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Religions, Dr. Ankermann (Berlin) writes; on Chinese, Dr. Franke (Berlin); on Japanese, Dr. Florenz (Hamburg); on Egyptian, Dr. Lange (Copenhagen); on Further Asian, Dr. F. Jeremias (Magdeburg); on Islam, Dr. Chr. Snouck-Hurgronje (Leiden). In Vol. II. Dr. St. Konow (Christiania) writes on Indian Religions; Dr. Lehmann (Lund) on Persian and Manichæan; Dr. Nilsson (Lund) on Greek; Dr. Deubner (Freiburg i. Br.) on Roman; Dr. A. Brückner (Berlin) on Slavonic; and Dr. Grünbech (Copenhagen) on German.

The work is published at the *Verlag von J. C. B. Mohr* (*Paul Siebeck*) in Tübingen, and it is stated that the two volumes will be completed in the autumn of 1925. The parts are issued monthly, the price of each being four Swiss francs.

The Bicentenary of Kant's birth (22nd April 1724) has been celebrated by the publication of a goodly number of volumes dealing with various aspects of his philosophy. Professor Heinrich Rickert, of Heidelberg, author of many erudite works and a student of Kant for 'more than forty years' has published *Kant als Philosoph der modernen Kultur: ein geschichts-philosophischer Versuch* (pp. xii, 216; 6½ Swiss francs. J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen). In 1891 Rickert delivered his first lecture on Kant, and in recent years he has given special attention to the relation of modern culture to the *Critiques of Reason* (*pure and practical*). There are many *Dilettanten*, he thinks, who claim to be followers of Kant, though they have little scientific knowledge of his teaching. Rickert himself is not a Kantian, if that name connotes agreement with all the essential principles of the Königsberg philosophy. Kant did not found 'a system which, in its entirety, must be either accepted or rejected.' In Rickert's opinion, 'he most truly has the mind of Kant who endeavours to complete and transform the critical philosophy.' The purpose of this book, as defined by the author, is to discover 'what Kant, as a philosopher, has to say to us concerning the historical epoch in which we are living, which we call 'modern.' In pursuit of this aim, Rickert writes succinctly and lucidly on, *inter alia*, 'European Rationalism' and 'Greek Intellectualism.' A comprehensive and informing study closes with chapters on 'Knowledge and Faith' and 'The Problem of Final Unity.'

In the series of pamphlets, whose general title is 'Philosophy and History,' the same publisher issues the address given at the Kant celebration in the University of Basle by Professor Karl Joël: *Kant als Vollender des Humanismus* (Gm 1). Kant's teaching is held to be, in the Renaissance meaning of the word, Humanism, inasmuch as it is 'a call to human beings to be manly, that is to say, to be mature and self-reliant.' Kant's ambition was not to teach philosophy, but 'to teach to philosophize'; therefore, he would have philosophy conclude and not begin with a definition. How the Socratic Kant became a Platonist is instructively shown, and the merit of his Ethics is held to be that it is neither an ethic of God, nor of Nature, but of Man. Humanism completed itself in humanity. 'The categorical imperative of duty is addressed to man, for in the holiness of God it is already fulfilled. Only for man is there an "ought"; for the animal there is only a "must"; therefore, because man alone is a being who "ought," man alone is free.' A suggestive sentence may be quoted, as an example of others like unto it, which are expanded at length, and expounded in detail: 'Kant set out to define the limits of Reason, and discovered the power of Reason.'

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In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Ben Jones, his Mark.[1]

'Even a child is known by his doings.'—Pr 20[11].

THE other day some of you thought you had me out, clean bowled, the middle stump, right out of the ground! I was telling you about the bees, how, when they find a flower quite full of nectar or of pollen, they hurry home and spread the news to all the rest: and that these others know where to look for the treasure, because the finder of it carries home some of the scent of the flower. And that's where you thought you had me! Yes, you

