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interesting. Among it was a bronze statue of Rusas, which, we are told, represented the Vannic king in his chariot together with his charioteer and two chargers, the whole being accompanied by the inscription: 'With my two horses and my one charioteer my hand has conquered the kingdom of Ararat.' Another article of the spoil was a golden signet-ring dedicated to Bagbartu, the wife of the supreme god Khaldis. There were also baskets for plants in ivory, ebony, and box-wood, mounted in gold and silver, bronze keys in the shape of crowned goddesses with dogs under their feet, locks moulded like human hands, the silver cup of Rusas, besides ten others with golden handles from the land of Tubal, vestments of blue and scarlet wool from Ararat and Kilkhu, the jewellery of the Vannic deities, silver cups of Assyrian, Armenian, and Kilkhian work, and other precious objects to an almost incalculable amount. There was also a great bronze bowl, holding 80 measures of water, which 'the kings of Ararat filled with wine when pouring out libations' to their god, as well as a bronze statue of the Vannic king Argistis, with his right hand held out in the act of blessing.

Dr. Pinches has given a *resumé* of the inscription in the recent number of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society. He is there clearly right in reading the name of the city on the seal of Urzana, king of Muzazir, as Uarti; that must have been the native name of the town which the people of Ararat knew as 'the city of the Sun-god.'

In the Study.

New Sermons and Expositions.

For the first time we have this month the privilege of reviewing a volume of sermons by a woman. We wish it were a better volume. We wish it were more intelligible, that it would hang together better, that it would say something and get on. But there is just one idea in every sermon. Round that idea all gathers—quotations from Scripture, quotations from Mrs. Eddy, endless words and combinations of words. This is the idea—almost any paragraph will express it.

'Science reverses the testimony of the material senses and declares that man is spiritual, not material. In spiritual thought all is harmony. "Chaos and old night," discord and disease, sorrow and death, are produced by the carnal mind, belief of life in matter. Let us refuse longer to believe the suggestions of mortal mind. God reigns and there is none beside Him. All is Life. All is Love and Truth. Adam is a myth. In the Adam-thought all die. In the Christ-mind all are made alive.'

The book contains much more than sermons. Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, C.S.D., minister of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, has been a voluminous letter-writer, and many of her letters are quoted in this volume. Are they more intelligible than the sermons? Not a bit. What comfort, warning, or other meaning her 'beloved Students' got out of them, it is impossible to conceive. They make a tremendous claim. They say, 'We are the sheep of Love's pasture. We love divinely. God is our life, therefore we are forever with the Father-Mother God. We reflect omnipotence and omnipresence. Truth demonstrates Her power and presence to us, Her ideas.' But what can that do for 'students' unless to show them to the world 'vainly puffed up with their fleshly mind'?

It is altogether an amazing book. It contains 1200 pages, which the publishers have kept within compass by using India paper. It is illustrated at much expense.

Among the rest of the portraits there is one of Mrs. Eddy 'in a setting of forty diamonds.' The whole title is *Reminiscences, Sermons, and Correspondence, proving Adherence to the Principle of Christian Science as taught by Mary Baker Eddy* (Putnams; 21s. net).

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom (Lk 12^{32}). Here is a fine mixture of metaphors. Three worlds, says Dr. A. C. Dixon, are comprehended in one verse—the world of the shepherd, the world of the Father, and the world of the King. And just because of the mixture of metaphors he chooses

this as the text of one of the sermons which he has published in *Through Night to Morning* (Robert Scott; 3s. 6d. net).

He finds that things go comfortably in threes. First, there is a triplet of *Spheres*—the sphere of the sheep, the sphere of the child, and the sphere of the subject. The word which defines the sphere of the sheep is Dependence; the word which defines the sphere of the child is Love; and the word which defines the sphere of the subject is Loyalty.

Secondly, there is a triplet of *Relations*. The relation between the sheep and the shepherd is expressed by the word Ownership; the word which expresses the relation between the child and the father is Kinship; the word which expresses the relation between the subject and the king is Citizenship.

Thirdly, there is a triplet of *Unities*. In a flock of sheep there is the unity simply of Assembly. In the family there is the unity of Fellowship. In the kingdom there is the yet closer unity of Organism. He is the head, we are the body, and members in particular.

