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cence, and the transition sharpened into a dramatic event by the customs of initiation practised among most peoples from the earliest times (Daniels). Boys and girls, showing suddenly the bodily and mental marks which would fit them for social and family responsibilities, have been the fittest subjects for the initiation ceremonies, and so have been selected as the favoured members of the group. Confirmation, as practised among several religious communities, is the modern counterpart of the custom of initiation. Conversion stands for the inner spiritual adjustment of which confirmation is the symbol.

If this theory is true, it suggests an important point in the pedagogy of conversion. Most students at the present time agree upon the wisdom of anticipating mature activities and interests during late childhood, and of protracting during late adolescence the influences leading to a final re-adjustment to the ideals of mature life, so that the adjustment shall be gradual and normal. It is questionable, however, whether this sort of tuition can be entirely successful in respect to the mental and spiritual life, for the same reasons that it would probably be impossible to undo the sudden bodily transformations of early adolescence. The nature of the spiritual event, together with its value in a complete clarification and re-orientation, are suggested by the following quotation from Lacordaire: 'It is a sublime moment, the one in which the flash of light enters the soul and binds to a common centre the threads which had remained disconnected. There is always such an insuperable distance between the moment following and the moment preceding the flash, between what one was before and what one is after, that the word *grace* has been invented to explain this magical stroke of lightning from above. . . . He who has not had this experience has not known human life.'

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

The Rev. H. G. Tunnicliff, B.A., has gathered into a small volume a short series of addresses which he gave to children on certain familiar public notices, such as, Keep to the Right, This House to Let, Beware of Pickpockets! He calls it *Wet Paint* (Allenson; 1s. net). Here is one of the Addresses, on

Analysis Invited.

I dare say you have seen on the front of your milkman's cart, these words: Analysis Invited. I do not suppose that many of you have yet begun to learn Greek, but when you do you will discover how many of our English words have their origin in that language. This word 'analysis' is one of them, and it signifies a 'splitting up,' a 'loosing.' Those of you who have safely passed the pitfalls of parsing in your English Grammar know what the analysis of sentences means, with all its bewildering accompaniment of extensions and enlargements! What your milkman means is this: my milk is so pure that you can take it to the analytical chemist and ask him to split it up into various parts, submit it to whatever tests he pleases, and he will find that nothing has been added to or taken from it; that it is fresh from the cow, about whom that great lover of children—Robert Louis Stevenson—sings in his *Child's Garden of Verses*:

> The friendly cow all red and white
> I love with all my heart;
> She gives me cream with all her might,
> To eat with apple-tart.

What a magnificent thing it would be if all girls and boys could say of their lives 'Analysis Invited'! How many of us can say that? The Lord Jesus Christ did not often speak with severity, but one of the most stinging things He ever said was about people who, He said, were like whited sepulchres, outwardly fair and clean, but inwardly foul and unsightly. There are some boys and girls who are so well-behaved when on a visit—but at home their conduct will not bear analysis! How industrious is many a class in the presence of the master or mistress, but, if left to itself for a few minutes, I am perfectly sure that it does not invite analysis of its work. Your mothers and

fathers used to think very highly of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, a great preacher who died twenty years ago. He once told a story of a little maid-servant who came to him and asked if she might become a member of his church. In order to find out whether she was really a Christian, the great preacher asked the girl whether she could tell him of any difference in her life since she had tried to serve God. Her reply was so simple that every one of you will easily understand it. 'Please, sir, I sweep under the mats now!' Yes, she was a true Christian, for she was faithful in the smallest details of her everyday life. Some years ago I lived near to the town where Adam and Seth Bede spent many years of their busy lives. When you begin to read that great story you will hear Adam singing the hymn that was the keynote of his existence, that glorious morning hymn of Bishop Ken's:

> Let all thy converse be sincere,
> Thy conscience as the noon-day clear,
> For God's all-seeing eye surveys
> Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

Let us ever make that our aim, to be thorough, truthful, industrious, unselfish in the so-called little things of life, so that of our thoughts, words, and actions it may ever be our aim to invite analysis. Our text is: 'Whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men.'

II.

The Rainbow.