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

said to yourself, but lots of flowers have no scent, and what happens then? Very smart, a real good curly ball, but it didn't get me. For the bees thought of that too ever so long ago, and have got round that also. The wise men tell us that every bee carries a wee bag of scent of its own—it doesn't often use it, but sometimes it does—and that all other bees can smell it easily. You and I can't. But that is nothing. You remember when Dad went for a walk through the fields, and called back to you to let the dog out, how by the time you got it he was out of sight, and you hadn't an idea where to look for him. Yet the dog never paused, put down its head and raced across the fields, where Dad had walked. It smelt him; it kept saying to itself, 'He has been here, and here, and here.' Yet, even if you had got down on your hands and knees and sniffed and snuffed till you were tired, you would have smelt nothing. Well, it's like that. And every bee has a scent all its own—so they tell us, though how they know I cannot think—a scent quite different from that of all the rest. So that the others know at once which of them all it is that has been here; just as Mother could pick out your baby anywhere, though to most men babies look fairly much the same; or as a shepherd knows each sheep and can't think how we find them look so dreadfully alike. Well, when a bee comes on a flower just full of treasure and without a scent, 'I must not lose this,' it thinks to itself; 'must share it with the others,' and with that it lets out a little of its own scent on the flower to mark it, and away home as fast as its wings can fly, to tell the news. And the others, watching it dancing—you remember about that?—say to themselves, 'She has come upon a splendid lot of pollen, and it is in a flower without any smell, for she has brought home none with her; but she will be sure to have marked it for us.' And so off they go, passing this flower and that, for they have scents, you see, and they are looking for one without any. Ah, here is one! but, no, it isn't this, for there is no trace of that bee's smell they are looking for. Until somewhere—'Oh, here it is!' they say. For she has been here, and has marked it, and with that in they go, and find it. That is very clever, isn't it? And yet we all keep doing something like that without knowing. When you get up in the morning, any one could tell that you have been in the bed. For there is the round mark on the pillow where your head lay, and another bigger one where your body has snuggled all night through. And all the day and every day we leave a mark as clear as that behind us wherever we go. Mother says at once, when she opens the dining-room door, 'The children have been here!' And yet there is no child anywhere in the room. No! but the sofa is covered with toys not put away, and there are books on the floor, and games spilt all about the table, and Mother knows you have been here, for you have left your mark.

So it is everywhere. There are some boys, and you can always tell where they are, for there there is always someone crying, or games getting spoiled, they are so rough and bullying. And there are girls so bright and cheery that wherever they may be all the rest are certain to be glad and laughing, and you can trace them easily by that. The other day Mother came up from town in a great hurry. 'The wee ones will be getting cross and tired and grumpy,' she said, 'all alone.' But when she opened the door, 'Oh,' she said, 'I need not have hurried, So-and-so'—was it you?—'is here, and where she is the wee ones always are quite happy.' And, indeed, there was a merry sound all through the house. For So-and-so—*is* that your name? I thought it was Mary—is so sunny and unselfish, that she makes things go, and coaxes out smiles, and has every one about her happy-hearted. I wonder what mark we are leaving, if, when people come on it, and know we are about, they are glad or sorry? There was once the dearest and most splendid of all Persons any one can think of—you know who He is—and they used to say that He went about doing good. And so He always did. And when He was a little chap like you, what could He do? Just little things like you, but then He did them. He could tell wonderful stories to the wee ones, when His mother was busy, and they were tired of games, were cross and fretty; couldn't you do that? And He could carry up the water night and morning from the well for an old lame body up the street. Or He could look in with some toy that He had made for some poor ill boy in bed now for months and months. Just little things. But when people saw the old soul's water-pails set full behind the door where it was coolest, and the sick laddie with his boat or toy, 'Ah!' they said, 'Jesus has been here.' There was His mark to prove it, and to make them sure. And what about us? When holidays are over, and you are back at school, do they say at home, with a sigh of

relief, 'Well, thank goodness that wild rowdy scamp won't be halloaing through the house all day, tearing the stairs down, whistling and quarrelling, and there will be some chance of peace at last!' Or do they miss you all the time, and wish, and wish that you were back? I wonder if, where we are, those about us know that they have come on something glorious and splendid; if their faces light up because we are there. 'Ben Jones, his mark,' the old sailors used to say, and put down a cross or something. What is yours?

The Fear of Falling.[1]

'When I fall, I shall arise.'—Mic 7^{8}.

