
A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

contributions of Magism to Iranism are the exposure of the dead instead of burying them (burial was known among the Persians, and Herodotus had already noted the divergence betwęen Persians and Magians in this regard), marriage of near kin (especially brother and sister), the malignancy of planets and mountains, astrology and oneiromancy, with other forms of magic with which the name μάγος is so closely associated, and the minute dualism which permeates all late Zoroastrianism, though in the Gāthās it is scarcely more emphasized than in Christianity. They did away with the chthonic cults of Iranism, and rose from a humble status to be its priests. The theory is advanced that the Magi were neither Indo-Germanic nor Semitic; but of what race they were Professor Moulton has apparently been able to form no final opinion. Further research among the tribes of Central Asia may cast light upon this problem, which is of much importance for his theory. One point, omitted by him, might be suggested. He states that their additions to the Avesta 'seem to have been in prose.' But the prose, especially in the Vendīdād, is full of impossible grammar. This is usually explained by the assumption that in the late period the rules of Avesta grammar had been forgotten; but it may be because the Magi never learned to write Avesta correctly, so that their additions, having a sacrosanct character, were transmitted on the same plane with the most correct Gāthic verse. We should also be glad to know more about another people mentioned in the Avesta, the Turanians, who were doubtless, at least in the main, Iranians, being the nomads (like the Scyths, with whom, indeed, they may possibly have been identical) as contrasted with the agricultural and cattle-rearing Zoroastrians. On the whole, there seems little likelihood that the Magi were Iranian; and Professor Moulton is to be felicitated upon the genius with which he divined his theory and on the scholarship with which he has sought to establish it.

An entire chapter is devoted to the Fravashis, which have a special interest for the New Testament student in view of Mt 18^{10} and Ac 12^{15}. These figures are traced back to a combination of ancestor worship and the belief in the external soul.

The theologian will turn with most interest to the last chapter, on 'Zarathushtra and Israel.' The saneness of the author is evident when he says:

'In most of these points [of similarity between Zoroastrianism and Christianity] independence is so obvious that we shall not be troubled with suspicions of borrowing. Coincidences will be the independent agreement of deep thinkers upon the same great problems, and their independence will enhance their suggestiveness.'

Professor Moulton is inclined to see the influence of the Fravashis in the 'princes' of the nations in Daniel and in the 'angels of the churches' in the Apocalypse, as well as in Mt 18^{10} and Ac 12^{15}; and to think that a tendency toward angelology among the Jews may have been fostered by their Persian surroundings; perhaps also in the development of Satan 'a hint was given [by the Persians] and used, but used in a wholly original and characteristic way.' Finally, Judæo-Christian apocalyptic literature may show some traces of Iranian influence. All this is a welcome reduction of the debt ascribed to Zoroastrianism; and perhaps later research will reduce it to nothing.

To his volume Professor Moulton has appended a translation of the Gāthās and of some of the principal Greek texts on the Persians, in both cases with valuable notes. Indeed, only one point of real value seems to have been omitted—the fact that there were Magas (probably Magians) in India. The material on them, contained in the *Bhavisya Purāṇa* and the *Bṛhatsaṁhitā*, might well have been considered.

In the Study.

Mountains in the Mist.

Is this a volume of sermons? Its title does not signify so. But why not discover a new type of sermon with a new type of title? And why not make the discovery at the Antipodes? The Rev. Frank W. Boreham is a minister in Hobart, Tasmania. His new book, under the above title, is published in this country by Mr. Kelly (3s. 6d. net). Here is one of its chapters. If it is a sermon, the text is at the end.

The Blessed Word 'Which?'