And the bow shall be in the cloud.'—Gn 9^{16}.

There have been many fancies about the rainbow in different countries. One is that where the rainbow rests there is buried gold; but go as far as you will, you can never reach the spot where the rainbow rests. Some people have called it a bridge from earth to heaven. Some have supposed it was a wicked monster which came down sometimes to eat up little children, and mothers would call their children in when they saw it in the sky, 'in case the rainbow should get you'! The old Greeks called it Iris, the messenger of the gods to men, who carried the staff of peace in her hand; and that was a beautiful fancy.

We know that it is neither a bridge nor a being. It is the rays of the sun shining on falling rain, seen against the background of a black cloud, like the screen of a magic lantern. The rays of the sun, which seem white or colourless, are really made up of seven colours. The raindrops act as a prism, that is, they divide the white rays into their separate colours, and we see all seven—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. You may see the same thing in a piece of glass with many sides, such as you sometimes see on chandeliers.

1. *The meaning of the Rainbow.*—You live not in one world, but in two. There is the outer world of things which can be seen and felt and handled, and there is an inner world of thinking and feeling, which is the real world after all. Some people know only the outer world, but others know both, and see in the outer things the signs and symbols of the inner world. One man sees birds in the air. Flying birds, that is all. But the poet Bryant saw a wild fowl flying over his head, and he wrote a very beautiful poem on God's care and guidance of the bird. He knew that if God guided the bird He would also guide him. The fields of Palestine are covered with bright wild flowers, at some seasons, till they are a blaze of colour. They are so common that people got used to them and scarcely noticed them. But Jesus said, 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' And He taught them that if God so clothed the lilies, He would also clothe them. Long before men were on the earth the rain had fallen and the sun had shone, and before Noah's day many men had seen rainbows and had looked at them with curiosity or fear or admiration. But Noah, beholding the lovely thing in the midst of dark mist and cloud and rain, saw in it the token of God's mercy in the midst of destruction, and ever after it was a promise to him from God of His kindness.

Many meanings have been seen in the rainbow. It stretches from one side of the earth to the other, like God's mercy taking in all men, and joining them all into one family with Him. Another way of looking at it is, that as the different colours joined together make up one white ray, so God's love and justice and all His other attributes make up one perfect whole—that is, make God.

Shortly after Strassburg had been taken in the terrible war between France and Germany, there arose a great storm out of which sprang a beautiful rainbow, with one foot resting

on Germany and the other on France. It seemed as if God then set His bow in the clouds to rebuke the cruel strife, and also as a sign of the good time coming when man shall learn war no more. As we have one God, and one Covenant with its one token in the sky, so there should be one family over all the earth.[1]

2. *The Bow in the Cloud.*—The bow is never seen when there are no clouds. It is a sign for cloudy days. To every one there will come some cloudy times, when life seems as cheerless as a long wet day, and it is hard to believe that the sun will ever shine again. The clouds are generally of two kinds—either of sorrow or of sin.

(1) **Sorrow.**—There must be some sorrow in life. No one can escape it. Longfellow has a poem which says:

> Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary.

But sorrow, like rain, has its use. Without rain there would be no flowers, no fruit. When we think of what the rain does, we no longer complain of it, but look forward to the time when it will stop and we shall enjoy in the sunshine the gifts it has given us. So in the sad cloudy days precious flowers and fruits are growing. Without sorrow how should we learn patience and courage and sympathy and trust? These are the flowers watered by the rainy days. Although we do not see it, the sun is still shining—the sun of God's love—and when it falls on the clouds of sorrow and tears it makes a rainbow, the rainbow of Hope. The martyrs endured terrible sufferings because they saw this rainbow, and, as the Bible says, 'they counted him faithful who promised.' There are many promises which should give us hope. Here is one: 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.'

> It isn't raining rain to me,
> It's raining daffodils!
> In every dimpling drop I see
> Wild flowers on the hills!
> A cloud of gray engulfs the day
> And overwhelms the town—
> It isn't raining rain to me—
> It's raining roses down!
>
> It isn't raining rain to me,
> But fields of clover bloom,
> Where any buccaneering bee
> May find a bed and room.
>
> A health, then, to the happy!
> A fig to him who frets!
> It isn't raining rain to me—
> It's raining violets!