Lastly, there is a triplet of *Needs*. (1) The greatest need of the sheep is Courage—'Fear not, little flock.' And here Dr. Dixon uses this illustration: 'A friend of mine in America was very fond of the chase, and lived in a country where the woods abounded with wild deer. One morning, as he was walking across his field, he heard the sound of hounds in the distance, and as they approached, looking through the cracks of a high fence, he saw a little fawn, very wearied, its tongue hanging out, and its sides lathered with foam. The little thing had just strength enough to leap over the fence, and stood there for a moment, with its great liquid eyes, gazing about in a frightened manner. When it saw a hound leap over the fence not far away, its first impulse seemed to cause it to run again, but instead of running away, it came and fell down in a heap at the feet of my friend. He said: "I stood there and fought dogs for nearly half an hour. I just felt that all the dogs in that county could not capture the little fawn after its weakness had appealed to my strength."'

(2) What the child needs is the father's Approval —'it is the Father's good pleasure.' He says: 'A few weeks ago I was called upon to perform a very sad duty. There came a cablegram from Richmond, Virginia, which read, "Dr. Hatcher dead. Paralysis. Break the news gently to Edith. Get address through Cook's Agency." After some searching I found the young lady, a bright, cheery, musical girl, over here pursuing her studies. When I broke the news to her as gently as I could, it broke her heart, and she said to me through her tears: "The ambition of all us children has ever been to secure father's smile. We were always happy in having him pleased with what we said or did."'

(3) The need of the citizen is Receptivity—'it is your Father's good pleasure to *give* you the kingdom.' Dr. Dixon ends with an appeal. Let us live as the sheep of His pasture, as the children of His love, as the subjects of His lordship. Let us go and do. 'I heard once, in Baltimore, in a noon meeting, a very impudent prayer. A good brother prayed thus: "O Lord, go out into the highways and hedges, and constrain the people to come in!" God had told him to go, and he impudently turns and tells God to go Himself!'

The Rev. John A. Hutton, M.A., has published a new volume of sermons and has given it this title: *At Close Quarters* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). It is an excellent title. It is the interpretation of all the sermons in the book. Mr. Hutton holds that we have lost that sense of the momentousness of life which our fathers had, and we must recover it. For he holds this also, that without that sense, a sense which Christ urged upon all His followers, we are none of His.

Mr. Hutton says that our Lord was most anxious that men would not think 'following' an easy matter. He warned them before they began to follow, always. He warned them appropriately. To an emotional man He said, 'The foxes have holes'; to a rich young ruler He said, 'Sell that thou hast'; to His own disciples He said, 'I am not come to send peace, but a sword,' and 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.' Was this wanton cruelty? We try to think what it cost Him to be able to say, 'Follow me'; we try to understand the misery of that weeping cry, 'How often would I have gathered thy children.' It was necessity that sent Him to the warning, 'Strait is the gate.' For every man must *make up his own mind*. Every man must face for himself this matter of following, and *will* to take Christ with all the consequences.

All evil, says the President of Oberlin College,

is the choice of good. No one chooses evil. Choice that is evil is the choice of a lesser good than ought to be chosen. And Dr. H. C. King in his book on *Religion as Life* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net) gives three examples:

(1) The first example is in the realm of *wealth*. The young ruler, we might dare to say, was incapable of choosing evil. What he chose was the lesser good of wealth in place of the greater good of Christ.

(2) The second example is in the realm of *love*. It is Christ's teaching on divorce. The highest good in marriage is this: 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'

(3) The third example is in the realm of *ambition*. The two disciples came seeking the chief places in the Kingdom. Were they able to drink the cup that waited by the way? Probably they were, as they said. But if they had gained their places even in this way it was the lesser good. The highest good is 'Christ first, me last, nothing between but love.' 'He loved me.'

Short homiletical character-sketches of *The Men of the Gospels* have been written by the Rev. Lynn Harold Hough (Eaton & Mains; 50 c. net). The character of Thomas is misunderstood, as so frequently. Why should the practical man, the man so well represented by the modern scientist, be called a doubter? He had to *see*; when he saw he said a greater thing than any of the rest had been able to say.