I recently enjoyed a very pleasant holiday. In the course of my travels I met with many ministers, and therefore heard many good stories. One of them has stuck to me. It was told me one hot night in the course of a quiet stroll across a sequestered park near Melbourne. Wild horses shall not drag from me the name of the teller of the tale. It may, however, impart to the narrative both the odour of sanctity and the hall-mark of authenticity if I merely mention the abstract circumstance that my informant is the grave and revered principal of a theological seminary. But to the story:—'I've been thanking the good Lord all day long for that blessed word "Which?"' said John to his friend. 'That blessed word "Which?"' replied his astonished companion. 'What on earth do you mean?' 'Well,' explained John, 'it's like this. For many years I gave way to drink. Our home was a poor sort of place. My Mary hadn't a very nice life of it. But she bore it all like a saint, and never murmured. And in those days I had no clothes except those I stood up in. But last year I started going to church with my Mary. And one night I was converted. And my, the difference it made! Why, last night my Mary was upstairs, and I called out to her to bring my clothes down when she came. And what do you think she called back? She shouted "Which?" And, oh, it made me feel good to hear my Mary ask me that! And I've been thanking the good Lord all day for that blessed word "Which?"'

I brought back many good things from my holiday, but I cherish this choice gem among the richest of my treasures. It is delicious. And now that I pick it up more leisurely and examine it more closely, I am not surprised that it was given me by a Professor of Divinity. If he can contrive to pack as much sound and sparkling philosophy into as little space in the course of all his lectures to his students, we shall expect a generation of ministerial prodigies to invade our pulpits as they issue from beneath his care.

'Which?' Shall it be the grey suit or the black suit?—that is the all-absorbing question. That is the fine point which the faithful Mary submits to her happy lord. And her 'Which?' as she calls down the stairs, sets him chuckling and crooning to himself for many hours afterwards,—'that blessed word "Which?"'

John's wardrobe, with its two suits, is a fitting emblem of the world in general, and of my own individual world in particular. John cannot wear both suits at once, but it is lovely to have them both to choose from. Life is full of margins, of surpluses, of overflows. We rarely get one thing dumped down to us with no choice, no selection, no alternative. I find myself surrounded at every turn by a wonderful, and sometimes embarrassing, profusion. My butcher calls every morning for orders, and the very fact that he finds it necessary to call for my order proves that I am confronted by a wide choice of viands. I daresay I could live on beef if there were no other meat in the universe. But there *are* other meats, and I have my choice. I cannot have everything that he has in stock: I do not need everything: I do not like everything. But I like him to greet me every morning with 'that blessed word—"Which?"' It makes me feel that I am living in a wealthy world. Or suppose that I fancy a little fruit. See what happens at once! All the gardens and orchards of the world stretch out their hands to me. I fancy I should love this old earth of ours a little less if she said to me, 'I can only produce bananas!' or 'I only grow peaches!' In that case, being a cross-grained and ill-tempered creature, I should probably sulk, and tell her that I did not want her old bananas, or that she could keep her peaches for herself. But the dear old earth never treats me like that. She treats me just as Mary treated John. She calls out 'that blessed word "Which?"' Any one kind of fruit would probably satisfy the actual requirements of my physical make-up. But Nature does not consider that. She is never niggardly. She is 'my Lady Bountiful.' She heaps my table with apples and pears, plums and apricots, cherries and peaches, and then smilingly greets me with 'that blessed word "Which?"' I don't know what other worlds are like, but I know for certain that this is a good one.

Now, the beauty of it is that it does not matter a brass farthing to John, to Mary, or to any one else which suit John decides to wear. Mary will walk just as proudly by his side whether he decides on the black or the grey. And the world will go round in pretty much the same way whichever garments John elects to don.

But that isn't the point. The point is that the glorious possession of two suits—the black *and* the grey—gives John the precious privilege of choosing—the black *or* the grey. And the rapture of choosing is one of life's lordliest luxuries. What a day that was when we strutted into a shop with our very first sixpence, to spend it just as we liked! Yes, a man dearly loves to choose. It may be perfectly true that John looks best in black. But even then he does not relish having a black suit handed to him by his dutiful Mary, and to be told that he must wear *that*—that and no other. He loves to be asked, 'Grey or black?' even though he instantly decides on black. 'That blessed word "Which?"' appeals to a very subtle but very responsive chord in the complexity of our wonderful composition.