Only in the shadow do the flowers *grow*. All the beautiful life of the garden begins in the dark and develops in the dark. Only in the dark shadow can the seed hear the call for its fullest and best powers. In the shadow the flowers find their refreshment. Too much sun only withers. The shadow that bows the flower must come before the head can be lifted in the glory of a smile. It is the dark shadow alone that gives power: power to develop, power to lift the head, power to choose the colour, power to be beautiful. Shadow makes the roots, and then sends them foraging in the soil for food and nourishment. What sunshine is to the flowers all happy things are to us. Happiness is heart's sunshine, and a valuable thing it is. It makes our lives beautiful; it makes the face radiant; it makes the whole of our being to warm into activity. But shade—the sad experiences of life—that alone makes strength and growth by giving power for both.[2]

(2) **Sin.**—There is nothing which clouds the sunshine of life like sin. It makes life very dark indeed. What do we need most when we have brought trouble on ourselves by our own wrong-doing, and there is no pleasure in anything, nothing but sadness and regret? The bow that shines in the cloud of sin is Forgiveness, and this is one of the promises of it: 'He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

Some years ago a young pianist was going to give a concert in Berlin. It was her first concert, and she was very anxious that it should prove a great success, for her whole future career depended upon it. Unfortunately she thought more of success and fame than she did of truth and honour, and she stooped to a mean and dishonest trick, hoping to reap personal gain by unscrupulous methods. This is what she did,—she had printed on all her advertisements the statement that she was 'a pupil of Liszt.' This was a deliberate falsehood, for she had never even seen the great Hungarian composer. Now there is a text in the Bible that a great many boys and girls, and a great many grown-up people too, dislike very much, and wish it had never been written: 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' But even if the text had never been written, the truth would still stand, and it was this great fact that the young pianist had forgotten in her eager haste to make a name. Anyhow, it so happened that on the day before the concert she was reading a newspaper, when to her horror and dismay she saw the announcement that Liszt had arrived in the city, and was staying at a certain hotel! At first she felt tempted to do what all cowards do—run away. But, after thinking it over, she made up her mind to make a clean breast of it, and face the consequences. So she called on Liszt, told him exactly what she had done, and why she had done it, and asked for

[1] James Wells, *Bible Object Lessons*, 26.

[2] L. Dowsett, *With God among the Flowers*, 224.

his forgiveness. You can just imagine how she felt standing face to face before the great composer, expecting the scathing rebuke she felt she so thoroughly deserved, and conscious too that she had ruined her whole career. Liszt asked her to sit down at the piano and play one of the pieces she was going to perform at her concert. While she did so he stood beside her and made one or two suggestions that would improve the performance. When she had finished the piece he turned to her and said, 'Now, Mademoiselle, you can truthfully say that you are a pupil of Liszt, for you have had your first lesson. You may also put on your programmes that you will be assisted by your master, who will play two pieces at your concert.' He kept his promise, and by his kind and generous action saved the young pianist's reputation.[1]

3. *The Rainbow in Heaven.*—There is another bow besides Noah's mentioned in the Bible. St. John had a vision of heaven, and of the throne of God, and round about the throne he seemed to see a rainbow. It is when the sun is gaining the victory over the rain-clouds, when the sunbeams are piercing them, and they are passing away, that the rainbow is seen. In heaven all the clouds of sin and sorrow which darken our lives will have passed away in the sunshine of God's presence, and all His promises will be fulfilled for ever.

A rainbow round the Throne shall shed its light
To tell the old, old story o'er again,
That only in the clouds once black with rain
The Arc of Promise sets its jewels bright;
That only those who well have fought the fight
And here on earth have suffered grief and pain,
Can learn to swell that new, triumphant strain
Which ransomed hosts shall sing on Sion's height.
And then those white-robed armies, who have passed
Through tribulation in the bygone years,
Shall learn that all the sorrow they have known
Serves but to bring them fuller joy at last,
When Heaven's sunshine falling on Earth's tears
Girds with a Rainbow the Eternal Throne.[2]

III.

