
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

Life Eternal. Jesus, the Word-made-flesh, becomes the medium of communion between the soul and God. The Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us—for the enrichment of the believer's thought and for the guidance of the believer's practical life. To this Life of fellowship with God, through the medium of Jesus, the Eternal Word, no assignable limits can be placed ('It doth not yet appear what we shall be'). For all the heart of God is expressed in that Word, and the measure of the believer's appropriation of its significance for his thought and conduct, is the measure of his Life. To know Jesus, in this pregnant sense of knowing, is to know the Father, and in this knowledge is Life Eternal.

Summing up the course of our argument, it is, briefly, this: The Evangelist wishes to implant belief of a statement regarding Jesus, for in this belief, he knows, is Life Eternal. But this statement regarding Jesus, though capable of, and demanding, theological expression, is not of theological origin. It is not, in the last analysis, the statement of a man or a Church or a Council. Though mediated through these and other ways, it is the testimony of God. And that fact establishes its vital relations with Life. For, to begin with, the very capacity to hear God testifying, argues at least the potency of life—testifies to something in the constitution of mankind to which the voice of God can come. And in the second place, the Word of God is, as always, a creative, life-giving, energizing Power. The testimony of God to Jesus is, in one aspect, a statement, in another it is a promise or, still more, a life-giving word. Hearing it, the dead come forth. And as it gives life at the beginning, so it sustains it continuously. Man lives, not by bread only, but by this Word which cometh down from heaven. By means of it, he maintains fellowship with God, and in such fellowship learns to know God and Life Eternal. And, out of the fulness of a blessed experience, he confesses, 'This is the true God and Eternal Life!'

In the Study.

The Rev. Archibald Alexander, M.A., B.D., is a master of the short conversational sermon. He himself calls it a 'talk.' But it is no 'prostitution of the pulpit.' Every sermon is both doctrinal and experimental. His new book is entitled *A Day at a Time* (Allenson; 2s. 6d. net). This is one of the 'talks' in it:

God's Door of Hope.

The world has a scheme of redemption of its own, and men can themselves do something for the brother who has fallen. But the plan involves, invariably, a change of surroundings. Worldly wisdom says, of the youth who is making a mess of his life, 'Ship him off to the colonies, try him with a new start on another soil.' But the grace of God promises a far more wonderful salvation. It makes possible a new start on the very spot of the old failure. It leads a man back to the scene of the old failure. It leads a man back to the scene of his old disloyalty, and promises him a new memory that shall blot out and redeem the old. God does not take the depressed and discouraged out of their surroundings. He adds an inward something that enables them to conquer where they stand. It is not some new untried sphere that God gilds with promise. It is the old place where one has already failed and fallen. It is the valley of Achor, the scene of Israel's defeat, and Achan's shame and sin, that God gives to His people as a door of hope.

In Italian history, during the Middle Ages, the republics of Pisa and Genoa were often at war, and at one time the Genoese were badly beaten in a sea-fight near the little island of Meloria. Some years after, a Genoese admiral took his fleet to that same spot and said, 'Here is the rock which a Genoese defeat has made famous. A victory would make it immortal.' And sure enough, the fight that followed ended in a great victory for Genoa. It is that sort of hope that God holds out to all defeated souls who put their trust in Him. He points us back to our valley of Achor, the place with a memory we do not like to think of, and He says, 'There is your door of Hope, go back and try again.' And those who go back in His strength are enabled to write a new memory upon the old shame.

Our Lord and Master is very gracious to forgive us when we come to Him in penitence to tell Him of the position we have lost by our faithlessness or our cowardice, but He does not consent to the ultimate defeat of the very feeblest of His soldiers. 'Go back and try again,' is His order. There are many, as Dr. Matheson says, who offer us a golden to-morrow, but it is only Christ who enables us to retrieve our yesterday. For His grace is more than forgiveness. It is the promise to reverse the memory of Achor, to turn defeat into victory even yet.

Achor, further, literally means Trouble, and it is a great thing for us when we have learned that even there God has for us a door of hope.

The valley of Trouble is perhaps the last place in the world where the uninstructed would look for any fruit of harvest, and yet again and again men have brought the fairest flowers of character and holiness out of it. How many a devout and useful servant of Christ owes the beginning of his allegiance to a serious illness, to some crippling disappointment, to an overwhelming sorrow? In all humility there are many who can say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted,' and there are many, many more about whom their friends often quote that text.

I walked a mile with Pleasure;
She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she,
But oh, the things I learned from her,
When Sorrow walked with me!

There is a door of Hope even in the valley of Trouble, and those who tread it in God's company shall not fail to find it.

There is one other class who need to know that even in Achor there is a door of hope, the depressed and discouraged. Phillips Brooks once declared, 'I came near doing a dreadful thing the other day. I was in East Boston, and I suddenly felt as if I must get away from everything for a while. I went to the Cunard dock and asked if the steamer had sailed. She had been gone about an hour. I believe if she had still been there, I should have absconded.' I wonder if there is any one who has not known that feeling? When duty is dull, and circumstances discouraging, when we seem to be merely ploughing the sands, 'Oh,' we say, 'for the wings of a dove!' Comfort and happiness and salvation seem to lie solely in escape. And it may be that they do. But more often the trouble is in ourselves, and would travel with us to the new post.

