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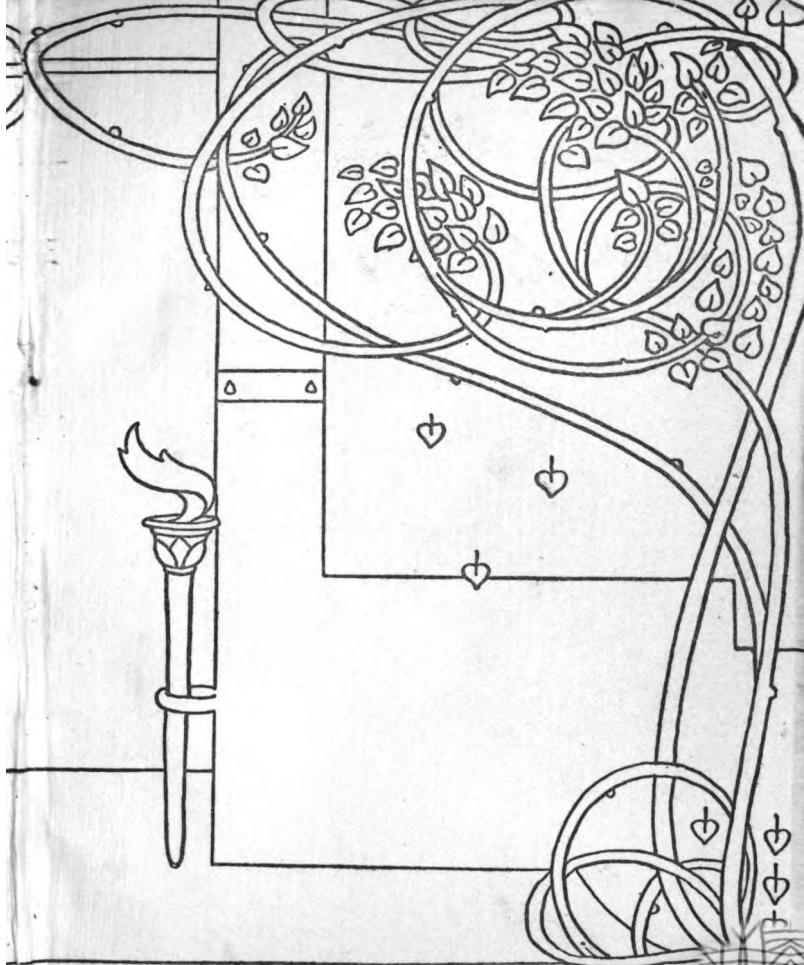
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**LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF
THE BIBLE**

Edited by James Moffatt, D.D.



THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

**LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS
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THE EPISTLE OF
JAMES

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LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE

THE materials for these volumes are of two kinds. On the one hand, I have set down passages of verse and prose in which some text of this book of the Bible has been used or applied in what appears to be a forcible or notable manner. Some of these are drawn from history and biography, others from general literature. In the second place, I have admitted passages which develop aptly and freshly not the words but the idea of a Biblical verse. It is hoped that both classes of illustrations may prove interesting to the ordinary reader by enriching the associations and eliciting the significance of the Bible. Sometimes the materials printed here will serve as lighted candles placed beside the text of Scripture, while in other cases I trust it is not too

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presumptuous to expect that the juxtaposition of text and quotation may help to set in motion the minds of those who have to use the Bible constantly in the work of preaching or teaching throughout the Christian churches.

JAMES MOFFATT.

‘Honest James was like one of the old prophets risen again. He reads just like a prophet. . . . He had to write in the same strain to “the twelve tribes scattered abroad,” as Joel and the rest of old. The Jews had not improved much. They are a strange people.’

DR. JOHN DUNCAN :

Colloquia Peripatetica, pp. 44-45.

‘That wonderful letter of S. James, which may be called the epistle of Equality.’

PÈRE GRATRY.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

I. 1. James, a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the twelve tribes scattered abroad.

‘**N**OW there seems one only worthy aim
For poet—that my strength were as my
will !—

And which renounce he cannot without blame—
To make men feel the presence by his skill
Of an eternal loveliness, until
All souls are faint with longing for their home,
Yet the same time are strengthened to fulfil
Their task on earth, that they may surely come
Unto the land of life, who here as exiles roam.’

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

I. 2. Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.

‘**M**Y friends,’ wrote Erskine of Linlathen
‘have a kind of luck for sorrow.’

A

I

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. I.

‘HAPPINESS is not a matter of events ; it depends upon the tides of the mind.’

MRS. MEYNELL :

The Rhythm of Life, p. 1.

‘COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,

God’s messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
Then lay before him all thy heart ; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality ; no wars
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul’s marmoreal calmness ; grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting
to the end.’

AUBREY DE VERE.

I. 3. Knowing this, that the proof of your faith worketh patience.

‘IT sometimes seems a little strange how, after having earnestly prayed to be delivered from temptation, and having given ourselves

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with shut eyes into God's hand, from that time every thought, every outward influence, every acknowledged law of life, seems to lead us on from strength to strength.'

MRS. GASKELL, in *Ruth* (ch. xxiii.).

'NEVER expect thy flesh should truly expound the meaning of the rod. It will call love, hatred; and say, God is destroying, when he is saving. It is the suffering party, and therefore not fit to be the judge.'

BAXTER: *Saints' Rest* (ch. x.).

'IF the passion have ended, not in a marriage but in a disappointment, the nature, if it have strength to bear the pressure, will be more ennobled and purified by that than by success. Of the uses of adversity which are sweet, none are sweeter than those which grow out of disappointed love; nor is there any greater mistake in contemplating the issues of life, than to suppose that baffled endeavours and disappointed hopes bear no fruits, because they do not bear those particular fruits which were sought and sighed for:—

The tree
Sucks kindlier nurture from the soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves; and man is made,

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. I.

In heart and spirit, from deciduous hopes
And things that seem to perish.

Indeed, the power and spiritual efficacy of love
can hardly be realised to its full extent without
either disappointment, or at least reverses,
vicissitudes, and doubts.'

SIR HENRY TAYLOR :

Notes on Life, pp. 76-77.

I. 4. Let patience have her perfect work.

'CAN man rejoice who lives in hourly fear?
Can man make haste who toils beneath a
load?

Can man feel rest who has no fixed abode?
All he lays hold of, or can see or hear,
Is passing by, is prompt to disappear,
Is doomed, foredoomed, continueth in no stay :
This day he breathes in is his latter day,
This year of time is this world's latter year.
Thus in himself is he most miserable. .
Out of himself, Lord, lift him up to Thee,
Out of himself and all these worlds that flee ;
Hold him in patience underneath the rod,
Anchor his hopes beyond life's ebb and swell,
Perfect his patience in the love of God.'

C. G. ROSSETTI.

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‘**H**E is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet : he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten : one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given,
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold
With envy what the old man hardly feels.’

WORDSWORTH.

That ye may be perfect and entire.

‘**A** GREAT man is always willing to be little.
When he sits on the cushion of advantages,
he goes to sleep. When he is pushed,
tormented, dejected, he has a chance to learn
something. . . . In general, every evil to which
we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the
Sandwich Islander believes that the strength
and valour of the enemy he kills passes into
himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation
we resist.’ EMERSON, on *Compensation*.

Wanting nothing.

‘**I**N my younger years,’ said Richard Baxter,
‘my trouble for sin was most about my
actual failings in thought, word, or action. But
now I am much more troubled for *inward*

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. I.

defects, and omission or want of the vital duties or graces of the soul. Had I all the riches of the world, how gladly would I give them for a fuller knowledge, belief, and love of God and everlasting glory! These wants are the greatest burden of my life.'

- I. 5. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.

“DOCTOR,” said the invalid again, “will you read me just four verses in the Bible?”

“Why, yes, my boy, as many as you wish to hear.” “No, only four.” His free hand moved for the book that lay on the bed, and presently the Doctor read:—*My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.* “There,” whispered the sick man, and rested with a peaceful look in all his face. “It—doesn’t mean wisdom in general, Doctor—such as Solomon asked for?” “Doesn’t it?” said the other meekly.

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"No, it means the wisdom necessary to let—
patience—have her perf—— I was a long
time—getting anywhere near that!"

G. W. CABLE: *Dr Sevier*, pp. 450-451.

WHEN Thomas Scott determined, for conscientious reasons, to give up his ministry in the English Church, he describes (*Force of Truth*, ch. ii.) how he set about an inquiry into the scriptural basis of the Articles 'And the first passage, I remember, which made me suspect that I might be wrong,' in refusing to examine them thus, 'was James i. 5, "If any of ye lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." On considering these words with some attention, I became conscious that, though I had thought myself wise, yet assuredly I had obtained none of my wisdom in this manner; for I had never offered one prayer to that effect during the whole course of my life.'

'STILL raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the
choice.

Safe in His power, Whose eye discerns afar

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. I.]

The secret ambush of a specious prayer ;
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
The faith that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat ;
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, Who grants the power
to gain ;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.'

JOHNSON : *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

'RESTLESS is Wealth ; the nerves of Power
Sink, as a lute's in rain ;
The gods lend only for an hour,
And then call back again
All else than Wisdom ; she alone,
In Truth's or Virtue's form,
Descending from the starry throne
Thro' radiance and thro' storm,

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Remains as long as godlike men
Afford her audience meet,
Nor Time nor War tread down again
The traces of her feet.'

LANDOR, in *Pericles and Aspasia* (cxl.).

That giveth to all men liberally, and up-
braideth not.

'THE Aryan nations, before their separation, cherished a belief in a hero or god to whom they owed all their comforts in life: it was he that made the sun shine and the dawn keep her time; and it was to him they looked for the weather they wanted. The first breeds of animals useful to man, whether domestic or wild, were believed to have been obtained by him through craft or violence from the jealous powers who wished to keep them from the human race. . . . The habit of imagining both gods and demons to be jealous of the human race is familiar to all in the literature of various ancient nations.'

RHYS: *Celtic Heathenism*, p. 302.

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I. 6. Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.

COMPARE the King's confession in *Hamlet*
(Act iii. Sc. 3):—

'O my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.'

'*Angelo.*

WHEN I would pray and think, I think
and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty
words.'

SHAKESPEARE:

Measure for Measure (Act ii. Sc. 4).

He that wavereth.

'NONE sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue;
For though ere yet his shaft is on the wing,
Or when it first forsakes the elastic string,
It err but little from the intended line,
It falls at length far wide of his design;
So he who seeks a mansion in the sky
Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye;
That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
The least obliquity is fatal here.'

COWPER: *The Progress of Error.*

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- I. 7. Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.

COMPARE the words of the Duchess in
Richard the Second (Act v. Sc. 3):—

‘Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth.’

- I. 8. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways.

‘**I**N all religious processions through the city the heralds went first to bid the people cease their work and attend to the ceremony; for just as the Pythagoreans are said to forbid the worship of the gods in a cursory manner, and to insist that men shall set out from their homes with this purpose and none other in their minds, so Numa thought it wrong that the citizens should see or hear any religious ceremony in a careless, half-hearted manner, and made them cease from all worldly cares and attend with all their hearts to the most important of all duties, religion; so he cleared the streets of all the hammering and cries and noises which

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attend the practice of ordinary trades and handicrafts, before any holy ceremony.'

PLUTARCH : *Life of Numa*, xiv.

I. 10. Let the rich rejoice in that he is made low.

'WOULD it not be wiser for people to rejoice at all that they now sorrow for, and *vice versa*? To put on bridal garments at funerals, and mourning at weddings? For their friends to condole with them when they attained riches and honour, as only so much care added?'

HAWTHORNE.

'ADVERSITY had been so far his friend that it had taken from him all hope of the social success for which people crawl and truckle, and restored him, through failure and doubt and heartache, the manhood which his prosperity had so nearly stolen from him.'

W. D. HOWELLS :

The Rise of Silas Lapham, xxvii.

'LIFE will be dearer and clearer in anguish, Than ever was felt in the throbs of delight.'

LORD HOUGHTON.

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I. 12. Blessed is the man that endureth
temptation.

‘ADVERSITY,’ said Carlyle, ‘is hard upon
a man ; but for one man who can stand
prosperity, there are a hundred who will stand
adversity.’

‘AROMATIC plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow ;
But crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.’

GOLDSMITH.

‘LISTEN to what all Alpine records tell
Of days on which the avalanches fell.
Not days of storm when men were pale with
fright,
And watched the hills with anxious, straining sight,
And heard in every sound a note of knell ;
But when in heavens, still and blue and clear,
The sun rode high—those were the hours to fear.
And so the monks of St. Bernard to-day—
May the Lord count their souls and hold them
dear—
When skies are cloudless, in their convent stay,
And for the souls of dead and dying pray.’

HELEN JACKSON.

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He shall receive the crown of life.

‘**T**HOUGH now thou hast failed and art
fallen, despair not because of defeat,
Though lost for a while be thy heaven, and
weary of earth be thy feet,
For all will be beauty about thee hereafter
through sorrowful years,
And lovely the dew for thy chilling, and ruby
thy heart-drip of tears.

For thou hast but fallen to gather the last of
the secrets of power ;
The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall
shape of thy sorrow a flower,
The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom of
its tenderest rays,
The heart of whose shining is bright with the
light of the Ancient of Days.’

G. W. RUSSELL.

I. 13. I am tempted of God.

‘**T**HIS is the excellent foppery of the world,
that, when we are sick in fortune,—often
the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make
guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and
the stars : as if we were villains by necessity ;

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fools by heavenly compulsion ; drunkards, liars,
and adulterers by an enforced obedience of
planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in,
by a divine thrusting on.'

SHAKESPEARE : *King Lear* (Act i. Sc. 2).

For God cannot be tempted with evil,
neither tempteth he any man.

COMPARE the conversation between Socrates
and Adeimantos in Plato's *Republic* (379,
13) :—

'Then that which is good is not the cause of
all things, but only of what is as it should be,
being guiltless of originating evil.'

'Exactly so.'