The Children of Labrador.

'Ye have done it unto me.'—Mt 25^{40}.

There is a delightful series of books called the 'Children's Missionary Series,' published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, which tell us all about the children of different countries. Out of these books it is possible and even easy to make effective sermons for children. The following sermon is taken entirely from *The Children of Labrador*, by Mary Lane Dwight; 1s. 6d.

Far away along the north-eastern corner of the continent of North America lies the strip of country called Labrador. A current straight from the Arctic glaciers flows past its shores, and this makes the climate so cold during a great part of the year that some persons have the notion that Labrador is next door to the North Pole. It really extends little farther north than Scotland. And yet in summer the children living on the coast can see from their windows glistening icebergs, fantastically shaped, which float slowly southward, or halt grounded near the shore and gradually melt away.

Though the greater number of the people living in this cold country nowadays are British settlers, the *first* children of Labrador were little Eskimos. The Eskimos are cheerful little people. They have round fat faces and keep smiling at you with twinkling eyes. If you do not keep smiling at them they feel badly, because they think you must be angry.

Before any missionaries went to Labrador, the Eskimos were a good deal like animals. They had never learned things which you have known ever since you can remember. They had never even heard that it is wrong to steal or to kill, and as for 'Peace on earth' and 'Love your enemies,' they hadn't the faintest notion of the meaning of such words.

These savages thought that God was a spirit who lived high up in the great grim mountains towards the north, where sometimes they heard him thundering. They called him 'Torngak,' or the Spirit of Death, and the mountains of Northern Labrador are still known as the Torngak Mountains. These people believed that Torngak sat in a rocky cavern always watching them. If they happened to displease him, he took his revenge by sending all sorts of trouble upon them, and he was helped in this by hundreds of spirits like bad fairies, which lived in the air and the sea.

The first missionaries to become interested in the Eskimos and tell them of a God of love were Moravian Brethren. They began to help them by taking their seal-skins, fur, and fish to sell, and giving them in exchange the food and tools and other things which they needed. They also looked after the natives who were in trouble or ill, and opened schools for the Eskimo children. The

[1] A. Reith, *Sunday Morning Talks to the Children*, 143.
[2] E. T. Fowler, *Verses, Wise or Otherwise*, 185.

Moravians are very devout Christians, and they are faithfully and lovingly trying to lead the Eskimos to believe in Jesus. And now most of these people, whose ancestors not very long ago were savages, say that they want to follow Him, and many show that they are trying to be true Christians.

But one of the best friends the Labrador children have ever had, and one of the jolliest, is Dr. Wilfrid Thomason Grenfell. He says, 'It is not so much what you have that gives you pleasure, but what you do with what you have,' and thinks that the life of a missionary is perhaps the happiest of any.

Until about twenty years ago there were many children in Labrador who suffered and died because there was no doctor to cure them. Now Dr. Grenfell heard this, and he decided to offer to go himself and work among the sailors and fishermen in the new country. At first he worked alone. But very soon a hospital was built. To-day Dr. Grenfell has many helpers. Other hospitals have been opened; schools are being held for the older children, and there is a kindergarten for some of the wee ones; a Home has been built for the children who have no homes of their own; and all sorts of other wonderful things are happening. Indeed, Dr. Grenfell and his helpers are very specially the friends of the children of Labrador because they are aiming not only to make everybody comfortable and good and happy now, but to give the children chances which their fathers and mothers never had, and so to make Labrador after this a better and far happier country in which to grow up.

The hospitals are the very centre of the work among the Labrador fishermen. Dr. Grenfell calls them the 'message of the Mission to the sick.' For he believes that the very best sermon anybody can preach to a sick man is to comfort and be kind to him and to cure him if possible. On the front of one of them is the text:

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

The letters for this motto were carved by some American boys who had formed a club and called themselves 'The Captains of Ten,' because they were trying to be the captains of their ten fingers, and the carving of those letters was one of the first things they trained their ten fingers to do.

