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Rhoda' (R.V. 'a maid came to answer'). Rhoda is a Greek name, and the bearer of it may very probably have belonged to a Greek-speaking country. Here, again, the Greek word translated 'maid' or 'damsel' is *παιδίσκη*. Although, as already said, there is nothing in the word implying youth, yet Rhoda's action in leaving Peter standing outside the closed door while she ran back to tell that he was there seems to indicate that she was a young girl, as she is usually represented by writers on this most interesting story.

What is known of slavery among ancient peoples, including the Jews, seems to prove that the household slaves were generally treated with kindness. Such slaves, both male and female, were regarded as members of the family. They shared the family life, and they had the interest of the family and household at heart in a way that hired servants had not and were not expected to have. The most confidential business was entrusted by a master to his slaves. This friendly relation was specially the case in the Greek-speaking society of Western Asia. With the other aspects of such slavery I am not at present concerned. My object is to show that those two slave-women—the door-keeper of the high priest's palace in Jerusalem, and Rhoda, who came to answer when Peter knocked at the door of his friends' house—were trusted members of the household to which they belonged.

Domestic slavery is still customary among Mohammedans, and many instances of it have come under my own observation. I have never

known one in which the slaves were not well treated. The following incident is interesting as recalling in a way the distinction made in Galatians (quoted above) between the 'bond' and the 'free.' My husband and I had been staying for the night in the house of a wealthy peasant-landowner at a village in the interior of Asia Minor. Among the women of the household were two girls of about sixteen and eighteen respectively. The elder was particularly kind and attentive to me, doing everything possible for my comfort, and on leaving I presented her with a little ornamental box I happened to have with me, suitable for holding pins or small trinkets. As she received it the younger girl sprang forward, snatched it from her and shrieked out something which her haste and agitation prevented me from understanding. While she clutched the little box with both hands to her bosom, and the other girl stood unprotesting and making no attempt to recover her property, the mistress of the house intervened, explaining that, if a present were made, it was the right of 'the daughter of the house,' the younger girl, to have it, the elder girl being, not a daughter, but a slave. Nothing we had seen during our stay had given us any reason to suppose that one of the girls was 'free,' the other only a 'bond-woman.'

Although slavery has been abolished by modern Turkish law and the public sale of slaves abandoned many years ago, the traffic in domestic slaves, both male and female, is carried on privately, undiminished and unchecked, both in Constantinople and elsewhere.

In the Study.

Father Payne.

THE anonymous author of *Father Payne* (Smith, Elder & Co.; 7s. 6d. net) must be amused to find the reviewers identifying him with Mr. A. C. Benson. Mr. Benson must also be amused. As if there were no other in the land who could write theologico-ethical essays in a free English style! We do not believe that this is Mr. Benson. The theology is not his. And the theology is the test. A man can never, for literary ends, divest himself of his idea of God.

Father Payne was no 'religious,' but simply a

country gentleman who kept his house open for literary learners and taught them how to write. Our anonymous author adopts the device of throwing his ideas into Father Payne's mouth, and investing them with the interest of his personality. But the ideas are the author's own. Let us test him by one of the shortest of the essays, the essay on 'Beauty':—

Father Payne had been away on one of his rare journeys. He always maintained that a journey was one of the most enlivening things in the world, if it was not too often indulged in. 'It intoxicates me,' he said, 'to see new places, houses, people.'

'Why don't you travel more, then?' said some one.

'For that very reason,' said Father Payne; 'because it intoxicates me—and I am too old for that sort of self-indulgence!'

'It's a dreadful business,' he went on, 'that northern industrial country. There's a grandeur about it—the bare valleys, the steep bleak fields, the dead or dying trees, the huge factories. Those great furnaces, with tall iron cylinders and galleries, and spidery contrivances, and black pipes, and engines swinging vast burdens about, and moving wheels, are fearfully interesting and magnificent. They stand for all sorts of powers and forces; they frighten me by their strength and fierceness and submissiveness. But the land is awfully barren of beauty, and I doubt if that can be wholesome. It all fascinates me, it increases my pride, but it makes me unhappy too, because it excludes beauty so completely. Those bleak stone-walled fields of dirty grass, the lines of grey houses, are fine in their way—but one wants colour and clearness. I longed for a glimpse of elms and water-meadows, and soft-wooded pastoral hills. It produces a shrewd, strong, good-tempered race, but very little genius. There is something harsh about Northerners—they haven't enough colour.'

'But you are always saying,' said Rose, 'that we must look after form, and chance colour.'

'Yes, but that is because you are *in statu pupillari*,' said Father Payne. 'If a man begins by searching for colour and ornament and richness, he gets clotted and glutinous. Colour looks after itself—but it isn't clearness that I am afraid of, it is shrewdness—I think that is, on the whole, a low quality, but it is awfully strong! What I am afraid of, in bare laborious country like that, is that people should only think of what is comfortable and sensible. Imagination is what really matters. It is not enough to have solid emotions; one ought not to be too reasonable about emotions. The thing is to care in an unreasonable and rapturous way about beautiful things, and not to know why one cares. That is the point of things which are simply beautiful and nothing else—that you feel it isn't all capable of explanation.'

'But isn't that rather sentimental?' said Rose.

