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a fellowship of love, and not to logic within a system of law.

So far as freedom and tradition in Christian thought are concerned, perhaps the one most important lesson we may learn from all this is that we shall never learn to set ourselves right within this whole business of freedom and tradition until, on the one hand, we set aside the whole paraphernalia of *legal* ideas which have worked such havoc in Christian theology, and until, on the other hand, we learn the meaning of *loyalty* based on a love relationship. Then we shall discover that only within loyalty is freedom, that he is most free who is most loyal, for loyalty is freedom, and freedom means loyalty. We must learn to grow up and to be true sons and not slaves, nor even sons-in-law, in our Father's house.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Bridge-makers.

By the Reverend Ralph F. Calder, B.A., B.D., Glasgow.

Have you ever thought how really important bridges are? Perhaps you live in a city which is built on both sides of a river—then you will realize how long a time we should take if we had to wade or swim or take a boat or go along the bank until we could jump over the narrow stream near its source. And how dangerous it would be if every time a road and a railway line met, it could only be at a level crossing, and how tiresome having to wait for the gates to open! Bridges are most valuable things. They make for speed and comfort and safety, but most important they make for friendship, for they bring us closer together and so help us to know and understand each other.

Most of the bridges you will have seen will have been made of stone or steel or concrete or wood. But I want to tell you the strangest story of a bridge which was built on eggs.

Very nearly five hundred years ago there came to the throne of Bohemia, in the middle of Europe, a king called Charles the Fourth. He had a fine castle built on one bank of the river Vltava, separated from his capital city Prague by the strong flowing waters. If any one wished to go from the town to the palace, or the palace to the town, he had to use the ferry boat, and in winter-time the river ran so swiftly that the boat was sometimes swept away. So King Charles gave orders for a bridge to be built. Great stones were gathered together, and at last the work was finished. But the bridge stood up for a few months only, for the first flood waters from the hills swept it away. A second bridge was ordered and built, but it suffered the same fate, as did a third.

The King was much distressed and wondered what to do. Then he had a bright idea. He issued a proclamation, commanding each of his subjects to bring to the riverside a basketful of eggs. This was done, and great piles of eggs were stacked up by the wondering men and women of Bohemia. Then the workmen were told to break up the eggs and mix into the sticky mess sand and gravel. If you have ever broken an egg in your hand you will have some idea of what a gluey mixture this would be. The result was embedded in the river and became the foundation of another bridge. The floods came that year, and have done ever since, but the bridge still stands after nearly five hundred years, one of of the most beautiful, yet solidly built bridges in Europe.

A bridge built upon eggs! Little, frail common things, yet together linking two sides of a river that the people might cross over and understand and love each other.

Would you think me rude if I said that the story makes me think of you children? You are only small things in the great world of people. Yet you have built many mighty bridges together, and could build more. Are not the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides and the Boys' Brigade like great bridges built between countries making for friendship and love between peoples?—and these are made up of tiny little contributions, like some of you here to-day. So are the world's Sunday schools, when the children think and pray about one another in different lands.

You would notice that I have no text—that is because the word bridge does not occur in the Bible, for there were no bridges in Palestine. But I think that if Jesus had heard our story He would have thought of you, and of how you could help towards the peace of the world by forming a bridge for understanding and love. We are to sing the hymn, 'Oh what can little hands do to please the King of

heaven?' What about trying to be a bridge-maker?

Names and Nicknames.

By the Reverend C. M. Hepburn, B.D., Moulin, Pitlochry.

'What is thy name?'—Mk 5⁹.

Our Lord once asked a man that question. And the poor tormented creature replied, 'My name is Legion: for we are many.' It was a queer, but rather a fitting name, a name with a meaning. In the Bible there are many such. In general, Jewish parents did not select for their boys and girls just any sort of name, but as a rule tried to choose one that would be appropriate. Samson, you know, was a mighty man, but do you know that Samson means 'a strong man' too? Hannah, again, called her boy Samuel, that is, 'heard of God,' for God had heard and answered her prayer.

It was customary also among the Puritans to add special names to their own names afterwards, to describe their character. A list is given in an old book of some Puritans who lived in Sussex. All the names they chose contained Bible ideas, such as:

Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White,
Weep-not Billing,
Peace-of-God Knight,
Kill-Sin Pemble,
Stand-Fast Stringer,
More-Fruit Fowler.

