

The Church Guardian

— EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR: —

L. H. DAVIDSON, D.C.L., MONTREAL.

— ASSOCIATE EDITOR: —

REV. EDWYN S. W. PENTREATH, B.D., Winnipeg, Man.

Address Correspondence and Communications to
the Editor, P.O. Box 504. Exchanges to P.O.
Box 1968. For Business announcements
See page 14.

DECISIONS REGARDING NEWSPAPERS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly on the Post office, whether directed to his own name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. In suits for subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published at though the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.
4. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

- SEPT. 6th—15th Sunday after Trinity.
" 13th—16th Sunday after Trinity. [Notice of Ember Days: Ember Collects daily this week.]
" 16th—
" 18th— } EMBER DAYS.
" 19th— }
" 20th—17th Sunday after Trinity. [Notice of St. Matthew.]
" 21st—St. Matthew. Ap. Ev. Mar. (Athenasian Creed.)
" 27th—18th Sunday after Trinity. [Notice of St. Michael and All Angels.]
" 29th—St. Michael and All Angels.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

A Sermon preached at St. Margaret's, Westminster by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Derry.

(Continued.)

Secondly, all the Apostles' Creed is concerned in our belief in Jesus Christ. What does it tell us about our Lord Jesus Christ? Our Creed tells us facts. The divinity of Jesus Christ our Lord, His humanity, His conception, His incarnation, His suffering life before the Cross, His death upon the Cross, the pierced hands and feet, the wounded side, the awful circle of the crown of thorns, the pale and dying lips. What impression of the character of Jesus Christ is given to us? It is photographed on the very face of Christendom. It speaks to us of One ever with God, that calm prosaic manger, the infinite descent, passing from the songs of Heaven to the revilings of men, the Christ of the cradle, the Christ of the suffering life, the Christ of the death and glory.

The Christ of the Creed is the Christ of the Gospel, the Christ of Christendom, the Christ of the human heart. There was a great thinker, a theologian, not of our Church, who said that as he looked at the crucifix he saw the Judge in the crucifix; and no doubt there are parts of the New Testament in which we find that about the work and character of our Lord there are depths of gloom as well as majesty; but He Who spoke the words 'Come unto me all ye

that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'—He that said 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out'—He of Whom the Apostles wrote, and the philanthropy of the sweet-goodness of God our Saviour dawned forth in His manifestation, is the Christ of Whom the Apostles' Creed speaks to us. The *Vox Humana* is the sweetest of the stops in all the organ of the Incarnation. And here, again, the Apostles' Creed is a creed of sunshine.

And, then, the third part of the Apostles' Creed speaks to us of the Holy Spirit, and what may be called the corollaries from that. We are born into a society utterly dislocated and broken up: we want a better society. We are born into a world marred by our sinfulness and that of our fellow men: we want the gift of pardon. We are born into a world of suffering and of death; and we want life. And what does the third and last part of the Creed speak to us about? It speaks to us about a great Divine superhuman society, Christ's Holy Catholic Church—

From the rock as if by magic grown,
Eternal, silent, beautiful alone.

It speaks to us of sin forgiven—initial sin, and of subsequent sin; and, as the Creed began with life—God the Father, the giver of natural life—so it ends with life. That is the most important thing for creatures like us.

No man that breathes that living breath,
Hath ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life, of which our nerves are scant—
No; life, not death for which we pant—
No; life, and fuller that we want.

And so our Apostles' Creed, the creed of joy, ends not with a death everlasting, but with a life everlasting; not the death that has no life, but that life which has no death.