'No, no, it's just the opposite,' said Father Payne. 'Sentiment is when one understands and exaggerates an emotion; beauty isn't that—it is something mysterious and inexplicable; it makes

you bow the head and worship. Take the sort of thing you may see on the coast of Italy—a blue sea, with gray and orange cliffs falling steeply down into deep water; a gap, with a clustering village, coming down, tier by tier, to the sea's edge; fantastic castles on spires of rock, thickets and dingles running down among the clefts and out on the ledges, and perhaps a glimpse of pale, fantastic hills behind. No one could make it or design it; but every line, every blending colour, all combine to give you the sense of something marvellously and joyfully contrived, and made for the richness and sweetness of it. That is the sort of moment when I feel the overwhelming beauty and nearness of God—everything done on a vast scale, which floods mind and heart with utter happiness and wonder. Anything so overpoweringly joyful and delicious and useless as all that *must* come out of a fulness of joy. The sharp cliffs mean some old cutting and slashing, the blistering and burning of the earth; and yet those old rents have been clothed and mollified by some power that finds it worth while to do it—and it isn't done for you or me, either—there must be treasures of loveliness going on hidden for centuries in tropic forests. It's done for the sake of doing it; and we are granted a glimpse of it, just to show us perhaps that we are right to adore it, and to try in our clumsy way to make beautiful things too. That is why I envy the musician, because he creates beauty more directly than any other mind—and the best kind of poetry is of the same order.'

'But isn't there a danger in all this?' said Lestrangle. 'No, I don't want to say anything priggish,' he added, seeing a contraction of Father Payne's brows; 'I only want to say what I feel. I recognise the fascination of it as much as any one can—but isn't it, as you said about travelling, a kind of intoxication? I mean, may it not be right to interpose it, but yet not right to follow it? Isn't it a selfish thing, and doesn't it do the very thing which you often speak against—blind us to other experience, that is?'

'Yes, there is something in that,' said Father Payne. 'Of course that is always the difficulty about the artist, that he appears to live selfishly in joy—but it applies to most things. The best you can do for the world is often to turn your back upon it. Philanthropy is a beautiful thing in its way, but it must be done by people who like it—

it is useless if it is done in a grim and self-penalising way. If a man is really big enough to follow art, he had better follow it. I do not believe very much in the doctrine that service to be useful must be painful. No one doubts that Wordsworth gave more joy to humanity by living his own life than if he had been a country doctor. Of course the sad part of it is when a man follows art and does *not* succeed in giving pleasure. But you must risk that—and a real devotion to a thing gives the best chance of happiness to a man, and is perhaps, too, his best chance of giving something to others. There is no reason to think that Shakespeare was a philanthropist.'

'But does that apply to things like horse-racing or golf?' said Rose.

'No, you must not pursue comfort,' said Father Payne; 'but I don't believe in the theory that we have all got to set out to help other people. That implies that a man is aware of valuable things which he has to give away. Make friends if you can, love people if you can, but don't do it with a sense of duty. Do what is natural and beautiful and attractive to do. Make the little circle which surrounds you happy by sympathy and interest. Don't deal in advice. The only advice people take is that with which they agree. And have your own work. I think we are—many of us—afraid of enjoying work; but in any case, if we can show other people how to perceive and enjoy beauty, we have done a very great thing. The sense of beauty is growing in the world. Many people are desiring it, and religion doesn't cater for it, nor does duty cater for it. But it is the only way to make progress—and religion has got to find out how to include beauty in its programme, or it will be left stranded. Nothing but beauty ever lifted people higher—the unsensuous, inexplicable charm, which makes them ashamed of dull, ugly, greedy, quarrelsome ways. It is only by virtue of beauty that the world climbs higher—and if the world does climb higher by something which isn't obviously beautiful, it is only that we do not recognise it as beautiful. Sin and evil are signals from the unknown, of course; but they are danger signals, and we follow them with terror—but beauty is a signal too, and it is the signal made by peace and happiness and joy.'

Virginitibus Puerisque.

I.

February.

THE SURPRISE OF SPRING.

'Suddenly there shone round about him a light out of heaven.'—Acts 9³.

Most boys and girls love getting surprises. A stocking hung up on the end of a bed on Christmas Eve means that the little sleeper fell asleep dreaming of a delightful surprise in the morning. And we all catch ourselves wishing for letters containing some unexpected piece of good news. Don't you feel pleased too when you suddenly meet a friend in a strange town or on a long country road? The love of surprise is born in us.

There are boys and girls, however, so spoilt by getting all sorts of good things that it is impossible for them to taste this joy at all. Poor children know it best. One of the saddest things in life is to see rich men and women spending large sums of money in the hope of being able to feel this simple joy of surprise, and all in vain. It is said that there was once a Roman emperor who offered a large fortune to the man who could procure him a new sensation—just a surprise, in fact. Of course he never got it.

Many boys and girls think that elderly people cannot understand them and their joys in the very least. It is only natural that people should change as they get older. Don't you think so? You would not like to see your father playing your games. But this love of getting a surprise does not change with years; it is one of the things that very often remain quite strong till the end of one's life.

There are grown-up people, and quite elderly people as well, who feel the joy of surprise every fresh spring morning. The other day I read a little poem about it. It is a joy that God means us to have every day, every month, and every year.

Come, sweetheart, listen, for I have a thing
Most wonderful to tell you—news of spring.

Albeit winter still is in the air,
And the earth troubled, and the branches bare,

Yet down the fields to-day I saw her pass—
The spring—her feet went shining through the
grass.

Swiftly she passed and shyly, and her fair
Young face was hidden in her cloudy hair.

She would not stay, her season is not yet,
But she has re-awakened, and has set

The sap of all the world astir, and rent
Once more the shadows of our discontent.

Triumphant news—a miracle. I sing—
The everlasting miracle of spring.¹

There is a story told of a little girl who led a very lonely life. Her friends had plenty of money—she could have good food, fine dresses, and all that sort of thing—but her mother was dead, and she had no little companions to play with. One February morning she wandered away through the grounds that surround the house where she lived, and came upon a large neglected garden all by itself. There the surprise of Spring came upon her. There had once been flower-beds in the garden. They could scarcely be distinguished now, but here and there she noticed sharp little pale green points sticking out of the dark earth. She bent very close to them and sniffed the fresh scent of the damp soil; she liked it very much. How happy she began to feel. When she went indoors she told an old nurse about the little green points and a white root like an onion that she had dug up with a sharp piece of wood. 'They're bulbs,' said the old woman; 'and bulbs are things as help themselves. That's why poor folk can afford to have them.'

