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Jehoahaz, was not found acceptable to the Egyptian king, who removed him also, and set up a nominee of his own, the Jehoiakim who treated Jeremiah so cavalierly. The impression left by the whole account is that the Pharaoh was making sure of the little kingdom at his back, and was able to do it with extreme ease.

It is the Chronicler, in 2 Ch $35^{20ff.}$, who is responsible for the view that a battle was fought at Megiddo. Some will be able easily to dispose of his evidence, as of a like unreliable character with all that he relates. Personally I am not able to believe that a man, who wrote a serious history at a time which was not very distantly removed from the period of Josiah, invented a story and put it in circulation. And it is interesting to notice that in v.[21] he writes in his own way of certain negotiations between Necho and Josiah. That seems to point in the direction of the Pharaoh having reason to suspect Josiah's loyalty to Assyria and its ally, and of his having made some sincere effort to bring Judah back peaceably. And, as for the account of the fight, which shows such interesting evidence of having been written up on the model of Ahab's final defeat, it may be no more than a somewhat grandiose description of a scuffle which took place between Josiah's escort and the Egyptians, when he met the Pharaoh finally at Megiddo.

But, whatever one may think of Megiddo and the events which took place there, it remains certain that Josiah was not prompted in his action by loyalty to his suzerain at Nineveh. Whether he was defeated at Megiddo in a pitched battle, or was merely executed after a drumhead court-martial, his death was due to the fact that he was not supporting Assyria. For Necho who put him to death was Nineveh's ally.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

What a Boy gave God.[1]

'And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.'—Mk 12^{41-44}.

WHAT'S your name? Well, you say, I'm really Margaret, and strangers call me that; but Mother says I'm Meg, and the wee ones shout for Peggie, and at school, to tease me, they say, Hallo, Maggie! I see. So Margaret and Maggie and Meg and Peggie all mean the same thing, mean you. Well, in the very same way there are people who call their church a church, but others say theirs is a chapel, and others 'but mine's a cathedral,' and long ago the Greeks called theirs, a temple. But they all mean the same thing. A temple was just a church where people went to worship God. Not very long ago—oh yes, it was before you were born—they found an old Greek temple that had been buried underneath the ground for hundreds and hundreds of years. It was a church where long ago people had gone to worship a god whom they called Apollo. And it seems that all the sick folk in the country round about, people like that old body Mother goes to see on Sundays, or that boy who hurt himself at football and has been in bed for weeks and weeks, all that kind of folk were carried up to the temple, and prayed to the god to make them better, and often they were cured.

God, of course, really gives for nothing. He's not like you, who would only give your knife with the three blades if you got an electric torch in exchange. He gives for nothing. He's not like people who won't let you in unless you pay. You remember when that big match was on, and like a silly you had spent your money upon sweets and hadn't enough left to get you in, and you could hear the shouts and cheers and wanted so to see but couldn't, for you had no money, and they were charging at the gates. God's not like that; He gives just as a present, like Father or like Mother. Wouldn't it be dreadful if you had to pay *them*—

[1] By the Reverend A. J. Gossip, M.A., Aberdeen.

to pay for your bed and couldn't go to it however tired and sleepy you might be till you had given them your sixpence, and no breakfast till you laid down something more, no dinner till you had cleaned out your pockets or found your purse and doled out your last pennies. And you would be so hungry before bedtime, and what then? But Father gives for nothing, just for love, and so does God; He also gives for nothing, just for love. But the old Greeks didn't know that; they thought they had to pay Apollo before he would heal them. And so these sick folk promised wonderful things: houses, lands, pictures—the rich, money, heaps of it; the poor, less; the poorest, very little, and yet all they had; some brought statues, some ships, some books, all kinds of things. At least they asked for a votive tablet, that is a bit of wax, and wrote on it what they would give. 'If Apollo heals me I will give him all my ships' one man would write, and the priest took it and hung it up before the altar; and if the man got well, by and by he wrote across it, 'Gift accepted, prayer answered,' and left it there for every one to see. I want to tell you about one tablet like that that they have found. There was a little lad, yes, quite as young as you; yes, I think he was even younger. Anyway, he was a cripple, and he was so tired of it. All through the long, long summer days he heard the other fellows laughing outside at their games: the very birds could hop about on his window-sill, the very flies could climb up the walls, but he had to lie there quite still. And at last he got his people to carry him up to the temple. But they were very poor, and they had nothing to give Apollo. The little man lay there and watched, he saw how others promised houses and splendid things of one kind and another. And what could he give? He thought and he thought, and at last he remembered and made up his mind, asked for one of the tablets and wrote on it in his boy's big, sprawling hand, 'If Apollo heals me I will give him'—what do you think?—'I will give him—twelve marbles.' Well, he got better, and by and by the priest wrote across that tablet where it hung among the others, 'Gift accepted, prayer answered,' and left it there for all to see.