'If that be so, then God, inasmuch as
he is good, cannot be the cause of all things,
according to the common doctrine. On the
contrary, he is the author of only a small part
of human affairs ; of the larger part he is not
the author : for all evil things far outnumber
all good things : and the good things we must
ascribe to no other than God, while we must
seek elsewhere, and not in him, the causes of
the evil things.'

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I. 14. Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed.

‘**O**H the hourly dangers that we here walk in ! Every sense and member is a snare ; every creature, every mercy, and every duty is a snare to us. We can scarcely open our eyes, but we are in danger of envying those above us, or despising those below us ; of coveting the honours and riches of some, or beholding the rags and beggary of others with pride and unmercifulness. If we see beauty, it is a bait to lust ; if deformity, to loathing and disdain.

How soon do slanderous reports, vain jests, wanton speeches, creep into the heart ! How constant and strong a watch does our appetite require ! Have we comeliness and beauty ? What fuel for pride ! Are we deformed ? What an occasion of repining ! Have we strength of reason, and gifts of learning ? Oh how prone to be puffed up, to hunt after applause, and despise our brethren. Are we unlearned ? How apt we are to despise what we have not ! Are we in places of authority ? How strong is the temptation to abuse our trust, make our will law, and cut out all the enjoyments of others, by the rules and model

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of our own interest and policy! Are we inferiors? How prone to grudge at others' pre-eminence, and bring their actions to the bar of our judgment! Are we rich and not too much exalted? Are we poor and not discontented? Are we not lazy in our duties, or make a Christ of them? Not that God hath made all these things our snares, but through our own corruption they become so to us. Ourselves are the greatest snare to ourselves.'

BAXTER: *Saints' Rest*, pp. 60-61.

'THERE is a popular belief respecting evil spirits,' says Scott in a note to the fifteenth chapter of *The Abbot*, 'that they cannot enter an inhabited house unless invited, nay, dragged over the threshold.'

TEMPTATION is a cause of possible sin,' says Ritschl, 'originating in an impulse, the satisfaction of which appears on first thoughts to be in itself legitimate. . . . It is, therefore, a signal mistake to refer the well-known saying of James, as is generally done, to evil and desire. Christ also was exposed to temptation, simply because temptation is always bound up with an inclination which is at the

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outset morally legitimate or permissible. For no man of moral worth will find a temptation in a situation in which he from the first recognises Satan.'

- I. 15. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin.

COMPARE Milton's description in *Paradise Lost*, i. 747 f.

'Salisbury.

THE colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pembroke. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.'

SHAKESPEARE: *King John* (Act iv. Sc. 2).

- I. 17. The Father of lights.

'IN optics, if you make a hole in the shutter at noon, or stick a square bit of blackness on the pane, and make the rays from the hole or around the square to pass through a prism, then we have, if we let them fall on whiteness

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or catch them right, those colours we all know and rejoice in, that Divine *spectrum*. . . . The white light of heaven—*lumen siccum*—opens itself out, as it were, tells its secret, and lies like a glorious border on the Edge o' Dark (as imaginative Lancashire calls the twilight, as we Scotchmen call it, the gloamin'), making the boundaries between light and darkness a border of flowers, made out by each. Is there not something to think of in "The Father of lights," thus beautifying the limits of His light and of His darkness, which to Him alone is light, so that here burns a sort of "dim, religious light"—a sacred glory, where we may take off our shoes and rest and worship?'

DR. JOHN BROWN: *In Clear Dream
and Solemn Vision.*

With whom is no variableness, neither
shadow of turning.

THIS forms the motto for the following lines
of Clough:—

'It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.

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I steadier step, when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.'

'GOD is a Being of perfect simplicity and truth, both in deed and word, and neither changes in himself nor imposes upon others, either by apparitions, or by words, or by sending signs, whether in dreams or in waking moments.'

PLATO'S *Republic* (382).

'IF I only knew that God was as good as that woman, I should be content.' 'Then you don't believe that God is good?' 'I didn't say that, my boy. But to know that God was good and kind and fair—heartily, I mean, and not halfways with if's and but's—my boy, there would be nothing left to be miserable about.'

GEORGE MACDONALD: *Robert Falconer*.

SPEAKING of the spirit of the age, in his essay on Dr. Marshall, Dr. John Brown, in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, notes how 'this great social element, viewless, impalpable, inevitable, untameable as the wind, is,—like the great laws of nature—of which indeed it is one—for ever at its work; and like its Divine author and guide, goes about continually doing good. . . . This is that tide in the affairs of men—a *Deo, ad*

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Deum—that onward movement of the race in knowledge, in power, in work, and in happiness, which has gladdened and cheered all who believe, and who, through long ages of gloom and misery and havoc, have still believed that truth is strong, next to the Almighty. . . It is a tide that has never turned ; unlike the poet's, it answers the behest of no waning and waxing orb, it follows the eye of Him who is without variableness or the shadow of turning.'

'THOU hadst not to do with an unconstant creature, but with Him "with whom is no variableness, nor shadow of turning." His love to thee will not be as thine was on earth to Him, seldom, and cold, up and down.'

BAXTER : *Saints' Rest*, chap. i.

I. 18-22. He begat us with the word of truth. . . . Wherefore . . . be ye doers of the word.

'THE new moral birth is sacred—as sacred as the child within the mother's womb—it is a kind of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to conceal it. And when I use the word "moral" here—or anywhere above—I do not,

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I hope, mean that dull pinch-lipped conventionality of negation which often goes under that name. The deep-lying ineradicable desires, fountains of human action, the life-long aspirations, the lightning-like revelations of right and justice, the treasured hidden ideal, born in flame and darkness, in joy and in sorrow, in tears and in triumph, within the heart—these are, as a rule, anything but conventional.'

EDWARD CARPENTER: *England's Ideal*, p. 73.

- I. 19. Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.

SPEAKING of the discipline of self-restraint and the stoical repression of feelings in Japan, Dr. Nitobé, in his volume on *Bushido* (pp. 106 f.), observes that in Japan 'when a man or woman feels his or her soul stirred, the first instinct is quietly to suppress the manifestation of it. In rare instances is the tongue set free by an irresistible spirit, when we have eloquence of sincerity and fervour. It is putting a premium on a breach of the third commandment to encourage speaking lightly of spiritual experiences. It is truly jarring to Japanese ears to hear the most sacred words,

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the most secret heart experiences, thrown out in promiscuous audiences. "Dost thou feel the soil of thy soul stirred with tender thoughts? It is time for seeds to sprout. Disturb it not with speech; but let it work alone in quietness and secrecy"—writes a young Samurai in his diary.

'To give in so many articulate words one's inmost thoughts and feelings—notably the religious—is taken among us as an unmistakable sign that they are neither very profound nor very sincere. "Only a pomegranate is he"—so runs a popular saying—"who, when he gapes his mouth, displays the contents of his heart."' "

COMPARE the advice of Polonius in *Hamlet*
(Act i. Sc. 3):—

'Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.'

'SURLY judges there have been who did not much admire the 'Bible of Modern Literature,' or anything you could distil from it, in contrast with the ancient Bibles; and found that in the matter of speaking, our far best excellence, when that could be obtained, was

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excellent silence, which means endurance and exertion, and good *work* with lips closed.'

CARLYLE: *Latter-Day Pamphlets* (v.).

'WHILE in thy lips thy words thou dost
confine,

Thou art their lord; once uttered, they are
mine.'

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

'ALL the ground near Sir Archibald's,'
between Aberdeen and Inverness, 'is
as well cultivated as most in England. About
seven I preached. The kirk was pretty well
filled, though upon short notice. Certainly
this is a nation "swift to hear, and slow to
speak," though not "slow to wrath."'

WESLEY'S *Journal* (June 7, 1764).

'JOHNSON. What I most envy Burke for
is his being constantly the same. He is
never what we call hum-drum; never unwilling
to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off.
BOSWELL.—Yet he can listen. JOHNSON.—No;
I cannot say he is good at that. So desirous is
he to talk, that, if one is speaking at this end
of the table, he'll speak to somebody at the
other end.'

BOSWELL'S *Tour to the Hebrides* (Aug. 15).

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IN *The Friend* (essay v.) Coleridge declares that Sir Alexander Ball 'would listen even to weak men, with a patience which, in so careful an economist of time, always demanded my admiration and excited not seldom my wonder. It was one of his maxims that a man may suggest what he cannot give.'

'WE who remember not a day wherein
We have not loved each other,—who
can see

No time, since time first bade our days begin,
Within the sweep of memory's wings, when we
Have known not what each other's love must
be,—

We are well content to know it, and rest on this,
And call not words to witness that it is.
To love aloud is oft to love amiss.'

SWINBURNE: *Locrine*, p. vi.

IN the thirteenth book of the *Prelude*, Wordsworth, after depicting one class of men who are 'adroit in speech,' proceeds to paint a second class :—

'Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life,
Still higher, men for contemplation framed,
Shy and unpractised in the strife of phrase ;

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Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would
sink
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse:
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the
power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy;
Words are but under-agents in their souls;
When they are grasping with their greatest
strength,
They do not breathe among them.'

I. 20. The wrath of man worketh not the
righteousness of God.

'IF a bad-tempered man can be admirably
virtuous, he must be under extreme diffi-
culties. . . . For it is of the nature of such
temper to interrupt the formation of healthy
mental habits, which depend on a growing
harmony between perception, conviction and
impulse. There may be good feelings, good
deeds—for a human nature may touch endless
varieties and blessed inconsistencies in its
windings—but it is essential to what is worthy
to be called high character, that it may be
safely calculated on.'—GEORGE ELIOT : *Essays of
Theophrastus Such* (vi.).

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I. 21. Receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save your souls.

‘THE stream of custom and our profession bring us to the Preaching of the Word, and we sit out our hour under the sound; but how few consider and prize it as the great ordinance of God for the salvation of souls, the beginner and the sustainer of the Divine life of grace within us! And certainly, until we have thus thought of it, and seek to feel it thus ourselves, although we hear it most frequently, and let slip no occasion, yea, hear it with attention and some present delight, yet still we miss the right use of it, and turn it from its true end, while we take it not as that *ingrafted word which is able to save our souls.*’ LEIGHTON.

I. 22. Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.

‘IN the one volume of *Sesame and Lilies*—nay, in the last forty pages of its central address to Englishwomen—everything is told that I know of vital truth, everything urged that I see to be needful of vital act—but no creature

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answers me with any faith or any deed. They read the words, and say they are pretty, and go on in their own ways.'

RUSKIN: *Fors Clavigera* (lviii).

WHEN President Roosevelt opened the Bible to kiss it, on taking the oath at his inauguration, this text was found to be the place he chose.

I. 24. He beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

'FEW people,' says Matthew Arnold, in *The French Play in London*, 'who feel a passion think of learning anything from it. A man feels a passion, he passes through it, and then he goes his way and straightway forgets, as the apostle says, what manner of man he was. Above all, this is apt to happen with us English, who have, as an eminent German professor is good enough to tell us, "so much genius, so little method." The much genius hurries us into infatuations; the little method prevents our learning the right and wholesome lesson from them.'

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In the opening chapter of *Literature and Dogma*, he strikes the same note:—‘The very words, *mind, memory, remain*, came, probably, all from the same root, from the notion of staying, attending. Possibly even the word *man* came from the same; so entirely does the idea of humanity, of intelligence, of looking before and after, of raising oneself out of the flux of things, rest on the idea of steadying oneself, of concentrating oneself, making order in the chaos of one’s impressions, by attending to one impression rather than the other.’

‘**T**O know oneself is the most difficult of all accomplishments. Caelo descendit, γυνῶθι σεαυτόν, said the satirist, and certainly it was from heaven that the maxim should have descended. Alas! it descends but seldom. To the mass of men *know yourself* is a counsel of unrealised perfection. For he who knows himself knows all things; he has learnt the value of that mysterious *x*, which shall solve the equation of life. But how shall we, creatures of passing moods, catch each mood as it passes? Death and the lapse of time allow our friends a casual comprehension of our waywardness. But we never get far enough

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from our own images for a sincere judgment, and we generally die in complete ignorance of that which lies nearest to us. The history of the world, in brief, is³ the history of failure induced by the lack of self-knowledge.'

CHARLES WHIBLEY, *The Pageantry of Life*, p. 36.

'IT is a strange thing to behold what grosse errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) doe commit, for want of a *Friend* to tell them of them; To the great dammage both of their Fame and Fortune. For, as S. James saith, they are as Men *that looke sometimes into a glasse and presently forget their own shape and Favour.*'

BACON.

IN a note to the twenty-third aphorism of *Aids to Reflection*, Coleridge observes that 'the Greek word *parakupsas*, signifies the incurvation or bending of the body in the act of *looking down into*; as, for instance, in the endeavour to see the reflected image of a star in the water at the bottom of a well. A more happy or forcible word could not have been chosen to express the nature and ultimate object of reflection, and to enforce the necessity

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of it, in order to discover the living fountain and springhead of the evidence of the Christian faith in the believer himself, and at the same time to point out the seat and region, where alone it is to be found. *Quantum sumus, scimus.* That which we find within ourselves, which is more than ourselves, and yet the ground of whatever is good and permanent therein, is the substance and life of all other knowledge.'

'VANITY and cowardice are equally the sworn foes of recollection; for to vanity it is always unfolding pictures of self which are anything but flattering, and cowardice is perpetually annoyed by its loud calls to reform and mortification, which grow more irksome the longer they are delayed.'

F. W. FABER: *Growth in Holiness*, p. 47.

I. 25. Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein.

'AS the most far-sighted eye, even aided by the most powerful telescope, will not make a fixed star appear larger than it does to an ordinary and unaided sight, even so there are

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heights of knowledge and truth sublime which all men in possession of the ordinary human understanding may comprehend as much and as well as the profoundest philosopher and the most learned theologian. Such are the truths relating to the *logos* and its oneness with the self-existent Deity, and of the humanity of Christ and its union with the *logos*. It is idle, therefore, to refrain from preaching on these subjects, provided only such preparations have been made as no man can be a Christian without. The misfortune is that the majority are Christians in name, and by birth only. Let them but once, according to S. James, have looked down steadfastly into the *law* of liberty or freedom in their own souls (the will and the conscience), and they are capable of whatever God has chosen to reveal.' COLERIDGE.

