testamentary provisions for Masses seemingly unconsciously of the fact that probate courts move very slowly and that many months may elapse before the provisions of the

memorial service held at St. Paul's Methodist Church, Toronto, on Sunday, February 10, 1907, there is a printed synopsis of the sermon preached on that occasion by Rev. Chancellor Bellamy. In that discourse was described the early life of the man who afterwards became Toronto's foremost merchant and after selling of his business ability and success, preference was made to the benevolent and religious side of his nature. Reports from the Canadian Press of reference to the life's work of the deceased are also given, the final section being an account of the services at the home and the funeral.

A Questionable Suggestion
At a meeting of church workers lately held in England, Rev. Dr. Ballard, who is this year engaged in special work, pleaded for the factors to have an occasional open conference after a session of the synod. There was some opposition to the suggestion, but the Rev. Dr. Ballard urged the suggestion as a means of bringing the church more into touch with the outside. Several ministers took part in a conversation which proved very helpful. In the afternoon the circuit officers joined the ministers, and to those Mr. Bradfield said that in face of the criticism of the day the church must put the truth in such a way that men would be obliged to receive and believe it. He was not Puritan, but he would rather have faith than that some of the things which he had seen in some of their churches.

Hunter and Crossley
These noted evangelists so well and favorably known all over this continent, have just been engaged in a very successful campaign in the town of Flint, Michigan.

SATURDAY SERMONETTE
SPOILED.
It is a pity that so much good material, wood, stone and a hundred other things have been spoiled by an uneducated taste and blundering hands.

We see this as we walk the streets or drive through country roads. Here is a beautiful view spoiled because an uneducated taste and blundering hands have spoiled it. Here is a beautiful view spoiled because an uneducated taste and blundering hands have spoiled it.

COUNTRY MARKET.
Wholesale.
Potatoes, per bbl. 1.50 3.00
Beef, western, per lb. 0.08 0.09
Beef, butchers, carcasses, 0.06 0.07
Beef, country, carcasses, 0.05 0.06
Mutton, per lb. 0.08 0.09
Lamb, per lb. 0.11 0.12
Pork, per lb. 0.07 0.08
Ham, per lb. 0.14 0.15
Roll butter, per lb. 0.24 0.25
Butter, tub, per lb. 0.22 0.23
Eggs, per dozen 0.25 0.26
Turkey, per lb. 0.13 0.14
Fowl, per pair 0.80 0.90
Chickens, 0.75 0.85
Cabbage, per dozen 0.60 0.65
Hides, per lb. 0.04 0.05
Calf hides, per lb. 0.03 0.04
Lambskins, each 0.40 0.45
Veal, per lb. 0.07 0.08

FISH.
Rippling herring, 10-lb. 2.25 2.50
Smoked herring, 10-lb. 1.75 2.00
Shad, fresh, 10-lb. 2.00 2.25
Haddock, fresh, 10-lb. 2.00 2.25
Halibut, 10-lb. 1.00 1.15
Mackerel, 10-lb. 0.20 0.25
Codfish, large dry, 10-lb. 1.00 1.15
Medium, 10-lb. 0.80 0.95
Cod, small, 10-lb. 0.75 0.85
Finnan haddies, 10-lb. 0.07 0.08
Herring, Gd. Mann, 10-lb. 2.10 2.25
Bay herring, 10-lb. 2.00 2.25
Codfish, fresh, 10-lb. 0.80 0.95
Pollock, 10-lb. 2.75 3.00

RETAIL.
Roast beef, 10-lb. 0.11 0.12
Beef, corned, per lb. 0.08 0.12
Beef tongue, per lb. 0.10 0.15
Pork, fresh, per lb. 0.15 0.20
Spring Lamb, per lb. 0.12 0.15
Corked, fresh, per lb. 0.15 0.20
Steak, 10-lb. 0.14 0.20
Ham, per lb. 0.00 0.20
Bacon, per lb. 0.13 0.20
Pork, per lb. 0.15 0.20
Turkey, per lb. 0.22 0.25
Chickens and fowl, 1.75 2.25
Fresh killed, 1.00 1.25
Butter, dairy, roll, 0.23 0.24
Butter, tub, 0.23 0.30
Lard, per lb. 0.16 0.18
Eggs, fresh, per doz. 0.45 0.50
Onions, per lb. 0.05 0.06
Cabbage, each 0.05 0.10
Potatoes, new, per peck 0.20 0.25
Tripe, per lb. 0.10 0.15
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Turkey, per lb. 0.22 0.25
Chickens and fowl, 1.75 2.25
Fresh killed, 1.00 1.25
Butter, dairy, roll, 0.23 0.24
Butter, tub, 0.23 0.30
Lard, per lb. 0.16 0.18
Eggs, fresh, per doz. 0.45 0.50
Onions, per lb. 0.05 0.06
Cabbage, each 0.05 0.10
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