Now you think you have nothing you could give God; and yet because He is so loving and kind you wish you had something that you could bring Him. It's like Mother's birthday present. It takes a bit of saving, doesn't it, and a dreadfully long time, and often you half wish you hadn't begun, for it's going to be a very little present after all. Yet, when the day comes, you're so glad you did it; for Mother is so pleased and proud about it. It isn't really very well sewn, but then *you* sewed it, and Mother loves it even though the lines wobble a bit. It isn't much of a painting, but she doesn't seem to notice the smudge up in the corner, thinks it very fine indeed. And have you really nothing you could give to God? Think now, like that wee man who came at last on his twelve marbles! Have you any pocket-money: I hadn't when I was wee—used to save up off the lunch penny for Christmas, and found it hungry work. But if you have any, couldn't you spare some of it to let the brown and the black and the yellow and the red boys and girls who never heard of Jesus get to have a share in Him? If they knew Him, they too would love to take His hand and make a friend of Him. And wouldn't you rather like that their mummies too should tell them all those splendid stories they have never heard, about David and Jonathan—don't you like Jonathan, and Joseph and the coat?—but best of all about Jesus Christ? Couldn't you spare something for God, though you have dreadfully little for yourself? Well then the next time they are taking the collection in church—isn't it dreadfully exciting. You quite forget which pocket you put yours in, try this one and that one, no; it will be the inside pocket; no, it isn't; and the man is getting nearer and nearer with his bag; wherever can it be? You take out everything from your hankie downwards, but still you can't find it. Oh yes, here it is in my hand, I remember I was going to hold it, that I might know where it was! And in your relief you open your hand to look at it, and down it falls with such a noise and rolls quite a long way, and you get purple in the face before you find it! Or else it sticks so fast to your hot hand, that you have to shake and shake before it goes into the bag, and the man is kept there waiting. Well, the next time remember you are not just putting it in a wee bag. No, you are putting it into God's hand, and you are looking up into His face, and with a happy little wriggle you are saying to Him, 'This is for *You* from *Me*.'

Or have you no toys or books that you could spare for little children who have none, not one? And you've so many. Why, you've forgotten about half of them. When did you play with your railway last? And when did you see your jumping

rabbit Gustavus Adolphus? You've never looked at him since that day the cat thought he was real, and caught and chewed him. Why, you've heaps and heaps; and there are children who have none. Couldn't you spare a few? Oh yes, if you like, the engine that wont go, and the aeroplane that doesn't fly now. That's better than nothing, and they'll love even these. But remember you are going to put it into God's hand, and look up in His face and say, 'This is for *You* from *Me*.' Wouldn't you like to give a better one to Him?

Or best of all, there's your own little heart. He'll like that far the most. It isn't a big heart, it isn't grown up like Daddy's, it's quite wee, and it's rather quarrelsome sometimes, isn't it, and a bit selfish now and then? And yet Apollo liked the marbles just as much as the big gifts from the big folk. And if you give your heart, put it into God's hand, and look up in His face, and say, 'This is for *You* from *Me*,' He'll just love that.

Boobies.[1]

'Deceiving your own selves.'—Ja 1^{22}.

When you want to tell any one not to be silly you say, 'Don't be an ass,' and at that the ass twitches its ears and doesn't mind; or 'Don't be a donkey,' and the donkey with a thistle hanging half out of its mouth thinks to itself, 'Why ever not? it's a fine thing to be'; or 'Don't be a mule,' and the mule pretends he hasn't heard, and yet take care and keep well clear of his legs or he will brain you; or 'Don't be a goose,' and the goose grows quite ratty. 'Look here,' it says, 'who are you calling names at!' gabbles and hisses and gets angry and excited over it. And yet if you must call people anything, the thing to say is 'Don't be a penguin.' For surely the penguin is about the silliest and stupidest and dullest of all creatures. Oh, it has got its points! When the ice is melting and bits are breaking off and being carried away by the current, the penguins crowd upon them, as many as each bit will hold, and go off for a joy ride as far as they dare, and then come back and scramble on another piece and off again, over and over. And that's good sense enough. And indeed they are delightful creatures, quaint and likeable and really clever in some ways, but in others just dreadfully stupid. People have told us they have seen them sitting on round little bits of ice, sitting on them for days and weeks, sitting on them because they thought that they were eggs, and their own eggs at that! And they never found out their mistake, it seems; were always sure that, if they sat long enough, the little penguins would come out at last! Others got their families hatched, and yet with them nothing happened. Very strange, they thought, and turned and had a look. 'Yes, they are first-rate eggs,' they said, and sat on for a few days more. Other penguins, with their families growing up by now, passed by and stopped to say, 'Aren't you a little late this year?' 'Slow but sure is *my* motto,' said the penguins on the bits of ice; 'there is far too much rush and bustle these days, for *my* taste. What's all the hurry?' Some more days, and the other penguins spoke again. 'Look here,' was all the answer that they got, 'I once had a friend who had an uncle who knew a penguin who had heard of places where it is quite hot; and he said that there there were things that grow up in a night and wither almost at once, and other things that grow up very slowly, but then they last and live ever so long. These chicks of yours are common penguins, but evidently mine are going to be something worth the having, slow perhaps in coming, but, mark you, worth the having when they do come. Look at the eggs.' And with that they all crowded round and looked and had a dab or two at them and agreed they were first-class eggs, and nothing could be wrong. Yet they were only bits of ice! Well, there are fellows in your class who aren't exactly bright, and you may be among them! They never will know what verbs take the dative, and what prepositions have the ablative; they can't spell, always 'piece' is 'peice,' and always 'receive' is 'recieve,' and though they can bicycle with both hands off the bars and both feet off the pedals, they can't get it right on paper. No, they're not brilliant. But a bird that doesn't know the difference between its own eggs and lumps of ice is just about the frozen limit!