If there be any depressed or discouraged reading these lines, I should like to remind them of God's promise, to give the valley of Achor—that is the depressing scene of your labours, my brother—for a door of hope. You are looking for your hope somewhere else, anywhere else provided it be out of your present rut and drudgery. In reality your door of hope lies in the rut, in the valley itself. It is not escape you need. It is just a braver faith that God is in your valley with you, and that He needs you there.

Take a firmer grip of that, and go back to where you serve, and you will find, please God, that even in your valley He has opened a door of Hope and Gladness.

May all those who are living and working these days in the valley of Achor find in it somewhere God's Door of Hope.

PRAYER.

Grant us, O God, the faith that in Thy strength we can yet succeed even in the place where we have failed. Teach us that it is Thy whisper we hear, when we have fallen into Despond, bidding us rise and try again. And grant us the courage to be sure, since Thou hast a tryst to meet and help us there, that even our Achor shall open to us its door of hope. Amen.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

1916.

'A little maid.'—2 K 5^{2}.

'A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.'—Pr 31^{30}.

Most of you children know what a sampler is. It is a piece of sewed or embroidered work done by girls for practice. One very interesting thing about samplers is that the older they are the more wonderful they seem to be. As many of you know, it is nearly three hundred years since Shakespeare died, yet in his *Midsummer Night's Dream* he makes Helena say:

'(We) with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one Sampler, sitting on one cushion.'

So you can understand how it is possible to come across very fine specimens occasionally.

To-day I want to tell you about a sampler that hangs on the wall of a room in Edinburgh. Every time I went to see a certain invalid friend there, I passed that sampler. At first it simply impressed me as being of beautiful colouring—delicate blues, and greens, and browns, with touches here and there of bright red. There are artists who make collections of old samplers, and I don't wonder.

One day, however, I stopped to examine it. In the distance the lettering—all sewn with silk—had looked like verses of poetry. It was the ten commandments in rhyme. They were in two columns, six in the one, and four in the other. Here are the first six, as given on the old sampler. (Listen, and try to recognize each commandment as it comes):

I.
Adore no other God
But only Me.

II.
Worship not God
By anything you see.

III.
Revere Jehovah's name
Swear not in vain.

IV.
Let Sabbaths be a rest
For Beasts and Men.

V.
Honour thy parents
To prolong thy days.

VI.
Thou shalt not kill
Nor murd'ring quarrels raise.

Underneath there were mottoes, also worked in the old-fashioned cross stitch.

Remember thy Creator
In thy youth.

Obey thy parents
Walk in the paths of truth.

Despair of nothing
That you would attain
Unwearied diligence
Your point will gain.

Experience best is gained
Without much cost
Read men and books
Then practise what thou knowest.

Then followed the name of 'A little maid':

ALLISON TURNBULL
Her work. Done in the
11th year of her age
1770.

It was a very fine old sampler, and it must have been a quaint little girl who sewed it. So I thought, and then passed on. Allison was soon forgotten; it seemed so at least.

But lately something brought her back to my mind. It was the story of what the boys of this country have been doing for us during the past sixteen months. I thought of that little maid who, when she was ten years old, sat stitch, stitch, stitch at a sampler, growing to be a woman and becoming one of the mothers of whom to-day we think and speak with reverence. It is they who have made the men of the nation what they are. You children do not need to be told how brave our boys have shown themselves. And I wonder if it ever occurs to you that not only their mothers, but their grandmothers, their great-grandmothers, and their great-great-grandmothers, have had a hand in endowing them with such splendid courage, and such a high sense of duty.

President Lincoln was the wisest and best beloved President America ever had, and he said that he never forgot the religion he learned at his mother's knee. John Wesley, the great Methodist preacher, when he was a man of thirty years of age, remembered his mother's rules for the house, and sent to ask her to write them down for him. Mrs. Wesley was of gentle birth, yet her married life was one of great poverty. When her eldest boy was born, she and her husband had very little to live on—not more than what nowadays is a comparatively small house rent—yet she managed the house-keeping splendidly, and never allowed herself to get into debt.

But everything is changed since then. No little girls sit stitching at samplers. No boys are kept so strictly at lessons as the little Wesleys were. Play is part of your day's work.

Nevertheless the children of the olden time preach a sermon to us. The 'little maid' of the Bible took the whole burden of her master's terrible illness upon her wee shoulders. I believe she would seem even more old-fashioned to you than Allison. And Allison, I feel sure, was a very careful little girl who wasted none of her threads. The very way her sampler was worked showed that.

Day after day just now your mother keeps speaking about the cost of things. She warns you against wastefulness. Our statesmen have been urging the same thing. They tell us that we must all be economical for a very long time: the war has cost and is costing us so much that, as a nation, we have to learn to think of ourselves as poor.

Your day has come, boys and girls. You can all help the nation by making a resolution at the beginning of 1916, to be careful in little things, to take care of your books, your pencils, your sports outfits, or it may be your toys, and—your *clothes*.

But it is especially the day of the girls. When Solomon was king, his mother one day came to visit him and make a request. Although she asked something that Solomon could not grant her, he remembered all that he owed to his mother, and he had a throne set for her at his side. And a wise writer in the Old Testament sets a woman upon a throne. She is something like the Mrs. Wesley of whom I have been speaking, and also like the woman we can imagine little Allison became. Here are a few of the things that the writer says:—

A virtuous woman who can find? For her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and she shall have no lack of gain.