And the Mission preaches sermons in many other ways. Among them is a Lumber Mill which has been built to give work to the men, and enable them to earn a living. Then there is the Loom Room in St. Anthony, where girls are taught to weave homespun cloth and pretty rugs. But the newest of all is a large home in St. John's for the fishermen, called 'King George the Fifth Institute.' Here there are reading-rooms and a swimming-pool, and a hall where services and moving picture entertainments and concerts are held, and classes and lectures. This bids fair to be one of the very best sermons of all.

Dr. Grenfell has, by his own earnestness and enthusiasm, and by his unselfish and happy life, made many children, and grown-ups too, realize as they never did before that 'The best thing you can give to the deep-sea fishermen and deep-sea landsmen, and every other kind of man, is the faith that Jesus Christ in his heart is the best thing he can have, and that there is nothing in the world that is worth quite as much as having every day the opportunity of doing something for others.

And because Dr. Grenfell and his helpers are working in this spirit, we hope that when you and the children of Labrador have grown to be men and women, that northern country will be no longer bleak and desolate and lonely, but one of the colonies of which Great Britain is proudest, where no Mission is needed.

Some New Books for the Study.

Exposition.

Mr. Nowell Smith, M.A., has published the best of the sermons which he preached in the Chapel of Sherborne School since he became Headmaster in 1909. *Members One of Another* is the title he has given the book (Chapman & Hall; 5s. net). The great question for a preacher to boys is how to avoid mere morality on the one hand, and mere doctrine on the other. Doctrine does not interest them; morality does not influence them. To set life (not its parts or elements) in the light of eternity—that is the problem. Mr. Smith recognizes it. Where the ideal is unattainable, he prefers to be sure of morality. He takes care, in short, to be on the ground rather than in the clouds. His language also is always modern, sometimes quite colloquial. For he believes that while the subject-matter

and the purpose of sermons remain the same, there is hardly any form of literature in which the fashion of presentment and the idiom of the language change more rapidly.

The sermons that carry most blessing, the sermons that are altogether the greatest, are those that have no distinctive features. They are neither emotional nor intellectual; they are neither doctrinal nor practical; they are neither short nor long. Such sermons are to be found in *Redemptive Service*, a volume by the Rev. W. H. Macfarlane, of the South United Free Church, Keith (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot; 3s. 6d. net). Models they are for young preachers; and the people who listen to them are to be envied.

What are introductions for—introductions to books? Is it expected that the book will be picked up from the bookseller's counter and then bought if the introduction shows that it is worth buying? If so, then the volume of sermons by the late Rev. T. W. M. Lund, entitled *A Sower Went Forth* (Longmans; 5s. net), will find buyers, for Dr. G. H. Rendall, late Principal of Liverpool University, has contributed to it a quite irresistible introduction. We shall make one quotation from the introduction and not say another word:

'His pulpit was the centre of personal allegiance: he threw his utmost strength into his sermons, as his first duty to the congregation. They cost him much labour, "a week's hard work," as he once wrote; and delivery entailed a moral tension, "a travail of spirit," which few would have imagined. No sooner was Sunday over, than Monday morning found him at his desk upon the next. The skeleton, with main divisions and illustrations, was outlined often in pencil notes; the final form was then dictated, typed, and carefully underlined and punctuated, for pulpit delivery. His method was reflected in the restrained, and somewhat didactic manner—didactic in the best sense, and free from self-consciousness—which came natural to him in the pulpit. He was there to teach, to deliver a clear message, resting on formed conviction, the fruit of concentrated thought. He was not only fertile in subjects, but covered a wider field than most preachers allow themselves. He assumed in his hearers a general intelligence and culture, which would comprehend all questions of current interest; and religion in his view was meant to pervade all departments and developments of life, covering the world of thought and action as well as of the affections and the will. His subject once chosen, he adhered closely to the theme. It was impossible to hear a sermon from Mr. Lund, and to have any doubt what it had been about. Each sermon had its title, incisive, suggestive, and not seldom epigrammatic. There was no room for preamble, for subsidiary digressions, for embroideries of speech. Illustrations were indeed numerous, but always strictly subordinated to the main theme, instances used to uphold, to reinforce, or to drive home the argument. So too the quotations, which clinch or summarise the main conclusion; at times the closing quotation was in effect the text of the discourse.'