Grenfell of Labrador tells of a pony that his brother and he had in the old home of their childhood. Their father made them save up for its purchase. They inaugurated a 'pony fund,' to swell which there was many a bit of self-denial. His idea was that thus to look forward to possession and to deny themselves for the sake of it, was one of the best ways of teaching them to appreciate it and to treat it with kindness. For a pony is more than a toy and has to be used with consideration. The day of its coming was a great day, and the creature became a very important member of the household. 'How many times we fell over the pony's head and over her tail,' he says, 'no one can record. She always waited for us to re-mount; and we were taught that great lesson of life, not to be afraid of falling, and to learn how to take a fall.' For falls are part of the process of learning to ride. You learn how to stick on a horse by falling off. I know men who went through cavalry schools during the war, and that seemed to be the rough-and-ready method of training. A group of men were put on horses, which had to be ridden round and round the ring. In the centre was the instructor, with a whip and a rough and sarcastic tongue, the whip for the horses and the tongue for the riders. Round the recruits went, and off they fell. As quickly as may be they had to pick themselves up and mount again. Falls were many, but they were little accounted of in those cavalry schools. They left a man sore and bruised and stiff. Nor was the process without serious accidents; yet it went on, and batch after batch of first-class horsemen were turned out. A hard school it was, but it worked. No one learns to ride without falling. There is little of a riding future for any one who, being thrown off, is too discouraged to mount again. 'Learn to ride the horse that threw you,' was the title of Silvester Horne's last address to a school of boys and girls. The rule, he said, was given him in early life, and he regarded it as one of the greatest rules of living. That rule involves both these lessons that Grenfell learnt in the school of that pony, not to be afraid of falling and how to take a fall. I read recently of a boy who was learning to skate. He sat down rather heavily on the ice, and an old gentleman, who wanted to be sympathetic and kind, said, 'I should give up, if I were you. You will only hurt yourself.' The tears were filling the little fellow's eyes, but he managed to smile, and said, 'Thank you, sir, but I didn't buy these skates to give up with. I bought them to learn how with.' That boy had learnt how to take a fall. Not to be afraid of falling is a valuable and essential lesson, whether we are learning to walk, or skate, or ride, or live.

Yet not a few never learn that lesson. The fear of falling keeps them from many an accomplishment and achievement. Had they not been so fearful they might have won through to life's high places. Many a youth never learns to speak in public just through fear of breaking down. Yet if we do break down once or twice, what does it matter? Some of the greatest orators have come to mastership by that road. To break down ought to discourage us no more than a fall discouraged the wee boy with the skates, or Grenfell with the pony. Yet everywhere is this bogey Fear holding youths back. It keeps all too many from being what they might be. It prompts them to say 'No' to the quests and challenges of life. They hold back, through fear of failure, and watch others go forward and win. One of A. E. W. Mason's books, *The Four Feathers*, has this fear of failure as its theme. Harry Feversham, a young army officer, member of an old English family, resigns his commission on privately hearing that his regiment is about to be sent to Egypt on active service. It was not that he was a coward, but fear lest he might prove to be one. From boyhood he had foreseen that his destiny was the army, and from boyhood this fear had been with him. Three friends and fellow-officers each sent him a white feather, to which his fiancée added a fourth, returning at the same time her engagement ring. He was in disgrace—a pariah. Yet the situation did one big thing for

[1] By the Reverend F. C. Hoggarth, Whalley.

him. It removed the bogey Fear—the fear of failure that had held him back. He determined to retrieve his disgrace, and the book tells how bravely he did it. Once the fear was lifted he proved in what a heroic mould he was cast. None of us can afford to indulge this fear of falling. The greatest weapon in our armoury for the conquest of fear is faith.

'Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.'

The Christian Year.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The Unattractiveness of Jesus.

'He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.'—Is 53^2.

'And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.'—Mt 11^6.

The attractiveness of Jesus is an almost universally accepted conception. The painter's brush finds no subject more inspiring than some aspect of His grace and beauty. Our poets are quickened to high feeling when they remember His passing. Our great composers are moved to solemn music as His words sink down into their hearts.

But is this wholly true? Is Jesus so universally attractive as these testimonies would seem to prove? Is it not as true to say that to many men Jesus is not attractive at all, and that at times He, and all He stands for, are objects of dislike? The Evangelist who revealed His inner life summed up the sharpest edge of His rejection, 'He came unto his own, and his own received him not.' All the Apostles bear witness that He was 'a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence.' Jesus Himself, with a shadow on His heart, described Himself as 'the stone which the builders rejected.' And His most pathetic benediction is found in the words, 'Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.' What is the deeper truth in this unattractiveness of Jesus? It is this, that to the natural heart Christ is alien, and always remains so.

Let us mark the features in Jesus which repel the natural man.

1. The first feature is *the holiness of His character.*

Deep down in the unregenerate heart there is an antipathy to holiness. Human nature is not entirely evil, but it is tainted through and through, and, in consequence, as Paul says, 'the carnal heart is enmity against God.'

To ask some men, who pass muster with the world's moralists, to spend a whole day with a man of God, whose motives are rarely unselfish, whose peace is seen in the quiet contentment of his spirit, whose conduct is touched to fine issues of thoughtfulness and courtesy, whose prayers are felt when they are not heard, is to call them to live in an atmosphere which they find difficult to breathe. They are glad to escape to lower levels of conduct and impulse. Holiness scares and affrights them. In the same way Christ's holiness always troubled men. As the intense light of His sanctity fell upon Pharisee and Sadducee and discovered the devils lurking in their hearts, as it searched and exposed even the disciples, they shrank from Him.