I'm afraid that last one is rather like a greengrocer's advertisement, but the real meaning is not 'eat' more fruit, but 'bear' more fruit.

But even to-day some people take new names with a meaning. Particularly so when heathen people have become Christian. One of David Livingstone's loyal servants when he became Christian chose as his name Matthew Wellington, and he was as noble as his name; while recently a Chinese on turning Christian took the splendid name Wung-Chih-Wu, which, it appears, means 'determined to serve.'

Sometimes, again, people are given what we call nicknames. All nicknames are not bad ones. Sometimes a nickname can be a real compliment. A delightful old lady, who is ninety-one years of age, came to live in my parish lately, and I had the privilege of paying her a visit. She told me in a rich Scotch accent of the days when she was young. 'Ah,' she said, with a twinkle in her eye, 'in those days they used to call me Soople Hocky!' She had been so supple on her feet. But I also know that these same feet had been 'swift and beautiful' for the King, and ever ready to go on His business. And here is another such name I heard of. A tombstone in a Lancashire village has this line upon it: 'Honest Adam Screed, Wheelwright.' It described both his work and his character. It was a name and a reputation well worth having. Honest Adam. And may I mention still one more. During my schooldays I often met an old blind woman. She was poor as well as blind. But she never seemed to give in to her troubles, and she usually had a laugh on her lips. She was always spoken of as 'Smiley Mary.' And when I think of it, that was a nickname she well deserved. Her real name, as a matter of fact, was Mary Hope, and that suited her too.

And now I wonder whether you've got a nickname, or what sort of one you would deserve? At any rate make up your mind that your conduct is going to be such that, if you are given one at all, it will be a good one. I can tell you of one that you could get. It is mentioned in a beautiful poem by William Blake:

'I have no name:
I am but two days old.'
What shall I call thee?
'I happy am,
Joy is my name.'
Sweet joy befall thee!

And whether you are young or old you can win that name if you come to Jesus, for by doing His will and going His way, joy will be both your name and your nature.

If I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.

If I come to Jesus,
Happy shall I be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

The Christian Year.

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

The Magnetism of the Unseen.

'Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.'—1 P 1⁸· ⁹.

I fancy that many a Christian, encountering these words of Peter's—'whom having not seen'—would

answer at once, 'But I *have* seen Him! You can't shake my certainty of that. It is the very foundation of my personal religion, that Christ and I have met.' I think many of us would say that. And quite rightly. For if the unspoken demand that the Christian preacher hears from a congregation gathering in the Church for worship, is, 'Sir, we would see Jesus'; if he realizes that he has been ordained to his ministry, not to waste his time and theirs on genial generalities, but to do something to meet that demand for the vision of the Son of God—then it must be possible to see Christ still.

And yet—'whom having not seen,' says Peter. For, after all, none of us has seen Christ just as Peter saw Him. To Peter, as to the other disciples, Jesus had been a physical presence. I am sure the thought sometimes comes to us—'If I could have lived with Him as they did, could have consulted Him about the personal difficulties that make a tangle of my life, how much simpler life would have been!'

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can we follow Thee?

Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

But natural as such thoughts may be, they are really quite mistaken. One fact they are ignoring, the fact Paul fixed on when he said, 'Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more'; which means that what Calvary and the Resurrection did was to set the Spirit of Jesus loose in the world, untrammelled and alive for ever, freer actually than He ever was in the days of Galilee, and nearer now to His own than when they roamed together through the cornfields and the vineyards, or kept vigil beneath the Syrian stars.

And so we turn to the main burden of the Apostle's message. What he is trying to do here is something rather daring: it is nothing less than to define the central Christian experience in a single sentence; and you will observe that he has packed it all into four words, four short, decisive verbs: 'Ye love—ye believe—ye rejoice—ye receive.' That, he declares, is what it means to be a Christian. That, throughout the ages, has been the high road of salvation.

Let us examine this fourfold progression. First stands the verb '*Ye love*.' Now that immediately suggests the question—What, in its essence, *is* the Christian religion?