I overheard two men chatting on a tramcar the other afternoon. They had just arrived from England and were discussing the trip. One had travelled second-class; the other had come steerage. They compared notes, and, being Englishmen, talked much of the table. The difference, so far as I could make out, was simply this: In the second saloon the steward came to the passenger and asked him if he would take beef, mutton, or pork. Whereas in the steerage one or the other of these things was placed in front of the passenger without a question as to whether or not he would prefer something else. The food in the steerage was just as good as in the saloon; and, as a matter of fact, the passenger in the saloon did not care a snap of the finger whether he had beef or mutton or pork; but it tickled his vanity to be offered a selection. In the saloon they sat down to dinner to the pleasing music of 'that blessed word "Which?"' In the steerage that charming melody was never heard.

I have just read Dan Crawford's *Thinking Black*. And he says some striking things that may help us at this very point. He tells us, for example, that the real inwardness of a native's horror of slavery consists in the consequent loss of the luxury of choosing. Mr. Crawford translates for us a Bantu rhyme which runs like this:

> As a bird in the course of its flight
> On some branch will not choose to alight,
> For it likes not the tree;
> So man's heart doth resemble a bird,
> To coerce it would be as absurd,
> For the heart must be free!

A slave may possibly become the property of a most considerate and indulgent owner. But it makes little difference. He is still a slave, a chattel, a possession; he is not free. His owner may give him congenial work, and delicate food, and ample leisure. But it does not count. His spirit is crushed by the feeling that he has no choice. He cannot say to himself, 'I will do this,' or 'I will do that.' He cannot say, 'I will go here,' or 'I will go there.' The underlying agony and humiliation of slavery, even at its best, is that it robs a man of that music for which his very soul hungers, the music of 'that blessed word "Which?"'

I repeat that for that music his very soul hungers. In His infinite and inscrutable wisdom God has left room in human nature for the entertainment of fads and whims, foibles and fancies. He has woven into the wonderful web of our being an uncanny faculty for liking without knowing why we like, and of detesting without knowing why we abhor.

> I do not like you, Doctor Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this I know, and know full well,
> I do not like you, Doctor Fell!

And, just because we find ourselves possessed of this weird and wayward faculty, we glory in choosing. The grey suit may be just as good as the black suit; beef may be just as nice as mutton; coffee may be just as pleasant as tea. But we like to have our choice. We are quite prepared to pay a little more to travel saloon. We feel that we are next door to slavery if we *must* wear this or *must* eat that. We dance through life to the delightful music of 'that blessed word "Which?"'

But to all this there are limits, and they are very stern and severe ones. We are allowed to choose between the grey suit and the black one because, after all, it really does not matter which we wear, and it pleases us to have our choice. We are permitted in the same way, and for the same reason, to choose between beef and mutton, between tea and coffee, between apples and pears. We simply cannot go wrong, and the luxury of selection adds a new piquancy to our pleasure. But there are things in which we *may* go wrong, and in which, therefore, we have no choice. We talk a great deal about 'choosing a husband' and 'choosing a wife,' but I doubt if it ever works out,

that way. When a man falls in love with a woman, he sees her face in all the flowers, and every bird is singing her name. Choice is absurd; there is only one woman in the universe after that. And certainly there are other things about which we have no option. The Ten Commandments, for example. There is no choice here; no hint of an alternative; no faintest whisper of 'that blessed word "Which?"' 'I am the Lord thy God,' says the very first of them. 'Thou shalt have no other gods but Me.' A man is not free to pick a deity or choose a god after that. And the mandates that follow adopt the same regal note. They present no alternatives; they ask no favours; they offer no advice. 'Thou shalt . . .' 'Thou shalt not . . .' No man is free to choose his morals. In small matters in which we cannot go wrong, we have our choice. But in the big things, on which we might easily make shipwreck, we are left without an option. And most of all is this the case when it comes to the matter of the soul and its salvation. 'There is *none other Name* under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' We are shut up here, without choice or alternative. Jesus stands in splendid solitude as the one and only Saviour. And I, in entrusting my poor soul to Him, feel glad to relinquish, in this august instance, my native passion for picking and choosing.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Little Things that Hurt.