The Rev. Campbell N. Moody, M.A., has published a volume of sermons with the title of *Love's Long Campaign* (Robert Scott; 5s. net). The sermons are divided into five classes, of which the titles are: 'The Cost,' 'The Counter-check,' 'The Captive,' 'The Crusade,' and 'The Crown.' These titles are well chosen. They describe the sermons that fall within each class. And together the sermons in the volume give a homiletical history of the Pilgrim's Progress from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

The glorious apostolic motto 'In Christ,' is the theme of all the addresses which the Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, Bishop of Edinburgh, has published under the title of *The Shrine and the Presence* (Robert Scott; 2s. 6d. net). Half of the addresses speak of the Presence of Christ in the Individual, and half of His Presence in the Church. These two halves are brought together by the use of Miss Beatrice Harraden's parable of the Traveller and the Temple, in *Ships that Pass in the Night*.

Dogmatic.

If you know of any one who speaks of theology disparagingly, as out of date and unrelated to reality, send him a copy of the Rev. J. A. Clapperton's *The Essentials of Theology* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net). It claims to be, and it is, clear, courageous, modern, and intelligent. Yet it is an exposition of theology as the Church has understood theology throughout the ages. Primarily

a student's book, and for the student arranged more clearly than any manual of theology we have seen, it is also written so that the mere reader may find pleasure in it.

Prayer for the Dead is a small part of Christian doctrine (if it is a part at all), but it is right that we should be offered a thorough investigation of the subject, even though it means a pretty large volume. The title is *Praying for the Dead* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net); and the author is the Rev. R. J. Edmund Boggis, B.D., Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's, Barnstaple. The investigation is fair, as well as thorough. The New Testament teaching is shown to be non-existent if Onesiphorus was not dead when St. Paul wrote to Timothy: 'The Lord grant unto him to find mercy of the Lord in that day.' Mr. Boggis believes he was dead. But he admits that there are many good commentators against him, some of whom (not the most recent) he names. Near the end of the book he tells us that an inquiry was addressed to various Protestant bodies in this land, asking what is the attitude of each towards praying for the dead, and the answers are quoted. In nearly every case the answer is that the subject has never even been raised. Professor James Cooper alone expresses sympathy with the practice, but he admits that the Confession of Faith is against him.

In *The Assurance of Immortality* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net), Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has not followed the plan of compiling arguments on behalf of the doctrine of immortality. He has treated the subject practically. Everybody except the occasional crank, recognizes the reasonableness of the belief, and the crank has nothing against it that will stand. No doubt it demands faith. So do other beliefs. The belief that the universe is a cosmic order demands faith. But faith, so far from being opposed to reason and common sense, is necessary to their very existence. Mr. Fosdick cannot prove the fact of immortality, but he is thoroughly convinced that it is a fact.

We begin to see more light on the eschatological problem; but we are not altogether out of the wood yet. It is clearly recognized that Schweitzer's position is untenable, and probably no English scholar is now with him wholly. But the subject is far too difficult to be set aside yet as solved, and we are certainly not going to set it aside as insoluble. The Rev. H. Latimer Jackson, D.D., chose *The Eschatology of Jesus* as the subject of his Hulsean Lectures last year. In the volume issued under that title the lectures are incorporated, and the whole subject is brought up to date (Macmillan; 5s. net).

The difficulty of studying the eschatology of Jesus is twofold. What did Jesus say?—that is one question that has to be answered. What did He mean?—that is another. Dr. Jackson has come to workable findings on the first question. He is convinced that the Synoptic account is reliable. He sees that the Johannine narrative presupposes it. On the second question he is 'conscious of misgiving which goes near to merge in doubt.' He has found the study 'a sharp discipline in the school of modesty.' For his readers his research has done as much as for himself. The whole subject is laid before them with masterly skill, and every aspect of it is considered with utmost self-restraint. More than in any other book on the subject Dr. Jackson brings out its vital importance for the preacher of the gospel.