And yet I don't know: these mother penguins want wee penguins, and they're quite right; and there are boys and girls who want to be happy, and they're quite right too. What's wrong with the penguins is that they think they can get them out of bits of ice; and what's wrong with you is that you think you can get happiness out of just impossible things.

Some of you have a daft idea that the way to have a jolly time is to kick over the traces. If there are rules, we will just break them, that's

[1] By the Reverend A. J. Gossip, M.A., Aberdeen.

where the fun comes in; if there is work to do, well, we won't do it, that's the kind of chaps we are. Why should we? We're out to have our fling. And the way to be happy is to do what you like. No it isn't. And though you try and try, you'll never find it that way. They may sit till they freeze, these penguins, but they will never hatch their youngsters out of ice. And you'll never come on happiness that road you're taking. Your scheme won't work, it never really comes off, and it never will. And some of us have found that out. We thought it was so clever to sit up late and have a racket that night that Dad and Mother were out, though we knew they were trusting us. And at the time it did seem quite good sport, that pillow-fight and all the rest of it. But afterwards in bed we felt so mean and horrid that we just had to own up, felt beastly till we did. That evening we skipped lessons and chanced things, it was all right until next day, but the licking stung a lot, and those hundreds of lines we got to write took the shine out of things, and made us feel a little silly, slaving away there, with the others having a good time out in the sunshine. That time we rather funked at football, didn't get down to the ball because the other fellows were so big and rough and hefty; nobody knew; all that they said was that we weren't as nippy on the ball as usual; but we knew, and we just despised ourselves. No, you will never get birds out of ice however solemnly you sit on it, and you'll never really be happy till you play the game and go straight all the time. And if you think you can, look at these penguins, silly brutes! Don't you feel you would like to shy something at them sitting there day after day, the idiots. And you? Why, a donkey's a philosopher compared to you, and a goose is a sheer genius. Don't be a penguin, and expect things that can't happen. Chicks can't come out of ice nor happiness from playing the fool.

Nor will you manage any better, ever really be happy, by being soft and weak and cowardly. Sometimes that looks as if it were the line to take if you don't want to have a roughish time, or to be laughed at. And it hurts to be laughed at, hurts worse and nippier than a licking. And so you do what the others do, though you think it rather mean and silly; and fall into line with what isn't quite straight because all the rest are keen on it, and you would catch it if you didn't. 'I must,' you say, 'if I'm to have a time of it at all, you don't know what it means to be alone and laughed at, with all the other fellows thinking you a coward because you don't do what they do, don't make a row because they want to make one.' Well, really, I wouldn't have believed it! A penguin sitting on ice and expecting to hatch babies is fairly dotty, I think. But you're far worse. You ought to stand up and let us see you. You're worth looking at. To think that the way to be happy is to be led by the nose, to be a bit of putty that any one can squeeze into any shape he wants. Don't you know you'll never be happy unless you keep chummy with some one called your conscience. You may break with all the rest. But you must keep in with him. Every baby in the nursery knows that, as every bird except a penguin knows that you must sit on eggs. But you don't, so it seems; don't know that till you stand up on your own feet, and do what you know to be right whatever comes of it, you can't be happy, and you never will. As Brutus said, and you ought to like him for killing Cæsar—if only he had done it sooner there would have been no Cæsar to get up—the hardest lesson of all is not Latin or Greek or grammar or maths, it's to say 'No,' and no one is educated till he can.

And yet again, there are some fellows who think happiness lies in the land of selfishness, and they set out to find it there. Now isn't that enough to make even a penguin laugh? They aren't just bright themselves, but they know better than that at least. And I believe that what keeps them sitting cheerily all these months is that they've heard of boys and girls who expect to hatch happiness from selfishness. Of course they don't believe the yarn. No one, they know, could possibly be such an idiot as that. But it's a good joke, and they keep chuckling over it. 'The silly fools,' they say. 'Fancy expecting happiness out of selfishness!' Just as you say, 'Fancy expecting penguins out of bits of ice!' No, you'll not get it that way. Their Chief tells the Scouts that; bids them do a kind action every day; not just as a horrid thing to be gulped down like the bitter medicine after breakfast, and then, hurrah, that's over, and now I'll think only of myself and what I want, and what I like. No, but because if you're kind, and unselfish once a day, you'll feel so happy over it that you'll want to be kind and unselfish all the day. And he's quite right. Jesus Christ told us that long, long ago, and Jesus Christ knew, because no one ever was so happy as He was; and

He wants to share it with us. I am come to make you glad and joyous like Me, He once said—no more gloomy faces, no more dull, long days, no more grumpiness and 'What'll I do now?'; but good cheer always. Yes, and He tells us how to manage it.

