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HENRY ALEXANDER WHITE.

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The Columbia Theological Seminary and the Southern Presbyterian Church have suffered a severe loss in the death of the noted scholar and divine, Henry Alexander White, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D. For several years he had been in failing health due to heart trouble, the burden of which he bore with cheerful courage and a calm and Christian patience that won the admiration of all who knew him. His last illness developed as a sore throat, which at the time caused him no special concern. The ailment, however, did not yield to treatment, and a physician was consulted. Despite skilled medical care the trouble, which had seemed so slight, grew steadily worse, and in three days had created a critical condition that caused alarm to his wife and friends. This was aggravated by the fact that he had few physical reserves. The infection grew steadily worse and there was grave danger at one time that he would die from suffocation. This he escaped, but by three-thirty o'clock on Sunday morning, October 10, the end came, and

what experience contains, but (just the other way around) they are summaries of what the Bible tells us about the facts and promises upon which Christian experience is based.

What is needed at the present time is a return to those facts. The Church is suffering from a woefully exaggerated subjectivism, from a fatal substitution of experience for the Bible as the seat of authority in religion. And the curious thing is that this undue preoccupation with experience, this substitution of experience, whether individual or corporate, for the Word of God as the source of authoritative information, is producing a lamentable impoverishment of experience itself. Yet perhaps it is not such a curious thing after all. As a man cannot lift himself from the mire without a helping hand or without something solid upon which he can lay hold, so it is impossible for experience to provide a gospel. If we thought less of our experience and more of the work of Christ, our experience would be much richer than it is. And our service would be much more helpful to burdened souls. All true Christian experience is founded upon the redeeming facts, and the facts are recorded only in the Word of God. Not into our own souls but to the Bible should we look to obtain an answer to the momentous question, "What is the gospel?"

GREATER THAN THE TEMPLE.

A Tribute to Christ.

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"But I say unto you, that in this place is one greater than the temple."—Matt. 12:6.

To pay a tribute to one whom we love, honor and revere is always a privilege and delight. We desire to pay such a tribute to Christ. His claim is supreme. Our hearts are responsive. What shall the tribute be?

We take His own words, and reverently bear them back to Him, and ascribe to Him the glory which He claimed. In this place is One greater than the Temple. The greater our estimate of the Temple, the worthier our tribute to the Christ, for He is greater than the Temple. Two objects fill the picture on which we look: the great Temple and the greater Christ. This remarkable contrast is revealed in many ways.

THE MAKER IS GREATER THAN THE MADE.

No genius has ever done his utmost. There is always a possibility beyond that which has been achieved. The singer hears within the soul a sweeter song than finds expression in the voice. The orator feels a thrill far greater than he can convey. The painter in vain seeks to produce on canvas the scene his spiritual vision is gazing on. There is no finality to the reach of spiritual power. No words completely convey a human thought. Words have a limitation that thought has never known. One can always do something more than he has done. Thorwaldsen wept as he gazed on his finished work, The Christ, because, as he said, he had reached his limit and could do nothing greater. But to the deeper thinking, his tears bore witness to a dream that had not yet found expression in his last great work. We live in a spiritual world that defies limitation. There is always something beyond, a higher reach, a greater work, a loftier attainment, a brighter vision. Whatever a man has done, he can always do something better. There is no such limitation in him as forbids a higher reach. Hence he is greater than any product of his powers.

Christ made all things. All things were made by Him. Without Him was not anything made that was made. The Temple was but the concept and product of extraordinary power. As it stood massive and silent in its great glory it was the splendid witness of the greater glory of its Supreme Architect. The Temple is only one unit of the full chorus of creation.

“Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.”

LIFE IS GREATER THAN MATERIAL STRUCTURE.

The Temple was a splendid building. Other temples have been larger. None has been more magnificent, more exquisitely wrought, of finer material, more solidly constructed, as it grappled the mountain sides with its great foundation stones and capped the mountain pinnacle with its sacred shrine. Its courts, its pavements, its pillared porch, its gates, its rich furnishings justified the admiration of Israel. Whoever approached it by the Olivet road, when its splendor suddenly burst upon the view, readily accorded to it the claim as one of the architectural glories of the world. It seemed greater than any person dwarfed by its magnitude and shadowed by its massive walls. But He is greater than the Temple as life is greater than material structure.

In the terrible war that in recent years desolated Europe and afflicted a world how many treasures of human art perished! What a wail was heard over all the world as these art treasures were destroyed: historic buildings, famous paintings, exquisite sculptures that had marked the progress of human culture, and had been silent witnesses of human achievement. Far less was said of the countless lives that were destroyed. But one human life is worth more than all the treasures of human art.