The Rev. H. A. Wilson, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Norbiton, has taught the Creed to little children in a series of addresses. He has used everyday language, concrete images, and many illustrations. It is probable that the children did obtain some understanding of its clauses. The addresses are now issued as *The Faith of a Little Child* (Robert Scott; 2s. net).

The Rev. Alfred Fawkes, M.A., has reprinted from the 'Quarterly' and 'Edinburgh' Reviews a number of essays all touching on Modernism, and has had them published in a fine volume, with the title *Studies in Modernism* (Smith, Elder & Co; 10s. 6d. net). Mr. Fawkes, we understand, has lately left the Roman Church; and so, while these essays all deal with Modernism in its relation to that Church, and all reveal the accurate knowledge of the insider, they are written with freedom and occasionally even contain sharp criticism. Wisely, that they may be widely read, they are mostly biographical. We have, it is true, titles like 'Evolution and the Church,' 'Development,' 'Historical Christianity,' 'The Age of Reason'; but we have also titles like 'Tyrrell,' 'Newman,'

'Loisy,' 'Leo XIII.,' 'Pius X. and France,' 'Anatole France,' 'Émile Faguet,' and 'Zola.' And even when the title is not biographical the essay is often so. Thus 'The Ideas of Mrs. Humphry Ward' is really an attempt to explain how Mrs. Humphry Ward came by her ideas; it is a study in psychology rather than in philosophy. The following outburst is the author's; it brings Mrs. Humphry Ward into light in her most interesting mental attitude: 'Both in "Richard Meynell" and in "Robert Elsmere" Mrs. Ward does less than justice to the historical Broad Church Party. It had, and has, its limitations. It was academic: it had a certain aridity; its work was to a great extent indirect. But it kept knowledge alive; and knowledge, after all, is a necessary condition of theology and, in the long run, of religion, take what shape it will.'

The Rev. Revere Franklin Weidner, D.D., LL.D., has published two more volumes of notes based on Luthardt. The one is on *Christology; or, The Doctrine of the Person of Christ*; the other on *The Doctrine of Man* (Chicago: Wartburg Pub. House). The synopsis is done as carefully as though Dr. Weidner were making a reputation which he made long ago. There is everywhere the touch of the man who can write original theology also.

Devotion.

'In a London parish, not far from the Thames, on the tower of the church was a flagstaff, which had been there for many years, but at last was tottering, and scarcely able to bear the strain of the flag, so the Vicar ordered it to be removed. The day after it was taken down he received a letter from the Board of Trade asking why it had gone, and requesting that it might be put up again at once; if a new one were needed the Board of Trade would supply it. The reason was this: that flagstaff on the church tower was the point the vessels made for in coming up the Thames; without it, the captains or pilots of those vessels would have lost their bearings. A fresh flagstaff was at once erected, and there it is to-day, helping to guide the vessels into port. Neither the Vicar nor any of those worshipping in that church knew of the silent witness from their tower. Is it not an encouraging thought that the silent witnesses for Christ are doing His work by keeping close to Him, living pure, true lives, showing Whom they serve, and helping to guide other voyagers on life's sea to the Port at last?'

That story and more stories like it, and much good reading round the stories, will be found in *Voices of God in Life and Nature*, by Annie McDonell (Drummond's Tract Depot).

From the same office may be had the annual volume of *The British Messenger* (1s.); of *The Gospel Trumpet* (6d.); and of *Good News* (4d.); together with some fresh booklets for the New Year, one of which is *A New Year's Homily* by the Principal of the New College, Edinburgh.

To 'The Iona Books,' published by Mr. T. N. Foulis, Professor James Cooper has contributed a volume entitled *Reliques of Ancient Scottish Devotion* (6d. net). It contains: (1) Service for Communion of the Sick, from the *Book of Deer*; (2) Litany of Dunkeld, from the *Kalendars of Scottish Saints*; (3) The Death-Bed Prayer of S. Margaret, from Turgot's *Life of Queen Margaret*; (4) Consecration of a Burying-Place, from the *Pontifical of Bishop David de Bernham*; and (5) A Children's Service for Palm Sunday, from the *Rathen Manual*.