Not a philosophy of life. Certainly it will give you a philosophy, for the faith of Jesus is ultimately the only thing that can make sense of the universe. But that is not what its essence is. You need more than a philosophy to hold you steady when the storms begin to blow, or when your dreams are lying wrecked, or when the demons of temptation have leapt upon your soul.

Not a moral code. Certainly it will provide you with that—the most sublime and noble ethic in the world. But that is not its essence. Men are not set on fire for God by anything so intolerably distant and impersonal as moral maxims and ethical idealisms.

Not a social creed. Certainly it will give you that: Christ has been behind more social reforms than any other leader who has ever appeared upon the earth. But that is not its essence. No amount of merely social passion can change lives or work the miracle of regeneration; and you cannot build the Kingdom of heaven out of men and women not redeemed.

The essence of Christ's religion is none of these things. It is a personal attachment. It is a response in love to the most fascinating Personality who ever walked this earth.

How can I choose but love Thee, God's dear Son,
O Jesus, loveliest and most loving One?
Were there no heaven to gain, no hell to flee,
For what Thou art alone, I must love Thee.

Then the Apostle proceeds: 'In whom though now ye see him not, yet believing.' There is his second verb. Ye love, and—*ye believe*. Now it is this that keeps the love in Christianity from growing sentimental. For what is belief in Christ? What, for that matter, is belief in any one? It is *love going into action*. It is love staking its soul upon the worth of the one beloved. Kagawa of Japan was trying to explain what Christianity meant to him. 'I am God's gambler,' he cried. 'For Him I have wagered my last mite.' That is belief—not intellectual assent to a theory, but the throwing in of a life. In the stirring words of Martin Luther: 'The only faith which makes a Christian is that which casts itself on God for life or death.'

It is easy to see that, apart from this, love might degenerate into sentimentalism. There is a type of religion which sings, with suitable emotion, the love songs of the Church, without ever so much as giving a thought to what an old saint once called 'the stormy north side of Jesus Christ.'

To worship Christ, without bringing life into line

with such worship, is definitely more dangerous for a man's own soul than if he never worshipped at all. But the mark of Christian faith, says Peter, is not that it uses glowing love-language about Jesus: it is that it surrenders its life to the object of its love. Faith means being permeated with Christ's spirit. It means being captured by Christ's character. It means, as it meant to Christ, that you risk doing the will of God, even when there is a cross in it. Nothing sentimental about that love! It is strong with the strength of the eternal hills, and beautiful with the terrible beauty that once flamed up to God on Calvary.

Follow the Apostle's progress further. Ye love, ye believe, '*ye rejoice* with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Do you trace the connection? You love Jesus—that is first; and that love leads on to an offering of your life to Jesus—to belief and faith and irrevocable surrender; and that offering of life in turn produces a new kind of thrill never known before. For here is the great discovery you make: there is no joy on earth like the joy of being committed.

It is the swithering and undecided attitude that is dull and dreary and never sings. You cannot be happy—it is a psychological and spiritual impossibility—as long as you are refusing the daring of your own soul.

And if we could show the world to-day that being committed to Christ is no tame, humdrum, sheltered monotony, but the most fascinating and exciting adventure the human spirit can ever know—'joy unspeakable and full of glory'—then thousands of strong and stalwart lives that have been holding back from Christ and looking askance at the Church and standing outside the Kingdom would come crowding in to His allegiance; and there might be such a revival as the world has not witnessed since Pentecost.

This is no empty dream. There are signs now that the age is ripe for a great return to Christ. What are we witnessing throughout Europe and the world to-day? We are witnessing a demand for two things—a leader, and a cause. A living leader—not any longer a political theory or a revolutionary idea, but the theory incarnate in a man, the idea crystallized in a person, the word made flesh—that is what men are wanting: hence the hero-worship offered to-day to a Stalin, a Gandhi, a Hitler. And along with that, men demand a cause, something which will lay the most absolute claims upon them, something to which they can commit themselves sacrificially, body, mind, and soul. Nationalism and Communism may be at each other's throats, and their conflict productive of chaos in the world; but at least they are alike in this, that each claims unhesitatingly a man's all, everything he has to give. That is what the spirit of the age is clamouring for—the leader who will readily lead, the cause that will challenge to sacrifice. And therefore, is not this the day of Christ's opportunity? It is high time we realized that it is no use setting a mild and undemanding half-Christianity against a militant, masterful paganism; no use setting some poor apologetic replica of Christ against the deified heroes of the age.