. . . . . .

She layeth her hands to the distaff,
And her hands hold the spindle.

. . . . . .

She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry;

. . . . . .

She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up and call her blessed:
Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying:
'Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all.'

It seems to you very difficult to try to be like that, does it not? But for what follows I should not ask you to think of trying.

The wise man goes on to say:

Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain,
But a woman that feareth the Lord,
She shall be praised.

Even that does not make it easy. But Mrs. Wesley had a great friend who helped her. He was the Lord Jesus Christ. If you boys and girls ask Him, He will help every one of you: then our nation need have no fear for the future, for you will really have given yourselves to that future. With Mrs. Wesley's friend as yours, you will be better than a man that taketh a city.

II.

Children of the West Wind.

'An exceeding strong west wind.'—Ex 10^{19}.

I have left the West wind to the last, but although it is last, please don't run away with the idea that it is in any sense least. The West wind has a very important part to play in these islands. Those who watch the winds tell us that there are almost two days in which West and South-West winds blow over them to one day that easterly winds blow. I don't know whether the proportion of West-wind people to East-wind people is the same, but I think you will find that the number of West-wind people is not at all small. Perhaps there are more to be found in Ireland than in England and Scotland, but that is just as it should be, is it not? Ireland lies to the West, and it is exposed to the breezes from the Atlantic.

Now, let us see what are the characteristics of the West wind. Well, first of all, it is a warm wind. It blows off the great Atlantic Ocean, and it carries with it some of the warmth of the Gulf Stream which does so much to keep our Islands mild.

West-wind people are very warm-hearted. They give you a welcome when you go among them, and are ready to share what they have with you. They are kindly, sympathetic, and affectionate. Perhaps their affections are not very deep; they are apt to forget you when you are out of sight; but then you must remember what a lot of people find accommodation in their hearts.

Then the West wind is rather a wet wind. It blows off a great expanse of ocean, bringing much moisture with it, and when this warm, moist air touches the cold tops of our western mountains, the moisture comes down as rain.

I am not going to accuse the West-wind people of being mournful, but I think you will find they are more easily moved to laughter and to tears than the children of any other wind.

But the thing that has struck me most about the West wind is its fitfulness. Sometimes it blows quite softly. Then in a few minutes a stiff breeze has risen, and before long you have a hurricane, tearing the leaves off the trees, driving the dust in wild clouds, lashing the waves into angry foam.

I think this is the chief characteristic of the West-wind people. They are excitable, quick, not very dependable. They act on the impulse of the

moment, without stopping to think, and often they have much cause to regret their hasty actions. Their tempers are somewhat gusty, rising in a moment without the least warning, and often with very little cause. One moment these people are all gentleness and laughter, and the next a regular tempest is raging, so that every one is glad to get out of their way.

Now, West-wind people, I want you to look at your text—'An exceeding strong west wind.' And what did the 'exceeding strong west wind' do? It took up the locusts—that terrible plague which had been devouring every green thing in Egypt—'it took up the locusts, and drove them into the Red Sea.'

What I wish you to notice is that you are really wasting a great deal of energy. It is your nature to be gusty. Well, there are in the world plenty of great wrongs waiting to be blown away by big gales. What a lot of good you could do if you would only store up your energy, and use it against these wrongs, instead of squandering it in fitful gusts and storms in teapots. That energy of yours is a great power, but first you must learn to control it. You must learn to put the brake on your temper, and the brake on your impulses, or else you will be like a powerful engine rushing uncontrolled down a steep incline, to meet almost certain destruction at the bottom. Once a great general was talking about the battles he had fought and the victories he had won, and some one asked him which had been the proudest moment of his life. What do you think he answered? 'The grandest moment of my life,' he said, 'was when I got control of myself.'

I want to tell you about another man who gained the mastery over himself. His name was Louis, Duke of Burgundy, and he was the grandson of Louis XIV. of France. When he was quite small he was wilful, greedy, and cruel. His temper was so violent that his friends were afraid to play with him, because, when he lost a game, he flew into a terrible passion. When he was seven years of age he came under the charge of the wise and faithful Abbé de Fénelon. A year later he wrote the following promise on a piece of paper: 'I promise on the faith of a prince, to M. l'Abbé de Fénelon, that I will do at once whatever he bids me, and will obey him instantly in whatever he forbids; and if I break my word, I submit to every possible punishment and dishonour. Given at Versailles, November 29, 1689. Signed, Louis.' The boy evidently found it was easier to make a promise than to keep it, for a few lines are added later. 'Louis, who promises anew to keep his promise better, September 20 . . . I beg M. de Fénelon to let me try again.' Louis did try again, and by the time his boyhood was over he had his temper well under control. He grew up strong and wise, with a fine sense of duty, and some people think that had he lived the French Revolution would never have taken place.

You are filled with energy and impulse, West-wind people, and you need a guiding hand to help you to control yourselves. If you trust to your own power you can never be sure that you will get the mastery, but there is One who can help you, and if you take Him as your Guide your energies will be turned to true and noble use.

The world has need of you all—children of the North, the South, the East, the West. So blow on fresh winds, blow all the cobwebs off this dusty old world, for we could not spare one of you.