IN a letter to a country rector (*Life*, ch. viii.) Kingsley avows that 'the highest idea of man is to know his Father, and look his Father in the face, in full assurance of faith and love; and that out of that springs all manful energy, all self-respect, all self-restraint, all that the true Englishman has, and the Greek and Spaniard have not. And I say this is what

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S. James means when he speaks of "the perfect law of liberty." I say that this Protestant faith, which teaches every man to look God in the face for himself, has contributed more than anything else to develop family life, industry, freedom, in England, Scotland, and Sweden.'

The perfect law of liberty.

'ALL civilisation is the yoking of man, and the vicissitudes of history arise out of the trial of various yokes, and the abuse of them by lawless and unyoked power, the rebellions against their misuse involving also rebellion against yokes as such. We have need of Law *and* Gospel. Better Law only than no yoke, and the Gospel is no Gospel if it does not both presuppose and include Law.'

DR. HORT : *Hulsean Lectures*, p. 203.

I. 26. And bridleth not his tongue.

'THE thing here supposed and referred to,' says Butler in his great Sermon on The Government of the Tongue, 'is talkativeness: a disposition to be talking, abstracted from the consideration of what is to be said; with very little or no regard to, or thought of doing, either

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good or harm. . . . And this unrestrained volubility and wantonness of speech is the occasion of numberless evils and vexations in life. It begets resentment in him who is the subject of it; sows the seed of strife and dissension amongst others; and inflames little disgusts and offences, which if let alone would wear away of themselves.'

'WHILE thou so hotly disclaimest the devil, be not guilty of diabolism. Fall not into one name with that unclean spirit, nor act his nature whom thou so much abhorrest; that is, to accuse, calumniate, backbite, whisper, detract, or sinistrously interpret others. Degenerous depravities, and narrow-minded vices! not only below S. Paul's noble Christian but Aristotle's true gentleman. Trust not with some that the Epistle of S. James is apocryphal, and so read with less fear that stabbing truth, that in company with this vice "thy religion is in vain." Moses broke the tables without breaking of the law; but where charity is broke, the law itself is shattered, which cannot be whole without love, which is the fulfilling of it.'—SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Christian Morals* (pt. i. sec. 16).

Canon Carus, in his memoir of Charles Simeon, quotes a reminiscence of the latter's quick temper. 'We were one day sitting at dinner at Mr. Hankinson's, when a servant behind him stirred the fire in a way so *unscientific* that Mr. S. turned round and hit the man a thump in the back to stay his proceedings. When he was leaving me, on horseback, after the same visit, my servant had put the wrong bridle upon his horse. He was in a hurry to be gone, and his temper broke out so violently that I ventured to give him a little humorous castigation. His cloak-bag was to follow him by coach; so I feigned a letter in my servant's name, saying how high his character stood in the kitchen, but that they could not understand how a gentleman who preached and prayed so well, should be in such passion about nothing, and wear no *bridle* upon his tongue.'

This man's religion is vain.

'IF the religious spirit,' says Mr. Morley in *Compromise* (pp. 178-179), 'leads to a worthy and beautiful life, if it shows itself in cheerfulness, in pity, in charity and tolerance, in forgiveness, in a sense of the largeness and the mystery of things, in a lifting up of the soul in

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gratitude and awe to some supreme power and sovereign force, then whatever drawback may be in the way of superstitious dogma, still such a spirit is on the whole a good thing. If not, not. It would be better without the superstition: even with the superstition, it is good. But if the religious spirit is only a fine name for narrowness of understanding, for shallow intolerance, for mere social formality, for a dread of losing that poor respectability, which means thinking and doing exactly as the people around us think and do, then the religious spirit is not a good thing, but a thoroughly bad and hateful thing.'

I. 27. Pure religion and undefiled is . . .

'**H**OW much it is misunderstood may be seen from the fact that, though the word itself, religion, stands for one of the most beautiful and simple things in the world, there yet hangs about it an aroma which is not wholly pleasing. What difficult service that great and humble name has seen! With what strange and evil meanings it has been charged! How dinted and battered it is with hard usage! how dimmed its radiance, how stained its purity! . . . To express the religion of Christ in pre-

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cise words would be a mighty task ; but it may be said that it was not merely a system, nor primarily a creed ; it was a message to individual hearts, bewildered by the complexity of the world and the intricacy of religious observances. Christ bade men believe that their Creator was also a Father ; that the only way to escape from the overwhelming difficulties presented by the world was the way of simplicity, sincerity, and love ; that a man should keep out of his life all that insults and hurts the soul, and that he should hold the interests of others as dear as he holds his own.'—A. C. BENSON: *From a College Window*, pp. 307 f.

'ONE of the hardest burdens laid upon the other good influences of human nature has been that of improving religion itself.'

JOHN STUART MILL.

To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

SHORTLY after being made a bishop, Jean Pierre Camus of Belley, consulted S. Francis de Sales upon the difficulty which he felt of keeping chaste amid the temptations into which his

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love of charity led him inevitably. S. Francis replied : ' You must distinguish between persons whose position obliges them to take charge of others, and such as lead a private life which involves no responsibility save for themselves. The first must commit chastity to the care of charity, and if it be real, it will answer to the trust, serving as a wall and rampart ; but private persons do well to subject their charity to chastity, and maintain great reserve and caution in their actions. Those in responsible positions are often obliged to expose themselves to temptations inseparable from their duties, and so long as they do not tempt God by presumption, His grace will guard them.'

'THE outward service (*θρησκεία*) of ancient religion, the rites, ceremonies, and ceremonial vestments of the old law, had morality for their substance. They were the old *letter*, of which morality was the spirit ; the enigma, of which morality was the *meaning*. But morality itself is the service and ceremonial (cultus exterior, *θρησκεία*) of the Christian religion. The scheme of grace and truth that *became* through Jesus Christ, the faith that *looks down into* the perfect law of liberty, has *light for its*

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garment; its very robe is righteousness. On this, the twenty-third aphorism in *Aids to Reflection*, Coleridge has this comment:—‘Herein the apostle places the pre-eminence, the peculiar and distinguishing excellence, of the Christian religion. The ritual is of the same kind, though not of the same order, with the religion itself—not arbitrary and conventional, as types and hieroglyphics are in relation to the things expressed by them; but inseparable, consubstantiated (as it were) and partaking therefore of the same life, permanence, and intrinsic worth with its spirit and principle.

‘**H**E asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.
For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken;
The higher worship which he deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.’

WHITTIER.

‘**I** MYSELF can hardly conceive a working
Ethical society of which the aim would not
include in essentials the apostle’s definition of the

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pure service of religion. We might characterise it as the aim of being in the world and yet not of it, working strenuously for the improvement of mundane affairs, and yet keeping ourselves, as the apostle says, “unspotted of the world”—that is, in modern phrase, keeping clear of the compromises with sordid interests and vulgar ambitions which the practical standards of all classes and sections of society are too apt to admit.’

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN: *Practical Ethics*, p. 14.

To visit the fatherless and widows in
their affliction.

‘WHEN the time called Christmas came,
while others were feasting and sporting
themselves, I looked out poor widows from
house to house, and gave them some money.’
FOX’S *Journal* (1645).

In his Sonnet to ‘F. A.’ Lowell writes:—

‘THEE the dark chamber, thee the unfriended
knows,
Although no gaping crowds thy praise repeat;
Consummate artist, who life’s landscape bleak
Hast brimmed with sun, to many a clouded eye,

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Touched to a brighter hue the beggar's cheek,
Hung over orphan lives a gracious sky.'

'**T**HINKERS of the most different schools
and sects would probably agree that
true charity demands of us money, but also
something more than money : personal service,
sacrifice of time and thought.'

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN : *Practical Ethics*, p. 7.

'**S**ON, if lofty be the lintels of thy house, and
thy friend be sick, say not, What shall I
send him? but go on foot and see him with thy
eyes ; for that is better for him than a thousand
talents of gold and silver.'

From *The Story of Ahikar*.

IN describing the great Welshman, Lewis
Morris, of the eighteenth century, George
Borrow (*Wild Wales*, ch. xl.) praises his 'noble
generosity and sacrifice of self for the benefit of
others. Weeks and months he was in the habit
of devoting to the superintendence of the widow
and fatherless.'

'**A**T the last day He is to ask us not what sins
we have avoided, but what righteousness
we have done, what we have done for others,

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how we have helped good and hindered evil: what difference it has made to this world, and to our country and our family and friends, that we have lived. The man who has been only pious and not useful will stand with a long face on that great day, when Christ puts to him his questions.'

R. L. STEVENSON, to the Samoan Students.

SPEAKING of Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*, Professor Bryce (*Studies in Contemporary Biography*, pp. 260-261) observes that 'it reveals the inner life of Manning, his high motives and his tortuous methods, his piety and his aspirations, his occasional lapses from sincerity and rectitude, with a fulness to which one can scarcely find a parallel. . . . Taken all in all, these intimate records of Manning's life tend to confirm the view that along with his love of power and pre-eminence, along with his carelessness about historic truth, along with the questionable methods he sometimes allowed himself to use, there lay deep in his heart a genuine and unfailing sympathy with many good causes, such as the cause of temperance, and a real tenderness for the poor and for children.'

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And to keep himself unspotted from the world.

‘THE moment we care for anything deeply, the world—that is, all the other miscellaneous interests—becomes our enemy. Christians showed it when they talked of keeping oneself “unspotted from the world”; but lovers talk of it just as much when they talk of the “world well lost.”’

G. K. CHESTERTON.

‘A WHITE bird, she told him once, looking at him gravely, a bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place—his own soul was like that.’

PATER : *Marius the Epicurean*, vol. i.

‘TO have one chance in life, in eternity, for a white name, and to lose it!’

JAMES LANE ALLEN :

The Mettle of the Pasture, p. 404.

‘AFTER I had spent a month in surveying the curiosities of this city [Venice], and had put on board a ship the books which I had collected in Italy, I proceeded through Verona and Milan, and along the Leman lake to Geneva. The mention of this city brings to my recollection the slandering More, and makes me

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again call the Deity to witness, that in all those places in which vice meets with so little discouragement, and is practised with so little shame, I never once deviated from the paths of integrity and virtue, and perpetually reflected that, though my conduct might escape the notice of men, it could not elude the inspection of God.’

MILTON: *The Second Defence.*

‘I FIRMLY believe that it is in keeping our honour spotless that we best perform our duty, both to ourselves and to others—of course I mean honour in its purest and highest sense. Our chief business in this world is with ourselves: “Keep yourselves unspotted from the world.” This I know is not at this time a fashionable doctrine.’

J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

II. 1. My brethren, hold not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, with respect of persons.

‘THE sermon was chiefly occupied with proving that God is no respecter of persons; a mark of indubitable condescension in the clergyman, the rank in society which he could claim for himself duly considered. But, unfortunately, the church was so constructed,

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that its area contained three platforms of position, actually of differing level; the loftiest, in the chancel, on the right hand of the pulpit, occupied by the gentry; the middle, opposite the pulpit, occupied by the tulip-beds of their servants; and the third, on the left of the pulpit, occupied by the common parishioners. Unfortunately too, by the perpetuation of some old custom, whose significance was not worn out, all on the left of the pulpit were expected, as often as they stood up to sing—which was three times—to turn their backs to the pulpit, and so face away from the chancel where the gentry stood.'

GEORGE MACDONALD:

David Elginbrod, chap. xii.

II. 2. If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment.

'I FOUND my way to the church,' [in Pont Sainte Maxence], says Stevenson in his *Inland Voyage*, 'for there is always something to see about a church, whether living worshippers or dead men's tombs; you find there the deadliest earnest, and the hollowest deceit.'

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II. 3. Ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing.

‘WHOEVER passes up Broadway finds his attention arrested by three fine structures—Trinity Church, that of the Messiah, and Grace Church. . . . In the old world, the history of such edifices, though not without its shadow, had many bright lines. Mysterious orders, of which we know only that they were consecrated to brotherly love and the development of mind, produced the genius which animated the architecture; but the casting of the bells and suspending them in the tower was an act in which all orders of the community took part; for when those cathedrals were consecrated, it was for the use of all. Rich and poor knelt together upon their marble pavements, and the imperial altar welcomed the obscurest artisan. This grace our churches want—the grace which belongs to all religions, but is peculiarly and solemnly enforced upon the followers of Jesus. The poor to whom He came to preach can have no share in the grace of Grace Church. In St. Peter’s, if only as an empty form, the soiled feet of travel-worn disciples are washed; but such feet can never intrude on the fane of the

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holy Trinity here in republican America, and the Messiah may be supposed still to give as excuse for delay, "The poor ye have always with you." We must confess this circumstance is to us quite destructive of reverence and value for these buildings. We are told that, at the late consecration, the claims of the poor were eloquently urged; and that an effort is to be made, by giving a side chapel, to atone for the luxury which shuts them out from the reflection of sunshine through those brilliant windows. It is certainly better that they should be offered the crumbs from the rich man's table than nothing at all, but it is surely not the way that Jesus would have taught to provide for the poor.'

MARGARET FULLER.

'IF anywhere democracy seems natural, it should be in the eyes of God; and yet, if Americans show anywhere social demarcations, it is in the province of religion. This is true, not only of different churches where the expense of membership is so unequal that in large cities rich and poor are farther apart on Sundays than on week-days, but it is true of the sects themselves.'

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG: *The Americans*, p. 500.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. II.

II. 5. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom ?

‘**I**S the last and most admirable invention of the human race only an improved muck rake? Is this the ground on which Orientals and Occidentals meet? Did God direct us so to get our living, digging where we never planted—and He would, perchance, reward us with lumps of gold?’

THOREAU : *Life without Principle.*

Compare also, for a comment on this verse, the twenty-ninth chapter of *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

‘**T**HE very discipline of poverty makes the heart and spirit and body strong for love. It is the poor who know the intensity of human affection—the poor and patient who have to labour and toil for that prize to the uttermost farthing which ransoms the simplest delight.’

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, in *The Vineyard* (chap. vi).

‘**W**E shall never do anything without the poor,’ wrote Vinet to a friend, when the Free Church of the Vaud Canton was being formed; ‘Nothing is great, nothing is strong, save what begins with the poor.’