Listen, and I'll put it into your own language for you, though it's Christ who is speaking. Look here, you fellows, it's a sound scheme to want to be happy. But you're off the road, are facing the wrong way. I'll show you how to reach it. Here are eight sign-posts that will take you straight to it. If you want to be happy, don't put on side; if you want to be happy, feel for the other fellow if he's in a hole as if you were right in yourself, and try to help him out of it; if you want to be happy, don't think you know everything but be willing to be taught; if you want to be happy, keep trying to be manlier and better than you are; if you want to be happy, be kind; if you want to be happy, be clean; if you want to be happy, never get ratty and no quarrelling; if you want to be happy, then when it's not easy to do right, do it like a man and face the music. Can you find that in the Bible? It's all there, and it was Christ who said it, and Christ knows. Look at the start of Matthew, chapter five. But you! Well I would have said the penguin sitting upon ice was much the stupidest creature. But there's one still worse, it seems. Come and I'll show it you. Upstairs, into your room, stand in the middle of the floor, turn towards the window. Now open your eyes. But, you say, I'm looking at the mirror, and that's me. Quite so; that's you, that's what I wanted you to see. Sitting for weeks on lumps of ice is bad enough. But trying to get happiness from selfishness! Did anybody ever hear the like of that? I wouldn't tell if I were you. They would never stop laughing at you, if they knew. Penguins from lumps of ice? Perhaps, though it's not very likely. But happiness from being selfish? Never, never, never, never.

The Christian Year.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The Affections.

'Finally, be ye all likeminded, compassionate, loving as brethren.'—1 P 3^{8}.

'Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love.'—Ro 12^{10}.

The old Stoic ideal was that which we can only express by the ugly word 'impassivity,' the state in which a man by the power of reason rises above all feeling; the cold, passionless state in which anger and pity are alike regarded as weakness. And the Nirvana of the Buddhist is, above all, the extinction of desire. Very different is the ideal of the Christian. The affections are God-given, like all parts of our nature, and therefore not to be suppressed, trampled underfoot, but to be consecrated to Him Who gave them, and in Whose Perfect Being (just because they proceed from Him) there must exist some high attributes of which these are the reflexion. But we are not limited to any *a priori* theorizing on this subject. In the Son of Man the life of the affections was not less, but infinitely richer and fuller, than in ourselves. We think of Him Who was touched with pity for the little children and, rebuking His disciples, took them up in His arms and blessed them; Who was moved with indignation at the conduct of those who, for sake of a ritual scruple, would have hindered a work of humanity; Who wept by the grave of His friend; Who loved one of His disciples with the love of friendship.[1]

But can affections be commanded? It would seem so. Here in the texts the imperative command enters the secret sanctuary of feeling. It is not concerned with external acts: it is concerned with internal disposition. It is not primarily a service which is commanded, but a feeling. But can feelings be made to order? Charity can: can pity? Labour can: can love? 'Be kindly affectioned one to another.' 'Be pitiful.' The order is clear and imperative; can I obey it? Authority commands me to be pitiful: then can pity be created by an immediate personal fiat? Can a man say to himself, 'Go to; this day I will array myself in love, and I will distribute influences of sweet and pure affection! I will unseal my springs of pity, and the gentle waters shall flow softly through all my common affairs'? Such mechanicalized affection would have no vitality, and such pity would be merely theatrical—of no more reality of efficacy than the acted pity of the stage.

But what we cannot create by a fiat, we may produce by a process. Pity, love, are the culmination of a process; they are not stamped as with a die, they are grown as a fruit.

The obligation therefore centres round about the process; the issues belong to the Lord. Ours is the planting, ours the watering, ours the tending;

[1] J. H. Beibitz, *Jesus Salvator Mundi*, 112.

God giveth the increase. When, therefore, we hear the apostolic imperative, 'Be loving,' we do not think of a stage, we think of a garden; we do not think of a manufactory, we think of a school.

What can be done? If we would have fine issues, we must have rare character. Is it possible to go into the roots and springs of character, into the primary spiritual substance which lies behind thought and feeling, and change the organic quality of the soul? If this can be done, the creation of love and pity is assured! If the coarse fibres of the soul can be transformed into delicate harp-strings, we shall soon have the sweet and responsive music of sympathy and affection! Can it be done? Why, this transformation is the very glory of the Christian evangel!

'He sits as a refiner.' And what is the purpose of the Refiner? Let the Apostle Paul supply the answer, 'We are renewed by His Spirit in the inner man.'

1. The conditions of obtaining refinement are found in communion. 'His Spirit in the inner man': it is *fellowship between man and his Maker*; it is the companionship of the soul and God. All lofty communion is refining! What, then, must be the transforming influence of the companionship of the Highest? We can see its ministry in the lives of the saints. If we lay our hand upon any one, man or woman, who walks in closest fellowship with the risen Lord, we find that the texture of their life is as the choicest porcelain, compared with which all irreligious lives are as coarse and common clay. By communion with the Divine we become 'partakers of the Divine nature.'