And now we take the last step with the Apostle. Ye love, ye believe, ye rejoice, '*ye receive* the salvation of your souls.' The word 'salvation' is like the Cross that purchased it: it reaches up to heaven, and goes down to hell, and its arms embrace the world. For the past, it brings forgiveness; for the present, the power of the Spirit; and for the future, life for evermore.

And, says Peter, ye receive it. You do not win it, for no man can do that. You do not earn it, for it is not a wage. You do not buy it, for it is not for sale. You receive it. You bow your head, with pride all broken down, and take the gift from Jesus' hand.[1]

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Triumph of Righteousness: An Address to Boys.

'Follow me.'—Lk 9^{59}.

If ever there were a defeatist slogan, surely it was this one. Admitted that Jesus was only at the outset of His ministry; admitted that His cry was backed up by all the power and influence of a young idealist, whose character was wonderful and magnificent and unique: none the less, one moment's thought would suffice to show its utter madness. The battle-cry was uttered by a village workman in an insignificant, remote, subjugated Roman province. It challenged every system of law in the world—the political law, the religious law, the moral law. It had no men of might on its side. He who uttered it was an unknown carpenter. They who heard it were men and women of the humblest working-class type—boatmen, ploughmen, peasants, shepherds, housewives, profligates, and prostitutes. If they responded to the call *en masse*, doubled the number so gained, trebled them, quadrupled them—a single Roman cohort would have sufficed to disperse them utterly and hopelessly.

The battle-cry of faith has always been raised by, or in the presence of, an apparently impotent

[1] J. S. Stewart, *The Gates of New Life*, 123.

minority. What men believe is so often what their parents, their class, their nation believe. It is only a tiny number in each age who, venturing out upon the raft of a personal faith, have found in their faith their life, and cried: 'I live—yet not I, Christ liveth in me.'

It is remarkable how we worship size in Nature and politics and religion. Yet size has never been the really influential element in human life. Was it not Mr. Einstein who said not very long ago that if two per cent. only of the people would declare themselves firmly against war in any shape or form, war would cease? And he is right: for it is the minorities which always win. They won in the matter of freedom of worship, of freedom of the slaves, of personal liberty, of the rights of man, of children in the chimneys, in the factories, in the mines. One of the greatest teachings of history is: distrust mass opinion; turn to the few who are standing out against it.

The story of mankind is full of amazing examples of this truth. What made a Grenfell, a Schweitzer, a Livingstone, a Wilberforce, a Thring, a Paton, but that? All of them were prepared to live a good ordinary life full of zest and pleasure. But they heard the call: 'Follow me and I will make you'—and what did He not make them? They had their zest and their pleasure; but their life, because not given to self-pleasing, was not ordinary; it had that extraordinary quality which comes to men whose lives have ceased to be ego-centric and have become Christo-centric.

So when in your future occupations you find wire-pulling and palm-greasing, wangling and scrounging, do not make the mistake that such methods can ever succeed. Because the majority rules to-day is the last possible reason why it should rule always. If you wish to be progressive, you will have to start your progress in a minority of one somewhere—no truth in life is more assured than that. Apply the magnet of truth to any age, any era, any civilization; you will find that the hope of that age is in its intelligent, thinking, active minorities.

The scholarship of Montesquieu's *Considerations on the Grandeur and the Decadence of the Romans* has long been left far behind; but the luminous, broad, deliberate consideration of the causes why Rome, which had been so mighty, fell so utterly, is as valuable to-day as it ever was. And the great Frenchman comes step by step and slowly to his conclusion that Rome smashed because of her inconsiderate and thoughtless acceptance of the majorities principle; she produced opulent patricians, but she did not produce the kind of individual citizen who could bring fresh thought and life to the Empire.

To-day there is another great empire of which we are members—the great British commonwealth of nations. And to each of us do the words spoken by one of our poets laureate come with significance:

> You, you, if you shall fail to understand
> What England is, and what her all in all,
> On you will come the curse of all the land
> Should this old England fall.

But England will not fall so long as it breeds citizens who bring thought and creative life to its assistance. Let us speak of one of them.