Mr. Wellesley P. Coddington reminds us that 'when our Lord ascended to heaven he opened the door and *left it open*.' His text is in the Apocalypse, 'I looked, and behold, a door was opened in heaven.' Mr. Coddington bids us look. He bids us look in by the door. What do we see? We see that (1) there is *no night there*; (2) there is *no sorrow there*; (3) there is *no death there*; and (4) there is *no sin there*. Is that all we see? No, we may see this also, and it is worth seeing, that *the communion of saints is without a shadow or a suspicion there*.

Mr. Coddington has published a volume of *Plain Thoughts on Faith and Life* (Eaton & Mains; $1 net) in which these thoughts are developed, and many others like them.

A fine fruitful sermon on Ps 29^2 and Ps 96^6 has been published by the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A., under the title of *Worship, Beauty, Holiness* (Bagster; 1s. net).

There are great preachers in Ireland. One of the greatest is the Rev. J. Thompson, B.A., B.D., of Londonderry. We do not say the most popular, for the sermons which Mr. Thompson has selected from his store, and which Mr. Stockwell has published with the title of *Words of Hope and Cheer* (3s. 6d. net), are too rigidly expository of their text, and use illustrations too sparingly, to be called popular. For the reader (and probably for the preacher) of sermons they are truly great, being the fruit of a most faithful and scholarly study of the Word. Although the illustrations are few, they are apposite and effective; this is true especially of the poetry quoted. And one thing Mr. Thompson never forgets, the necessity that lies on the preacher to make every sermon a sermon of *comfort*.

Dr. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock's *Harvest Thoughts for Preachers and People* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d.) has manifestly come too late. But it will keep for a season. Let it be obtained now, and let the thoughts be taken into the mind, and when the harvest comes again there should be something to say that is worth saying. For Dr. Hitchcock is a thinker; and his thoughts are appropriate.

Who are the popular preachers of our day? There is no better way of knowing than by reading *The Christian World Pulpit*, of which the 83rd volume has been issued (James Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d.). It contains seven sermons by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., of the City Temple; six each by Dr. J. H. Jowett and Dr. G. Campbell Morgan; five by the Rev. Benjamin J. Gibbon; and four each by Dr. Charles Brown, Dr. R. F. Horton, Dr. Newton H. Marshall, and Dr. W. E. Orchard.

Which are the most popular books of the Bible to find texts in? Again turn to the *Christian World Pulpit*, St. John's Gospel is easily first; then St. Matthew, St. Luke, and the Acts are about equal; after that Corinthians, Hebrews, Psalms, Romans, and Revelation. Out of the Old Testament (apart from the Psalms) only twenty-six texts have been chosen against one hundred and twenty-six from the New.

The volume opens with a striking sermon on the Reality of Love by Dr. John Kelman, preached in

the City Temple. It closes with a beautiful children's address on the Web of Life by the Rev. William S. Muil of Auchterarder.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have sent out another dozen of volumes of their 'Expositor's Library' (2s. net each). Most of them were originally published at six shillings or thereby, and the only difference between the original volume and this, so far as can be seen, is a slight clipping of the edges. The binding is new and quite as strong as the old, more attractive perhaps, and uniform throughout the set—a thing of some account to book-buyers. They are recent books, every one of them. This is the list—*Living Theology*, by Archbishop Benson; *Colossian Studies*, *Christ is All*, and *Philippian Studies*, by Bishop Moule; *The Work of Christ*, by Principal P. T. Forsyth; *The Cardinal Virtues*, by Canon Newbolt; *Humanity and God*, by the Rev. Samuel Chadwick; *The Heritage of the Spirit*, by Bishop Creighton; *The Resurrection of Jesus*, by Professor James Orr; *Speaking Good of His Name*, by Archdeacon Wilberforce; *The Creation Story in the Light of To-day*, by Charles Wenyon, M.D.; and *Christ's Service of Love*, by Professor Hugh Black.

Cheaper and cheaper do books become. Of theological books the cheapest are those which Messrs. Macmillan are issuing in their 'Theological Library.' Beyond the shilling charged for each of them it seems impossible to descend. For they are of the best quality, the very books which have given their publishers a name, and they are as clearly printed and as strongly bound as any six-shilling volume. The first issue contains the following: Westcott's *The Gospel of the Resurrection*; Illingworth's *Personality Human and Divine* and his *Divine Immanence*; *The Faith of a Christian*, by Bernard Lucas; Hort's *Sermons on the Books of the Bible*; Phillips Brooks's *The Candle of the Lord*; Dean Church's *Discipline of the Christian Character* and his *Sixteen Village Sermons*; William Temple's *The Faith and Modern Doubt*; Charles Kingsley's *The Good News of God* and his *Village Sermons*, and the anonymous *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, first published in 1900.