2. The second step in the process is that *refined faculties must be exercised.* The refined spirit must be exercised in the ministry of a large discernment. There is no faculty which is more persistently denied its proper work than the power of the imagination. 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' Such vision calls for the exercise of the imagination. Imagination is the eye which sees the unseen. Imagination does for the absent what the eye does for the present. Imagination does for the distant what the eye does for the near. The eye is concerned with surfaces; imagination is busied with depths. The dominion of eye terminates at the horizon; at the horizon, imagination begins. Imagination is the faculty of realization; it takes a surface, and constructs a cube; it takes statistics, and fashions a life.

3. When refined imagination works, love and pity awake. And if they are not to be smothered again, the aroused impulses must be gratified and fed. Feelings of pity, which do not receive fulfilment in charity or service, may become ministers of petrifaction. Let our piety be the basis of our pity; let our imagination extend our vision; and from this area of hallowed outlook there will arise rivers of gracious sympathy, abundantly succouring the children of pain and grief.[1]

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The Changing Label.[2]

BY THE REV. HUBERT L. SIMPSON.

'He shall call his servants by another name: so that he who blesseth himself in the earth shall bless himself in the God of truth.'—Is $65^{15, 16}$.

This chapter closes with the well-known picture of the time when all things shall be at last restored, when the wolf shall lie down with the lamb. 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.' It will be like living in a new creation, and the former nightmare shall no longer sit heavy upon the mind and heart of distraught humanity.

But the prophet knows that we have still a long way to go before so desirable a goal will be reached. The opening verses of the chapter deal with things which are still exercising our thoughts, and perhaps puzzling our minds. There is, on the one hand, the ever-present fact of so much unlabelled goodness—unconscious Christianity as we would call it to-day. 'I am inquired of by them that asked not for me; I am found of them that sought me not.' We are perpetually being alternately cheered and challenged by that paradox, until we sometimes wonder whether labels have any value at all, and the foot-rule of orthodoxy seems altogether too inadequate a reed wherewith to measure the city of God. And, on the other hand, we too are confronted, as the prophet was, by the problem of devouring wolves wearing the livery of Heaven, and of all manner of unrighteousness practised in the sacred name of religion, 'a people that provoketh me to my face continually.' They are experts in the religion, not of the bowed down heart, but of the upturned nose; 'which say, Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than

[1] J. H. Jowett, *The Epistles of St. Peter*, 115.
[2] *Put Forth by the Moon*, 198 ff.

thou.' That, says the prophet, in the daring imagery which is begotten of a close and constant walk with the God of truth, is the kind of thing which chokes the very nostrils through which a living God draws the breath of being.

There appear upon the stage of the prophet's vision not a few of the types whose activities hinder the onward sweep of truth to-day. There are those who turn away from the ordinances of the house of God that they may gamble upon the spin of a top or the fall of dice ; and there are those who dabble in the occult. And by way of contrast to those heated salons of sin wherein the soul of a city is stifled, he makes God glad to go forth into the quiet country places where the grape-gatherers are gleaning their purple harvest ; and into the lips of a grateful God, who has turned from mildewed sins to simple sincerities, he makes bold to put the words of a harvester's song, a snatch redolent of provençal mirth and innocent gaiety. . . . But the prophet has a deeper note to strike. It is not enough that Society has its salt as well as its corruption. If the gulf between things as they are to-day and the vision for whose fulfilment we look to-morrow is to be speedily bridged it must be through a perpetual vigilance, and a continual adaptation of conventionality to reality, on the part of those who are the professing servants of God. The one essential in spiritual things, and in religious expressions of them, is truth in the inward part. Reality must be achieved at all costs.

Among the combatants in the late war it was necessary to keep changing the ciphers and the code names from time to time, because there was always the risk that the enemy might have got a hold of them and would use them to mislead and to destroy. The great C.O., says the prophet, knows the importance of perpetually changing the passwords into His presence, of reminting the coinage of spiritual commerce, of reorganizing and remanning the battalions of righteousness. If communication between the fighters in the front line and H.Q. is to be kept up untapped and untampered with by a ceaselessly vigilant foe, there is need that we should ever be examining ourselves to see whether we be in the faith.

This is what the prophet means by saying that God 'shall call his servants by another name : so that he who blesseth himself in the earth shall bless himself in the God of truth.' If contact with God is to be a real and vital and ever-fresh experience, each generation, and often each individual in his generation, may have to keep changing the form or the manner of his approach. It is vital for true religion, the prophet says, that those who pray here upon earth should pray to a God of truth, that is to say, a God who is true for them—intellectually true, morally true, spiritually true. And that may mean that we shall have to change some of our ways of speaking about God and about sacred things. There are, in Christian churches, multitudes of idolaters—people, that is to say, who insist on bowing down to things which may once have represented God, but are to-day taking the place of God. Idolatry consists in bowing down to unrealities of any kind, whether they be creations of the hands or figments of the intellect. . . . The God who desires truth in the inward parts from those who would approach His presence, surely desires it most of all in our thought and in our language about Him and His ways. 'He shall call his servants by another name.' They are still His servants although their old familiar name has been changed. The only thing that matters is 'that he who blesseth himself in the earth shall bless himself in the God of truth.' 'Truth in the inward parts' is the first gift of Almighty God to the soul turning again to seek His face. Later on He will enable such an one in the hidden part to know that wisdom which girds truth with tenderness and beauty.