2. The second feature is *the mystery of His personality.*

This reason for Christ's unattractiveness leads us into a different region of thought. There are minds which are simple and unquestioning. These are easily accessible to spiritual things and are swiftly brought into tune with the infinite. They find the mystery of the personality of Jesus full of helpfulness and delight. But there are other men who are accustomed to the clear white light of material truths. They are eager to reduce all knowledge to terms of mathematical precision. To them Christ's mysteriousness is a stumbling-block. Every great personality, Hegel says, lays upon the world the penalty of explaining him. Our foremost thinkers and teachers, our statesmen and men of action, and all our leaders of commanding genius are problems to their generation. But the task in regard to them all is simply one of exploration, knowledge, and analysis. What Matthew Arnold said of Shakespeare:

> Others abide our question; thou art free,

can be said in perfect truth only of Jesus Christ. Simply because Christ goes beyond the reach and the grasp of the natural man, he is hostile to Him, and he resents both His divinity and His humanity. To-day, even among those who are willing to be His disciples, there is a shrinking from the unsearchable depths in Jesus. His thoughts are higher than our thoughts, and His ways than our ways, and we tremble and flutter before the mystery of godliness, and with such an experience He is unattractive.

3. The third feature is *the authority of His claim.*

Whether it be a claim which He makes for

Himself, or one which He makes upon men for their obedience and their devotion, it rouses instantly a reaction in the natural heart. The unregenerate heart always treasures a pagan ideal. It has a constant hunger for pre-eminence, and exaltation, and it has an eager thirst for, and a delight in, what this life can give. The world's ideal of life was never more finely imagined and more completely attained than in the high days of Greece. Then was conceived a manhood, self-poised, self-sufficient, self-pleasing. It was a manhood developed, disciplined, and enriched until it was able to lay a strong hand on all the realms of power and enjoyment. If any man will question himself as to his day-dreams, he will find that they are precisely those of Joseph in his unschooled youth. He sees his sheaf in the field and all other men's sheaves bowing down to it. But Christ came with a claim for humiliation and submission. He made known the meaning of that claim by the course of His life. He came to be poor, homeless, outcast, to refuse the honours the world would have bestowed upon Him, to drink His Father's cup, to walk in the narrow way all through life, and to pass in through the gate of His cross. That is the claim He makes with an imperative authority. We need not wonder that men resent it and refuse it in the hostility of the natural heart.

4. The fourth feature in Jesus which the natural man resents is *the message of the cross*.

Here we reach the core and kernel of the antipathy of the natural man. This is the secret of all other hostilities. It is natural for the natural man to resent the message of the cross. It comes with its condemnation of the life he lives, and loves, and excuses. It comes with a requirement of repentance, and that is the most searching and humbling experience the heart can know. It comes with a call to a lowliness and humility, which cuts deeply into the pride and self-sufficiency of the human heart. It comes with the inexorable condition that only as a little child can a man enter into the Kingdom of God. It comes with a demand for a confession of wrong-doing, and acceptance of forgiveness, and a surrender of the whole being to Him who has redeemed him. That has always been the foolish thing to the Greek, and the stumbling-block to the Jew. To-day, there are millions upon whom Christ's moral loveliness has begun to dawn. They are willing to let the other features which they resent lie in the shadow, and, as they say, become agnostic to what is too high for them. But they are not willing to accept the gospel of the cross, and there Jesus is still unattractive.

When and how is this unattractiveness overcome? It is overcome in that day when men's eyes are opened to see Christ in His redeeming grace, and their ears are able to hear His regenerating word. There comes a time when some great need, or some baffling experience, or some disheartening and ashaming fall, or some discovery of a man's own true self, changes the whole angle of vision, and silences all the sounds of the world's music, and then he sees and he hears Christ. Then Jesus becomes, in the language of the Old Testament poet, once heard so frequently on men's lips, 'the altogether lovely.'

There is a day when Jesus takes every man aside. He makes a silence in our lives. Then His voice rebukes and humbles us; but as He speaks with us the light dawns on the soul, and we begin to see what those saw in Him to whom He became both their desire and their delight. Then we wonder that when others see Him there is no beauty that evokes their desire, and we enter into the peace of that benediction, given to those who no longer stumble at Jesus.[1]

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Look to Your Motives.

'If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness.'—Mt $6^{22.\ 23}$.

Look to your motives!—our Lord says to us over and over again in this chapter. Our Lord's words always go to the bottom of things. They always go to the bottom of our hearts.

