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In the Study.

Recent Biographical Literature.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY has published a biographical sketch of the career of Dr. Theodore Leighton Pennell, a medical missionary at Bannu on the N.W. frontier of India. A fine testimony to the value of his work has been given by Major-General G. K. Scott-Moncrieff.

Father and Son.

Father and Son, by Edmund Gosse (Heinemann; 2s. net). This is not a new book; it is a cheap edition of a book which every one has read who could afford it. The rest may read it now.

John Brash.

“John, are you going to chapel to-night?”

“Who is preaching, mother?”

“Mr. Brash.”

“I think I shall go to church. I cannot stand Mr. Brash, he allus aims at t' middle wicket.”

Which was the secret of Mr. Brash's success as an evangelist, and takes away the wonder of it. Besides being a most successful evangelist, John Brash was a persistent student of theology. His biography consists chiefly of extracts from his letters, and the extracts are chiefly occupied with questions in theology. He is outspoken and acute.

‘How clearly Dr. Denney brings out the fact that all through the New Testament the death of Christ was substitutionary! But, like most men who become absorbed in the contemplation of one great truth, there are others to which he hardly attaches sufficient importance—the believer's union with the living Christ for example—“Mystic Union.” He treats the subject rather impatiently. I can make little of the pages in which he explains—explains away, some men would say—Romans vi. I am quite sure that no congregation could understand him.’

The biography has been written by the Rev. I. E. Page, that friend to whom most of the letters were written. Its title is *John Brash: Memorials and Correspondence* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net).

Vincent van Gogh.

A translation has been made by Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici of a selection from the letters which

Van Gogh the painter wrote to his brother and to Emile Bernard. The book is called *The Letters of a Post-Impressionist* (Constable; 7s. 6d. net).

Vincent Van Gogh was born in 1853 at Groot-Zundert, a village in the province of North Brabant in Holland. He lived for some time in Paris, where his brother was an art dealer, and where now his pictures are in great favour and demand, though he died before recognition came. He worked first at Arles and then at St. Remy. The last years of his life were spent in a hospital for diseases of the nerves at Auvers-sur-Oise. He died in 1890.

The letters are about art. They are for a long time entirely about art. And only those who are interested in art will find them interesting. But let the rest read on. They will come at last to this; and as it rises out of the midst of an atmosphere so artistic the surprise is great:—

‘The Bible is Christ, for the Old Testament works up to this climax. St. Paul and the Evangelists live on the other side of the Mount of Olives. How small this history is! Heavens! here it is in a couple of words. There seem to be nothing but Jews on earth—Jews who suddenly declare that everything outside their own race is unclean. Why did not all the other southern races under the sun—the Egyptians, the Indians, the Ethiopians, the Assyrians and the Babylonians—write their annals with the same care? It must be fine to study these things, and to be able to read all this must be about as good as not being able to read at all. But the Bible which depresses us so much, which rouses all our despair and all our deepest discontent, and whose narrow-mindedness and parlous folly tear our hearts in two, contains one piece of consolation like a soft kernel in a hard shell, a bitter core, and that is Christ.’

Then comes this also:—

‘Of all philosophers, sages, etc., Christ was the only one whose principal doctrine was the affirmation of immortality and eternity, the nothingness of death, and the necessity and importance of truth and resignation. He lived serenely as an artist, as a greater artist than any other; for he despised marble, clay and the palette, and worked upon the living flesh. That is to say, this marvellous artist, who eludes the grasp of that

coarse instrument—the neurotic and confused brain of modern man—created neither statues nor pictures nor even books; he says so himself quite majestically—he created real living men, immortals. That is a solemn thing, more particularly because it is the truth.'

After that Christ cannot be ignored. And because it is the eye of an artist that is cast upon Him it is an eye that sees. The book will be bought for its art, especially for the sketches it contains—but it will be remembered for the Christ that is in it.

Margaret Ethel Macdonald.

Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., has written the biography of his wife. He has kept himself out of sight. The work was hers and she has the reward of it, such reward as may come from the determination to go and do likewise stirred up in innumerable hearts by the reading of this book. There is a higher reward than that, and she looked for it; but next to the highest that is the reward she would have.

It was, in the modern phrase, a strenuous life. But it caused no hardness and it left no bitterness. Sometimes she wondered that the poor were so patient. She wondered too that they so often took the rich at their own estimate of themselves, expressing almost extravagant gratitude for slight services. It is supposed to be more often the other way. Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald found that it was most often that way.