'Is it not a little one?' (Gn 19^{20}.)

1. It was Lot who asked this question. God had made up His mind to destroy the 'cities of the plain,' because they were very wicked and He sent His angels to warn Lot to get away in time before the cities were burned. But Lot, who was really quite a good man to begin with, had been in the habit of thinking that little things did not matter very much, and so had come by little steps to forget about God, and to be very fond of the easy times that he could have in the wicked cities of the plain, where all the men and women just did as they liked, and generally liked to do wrong rather than right because they found it less trouble. Lot, then, was rather unwilling to leave the place and people he had grown so fond of (you know how unwilling you are to give up jolly companions, even when you know they make you do more naughty things than you would ever think of doing by yourself), and he begged that one of the wicked cities might be left for him to live in—'Is it not a little one?' he said.

2. Now Lot's question is one that comes very easily to our lips, whenever we want something that our parents know is not good for us. We are apt to think that a bad thing, if it happens to be little, is not so bad as a bad thing that happens to be big. But that is a very great mistake. It is all one whether you are drowned near the shore or in the depths of the sea. When a thing is bad, it is bad, whether it is big or little; and the little bad things are far more dangerous than the big bad things, just because we can often do them without *feeling* bad, whereas we have a most uncomfortable feeling when we try to do a big wrong.

We now know that many, if not most, of the diseases that cause suffering or death are due to the presence in the human body of tiny living creatures called microbes or bacteria, which somehow find an entrance into the system, where they multiply so rapidly as to poison in a sense the whole body. All infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, small-pox, cholera, and plague, are due to these minute organisms—so small that a fair average size would be one-twenty-thousandth part of an inch across. If you took some of the little rod-like microbes and could place them end to end, nearly ten billions would be required to reach a yard, while a hundred millions would be necessary to cover a shilling in a single layer, and 640,000 millions to make a solid cube inch. Yet although these microbes are so small that they can be seen only by the most powerful microscopes, they are able to cause the death of the strongest man.

3. The oftener we do the little sin, the easier it becomes; and then it is not the littleness or bigness of the sin that makes the difference to us; it is *sin* itself that we are finding easy. Now once we find little sins easy, we shall not stop at any kind of sins, because we shall have lost the power of judging how big a sin is; and this explains how little sins grow into big sins without our noticing it.

An Arab, who was living alone in his tent, was surprised to hear footsteps coming over the sand straight for the door of his tent. He listened, and was soon more surprised than ever to see the folds

of the tent door open and the nose of a camel come through. 'Get out of there,' said the Arab. The camel didn't move, but spoke back to the Arab, and said: 'It's so cold here on the outside. Please let me put only my nose through the door so that I may be warmed just a little.' 'Well, see that you come no farther,' said the Arab, and having said that he went about his work. When he turned to look again, the camel's head was in at the door, and it was looking all over the tent. 'Didn't I tell you to come no farther?' said the Arab. 'My head was cold,' said the camel, 'and I thought if you would let my nose in you would not mind about my head.' 'Well, see that you come no farther,' said the Arab, and he went about his work. When he looked again, the camel had put its front foot and shoulder through the door and was reaching farther into the tent. The man turned quickly and was angry, and told the camel to move back and go away, and was about to reach down and lift up a stick to strike it, when the camel walked boldly into the tent and drove the man forth from his own home. I think you know now what it means when people say, 'Beware of the camel's nose.' There is only one way to keep the camel out, and that is not to let even its nose in; and there is only one way to keep evil out of our thoughts and minds and hearts, and that is not to allow it to have the least entrance.