Our motives are the secret springs of our hearts. Our motives are those hidden things in our hearts that move us to speak and to act. Our lives all issue out from our hearts, like so many streams out of so many deep and hidden springs: and thus it is that we are so often told in the Word of God to 'keep our hearts with all diligence.' And thus it is that our Lord's teaching is so full of all the matters of the heart; and especially of the hidden motives of the heart. Take good heed of your motives, He says three times to us in this single passage.

1. Now, men alone, of all God's creatures on the

[1] W. M. Clow, *The Evangel of the Strait Gate*, 48.

earth, have motives. The sun, and the moon, and the stars all move. They all move with the motion which their Maker gave to them at the beginning, and which He continually conveys to them by His upholding and impelling hand. The fowl of the air also, the fish of the sea, all sheep and oxen also—they all creep, and walk, and run, and fly, each one of them after his kind—but it is never said of any of them that they have a motive in what they do, or in where they go. They have no understanding. They have no power of contrary choice. They were not made in their Maker's image. Their chief end is never said to be to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever. They have all their appointed ends, and they all stand in the same ordinances in which they were placed at their creation; but they do not know their own ordinances, nor who ordained them. To man alone God saw it good to give understanding—understanding, and conscience, and will, and a contrary choice. Alone, of all things that live, and move, and have their being in God, man is moved by his own motives.

2. And thus it is that God goes down to our motives when He would know us altogether, and would discover us, and would conclusively judge us. We ourselves make every effort to get at men's motives when we would know them, and would judge them. But we cannot wade with any security into that deep sea. Men's motives lie deep down beyond our discovery and jurisdiction. God's eye alone can see and search out a motive. We all feel that we are not truly known till our motives are known. We all feel that we are not yet fully and finally judged till our motives are laid naked and open. I may do what seems to your judgment right or wrong, praiseworthy or blameworthy—but hold your peace about me till you are quite sure that you have all my motives laid out under your eye. When you praise me, you pain me and humiliate me, if my motive was not a pure motive: and when you blame me, I appeal from your judgment to His before whose tribunal all my motives lie bare:

For I am ware it is the seed of act
God holds appraising in His hollow palm:
Not act grown great thence as the world believes,
Leafage and branchage vulgar eyes admire.

What I am in my motives, that I really am: that, just that, and neither more nor less.

3. Now from all this, it follows as clear as day that our true sanctification, our true holiness of heart, our true and full and final salvation, all lie in the rectification, the simplification, and the purification of our motives. The corruption and pollution of our hearts—trace all that down to the bottom, and it all lies in our motives: in the selfishness, the unneighbourliness, the unbrotherliness, the ungodliness of our motives. We are all our own motive in all that we do: we are all our own main object and our own chief end. And it is just this that stains and debases so much that we do. It is just this that so pollutes our hearts in the sight of God: and it is this that makes all we do so polluted in our own eyes, when we look at ourselves with the eyes of God. It is this that makes so much of our very righteousness to be filthy rags; and it is this inward bondage to bad motives that makes all God's saints to cry out with Paul under their utter wretchedness. Our Lord's blessedness, amid all His labours and burdens and sorrows, arose out of this that His motives in all that He did were good. His eye was single, and therefore His whole body was full of light. He pleased not Himself. And thus it was that He had a clean heart, and clean hands, and a clean and a peaceful conscience in all that He did; and, after His work was finished—because of the simplicity, and the purity of His motives in all parts of His work—He had such a reception awarded Him in His Father's house as no other son or servant of God has ever had. And just as his Master will never be pleased with His disciple till all His disciple's motives are as pure as His own, so neither can the disciple of Christ ever be pleased with himself till he is pure as his Master is pure.

Saints purest in God's eyes
Are vilest in their own.

4. 'The one thing needful,' then, in all that we think, and say, and do, is a good motive. The new birth that we must all every day undergo, the one all-embracing change in heart that God demands of us and offers us in His Son every day, is a complete change of end and intention, a completely new motive. The fall of man took place when God ceased to be man's motive and man's end, and when each man became his own motive and his own end. And the supreme need of all men is just the restoration to their hearts of God as their

true motive and their chief end. Every human heart cries with Augustine—every human heart in its own language: 'Thou hast made me for Thyself, and I know no rest till I find my rest in Thee. Thou hast made us to be moved by one motive, and to be directed by one intention, and to rest, with a perfect rest, in one end: and both our motive, and our intention, and our rest are in Thee.'

