

means to this end, it must stop doing it. If it possesses anything, it must give it up; if it believes anything, it must cancel it from its creed; if it is anything, it must change and become what it needs to be. It must view its orders and tenets, its properties and practices in the light of its mission; and it must never forget that the law of its life takes it to calvary; not merely to Christ's calvary, to sing a hymn and say a prayer and then go away to feed its pride with thoughts of power and peace, but to its own calvary, where it lays down its life, where it gets itself crucified, where it has the nails and the spear and the thorns driven into its flesh, and where it quits counting statistics and, entering upon the agony of its intercession, can say, "I am crucified with Christ."

It is this kind of a church, I think, Christ had in mind when he uttered my text. It is such a church the need of the world clamors for today. It is such a church that men will seek, for they will know that it thinks more of their welfare than of its own success, and that it seeks them, not to use them, but to serve them and to teach them how to serve.

A New World.

There is a new world waiting to be built. The old world is in ruins. The war has done more than shoot up a section of France. It has shattered old traditions; it has kicked out despotic dogmas, that for generations have tried to fetter free thought; it has made a scrapheap of systems founded on privilege and caste. As one goes through the devastated area of France, it is a scene of desolation that confronts him. City after city is beaten down to the ground; villages by the hundreds are now crumbling heaps of broken stone; in many a town not a house is left standing; the inhabitants are gone; people can live there no longer; and yet love is tenacious of locality and, here and there, you will come upon a little group of French peasants burroughing among the ruins where they once had a home, unwilling to live anywhere except on the old spot. But the ruins can never be rebuilt; a new town may arise on the old site, but the shell-shattered debris must first be cleared away; it can never again become a human habitation.

It is an illustration of what has befallen society. Much that went to make the old order has been shot to pieces. Some, tenacious of the old ways, are crawling back amid the ruins, but the world can never live there again. In politics, the old doctrine of national isolation and selfishness has been shelled. The League of Nations is the Magna Charta of the new internationalism and over the portal of the State house of every decent country the world of tomorrow is saying, "Not trade, but service, must direct the statesmanship of the future." In business the old principle of competition is discredited and commercial life confronts co-operation as an economic and industrial necessity. In religion sectarianism has lost all its friends and even denominationalism most of its arguments. If the Church is to get an audience today it must go in the spirit of him who said, "Ye are brethren."

A new world is waiting to be built and it must be a world of brotherhood. The rent in humanity made by this accursed war must be closed. The wounds must be healed; the sorrows comforted, and the alienations reconciled. On the ruins of the old order human life must build a house to dwell in where people are free from fear, free from the menace of war, solicitous for each other's welfare, concerned for one another's happiness and daily striving to

translate the Golden Rule into all of life's relations.

Can the Church Build a New World?

Is the Church equal to this task? If not, society is doomed. If the Church cannot promote fraternity and foster brotherhood, is there anything on earth that can? If the Church with the gospel of the crucified Redeemer who loved the world enough to die for it cannot lead a crusade against dishonesty and greed in politics, against selfishness and the worship of mammon in business, against bigotry and intolerance in religion, then love has no constituency left to follow its white flag against the foes of hope.

If the Church cannot teach men to acquire self-mastery, to be free without being arrogant, to possess their privileges without depriving others of their rights, to find in service and sacrifice the road to God, then the Church has professed with no hope of performance. It is a vain boaster. Its message is the empty wind and its right to existence is gone forever. If the Church cannot build the new world, it cannot do what it was created to do; for it exists, not to write insurance against disaster beyond the grave, but to establish a kingdom of good will on the earth and fill time as well as eternity with righteousness and peace.