4. It is, as you know, much more difficult to watch against little faults than big ones, and the reason is just this: the little things are always with us, whether we are prepared for them or not, whereas big things happen only now and then, and their very unusualness gives us a shock and puts us on our guard. You are not often tempted, for instance, to rob or torture somebody, and you would find it easy enough to refuse to do such a thing. But how many times a day do you rob your friends of some pleasure that they could have if you were not selfish, and wound others by stinging little words and careless actions? These little things have to be guarded against every day and all day long, and this is hard work. You must fight them again and again, and the best way to do it is to have your hearts filled with love to Jesus; for when you think of Him and His goodness, you can get a better idea of the wickedness of your own sin, and to know that you are at fault is the first step towards being sorry for your sin and giving it up altogether.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His needle shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been;
And the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak place grew in the fabric stout;
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye,
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web;
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb;
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
And each life that fails of the true intent,
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.[1]

II.

Little Things that Help.

'There came a poor widow, and she cast in two mites, which make a farthing.'—Mk 12^{42}.

1. From the story of the poor woman who put her two mites—less than a half-penny—into the collection-box we learn that little things, when done in a loving spirit, may be of more use even than big things. For Jesus said that, because they were given so lovingly, these two little mites were worth more than all the big gifts which the rich men had put into the box.

All of us, and especially boys and girls, are apt to think that little things are not worth bothering about. But it is the little things in life that make us what we are. It is the way we attend to the little things that makes us pleasant people to live with, or disobliging people whom every one wants to avoid as much as possible.

Most people would like to do something to help others for Jesus' sake, and they wait and wish for some special big thing to do. But there are not big things in the world for every one to do; and, supposing there were, we are not all able to do big things. We must begin with the little things,

[1] Susan Coolidge.

and these are lying waiting for us in crowds every day wherever we may be; indeed we need all the patience and love that we can muster to keep us from getting tired and bad-tempered before we have done all we feel we ought to. But it is the little kindnesses that we do even when we need not do them, the little extra things, that count most in the making of a helpful good-tempered man or woman.

Sometimes it is helping another boy or girl at school, by sharpening a pencil, or explaining a hard sum, or doing some other such kind little deed. Sometimes it is helping mother about the house, or doing an errand for father. Or it may be a little thoughtfulness for somebody who is ill; perhaps reading a little while, or carrying some jelly. And then again, there are the kind words which are so often needing to be spoken. A happy word to little brother when he is tired, or to baby sister when she is fretting and the tears are in her eyes. Or it may be only a little smile, that will make somebody's heart lighter all day long.

S. Francis de Sales compares great and little acts of love to sugar and salt; sugar has a more delicious flavour, but we use it less frequently; whereas salt is required in all our daily food. The opportunities for great acts come but rarely; when they do come, we are encouraged by attendant circumstances, and by the greatness of the very act itself, and the self-respect it entails. But occasions of little acts of virtue are for ever taking us by surprise, and combating our pride, our indolence, our vanity, our impatience, and our inclination; calling for a constant surrender of will.

2. There is more than one reason why it is worth while to take time to do the little kind things that so many boys and girls are in too great a hurry to notice.

(1) First of all, you never can know how much the very smallest thing you do, a thing that perhaps costs you no trouble at all, may mean to other people. Mr. Moody said to a business man one day, 'There is a man just out of the penitentiary. He is very much discouraged because nobody wants him. I wish you would take an interest in him.' Mr. Moody brought him in. The man shook hands with him, told him he was glad to see him, and said, 'Come, go home and take dinner with me.' The tears started in the poor man's eyes. He did not think this good man would invite him to his house, as he had been in the penitentiary. When he got home the man introduced him to his little child, only three years old, and said, 'Emma, this is papa's friend; I wish you would kiss him.' She put her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then the little girl went out. The man looked up with tears streaming down his face, and said, 'My heart is broken; that is the first kiss I have had since my mother died.' That little girl, with that loving kiss, was helping Jesus to save a lost man who had fallen into the crevasse of crime. You can do something like that. 'Kind words never die,' and if you are good and kind to the bad it may save them.