What does St. Paul mean when he says, 'I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus' (Gal 6^{17})? Mr. T. R. Glover seems to understand him to mean no more (though that was enough) than that he was the slave of the Lord Jesus Christ. The slave was recognized by his brand if he had run away (F.V.G. *i.e.* 'fugitivus'). So it is 'a very strong figure.' Then Mr. Glover develops the idea of whole-hearted obedience as part of a young man's *Vocation*. The little book under that title is published at the offices of the Student Christian Movement (8d.).

Virginibus Puerisque.

October.

By the Rev. Robert Harvie, M.A., Earlston.

'An army with banners.'—Song of Solomon, 6^{10}.

An army with banners would, in these days, be a most uncommon sight. It used to be that flags and banners with mottoes upon them were carried into battle. But it would be regarded as taking away the honour of the regiment if the colours were lost, so now they are always kept where no harm can come to them.

Some time ago, I came across a description of an army with banners. It was that of William the Silent. He was the hero of the Dutch people, just as Wallace and Bruce are the heroes of Scotland. He gathered troops to fight for the freedom of his country, and many of the flags they carried bore patriotic mottoes. Some had the inscription, 'For the Law and the King and the People.' Others had a picture of a pelican tearing her breast to nourish her young with her life-blood. These mottoes on the banners told the spirit and the message of the army. To-day I thought to speak to you of another host—one of a different kind, but still one with banners,—and on them (for those who can read) mottoes which tell of the nature and the purpose of the army.

One day this week I rode through between its lines. Overhead, the banners of many different colours were waving in great splendour, and after I had passed along, I went to a point some distance off, to try to read the mottoes. Strangely enough, the colours are ever changing, and they seem to grow in beauty, for the army I mean is that of the trees in the woods and on the hills about here. The banners they wave aloft are the leaves, so varied in their tints as they change their colours in Autumn.

I am going now to do little more than to sug-

gest four mottoes which you may read on these banners. The first is

'Workers together.'

You may very easily read that one out of the delightful spectacle of waving branches. A leaf is itself a thing of great beauty, but it takes not only all the leaves on one tree or on one kind of tree, but all the leaves on many trees and many kinds of trees to make up the glory and the charm of an Autumn picture. The leaves are therefore 'workers together.'

The second motto I read was

'We all do fade.'

You remember how gladly we welcomed the twigs and leaves in Spring after the bareness of Winter. They were fresh and green then, and they grew in strength during the Summer. They do not cease to be beautiful now—in fact, when looked at, they seem to have increased in beauty—but still we may expect that some day, not far distant, they will fall from the trees, leaving them bare. That is the sad thought of October. The leaves seem to be whispering, 'We all do fade.'

The next motto you may see, tells us something about the life of the trees. It is

'As dying, and, behold, we live.'

Although the leaves fall off at this season, you do not think of the tree as dead. You can easily make out a dead tree from those merely bare and stripped of their leaves. The trees need a rest in Winter, for the putting forth of leaves and the bearing of fruit drains their strength, just as labour drains the strength of a man.

If you like to put it that way, the trees are asleep—perhaps with the *look* of death. In Autumn they seem to be dying, but that is not so, for you may plainly read the motto on the banners, 'As dying, and, behold, we live.'

While we are wondering how that can possibly be, perhaps you may have caught sight of another motto which explains it. This was the last one I saw, and it read,

'Our life is hid.'

That is a message both from the leaves and the trees. Before they fade altogether and fall off, the leaves give up all their strength and life to the tree which bore them. Even though they drop away and are forgotten (perhaps trampled under foot as if despised), yet their life and work and influence remain. By these the tree lives on, and thrives, and is made strong, long after the leaves themselves are dead.

These four mottoes can be read in the country during this month of October. Some other day I shall suggest how you and I may learn valuable life lessons from these messages of the leaves and trees.

Cura Curarum.

BY THE REV. A. F. TAYLOR, M.A., ST. CYRUS.