5. Now all serious-minded and self-observant men will surely say to all this that they know this already and have long known it: they accept all this, and delight to hear it; but the longer they live, the more they fail to attain to it. They see purity of motive, and simplicity of end, and directness of intention, and godliness of life—all shining like the sun and the moon and the stars high up above them, so high above them that they despair of ever rising up to them. My brethren, be patient: be instructed. The new heart of a saint of God was never yet attained at a bound. A new life of motive, and of disposition, and of intention, and of aim and end is not the growth of a day or of a year. All this present life is allotted by God to His saints to make them a new heart. This inward work will fill up your whole life to its last moment—God, till that moment, working in you to will and to do, to rectify your motives and to protect and purify your ends to the last. Ask yourselves, then, if the one work of your life, the one undertaking and achievement of your life, is making progress. And you have a sure test of your progress just in this question: 'What is my motive in this that I now do? And in this that I now suffer? In the light of God, and under His eye, why do I do this and that? What is my motive? What is my intention? What is the end I have set before myself in this and in that?' And then we shall no longer be as the horse and the mule that have no understanding. We shall more and more set the Lord before us. We shall say in every enterprise, What would my Master have me here to do? And we shall answer ourselves: 'O Lord, I am Thy servant: I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid. Thou hast loosed my bonds!' At the same time, it is by no means necessary to torture ourselves and to be in continual bondage to the letter of the law. We do not stop at every step of a journey and ask ourselves what place we are going to, and why we are going to that place. We weigh our motives well before we start, and if they are right, we set out; and if they are not right, we turn back.

(1) Now from all this there follow two or three plain lessons. And this very plain lesson to begin with—that we cannot, by any possibility, know, so as to judge, our neighbours' motives. God has not given us the ability. He has reserved that Divine ability to Himself. And at his peril, therefore, let a man intermeddle with another man's motives. Every human being holds secrets in his heart that the day of judgment shall for the first time publish abroad. Leave all judgment of other men's motives therefore to the Judge of all the earth—to Him who will judge you and all men by the thoughts and the intents of the heart.

(2) Again, it is surely a great comfort to a good man to know that a good motive makes the smallest act both great and good in God's heart-searching sight. Splendid deeds that are blazoned abroad by a thousand trumpets are but 'splendid sins' in God's judgment, unless they are done out of a secret motive of true and genuine goodness. Unless love to God and to man, unless self-forgetfulness and self-conquest, lay at its root, the most far-sounding deed that ever any man did was but dust and ashes, and far less than that in the sight of God.

Our Lord says to His disciples, and through them to us: 'Give all your alms in secret: fast and pray in secret: seek out secret places: and hide yourselves, and all that you do, with your Father in secret, and your Father which seeth in secret will reward you openly. And, blessed are ye, when men, not knowing your good motives, shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.' As much as to say: Go down, if need be to your grave, unknown and undiscovered, hated, despised, misjudged, misrepresented, misunderstood: only, keep your heart hidden with Christ in God: and when Christ, who is your life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory![1]

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The City Gates.

'Go through, go through the gates.'—Is 62^{10}.

This is a tale of two cities. Far away, over the deserts and the weary leagues of alien lands, lay the famous city of Babylon. There for three

[1] A. Whyte, *With Mercy and with Judgment*, 44 ff.

generations, thousands of the Jewish people had been enslaved. Many of the city's towers and ramparts, that were the world's wonder, had been built or repaired by the labour of these Jewish prisoners. Their sons and daughters had grown up in this state of captivity, and they in turn had seen their children's children. That is the tale of one city—the city of slavery.

The other was fair Jerusalem, once fair but now only the ruins of former greatness. The stones of its walls and ramparts lay in broken heaps; the temple itself had been despoiled: and the hang-dog people who lived in its wretched houses were a sort of mongrel among the nations. And yet with all this, there were men who were fools enough to believe that God would fulfil His promise and would restore the lost nation and the lost grandeur. Meanwhile, amid the sorry desolation, it seemed a fool's hope. That is the tale of the second city—the city of home, and hope, and freedom.

But a prophet, seeing these two cities, yet saw above them the providence of God. Thus in his prophecy, he addresses the exiles and shows them the promise of God. One day God will lead them out—out from the city of slavery and sin, back to the city of home and freedom. 'Pass ye through the gates,' he cries, 'pass ye through the gates.'

It is hard to tell to which of the cities he refers. His words may mean a call to pass out of the gates of Babylon, or to pass in through the gates of Jerusalem.

1. So, first, there is Babylon. 'Go through, go through the gates,' cries the prophet. Accept the offer of freedom and a new life. The road is straight, and the passage is sure. Only pass ye through the gates and go out on the great adventure.