> Whichever way the wind doth blow
> Some heart is glad to have it so;
> Then blow it east or blow it west,
> The wind that blows, that wind is best.

III.

Lovely Thoughts.

'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'—Ph 4^8.

There is a game, I have no doubt you know it, called 'What is my thought like?' in which one player thinks of something, and the others try to find out what it is. Have you ever played that game with yourself? How could you? Well, have you ever peeped into your own mind, and asked, 'What are my thoughts like?' You think you know. I am not so sure. I think if you saw on a lantern screen, all your thoughts for one day you would be very much surprised.

There is a fairy tale of a magic flute which had the power of compelling every one who heard it to speak aloud the thought which was in his mind. If we had that flute played to us, what strange revelations there might be! How ashamed we should be if those mean, wicked thoughts, and dis-

contented thoughts, and selfish thoughts which lurk at the bottom of our minds should all speak out. Then there are those envious, jealous thoughts which you scarcely know are there, and the revengeful thoughts that you hug for days till you have a chance to carry them into deeds. And remember your thoughts are *you*. What you say and what you do come from what you think. The angry blow would never be struck but for the angry thought. And even though they never come to words and actions, bad thoughts are bad for you and for others. They are bad for you, for they may spoil your whole character. You know that a man who indulges covetous thoughts may become a miserable miser, and a man who nurses a revengeful thought may do some dreadful deed. Perhaps you do not know that your thoughts affect even your health. People may make themselves ill by sullen, peevish, discontented thoughts, and good thoughts help to make sick people well. It is not so easy to see how your thoughts can hurt other people, but it is true. You will often hear some one say to another, 'Why, you have said exactly what I was thinking!' In some strange way, which we cannot yet explain, people do influence each other by their thoughts, and you are unconsciously a good or bad influence on the people you are with.

So you see how careful you should be with your thoughts. Perhaps you think you cannot help your thoughts. They wander here and there and you cannot tell how they come and go. Some one has said about this that you cannot help a bird alighting on your head, but you need not let it make its nest in your hair. You cannot help a thought coming into your mind, but you need not make it welcome to stay. Each time you let it come makes it easier for it to come again. The first time it comes over a new path to your mind, but the second time it comes on the road made the first time, and every time the road gets easier till it is a broad highway, and it is very difficult indeed to stop the traffic on it. The first time a bad thought comes you are shocked and sorry. That is the time to attack it, for the second time it does not seem so bad, and after that you are accustomed to it. So a wise old book says, 'Withstand the beginnings: the remedy is applied too late, when the evil has grown strong through long delay. For first there cometh to the mind a bare thought of evil, then a strong imagination thereof, afterwards delight, and evil motion, and then consent. And so by little and little our wicked enemy getteth complete entrance, for that he is not resisted in the beginning.' That is the time, and the best way to do it is to fill your mind with good thoughts, so that there is no room for bad ones. If you leave your garden empty, weeds will spring, but if you fill it with flowers they will find no place to grow.

There is a very lovely poem, called 'The Shepherdess,' which pictures the thoughts as a flock of little white sheep, with their owner as the shepherdess. The shepherdess watches her sheep in case they should wander into forbidden, dangerous places. She keeps them from the dirty bog, where they might drink muddy water, and in which they might sink and get their white fleeces soiled and ugly. She keeps them pure and clean, and leads them to the high hill where the fresh fragrant breeze is blowing, to feed on the sweetest mountain pasture she can find. And so the shepherdess of thoughts watches her flock. They may run and skip and be as merry as they like, but they must not run into wrong places. They must keep away from every thing that will soil them and make them impure. They must be fed on clean pasture—the words and thoughts of noble men, and brave generous deeds, and earnest resolutions. They must be kept safe like the sheep and lambs, roaming by day under the care of a shepherdess, and shut up at night in the fold where nothing can get in to harm them. This is the poem:

She walks—the lady of my delight—
  A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
  She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
  And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
  Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
  The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
  A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
  Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
  She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
  A shepherdess of sheep.[1]

[1] A. Meynell, *Poems*, 69.

What are you doing with your thoughts? Are they running wild anywhere, or are they a flock of little white sheep, kept and tended by the shepherdess? What do you feed them on? If you do not give them good pasture they will find bad. There are two ways in which thoughts are fed—by conversation and reading. What kind of things do you talk about to each other? If your talk is about silly secrets, and unkind tales, and boasting of yourself, what will your thoughts be like?

You would like to know the thoughts of other people. So you may, if you will take the trouble. The wisest and best of men have written down their thoughts, and their books are all waiting for you to read as soon as you can understand them. You may make companions of them, and share their thoughts; and make them your own. There are other men, too, who wrote no books, but who lived noble lives. To read about them will give you great things to think about. A book like Miss Yonge's *Book of Golden Deeds*, which you can get for a shilling, will give you something to feed your thoughts on for a long time; but are you likely to find lovely thoughts in comic papers? Have you ever heard what Ruskin said about this choice of what you read? He said, 'Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy when you may talk with kings and queens?'

Yet when you have done all you can to shepherd your sheep, and to feed them on good pasture, you will find you will need help still. You will need the help you get in prayer, and you will find a very beautiful short prayer at the beginning of the Communion Service. 'O God, to whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts, by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name, through Christ our Lord. Amen.'