After some months, the little girl had an invalid cousin—he was just about her own age—taken out to see the garden. Like many delicate boys, everything impressed him in a wonderful way. 'It's magic!' he said, when he saw the garden in its early summer beauty, 'I feel as if I want to shout out something—something thankful, joyful!' Will you believe it, when I tell you that there are men and women as old as your fathers and mothers who, every spring, feel they want to shout like that boy? They don't want to speak, just to shout, 'Spring has come—God is good!' If they try to get beyond shouting, what they say often takes away from the wonderful joy. Haven't you felt something of it? And don't you want to keep it? The birds feel it when they sing.

¹ J. Drinkwater, *Poems of Men and Hours*.

O small, wise birds, teach us to sing
To greet the Spring!

Tho' gleam it thro' a winter's sky.

Better to die

In greeting it; for doubly dies

The man whose soul is sealed against *surprise!*

People have sometimes tried to express a shout in writing. This is what one of our greatest American authors wrote to his mother about the Spring: 'I know there never was such an air, such a day, such a sky, such a God! I know it—I know it!' Mentioning some one he loved very much, he added, 'She is twin-sister to the Spring; they are both fresh and dewy, both full of hope and cheerfulness; both have bird-voices, always singing out of their hearts.'

The miracle of Spring is one of God's ways of speaking to us. 'Never thee stop in believin' in the Big Good Thing, and knowin' the world's full of it—and call it what thou likes,' the old nurse said to the invalid boy who felt that there was magic in the garden, and wanted 'to shout something thankful, joyful.'

Suddenly there shone round him a light out of heaven. That was the great surprise of Saul's life. With the light, there came the voice of Jesus telling him that all his life he had been wronging the Friend who loved him above all others. From that day Jesus was his Master.

And in the beauty and surprise of these spring mornings Jesus speaks to you. He speaks words that I believe make you want to shout for joy. They tell of God's love. Why should you ever try to escape from it?

Let me tell you how the great light shone round about a group of men one day. One of them was walking in a picture gallery, and came upon a picture of Jesus Christ. He stood before it in a sort of reverie, half-forgetting where he was, until the picture gallery and the strangers and the quiet seriousness of the place all passed from his mind, and the man, thinking only of the picture, cried aloud, 'Bless Him! I love Him!' A man near him grasped his hand and said, 'Brother, so do I!' And a third man, and a fourth man, and a fifth man came up beside them, all strangers to each other, but drawn together by the love that conquered the world. Spring never fails to come, and it always brings with it the old, old story of God's love. Will you remember?

II.

A Bundle of Sticks.

'A bundle of sticks.'—Acts 28³.

You can all tell me what this is—a bundle of sticks such as we gather when we go for a picnic, and use for lighting a fire to make the tea. Now I wonder how many of you can tell me where a bundle of sticks is mentioned in the Bible? If you don't know, I should like you to look it up when you go home. I am going to tell you the story of it, and that will help you to know in which book to search.

St. Paul was being taken a prisoner to Rome when a terrible storm arose, and the ship was cast ashore upon the island of Malta. The passengers and crew were all saved, but the vessel was broken to pieces. Fortunately the people of the island were friendly, and when they saw the shipwrecked men shivering in their wet clothes they did a very sensible thing—they kindled a fire. But of course a kindled fire needs to be fed or it will soon go out, so Paul, the practical, set about gathering a bundle of sticks.

Now if I did not want to speak to you about the sticks themselves, we might have quite a long talk about St. Paul's common sense. He did not sit down to bemoan his misfortune. He set about at once to look for a remedy. Here were two hundred and seventy-six soaking people, and the main thing was to get them dry as soon as possible, so he must find the means to keep up the fire. And I have no doubt many of the others, when they saw him working, followed his good example. Paul had no stupid notions about things being beneath his dignity. He was not ashamed to turn his hand to anything. Whatever he did—whether it was preaching a sermon, or making tents, or gathering sticks—he did it with all his might.

Now, there are a great many different kinds of bundles of sticks. There are the neat bundles that we get from the grocer for lighting our fires, and there are the rather untidy looking bundles that we gather at picnics. There are the sticks the gardener uses to tie up his plants, and there are the bundles of brushwood with which he shields the tender seedlings from the cold spring winds.

You have sometimes heard your friends say of somebody, 'Oh, she's just a stick!' And when they say that, they don't mean anything very

complimentary. They mean that the person of whom they are speaking is stiff, and unbending, and uninteresting. Now I always think when I hear people talking that way, that they are being rather hard on the poor sticks. There is a great deal of good in sticks, so much that I should like you all to be sticks.

Let us think of some of the things that sticks do. First of all, *they light fires and help to keep them alight*. You know how cheery it is on a cold winter night to gather round a big blazing fire with a glowing log in the middle of it. Well, I think people who are kind and cheerful are just like that blazing log: they send a sort of glow about our hearts. Wouldn't you like to be this kind of stick?

But there is another thing sticks do—*they give support*, and I should like you to be this kind of stick too. I am thinking this time of the sticks the gardener uses to tie up his plants. If it were not for them, many of the frail plants would get broken and dashed to pieces by the wind. How can we be a support? By helping to bear the burden of others. Shall I tell you a splendid story of how one man bore another's burden? In the year 1780, fifty English officers were taken prisoners and confined at Seringapatam by Tippoo Sahib, Sultan of Mysore. They were treated with such cruelty that many of them died. The Sultan sent to Seringapatam fifty sets of fetters—one for each man, but amongst the men was a young officer—Captain Baird—who was so badly wounded that it would almost certainly have killed him to wear the chains. What was to be done? The Sultan had sent fifty sets, and fifty sets must be put on. Another officer named Captain Lucas came to the rescue and offered to bear his friend's load as well as his own. And for four years, in the stifling heat of that Indian prison, he wore two sets of fetters. At the end of that time the prisoners were set free.