Now this is life, if ever there was a picture of it. We and our fathers have dwelt in the city of slavery. We have become so used to it that we hardly know it to be the slavery it is. We have accepted the world and the world's conditions. But on to our lives God has flashed a great chance of freedom. No matter in what circumstances we are, God has offered us 'a future and a hope.' Jesus Christ has opened the city's gates, and there before us, calling, it is true, for some toil and hardship, lies a plain white road creeping over the desert like a ribbon, leading to liberty and new manhood. You would hardly think that the cry 'Go through the gate' was needed. You would imagine that each man, conscious of the slavery of his life, would be tumbling over his neighbour in the passion to be free. And yet the cry is as needed by us as by the Israelites. Some of us are deterred by the friendships we have formed: some of us have really come to love this life as a kind of second nature: some of us have had our will and character so broken, that we have not the resolution and power to struggle to our feet: and others, looking out on the white road and the surrounding desert, are afraid of the toil and agony that the long journey may entail. Pass through the gates—out from the little life in which we live, to the fuller, richer, eternal life of God. But though many are called, few choose!

Make the adventure, then! the gates are open. Let no lower interest rob you from the dream of your full manhood and liberty in Jesus Christ. There is no gain here that can atone for the loss of your soul's freedom and life. The gates to the full, true life of manhood in God are open, thanks to Christ who broke each bar. Pass ye through! pass ye through! Life, peace, happiness, eternal manhood and womanhood lie there.

2. Over against Babylon, there is Jerusalem. Here are the exiles at last arrived before Jerusalem, the dream of their life, the goal of their journey. With a curious quality that marks human nature in all ages, they stand on the hilltop spellbound, gazing at the city. The Prophet in imagination creeps up to the edge of the crowd. 'Brethren,' he cries, 'this is not how to possess Jerusalem. You must enter in. Only as you claim it, can it be yours. Pass ye through the gates.'

This surely is not only a picture, but a lesson. We are brought right up to the gates of certain things and possessions; but often we stand without, not for hours merely, but for years, and never enter. The thing is really ours, if we but knew it. It needs only one step, that we should pass through the gates and possess.

For instance, there is the question of *happiness*. Why are so few people really happy? They have all the conditions, all the necessities, all the qualifications for happiness: but the thing itself they do not possess. There is a great secret here, seldom unfolded to any except those who are of a simple, childlike heart. The secret is this—pass ye in through the gates! The way to possess happiness is simply to claim it, to find it in the

things which are before you, to realize it in the friends, the work, the home, the business which lie there in front of you. If we stand doubting and questioning, or wondering and fearing, the prize can never be ours.

Again, there is the question of *faith*, just as common. So many of us have trudged a long way in search of faith. We passionately desire to believe in the God and the Jesus who have blessed mankind. We think of others whose deep joy and peace have been our unending envy. We have struggled through deserts of doubt, along the rough roads of questioning, through perplexity and anxiety and honest endeavour; and now, many of us are standing with the city of faith only a little distance off. How is such a man to possess the city of faith? Well, there is only one way—he must enter in and claim it! Everything in life is an adventure. Business is an adventure: life is an adventure: happiness is an adventure: and faith, even faith in the last resort, is an adventure, perhaps the greatest of all. Happiness, as we saw, is only got by claiming and using it: life itself is only got by claiming and using it: strength, power, mind, are only got by claiming them and using them! They become ours only as we pass through the gate and possess them. This is so common in every sphere that we take it for granted. Why not take it for granted in regard to religion? There is only one way in this, as in all life, that power and light come by possession. 'Pass ye through the gates.' [1]

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The Restfulness of Christ.

'He rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.'—Mt 8^{26}.

There are some people whom we meet with as we journey who impress us with a sense of restfulness. We are all tempted to strain after effect sometimes, but in the presence of these people we do not think of that. There is no effort to keep up conversation. We are not ashamed even of being silent. Like a breath of evening after the garish day, when coolness and quiet have followed on the sunshine, such natures often, we know not how, enwrap us with a sweet sense of rest.

Now no man can reasonably doubt that Jesus was pre-eminently restful. One of the first invitations which He gave was this, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' One of the last promises before the cross was this, 'My peace I give unto you.' And though there are depths in the peace of Jesus Christ, that reach to the deepest abysses of the soul, yet the words would have been little else than mockery had the Christ not been wonderfully restful. Take a word like that of the Apostle Paul: 'The Lord of peace give you peace alway.' Down to the depths of the sin-pardoned soul you are still in the province of the benediction. But there never could have been that benediction unless the Lord, whom the Church loved and worshipped, had impressed every one who ever met Him with the feeling of an infinitude of rest.

If men realized this fact it would constitute a new appeal for Christ. What we need in modern society to-day is just the shadow and the space of rest, for the times are a little fevered and the pulse is not beating steadily like our fathers'. The strenuous life is being overdone.