'It is very hard to be a good Christian.' It is so much easier to be merely an orthodox one. It is easy enough to appear reverent in outward form : it is hard to be reverent in deed and in truth. They seemed a highly reverent, respectable majority who appeared to be so terribly shocked at the bare idea of destroying the Temple. 'This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law : for we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered unto us.' It was really shocking ; the thing was intolerable ! It is always confusing and perturbing to lazy natures to have names perpetually changing. It was never easy to bless oneself in the God of truth. It was always so much more convenient to deal with the God of convention. . . .

'He shall call his servants by another name.' I don't suppose that Daniel and his companions greatly relished having their names changed in

Babylon. They were the names they had received from their fathers, the names by which they had been called from childhood by their mothers, names that breathed religious conviction and whose very sound was holy. But they were still God's servants when people of a strange speech were calling them Belteshazzar, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. The one thing that mattered was that they were keeping up a vital contact with the God of heaven, to whom they prayed three times a day, and so were made strong to walk in the midst of the fiery furnace and to endure in the den of lions.

These are not easy times in which we are living, for those who are joined to the past by tender and holy ties and many gracious memories. I suppose there are many who thought at one time that their whole philosophy of life would go if a day should ever come when the theology of the *Shorter Catechism* or Prayer Book and any syllable of Holy Writ ceased in the smallest detail of expression to represent for them essential and unalterable truth. But for their peace of mind they have long since been glad to recognize that their eternal salvation depends neither upon the 'credibility of Judges nor the edibility of Jonah.' Names and forms and customs may and must change, but the God of truth—the Amen God, as the Hebrew has it—remains unchanged. We can recognize His servants when they appear, even though some of them wear unfamiliar garments and bear new names. Whatsoever is of the truth is the servant of God. As Marcus Dods used to say, 'The man who refuses to face facts doesn't believe in God.' . . .

In the midst of the confusion and overthrow of which we all are conscious to-day, for those who have a living faith in the unchanging Christ, there should be nothing but exultation and a lifting up of the head to behold the coming of better and greater things. Nothing can suffer destruction save that which is done and ready to pass away. It will all be gain if faith pass from a matter of empty forms and half-believed dogmas to a living and energizing knowledge of, and life in, the eternal Son of God. The future belongs to clear thinking and scrupulous honesty of the intellect. An old Quaker used to repeat over and over again, 'Get an experience. Get an experience.' It was his way of emphasizing the 'importance of individual gleanings from life.' One experimentally proved belief is of more value to the individual soul, and through him to the Church, than a book of professed creed. Most of us probably believe rather less than we did when we set out upon the life of faith. Gradually, slowly, even sorrowfully perhaps, we find our beliefs getting fewer, but the faith that remains grows deeper, and means more, as the years go on. . . . There will be general recognition of the fact that there can be no orthodoxy but truth; that it is infinitely more important that an expression of faith should be intensive than that it should be extensive; that the paramount question is, not, What creed do you hold? but only, What creed holds you? By many another name may God's servants be called ere the Kingdom comes. But come it will when he who blesseth himself in the earth shall bless himself in the God of truth; and he who dedicates himself to the service of God and man in the earth shall swear his high vow by the God of truth.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

The Untroubled Heart.

'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled.'—Jn 14^{27}.

The word 'Peace' falls on our ears to-day with the sound of far-off music. We are living through a time of so many disillusionments, that hopefulness has almost become the kind of thing of which a good man is half ashamed. But there is one thing that we can be sure of, and that is that if the secret of peace is to be found, it is Christ alone who has the real prescription. The key to peace is in His hands—the peace of the heart and the peace of the world. 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

Now what is the nature of this peace of Christ? He describes it as 'My peace . . . not as the world giveth.' What, then, is His peace?

1. *Christ's peace is harmony with God.* True peace is the harmony between our nature and our environment. Unrest comes from a clash between a man's nature and the world in which he lives. But here is the point. Our true environment is spiritual. If there is conflict in our souls, it is because we have chosen to live in a narrow world in which there is no room for our souls to find freedom. Track down the unrest of our time, whether it shows itself in classes or in individuals, and you find friction between the souls of men and the nature of things, which is the will of God. This