Phidias produced his statue of Zeus, a work in ivory and gold, the great artist's masterpiece. Michel Angelo made his renowned statue of Moses. Both artists were immortalized by their wonderful creations. Neither could give life to the exquisite creature of his genius. If the lifeless, artistic form had drawn one breath, had made one voluntary motion, had spoken one word, none could have been more surprised and startled than the genius who carved out its still, cold form. Life is what each work of art lacked, and what the sculptor was powerless to impart. The humblest life is greater than the most celebrated product of human art.

It is a saying that Rubens made Antwerp. The saying implies that Rubens is greater than the Antwerp which glories in his name, and displays the wonders of his genius.

However beautiful the home mansion, however elaborate its adornments, however exquisite its furnishings, the least little life sheltered by its roof, protected by its walls and comforted by its luxuries, is worth inestimably more.

Spurgeon, the great London preacher, remarked that the view of the ruins of pagan Rome filled him with no sadness, because in it was the suggestion that a splendid materialism had yielded to the advance of spiritual power and nobler life as created and cherished by the Gospel of Christ.

A living root, though oppressed by massive stone supporting graceful column, will assert its life and reveal its power to lift and overturn the material structure wrought by human hands.

In Christ is life, and because of life in Him He is greater than the Temple in all its lifeless magnitude and material glory.

IMMORTALITY IS GREATER THAN THAT WHICH PERISHES.

The Temple was perishable. It looked very strong and capable of enduring. However strong and durable it seemed and really was, it was destined soon to pass away. "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here." "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

The great Pyramid of Egypt is a ruin: grand even as a ruin. Of all human structures it seemed most likely to endure by reason of its material and pyramidal form. No convulsion of nature could overturn it. No rough usage by the ages was likely to impair it. No tempest of time had power to spoil it. When it was completed, it stood not as it stands today, a rugged, gigantic stairway for tourists to climb. It was covered over with a smooth surface of finest polished marble, brilliant in its reflection of the sunlight, a blaze of glory. Within its thick walls in hidden chambers treasures were stored. The treasures are gone. The polished marble has been torn from its outer surface. It stands a gloomy, gigantic ruin of what it was.

The Obelisk brought from Egypt and placed in Central Park,

New York, is crumbling. Each crumbling piece at the column's base is a prophet of the Obelisk's fall, except as the genius of human life shall supply its want and support it at the moment of its need.

Every human art crumbles or is impaired by relentless time. Nothing that man makes is immortal. The Temple with all its grandeur is completely gone. Where it stood another building reared by human hands displays its glory, a glory that likewise in its appointed time shall fade and pass away.

He who stood beside the Temple, and seemed likely first to go, has outlived the stately building. Notwithstanding Gethsemane and Calvary and Sepulchre and Olivet, He lives in the world today, and His power today is more manifest than when in reference to the Temple He said, "There is one greater than the Temple." The greatest living power in the world today is Christ.

THE PERMANENT IS GREATER THAN THE TRANSIENT.

The Temple was transient. However solidly built, however great the stones which underlay it, however beautiful the structures which crowned it, it was essentially a temporary building. In its construction there were prophecies of its passing away. Indeed, it was a prophet of its own fall. To those who admiringly gazed on its great stones and solid walls and marvelous masonry, it was ever pointing onward to its end, when its rites would cease, its music be hushed, its activities abolished, its buildings razed. Its great brazen altar by its ineffectual sacrifices claimed to be only a picture of the greater sacrifice that could take away sin. Its laver was only a suggestion of what could cleanse spiritual pollution. Its table of shew bread only foretold the living bread which came down from heaven. Its candlestick of seven lights was only an anticipation of the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The golden altar of incense only portrayed Him whom the Father heareth always. All that was beyond the richly embroidered veil was but a hint of the invisible heaven yet to be

more perfectly revealed. The whole Temple was a gallery of prophetic pictures. It was of inestimable worth while its prophecies were unfulfilled, for it was an object lesson of valuable truth. But it fulfilled its day and use when the event foretold became a present grand reality.

Christ was the reality. When as a babe He was brought into the Temple, the glory of this latter house became greater than of the former.

Christ was the reality. When as a boy twelve years of age He was found in the Temple in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and answering their questions, He said He was in His Father's house about His Father's business.

Christ was the reality. When in the fulness of His power He stood in the Temple Court He said, "Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it up." He spoke of the Temple of His body.

Christ was the reality. When he entered into the Temple, and in impressive silence looked round about upon all things, He saw in them prophetic portraitures of Himself and His work.

Christ was the reality. When as the supreme sacrifice He died on Calvary, the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, and its sacredness forever ceased as its mission was forever closed. Christ abides forever.