Her nature was a mixture of opposites, and her strength was as the strength of ten—celtic fire with common sense; attention to the smallest detail of fact with imagination for the highest spiritual ideal. But the body surrendered at last. 'Of death she was never afraid.

I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done.

She stood by it, feeling its mystery, but refusing to believe in its mastership.'

The title is *Margaret Ethel Macdonald* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net).

Mary Steer.

Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford has written a preface to what might be called the autobiography of Miss Mary H. Steer, the founder and the heart of the rescue work done at the Bridge of

Hope in Betts Street, London. It is Miss Steer's own story of the early days of that fine effort. It goes by the title of *Opals from Sand* (Morgan & Scott; 1s. 6d. net).

Stewart and Kate McKee.

A brief biography, the charm of which makes one wish it had been longer, of Stewart and Kate McKee, who perished in the Boxer riots, has been written by Isabella C. MacLeod Campbell (Morgan & Scott; 1s. net). The title is *Through the Gates into the City*.

Pestalozzi.

Mr. J. A. Green, M.A., Professor of Education in the University of Sheffield, is a diligent student and keen admirer of Pestalozzi and his methods. In 1905 he published a book on Pestalozzi's Educational Ideas. Now he has issued a larger work which includes the whole of the 1905 book, together with new translations of the Diary, the Pamphlet of 1800, the Prospectus of the short-lived school at Münchenbuchsee, the Report to Parents, and the first of the Letters written on the Education of the Children of the Poor.

The book is divided into three parts. The first part is biographical, the second expository, and the third documentary. It is thus complete and orderly; and as it is inspired with enthusiasm as well as written in good English, it offers us by far the best introduction to the study of Pestalozzi yet published. The title of the book is *Life and Work of Pestalozzi* (Clive; 4s. 6d.).

Benjamin Waugh.

If Benjamin Waugh had lived his life in Scotland his name would have been pronounced with a strong guttural at the end. But as his lot was cast in England they pronounced it 'Waw,' which enabled him to say that Benjamin Waugh was for ever at law. He went to law on behalf of the children. With the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children his name will always be associated and that most honourably. What society has done more manifest good?

What a story it is! a story of the shock of discovery—the discovery of the depravity of parenthood—a story of defeat and persistent struggle, and surpassing victory. One life covers it all. And ever the man was greater than the deeds he did. For he seems to have had against his credit this accusation only, that in saving

other folks' children from cruelty he was cruel to his own, never having an hour's leisure to spend with them.

The biography is the work of the youngest of Mr. Waugh's family, Rosa, and she has written it well. There is a short introduction by Lord Alverstone. The title is *The Life of Benjamin Waugh* (Fisher Unwin; 5s. net).

R. Frederick L. Blunt.

Under the title simply of *R. Frederick L. Blunt*, the life-story has been related of him who became Bishop Suffragan of Hull, though he will always be remembered best as Archdeacon Blunt (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). The biographer is his son, the Rev. A. Stanley V. Blunt, who finds great pleasure in the writing of the book. In many of the incidents recorded it is a boy's memory that is at work and it is a boy's fresh unaffected admiration that is with us throughout.

When Dr. Blunt was in London he acted as Chaplain at Bethlem, an asylum in which criminal lunatics were confined. 'He had a class of seventeen women, all of whom had committed murder, but being found insane had been sent to Bethlem instead of suffering capital punishment. After his marriage they sent a special invitation to my mother to come and see them.'

'On one occasion my father went with a detective to the East End to see a thieves' kitchen. He saw Charles Dickens leaning against a low public-house with his hat over his eyes, watching the varied scenes, and collecting material for one of his books.'

At Scarborough 'the women's Bible class tea was held every summer in Lord Londesborough's or Lady Sitwell's gardens. My chief recollection is of games on the lawn—games that I have never seen elsewhere. One specially sticks in my memory—"The Jolly Miller." The company marched solemnly round the lawn in couples, singing these soul-stirring words to an equally soul-stirring tune:

There was a jolly miller and he lived by himself,
As the wheel went round he made his pelf;
One hand in the hopper and the other in the
bag,

As the wheel went round he made his grab.

At this point it was the duty of all who took the gentlemen's part to dash forward and take the arm of the lady who had been marching in front of him. A "catcher" who was the "odd man out"

of the party, was on the look out for this manœuvre, and tried to cut out one of the "gentlemen." In this he was usually successful, as some of the players were neither young nor active.'