There is a notable book of essays issued this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The author is Mrs. D. C. Lathbury, and the title *Thoughts and Fancies* (1s. 6d. net). The essays are on well-worn topics, there is not a scrap of new knowledge in them, but the reading of them is new life. It is life, not rest; we are in the very thick of the fight. But the rest is on the horizon, and with the new vigour of life we shall reach it.

Here we must notice a little prayer-book, which has been compiled by G. M. Bevan, S.Th. It is a collection of prayers for the use of students of Sacred Theology. The title is *Unto the Perfect Day* (Mowbray).

The Walter Pater Calendar (Frank Palmer) contains a quotation from the works of Walter Horatio Pater for every day in the year, selected by J. M. Kennedy. It is not easy to detach Pater from his context. This for May 29 is characteristic:

'The "classic" comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us.'

The Rev. S. D. Gordon's 'Quiet Talks' have already run into three series of three volumes each; they have begun the fourth series with *Quiet Talks on Following the Christ* (Revell; 2s. 6d. net). Mr. Gordon's language is rather more American than that of the late Dr. J. R. Miller, but his style is as simple, his doctrine as evangelical, his 'comfort' as comforting, and his thought much more vigorous and penetrating.

Introducing a new book of Devotional Readings by the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan, M.A., Warden of Liddon House, Dean Beeching says: 'This book of readings differs from any other that I know, partly in its main purpose, which is to quicken the spirit of devotion by an appeal to the intelligence, and partly in the fact that its author has thrown his net wider than usual, and has found his material in essays and other secular writings as well as in the treatises of orthodox divines. Moreover, though a few pieces are taken from older writers, the greater number are from those of our own day, who know the spiritual sickness of the time and are best able to minister to it.' That is true, and that is enough for the discerning. The title is *Apples of Gold* (Robert Scott; 2s. 6d. net).

Cura Curarum.

By the Rev. A. F. Taylor, M.A., St. Cyrus.

'He who would leave his life in God's hands must wish nothing, foresee nothing, bring about nothing; he must simply abide in the calling wherewith God hath called him in patient trust and obedience.'—Jean Nicolas Grou.

'Beware of the temptation which inclines you to throw up your charge and leave your diocese for a retired life. . . . If you forsook your charge in order to seek repose, perhaps God would visit you with trouble and harass therein, and you would be like that good brother Leontius who had enjoyed abundant heavenly delights when employed in his monastery, but when he persistently sought leave to confine himself to his cell, hoping to lead a more contemplative life, all that spiritual sweetness departed from him. Remember that God doth not look graciously on their peace whom He destined for war. He is the God of battles as well as the God of peace.'—St. Francis de Sales.

'God wills our vocation, as it is; let us love that and not trifle away our time hankering after other people's vocation.'—St. Francis de Sales.

'Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And should'st thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life more free
From outward hindrance or impediment.
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That without which all goodness was a task
So slight, that virtue never could grow strong;
And would'st thou do one duty to His mind,
The Imposer's—overburdened thou shalt ask,
And own the need of grace to help, ere long.'
Archbishop Trench.

'Be faithful and do your best always for every congregation and on every occasion.'—Phillips Brooks.

'No man can understand his full capacity of thought and feeling—his strength to do and to suffer—until he gives himself with a single heart to a great and holy cause. New faculties seem to be created, and more than human might sometimes imparted by a pure fervent love. Most of us are probably strangers to the resources of power in our own breast through the weight and pressure of the chains of selfishness.'—W. E. Channing.

'The real pre-eminence of any gift lies wholly in its use, and that is a pre-eminence which we ourselves secure or forfeit for whatever we happen to possess. Yes, if there be any intrinsic excellence in one sort of gifts above another (I doubt whether there is), certainly that difference is of incomparably less importance than the difference between the gift that is perverted into a man's own service and the gift that is loyally dedicated for the common good. . . . The health and happiness of life depend on the frank and generous dedication of all our powers, all our advantages, to the work which God has set before us.'—F. Paget, *Hallowing of Work*.

'Go on in straightforwardness, and since God has given you charge over these souls, give Him the charge of yours, and ask Him to bear both you and your burden.'—St. Francis de Sales.