Perhaps we haven't the opportunity to do a grand deed like Captain Lucas, but when we are kind to those who are weaker than ourselves, when we dry the tears of those who are sad, when we take care of the little ones for mother, run her messages, and are bright and obedient, we, too, are doing something to lighten the burden of another.

Once when a great ship was being launched she stuck on the ways. A small boy who was standing near laid his shoulder against the side of the huge

vessel, saying, 'I can push a pound.' That was all that was required. Swiftly the ship began to move, and soon she was floating safely on the water. You may not be able to lift a big burden, but you can all push a pound, and there is no saying what you will accomplish.

I want to speak about one more purpose for which sticks are used—*protection*. We are told that the sticks Paul gathered were brushwood, and those are just the sort of sticks the gardener uses for protecting his young plants. Sometimes he lays them on the ground in winter to keep the cold away from the roots. Sometimes he makes a kind of hedge of them to shield the tender green shoots from the cold spring winds. They stand between the weak things and the things that would hurt them. This was what the knights used to do long ago—they rode forth to defend the weak and helpless; this is what our British soldiers are still ready to do, and this is what our best British boys and girls are ready to do too. It's a fine thing to be strong, but it's a finer thing to use our strength well. Let us see to it that no small child is bullied in our presence, and that no helpless animal is ill-treated.

There is just one thing more I want you to notice. When Paul was gathering sticks he picked up a viper amongst them. The creature had made itself look so like a stick that he had not noticed it. It was numb with the cold, but the heat of the fire restored it, and, springing out, it fastened on Paul's hand. Now, what I want to say is—don't be a viper, and pretend to be a stick. Not only was the viper no use for keeping the fire alight, but it tried to do all the harm it could. Now there are some things in us that, if we don't take care, will turn us into vipers although we may appear to be good, useful sticks. There are the beginnings of envy, and malice, and selfishness, and discontent. The best thing to do is to get rid of them when they are small, and to ask Jesus to put in their place love, and kindness, and unselfishness, and thoughtfulness for others.

III.

The Wise Men.

The Rev. John Rees, Vicar of Helpringham, Lincolnshire, has published a small volume of 'Symbol Sermons to Young People and Children,' under the title of *The Finger-Post* (Beverley:

Wright & Hoggard; 3s. 6d. net). This is the Symbol Sermon on the Wise Men: 'The account of the "Wise Men" of the East reads like a most interesting story in one of your high-class fairy tale books. It so far transcends the limits of real life that it is a wonderful narrative, romantic in many of its features, and even miraculous in some of its parts.

'Here we have the strong, gaunt, manly figures of the Eastern Sages. Their long tramp over the desert wilds, the Epiphany Star shining in royal splendour in their eastern sky, their momentary check in Jerusalem, then the blazing out again of the heavenly star, and leading them on as a light to lighten the Gentiles, till it stood over Bethlehem, the destined city of Messiah's birth, then their finding of the Heavenly Prince, nay more, the New-Born King, Whom they adored and worshipped, and presented with gold and frankincense and myrrh.

'How we long to know who these wise men were, what their names were, what titles they bore, what country they came from, and what profession or vocation they belonged to. But here the Holy Scriptures are silent, a veil is drawn across, and mystery enshrouds them.

'Like a flash, or the shining meteor which led them, they appear for a brief moment before us, play their wondrous part, then vanish from our sight.

'What we do see is so praiseworthy and so noble that we would fain see more. Their courage, their endurance, their wisdom, their spiritual-mindedness are all so inspiring, so exemplary, that we well might follow them.

'In the absence of historical facts, tradition here, as elsewhere, has been busy, and assigns to them the number of three: that they were three Kings, and that they represented the three "ages" of man, viz. "Youth," "Manhood," and "Old-Age." The "Morning," "Mid-day," and "Sunset" coming to do homage to the "Bright and Morning Star," Christ Jesus.

'The country they came from is broadly described as the "East." Whether this means Persia, Chaldea, or Arabia, we cannot definitely say. But I think it was Persia, and it is very probable that they were Persian Priests, and of the Zoroastrian Religion, not idolaters, but worshippers of the true God under the emblem of fire.

'The stars and heavenly bodies would naturally

appeal to them. Then, if their country was Persia, the great Persian plains would lend themselves to the study of the stars, and from their watch-towers every heavenly light would be visible on those calm, clear, oriental nights, when the whole firmament could be swept with the glance of their eyes.

'With their crude and primitive knowledge of the stars they may have combined their knowledge of the Old Testament Scriptures, for doubtless they possessed some fragments of the Holy Writings, probably some of the writings of Isaiah and other prophets, but above all, I think, they must have been familiar with Balaam's prophecy, "That there should come a *Star* out of Jacob, and a sceptre should rise out of Israel," for they enquired, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen His *Star* in the East, and are come to worship Him?"

'Here they are an example to the Church, nay, to the world of mankind; the whole meaning of their search for the Saviour of men was that they might *worship* Him.

'This is another point in favour of the idea that they were not ordinary men, but men whose minds were trained to devotion and sacrifice—Priests, who recognized that any religion worthy of the name involved self-denial and oblation. Hence their "gifts" and adoration. From the very nature of their offerings, whether they understood their spiritual meaning or not, they had grasped the idea that sacrifice and devotion went hand in hand, and that He to Whom these gifts were presented was not only the King of the Jews, but the King of Heaven and Earth, the Divine One—the Sent of God.

'Let us then for a moment examine the gifts of these Eastern Sages.

'Tell me the name of these three gifts they presented when they opened their treasures? Gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Quite right.

'The first is *Gold*. A very fitting offering for a King. He was probably the only one ever born a King. Others have attained unto kingship at an early age. And so gold was offered to Him in homage as King of Heaven, and in token of His Divinity. Gold represented His Royalty, and was the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy, "To Him shall be given of the gold of Arabia." The kings of Arabia and Saba brought gifts and fell down and worshipped the true King. How these wise men knew I cannot say, but they brought those

very gifts which bare the heart and unfold the coverings of the soul in the nakedness of love and charity, and put us modern Christians to shame, in our niggardliness and paucity of sacrifice and self-denial.