It is just here that, out of the mist of ages, there steps the figure of the Man of Nazareth. 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' Yet the continual wonder about Christ is this, that in every part and power of His being He was intensely and unceasingly alive with a vitality which puts us all to shame. Let a woman touch Him in the throng—'Who touched me?' Let Him see a crowd, and He is 'moved with compassion.' Let Him be baited by the subtlest doctors, and He fences and parries with superb resource. In body and spirit, in will, emotion, intellect, Christ was so flooded with the tides of life that when He cried to men, 'I am the Life,' they felt in a moment that the word was true. Yet, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' That is the abiding mystery of Christliness. That is the secret we are hungering for to-day, how to engraft the strenuous on the restful. And we may laboriously search the ages, and all the ideals and visions of the ages, and never find these so perfectly combined as in the historic personality of Jesus.

Now when we study the life of Jesus Christ, we light on one or two sources of this restfulness.

1. In the first place, it was the *restfulness of balance*. John in the Book of Revelation has a vision of the heavenly Jerusalem, and as he surveys its form he sees that the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. It was symmetrical in every measurement—perfectly balanced in every

[1] J. Black, *The Burthen of the Weeks*, 201.

dimension. No man can read the gospel and not remark that equipoise in Christ.

2. Again, it is the *restfulness of purpose*—of steady and unalterable purpose. There is something river-like about the life of Christ—it is so resistless in its flow. Sorrows or joys could no more stop His course than the lights and the shadows on the hills can stop the Clyde. And in this mighty purpose, so deep and so Divine, there lies not a little of the secret of the unfailing restfulness of Christ. Why is it that young men are so restless? And why is there generally more repose as life advances? It is not merely that the fires are cooling; it is that life is setting into a steadier aim. No longer do we beat at doors that will not open—no longer does every bypath suggest dreams—we have found our work and we have strength to do it, and in that concentration there is rest. Now in the life of Jesus Christ there is always the beat of underlying purpose. No life was so free or so happily spontaneous. To call it cribbed, cabined, and confined were mockery. Yet underneath its gladness and its reach, and all the splendour and riches of its liberty, there is a burning and dominating purpose, and in the bosom of that purpose is repose.

3. Then lastly, it was the *restfulness of trust.* Christ had repose because He trusted so. Faithlessness, even in the relationships of earth, is the lean and hungry mother of unrest. We charge this with being a restless age, and we lay the blame of that restlessness on love of pleasure, but we question if it be not lack of faith that is the true root of social instability. Faith is the great rebuke of boisterous winds when the ship is like to be swamped in angry waters. And the perfect restfulness of Jesus Christ in a life of unceasing movement and demand, sprung from a trust in God that never faltered even amid the bruisings of the cross.[1]

[1] G. H. Morrison, *The Restfulness of Christ*, 5.

Genesis and Progress.

By Reverend A. J. Westlake, B.A., B.D., Keighley.

A study of the Book of Genesis will show that early Israel possessed men of profound and penetrating insight into human nature. We can follow their thought by a perusal of the literature they bequeathed to seeking minds. To-day, when 'Democracy,' 'Liberty,' 'Progress' are the watchwords of the hour, it is good to turn to clear seeing souls that we may steady our own vision. Consider for a moment the idea of progress as it is presented in the Fall stories of Genesis. There is more than one story of a fall in this piece of ancient literature, and each traces the lapse from faith to the reaching after knowledge and power to the neglect of high spirituality and reverence. The abuse of the vital elements of the soul leads everywhere to a catastrophe which is illustrated in the various incidents to which reference is made.

i. First, there is the Fall in the Garden. In the account of Adam and Eve in the garden the Tempter makes an astute appeal to three elements of every sound life. Gn 3^6 runs: 'And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit.' Get behind such material things as trees and apples, and what do we find? The tree is said to be 'good for food,' a suggestion that there the satisfaction of physical cravings will be found: it is said to be a 'delight to the eyes,' a persuasive plea that the soul's love of beauty will find ample scope: it is, moreover, 'to be desired to make one wise,' so, in eating of the tree, the demands of the mind, the ambitious soaring of the intellect, will have free course. The subtilty of the temptation is apparent when we recognize that the soul's native thirst for a full and complete life cannot be false; it must have a relation to the ultimate truth of things. The resulting shame and degradation that follow the act of eating are due to the fact that the blessings vainly desired are sought at the cost of disobedience to God. Obedience to the will of God is regarded as a vital factor in the realization of the soul's good. It is the writer's evident thought that so-called progress, which grasps at supposed good and does not consider reverence and the pleadings of the Divine Spirit,