Just over one hundred years ago there was born an Englishman, Hudson Taylor, whose greatest saying was that God's work contained three stages: (1) Impossible! (2) Difficult! (3) Done! Hudson Taylor started the China Inland Mission in 1865, 'to plant the standard of the Cross in the eleven provinces of China not yet occupied, and in Chinese Tartary.' Amid incredible difficulties that mission slowly grew. To-day the mission he began has 1300 missionaries at work in practically every province, all in unknown places in China, and over five million pounds has been spent by it without one single appeal for funds. 'You must be conscious of the wonderful way God has prospered you in the C.I.M.', some one remarked to Taylor one day. 'I do not look at it that way,' was his answer. 'I sometimes think that God must have been looking for some one small enough and weak enough for Him to use, so that all the glory might be His, and that He found me.'

'Whose faith follow.' Whenever we hear that call we move across from the crowd, the herd, the main mass of men, into the sacrificial minority which sees a better world and decides it can do no other than create some portion of it.

Following the Teacher of Galilee, a man finds a new power and a new glory in all he does. Faced with a big job, an impossible job, he finds the impossible changes into the difficult, and the difficult into the done, the accomplished, the finished work for which his life was intended and fore-ordained. To his own amazement, as much as that of all who know him, he exults: 'I, muddle-headed, blundering I, am more than conqueror over this riddle of existence through Him that hath loved me.'

> Stand then in His great might,
> With all His strength endued;
> But take, to arm you for the fight,
> The panoply of God;

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.[1]

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Fearfulness.

'I will hear what God the Lord will speak.'—Ps 85^{8}.

On nearly every subject affecting our duty or our happiness we are mightily confused.

Consider the sources of this confusion. For one, there is what seems to us to be an almost unbridgeable gulf between the splendour and the baseness of men and women like ourselves. If we pick up any newspaper the proof stares us in the eyes. In one column one reads of four old gentlemen in Japan done to death by hooligans dressed in uniform. In the next, a train fireman, blinded, gasping, crazed with pain, stumbles through scalding steam to reach the controls and brakes, reaches them and pulls, and delivers a hundred lives. And, as we read, the page is bright with glory. In another a poor tramp leaps into a raging flood after a baby girl, and brings her to land. But, in the magnificent sentence of the evangelist, 'himself he cannot save.' Underneath and in the same column a mother drowns her child. The insurance was worth £10. So that the cry that breaks from our lips is the tortured cry of Nicodemus, 'How can these things be?' How does it come about that the tiger and the ape inhabit one body and the hero and the saint another? How do they both inhabit the same body? How can the school and the church and the newspaper and Parliament manufacture heroes and saints? How and by what magic can they slay the animal that lurks in us? Or can we be lifted into a higher life of self-reverence and self-control only by a higher power? The moment a man sets himself these problems, he is as desolate as any sailor lost without helm and compass upon a waste of sea. Or the injustices that are all about us confuse our thought. Or the divided aims we find struggling for victory within ourselves. Or, most mysterious of all, the seeming inactivity of God. Why doesn't He send some consuming flame into the hearts of the nations and burn us clean of our hatred and stupidities and reliance on force: burn and burn and burn till these are in ashes for ever?

'God does nothing,' Carlyle muttered, and turned to the wall and died. And in her biography of Lord Salisbury, his daughter tells that, for the same reason, her father's soul was fast bound in misery and iron. 'God is all-loving,' he cried, 'and all-powerful. And the world is as it is. How are you going to explain that?' Explain, indeed! Why, if we are honest and have any stuff of courage in our conscience, we say out at once that we cannot explain it, and that a modern singer puts our case exactly:

It darkens. I have lost the ford,
The rocks have evil faces, Lord,
And I am awfully afraid.

The result? The result is that we are bewildered and miserable. Our mind keeps losing its way. We flounder along among the bogs of doubt and guesses. Or worse. We grope through a night in which the stars of hope and faith are black and out.