'The second gift was just as full of symbolic teaching as the first. What was the name of this? *Frankincense*. Yes, and "Frankincense" means in its mystic and emblematic teaching "Worship." "We have come to worship Him," said the wise men. It was one of those materials which was burned on the altar, and the smoke which arose from it resembled the prayers of the saints, and was a sweet-smelling savour in the nostrils of the Almighty. Frankincense accompanied nearly all known religions in Divine worship; and in their gift the wise men confessed our Lord's Divine Nature, and worshipped Him as the Divine King, as Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

'The third gift was?—*Myrrh*, and myrrh betokened His "Humanity." His submission to death. It pictured forth in mystic and metaphorical language a "Body" wherein He should endure pain, suffering, and death; a body in which He should suffer the throes of sin on the Cross, the agony and bloody sweat, the griefs and stripes by which we are healed, the sorrows that should bring us joy, the "Death" that should bring us "Life."

'His Divinity, His Royalty, and Humanity were all gathered up and manifested forth in those first Epiphany gifts, which God inspired those Eastern Sages to offer to the "Saviour of Men" and the King of Heaven and Earth.'

IV.

Self-Culture.

Culture is at a discount. Is there a legitimate culture at all? Is it Christian or only pagan, and sure to end in disaster, being essentially selfish? We find a capable, responsible, restrained answer in a small volume of *School Homilies*, by Arthur Sidgwick (Sidgwick & Jackson; 3s. 6d. net). Mr. Sidgwick was Assistant Master at Rugby from 1864 to 1879. He delivered one hundred and four addresses to the boys. They are to be published now in two volumes, of which this is the first.

Mr. Sidgwick tells the Rugby boys that they owe duties to *themselves*. Two duties—self-culture

and self-respect. This is what he says on self-culture :

‘There is so much selfishness in the world of all kinds and in all relations of men ; so much the greatest hindrance to high and useful lives in the case of those who live round us is the narrow, self-centred, cold, unsympathetic instincts of the heart, that there may be a danger, in our eagerness to fill that void and shun that fault, of overlooking the duties we do owe to ourselves. And these duties are great and real, and in the teaching of Christ they are not forgotten. What we owe to others may be briefly summed up as self-forgiveness and self-sacrifice ; what we owe to ourselves is all contained in the two words self-respect and self-culture. Of the duty of self-respect, a duty recognized before Christianity, I would speak at some other time : a few words now on the duty of self-culture.

‘It is not forgotten, I say, in the teaching of the Gospel. Full as that teaching is of self-abandonment, so that at times it seems we owe all ourselves to God, and nothing to ourselves, yet not seldom also does Christ teach us that just because our lives are not our own, just because we are bought with a price, just because ten talents or five are committed to our care, therefore it behoves us to look to our own lives all the more, and see that we employ rightly our trust, that the price is not paid in vain, that the talents do not lie idle in our hands.

‘You may think, “ True, but at school at any rate this does not apply. Here we are placed where all culture is fixed for us, where our hours and work are appointed, and if we resolve to try to do our duty as laid out for us, the rest we may naturally employ at will, and we have then satisfied the demands of self-culture.”

‘I reply, No. It is true to a certain extent that your life is not here and now left so much in your hands to decide upon as it will be hereafter ; but even so it is left for you to decide very much whether you shall work well or ill ; in what ways you shall occupy your leisure ; what books you shall read ; what friends you shall cultivate ; what interests and subjects you shall give your heart to ; and, more important than all, what spirit that shall be in which you shall do all this ; and whether you begin each day with a new resolve that by God’s help you will improve to the uttermost each talent that He has bestowed upon you.

‘For, to take the lowest ground, compare for the moment the man who has done his best to improve his talents, who has availed himself of his opportunities and enlarged his interests, with the man who has gone his way and never cared for anything but the business and sports of himself and neighbours. The world in which we live, if we will only look at it, is a place of surpassing interest of all kinds, attractive to all various minds. The study of the external world, the million forms of life upon it, the picturesque tales of travel among other different manners and men and countries, the history of past nations or past great men, each with their own trials and struggles after better things, each with their own legacy of work done or truth told to us that come after, the art and the poetry and the great undying writings of various times and men—all these lie open before any one who strains to use his talents well, all these are as a sealed book to him who has left his mind untilled. The man of culture is the heir of the ages that have gone before, he learns without effort what great lives have been spent in searching ; the uncultured man is no more than a barbarian.

‘But not merely to himself is culture useful ; not even chiefly. It does not merely expand his mind and elevate his heart and increase tenfold the richness of his life ; it makes him more useful to others. Firstly, the man of culture is far less likely to be wrapped up merely in himself ; his study has made him more able to understand the desires and sorrows and needs of others. But, secondly, he is likely not only to be more willing to help ; he is certain to be more able. The difficulties of our life in this country, of course, are not diminishing as time goes on ; they are increasing. Any man who would be of real use in his generation—and who is there here who does not desire it at the bottom of his heart?—will want the full powers of which he is capable, and will find full scope for the best he can bestow.

‘And, lastly, this culture of all the faculties gives not only richness to the life ; not only does it increase the man’s power for good ; but it is expressly enjoined upon us as part of our duty here, and as one of the steps onward and upward which we are to take. Our life is not our own to do what we please with ; it is given to us by God, with all its latent powers and interests, to be developed in every way possible. If we neglect it, we are deeply responsible.

'In thinking of this, avoid two dangers.

'First, do not think your utmost is done in culture when you are content with a lower standard while a higher might be attained by effort. You can never say of any one, "*That* he might attain, but not more." Unflagging effort, here as elsewhere, not only fills the mind up according to its capacity; it enlarges that capacity. I have seen two boys start equal in everything; one by effort will reach ultimately a higher level of calibre than the other could ever after attain.