'Unfortunately, my father had but little spare time that he could give to us. We saw but little of him except at midday dinner. But one hour of the week was specially associated with him—tea time on Sundays. During that meal we had Bible questions. Each of us in turn had to ask a question, usually based on something we had read during the day. It might be either one of which we knew the answer, or else "for information." Each member of the family, beginning from the youngest, was called on to give the answer, while my father was the final court of appeal. One of my earliest efforts has been cherished in the family. It was on the 3rd Sunday after Easter, when the story of Balaam is read in the morning lesson. I was puzzled, as many wiser people have been, by the difficulties of the story, and specially by the colloquy between Balaam and the ass. My question, therefore, took this form: "Was Balaam an ass or a man? I ask this *for inflammation*."

Dean Stanley and Blunt were friends. 'On one occasion the Dean said of my father, "He'll go up, up, up, no one knows where!" One more of my father's reminiscences of Dean Stanley. 'The Dean told me that at Lady Augusta's funeral in the Abbey he saw, as the procession passed out, the Queen in the gallery that is approached from the Deanery, weeping for her dearest friend, "and then," said Stanley, "I saw to my right a little telegraph boy also weeping, and that showed the universal sorrow for her from the highest in the realm to the lowest."

Dr. Blunt was Vicar of Scarborough for over forty years. In Scarborough therefore his life was spent; and on Scarborough he left the impress of his personality. His successor there, after some experience, wrote to him and said: 'I fully appreciate what you say about one sowing and another reaping. I have proved it before in other places, and the ready response to work in Scarborough I take to mean that other men have laboured, and we are entering into the fruit of their labours. Especially I feel this in the very pleasant relations between myself and the people. They have been well taught, and rightly, to appreciate all that you did and were to them as their vicar.'

Sir Isaac Pitman.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons have taken advantage of the Pitman Centenary celebrations of this year to issue a Centenary Edition of the biography of the inventor of Pitman's Phonography and founder of their House. The biography has been written by Mr. Alfred Baker, F.J.I., and issued with the title *The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman* (2s. 6d. net). It is a handsome octavo and fully illustrated, a marvel for the money. In sending out so fine a book for so small a price the publishers are acting in accordance with the spirit which animated Sir Isaac Pitman through all his life. It was never his own gain, it was others' good, he considered.

Arthur T. Pierson.

It is not often that a man's life is written by an intimate friend while he is still living. But Dr. Pierson's son, Delavan Leonard, seems to have found no difficulty in resolving to write the life of his father, and no difficulty in carrying out his resolution. It is the work of a son who appreciates his father's character and work so highly that the appreciation amounts almost to worship. And it is all so unconsciously sincere that we have no embarrassment in reading it. On the contrary we like both father and son. We fall into line with the son in his devotion. We come to the conclusion that this man deserves the praise which his own son lavishes upon him in his lifetime. No doubt *finis coronat opus*; but the end is not far off; this judgment will stand.

For the preacher the biography has exceptional interest, and that not only because Dr. Pierson is a preacher but also because he has all his life been a student of the Bible, and throughout the book there are expository thoughts scattered that are sure to take root.

The title is simply *Arthur T. Pierson* (Nisbet; 6s. net).

Carmen Sylva.

A new and cheaper edition of Carmen Sylva's *Reminiscences, From Memory's Shrine*, has been published (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d. net.). It is a pleasant book to read, open and intimate. And its openness is the more agreeable that the atmosphere is that of high things in life and literature. The life is taken for granted. To that the Queen of Roumania was born. It is the literature that she finds her joy in. How sensitively artistic her

nature is. From the thrill of her first concert to the pleasure of her own latest triumph in letters, she feels everything keenly and communicates her feelings without suspicion of misunderstanding. But it is sorrow that gives the book its deepest interest; of sorrow there has been no lack. And again we are allowed to see and share it. No one would call the book a great biography, no one would deny that it is a great book.

Frederic Shields.

The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields has been edited by Ernestine Mills, and published by Messrs. Longmans (10s. 6d. net). And not for a long time has a biography been published that is likely to leave so distinct and moving a memory. Yet it is an exposition of contradictories from beginning to end. Frederic Shields began life under the agony of extreme poverty. 'In a low quarter of the town, Cupid's Alley, I found a lodging at 2s. 6d. weekly, leaving 2s. 6d. for food and clothing. I used to buy a bag of Indian meal for the week, and this served for all my meals, while my dress wore shabbier and my shoes wore out with little margin to amend them.' When at last he began to make some money by his sketches or paintings he gave freely and universally, and yet he left quite a small fortune behind him.