IV.

Some of the 'Talks on Parade' of the Rev. J. Williams Butcher, which he has published with the title of *To Boys* (Allenson; 2s. 6d. net), are founded on famous Latin mottoes. These are not better than the rest of the Talks, but they open the way to a new source for addresses to the young, and we shall offer one of them by way of example.

Possunt quia Posse Videntur.

'There is no accounting for taste. One man likes what another loathes. Not long since I was talking to a friend of mine, who is a schoolmaster, and he said, "I have no use for school tales; I simply do not like them." Now I do. I make a rule of trying to read every tale of school life that I come across. There are some I never finish; they are "goody" and unreal. The greater number I enjoy, though of course they are not all of equal merit. If I had to make a list and arrange them in order of merit I should have to start by bracketing two as "equales." One is now an old favourite; and I am glad to know that it is still read by thousands of boys every year. Of course you know it? *Tom Brown's School-Days*. When I first read it I voted it A1; and I vote it the same to-day. The other, and it must be of high merit to rank with "Tom," is quite recent; it is called *Fathers of Men*.

'It is the story of a boy who won his way through, despite such difficulties that one would have felt nothing but sympathy for him had he gone under. One day when things were very bad, he had in Form a Latin lesson in which these words occur. The translation runs thus, "They can because they think they can." Now I am not going to tell you any more about the story or how Jan Ritter proved that he was "real grit." I want you to read the book; and then if you don't vote it "ripping," I shan't have a very good opinion of your judgment.

'"They can because they think they can." Isn't that fine? "I can't!" O, you coward! If you say, "I can't," why then, of course, you won't, and there's an end of it; except that every decent fellow will vote you "No good." "I can't," is one of the very worst phrases in our language. It does not matter whether you are at school and are thinking of your work there; or at business and have in mind the making of yourself of some value to those who employ you; whether you are a Scout and are looking at those proficiency badges that you long to wear; or if you are in the Brigade and want to rise from the ranks; whether it is sport in which you think you would like to excel or some hobby that you thought you would pursue; if you say, "I can't," well, you simply won't; and that is all about it.

'I am not going to quote you the example of great men who have found things difficult and have said to themselves, "I will," and so have done the difficult thing. I know some of you are about sick of hearing about these heroes (which, by the way, is another proof of what duffers you are). I want just to ask you to think of the fellows of your own age, whom you know, who never say, "I can't," but who just go on trying, profiting by this failure and by that, until at last they do. I have one such boy in my mind to-day. He is a lad who has a great many things that do not help him, yet he "never says die"; the result is that he has overcome a good deal already, he is winning the good opinion of some who at first were dead set against him, and he has the making of a fine man, just because he won't be discouraged. I often see him, and I watch him with real admiration.

'"I dare you to do it." Have you ever had that said to you? The words are very often used in a thoroughly stupid and evil way. One boy dares another to do some fool-hardy thing that is full of danger, and from which no good can possibly result. The boy who is "dared" thinks it a sign of weakness not to do the thing to which he has been thus challenged; so he does a thing that both his judgment and his conscience, alike, forbid. There is no true courage in this. We have, all of us, probably known fellows who have done really bad and harmful things just because some one who had a scarcity of brains "dared" them to do it. Both for the one who did the silly thing and for others who have suffered from it, the consequences have been full of disaster. It is not in this sense of the word that I want you to "dare yourselves" to do things. In a true and worthy sense, however, I call upon you to "dare yourselves" to do things that are hard and difficult.

'"Be your best." Just think what you would be if you dared to be your best. At home, at school, at work, at play, with your parents, your employers, your friends; always your "best." Why, you can hardly recognize yourselves! Ever had your photograph taken? If so, you perhaps know that there is a process known as "touching up the negative." The result of this process is that when your friends see the finished photograph, they look at it and then at you, and say, "I say, old chap, I really didn't know you were so awfully good looking." It is not very complimentary, but it is true. If you think what you would be like if you were ever trying to be your best, you will probably have to say the same thing to yourself. Why should you not make the actual as much like the possible as can be?

'Here is something that I fancy will surprise you. The very effort to be our "Best" is in itself a prayer. Further, it is the prayer that God always answers. Why? Because it is so real. It is not only "from the lip"; it is "of the life." That is to say, you do not simply say, "Please God, make me good"; you go much further and say, "Please God, I'm trying hard and I am seeking and expecting Thy help."

'When we were at school and learnt a little grammar, we heard something about the degrees of comparison of adjectives—"Good," "Better," "Best." The "Best" does not come all at once. Some fail because they forget the law of progress. When we look at that photograph that we have tried to take and see our possible "Best," it does not mean that it is possible to-day and now. Yet that far-off "best" will never be possible without to-day's "best." I am reading a biography of a man who, during his boyhood, had a keen longing to be an artist. His friends were not very encouraging at first; they pointed out so many faults; they would not let him use colour until he could draw well: "form first, colour after," was their rule. Often he would look at some great picture and think, "I wish I could paint like that." His mother's rule was, "Do your best to-day, and then to-morrow's best will be a little better." That is the lesson for you to learn. Your "best" to-day in order that to-morrow's "best" may be better.