(2) In the second place, most big things are just made up of a lot of little things. Think of our missionary pennies, for instance. It does not seem to us, perhaps, as if the few pennies which we can give would do any good, but when all the pennies are added together, there is no end to the good they can do.

There was once a temple built in China in a rather unusual way. It was not built by the emperor, or by any one rich man. But an invitation was sent out one day, which asked that everybody who wished to go to church on that spot should come and bring with him one brick. And so they did. One man after another came, and each brought his brick. And perhaps some came many times. So, very slowly, the pile of bricks rose higher and higher, until at last there were enough to build the great temple. You can build up a noble life with little daily actions, and the beautiful example which you have given in a thousand small ways will begin to have as great an influence and be as shining an example as a single heroic act.

(3) In the third place, little things may grow into big things. 'What is the good of that discovery?' some one said to Sir Michael Faraday. 'You may as well ask,' he answered, 'what is the good of a baby. You can't tell what it may grow to.'

What do you think the poor widow's two mites have grown to? They were given nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Some one has been using them ever since. Now for the use of money we have to pay interest; we might, for instance, pay sixpence every year for every 100 pence we use. Supposing these two mites, then, had been used all

these years at the rate of 6 per cent. in twelve years they would be only four mites, but every one hundred and fifteen years they would increase a thousandfold. The sum they would have been by now is far too great for even great men to imagine. Everything you do, say, or think is, like money, put out at interest, and is growing.

Once upon a time there was a man who owned a great estate and who had an odd habit of carrying around acorns in his pocket. And as he walked about, whenever he saw what he thought was a good place, he would make a hole in the ground and pop in an acorn. This was very easy to do. But wherever he had planted one of these acorns, you see, by and by would come up a tree; until after a while all over his place were growing up hundreds of great oak trees.

Now we can plant kind words just as that man planted acorns. And as the acorns grew to be oak trees, so the little words may grow into trees of happiness. We have only to plant them; the rest is with God. We do the little things; He does the great thing, using our little deed so as to bind us to Himself as His helpers. And surely the little things are well worth any trouble they may cost when they are 'done unto God.'

III.

The Rev. John Hamilton Pagan wrote letters to boys and girls in South Africa which were published in *The Presbyterian Churchman.* These letters were issued after his death in a book entitled *The Flower of the Hidden Crown* (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 1s. net). Already the book has run out of two editions, for the preacher of children's sermons has discovered it; some children may have discovered it also. The quality of every letter is as fine as that of the one here quoted.

The Khaki Weed.

Did you ever hear of the Khaki Weed? It is a plant which is giving trouble to many parts of the country. It was not known in South Africa before the war, but during the war great quantities of forage were imported from the Argentine, and amongst the forage came the seed of this plant. So then whenever the forage-waggons were unloaded or the oxen outspanned to have a feed, the seed was blown about and fell on the soil. There it took root and grew, and it has been growing ever since. It is one of those plants which spread along the ground, stretching its arms out and clutching at the earth, and creeping farther every day. And now in some districts it is an utter pest, and the farmers are under orders to destroy it wherever it is found. As it came to us during the war, it is called in the Transvaal the Khaki Weed. Don't you think, children, that this plant shows us *how fast an evil thing grows and spreads*? There is a hill near where I write, which a few years ago was quite free from this weed, and to-day it is covered with it from top to foot. And there are some sins which, if you only allow them to get a start and a footing, will waste and over-run your whole life. That is why you should be careful about the habits you are forming now. If they are bad, they will grow upon you, and choke, and destroy the good that might have been. Ask God then to lead and guide you, and to give you grace to do, as Jesus did, the things that please Him. There is another lesson which the Khaki Weed teaches us, and it is that *evil is often spread unintentionally.* No one ever thought that this seed was in the forage. No one ever dreamt what a trouble it would cause. No one ever intended that it should grow in South Africa. It was planted unintentionally. And many a bad thing spreads in the same way. Perhaps you are at school and idle; or perhaps you have a bad temper; or you may use language you should not use; or you may be unkind or selfish or disobedient. You don't know it at the time, but some one may be near you and see you, and he or she may catch this bad way from you, and learn to speak as you speak, and act as you act. You cannot be too careful of the example you set to others. In ways you never think of you have an influence on those around you, and seeds are blowing every day from your life to theirs. Pray God they may be seeds of good, seeds for Jesus, seeds which will bring a blessing to all on whom they fall.