Early in life he passed through a moral crisis and from that moment lived every hour under a sense of intense obligation to God, never doubting his sonship, only debating whether the pulpit or the studio should be his opportunity for preaching the Gospel. Yet his closest friend through many years was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, as self-indulgent and profane a person as Esau. With a nervous system so highly strung that he had to find an abode far away from the sounds of the streets, he yet carried the burdens of all his friends. He married his model, a girl with a fair face and nothing more, whom he sent to a boarding-school soon after marriage, and wrote to her daily passionate letters, which she did not take the trouble to answer. In one sentence he lavishes his love upon her, in the next urges her to learn to spell at least the smallest words correctly.

And yet, with all this contradiction, the impression made by the book is quite distinct. We see the man clearly. We find him human. We remember him always. And not only do we see the man; we see the painter. And we see that he

was great. To that end the fine illustrations are helpful. The story of the life is the story of one who held his head high among the things that are spiritual and eternal, and passed at last to where beyond these voices there is peace.

Maitland of Lethington.

Mr. E. Russell has made a study of the *Life and Times of Maitland of Lethington*, the Minister of Mary Stuart (Nisbet; 15s. net.). He is not the first who has made such a study, and he is not the first to publish it. His advantage is that he is the latest. For he has used all the previous literature, not despising and not overestimating any of it. And then he has had access to materials, some unknown to his predecessors, some untouched by them. Especially has he used the 'State Papers, Scotland and Mary, 1571-1574,' issued in 1905, which have dispelled a cloud of misrepresentations as to the events of these years; and as to Maitland's share in them.

There are therefore two good reasons for the writing of a new biography of Maitland of Lethington. There is this reason of the accessibility of new knowledge, and there is the undying interest of Maitland's character. Round Maitland can one group the figures and events of that day most picturesquely, more picturesquely than they can be grouped round either Mary or Knox. And the student of psychology as of history ever turns to this figure himself, the centre politically, the unsolved puzzle morally.

Mr. Russell has a good sound historical style. But he is less concerned with the manner than with the matter of his writing. Within this single volume of moderate size he has told the whole story, as truthfully as it can be told.

James MacGregor.

Life and Letters of the Reverend James MacGregor, D.D., minister of St. Cuthberts Parish, Edinburgh, one of His Majesty's chaplains, by the Lady Frances Balfour (Hodder & Stoughton; 12s. net). So runs the title of one of the best biographies of a very biographical season. Lady Frances Balfour had a subject wholly to her heart. To plenty of good material she brought personal knowledge and intense admiration. And here we have a living, lovable man, an example and encouragement to other men and preachers.

There are anecdotes in plenty, but they are never

told for the telling; they belong to the life. There are striking incidents, incidents that cut deep with the tragedy of them and the heroism of its endurance; but they are never made much of. From first to last it is a truly heroic life, but not once, with all her admiration, does the biographer tell us to see how heroic it was. She tells its story and we see.

Dr. MacGregor was a great preacher. And what made him great was not his celtic imagination only. More than that, the element of success was the content of his preaching. Never did man take the Apostle's words 'Christ and him crucified' more literally; never did man hold to them more tenaciously.

But his breadth was as manifest as his intensity. He could appreciate men of every variety of gift; and it was a way he had that in his company every man was at his best. He could even appreciate much variety of movement, as if he too were anxious lest one good custom should corrupt the world; with the extreme ritualist, it is true, he was always out of touch, but with no other. And he loved life: 'God's beautiful world,' he would say, fervently.

Jonathan Swift.

Dr. F. Elrington Ball has now finished and published the fourth volume of his great edition of *The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D.* (Bell & Sons; 10s. 6d. net). Both he and his publishers deserve the hearty thanks of all lovers of literature and of all Swift's admirers in particular. For this was not an easy task, and may not for some time be remunerative. It will one day be recognized, however, as the only edition of the Correspondence worth looking at. This volume is as admirably printed and as admirably illustrated as any of the other three. And in the end of it there are riches to be compared only with the fine introduction to the first volume by the Bishop of Ossory. For Dr. Ball has provided us with ten Appendixes—every one of them of great price—the first of them being Dr. Ball's own account of 'Stella and her History.' It is the last word. We shall never solve this literary mystery. This is the best statement we have had of what are the facts and conditions of the solution.

Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux.