'Do not be cast down if you don't get at the top with one leap. We smile at the old story of Bruce and the spider, and we think that we have heard the adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again," often enough. Yet if I were to talk to you for the whole day, I could not say anything more suited to the mood and need of some here present than if I quoted over and over again this saying of our childhood. Few words are wiser. It's the "trying again" that daunts some of us. Let us make up our minds not to be daunted. Among the books that were given me during my boyhood was one that told the story of Palissy, the Huguenot potter. Do you know it? It is perhaps as fine an illustration of this motto

as any I could find. He meant to find out the lost art of glazing china. He laboured for years; he lost all that he had; he laboured on in direst poverty; but he found the secret. He found it because he thought he could. Jan Ritter did because he thought he could.

'Boys! believe you can, believe in yourselves because you believe in God, and believe also that "God helps those who help themselves."'

Point and Illustration.

Footnotes to Life.

The man must have an uncommonly fresh mind who can publish a volume of detached sayings and compel us to read the volume. The Rev. Frank Crane, D.D., is the man. His volume is called *Footnotes to Life* (John Lane; 3s. 6d. net). Dr. Crane is no epigrammatist like Mr. Chesterton. Nor is he keen upon saying clever things. And yet his words have often the surprise of the cleverest epigram. It is not easy to see where the interest enters, for the things he says are not necessarily new. But take an example:

The Touch of Tragedy in Success.—There is a touch of tragedy in every success. At the gaining of every sweet desire there is a sprinkle of ashes upon the lip. Tears are not far from laughter. Death is behind all life.

When Solomon had achieved wisdom and riches more than any man, he wrote, 'Vanity of vanities! All is vanity!' 'All crowns,' said Sir John Lubbock, 'are more or less crowns of thorns.'

Even sanctity is lonely. What so solitary a figure in the lists of time as that of Jesus? Every pure heart is, in a way, a monk or nun, dwelling in its cell; and in the very fullness of holiness is a little gnawing hunger for lost human companionship.

The heights of wisdom and philosophy are not warm. The victory of the moral hero is greatness, not comfort. Sometimes this takes a cynic tinge. Phocion, when he was applauded by the people, turned to one of his friends and said, 'I must, without knowing it, have said some foolish thing.' When a young man, sitting next Dr. Samuel Johnson at table, laughed immoderately at everything the learned doctor said, the latter finally turned to him and said, 'Young man, I trust I have said nothing you could comprehend.'

Jerusalem.

Jerusalem—Jerusalem as it is to-day—Jerusalem as it is seen with the eyes of Pierre Loti, and described with Pierre Loti's pen—that is what we find in English in the translation made by Mr. W. P. Baines, added to the uniform edition of Pierre Loti's works, and illustrated with coloured pictures by Mr. John Fulleylove, R.I. The title is simply *Jerusalem* (Werner Laurie; 7s. 6d. net).

Loti came to the place of a garden. '"That," said the white-robed Father, "I need not name for you; you know what it is, do you not?"

'And lowering his voice, as in respectful awe, he pronounces the name:

'"Gethsemane!"

'Gethsemane! No, I did not know it, for I am still but a pilgrim newly come to Jerusalem. But the sound of the name moves me to the fibres of my being, and I gaze at the still distant apparition with complex and indescribable feelings, in which tenderness and suffering are mingled.'

He went out the way of Calvary. 'The threshold of this City Gate is a gigantic monolith, in which may still be seen the holes for the enormous hinges, the central groove for the bars used in shutting the gate.

'A strange road truly, strange and unique, ending abruptly in an immense impenetrable wall, and nevertheless pointing, in its slope and direction, with a kind of mutilated, broken gesture of indication which yet is undeniable and decisive, the way to Calvary. And this threshold, what a moving thing it is to gaze upon, with still its polish of age-long use! The feet of Christ, heavy with the weight of the cross, once no doubt pressed upon it!

'"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" said the angel announcing the Resurrection (St. Luke xxiv. 5); and these words have become as it were the device of evangelical Christians, who set no store by the holy places. But I have ceased to be one of them, and as I shall never be able to join the ranks of the multitudes who scorn Christ or forget Him, I have fallen back amongst those who seek Him hopelessly among the dead. And here now I am seeking everywhere His shadow, which perhaps does not exist, but which for all that remains adorable and benign. And I submit, without understanding it, to the spell of His memory—the sole human memory that has kept

the power to release the tears that heal. . . . And I bow down in all humility, in deep devotion, before this funereal old threshold, but yesterday brought back to light, which knew perhaps the last steps of Jesus on that morning when He left the city, suffering, like the least among us, in the great mystery of His end.'

Mysticism.

The writers on Mysticism are many, but the Mystics are few. May we call Arthur Edward Waite a mystic? There is the difficulty that he knows so much about other Mystics and even other writers on Mysticism. A Mystic ought to be aware of himself and God, and no other. Certainly, in his new book on *The Way of Divine Union*, (Rider; 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Waite shows ample acquaintance with the history and the biography of his subject.

Still he is a Mystic. The Way is his. He has passed through the hardship of the discipline. He speaks with the assurance of one who has attained. Even the very manner of his language, so nearly unintelligible to 'that symbolical scapegoat called the man in the street,' is possible only to one who knows and dares. He has entered upon the 'easy ascent.'