'Secondly, when you *have* done your utmost, do not be discouraged by failure. God is absolutely just; and as surely as He will demand ten talents' increase from him to whom ten talents are given, so surely will He be satisfied with a less result from less endowment. If you do your very best, it matters not a straw what your actual attainment is. You have served well your Master; you have won infinite peace for yourself; and you have enriched the world with a noble example.'

Point and Illustration.

Memories of a Publisher.

Major George Haven Putnam, Litt.D., the head of the American firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, has written his autobiography. He has written it in two volumes, of which the second is now published, carrying the story through fifty years. The title is *Memories of a Publisher, 1865-1915* (Putnam; 9s. net).

It is more than an autobiography; it is the history of a Publishing House. Even this second volume, though it begins with the entrance of its author into the business, tells us quite as much about the firm and about men and women who were associated with it as about Major Putnam himself. Of incidents in Major Putnam's own life there were few to tell. After serving in the war, he joined his father in business in New York. On his father's death, he and his brother adopted the style of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The first ten years after the war were very trying. One is sorry to hear that it took so long for the book trade to recover. Major Putnam often visited Europe on business, and spent many days in Oxford and Cambridge as well as in London. He served his country not only in the war, but after as a citizen, and came more than once into conflict with the tribe of Tammany. His greatest service, however,

was on behalf of the law of copyright. Those are the facts. In an appendix Major Putnam publishes the letters which he has written to the newspapers since the present war began.

Now let us see through his eyes some of the men he has come in contact with.

Channing. — 'Frothingham related to me an incident that his father had told him in regard to the beginning of the Channingite movement against the Calvinistic control of the Congregational churches. In response to an appeal issued by Mr. Channing, the ministers of the Congregational churches of Boston and the adjacent territory who were in sympathy with Channing's protest against the Calvinistic creed, had come together in Channing's church in Boston to formulate a platform. The hour came for the meeting, but Channing, the leader, had not appeared. Nathaniel Frothingham, as his neighbour and nearest friend, was sent to Channing's house to ascertain the difficulty. He found the divine wrapped up in flannels and with his feet in a tub of hot water. "Ah! Brother Frothingham," said Channing, "I am sadly disappointed to be a delinquent, but our friends will have to get on without me. I am disabled with an attack of neuralgia. This bitter east wind has been too much for me." "East wind!" replied Frothingham, "why, the wind is from the southwest and the air is balmy and warm." Channing looked out sadly through his window to a neighbouring vane which surely enough, as pointed, marked the wind from the east. "Oh, Brother Channing," said Frothingham, "that vane is untrustworthy; it is on a Baptist chapel, and it has in some way become fixed." The instant Channing learned that the wind was not from the east, his neuralgia disappeared. He threw off his flannels, got into his boots, and hurrying down to the church on the arm of his friend, he opened the meeting with an address that became famous in the history of the intellectual life and of the theological development of New England and of the country.'

Tyrrell.—Major Putnam speaks of his intercourse with Père Hyacinthe, and then says: 'Forty years later, I came into personal relations with another faithful son of the Church, an earnest Christian who had by honest thinking brought himself within the pale of heresy, Father Tyrrell.'

It was impossible for Father Tyrrell, even after his excommunication, to believe that he had been put out of the Church. He took the ground that the Holy Father had been badly advised and was not in a position to realize the honesty of purpose of the so-called Modernists. I found Tyrrell in a little attic not far from the noise of Clapham Junction Station. In being put out of the Church, he had, of course, lost all opportunity of employment even as a teacher. He would have found serious difficulty in securing even his daily bread if it had not been for the friendly liberality of his publishers, the Longmans. I could not but be impressed at the pathos of the man's position.'

R. L. Stevenson.—'I happened to be in London in a winter month, probably December. I remember that, while the thermometer was not low, the air had that peculiar heat-absorbing capacity which an American, coming into the damp winter climate of London, finds so exacting. The Savile house, like most buildings of its age in London, had no means of being heated other than by the open fire-places. When the room was free, the Yankee took the opportunity of the closest possible contact with this fire-place. On the evening in question, I found in going up after dinner into the general gathering room, that the fire-place was practically occupied by a tall Scotchman. I knew at once that he was a Scotchman by his accent, and his dress presented a rather exaggerated Scotch tweed effect. I was struck also by the fact that, in distinction from the usual evening dress of the British gentleman, the fire-absorbing interloper had held on to a flannel travelling shirt. The general impression of roughness gave me the idea of affectation. I found that my man was relating to three or four club members, who assisted him in blocking the fire from the Yankee, some recent experiences in the mountains of the Cevennes, where he had had a donkey for a travelling companion. He had been in London for a week or more but he was still taking pains to carry the appearance of a traveller who had had a rough experience. He spoke with great affection of the donkey, who for chumming purposes was, he contended, worth any dozen men. The little pictures that he gave in his talk of the valleys and of the inhabitants of the Cevennes were certainly dramatic and sufficiently interesting to listen to, and made me almost forget my griev-

ance in having the narrator's tweed between me and the heat. I had, of course, no idea that I was looking at and listening to a great man or at least a man who was going to become great. If it were only possible in going through the forest to know in advance which of the little trees years later were to become the big trees, life would be much more interesting, while the success of a publisher would be assured.'

Kitchener.—'I had the opportunity, in crossing the Atlantic in the spring of 1910, of securing a personal impression of Lord Kitchener, who was at the time on his way to London after an absence from England of seven years. We were fellow-passengers on the White Star steamer *Oceanic*, and, having had previous trips with Captain Haddock, I was placed at his table opposite to his most distinguished guest. Kitchener was at this time about sixty years of age. He had been in command of the army in India, and had come into conflict with the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, in regard to the relation of the civil authority to the control of the army and to the management of problems and frictions arising on the frontier.