A new and complete translation has been made into English of *L'Histoire d'une Âme*, to which

has been added 'an Account of Some Favours attributed to the Intercession of Sœur Thérèse'—which is to say, an account of some miracles wrought by her means and chiefly after her death. The book is edited by the Rev. T. N. Taylor, Priest of the Archdiocese of Glasgow, and published by Messrs. Burns & Oates (6s. net). It is illustrated with portraits of Sister Thérèse (one of the most beautiful of God's creatures), and of certain places associated with her.

Among the 'Favours attributed to the Intercession of Sœur Thérèse,' which are given at the end of the volume, is an account of 'the Conversion of a Protestant Minister.' This is 'the Rev. Mr. Grant, formerly United Free Minister of Lochranza in Arran.' The account proceeds: 'The clergy of the Established and Episcopalian Churches of Scotland have already contributed their distinguished quota to Rome; but between the Free Church and the Catholic Church the gulf is deeper, and no one had dared to cross. It was therefore no small triumph for the *Little Flower* that she should open the eyes of a member of the United Free Ministry. Mr. Grant is far from young, and is also a scholar, circumstances which enhance her victory. His letter is addressed to Mother Agnes of Jesus, the Prioress of the Carmel of Lisieux.'

Then follows the letter, addressed from Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh, April 23, 1911. The conversion is attributed to the impression made by Sister Thérèse's saintliness after the reading of her autobiography. 'I almost worshipped her; she seemed to me so amiable, so beautiful. Then I would thrust away from me every thought of her, accusing myself of superstition and idolatry. It was in vain; she would return, absolutely refusing to quit me, and saying: *Choose my little way, for it is sure!* "Well, Little Flower," I replied, "I will try to follow your counsel, if you help me; for never, since the day I knew you, has my soul ceased to sigh after your way, so beautiful, and so divine."'

Now this extravagance is not so extravagant as it seems to be. The autobiography of this girl—she entered the convent of the Carmelites on her fifteenth birthday, and was there but a few years when death came—is written with a most captivating skill of language and records a most devoted and attractive life of love to Christ. Thérèse Martin found some difficulty in persuading the

authorities to allow her to enter the convent so early. She resolved to go to Rome, her father being in sympathy. She and her sister obtained an audience of the Pope along with others. This is her story of the audience:

'On Sunday morning, November 20, 1888, we went to the Vatican, and were taken to the Pope's private chapel. At eight o'clock we assisted at his Mass, during which his fervent piety, worthy of the Vicar of Christ, gave evidence that he was in truth the "Holy Father."

'The Gospel for that day contained these touching words: "Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your Father to give you a Kingdom." My heart was filled with perfect confidence. No, I would not fear, I would trust that the Kingdom of the Carmel would soon be mine. I did not think of those other words of our Lord: "I dispose to you, as my Father hath disposed to Me, a Kingdom." That is to say, I will give you crosses and trials, and thus will you become worthy to possess My Kingdom. If you desire to sit on His right hand you must drink the chalice which He has drunk Himself. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?"'

'A Mass of thanksgiving followed, and then the audience began. Leo XIII., whose cassock and cape were of white, was seated on a raised chair, and round him were grouped various dignitaries of the Church. According to custom, each visitor knelt in turn and kissed, first the foot and next the hand of the venerable Pontiff, and finally received his blessing; then two of the Noble Guard signed to the pilgrim that he must rise and pass on to the adjoining room to make way for those who followed.

'No one uttered a word, but I was firmly determined to speak, when suddenly the Vicar-General of Bayeux, Father Révérony, who was standing at the Pope's right hand, told us in a loud voice that he utterly forbade any one to address the Holy Father. My heart beat fast. I turned to Céline, mutely inquiring what I should do. "Speak!" she said.

'The next moment I found myself on my knees before the Holy Father. I kissed his foot, and he held out his hand; then, raising my eyes, I said entreatingly: "Holy Father, I have a great favour to ask you." At once he bent towards me till his face almost touched mine, and his piercing black

eyes seemed to read my very soul. "Holy Father," I repeated, "in honour of your jubilee, will you allow me to enter the Carmel when I am fifteen?"

'The Vicar-General, surprised and displeased, said quickly: "Holy Father, this is a child who desires to become a Carmelite, but the Superiors of the Carmel are looking into the matter." "Well," my child," said His Holiness, "do whatever the Superiors decide." Clasp my hands and resting them on his knee, I made a final effort: "Holy Father, if only you say 'yes,' everyone else would agree."