He says: 'The sinking of the self-will in the will of God is only a work of love. We cannot escape it in love, and outside this we cannot proceed to any part of the work, not even if we had that kind of inclination which sometimes assumes but does not deserve the name of will. The reason is that then the Divine Will is to us as a sealed mystery. The difficulty is to reach the super-eminent grade of love. It is this precisely which has justified me from the beginning in affirming that the mystical work is the hardest enterprise which can be undertaken by the human soul. But the grade reached, it is then *ludus puerorum*. Then *facilis*, indeed, is the *ascensus superni*. The supernatural is with us and in us.'

But let us detach a single thought. There are few that are detachable. It is the thought of Hell.

'In a work the design of which is to open heaven within the consciousness of Christians, I have no call to speak of hell; but if one be the term attained in God, its opposite is the term missed—which may happen in a thousand ways, apart from all questions of stability and permanence. O place of many mansions! Hell has a thousand cities, and not one of them is free from the worm of search or from the preaching of many doctrines of beatitude and salvation. It is the region where men dree their weirds and purge their Karma and work their redemption in a myriad figments of the mind, but the processes are false. The following of a true process is of course the path of escape. Apart from this, the worm of unrest dieth not and the fire of hunger and thirst is not quenched. Yet are they a process of concealed redemption, operating below the consciousness of the weariful world. If there were rest in hell the mouth of the abyss would close on all its hierarchies. We know too well what qualities of need and longing are taken by crowds of humanity out of this life into the next—as one might say, out of their hell here, God help us all! For this world is hell or heaven, as we make and mould it—after our image and likeness. There is a sense also in which it can be said with a heart of gratitude that the holiest hell of all is the hunger and thirst after righteousness, for the state of separation is hell, notwithstanding "all its hourly varied anodynes." This is why hell's summit has above it the earth of Paradise.'

The Signing of the National Covenant.

It is a surprise to many that the history of the Church in Scotland can be found in the biography of its great men. For is not Presbytery the ruthless leveller? Perhaps men become more truly great the less greatness is officially thrust upon them. Mr. T. Ratcliffe Barnett has written a biographical history of the Scottish Church. His title is *The Makers of the Kirk* (T. N. Foulis; 6s. net). He has the coveted pen of the ready writer; and he has great affection for the Kirk. Let us quote his short introduction to that scene of scenes, the Signing of the Covenant:

'It was a winter's day, the 28th of February 1638, and sixty thousand folk had crowded into Edinburgh to confess their faith. The National Covenant had been drawn, and the place for the signing was fixed in Greyfriars' Kirkyard — the upper yard of the old monastery of the Grey Friars, where a plain, modest kirk had been built by the reformers. To-day there is a sough of an old and far-off time about this old kirkyard—but then it

was a new resting-place of the dead. How fair a spot it must have been on that snell winter day! The grassy slope fell away northwards to the Grass-market, where the gibbet stood—that bloody Scots Calvary of the Covenanters. Beyond the Grass-market rose the rugged castle rock against the clear sky. A new place and a fair place was this to seal the Scots folks' faith that day. But an old place and a sacred place is Greyfriars' Kirkyard to us to-day, with its ancient graves, its mossy turf, its martyr monuments, and its old-time memories of the brave days, long gone by, when our forebears wrenched religious freedom for us from the unhallowed hands of king's men and pope's men.'

The book is enriched with four-and-twenty illustrations chiefly portraits of the great men.

Too Late.

'On one occasion a large number of the Haidas of another tribe had been slaughtered on the threshold of the great lodge in which I was. They had been insulted or injured by the Massett Haidas, who, in order to make peace, had invited them to a feast. They determined to avail themselves of this opportunity to avenge themselves, and came to the feast with their weapons concealed under their garments. A report of their intention had been secretly conveyed to the chief who had invited them. Intent on their own plan of revenge, they little suspected the change of fare which had been provided for them. Within the narrow doorway were posted two powerful warriors, one on either side, each armed with a war club. The guests arrived in a long line, led by their chief, each prepared for deeds of blood. But as each entered with head bowed low through the low and narrow portal, one powerful blow from the concealed guard was sufficient, and as the body was dragged aside quickly by those in waiting, they raised a shout of welcome in chorus to disarm suspicion in those following. In this way the entire number was disposed of, and only two great heaps of corpses to right and left of the entrance remained to tell the tale. The concealed weapon which was found on each of them satisfied their slayers that their action was well merited.'

Into the house where this was done the Rev. W. H. Collison, Archdeacon of Metlakahtla, invited the leading men of the tribe to hear his story. When he had spoken, the Chief rose and said that he had come too late. 'You have come too late,' he said, 'for the smallpox has taken away many, and the fire-water has dimmed our sight; and both came from the land of the iron people where the sun rises (Canada and the United States).'

The title of the book is *In the Wake of the War Canoe* (Seeley; 5s. net). It is Archdeacon Collison's stirring record of 'forty years' successful labour, peril and adventure amongst the savage Indian tribes of the Pacific Coast, and the piratical head-hunting Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.'

Life's Springtime.

Life's Springtime (Simpkin; 1s. 6d. net) is the title which Mr. J. Ellis (that kind friend of the busy preacher) has given to a selection of 'helpful practical thoughts to guide those entering on life's responsible journey.' Take this from Olive Schreiner:

Concentration.—The secret of success is concentration, wherever there has been a great life, or a great work, that has gone before. Taste everything a little, look at everything a little, but live for one thing. Anything is possible to a man who knows his end, and moves straight for it, and for it alone.