Cura Curarum.

'More than all that we can do is the force of that which we are.'—Francis Paget.

'Thought and work are only the outcome and the expression of life. It is by the quality of the life that underlies them that their character and worth are determined.'—A. W. Robinson, *The Personal Life of the Clergy.*

'We must be watchful and uncompromising if the self-consecration is to do its work. One sin alone indulged, domesticated, may spoil it all; may cripple all our hope of helpfulness, may baffle the willingness of God to use us in His work for others.'—F. PAGET, *The Hallowing of Work.*

'If men can say of a preacher that he has plenty of time for amusement and is fond of it, it will avail little to preach and teach mortification and self-denial.'—*C. P. B.*, 120-127.

'When, from any cause, we are separated from the Lord whom we have vowed to serve, [then] our speech lacks a mysterious impressiveness. We are wordy, we are not weighty. We are eloquent, but we do not persuade. We are reasonable, but we do not convince. We preach much, but we accomplish little. We teach, but we do not woo. We make a show of power, but we do not move. Then men come and go; they may be interested or amused, but they do not bow in penitent surrender at the feet of the Lord.'—J. H. JOWETT.

'When you have been preaching beware of taking delight in the empty applause poured out upon you. What eloquence! What learning! Such a memory! Such grace! It is delightful to listen! and the like:—all this empty chatter coming forth from empty brains. So Jerome says that the Christian preacher should not cultivate the artifices of rhetoric, but content himself with the simplicity of fishermen in the Apostles; and if St. Paul condemns listeners who have itching ears, how much more does he condemn those preachers whose aim is to tickle such ears with fanciful words, choice illustrations and artistic combinations. But if after a sermon you find a few hearers who cry out with the centurion, "Truly, this is the Son of God," who have learned to know Christ crucified, and who say of the preacher, "It will not be his fault if we do not turn from evil ways. This sermon will rise up against us in the last judgment if we do not make good use of the warning." If they have learned the needfulness of penitence, the blessing of holiness, or if their lives give token that the lesson has sunk deeply into their hearts, then indeed you may pronounce the preacher to be excellent and able to promote not his own glory, but God's glory who gives His Holy Spirit to His servant and speaks through him.'—S. FRANCIS DE SALES.

'Our besetting peril is to go after the showy, "to strive" and "to cry," to let our voice be heard in the streets, to follow the glitter instead of the gleam, and to be satisfied if our names are sounded pleasantly in the crumbling walls of worldly fame.'—J. H. JOWETT.

'He who feels the magnitude and privilege of his work, he who respects and trusts his people, neither assuming their indifference so that he is paralysed, nor assuming their interest so that he grows careless—that man, I think, need envy no one of the preachers of the ages that are past, the pulpit in which he stood, or the congregation to which he preached.'—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

'Earnestness should characterise the ministry, and by this I do not mean a tender voice or a more vehement gesture; I mean no tricks or oratory, but a solemn conviction that religion is a great concern, and a solemn purpose that its claims shall be felt by others. . . . A minister must communicate religion with that inexpressible character of reality, that life and power, which accompanies truths drawn from a man's own soul.'—W. E. CHANNING.

'There is a peculiar freshness, charm, energy in perfect sincerity.'—W. E. CHANNING.