VER. 5] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

‘For God

We’re good enough, though the world casts us
out.’

BROWNING :

A Blot on the ‘Scutcheon.

‘THE pure soul hath her panoply of light,
In direst dungeon radiating heaven ;
Ensphered in her own atmosphere of joy
Sees no deformity ; while tyrants tread
Their marble halls, to find them torture
chambers ;
A graceless prison all his fair demesne
To some illiberal, illustrious fool.
Perchance ye, ground to powder in God’s mill,
May serve more than who sleep in delicate
death,
With rarest incense in the mummy fold.’

RODEN NOEL : *London.*

‘YOU live in a village, hid
Sweetly, out of thought and sight.
Any stranger passing by,
Sees your beauty with delight.
So, when through a wood we pass,
We may see a wild flower grow,
We might miss it in the grass,
Yet God set it there, we know.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. II.]

God will never care to look
On the rich before the poor,
He would not a palace love
Better than a cottage door.'

THOMAS ASHE.

II. 6. Ye have despised the poor.

'ALL the darker and sterner aspect of the age which we have been viewing, its social revolt, its moral and religious awakening, the misery of the peasant, the protest of the Lollard, are painted with a terrible fidelity in the poem of William Langland. . . His world is the world of the poor: he dwells on the poor man's life, on his hunger and toil, his rough revelry and his despair, with the intensity of a man who has no outlook beyond it. The narrowness, the misery, the monotony of the life he paints reflect themselves in his verse.'

GREEN: *Short History of the English People*, pp. 248-249.

'THE wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delight us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore.'

WORDSWORTH.

VER. 7] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

‘**N**OW if ye’re ane o’ warl’s folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
An’ sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi’ bitter sneer,
Wi’ ye no friendship will I troke,
Nor cheap nor dear.’ BURNS.

II. 7. That worthy name by the which
ye are called.

‘**I** DARE not call myself a Christian. I have
hardly met the man in all my life who
deserved that name.’ MAX MÜLLER.

‘**I**T has been suggested that every man should
be called a Christian who fulfils two con-
ditions. The first is, that he believes the uni-
verse as a whole to be something rational and
righteous—something which has ever our ap-
proval and admiration. The second is, that
he finds himself in so much sympathy with the
life and character of Jesus, that he desires to
consecrate his religious feelings and convictions
by associating them with the name of Jesus.
Of all the attempts to define the outer limits

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within which the word Christian may be applied,
this is perhaps the most successful.'

J. M. E. McTAGGART:

Studies in Hegelian Cosmology, p. 246.

II. 8. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as
thyself.

'TO the plain man the most important feature
of justice is that it consists in his practical
recognition of the truth that *another man's equal
good is equally important with his own.*'

DR. SOPHIE BRYANT:

Studies in Character, p. 32.

'THE correlative to loving our neighbours as
ourselves is hating ourselves as we hate our
neighbours.'

O. W. HOLMES:

The Professor at the Breakfast Table, xi.

If ye fulfil the royal law, according to the
scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbour
as thyself, thou shalt do well.

'TO hope or to fear for another is the sole
thing which can give to humanity the
fulfilled consciousness of its own being.'

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

VER. 12] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

‘**H**E does not rightly love himself,
Who does not love another more.’

COVENTRY PATMORE :

The Angel in the House.

II. 11. He that said, Do not commit
adultery, said also, Do not kill.

COMPARE Butler’s account (*Hudibras*, part
i.) of those who

‘Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damping those they have no mind to.’

‘**W**HAT boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquished?’

MILTON.

II. 12. The law of liberty.

JAMES, says Newman (*Lectures on Justification*, p. 52), means by *the royal law* and *the law of liberty* ‘that it is not an outward yoke, but an inward principle, a brighter and better conscience, so far as we have succeeded in realising our evangelical state. . . . The law of God is not a master set over us, it is ourselves, it is our will.’

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II. 13. Mercy rejoiceth against judgment.

‘**R**EJOICE against it—in *the face of it*, that must mean. It is a fine figure, mercy looking full in the face of judgment, and not bating a particle of its joy.’

DR. JOHN KER’S *Letters*, p. 84.

II. 14. What doth it profit, though a man say he hath faith and have not works? Can faith save him?

SET beside this the satirical comment of Burns, in ‘A dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.,’ on Scottish antinomianism :—

‘Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o’ thousands thou hast slain !
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice !
No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
Abuse a brother to his back ;
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grundstane,
Ply ev’ry art o’ legal thieving ;
No matter—stick to sound believing.’

VER. 15-16] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

‘FIRST amend, my son,
Thy faulty nomenclature, call belief
Belief indeed, nor grace with such a name
The easy acquiescence of mankind
In matters nowise worth dispute.’

BROWNING :

Ferishtah's Fancies ('Shah Abbas').

II. 15-16. If a brother or sister be naked,
and destitute of food, and one of you
say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye
warmed and filled ; notwithstanding ye
give them not those things which are
needful to the body, what doth it profit?

‘I SEEM to remember a poor old grateful
kind of a creature, blinking, and looking
up with his no eyes in the sun—

‘Is it possible that I could have steeled my
purse against him ?

‘Perhaps I had no small change.

‘Reader, do not be frightened at the hard
words, imposition, imposture—*give and ask no
questions.*’

CHARLES LAMB, on *The Decay of Beggars*.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. II.

II. 16. And one of you say unto them.

‘THE fundamental error of France lies in her psychology. France has always believed that to say a thing is the same as to do it, as though speech were action.’ AMIEL.

II. 17. Faith, if it have not works, is dead, being alone.

‘NOTHING in mediæval history is to me more strange and appalling than their general acceptance of these truths as mathematical certainties, as things laid alongside of their actual life, without ever touching or quickening their spiritual consciousness. I have seen something of this in a less repulsive form among the poor of our own day,—belief and conscience running as in two parallel lines which never meet; also, amongst people of the last generation, a belief in revelation, and a respect for it, which is not vivifying, and yet is belief, if not faith.’

DORA GREENWELL: *Two Friends*, p. 84.

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II. 19. The devils also believe and tremble.

‘**T**HERE is an opinion which may be said simply to identify religion with orthodoxy, with the holding for true what is true. No doubt right doctrine is a very important matter, but does that make it religion? Put it to the religious consciousness, and the answer is, No. It is the belief “with the heart” that is wanted; and where that is not, religion is not. Else even the very devils would be religious; for they, as we are told, go further even than is required of them, and add to orthodoxy the fear of God.’

F. H. BRADLEY, *Ethical Studies*, p. 300.

‘**T**HE devils, we are told, *believe and tremble*. But it is hard to convince people that nothing short of this can be true Christian faith. So because they are sometimes terrified by the thought of God, they fancy they believe, though their hearts are far away from Him.’

Guesses at Truth (second series).

‘**S**UPERSTITION is the only religion of which base souls are capable.’

JOUBERT.

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'ROUSSEAU, with his offensive vanity and literary pride, had a curious respect for Christ. With a good bit of the devil in him, he believed and trembled. But I believe that he believed that sentence in his vague and cloudy panegyric on Christ to be true—"If the son of Sophroniscus was a hero, the son of Mary was a God." The "faith of devils" lies latent in many a mind for an emergency. As one prayed when his ship was sinking, "O God, if there be a God, have mercy on my soul, if I have a soul."' DR. JOHN DUNCAN :

Colloquia Peripatetica, p. 140.

II. 20. Faith without works is dead.

'AN opinion, I should say, gains vividness rather from constant application to conduct than from habitual opposition.'

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN, on *Toleration*.

'FAREWELL, whose living like I shall not find,
Whose Faith and Works were bells of full accord.'

TENNYSON : 'In Memoriam, W. G. Ward.'

II. 22. By works was faith made perfect.

GORDON was no "saint" in the usual meaning which the world attaches to the name. He was utterly removed from the class of religious Church Militant who, as passing residents in some French or Italian city, are prone to hurl their hymns on the Sabbath morning at the heads of the native heretics; neither had he the smallest fellowship with another large class of persons who would divide religion into two parts—the muscular and the Methodist, one half John Bull and the other John Knox. Absolutely without parallel in our modern life, Gordon stands out the foremost man of action of our time and nation, whose ruling principle was faith and good works. No gloomy faith, no exalted sense of self-confidence, no mocking of the belief of others, no separation of his sense of God from the everyday work to which his hand has to be put; but a faith which was a living, moving, genial reality with him, present always and everywhere, shining out in every act of his life.'

SIR WM. BUTLER :

Life of General Gordon, p. 80.

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II. 26. As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.

I WOULD treat of faith as it is actually found in the soul; and I say it is as little an isolated grace, as a man is a picture. It has a depth, a breadth, and a thickness; it has an inward life which is something over and above itself; it has a heart and blood and pulses and nerves, though not upon the surface. All these indeed are not *spoken of*, when we make mention of faith; nor are they painted on the canvas; but they are implied in the word, because they exist in the thing. . . . St. James, after warning his brethren against "holding the faith" of Christ "in respect of persons," that is, in an *unloving* spirit, as the context shows, proceeds to say that it is "*perfected* by works," and that "without works" it is "dead," as a body without the soul. That is, as the presence of the soul changes the nature of the dust of the earth, and makes it flesh and blood, giving it a life which otherwise it could not have, so love is the modelling and harmonising principle on which justifying faith depends, and in which it exists and acts.'

NEWMAN :

Lectures on Justification, pp. 265-6.

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III. 2. If a man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man and able also to bridle the whole body.

‘SHE gossiped, like all the rest of Old Chester ; but by some mysterious method, Susan Carr’s gossip gave the listener a gentler feeling towards his kind. When she spoke of her neighbour’s faults, one knew that somehow they were simply virtues gone to seed ; and what was more remarkable, her praise had no sting of insinuation in it, no suggestion that she could speak differently if she chose.’

MARGARET DELAND :

Philip and His Wife, p. 44.

‘A H me ! ah me ! that thoughtless itch for saying clever things !
Ah me ! ah me ! that little sense of what a word may do !
Ah me ! the woeful echo from the weary past that rings,
Words that are very old now, but the grief is always new.’ W. C. SMITH : *Hilda*, p. 196.

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III. 5. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

THESE fires are one of the saddest features of the mountain districts. The ravages of the past are visible in almost every valley; and every year fresh areas of living green are being swept by the pitiless flames and left a melancholy wilderness. The ease with which a forest fire is started is astounding, and only rivalled by the rapidity of its progress, when once it gains a hold upon the trees, and by the extent of the destruction ere the blaze is quenched. A single lighted match thrown carelessly upon the ground, a shower of sparks from a passing locomotive, a camp-fire insufficiently extinguished, may be the origin. And from this tiny cause, "how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

JAMES OUTRAM:

In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies, p. 147.

DRYDEN, in his version of the *Georgics* (ii. 415 f.), has these lines on a forest-fire:—

'For sparkling fire, from hind's unwary hands,
Is often scattered o'er their unctuous rinds,
And often spread abroad by raging winds;
For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives;

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Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves ;
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoky fires ;
But most, when driven by winds, the flaming
storm

Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes then the unhappy vineyard lies ;
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise.'

'THESE fires are one of the great dangers of California. I have seen from Monterey as many as three at the same time, by day a cloud of smoke, by night a red coal of conflagration in the distance. A little thing will start them, and, if the wind be favourable, they gallop over miles of country faster than a horse.'

R. L. STEVENSON, in *The Old Pacific Capital*.

III. 6. And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity.

'AN apostle speaks of the tongue both as a blessing and as a curse. It may be the beginning of a fire, he says, a "universitas iniquitatis," and, alas ! such did it become in the mouth of gifted Abelard. His eloquence was wonderful ; he dazzled his contemporaries, says Fulco, "by the brilliancy of his genius, the

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sweetness of his eloquence; the ready flow of his language, and the subtlety of his knowledge." People came to him from all quarters;—from Rome, in spite of mountains and robbers; from England, in spite of the sea; from Flanders and Germany; from Normandy, and the remote districts of France; from Angers and Poitiers; from Navarre by the Pyrenees, and from Spain, besides the students of Paris itself; and among those who sought his instructions now or afterwards, were the great luminaries of the schools in the next generation. . . . It was too much for a weak head and heart, weak in spite of intellectual power; for vanity will possess the head, and worldliness the heart, of the man, however gifted, whose wisdom is not an effluence of the Eternal Light.' NEWMAN: *University Sketches*, ch. xvi.

The tongue is a fire.

IN the eighth pit of punishment, within the Eighth Circle of the *Inferno*, Dante describes the doom of evil counsellors in imagery drawn from this verse. Each is swathed in a fiery tongue, which burns them with agonising fury just as their tongues on earth set on fire the world.

Which setteth on fire the wheel of nature.

‘**K**NOWLEDGE, the discipline by which it is gained, and the tasks which it forms, have a natural tendency to refine the mind, and to give it an indisposition, simply natural, yet real, nay, more than this, a disgust and abhorrence, towards excesses and enormities of evil . . . a simple hatred of that miserable tone of conversation which, obtaining as it does in the world, is a constant fuel of evil, heaped up round about the soul.’

NEWMAN: *The Idea of a University*, p. 187.

‘**T**HE chief end I purpose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than to divert it.’ SWIFT (in a letter to Pope).

‘**A**LL sins,’ said S. Francis de Sales, ‘come under the head of thought, word, and deed; and faults in word are the most common and often the most dangerous for several reasons. First, because sins of thought only injure oneself, and give no scandal or bad example to others; God alone sees and is displeased with them, and moreover a loving repentance and ready turning to Him blots them out; whereas sins of the tongue go further, the evil word once

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uttered can only be recalled by a humble retraction, and even thus a brother's heart may have been poisoned by it. Again, notorious acts of sin are liable to public punishment; but evil speaking, unless it is exceptionally gross and slanderous, is subject to no check. Thirdly, sins of the tongue are specially dangerous because people do so little in the way of restitution or reparation for them.'