'THERE is not heard on earth a voice so powerful, so penetrating as that of an enlightened minister who under the absorbing interest of mighty truths devotes himself a living sacrifice, a whole-hearted offering to the cause of enlightening and saving his fellow-creatures.'—W. E. CHANNING.

'You may ask why some preachers are more acceptable than others. It often arises less from the fault or merit of the preacher than from the faulty judgment of men whose standard in these things is very apt to be incorrect. Of the orator's three objects—to teach, to move, to please—a pleasure-seeking world is apt only to consider the latter, although it be the least important and that which we should least seek after, for God will not have His ministers strive to please men, and the Apostle says, "If I pleased men I should not be the servant of Christ." . . . The preacher should please his hearers by the holiness of his doctrine and by pious and suitable affections winning the soul to heaven, but not by another kind of attraction which merely tickles the ears, a worldly eloquence or mere secular eloquence, curious expressions, fanciful words and narrations. All such I utterly reject for the preacher. Let him leave these to secular orators who do not preach Jesus Christ crucified. . . . When the sermon is over I would not have people go away saying, "Oh! What a great orator! What memory! What learning! What eloquence!" I would rather hear them say, "How great a blessing! How necessary true repentance is! How great, how good God is!" Still more would I accept their amendment of life as a tribute to the preacher.'—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

'Alas for the unhappy man that is called to stand in the pulpit and not give bread of life. Everything that befalls accuses him. Would he ask contributions for missions foreign or domestic? Instantly his face is suffused with shame to propose to his parish that they should send money a hundred or a thousand miles to furnish such poor fare as they have at home and would do well to go the hundred or the thousand miles to escape. In the street, what has he to say to the village blasphemer? The village blasphemer sees fear in the face, form, and gait of the [unworthy] minister.'—EMERSON.

'If we can never be great in the pulpit when judged by worldly values, we can be prayerfully ambitious to be pure and sincere and void of offence.'—DR. JOWETT.

'We must remember that every true effort is sure to be repaid. We must be willing to learn by our failures. Perhaps most of all we must be resolute in putting away from us the ignoble and cowardly suggestion, "If only I might begin somewhere else and make a new start under fresh conditions, I could be this or the other." Rather let us thank God, if we have done badly where we are that He still leaves us the opportunity of making reparation before the eyes of those who have been wronged by our negligence. We can always begin again if we are humble and put our confidence in God. It will not be easy, but it is possible. We may not ask for more.'—A. W. ROBINSON.

'With courage and hope let the minister bring to his work the concentrated powers of intellect and affection, and God in whose cause he labours will accompany and crown the labour with almighty blessing.'—W. E. CHANNING.

The Spiritual Man.

A STUDY OF A PORTRAIT TO BE FOUND IN 1 COR. 1, 2.

BY THE REV. J. M. E. ROSS, M.A., GOLDER'S GREEN, LONDON.

IT is the purpose of this article to blend together into a portrait certain elements in these two chapters. It is the portrait of the spiritual man. The quality which we name spirituality is hard to define. Sometimes we see a face which suggests it to our minds—an embodiment which is better than a definition. Laurence Sterne saw such a face in the inn at Calais—the face of a monk. 'It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted, mild, pale, penetrating: free from all common-place ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth, it looked forwards, but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world.' There is a portrait somewhat like that outlined in this passage—a face certainly not looking downwards, perhaps looking forwards, assuredly looking upwards, a face with something in it that is at once shining and penetrating, as though it had been shone upon, and in that light had seen light.

To pause for a moment on the threshold of this matter, we may possibly take what St. Paul here reveals of himself as an introduction to what he afterwards tells us in more general terms about the spiritual man. Apparently for a brief space the spiritual man wears St. Paul's garments and speaks with St. Paul's voice. He is not seeking our admiration or applause: he is but telling his experience humbly and gratefully to the praise of the Master who has made him what he is. 'My speech and my preaching were not in persuasive words of wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.' That phrase 'demonstration of the Spirit' is one of the many Biblical phrases which have been worn threadbare by frequent use: it is worth brooding over until its colours glow again. His ministry had been the proof of a force which needed demonstration if men were to believe in it—the proof of a power which this world did not produce, which human nature with all its complicated mysteries of capacity could not account for, which might easily pass unnoticed among the many fighting forces of the world, but which, when we have been brought up against it,