'My first impression of the General was not entirely favourable. The figure was tall and the bearing erect and soldierly. The head was sturdy and rather bullet-shaped and the forehead was low. There was a slight divergence in the eyes, resulting in a sinister expression which doubtless did injustice to the nature of the man. The general impression given by the face was, however, not only autocratic but suggestive of a capacity for bad temper. One felt that the General would be a bad man to "come up against" in a matter of discipline or even of opinion. He had gained the reputation of being a great organizer and a stern and exacting disciplinarian. He was also noted for his aversion to titled or labelled incapacity and to "flummery" of all kinds. He was for the great part of the time reticent, having no small talk and expressing no interest in the general subjects that came up from day to day. In fact, while the ladies remained at table (we had two in a party of eight) Kitchener hardly opened his lips. I remembered having been told that he was a confirmed misogynist, and that he made it a practice to refuse to place any special responsibility in the hands of a married officer if a bachelor were within reach. He took the ground that the influence or even the

existence of a wife was likely to be demoralizing on the capacity either for working or for fighting.'

The Healing of Prayer.

The Rev. W. Mackintosh Mackay, B.D., of Sherbrooke Church, Glasgow, is a preacher. Every sermon in the new volume *Words of this Life* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s.) says so. The idea and its divisions are there before a word is written down. It is a living idea; and there is life in every part of it. No nervous anxiety is felt for the text. When it is not deliberately expounded it is illustrated, and the illustration becomes exposition. Sometimes it is discovered to be other than the expositor imagined. 'I sat where they sat' (Ezk 3¹⁵) is 'A Scholar in Sympathy'; 'He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one' (Lk 22⁸⁰) is 'The Cost of Christ's Sword'; 'If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth' (Jer 15¹⁹) is 'Taking the Gold out of Life.' The illustrations are not too many and they are right. This is an oft-quoted word on Prayer: it cannot be quoted too often—

'At a meeting of the British Medical Association Dr. Hyslop, the superintendent of the Bethlem Hospital for Mental Diseases, said: "As one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I give it as my experience that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits, and all the miserable results of a mind diseased, I would undoubtedly give the first place to prayer. Let there be a habit of nightly communion with God, not as a mere mendicant or repeater of the words of others, but as an individual who submerges his personality in the greater whole, and such a habit will do more to clean the mind and strengthen the soul than any other therapeutic agent known to me."'

The Wind on the Heath.

The Rev. G. H. Morrison, D.D., has published another volume of Sunday Evening Addresses, with the title of *The Wind on the Heath* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s.). The title is taken from *Lavengro*; we are not sure that we see its relevance, but the addresses are as divinely human as ever. Divinely human, for human

nature is amply recognized (hence the interest); and its helplessness apart from divine grace is just as forcibly declared (hence the power).

The subject of one sermon is the Contentment of Love. Dr. Morrison uses this illustration: 'I have a dear friend who, when she was a girl, used to collect for charities in Ayrshire. And one of the cottages she had to visit was that of a pious and reverent old woman. Betty was in very straitened circumstances, so much so that no one knew how she existed, yet would she have been mightily insulted if the collector had dared to pass her door. One day, when the collector visited the cottage, Betty was sitting at her tea. And as she rose to get her widow's mite out of the chest, she threw her apron hastily across the tea-table. Whereon the girl, in girlish curiosity, lifted the apron to see what it concealed, and found that the hidden cup was filled with water. "Why, Betty," she cried in her astonishment, "it isn't tea you've got here, it is water." "Ay, my dear," said Betty, "it's just water, but *He makes it taste like wine.*" Better a cup of water where love is, than choicest vintage of the grape without it. "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox where there is hatred." Nor is there any love of man so deep and broad, so perfect in its power and in its tenderness, as the love of God that is commended to us in the death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

The Padre.

The Rev. J. Esslemont Adams, B.D., of the West United Free Church in Aberdeen, has had his share of the experiences that go to the making of war. What they are he tells us in *The Chaplain and the War* (T. & T. Clark; 6d. net), a vividly written and realistic picture of the things the messenger of peace has to do and be when a great war comes. The illustrations make the book (a marvel for the money) much more interesting than the following quotation will be without them:

'Most chaplains hope sooner or later to be posted to duty at the front. There, in the rattle of rifle fire and the roar of artillery, they feel the thrill of battle and taste the stern reality of war. Every village and farm and wayside cottage is full of combatants, and houses partly wrecked by shell fire are not despised as billets. With a roof for cover and a floor for bed, the British soldier "keeps smiling" and is thankful for his daily mercies.

The chaplain's life in such an area is crowded with interest. If he is attached to a battalion, he probably stays at headquarters with the Commanding Officer, the Adjutant, the Doctor, and one or two of the senior officers. If he is the right man, the chances are that he is not only a minister of the gospel but major-domo as well! He is made mess president, buys the mess luxuries, arranges the menus, and sees that hot water is ready for those coming "home" from the trenches. If the prunes are badly stewed, or the lamps badly trimmed, or the precenting badly performed, or the sermon badly preached, he is promptly "told off." He is all things to all men, and has innumerable opportunities of friendship with all ranks as he goes from billet to billet, visiting the companies housed in each. He easily wins affection and confidences. He carries in his valise all sorts of wonderful things given him for safe-keeping, from the Colonel's will to the youngest subaltern's love letters. He has one man's signet-ring, another's cap badge, a third's skean-dhu. When the battalion moves up to the trenches he may go with it or he may not. In the summer-time, when the spell in the trenches may extend for weeks, he has a good excuse for making his home in a dug-out; but in the bitter winter months, when the men are in the trenches only for a few days at a time, his orders are to remain with those left in billets. The staff who look after these billets, the transport section, who go up every night with supplies of food and ammunition for the firing line and come back weary and very late, are then his parish proper. Frequently a message comes from the front asking for the Padre, and straightway he calls for his horse and rides forward. A few hundred yards from the trenches he finds the Reserves in some hardly recognizable ruin, once a farm, or an inn, or a church. Hiding his horse in the safest place in a region where no one and no thing is safe, he sits for a while with the men in their so-called shelters, playfully christened "Shell View," "Buckingham Palace," "Wait-and-See House," and gets all the news. Then, ascertaining for what he is needed, he goes on to his appointed task. Sometimes this takes him into the trenches. These are not easy to promenade in, the mud is deep and the space narrow, but with pictures from magazines, photographs, verses of poetry, and texts of Scripture stuck upon the walls, these dreary drains where human beings keep vigil day and night