unrest may show itself in various ways. It may appear in a constant strain, in the jarring machinery of industry, in hollow dissatisfaction which keeps us ever seeking and never finding—in restless activities which wear us out and achieve nothing. Many people are like a clock which has lost its pendulum. You wind it up and off it goes at a furious pace of whirring wheels which is soon finished and played out. But attach the pendulum and the result is a movement which is peace—stable, restful, calm, purposeful. What has happened? The law of gravitation has come into play—the law which rules the resistless tides of ocean, and guides the majestic stars in their courses. The little clock with its feverish heart has been taken up into that mighty movement and there is peace. That is what our lives need. They need to be linked on to God. There is inner conflict, because the deepest and most vital instinct of our nature is being repressed—the instinct for the Divine. There was no shadow between Christ and God. There was perfect understanding between Him and His Father, and where there are no shadows between a man and God, no earthly troubles can break this deep and final peace of the spirit, and out of that peace comes power to meet whatever life may bring. It is this peace He offers to us all, the peace of a heart at rest in God. 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.' The harmony of Christ with God showed itself in a Divine valuation of life, which puts things in their true perspective. That valuation set Christ beyond the reach of many of the things which trouble us. Loss of property, for instance, did not trouble Him, or the fear of it, for He set no store by money for its own sake. The scorn of men or the withdrawal of their esteem did not trouble Him, for He set no value on the smile of popular favour. It is a wrong valuation of the good of life, which creates much of our unrest and lays us open to the torment of fear. The world will only be set right by men who value principles above possessions, who are detached enough from the treasure of earth to be undeterred from righteousness by the pistol-point of life's ills. What care we give ourselves by pinning our life's success to the little things instead of the big things, to the accident instead of the essentials! The great Dr. Chalmers made a speech to the Assembly of the Church of Scotland about ministerial training, in which he gave the story of his own changed mind. He had been a distinguished student of mathematics in his day; but that was poor preparation for a preacher of the gospel. 'Strangely blinded was I,' he said. 'What is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportion of magnitude. But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes, the littleness of time and the greatness of eternity.' It is the eternal values which make life great, and fill it with joy and satisfaction.

2. *Christ's peace means a right attitude to men.* If a man is really one with God, that harmony will make itself felt in a right attitude to men. Much of our dispeace comes from a wrong attitude to others. The dark heart of the world's unrest to-day is full of such things as hatred, suspicion, jealousy, spite, contempt of man for man. These are the ingredients of the devil's cauldron which brews the deadly spirit. There is no peace in any heart till it is emptied of these or lifted above their reach.

It is not a pleasant thing to be hated, but the dispeace comes when that hatred is allowed to stir the dust of our own passions. We lose our peace—not when others hate us, if there is no lurking suspicion that it has been deserved; we lose our peace when we hate others.

Part of the secret of peace is a loving attitude towards others. 'Fret not thyself about evil-doers,' says the Psalmist. Do not let the wrongs of others overthrow the balance of your own soul. Say the worst you can about the things men do, there is always something about a man, if we could see him with the eyes of Christ, which would draw tears of compassion instead of curses of anger. And these tears in the long run will break down barriers which are armour-plated against the thunderbolts of wrath. All the great souls have had this love, this forbearing outlook on others, and it has kept them strong amid a thousand peering littlenesses.

3. *How does this peace come?* It comes from a perfect surrender and response to the love of God in all its challenge and all its security. And the love of God is a challenging thing. The love of God, if we take it in, throws our souls open to the assault of countless needs and ills, and to a tempest of rebuke. We have made too much of religion as a safety device for the soul, too much of it as a quiet haven of rest into which we retire and find peace. The price of Christ's peace is war. The cost of Christ's rest is struggle. 'My peace,' said Christ, 'I give to you.' What lives the disciples

led after that gift! There was scarcely a day when they were free from trouble. It was the condition of their peace.

The honourable peace which this utter surrender to the love of God brings is thus a twofold thing. It calls us to battle. There is no peace we can accept for ourselves so long as the world is full of the sin and suffering which make the lives of others unhealthy and unholy. There is no rest from mortal fight for any of us so long as our hearts are tainted with selfishness and pride. For the man who loves with the love of Jesus, and who enters into an alliance with Him, there is no languorous ease, no sheltered garden where he can slink out of the dust and heat. The love of God is a tide which will carry us out into the lives of others, and give us over to the throb of the world's agony.

But it means moving out too, in response to the assurance of God's love. The security which God gives is the assurance that He will never see us beaten. We shall be equal to every situation into which love may bring us. There is no dilemma into which faith carries us but there will be a way out. There is no trouble which meets us, if we have committed our lives to this love, which shall not turn to our advantage as His children. That is the kind of peace which the early Church had. 'Troubled on every side, but not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed; dying, and behold we live; having nothing, yet possessing all things.' This is the peace Christ gives through faith in Him and fellowship with Him, and that is the peace we are called to reach and make our own to-day—the only kind of honourable peace. We reach it through a faith that rests on the resources of our amazing Lord, while we follow Him out to battle. It is to that toiling, suffering, invincible faith that Christ calls us—not to the faith that confuses peace with ease and the untroubled life. His peace is found in a service and a fellowship which give us together the troubled life and the untroubled heart.[1]

I ask no heaven, till earth be Thine,
No glory-crown while work of mine remaineth here.
When earth shall shine among the stars,
Her sins wiped out, her captives free—
Her voice a music unto Thee—
For crown, more work give Thou to me,
Lord, here am I.

[1] J. Reid, *The Victory of God*, 223.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The Task of Peace.