And this from De Gaspann:

Optimism.—Nothing that has ever lived is lost, nothing is useless; not a sigh, a joy, or a sorrow which has not served its purpose. Our tears are numbered, the fragrance of our innocent pleasures mounts heavenward as a sweet-smelling savour. Let us take courage.

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

For some years before his death it was the intention of Theodore Watts-Dunton to publish in volume form, under the title of *Old Familiar Faces*, the recollections of his friends that he had from time to time contributed to *The Athenæum*. What he did not live to do himself has been done for him. Under the title of *Old Familiar Faces*, a volume has been published containing personal recollections of Borrow, D. G. Rossetti, Tennyson, Christina G. Rossetti, Gordon Hake, Lord de Tabley, William Morris, and Francis Hindes Groome (Herbert Jenkins; 5s. net).

The notice of Tennyson, written on the issue of the Memoir, is very appreciative. One is glad to read it in these days of indifference. But the heartiest writing in the book is that on George Borrow. Mr. Watts-Dunton knew Borrow intimately in the end of his long life—before he went home to Norwich to die, which took seven years—and he loved him greatly. That he was not loved by everybody who knew him is made clear enough in the short sketch of Dr. Gordon Hake. But then Hake and Borrow were so different. 'Borrow was shy, eccentric, angular, rustic in accent and in locution, but with a charm for me, at least, that was irresistible. Hake was polished, easy, and urbane in everything, and, although not without prejudice and bias, ready to shine gracefully in any society. As far as Hake was concerned, the sole link between them was that of reminiscence of earlier days and adventures in Borrow's beloved East Anglia.'

In the Introduction, which is not written by Watts-Dunton, there is a true Borrovian anecdote. '"No living man knew Borrow as well as Thomas Hake," Watts-Dunton once remarked to a friend. To the young Hakes, Lavengro was a great joy, and they would often accompany him part of his way home from Coombe End. On one occasion Borrow said to the youngest boy, "Do you know how to fight a man bigger than yourself?" The lad confessed that he did not. "Well," said Borrow, "you challenge him to fight, and when he is taking off his coat, you hit him in the stomach as hard as you can and run for your life."'

Studies in Pauline Vocabulary.

Of Hyperbole.

By the Rev. R. Martin Pope, M.A., Keswick.

A distinctive mark of St. Paul's style is his use of verbs and adverbs compounded of *ὑπέρ*. In the majority of cases the prefix *ὑπέρ-* is an intensive form of the original local significance of the preposition = 'over,' 'beyond': hence such a form as *ὑπερεγτυγχάνω*, where the preposition means 'for the sake of,' is left out of our discussion. We may begin with the verb *ὑπερβάλλω*, from which the word 'hyperbole' is derived. The Greek substantive, it may be noted, occurs chiefly in the adverbial *καθ' ὑπερβολήν = par excellence*, which is found five times in the Epistles and in 2 Co 4^7, where we have the phrase *καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολήν*—a highly superlative expression translated by Moffatt, 'past all comparison'; but there are two interesting passages, 2 Co 4^7 12^7, where *ὑπερβολή* is found as a qualitative noun denoting excellence. Nothing can be inferred from the use of *ὑπερβάλλω*, which, if a favourite with St. Paul, is yet the natural word to express the idea of pre-eminence or surpassingness, and is found as a participial epithet with *μέγεθος* (Eph 1^{19}), *πλοῦτος* (*ib.* 2^7), *ἀγάπη* (*ib.* 3^{19}), where it further qualifies the succeeding *γνώσεως*, and finally in 2 Co 9^{14} with *χάριν*.[1] In 2 Co 11^{23}, St. Paul uses the adverb *ὑπερβαλλόντως* as a variation on *περισσοτέρως* and *πόλλακις* in describing 'in mad fashion' (*παραφρονῶν*), as it seems to himself, his labours, lashes, and imprisonments; and in the comparison of his record with that of would-be apostles, which has been, so to speak, forced on him, he piles up hyperbole beginning with the phrase *ὑπὲρ ἐγώ*, where *ὑπέρ* is a prepositional adverb. The adverbial hyperbole appears to be a genuinely Pauline coinage in *ὑπερεκπερισσοῦ* in 1 Th 5^{13} (v.l. *ὑπερεκπερισσῶς*), 'exceeding highly,' R.V.; 'very highly,' A.V.; and in Eph 3^{20}, A.V. and R.V., 'exceeding abundantly.' The Ephesian Epistle, which is rich in hyperbole, gives us also *ὑπεράνω* (1^{21} 4^{10}; found also in He 9^5), translated 'far above' in A.V.: it is, however, possible that this is but a mark of Hellenistic style like *ὑποκάτω* and is not really intensive; but *ὑπερλίαν* in 2 Co 11^5 as an adverbial epithet of the apostles, 'very chiefest,'

[1] There is an interesting use of *ὑπερβάλλω* in *The Oxyrhynchus Papyri* (Grenfell and Hunt), 513. 25, where it is found in the passive, of a house for which a higher bid has been made (*ὑπερβεβλῆσθαι*).