III. 7. For every kind of things in the sea is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind.

'OUR learned Dr. Hakewill, in his *Apology of God's Power and Providence*, quotes Pliny to report that one of the emperors had particular fish ponds, and, in them, several fish that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names. And S. James tells us, that all things in the sea have been tamed by mankind. And Pliny tells us, that Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a lamprey at whose gills she hung jewels or ear-rings.'

IZAAK WALTON : *The Complete Angler*
(The Fourth Day).

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III. 8. The tongue can no man tame ; it
is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

‘ I AM right weary of four tongues :
A tongue that is too crafty and too wise,
A tongue that is too godly and too grave,
A tongue that is more bitter than the tide,
And a kind tongue too full of drowsy love,
Of drowsy love and my captivity.’

W. B. YEATS.

‘ WHO hath given man speech ? or who hath
set therein
A thorn for peril and a snare for sin ?
For in the word his life is and his breath,
And in the word his death,
That madness and the infatuate heart may breed
From the world’s womb the deed,
And life brings one thing forth ere all pass by,
Even one thing which is ours yet cannot die,
Death.’ SWINBURNE : *Atalanta in Calydon*.

‘ Refrain
Transgressing hands and reinless mouths, and
keep
Silence, lest by much foam of violent words
And proper poison of your lips ye die.’

SWINBURNE : *Ibid*.

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‘OUR intercourse with others renders itself mainly into government of the tongue. I do not know which of these two things is the most astonishing, the unexpected importance of the place assigned to this duty in Holy Scripture, or the utter unconcern which even good men often feel about it. For the most part we have gone far along our road in devotion and done ourselves many an irreparable mischief, before we bestow half the carefulness on the government of our tongue, which it not only deserves but imperiously requires.’

F. W. FABER : *Growth in Holiness*, pp. 91-92.

‘A VERY great part of the mischiefs that vex the world arise from words. People soon forget the meaning, but the impression and the passion remain.’

BURKE.

‘MOST people,’ says Plutarch (*Life of Timoleon*, xxxii.), ‘seem to feel hard words more than hard deeds, and are more upset by insults than by actual injuries. What we do to an enemy in war is done from necessity, but the evil we say of him seems to arise from an excess of spite.’

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IN a letter to his son Philip, Sir Henry Sidney warns him that 'a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner and procurer of speech. . . . Think upon every word before you utter it, and remember how nature hath ramparted up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins or bridles for the loose use of that member.'

III. 9. Therewith curse we men.

IN *Rob Roy* (pt. 1. ch. xiii.) Andrew Fair-service remarks:—'I have heard wives flyte in England and Scotland—it's nae marvel to hear them flyte ony gate—but sic ill-scrapit tongues as thae Hieland carlines'—and sic grewsome wishes, that men should be slaughtered like sheep—and that they may lapper their hands to the elbows in their heart's blude—sic awsome language as that I never heard oot o' a human thrapple;—and, unless the deil wad rise among them to gie them a lesson, I thinkna that this talent at cursing could be amended.'

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WE are told that, at the breaking up of the Council of Trent, the legate pronounced the words "Anathema to all heretics," and then the whole assembly rose, and the hall re-echoed from every lip, "Anathema! Anathema!" It was well suggested by an American bishop of our own day, that if the Angel of Peace could have appeared at that moment, and whispered in the ears of the infuriated Romanists the Scriptural warning, "Bless and curse not," there might have been a flush of shame on every cheek.'

F. W. ROBERTSON,

Essays and Addresses, p. 248.

III. 10. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not to be so.

I HAVE several times seen the stiletto and the rosary come out of the same pocket.'

COLERIDGE.

RUSKIN, in the fiftieth number of *Fors Clavigera*, quotes the following from a correspondent's letter:—'Could you but hear the blasphemous and filthy language our rosy

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village bairns use as soon as they are out of the parson's earshot, even when leaving the Sabbath School! . . . I know that the children are well taught six days a week, yet there is little fruit of good behaviour among them, and an indecency of speech which is amazing in rural children. On Christmas morn a party of these children, boys and girls, singing carols, encountered my young daughter going alone to the church service. The opportunity was tempting, and as if moved by one vile spirit, they screamed at her a blast of the most obscene and profane epithets that vicious malice could devise. She knew none of them; had never harmed them in her life. She came home with her kind, tender heart all aghast. "Why do they hate me so?" she asked. Yet a short time after the same children came into the yard, and began with the full shrill powers of their young lungs:—

"Why do I love Jesus?"

the refrain

"Because He died for me,"

with especial gusto.'

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‘A GRANDSON of the late Rev. Dr. Primrose (of Wakefield, vicar), wrote me a little note from his country living this morning, and the kind fellow had the precaution to write “No thorn” upon the envelope, so that ere I broke the seal, my mind might be relieved of any anxiety lest the letter should contain one of those lurking stabs which are so painful to the present gentle writer.’

THACKERAY: *Roundabout Papers*.

‘THE printed word is a tongue—a tongue that reaches very far; and for this reason all that is said of the tongue relates also to the printed word: “Therewith bless we God, and therewith curse we men, made after the likeness of God?”’

TOLSTOI, to Peter Verigin.

Thomas Boston remarks that he was ‘particularly surprised with “one thing at Ettrick,” viz. the prevalency of the sin of profane swearing; and was amazed to find blessing and cursing proceeding out of the same mouth; praying persons, and praying in their families too, horrid swearers at times; so that by the month of November I behoved to set myself to preach directly against that sin.’

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III. 13. With meekness of wisdom.

ERSKINE of Linlathen, in 1832, wrote to M. Gaussen:—‘My dear Brother, although I have had much enjoyment in meeting you once more in this world, yet I have also suffered much, chiefly because I am sensible that in witnessing for God’s truth to you, I often sinned against the law of love and meekness and patience.’ This apology was drawn out by the writer’s memory of many keen theological discussions between himself and his friend during the latter’s visit to Scotland.

III. 14. If ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not.

‘**I** REMEMBER Miss Brontë once telling me,’ writes Mrs. Gaskell, ‘that it was a saying round about Haworth, “Keep a stone in thy pocket seven year; turn it and keep it seven year longer, that it may be ever ready to thine hand when thine enemy draws near.”’

‘**B**Y religion we live in God: all these quarrels lead to nothing but life with men or with cassocks.’

AMIEL.

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‘TALKING of Goldsmith, Johnson said, he was very envious. I defended him,’ says Boswell, ‘by observing that he owned it frankly upon all occasions. JOHNSON: “Sir, you are enforcing the charge. He had so much envy that he could not conceal it. He was so full of it that he overflowed. He talked of it, to be sure, often enough. Now, sir, what a man avows, he is not ashamed to think; though many a man thinks what he is ashamed to avow. We are all envious naturally; but by checking envy, we get the better of it!”’

‘SUCH as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.’
BUTLER’S *Hudibras*, part i.

A POSTROPHISING religion in his lines
‘To the Rev. John M^cMath,’ Burns
cries:—

‘Tho’ blotcht an’ foul wi’ monie a stain,
An’ far unworthy of thy train,

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Wi' trembling voice I tune my strain
To join wi' those
Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
In spite o' foes ;

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth and merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.'

III. 15. This wisdom descendeth not
from above, but is earthly, sensual,
devilish.

'STERNE,' wrote Dr. William Robertson of
Irvine, 'Sterne is a blackguard, morally
speaking ; a pleasant enough sort of person in
other respects. His *Sentimental Journey* must,
with all its wickedness, have impressed me
much, for although I have not read it I am
sure for a good many years, its successive stages
and incidents are about as familiar as those of
our own tour along the Rhine. That monk,
that imaginary prisoner, that dead ass, that
melancholy girl, Marie, I think, that grace

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before meat, I am sure I shall never forget them in the world. I wish I may be able to forget them in the next, for there's a dash of the "earthly, sensual, and devilish" in them, that makes them unsuitable companions for a better world.'

III. 16. Where envying and strife is,
there is confusion and every evil work.

'ONE thing is certain in our Northern land,
Allow that birth or valour, wealth or art,
Give each precedence to their possessor,
Envy, that follows on such eminence,
As came the lyme-hound on the roebuck's
track,
Shall pull them down, each one.'

SIR DAVID LYND SAY.

SPEAKING of Oxford in the eighteenth century, Mr. Cotter Morison (*Gibbon*, p. 6) observes :—'The strange thing is that, with all their neglect of learning and morality, the colleges were not the resort of jovial if unseemly boon companionship; they were collections of quarrelsome and spiteful litigants, who spent their time in angry law-suits. The in-

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decent contentions between Bentley and the Fellows of Trinity were no isolated scandal.'

'IN former days,' wrote Vinet during the religious squabbles at Basle, 'God seemed to be an intimate personal friend. To-day, controversial theology has come to separate us from Him.'

'HE is a wonderful man that can thread a needle when he is at cudgels in a crowd ; and yet this is as easy as to find Truth in the hurry of disputation.' JOSEPH GLANVILL.

'THE people of Alexandria, a various mixture of nations, united the vanity and inconsistency of the Greeks with the superstition and obstinacy of the Egyptians. The most trifling occasion, a transient scarcity of flesh or lentils, the neglect of an accustomed salutation, a mistake of precedency in the public baths, or even a religious dispute, were at any time sufficient to kindle a sedition among that vast multitude, whose resentment was furious and implacable.'

Gibbon : *Decline and Fall*, ch. x.

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‘**M**r. Badman’s envy was so rank and strong, that if it at any time turned its head against a man, it would hardly ever be pulled in again. He would watch over that man to do him mischief, as the cat watches over the mouse to destroy it ; yea, he would wait seven years, but he would have an opportunity to hurt him, and when he had it, he would make him feel the weight of his envy.’ BUNYAN.

‘**T**O hate indistinctly is soothing, and suffices for some time ; but in the end there must be an object. Hate without object is like shooting without a mark. What makes the sport interesting is a heart to pierce. There must be a man, a woman—some one to ruin.’ VICTOR HUGO.

III. 17. The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

IN describing the anointing (v. 14) of the Regent, Mary of Guise, Mr. Andrew Lang (*History of Scotland*, ii. 67) remarks that ‘the

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apostle least loved of Knox, St. James, was her warrant. The same author writes, "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Little, indeed, of this wisdom prevailed in either party at this period. In the Regent at her death we see this spirit, and almost in her alone. "She embraced, and with a smiling countenance kissed the nobles, one by one, and to those of inferior rank who stood by she gave her hand to kiss, as a token of her kindness and dying charity."

IN a letter from Cambridge written during 1885, Dr. Mandell Creighton points out to a younger friend: 'We should all of us try to feel something of the Divine love towards man, in spite of his weaknesses. "Men my brothers" should be a thought constantly before us. I freely admit that what is called "society" is a sore trial to one's charity. The failings of the natural man are not so revolting as the meanesses of the cultivated and pretentious world. The empty head and the cold heart are unpleasant to see; yet most heads are not entirely empty, and most hearts are not entirely cold.

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There is often a great deal of mute misery concealed under an affectation of frivolity. One can try to understand and help all sorts of people, and no one is quite hopeless. All answer in some degree to a call to them to bring out the best that is in them.'

'WHAT we need at present for our Church's well-being,' wrote Newman in his *Prophetic Office*, 'is not invention, nor originality, nor sagacity, nor even learning in our divines, at least in the first place, though all gifts of God are in a measure needed, and never can be unseasonable, when used religiously, but we need peculiarly a sound judgment, patient thought, discrimination, a comprehensive mind, an abstinence from all private fancies and caprices and personal tastes,—in a word, Divine wisdom.' Newman recurs to this text in his *University Sketches* (ch. xv.):—'The church does not think much of any "wisdom" that is not *desursum*, that is, revealed; nor unless, as the apostle proceeds, it is "primum quidem *pudica*, deinde *pacifica*." These may be called the three vital principles of the Christian student, faith, chastity, love; because their contraries, viz. unbelief or heresy, impurity, and enmity

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are just the three great sins against God, ourselves, and our neighbours, which are the death of the soul.'

IN his first speech to the Little Parliament of 1653, Cromwell declares :—‘It’s better to pray for you than to counsel you in that matter, that you may exercise the judgment of mercy and truth! It’s better, I say, to pray for you than to counsel you; to ask wisdom from Heaven for you; which I am confident many thousands of saints do this day and have done and will do, through the permission of God and His assistance. I say it’s better to pray than advise: yet truly I think of another Scripture which is very useful, though it seems to be for a common application to every man as a Christian,—wherein he is counselled to ask wisdom; and he is told what that is. That’s “from above,” we are told; it’s “pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruit”; it’s “without partiality and without hypocrisy.” Truly my thoughts run much on this place, that to the execution of judgment (the judgment of truth, for that’s the judgment) you must have wisdom “from above”; and that’s “pure.” That will teach you

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to exercise the judgment of truth ; it's " without partiality." Purity, impartiality, sincerity ; these are the effects of " wisdom," and these will help you to execute the judgment of truth.'

First pure, then peaceable.

COMPARE the maxim which Newman used almost as a proverb : 'Holiness rather than peace.'

In Wesley's *Journal* for Friday, January 31, 1766, it is noted :—' Mr. Whitefield called upon me. He breathes nothing but peace and love. Bigotry cannot stand before him, but hides its head wherever he comes.'

' **I** REJOICE that I have avoided controversies,' wrote Darwin in his autobiography, 'and this I owe to Lyell, who many years ago, in reference to my geological works, strongly advised me never to get entangled in a controversy, as it rarely did any good and caused a miserable loss of time and temper.'

' **T**RUE wisdom is not only " pacifica," it is " pudica "; chaste as well as peaceable. Alas for Abelard ! a second disgrace, deeper

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than ambition, is his portion now. . . . A more subtle snare was laid for him than beset the heroic champion or the all-accomplished monarch of Israel; for sensuality came upon him under the guise of intellect, and it was the high mental endowments of Eloisa, who became his pupil, speaking in her eyes and thrilling on her tongue, which were the intoxication and the delirium of Abelard.'

NEWMAN: *University Sketches*, ch. xvi.

Without partiality.

'I HAVE known, and still know, many Dissenters, who profess to have a zeal for Christianity; and I dare say they have. But I have known very few Dissenters indeed, whose hatred to the Church of England was not a much more active principle of action with them than their love for Christianity. The Wesleyans in uncorrupted parts of the country are nearly the only exceptions. There never was an age since the days of the apostles in which the catholic spirit of religion was so dead, and put aside for the love of sects and parties, as at present.'