Is there anything fairer than a June morning? Or sweeter than a child's smile? Or more purifying than a true love? There is. And it is this. The discovery that we may be quit of our amazements and darkness and agony of thought for ever. And this when by God's kindness we are made to see that our confusions are of our own making. It is our fault. It is not God's. So far from wishing that we should be the slaves of fear, it is the aim and passion of God's love and Christ's mind that we should be kings and queens in spirit; that we should talk and work in the light; that we should breathe the bracing air of His truth; that we should feel His very Self in us, armour and cordial both; that we should remain simple and pure and glad and free, however busy and crowded the hour; and that the life-force that is in His Son's spirit should pulse and quicken ours. 'I am come,' the Saviour said, 'that you may have life—life; light; happiness; guidance; the joy of knowing that I love you; the power of health in all your thinking; the power of rightness in all your choices. This is the life I offer you, and the way of life everlasting.'

The road to this life and power is the road the Psalmist takes. He does a very simple, beautiful and efficient thing. And that is this. He permits God to speak to him. 'I will hear,' he says, 'what God the Lord will speak.' I will bring my mind to His Overmind. Here, if we will have it, is the secret of escape. Here is the way out of our confused thinking. Let us rest our spirit for ten minutes each day in His society. Be apart with Him. Be reverent. Be humble. Be still. Ask Him, as Jesus did, to speak. But remember there will be no dramatic miracle. If there is worry in the home or in our heart, we will not find that God is a magic wind to blow it clean away. But, for all that, one will still be a wonder to oneself. For we will find a new

[1] S. H. Moore, '*Wherewithal . . .*', 111.

strength added to our will, a new clearness to our thought, a new pity to our judgment; and a new power to love, vibrant and victorious within our mind. And so a dream will come true. We will be made quiet. And enriched and enlarged.

In Miss Strickland's life of Queen Elizabeth we see a wise woman sometimes. Always a very vain one. Often revoltingly cruel. All three, and yet the breath of greatness was in her too. Before the Armada sailed, she spoke words to her Parliament that brayed like a thousand trumpets through the land. 'I have the body of a weak and feeble woman,' she flashed, 'but I have the heart of a king.' The mounting pride of race flames through her claim. But we who are Christ's men and women stand upon a rock that yields a confidence stronger and quieter still. Which is that, with the Christ-faith in us, we may always enter into a Divine presence, and hear a Divine voice, and come forth with a Divine strength to be our Divine selves, and with power in us to do the Divine will.

So in the heart that knows Thy love, O Saviour,
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the tumult of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.
O rest of rests, O peace, serene, eternal,
Thou ever livest and thou changest never,
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy for ever and for ever.[1]

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Have you Answered the Door?

'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.'—Rev 3^{20}.

The text recalls a verse in the Song of Songs, which in all probability inspired the picture that is given here. 'It is the voice of my beloved, saying, Open to me, my love, for my head is filled with dew and my locks with the drops of the night.' And, while this was but a fragment of a human love-song, it won its title to be called inspired. It found its way into the Bible, because the Bible is, above all else, the book of the heart. It is Divine because it is in the deepest and highest sense human; just as Jesus Himself is 'the Highest and most human too.'

With the text the message to the churches is at an end, and the final appeal is to the individual soul. Christ is represented as standing at the door of every human heart, knocking for entrance. That is the picture with which we are most familiar. The Christian preacher and artist of a generation ago were able to use it with more effect than it is being used to-day. Something has happened to turn the point of its appeal. The literal and matter-of-fact attitude of the modern mind has little time for mystical interpretations. If we tried a different line of approach, perhaps, we might find the point again. 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.'

Let us take the words in their ordinary natural sense, as if they were a true account of our relations one with another, as, indeed, they are. We are all standing and knocking at one another's doors, baffled by the barriers of silence and secrecy that lie between. An English officer, writing of his experiences during the War, and thinking especially of the comradeship that was possible under those conditions, living in freedom from ordinary conventions, sleeping in tents or in the open, side by side with his men, under the stars, says: 'What a wide human fellowship we are shut out from by the man who first invented a door!' We usually think of a door as a symbol of our security; we seldom think of it as a symbol of our insularity. It shuts us in with one another as members of a family; it may have the effect of shutting us out from a much wider human fellowship.

But even within the same family one member may be shut out from fellowship with the others. This is the door of personality. After a certain age, when we become self-conscious, it is closed for the most part, except to our nearest and dearest, and even to them it is not always open. Walter Pater once said that 'each individual was ringed round by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to him, able only to conjecture that which may be without.'