Now, just let me add this. Does anyone here present really believe in the first article of the Apostles' Creed? Do you believe in God, the Father Almighty? Then, if you do, why should you refuse to believe in the life everlasting, and even the resurrection from the dead. Yes, if God brought out human life from a long succession of lower forms, if He brought man in any way to his present condition, do we suppose that He Who made such a work, so wonderful, so Divine as it is, will fling it away? If He is our Father, if He is the Father Almighty, can we not trust ourselves with Him in the darkness of the grave and believe in the life everlasting? A writer of great power in the present day has put it in this way. He bids us think of some brother and sister, perhaps, whom we ourselves have known, in those first years of affection at home. The brother at last is called by an accident in his life to go away to service in some distant place, say, to India. The relation of the brother and sister is not broken by that separation; it continues, there pass from one to the other, from shore to shore, letters, and the watchwords of a deepening love; and then there comes for the absent brother a longer voyage and a longer separation. Disease strikes him down; he is sent up to the hills, and he falls by a shot from some of the wild hillmen; and he returns not again home. Has the relation ceased between the two? His image, as the writer to whom I refer says, may grow pale with years, but she sees it through all her sorrows and all her joys, hallowed with a Divine light. The relation is only partially suspended. If it were otherwise, our natural and spiritual intensities would have run utterly to waste, and the deep compassionate love of the heart of man and woman would be frozen on the ice-slab of death. So that, if we believe in God, the Father Almighty, then belief in the life everlasting—aye, and the resurrection of the body—is necessary. And so this creed of the Father and of God, this creed of the Divine facts about Jesus Christ our Lord, this creed of the Holy Ghost, this creed of the Holy Catholic Church, of the forgiveness

of sins, of the life everlasting—is it not a creed of sunshine as well as a creed of facts?

Such, my brethren, seems to be the character of the Apostles' Creed. Should we not endeavour to make it to ourselves, then, a living thing? The Creed has been spoken of as a rope which fastens and binds the churches of the earth and the hearts of men together. Ask any man who has been on an Arctic expedition, and he will tell you that a frozen rope, however strong, is one of the most brittle and easily broken things that can possibly be—it can be broken like a piece of glass. A petrified creed! Now petrification in nature, at all events, is antiseptic; but in the moral and spiritual world a petrified dogma—a petrified truth—becomes something very different from nature in that state: petrification becomes putrefaction. Here, then, I think, is the great lesson from the Apostles' Creed—faith in an eternal Person; not merely in a doctrine about Him. We want an unchanging creed. What may be called metaphysical Christian communions are perpetually tinkering at their professions and drawing up new creeds. The true Creed is eternal, because Christ is eternal, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Creeds of mind, creeds of feeling, are the most unsatisfactory of all tests. How often are we Bishops told, with regard to our Confirmation Service, that the question in it is a very unsatisfactory one, and we have question after question proposed to us as substitutes. 'Have I found peace?' 'Am I saved?' 'Do I love Jesus?' 'Have I found Christ?' 'Have I found peace?' Peace is one of the most blessed gifts of the Holy Spirit of God, but it is not our feeling of peace that extorts grace from God. Nowhere in the Apostolic salutations do we find 'peace and grace,' you always find 'grace and peace.' The theology that puts peace before grace is a topay turvy sort of theology. 'Do I love Christ?' Blessed is it for the heart which can truly answer that question! but it is not a question to be rudely and suddenly put by any one human being to another. Who does not know the way in which the great dramatist, the great reader of human nature, describes that poor bereaved old king. He asks his daughters which of them loves him most, and how they love him. In describing their love they heap epithet upon epithet, they almost lose themselves in hyperbole; but did that prove the most love in the issue of the matter? Bear witness that marvellous scene where the old white-headed man is in the pitiless storm of adversity; the one who really loved him best is the one who said least about it. And as to asking children the question whether they have found Christ, I would much rather say to them: 'Whether or not you have found Christ, I am very sure that Christ has found you.' For to rely upon these things is to rely upon bodily conditions, upon what may be called nerve-storms. When we walk under the pale sky amongst the discoloured leaves, when we feel with holy Job that we are made to possess the sins of our youth and that God writes bitter things against us, when the spiritual outlook is tinted by the natural; oh! then for those words to come home to us again and again with power, 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to day, and for ever.'

I read not long ago a remarkable book, in which the writer said that he often, in the course of a ministry in London, met with people who told him that their feelings of Christ's sympathy was destroyed to them by His being of one age. It seemed to them that a man of a different age could not possibly be in full accord with them. What? I ask whether all that is best and noblest in humanity—nay, I might ask whether all that is lowest and most degraded, does not speak to our human hearts across the gulf of ages. The passions of men who are dead, the pictures of Pompeii do their evil work still; and, on the better side, there are times when the very air around us becomes vocal with the intensity of the thoughts of the