COLERIDGE :

Table Talk (December 28, 1831).

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Without hypocrisy.

‘THE student of history sees that hypocrisy and insincere conformity have always been a besetting vice of established or predominating religions ; and a grave drawback to their moralising influence after the first period of ardent struggle is over, and they have attained a stable position of power and influence over men’s minds. Indeed, we may say that in the popular classification of professional feelings, just as lying is the recognised vice of diplomatists, chicanery of lawyers, solemn quackery of physicians, so hypocrisy is noted as the temptation of priests and of laymen who make a profession of piety.’

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

‘HE is a hypocrite,’ says Hazlitt in *Sketches and Essays*, ‘who professes what he does not believe ; not he who does not practise all he writes or approves. . . . Cant is the voluntary overcharging or prolongation of a real sentiment ; hypocrisy is the setting up a pretension to a feeling you never had and have no wish for.’

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Full of mercy and good fruits.

‘**W**HY is the Giver of the divine the permittor of those tremendous passions, which are not without their glory, but which wreck so many human lives? Perhaps the reason may be found in the sacredness of pity. Evil and agony are the manure from which spring some of the whitest lilies that have ever bloomed beneath that enigmatic blue which roofs the terror and the triumph of the world. And while human beings know how to pity, human beings will always believe in a merciful God.’

ROBERT HICHENS in *The Call of the Blood*.

‘**M**AN is dear to man ; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have
been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings ; have been kind to
such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.’

WORDSWORTH, in

The Old Cumberland Beggar.

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‘NOTHING gives me so much the idea of God on earth as intelligence and kindness. I dearly love, above all things, to meet these two things united, and to enjoy them intimately.’

From EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN’s *Journal*.

III. 18. The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

“ALSO the good Bishop labours night and day to preserve peace,” says the Prior in the sixteenth chapter of *Quentin Durward*, “as well becometh a servant of the altar ; for it is written in Holy Scripture, *Beati pacifici*. But —” here the good Prior stopped, with a deep sigh.’

‘THOSE Christians best deserve the name Who studiously make peace their aim ; Peace both the duty and the prize Of him that creeps and him that flies.’

COWPER : *The Nightingale and Glow-Worm*.

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IV, 1. Whence came wars and fightings among you? Came they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?

‘**A**T the corner of old maps of the world, of the fifteenth century, may be noted a large, blank space, without form and without name, whereon these three words are inscribed: *Hic sunt leones*. This sombre corner exists also in man. The passions prowl around and mutter, somewhere within us; and it may be said also of one dark spot in our souls: “Here are lions.”’

VICTOR HUGO.

‘**P**OLITICS, domestic and foreign, are very discouraging,’ wrote Sydney Smith in a letter in 1827. ‘Jesuits abroad, Turks in Greece, No-Poperists in England! A panting to burn B; B fuming to roast C; C miserable that he cannot reduce D to ashes; and D consigning to eternal perdition the three first letters of the alphabet.’

‘**T**HEY heat their blood with wine, foment their passions by continued reproachings, expose them to one another by studied quarrels, and keep up contention to bring in

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peace. No man but he who sees these things, as this author now to his amazement does, could believe it possible that the animosities of this nation could, in so short a time, and after such views of the danger these things have formerly brought them to, be capable of such inflammations; the name of peace is become a scandal, union is so abhorred among you, for the sake of Scotland, you cannot love the very word; the animosities between us and the French are trifles to this. There we fight like men of war and men of honour, give fair quarter, exchange civilities, and treat one another upon the square. But in England, we strive not like men, but like devils, like furies; we fight not as if we would kill one another only, but as we would tear one another's souls out of our bodies; we fight with all the addition of personal envy, revenge, hellish rage, irreconcilable, implacable malice. In war we make declarations, and show the reasons of our quarrel, and pretend a willingness to peace; but here we assign no cause, aim at no end, regard no measures, and show no mercy. . . . We fight with the poison of the tongue, with words that speak like the piercing of a sword, with the gall of envy, the venom of slander, the foam of

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malice, and the poison of reproach, bitter revilings, insufferable taunts, injurious backbitings, and unmannerly railings.'

DEFOE : *Review of the State of the British Nation*, vi. p.85.

'OUR earth cools faster than the ancient zest
Of blood, the dull hereditary hate,
The prejudices inarticulate,
The greed and jealousy that unexpressed
Still smoulder in the patriotic breast
And must upflame in ire inveterate.'

I. ZANGWILL, *The Peace Conference*.

'RELIGION by its nature is the ancient philosophy of a whole community, that is, it is a philosophy of unphilosophical people. It is discussed, therefore, like politics, with wild party spirit and with an eager desire to make all differences as sharp as possible. Like politics, it is seized as a pretext for fighting, since fighting in one form or another is the salt of life to the majority in most communities. But religious controversy is always some degrees more barbarous than political, as it appeals to more primitive precedents. It imbibes the spirit of an age when war was the

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business of life, when rude warriors turned dogmas into war-cries. And even to the present day, though we have grown so familiar with the nicety of philosophic distinctions and the delicate handling they require, yet when the subject is theology, we grow indignant at anything that looks like compromise, think the edge of controversy cannot be too sharp, and insensibly take crusaders and iconoclasts for our models. Yet assuredly the great religious problem of modern times is to purge this taint of barbarism away from religion.'

SIR JOHN SEELEY :

Natural Religion, pp. 232-233.

IN his description of the African church during the fourth century (*Decline and Fall*, chap. xxi.), Gibbon notes that 'the simple narrative of the intestine divisions, which distracted the peace, and dishonoured the triumph, of the church, will confirm the remark of a pagan historian, and justify the complaint of a venerable bishop. The experience of Ammianus had convinced him that the enmity of the Christians towards each other surpassed the fury of savage beasts against man; and Gregory Nazianzen most patheti-

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cally laments that the kingdom of Heaven was converted, by discord, into the image of chaos, of a nocturnal tempest, and of hell itself.' And in speaking of the two exiled prelates, Liberius and Osius, he slyly remarks that, for all their isolation, 'they soon experienced that the deserts of Libya, and the most barbarous tracts of Cappadocia, were less inhospitable than the residence of those cities in which an Arian bishop could satiate without restraint the exquisite rancour of theological hatred.'

IV. 2. Ye lust and have not : ye kill and covet, and cannot obtain : ye fight and war.

'CAN piety the discord heal,
Or staunch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian love, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew ;
Implor'd in vain the grace divine,
For chiefs their own red falchions slew :
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,

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The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT:

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto i.

IV. 4. The friendship of the world is enmity with God.

'OUR whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice.'

THOREAU: *Walden*.

Whosoever will be the friend of the world is the enemy of God.

'THE friendship of the world ought to be a "pearl of great price," for its cost is very serious.'—JOHN FOSTER: *On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion* (vii.).

'IT is as possible for a man to worship a crocodile, and yet be a pious man, as to have his affections set upon this world, and yet be a good Christian.'

WILLIAM LAW.

IV. 6. God resisteth the proud.

'SOMETIMES of late,' wrote Carlyle to his mother, 'I have bethought me of some of your old maxims about pride and vanity. I

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do see this same vanity to be the root of half the evil men are subject to in life. Examples of it stare me in the face every day. The pitiful passion, under any of the thousand forms which it assumes, never fails to wither out the good and worthy part of a man's character, and leave him poor and spiteful, an enemy to his own peace and that of all about him. There never was a wiser doctrine than that of Christian humility, considered as a corrective for the coarse, unruly selfishness of man's nature.'

'CHRIST as soon would abdicate His own
As stoop from heaven to sell the proud a
throne.'

COWPER.

'SATAN suggested to-day that I could never have a high place in heaven: and this proud imagination vexed me till the Lord showed me reason to be contented if I got to heaven at all.'—DR. A. A. BONAR: *Diary*, p. 16.

But giveth grace unto the humble.

'WHO drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day!
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

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The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown ;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.'

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

'PRIDE and humility are the two master-powers, the two kingdoms in strife for the eternal possession of man.'

WILLIAM LAW.

IV. 7. Submit yourselves therefore to God.

SPEAKING in *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* (chap. vi.) of the 'duty of duties to suppress revolt and to submit sometimes calmly and cheerfully to the Creator,' Mr. Hall White adds: 'This surely, under a thousand disguises, has been the meaning of all the forms of worship which we have seen in the world. Pain and death are nothing new, and men have been driven into perplexed scepticism and even insurrection by them, ever since men came into being.'

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‘**P**ERFECT reverence, or *willing* submission, implies love—mere deference to power is quite another thing, and not religion at all.’

W. B. RANDS :

Memoirs of Henry Holbeach, ii. p. 66.

‘**T**HE simoom of the deserts is not the only evil that may be avoided by stooping.’

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.

‘**A**S it is said that ferocious animals are disarmed by the eye of man, and will dare no violence if he but steadily look at them, so is it when right looks upon wrong. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you ; offer him a bold front, and he runs away. He goes, it may be, uttering threats of rage, but yet he goes ! So is it that all the great, efficient men of the world are made.’ BUSHNELL.

‘**R**ICH, indeed, in moral instruction was the life of Charles Lamb ; and perhaps in one chief result it offers to the thoughtful observer a lesson of consolation that is awful, and of hope that ought to be immortal, viz. in the record which it furnishes, that by meekness

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of submission, and by earnest conflict with evil, in the spirit of cheerfulness, it is possible ultimately to disarm or to blunt the very heaviest of curses—even the curse of lunacy.’

DE QUINCEY: *Charles Lamb.*

IV. 8. Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded.

‘MAN flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open.’

THOREAU.

He will draw nigh to you.

‘TO humbleness of heart descends
This prescience from on high,

The faith that elevates the just,
Before and when they die;

And makes each soul a separate heaven
A court for Deity.’

WORDSWORTH.

‘SO high as a tree aspires to grow, so high it will find an atmosphere suited to it.’

THOREAU.

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IV. 9. Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep ;
let your laughter be turned to mourning,
and your joy to heaviness.

‘**O**UR sadness,’ wrote Thoreau in one of his
letters, ‘is not sad, but our cheap joys.
Let us be sad about all we see and are, for so
we demand and pray for better.’

IV. 11. If thou judge the law, thou art
not a doer of the law, but a judge.

‘**T**HOSE who themselves need the charitable
judgment of other people should above
all things be lenient in their own judgments.
For my part, I consider the best and most
finished type of man to be the person who is
always ready to make allowances for others, on
the ground that never a day passes without his
being in fault himself, yet who keeps as clear of
faults as if he never pardoned them in others.’

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

‘**H**E is a fool who deems that none has
sought
The truth save he alone, or knows it true.

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Many strange birds are on the air abroad,
Nor all are of one flight or of one force,
But each after his kind dissimilar :
To each was portioned of the breath of God,
Who gave them divers instincts from one
source.
Then judge not thou thy fellows what they
are.'

GUIDO GUINICELLI (tr. D. G. Rossetti)

'ALL the same,
No mere mortal has a right
To carry that exalted air ;
Best people are not angels quite.'

BROWNING : *Pippa Passes*.

'O THOU that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts !
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
life !
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.'

SHAKESPEARE :

King Henry Sixth (Pt. II. Act iii. Sc. 2).

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IV. 12. and V. 16. Who art thou that judgest another? . . . pray one for another.

‘ I WONDER what proportion our secret intercession bears to our open criticism. I should fear it was very little ; for I cannot help fancying that if we prayed more we should feel that we prayed so little, that we should not dare, for shame’s sake, to talk at all.’

F. W. FABER : *All For Jesus*, p. 124.

IV. 12. There is one lawgiver ; who art thou that judgest another ?

‘ LISTEN to an hour of conversation in any Christian company. How much of it turns almost of necessity, as it would seem, on the action and characters of others ! The meaning of judging others appears to be this : the judgment-seat of our Divine Lord is, as it were, already set upon the earth. But it is empty. It is waiting for Him. We meanwhile, unmannerly and unbidden, keep ascending the steps, enthroning ourselves upon the seat, and anticipating and mimicking His judgment of our brethren.’

F. W. FABER :

Growth in Holiness, pp. 91-92.

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‘WOMEN judge women hardly; hit perchance

The likeness true enough by instinct keen,

That, piercing trivial incidents, detects

The soul of character; but they have no shading,

No softening tints, no generous allowance

For circumstance, to make the picture human,

And true because so human.’

W. C. SMITH: *Obrig Grange*, 102.

IV. 14. Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.

‘LIFE is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping, if it were not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future.’

EMERSON, on *Experience*.

“IT is one of the most solemn things I do,” he said to one of his children, who asked him why, in the title-page of his MS. volume of sermons, he always wrote the date only of its commencement, and left a blank for that of its completion, “to write the beginning of that

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sentence and think that I may perhaps not live to finish it.”’

STANLEY'S *Life of Dr. Arnold*, ii. 269.

SO King Richard in *Richard the Third*
(Act v. Sc. 3).

‘Up with my tent, here will I lie to-night.
But where to-morrow?—Well, all’s one for
that.’

‘IT costs me many a pang when I reflect that
I shall probably never have resolution
enough to take another journey to see this best
and sincerest of friends, who loves me as much
as my mother did! but it is idle to look forward
—what is next year—a bubble that may burst
for her or for me before even the flying year
can hurry to the end of its almanack!’

HORACE WALPOLE'S *Letters* (Sept. 7, 1769).

COMPARE the abrupt close of Sir Walter
Scott's *Journal*, which breaks off suddenly,
at the moment of his illness in 1832, with the
unfinished sentence:—‘We slept reasonably,
but on the next morning——’

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For what is your life? It is even a vapour.

‘TIME seems not short :
If so I call to mind
Its vast prerogative to loose or bind,
And bear and strike amont
All humankind.

Time seems not long :
If I peer out and see
Sphere within sphere, time in eternity,
And hear the alternate song
Cry endlessly.

Time greatly short,
O time so briefly long,
Yea, time sole battleground of right and
wrong ;
Art thou a time for sport
Or for a song?’ C. G. ROSSETTI.