When a book is printed, bound and published, the form of type is broken up and redistributed for other use. The book, being permanent, is greater than the type, which is transient. The Temple was the type. When the Word was revealed, that which was typical passed away. The Temple was the type to pass away. Christ the divine Word was the antitype to abide forever.

THE UNIVERSAL IS GREATER THAN THE PARTIAL.

The Temple was partial. It was beset with limitations all around. It was national, the peculiar possession of the people. Its arrangements were distinctly marked by limitations. Death

was the penalty for violation of these prohibitory rules. There was the Court of the Gentiles, into which everybody could go, but the Gentiles could go no farther. There was the Court of Women, beyond which the women could not go. There was the Court of Israel, that marked the limits set to the men of Israel. There was the Court of Priests. Last of all, there was the Holy of Holies, into which only the High Priest could go: limited to him in time and conditions of service.

Christ is universal. He is the supreme treasure of the world. His truth illumines the earth. His grace enriches mankind. His call is a universal call. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He is our Peace who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us. Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.

We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

By the absence from Him of all such limitations as inhere in the Temple, as the great universal Person of all time and all places, how splendid and how merited the tribute: "One greater than the Temple!"

THE LESSON TAUGHT BY CHRIST IS GREATER THAN THE LESSON TAUGHT BY THE TEMPLE.

The lesson taught by the Temple is the Old Testament lesson, the lesson with which the Old Testament concludes its message. The Temple lesson is the fact of sin and judgment, and the need of atonement and expiation. That lesson rests on the world as a dark shadow. It is a cry for help, a prayer that had not yet received its answer. It marks the night of time. It expresses the wish for the dawning day. This is a very important lesson, but its chief importance is in its preparation for a lesson of vaster worth and greater cheer and nobler charm.

Four centuries of spiritual blight were but the intense em-

phasis of the Temple lesson. As this lesson was completed and Malachi closed his prophetic message, a great shadow fell on the world: Human genius did its utmost in every department of human endeavor. But it was in vain. The shadow deepened into a dreadful spiritual night. The world became a wreck, a cry, a moan. Virgil sang of it. Socrates taught of it. Christ introduced the dawn of a new day.

Christ's lesson ushers in the brighter desired day. It is the Gospel, the Glad Tidings. It is the fulfilment of all blessedness, the beatitude of all time. Christ's lesson is full of grace and truth. It makes the world brighter, happier, better, and tunes the world's music into sweeter strains and richer melody and grander harmony.

THE SUBSTANCE IS GREATER THAN THE SHADOW.

The Temple was a shadow; a very bright shadow, but only a shadow of a far brighter substance: a shadow of good things to come. That which casts a shadow must be greater than the shadow which it casts.

A tourist reached Cloudland on Roan Mountain, North Carolina, a rainy afternoon in August. The mountain was enveloped in cloud. The rain was falling steadily. He went to his room in the hotel. But he was soon called out to Prospect Point to behold a glorious scene. The clouds had broken and had settled down between the mountains. Every mountain peak seemed a little island amid the sea of clouds. The western skies were clearing. The setting sun shone forth most gloriously through the cloud rifts. On the eastern dripping cloud a wonderful rainbow appeared. It was an entire circle of extraordinary beauty. Within the radiant framework of the rainbow the observer saw his own shadow reproduced in the far-away picture of the eastern sky. It was a wonderful picture in the sky; a human shadow enclosed by a heavenly rainbow frame. Presently the shadow faded and soon was gone. The conditions that produced it had passed away. But the observer who had cast the shadow lived, and lives today.

The Temple is a wonderful study. On it we gaze with profit and interest and admiration. It is only a shadow. Presently it fades away and is gone. All its glory has ceased to be. Its conditions have passed away. But He who cast the shadow—what of Him? He seemed so slight in person, so small and fragile in contrast with the majesty of the Temple mount and imposing buildings—what of Him? The Patmos seer said, “When I saw Him, I fell at his feet as dead. He laid His right hand upon me, saying, ‘I am the First and the Last. I am He that liveth; and, behold, I am alive forevermore. Amen.’”

He who cast the shadow survived the departure of its glory. He lives. He is alive forevermore. Amen.

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name,
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.”

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY (I).

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Thirty years ago a Yale professor published a book entitled “The New Psychology”. Then the phrase indicated something very different from what it does today. The author spoke of his subject as “a science of mental life which employs methods hitherto peculiar to the physical sciences.” It was, therefore, not a new psychology so much as the employment of a new method for studying the old psychology. It is what today is familiar to us as experimental or laboratory psychology. But today this title is used to designate both a new method of investigation and also a new field of exploration.