'So, then, let us follow after the things which make for peace.'—Ro 14^{19}.

These words speak of peace not as something which once achieved stands for ever by its own virtue, but as something which must always be sought, and wooed and won and cherished, all with a certain unrelieved misgiving that at any moment it may begin to be lost. St. Paul, in these words, corrects us in a mistake into which we are always ready to fall—the mistake of imagining that peace is an event, and itself the end of a process, upon the attainment of which we may rest and let ourselves off the strain. What he says about peace, in the restricted sense which perhaps was all that he intended at the moment, is something which is equally true of a state of harmony amongst the nations of the earth.

The general principle of the saying—'Let us follow after the things which make for peace'—is simple and obvious. Whether peace shall come to the whole world, and, having come, shall stay, that, in a sense, is not our business. That may be as it may be. What, however, is our business is the rising up in our secret minds, and from our secret minds infecting our words and our actions, of moods, of passions, of hard feelings which we must curb and rebuke and put down, as we might put down vermin—to deal with all that is our business. For there is a point at which and after which we are all helpless. But there is a point at which and up to which we are not helpless.

It would be a fair paraphrase of St. Paul's words to make him say, not 'Let us follow after the things that make for peace,' but 'Let us all have the will-to-peace.' Let us believe in peace. Let us each say to himself and to one another, 'I believe in peace,' meaning, 'I'm in for peace,' 'I'm going to vote for the things that make for peace.' I know the things which, when they are done to me, make me angry. Very well, then; I am going to avoid doing them to any human being. On the other hand, I know the things which, when they are done to me, make me feel ashamed of ever having entertained a harsh feeling towards any one, and most of all—if this has been the case—towards the one who is now showing me such things. Very well, then; I propose henceforth to do towards others those things, and to maintain that kind of

countenance which when done or shown towards myself make me throw away my arms and trample in secret on my own bad heart.

There is a sense in which it is only with regard to things which to the natural reason of man are difficult or impossible we say 'We believe in them.' 'Credo quia impossibile' is an old religious maxim from the age of faith. What the words mean is surely this: I believe in this thing which has dawned upon me, because it is too good not to be true. It is beset by such difficulties, it so runs in the teeth of my own indolence and selfishness, that it can never have come from my own brain. Yet there it is—a dream, a vision, a summons; away down in my soul I acknowledge it as good. I confess that it would be a great and blessed thing could it be achieved. And yet in my own strength and with my own resources the thing is quite impossible. What then? Why, I must believe that there is another level of life, of thinking and of action, in which this thing which seems impossible to me on my natural level may nevertheless be reached. The fact is, this is what we mean at the least when we say we believe in God. We mean: we believe that the highest is the truth, that the best is the very thing which might well happen.

What are the things that make for peace? It will be found, as in other regions, that in this matter also the powerful things are very simple. Fresh air, plain food, an honest day's work, and a heart at peace with God—six months of that would bring back the whole world to health and friendliness.

Here are a few simple things which make for peace.

1. Let us try to be fair to other peoples of the earth. Let us, for example, never forget—it was Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, who first stated the matter in so many words—that we differ from others just as much as they differ from us. The other man or the other nation has its own point of view. If there is something about another nation which we do not like, there will be something about us which that nation will not like. A man is not a patriot but a fool and mischievous who wants the whole world to have his own or his nation's unqualified characteristics. That was the great principle which, Ezekiel tells us, saved him on one occasion when he was about to let himself go in anger: 'I sat where they sat.'

2. Another deep and simple principle of reconciliation between people and nations is a common loyalty to some accepted moral code, say the Ten Commandments. There is a fine saying of Holy Scripture that 'peace for evermore is the effect of righteousness.'

3. But the great and fine and holy way by which peoples and nations come together and stay together is by them, one and all, living for deep and unworldly things. It is the things of this world which divide us, and chiefly is it greed of gain. The unseen things unite us—things of beauty in music, in literature, in art, and—in the supreme art—in life. Life seen in all its pathos, overshadowed by the eternities, interpreted by faith in God's love for us all—it is that which draws us nearer to one another.

There is a beautiful image in a psalm where we read of the companies of worshippers going up to Jerusalem, one company joining another by the way, their numbers swelling as they go. 'They go from strength to strength, every one of them appeareth before God.'

Upon this image, Dr. King, of Greyfriars, long ago made this excellent and profound observation: 'When the companies begin to hail each other, and to meet, it is a proof that they are nearing the City of God.' [1]

[1] J. A. Hutton, *Discerning the Times*, 221.

The Cross of Christ and my Uttermost Farthing.

By the Reverend A. G. Hogg, M.A, D.Litt., Madras Christian College.

Are there, perhaps, others besides the present writer who feel that the most urgent need of the Christian pulpit to-day, in respect of the great subject of guilt and atonement, is apposite popular formulæ? It goes without saying that, besides new ways of formulating that central marvel of our faith, there is also required a deeper understanding; for in sounding the depths of what it must cost a sinless Spirit to forgive and redeem sinners the plummet of a sinful mind can never touch bottom.