‘I CANNOT laud this life, it looks so dark ;
Σκιᾶς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
God bless you, I shall join you in a day.’
TENNYSON : ‘To Rev. W. H. Brookfield.’

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A vapour that appeareth for a little time,
and then vanisheth away.

‘ A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
An honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion’s frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name,—
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.’

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

‘ ALL that belongs to the body is a stream,
and what pertains to the soul is a dream
and vapour, and life is a warfare and a stranger’s
sojourn, and after-fame is oblivion.’

MARCUS AURELIUS.

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'PASS? All things pass. The light, the
morning dew,
The power that plotted, and the foot that
clomb;
And delicate bloom of life upon the flesh
Fading like peach-blossom 'neath a finger-
press.'

ROBERT BUCHANAN :

The Book of Orm, p. 45.

'WHAT are we, great or lowly? Creatures
of a day!
Man's but a phantom dream. Yet in the
gracious ray
Poured from on high, his life puts joy and
glory on.'

PINDAR : *Pyth.* viii.

'IN looking back, it sometimes appears to me
as if I had in a manner slept out my life
in a dream or shadow on the side of the hill
of knowledge, where I have fed on books, on
thoughts, on pictures, and only heard in half-
murmurs the trampling of busy feet, or the
noises of the throng below.'

HAZLITT, on *The Fear of Death*.

IV. 15. If the Lord will.

‘**L**ORD, when in any writing I have occasion to insert these passages, God willing, God lending me life, etc., I observe, Lord, that I can scarce hold my hand from encircling these words in a parenthesis, as if they were not essential to the sentence, but may as well be left out as put in. Whereas, indeed, without them all the rest is nothing; wherefore hereafter I will write these words full and fairly, without any enclosure about them. Let critics censure it for bad grammar, I am sure it is good divinity.’

THOMAS FULLER.

IV. 17. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.

‘**T**HIS year,’ wrote Dr. Andrew Bonar once in his Diary, ‘omissions have distressed me more than anything.’

V. 1. Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl.

‘**I** HAD an hour’s baiting from Mrs. — yesterday. She got upon political preaching — abused it very heartily — acknowledged

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that religion had to do with man's political life, but said a clergyman's duty is to preach obedience to the powers that be—was rather puzzled when I asked her whether it were legitimate to preach from Jas. v. 1, "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl," etc.—asked whether it was possible for old women and orphans to understand such subjects; to which I replied, "No; and if a clergyman refuse to touch on such subjects, which belong to real actual life, the men will leave his church; and, as is the case in the Church of England, he will only have charity orphans, who are compelled to go, and old women to preach to."

F. W. ROBERTSON'S *Life* (letter cxiii).

V. 3. Your gold and silver is cankered,
and the rust of them shall eat your
flesh as it were fire.

Romeo.

'THERE is thy gold : worse poison to men's
souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayest
not sell.'

SHAKESPEARE :

Romeo and Juliet, Act v. Sc. 1.

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‘**A**H! had ye knowledge how God evermore,
With agonies of soul and grievous heats,
As on an anvil beats
On them that in this earth hold high estate—
Ye would choose little rather than much store,
And solitude than spacious palaces;
Such is the sore disease
Of anguish that on all their days doth wait.
Behold, if they be not unfortunate,
When oft the father dare not trust the son!
O wealth, with thee is won
A worm to gnaw for ever on his soul
Whose abject life is laid in thy control.’

GUIDO CAVALCANTI (tr. D. G. Rossetti).

‘**T**HE wilderness had caressed him,’ says Mr. Joseph Conrad of an unscrupulous West African trader, ‘and lo! he had withered; it had taken him, loved him, embraced him, got into his veins, consumed his flesh, and sealed his soul to its own, by the inconceivable ceremonies of some devilish initiation. He was its spoiled and pampered favourite. Ivory? I should think so. Heaps of it, stacks of it. You should have heard him say, “My intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my—”

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everything belonged to him. It made me hold my breath in expectation of hearing the wilderness burst into a prodigious peal of laughter, that would shake the fixed stars in their courses. Everything belonged to him—but that was a trifle. The thing was to know what he belonged to, how many powers of darkness claimed him for their own. That was the reflection that made me creepy all over.’

Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.

‘THERE is a payment which Nature rigorously exacts of men, and also of Nations, and this I think when her wrath is sternest, in the shape of dooming you to possess money. To possess it; to have your bloated vanities fostered into monstrosity by it, your foul passions blown into explosion by it, your heart and perhaps your very stomach ruined with intoxication by it; your poor life and all its manifold activities stunned into frenzy and comatose sleep by it—in one word, as the old Prophet said, your soul for ever lost by it. . . . Nature, when her scorn of a slave is divinest, and blazes like the blinding lightning against

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his slavehood, often enough flings him a bag of money, silently saying: "That! away: thy doom is that."

CARLYLE: *Latter-Day Pamphlets* (v).

V. 4. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth.

'D. commenced life after a hard course of study as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging. Of this poor stipend he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote, that when poverty, staring out at his ragged knees, had sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr. — would take no immediate notice, but after supper, when the school was called together for even-song, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches, and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with "Lord, keep thy servant, above all

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things, from the heinous sin of avarice," etc. . . . which, to the little auditory, sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity, but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter's demand at least.'

CHARLES LAMB, on *Oxford in the Vacation*.

'OFTEN the religious are the weary; and perhaps nowhere else does a perpetual vision of Heaven so disclose itself to the weary as above lonely toiling fields.—JAS. LANE ALLEN. in *The Reign of Law*, p. 36.

Mr. Edward Carpenter prints this verse as the motto for his social discussions in *England's Ideal*, which he vigorously defines as a desire 'to live dependent on others, consuming much and creating next to nothing—to occupy a spacious house, have servants ministering to you, dividends converging from various parts of the world towards you, workmen handing you the best part of their labour as profits, tenants obsequiously bowing as they disgorge their rent, and a good balance at the bank; to be a kind of human sink into which much flows but out of which nothing ever comes, except an

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occasional putrid whiff of charity and patronage—this, is it not the thing which we have before us? which, if we have not been fortunate enough to attain to, we are doing our best to reach?’

‘AND these all, labouring for a lord,
Eat not the fruit of their own hands,
Which is the heaviest of all plagues,
To that man’s mind, who understands.’
M. ARNOLD : *The Sick King in Bokhara*.

‘BEFORE us men stands a long atonement
for our sins and ignorance as masters and
servants in the earthly life. We are estranged
from our fellow-workers; the strife of tongues
and interests divides us; our ears are stopped
to the common language of a common life; we
have made foes and slaves where foes need not
have been, and slaves might perhaps have grown
to be friends.’—From *A Modern Mystic’s Way*.

‘WE may depend upon it, where there is a
pauper there is a sin; to make one
pauper there go many sins.’
CARLYLE : *Latter-Day Pamphlets*(iv).

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.]

The cries of them that have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

‘THERE is not an imprisoned worker looking out from these Bastilles but appeals, very audibly in Heaven’s High Court, against you and me, and every one who is not imprisoned, “Why am I here?” His appeal is audible in Heaven ; and will become audible enough on Earth too, if it remains unheeded here. His appeal is against you, foremost of all ; you stand in the front-rank of the accused ; you, by the very place you hold, have first of all to answer him and heaven.’

CARLYLE : *Past and Present* (pt. ii. ch. 6).

V. 5. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton ; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter.

‘THE days are gone by when the Seigneur ruled and profited. “Le Seigneur,” says the old formula, “enferme ses manants comme sous porte et gonds, du ciel à la terre. Tout est à lui, forêt chenue, oiseau dans l’air, poisson

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dans l'eau, bête au buisson, l'onde qui coule, la cloche dont le son au loin roule." Such was his old state of sovereignty, a local god rather than a mere king. And now you may ask yourself where he is, and look round for vestiges of my late lord, and in all the countryside there is no trace of him but his forlorn and fallen mansion. . . . But on the plain where hot sweat trickles into men's eyes, and the spade goes in deep and comes up slowly, perhaps the peasant may feel a movement of joy at his heart when he thinks that these spacious chimneys are now cold, which have so often blazed and flickered upon gay folk at supper, while he and his hollow-eyed children watched through the night with empty bellies and cold feet.'

R. L. STEVENSON, *Forest Notes*.

V. 6. Ye have condemned, ye have killed the righteous one: he doth not resist you.

'HISTORY . . . is rather a record of excessive patience in the various nations of the earth than of excessive petulance.'

JOHN MORLEY: *Compromise*, p. 146.

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‘I DO not see at all,’ Eugénie de Guérin writes in her *Journal*, ‘how the spirit of revolt and the spirit of Christianity can ever form an alliance. Were there *revolts* against authority among the first Christians, who suffered oppressions severer than any which Christians have to suffer nowadays? The Theban legion, the Thundering legion—did they draw the sword? Had they not the right to do it, if Poland has now the right? The martyrs do not seem, then, to have read God and Liberty, as M. de Lammennais reads these words. For the martyrs never raised a hand against the enemies of God and Liberty. I have been accustomed to think that the Spirit of Christianity consists in submission to God and to rulers, of whatever kind, and however they treat us; that the only weapon to be opposed to their tyranny is prayer, and then, if necessary, to suffer death unresisting and forgiving the slayer, as Jesus Christ Himself forgave.’

V. 7. Be patient, therefore, brethren.

‘WAITING pure is perhaps the hardest thing for flesh and blood to do well.’

GEORGE MACDONALD : *Donal Grant*, ch. xiii.

‘**A**FTER all, patience is very strong. Making a mistake at the outset of life is like beginning to wind a skein of silk at the wrong end. It gives us infinite trouble, and perhaps is in a tangle half through, but it often gets smooth and straight before the close. Thus, many a man has so conquered himself, for duty’s sake, that the work he originally hated, and therefore did ill, he gets in time to do well, and consequently to like. In the catalogue of success and failure, could such be ever truthfully written, it would be curious to note those who had succeeded in what they had no mind to, and failed in that which they considered their especial vocation. A man’s vocation is that to which he is “called”; only sometimes he mistakes the voice calling. But the voice of duty there is no mistaking, nor its response; in the strong heart, the patient mind, the contented spirit, especially the latter, which, while striving to the utmost against what is not inevitable, when once it is proved to be inevitable, accepts it as such and struggles no more. Still, to do this requires not only human courage, but superhuman faith; the acknowledgment of a Will diviner than ours, to which we must

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.

submit, and in the mere act of submission find consolation and reparation.'—MRS. CRAIK : *Sermons Out of Church*, pp. 237-238.

Unto the coming of the Lord.

‘THE centuries are God’s days ; within his
hand,
Held in the hollow, as a balance swings,
Less than its dust, are all our temporal things.
Long are his nights, when darkness steeps the
land ;
Thousands of years fill one slow dawn’s demand ;
The human calendar its measure brings,
Feeble and vain, to lift the soul that clings
To hope for light, and seeks to understand.
The centuries are God’s days ; the greatest least
In his esteem. We have no glass to sweep
The universe. A hand’s breadth distant dies,
To our poor ears, the strain whose echoes keep
All heaven glad. We do but grope and creep.
There always is a day-star in the skies.’

HELEN JACKSON.

VER. 8] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

The early and the latter rain.

‘**B**Y the stream through Tolworth Common spotted persicaria is rising thickly, but even this strong-growing plant is backward and checked on the verge of the shrunken stream. The showers that have since fallen have not made up for the lack of the April rains, which in the most literal sense cause the flowers of May and June. Without those early spring rains the wild flowers cannot push their roots and develop their stalks in time for the summer sun. The sunshine and heat finds them unprepared.’

RICHARD JEFFERIES:

Toilers of the Field, pp. 310-311.

V. 8. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

Sydney Dobell, in 1855, spoke of ‘the second advent of our Lord’ as ‘the “high argument” on which I hope to spend my life. It has been—almost since poetry first stirred in me—the chosen theme of my hope, preparation, and ambition, but I do not intend to begin—I should think it presumption to begin—till I am past forty years old.’

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.

Be ye also patient ; stablish your hearts ;
for the coming of the Lord draweth
nigh.

‘ I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God’s. Had we no
hope

Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow faint
To muse upon eternity’s constraint
Round our aspirant souls ; but since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint ?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints ? At least it may be said,
“ Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee,
God ! ” ’

E. B. BROWNING.

‘ AND we have stood and watched, all wist-
fully,
While fluttering hopes have died out of our
lives,
As one who follows with a straining eye

VER. 10-11] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

A bird that far, far-off fades in the sky,
A little rocking speck—now lost; and still he
strives

A moment to recover it—in vain;
Then slowly turns back to his work again,
But loves and hopes have left us in their place,
Thank God, a gentle grace,
A patience, a belief in His good time,
Worth more than all earth's joys to which we
climb.'

E. R. SILL.

V. 9. Grudge not one against another,
brethren.

'NATIONAL enmities have always been
fiercest among borderers.'

MACAULAY: *Hist. of England* (ch. xlii.).

V. 10-11. An example of patience. . . . Ye
have heard of the patience of Job and
have seen the end of the Lord, how that
the Lord is full of pity and merciful.

'ANGEL of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.

And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day ;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, " Be resigned :
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."'

WHITTIER.

The end of the Lord.

'ALL is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.'

MILTON : *Samson Agonistes*, 1744 f.

'FAITH, Hope, and Love once felt, in a
peaceable and sociable hour, a plastic im-
pulse in their nature ; together they set to work
and created a lovely image, a Pandora in the
higher sense of the term, namely, Patience.'

GOETHE.

VER. 10-11] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

‘**T**O go, to know, and yet to live and suffer,
To be as use and wont demand, to fly no
signal
That the soul founders in a sea of sorrow,
But to be “true,” “a woman,” “patient,”
“tender,”
“Divinely acquiescent,” all-forbearing,
To laugh and smile, to comfort and sustain,
To do all this—oh, this is bitterest,
O this the heaviest cross, O this the tree
Whereon the woman hath her crucifixion.’

FIONA MACLEOD: *The Hills of Dream*, p. 82.

We count them happy which endure.