'He looked at me fixedly and said clearly and emphatically: "Well, well! you will enter if it is God's Will." I was going to speak again, when the Noble Guards motioned to me. As I paid little attention they came forward, the Vicar-General with them, for I was still kneeling before the Pope with my hands resting on his knee. Just as I was forced to rise, the dear Holy Father gently placed his hand on my lips, then lifted it to bless me, letting his eyes follow me for quite a long time.'

That incident reveals her character on one side of it. There was also a certain daring playfulness in her devotion which is striking and unique. Take this example: 'On that day, too, the sun dared not shine, and the beautiful blue sky of Italy, hidden by dark clouds, mingled in tears with mine. All was at an end. My journey had no further charm for me since it had failed in its object. It is true the Holy Father's words, "You will enter if it is God's Will," should have consoled me, they were indeed a prophecy. In spite of all these obstacles, what God in His goodness willed, has come to pass. He has not allowed His creatures to do what they will, but only what He wills. Some time before this took place I had offered myself to the Child Jesus to be His little plaything. I told Him not to treat me like one of these precious toys which children only look at and dare not touch, but to treat me like a little ball of no value, that could be thrown on the ground, kicked about, pierced, left in a corner, or pressed to His Heart just as it might please Him. In a word, I wished to amuse the Holy Child and to let Him play with me as He fancied. Here indeed He was answering my prayer. In Rome Jesus pierced His little plaything. He wanted to see what was inside . . . and when satisfied, He let it drop and went to sleep. What was He

doing during His sweet slumber, and what became of the ball thus cast on one side? He dreamed that He was still at play, that He took it up and threw it down, that He rolled it far away, but at last He pressed it to His Heart, nor did He allow it again to slip from His tiny Hand. Dear Mother, you can imagine the sadness of the little ball lying neglected on the ground! And yet it continued to hope against hope.'

Henry Mayers Hyndman.

Mr. Hyndman has published *Further Reminiscences* (Macmillan; 15s. net). It is as large a volume as that which he issued only a year ago. It brings the *Reminiscences* 'up to date.' And here Mr. Hyndman is just as confident in his own opinion, and just as regardless of the pain which his unjust judgments may cause. He expects that the book will not be relished all round. Will it be relished by anybody? Has any man right on his side who puts private conversations and occasional remarks into cold print? Is any man entitled to publish all that he himself thinks of all his friends and contemporaries? And Mr. Hyndman thinks such wretchedly small things. Nor has he any respect of persons. All have come short; and he cuts and carves indiscriminately.

If there is any preference, Mr. Robert Blatchford has the best of it. Here is a paragraph which is actually friendly and a pleasant relief: "'Le style c'est l'homme.'" It is not so. I have never believed it. I do not believe the written or even the spoken style tells you a bit about the man himself. And of all the men who, by their writings, have had an influence upon their day and generation, Blatchford's style tells least of him. Any one would think, to read him, that he is active, vigorous, humorous, conversational. He is nothing of the sort. In his daily life he is the laziest white man who ever sat on the top rail of a fence. He will sit for hours smoking in silence, like a Red Indian chief puffing at his calumet. Talk, not he. He ruminates. People say his refusal to deliver an address as chairman of a meeting is "pose," for he can speak very well if he likes. I do not think so. It is the same with him by his own fireside, even in company with that whisky and water he pretends to like. Why, having decided to abandon energy himself, he should be the cause of energy in others is an enigma I do not pretend to solve.'

Francis Paget.

A bishop must always lay his account for being made the subject of a biography. And for the most part our bishops prepare for it. Paget, Bishop of Oxford, did not prepare. He simply lived. He wrote letters, it is true. And from his letters this biography is largely taken. But he wrote letters carefully and with his own hand, not in view of a biography, but because it was his nature to do things himself and to do them carefully.

There is an attractive description on page 97: 'The things which Paget talked of in his leisure moments—natural scenery, and the objects seen along the road, athletics and new books, the prospects of the man he was walking with, not very much of other people unless they were public men, and still less of his own family and himself—showed what a large range of interests he had, and how bright and wholesome was the air in which he breathed. He was playful and full of good stories and enjoyed a new one when he heard it, but even when he was in his lightest moods one caught oneself remembering what he used to say, in his Lectures on the Pastoral Epistles, of the word *σεμνότης*, and of the place of what he called "gravity" in the clerical character. He always seemed to—

Have among least things an under-sense of greatest.'

We need not record the incidents of his life. He was never popular. In more than one situation he was quite unpopular, having perhaps more earnestness than imagination. But he became famous. It was a complete surprise to himself when one morning he woke and found himself famous. He had published a paper on *Accidie*. The undergraduates said that he had invented a new sin.