Yet personality is the one thing we can really know, though we understand it least of all. We say we know things, but we don't. We know them only in their relation to other things. We cannot know matter, because it is not real enough, because it has no inner core or unity to respond to our personality. We can only appeal to that which has an inner life of its own and is capable of response. Our dogs, for instance, may respond to us in a sort of way, but only up to a point can we have knowledge of them or they of us. It is only personality that can respond to personality; it is only the living that the living can really know. Only personal spirit can respond to personal spirit.

Yet, with it all, with all this marvellous capacity for knowledge of one another, this power of responding heart to heart, what miserably lonely isolated and insulated creatures we mortals usually are! How seldom do we allow ourselves to be to others

[1] A. Maclean, *Walk in the Light*, 160.

what we really are. Our real life is not necessarily the life we live: our deepest thoughts are not necessarily the thoughts we speak.

Just the other day the wife of a man who had died wrote to her husband's friend to tell him of the death, and added: 'He never became unconscious, but said nothing about himself. I often wondered what was in his mind, but I could not bring myself to ask him.' That is the tragedy of the closed door.

There is a sense in which we are locked in by our self-made habits, and the power to unlock and open the heart must be of Christ Himself, although He may use some one else to help us open the door to Him. When we do open to Him and He comes in, we realize the importance of the active as against the passive aspect of our inner life. We realize that our personality is not simply a self-contained, self-sufficing centre of life, waiting to be assailed, but that it is an Active Will, a living, urgent presence that must go out of itself and enter into the lives of others to realize itself; a striving spirit, calling and responding out of the dark to the call of other spirits.

In that book of biography, *The Men of the Knotted Heart*, a story is told of Grant of Greenock, as he was familiarly known, how one Saturday night he arrived to preach at a mining village near Wishaw. Not knowing the way to the manse, he stopped at a cottage to ask. A woman came to the door and, seeing a minister standing there at that time of night, she was suddenly seized with terror and screamed, babbling something he could not make out. It was some time before he could make her realize that nothing was wrong and, when she became calm, she explained that her husband was working in a nearby coal-pit on the night-shift, and a minister's appearance at her door at that late hour immediately suggested to her mind that he was the bearer of bad news. It was a revelation to Grant of what may be on the other side of any door. What an agony of anxiety in that cry!

Yes, and there are worse things than these going on behind many a door, terrible things, shameful things, tragedies too deep for words. The news of a suicide, especially of one we knew, makes us feel uncomfortable. But what are we doing to prevent these happenings?

As Dr. J. H. Jowett once said: 'It is not only Christ who stands at the door and knocks. It is true of every one who has fellowship with Him. We must go where He goes and stand where He stands.'

Yet there is nothing we can do until the door of our own need has been thrown open. It is to this end that Christ stands and knocks.

The moment we open our hearts to Him, He comes in and takes possession. He will, then, answer the door for us to every knock that comes, be it friend or foe, good thought or bad thought. He will know whom or what to admit and whom or what to reject. And of this we may be sure, that 'nothing that defileth or that maketh a lie' will ever enter in. What a joy to any who come to us in trouble or distress, who knock at our door for help, to find that it is Christ Himself who answers the door! A door that used to be closed against Him and against others, a door which now can never be shut. There is no force in all the world so likely as interceding prayer to keep open our own door and to open the doors of others to the joy and fullness of the Presence of Him who stands and knocks.[1]

[1] E. Macmillan, *Finding and Following*, 47.

The Epistle of St. James.

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I. Language and Style.—No traces of an Aramaic original were found, though there are occasional evidences of a Semitic, if not definitely Hebraic, thought-background. The absence of the article in 1^{20} is a case in point. Hort here translates, 'a petty passion of an individual soul,'

[1] [In The Expository Times, October 1936, some findings on the First Epistle of St. Peter reached by corporate study in the Hellenistic Seminar of Manchester University were presented. A similar summary of the discussion on the Epistle of St. James is here given. The substance of this synopsis was drawn up by Dr. J. A. Findlay, the chairman. Dr. H. McLachlan, the secretary, recorded the summary, embodying certain modifications by the members. At the Editor's request and by authorization of the Seminar, Dr. H. G. Meecham has revised and prepared the statement for publication.]