‘**H**APPY ye, whether the waiting be for
short time or long time if only it bring
the struggle. One sure reward have ye, though
there may be none else—the struggle: the
marshalling to the front of rightful forces—will,
effort, endurance, devotion; the putting reso-
lutely back of forces wrongful; the hardening
of all that is soft within, the softening of all that
is hard; until out of the hardening and the
softening results the better tempering of the
soul’s metal, and higher development of those
two qualities which are best in man and best in

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. v.]

his ideal of his Maker—strength and kindness,
power and mercy.’ JAS. LANE ALLEN,
in *The Reign of Law*, p. 50 f.

WOMEN, in a state of exaltation from excited feelings, imagining because duty often requires self-sacrifice, that when they are sacrificing themselves they must needs be doing their duty, will often be capable of taking a resolution, when they are not capable of undergoing the consequences with fortitude. For it is one sort of strength that is required for an act of heroism; another, and a much rarer sort, which is available for a life of endurance.’

SIR HENRY TAYLOR: *Notes on Life*, p. 80.

‘WE have been too long in the secret ourselves,’ says Newton in the preface to Cowper’s poems, ‘to account the proud, the ambitious, or the voluptuous, happy.’

V. 12. Above all things, my brethren, swear not at all.

‘ONE thing was notable about these women, from the youngest to the eldest, and with hardly an exception. In spite of their piety,

they could twang off an oath with Sir Toby Belch in person. There was nothing so high or so low, in heaven or earth or in the human body, but a woman of this neighbourhood would whip out the name of it, fair and square, by way of conversational adornment. My landlady, who was pretty and young, dressed like a lady and avoided *patois* like a weakness, commonly addressed her child in the language of a drunken bully. And of all the swearers that I ever heard, commend me to an old lady in Gondet, a village of the Loire. I was making a sketch, and her curse was not yet ended when I had finished it and took my departure. It is true she had a right to be angry; for here was her son, a hulking fellow, visibly the worse for drink before the day was well begun. But it was strange to hear her unwearying flow of oaths and obscenities, endless like a river, and now and then rising to a passionate shrillness, in the clear and silent air of the morning. In city slums the thing might have passed unnoticed; but in a country valley and from a plain and honest countrywoman, this beastliness of speech surprised the ear.'—R. L. STEVENSON : *A Mountain Town in France.*

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.]

DESCRIBING the life of the agricultural girl, in *Field-Farming Women*, Richard Jefferies observes:—‘Her mother shouts at her in a shrill treble perpetually; her father enforces his orders with a harsh oath and slap. The pressure of hard circumstances, the endless battle with poverty, render men and women both callous to each other’s feelings and particularly strict to those over whom they possess unlimited authority. But the labourer must not be judged too harshly: there is a scale in these matters; a proportion as in everything else; an oath from him, and even a slap on the ear, is really the counterpart of the frown and emphasised words of a father in a more fortunate class of life; and the children do not feel it, or think it exceptionally cruel, as the children of a rich man would. Undoubtedly, however, it does lessen the bond between child and parent.’

“**A**BOVE all things, my brethren, swear not.”

If, as is generally assumed, this refers to the custom of using profane oaths in common conversation, how remote from modern ideas is the place assigned to this vice, which perhaps

VER. 12] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

affects human happiness as little as any other that can be mentioned, in the scale of criminality, and how curiously characteristic is the fact that the vice to which this supremacy of enormity is attributed continued to be prevalent during the ages when theological influences were most powerful, and has in all good society faded away in simple obedience to a turn of fashion which prescribes it as ungentlemanly !'

LECKY :

Map of Life, pp. 51-52.

Compare further the second chapter of Law's *Serious Call*.

Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay.

'WHILE one man quarrels in a drunken brawl, the other will use his strength to overthrow tyrants and consolidate a nation. It was the glory of Garibaldi that while he achieved the latter task, he had used no deceit. Machiavellianism was to him enough to condemn a cause as a miserable one ; his yea was yea, and his nay, nay, but was he then blunt and rugged ? No.'

HOLMAN HUNT :

History of Pre-Raphaelitism, vol. ii. p. 245.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. v.

V. 13. Is any among you afflicted?

‘**N**EVER give way to melancholy: nothing encroaches more; I fight against it vigorously. One great remedy is, to take short views of life. Are you happy now? Are you likely to remain so till this evening? or next week? or next month? or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by distant misery, which may never come at all, and you may never live to see it? For every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making?’ SYDNEY SMITH.

Is any among you afflicted, let him pray.

‘**P**RAYER is the hand that catcheth hold on peace;—

Nay, ’tis the very heart of nobleness

Whose pulses are the measure of the stress

Wherewith He doth us, we do Him, possess:

If these should fail all our true life would
cease.’ H. S. SUTTON.

Is any merry?

‘**T**HERE was no smile in her religion,’ says George Macdonald of Robert Falconer’s grandmother, ‘which overlaid and half-

VER. 16] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

smothered all the lovelier impulses of her grand nature.'

'GRANT us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for prayer and praise,
An altar heap'd and waiting to take fire
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze.'

R. C. TRENCH.

THE poet Carpani once asked Haydn, 'How does it happen that your church music is almost always of an animated, cheerful, and even gay description?' 'I cannot make it otherwise,' the composer answered. 'I write according to what I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will easily be forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit.'

V. 16. Confess your faults one to another.

IN D. G. Rossetti's *The Bride's Prelude*, Amelotte tells her sister :—

'In divers places, many an while,
I would have told thee this;

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.

But faintness took me, or a fit
Like fever. God would not permit
That I should change thine eyes with it.

Yet once I spoke, hadst thou but heard :—

The time we wandered out
All the sun's hours, but missed our way
When evening darkened, and so lay
The whole night covered up in hay.

At last my face was hidden ; so,
Having God's hint, I paused
Not long ; but drew myself more near
Where thou wast laid, and shook off fear,
And whispered quick into thine ear

Something of the whole tale. At first
I lay and bit my hair
In the sore silence thou didst keep :
Till, as thy breath came long and deep,
I knew that thou hadst been asleep.'

'IS there not such a thing as the doing of
penance out of the church, in the manly
fashion? . . . Boldly to say we did a wrong
will clear our sky for a few shattering peals.'

MEREDITH: *The Amazing Marriage*, ch. xliii.

‘**N**OW for the first time she remembered without indifference the affectionate kindness Dinah had shown her, and those words of Dinah in the bedchamber—that Hetty must think of her as a friend in trouble. Suppose she was to go to Dinah and ask her to help her? Dinah did not think about things as other people did: she was a mystery to Hetty, but Hetty knew she was always kind. She couldn’t imagine Dinah’s face turning away from her in dark reproof or scorn, Dinah’s voice willingly speaking ill of her, or rejoicing in her misery, as a punishment. Dinah did not seem to belong to that world of Hetty’s, whose glance she dreaded like scorching fire. But even to her Hetty shrank from beseeching and confession: she could not prevail on herself to say, “I will go to Dinah”; she only thought of that as a possible alternative, if she had not courage for death.’

GEORGE ELIOT: *Adam Bede* (xxxvii.).

‘**W**E want some means of availing ourselves of the experience of other people. Of course we can do so to some extent by conversation with experienced persons, or by reading good biographies. Yet many people have no

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.

friends from whom they can get much real moral help, and are unable to find their experiences exactly like those recorded in books. . . . How much help some suggestive thoughts of others might at times give to us, whether in the way of encouragement or warning ! There seems a field open for spiritual experts, who, like skilled physicians, might use their knowledge to recommend to one sick person a remedy that has proved effectual in a similar case. In one of Borrow's books there is a graphic sketch of a man who went half his life in misery because he believed he had committed the unpardonable sin, till it was suggested to him that many other people were probably in the like predicament. Had he opened his mind to an experienced spiritual adviser, he might have obtained relief much earlier.'

MISS ALICE GARDNER :

The Conflict of Duties, p. 226.

And pray one for another.

'A FRIEND of mine told me that he had been at different times sensible of spiritual blessings bestowed on him through the prayers of particular persons at a distance.

He was conscious of a special blessing, and he had a most distinct impression that that blessing came to him through the prayers of a particular person ; and on asking the person afterwards, he learned that he had been praying for that very blessing on him. I like such a story exceedingly. I like to think of God . . . binding souls so close as to make them channels to each other of the water of life.'

ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN, in a letter to his cousin (March 11th, 1829).

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

'THIS, dear madam,' wrote Burns on New Year's Day, 1789, to Mrs. Dunlop, 'is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the Apostle James' description:—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings.'

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.

V. 17. Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are.

‘**W**HAT hinders us in comparing former events in the Church with what we now see, is that we are wont to regard St. Athanasius or St. Theresa and others as crowned with glory, and acting in regard to us as gods. Now that time has cleared our vision we see that they are so. But when this great saint was persecuted he was a man called Athanasius, and St. Theresa was a nun. “Elias was a man subject to the same passions as ourselves,” says St. Peter [?], to disabuse Christians of that false notion. But we must reject the examples of the saints as disproportioned to our state. They were saints, say we, they are not like us.’

PASCAL.

V. 19. Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth.

‘**S**AY, in a hut of mean estate
A light just glimmers and then is gone,
Nature is seen to hesitate—
Put forth and then retract her pawn.

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Say, all that strength foiled in its trust ;
Say, all that wit crept but a span ;
Say, 'tis a drop spilled in the dust—
And then say *brother*—then say *man* !'

D. R. GOODALE.

' IF there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on ;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.'

WHITTIER.

' "TELL us young ones, you grey old man,
What is your secret, if you can ;
We have a ship as good as you,
Show us how to keep our crew ?"

So in his ear the youngster cries ;
Then the grey Boatswain straight replies :—
"All your crew be sure you know,
Never let one of your shipmates go.

"If he leave you, change your tack,
Follow him close and fetch him back ;
When you 've hauled him in at last,
Grapple his flipper and hold him fast.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V

“If you’ve wronged him, speak him fair,
Say you’re sorry, and make it square;
If he’s worried you, wink so tight,
None of you see what’s plain in sight.

“When the world goes hard and wrong,
Lend him a hand to help him along.”’

O. W. HOLMES: *The Old Cruiser*.

If any of you do err from the truth, and
one convert him.

‘IT is characteristic of a good man neither to
go wrong himself, nor to let his friend go
wrong.’

V. 20. He which converteth a sinner from
the error of his way shall save a soul
from death.

“TO save a soul.” I can’t somehow realise
the idea that I should ever be so
honoured of God. To save my own soul, and
wear through the long fight without losing my
own crown, and without bringing disgrace on
the cause of Christ, these have seemed the limit
of my hope. I can go on working; I can give
a little; I can add my labour to the heap in the

VER. 20] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

hope that among other agencies I may help rather than retard the work of Christ. But to "save a soul," as the direct result of my own direct effort, has scarce ever entered into my contemplation.'

JAMES SMETHAM, *Letters*, p. 112.

'WE know how the sentiments of affection and charity suggest repeated attempts to save these erring brothers, and how keenly the tender-hearted feel that, after all hope of better things is gone, the claim on their affections still remains, and they must see that the morally worthless who are near and dear to them at least, shall be maintained in some fitting way. Love dies hard, and even if it be dead in all happier and brighter senses, a brother in distress is still a brother whose pains smart again, and ought to smart in our sympathies. They cannot cease to smart thus without our moral degradation.'

DR. SOPHIE BRYANT:

Studies in Character, p. 38.

'I SAW a Saint.—How canst thou tell that he
Thou sawest was a saint?—
I saw one like to Christ so luminously

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.

By patient deeds of love, his mortal taint
Seemed made his groundwork for humility.

And when he marked me downcast utterly
Where prone I sat and faint,
Then more than ever Christ-like kindled he ;
And welcomed me as I had been a saint,
Tenderly stooping low to comfort me.

Christ bade him, "Do thou likewise." Where-
fore he

Waxed zealous to acquaint
His soul with sin and sorrow, if so be
He might retrieve some latent saint :—
"Lo I, with the child God hath given to me."

C. G. ROSSETTI.

'WHEN the power of reclaiming the lost
dies out of the Church, it ceases to be
the Church.'

SIR JOHN SEELEY : *Ecce Homo* (ch. xx.).

'IF any one shows me a good man,' said
Mazzini, 'I say, How many souls has he
saved?'

VER. 20] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

‘**I**F any of those who were awakened by my ministry did after that fall back (as sometimes too many did), I can truly say their loss hath been more to me than if one of my own children, begotten of my body, had been going to its grave. . . . I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in those places where my children were born; my heart hath been so wrapped up in the glory of this excellent work, that I counted myself more blessed and honoured of God by this than if he had made me the Emperor of the Christian World, or the Lord of all the glory of the Earth without it. O these words, *He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way doth save a soul from death.* . . . These, I say, with many others of a like nature, have been great refreshment to me.’

BUNYAN: *Grace Abounding* (286).

‘**H**E is parson and priest, though his apron be leather,
And he tuck up his shirt-sleeves to do his job well,
Whose heart is most loving to sister and brother,
Most ready to go where the sorrowful dwell,

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES [CHAP. V.

And to show to the erring the right way of truth
And bring them again to the faith of their youth.'

W. C. SMITH : *North-Country Folk*, p. 65.

'LOVE'S height is easy scaling ; skies allure ;
Who feels the day-warmth needs must
find it fair ; . . .

Say that to thee there comes love's dreadful call
The downward swiftness of thy Best to see ;
Say that he sin or sicken, what of thee ?
Are thine arms deeper yet to stay his fall ?
Scarcely love's utmost may in heaven be ;
To hell it reacheth, so 'tis love at all.'

LOUISA S. BEVINGTON.

'THERE are men who think—men—the
plucking of sinners out of the mire a
dirty business !'

MEREDITH.

And shall hide a multitude of sins.

COMPARE Wordsworth's application of this
verse to Charles Lamb :—

'Charity 'mid the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from just heaven :
Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived !'

VER. 20] THE EPISTLE OF JAMES

‘HEAVEN’S gate is shut to him who comes
alone;

Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own.’

WHITTIER : *The Two Rabbis*.

‘THE man of perfect virtue, wishing to be
established, seeks also to establish
others.’

Chinese Analects, vi. 28.

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