He married the daughter of Dean Church, and lost her too early. He never was himself again. And the burden of the bishopric was very heavy. The end came suddenly, but it came in gladness.

The book is partly edited by his brother, Mr. Stephen Paget; partly it is written by his curate and son-in-law, Mr. J. M. C. Crum. There is a great difference in manner between the two parts; but the result of it all is that one comes to know Bishop Paget, the most difficult to know of all the bishops of his time; and knowing him, one is compelled not only to admire but to love him.

The title is simply *Francis Paget* (Macmillan; 15s. net).

George Frederic Watts.

Of the biographies of this season, though they are many, the best and greatest is beyond all comparison the biography of *George Frederic Watts* (Macmillan; 3 vols., 31s. 6d. net).

The biographer is Mrs. Watts. In every way she was furnished for it. Herself an artist, her love for her husband was not too blind to enable her to appreciate his artistic greatness. It was enough to enable her to enter into his aspirations and see what he saw even when he failed to realize his vision on canvas or on stone. She had courage to throw away all that was useless or overlapping in the abundant materials. And she could use the pen of the ready writer. These are great gifts singly. Together they have given us this magnificent biography.

We shall do nothing to satisfy those who do not read the book. There were incidents and experiences in the life of 'Signor,' as all the world of his acquaintance proudly called him, that lend themselves to piquant relation, such experiences as his unexpected marriage to her who afterwards obtained unrivalled fame on the stage with Sir Henry Irving. But in reality the biography of Watts is, as his wife calls it, simply 'the annals of an artist's life,' and cleverly culled quotations would do him nothing but injustice.

The most prominent thing throughout is the determination of Watts to make all his work suggestive of the highest that he saw. He had visions, if ever mystic had. Sometimes they were dreams of the night, sometimes visions of the day—he made no distinction. He believed in them all and they exercised a steady influence upon his conscience and his imagination. He had visions to the very end. It was within a few days of his death that 'one morning he beckoned to us to come nearer, and he tried to put into words a state of vision he had been in when he appeared to be neither sleeping nor waking. He had looked into the Book of Creation, and understood that the whole could be comprehended—made plain from that other point of view which was not our earthly one. "A glorious state," he called it, and we looked on the face of one who had at last seen "true being" when he said, "Now I see the great Book—I see the great Light."'

These visions were at once the effect and the cause of his high aims. He lived not only to do

the best he could, but if possible every day to see something better to be done. His progress in art, in the handling of his tools and in the conception of his ideas, is as evident as it is in any artist's life we know; but more than as an artist he grew as a man. They thought him in youth, to use Lady Holland's word, 'so handsome'; they found him in age so noble. Early in life he would probably have accepted the offered baronetcy; when it *was* offered no one was surprised that he rejected it.

Watts was in no proper sense a universal genius. Surely universality is impossible with usefulness. But he was great as painter, sculptor, thinker, writer. Yes he could write. The third volume of this work is entirely filled with writings of his. They relate chiefly to art—on which, by the way, they contain some of the wisest things ever spoken—but the sheer intellectualism that is in them lifts them out of the artist's preserve and makes them the property of man. They are not consciously literary, not sufficiently so to draw attention to themselves, as, say, Sir Joshua Reynolds's writings were; but when our attention is turned to them because Watts the painter wrote them, we are arrested at once. And we understand his painting better after we read his writing. There are the ideals he held before him, there are the hopes he cherished, there are the regard for men and the love of God which always impelled him to make the most of his gifts for the sake of God and man.

Return to Mrs. Watts. We said that she could write. 'We left our steamer (the *Thames*) at Suez, remaining there that night; one hour of it, never forgotten, was spent on the roof of our hotel at sunset. The Sinaitic Range was to our left, the calm waters of the gulf before us repeating all the splendour of the heavens. We looked down at the dark silhouette of a little boat moored in the bay, in which a man standing upright looked to us like a sculptured figure in bronze. Suddenly from a minaret near went up the cry to heaven, "God is Great, God is Great, God is Great, God is Great, I witness that there is no God but God." The figure in the boat made a gesture with the hands as of prayer, and then went prostrate before the glory.'