If the Church cannot build the new world, it has come to the hour of its supreme opportunity only to fail; only to break down and show that for two thousand years men have staked their hope on a counterfeit. No such challenge has summoned the Church since calvary and no such opportunity has faced it since Christ called it into being. I do not believe the Church will fail. In the ruined Cathedral at Soissons we found a wonderful picture of the Great Supper unharmed. In some strange way the painting had escaped. Quietly the faces of Christ and his apostles looked out upon the desolation around them. So amid the ruin of the world, calm and serene remains the power of Christ to make men free and build life up toward heaven, and this power the Church may command.

But to command it the Church must itself be under the spell of this power. If the Church is to build a new world it must, in some respects, become a new Church. I do not believe that it needs a new message. With Paul, it may still say, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." As I have gone through the war zone and preached to the soldiers my conviction has been strengthened in the ability of the old gospel to meet the situation. This gospel does not need to be defended—it only needs to be proclaimed and read. Repeatedly the soldiers have told me that they are tired of dogmas, disgusted with sectarianism, but that they believe in Jesus Christ and his religion of service and sacrifice. There are, however, some things the Church must do if it is to build a new world.

It must break with discredited and worn-out traditions. What would you think of a boat tied to the dock in New Orleans that wanted to go to Panama? It starts but it stops for a good rope and a stout pilehead holds it to the dock. If it ever gets to Panama it must cast off. The Church has been tied up to some things that prevent progress. If it is to move out it must cast off. It is easy to mistake traditions for principles but nothing is a principle that is powerless. Principles are eternally dynamic. If your theory of the Church and State cannot lift society, cannot improve mankind, rest assured it is not a principle—it is a tradition and the quicker you get it to the graveyard the better.

The Church must emancipate itself from dogmatism and intolerance. I am not pleading for a colorless creed, but protesting against confounding crotchets with convictions, against placing the distinctive principles of a denomination in the same class with the fundamentals of Christianity; against making a sacrament or a rite or a creed or anything but service and sacrifice a condition of fellowship.

The Church must also be united. At present, this does not necessarily mean organic union. It certainly means co-operation and federated effort. It means for the Church what it meant for the armies of the allies when they were united under a supreme command. The British army was not merged into the French nor the French into the American, but they did not get in each other's way. They had one plan and moved as one man and victory marched out to meet them. I doubt if uniformity is what the Church needs just now. Little is to be gained by Methodists becoming Baptists and Baptists Presbyterians. What is needed is not that we should whittle down our beliefs until we all think alike, but that we should achieve harmony in action and move as one man for victory.

To do this the Church must forget itself. If it is to inoculate the new world with its life it must die daily. It must be willing to decrease that Christ may increase; to die that society may live; to be lost that the world may be saved. The task to which scientific medicine sets itself today is that of preventing disease. The doctor deliberately attempts to make himself unnecessary. The ideal of the Church should be as high. "I saw no temple therein," writes John, in his vision of redeemed society. The church has so successfully executed its task as to put itself out of business.

"The hour has come when the Son of Man shall be glorified." The hour has come for the new world to be built; for daybreak and millennial dawn. Yonder on the skyline the kingdom awaits. Just above our heads the Holy City, coming down from God out of heaven, pauses in its chariot of light to see whether Christ's Church is ready for it to drive down to men or back to God and wait another million years. The hour is come—what says the Church? "Verily I say unto you, except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit."

EDITORIAL

THE POWER OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Jesus Christ said in his last talk with his disciples before his crucifixion, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another," and added, "By this shall the world know that ye are my disciples." The only weapon he put into the hands of his Church was love—love to God, love to our fellow Christians and love for the souls of the perishing of earth. Confucius gave his followers a code of ethics, Mohammed the sword, Brahma a mystical dream, but Christ gave the divine gift of love.

The constant temptation of the Church is to depend on organization, on institutions, even ordinances and sacraments. Our weapons are not carnal, but spiritual. Love is the one unique power that the Church can wield. Love is the fertile soil in which all virtues sprout and grow. Reverence has its beginning in this grace. Courage that finds its finest motive in this self-sacrifice is hardly possible without