are made as ornamental and cheerful as possible. A lad is sick; or one is slain, and there is to be a trench burial. But the chaplain may not have to go into the trenches. When possible, the body is brought out under cover of darkness and placed in the Aid Post three or four hundred yards behind the trenches. Close by, the corner of a field or of an orchard has been reserved as a little cemetery. Wrapped in a blanket, the soldier's body is borne forth by a party of his comrades. A simple service is read, the 23rd Psalm and one or two verses of New Testament Scripture, and a short prayer is offered. Then the wail of the pipes playing "The Flowers of the Forest," or the clear note of the bugle sounding the "Last Post," carries the tidings to all that a gallant comrade has been laid to his rest.

A Painter of Dreams.

A Painter of Dreams and other Biographical Studies (Lane; 12s. 6d. net) is the title which A. M. W. Stirling has given to a volume of biographical gossip. Now gossip, like patriotism, may be good or bad. Time was when the word patriotism was never used without a qualifying adjective. The adjective was always favourable—'good,' 'honest,' or the like. Gossip without an adjective should be considered good; and 'malicious' should be prefixed if it is bad.

So this is gossip. The persons are often great—Wellington, Watts, the Earl of Albemarle, and the like—but the things that they say and do are little, just the ordinary things of everyday life. Hence the interest.

The first biographical study consists of extracts from a Georgian Scrap-book. The diarist is Diana Bosville, a woman of wit and learning. She was the friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and was described by the surly Dr. Johnson as 'A mighty intelligent lady.' Here is one of the extracts:

'A Cluster [of grapes] was cut at Welbeck by His Grace the Duke of Portland, and presented to the Marquis of Rockingham. It was conveyed to Wentworth House by four Labourers, and weighed nineteen Pounds and a half. Its greatest Diameter when hanging in its natural position was 19 inches and a half. Its Circumference four Feet and a half, and its Length 21 Inches and three quarters.

'This Account is strictly true, and was well known to many of the Nobility and Gentry and all the then Domestic of those two Noble Families.

'See that extraordinary Grape also mentioned in Holy Writ, Numbers, chap. 13, v. 23.

'This Account appeared in all the Newspapers in the Month of Sept. 1781.'

The Painter of Dreams is Roddam Spencer Stanhope, the friend of Watts. His career is sketched with a light hand, and some of his letters are quoted. 'Last Saturday,' he says, 'I went down to Brighton. What a horrid place it is for extempore preachers. The description I heard of

one was, "He is not much of a *Theologian*, but the most *brilliant orator* I ever heard. It is quite an *intellectual treat* to go to hear him!" Heaven preserve me from going to church for an "intellectual treat"! I would sooner stop at home for a raspberry-jam one!'

It was a young man who said this. And this also: 'The Pre-Raphaelites give such accounts of Ruskin. He seems to be the most prejudiced, arbitrary, cantankerous fellow, and I shall keep as clear as I can of him.'

Enough. The book has rescued some personalities from oblivion. It will give its readers a few hours' pleasant reading, as pleasant as a good novel would give and quite as profitable.

The Sun Song of Iceland.

BY THE REV. JOHN BEVERIDGE, B.D., FOSSOWAY.

ONE of the most characteristic of the literary remains of the Northern Christian spirit is the Sun Song (*Solarljod*), an Icelandic poem dating from the beginning of the thirteenth century and preserved in its original form. The song is far simpler than most of the productions that have come down to us from dim antiquity. It belongs to the more obscure works of Middle Age poetry—for its skald or author shows affection for a symbolism which, at least in our day, is not easy to understand. The Sun Song is strongly personal in mood and expression, and it differs considerably from the religious historical poems which date from the same period; and a vision of heaven and of hell occupies an important part of the song.

Visions from the realms of salvation and perdition were common in the Middle Ages, but they were generally handed down in prose form. Dante's *Divina Commedia*, however, the most classic work in the wide field of vision literature, is a poem, and the Sun Song has something in common with Dante's immortal work. The poems belong to Roman Catholic Europe, even if original local images are found mingled with the original foreign. It is the new spirit, the spirit of Christianity that created and upheld them.

The Sun Song is supposed to be sung by a dead man, who appears to his son and begs him to take the song and make it known among the living.

The dead man tells of his life on earth, of his death, of the journey of the soul through hell and heaven; and at last he speaks of man's 'day of gladness' when father and son will meet again. That day of eternal joy, *dies lætitiæ*, dawns after the judgment day, *dies iræ*. The father warns the son against the delusions and errors of this present world. It is not riches and it is not health that give happiness, for they are of to-day and to-morrow they are no more. Lust, which takes possession of the thought-life, clings to love like a disease, and brings sin and sorrow with it. Power and pride give no lasting joy, for they seduce one from what is good. Even friendly words are unstable ground to build on, for deceit may easily hide itself under them. God is the true riches, the true love and power, the true friend—according to the skald—and he begs his son to seek the Lord and His kingdom.

The father then proceeds to give an account of his death and of the experiences that await beyond the veil of mortality. He speaks of his fear of death, how day after day his looks turned to the sun as if it could afford some help. 'Mighty it seemed in many ways compared with that which was before.' And in his fever fantasies the sun becomes 'God Most High' before whom he bows in reverence,—evidently just the current idea of the sun as the symbol of God.