We said she could appreciate. It oftenest took the form of active interference. 'For these two days they were much together, Signor still delay-

ing to arrange for the sittings, and Lord Tennyson being under a promise to his son to let the suggestion come from the painter. However, as he was saying good-night that second evening, obedient no longer, Tennyson said, "When are you going to paint me?" and an arrangement was made for the next day. Early next morning Signor woke with all the symptoms that the undertaking of such a portrait inevitably brought, and hours of depression followed when comfort seemed far. Indeed, as the time for starting drew near, I began to fear the day was to be wrecked in this nerve-storm. I had hastily to scribble a note to Hallam begging him to come himself with the carriage they were sending, and I also arranged that canvas and paints were to be hidden away in the carriage before Signor appeared; and thus interested in other things while Hallam talked to him, without a thought of his work he was driven off. A quarter of an hour after our arrival a message came to me, in Mrs. Hallam Tennyson's sitting-room, to say that "Signor was at work, and that they were both quite happy." After a beginning had been made, the dread of the undertaking seemed to pass like a cloud, and from this morning all went well.'

We said Mrs. Watts was able to enter into the artist's aims. Let us hear her own words: 'This record must fail greatly if it does not convey the truth that he habitually dwelt upon a high spiritual plane, and that from this he did not step down to do the common things of every day, but rather that the everyday duties were lifted up by him to take their place, in perfect harmony, on the higher plane.'

Virginibus Puerisque.

March.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HARVIE, M.A., EARLSTON.

'Whose heart is as the heart of a lion.'—2 S 17¹⁰.

I want to say a few things to you to-day about the month of March, and first of all we turn to ask how it got its name. It was again the Romans who called it by the name that has clung to it. They called it after Mars—one of the many gods we saw they worshipped. He was the god of the year, and they called the month after him because their year did not begin, like ours, in January, but in March.

You will see—if you just think of it—that there is very good cause for beginning a new year in March. The god Mars was supposed to have care especially of the vigorous growth of trees and plants in the spring, and he was honoured by the Romans in gifts they presented to him of spring flowers and early fruits.

This is the month when we begin to think of gardens, and to prepare the soil for the sowing of the seed. After the hard frost of the winter the ground is soft and moist again, and all over the country there is the feeling that things are opening out once more into fresh life.

That seems to be a very good reason for thinking, as the Romans did, that March is the first month of a new year.

But though Mars was thought of as the god of Spring, he was also regarded as the god of war, and it is in this way that he is always remembered now.

He was a noisy, blustering god, who was supposed to be their protector in warfare and their leader into battle.

Perhaps they had a taste often of the boisterous, windy weather that we usually have about this time, and they thought the month very appropriately called after him.

You know the old saying about March, 'It comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb.' Well, the beginning of the month is usually very like war in the air—with wind and storm—and it is also like the roaring of the lion.

But though the lion makes a great deal of noise when it wants food, yet it would be a pity if March never suggested anything about the lion save its angry roar.

In March the trees are budding and the first birds arrive from warmer lands, and there is no month of the year which is more full of fresh sights and pleasant sounds after the stillness of the winter.

The boisterous sounds—the winds and the roaring—speak of the cruelty of the lion; but the budding of the flowers and the bursting of the twigs speak of his noble life and his kingly strength.

You may have heard of an English King (Richard I.) who was called 'Richard the Lion-Hearted' because he was the strongest and the boldest knight of all Christendom. He had great skill in the art of war, and he spent most of his time in warfare.

Or you may know of another King of England (Henry I.) who was brave too, but not a lover of war. He loved the arts of peace, and men called him 'The Scholar King.' He knew that a king was strong only if he ruled justly as well as firmly, so he made it his great aim to protect his people against any who tried to oppress them. For this he was known as 'The Lion of Justice.'

You will have read, too, of the many good men and women in Scotland who loved Christ, and who wished to live for Him in the world. They were called 'Covenanters,' and they were often hunted about like beasts for this cause of Truth. But they were brave and fearless, and they were not afraid even to die for the sake of Christ. One of the bravest was called Richard Cameron. He was in the end put to a cruel death; but he was so determined that he would worship God as he wished—in defiance of all the enemies of Christ—that he was known as 'The Lion of the Covenant.'

These were all kings among men as the lion is the King of Beasts. They were men 'whose heart is as the heart of a lion.'

I wonder if you ever heard of 'The Lion of the tribe of Judah.' That is one of the names given to Jesus. There was none of the cruelty of the lion in Him; but He had all its courage and power and strength. He is strong enough to protect us against all the dangers of this month and of every month. Not only is He strong enough, but He is willing. You need never fear any danger if you are on His side. If you are a friend of Christ He will always help you in every trouble; but He will also make you strong and brave as He is. He has promised to give us a new heart, and it will be a clean heart and a brave heart—a heart as the heart of a lion.