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In the Study.

Professor Sanday's Article on 'Inspiration and Revelation.'

WHAT is it that has given the Dictionary and Encyclopædia their place in modern literature? Professor Sanday says it is the excellence of the editing. And if excellence means industry no editor should be able to deny it. But there is more than that.

There is the discovery that separate books on small subjects are a weariness and waste of time. Small subjects must be studied. They were never studied more earnestly than now. And no man is to be encouraged to keep the fruit of his research to himself. But some other means of publication had to be found than the volume. There is of course the magazine. But the magazine is not there for that purpose. On the Continent the difficulty has been met by the unbound pamphlet. But we have never taken to the pamphlet. There was no choice between the expensive, cumbrous, time-stealing book and the dictionary.

The newest dictionary is THE DICTIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH. In spite of difficulties, due to the war, the first of its two volumes has been published (T. & T. Clark; 21s. net). It carries the alphabet down to the end of L. That is one letter further than the first volume of THE DICTIONARY OF CHRIST AND THE GOSPELS went—of which it is meant to be a companion and continuation. Yet the second volume will not be shorter than the first. It will contain some of the most important and therefore longest articles in the whole work. Among the rest may be named a great article on St. Paul by Professor Stalker, and a great article on Righteousness by Professor Moffatt.

But that is to anticipate. It is the first volume that we have before us. No review will be offered here. One article will be noticed, and nothing more.

Of the longer articles in this volume is one by Professor Sanday on 'Inspiration and Revelation.' These subjects are treated separately, but they gain considerably by following one another in a single article. Revelation is dealt with first. From the results obtained by a study of Revelation some of the difficulties of Inspiration are resolved at once, and others lightened of something of their load. But we shall be content with offering a single passage.

After quoting the great text, 1 Co 2^{7-16}, Dr. Sanday recalls one of the results he has already obtained—that there are two distinct modes of revelation. These modes of revelation he has called primary and secondary, or objective and subjective: the one a series of facts, the other embodying the interpretation of those facts. Then he says that 'inspiration corresponds to the second of these modes; it has to do with interpretation; it is the process by which God has made known His nature, His will, and His purpose in regard to man.' He then turns to the psychology of inspiration. This he has just introduced when he says: 'And now we must try to analyze the passage and see what it contains. There are two trains of thought.

'(*a*) The knowledge which inspiration imparts is wholly exceptional and *sui generis*. It is not possessed by the worldly-wise or by the most powerful of secular rulers. It was their ignorance of it which led to the terrible mistake of not recognizing but crucifying the Messiah when He came. It is a knowledge—chiefly of values, of values in the spiritual sphere, of the spiritual forces at work in the world. The knowledge of these values is hidden from the mass of mankind. Any criticism of those who possess it by those who do not possess it is futile. It is as if the critics were devoid of a natural sense—like the varied hues of Nature to the colour-blind, or the world of musical sound to those who have no ear. The expert in this new knowledge stands apart by himself: he can judge, but he cannot be judged; he is superior to the world around him.

'(*b*) If it is asked how he came by this knowledge, the answer is that it was imparted to him by the Holy Spirit acting upon his own spirit. It is a well-known peculiarity of the psychology of St. Paul that he often mentions the Divine Spirit and the human spirit together in such a way that they seem to run into each other. It is often hard to tell whether "spirit" should be spelt with a capital or not; the thought passes backwards and forwards with the finest shades of transition. A good example may be seen in several passages of

Rom. 8; *e.g.* v.[9f.]: "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you. But if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. And if Christ is in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit is life because of righteousness"; and again, v.[14f.]: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God. For ye received not the spirit of bondage again unto fear; but ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." In the former passage, the domination of the spiritual part or higher self of man is brought about by the operation of the Spirit of God (or of Christ) which is described as "dwelling in him," and the result is that the human spirit is instinct with life and immortality, and triumphs over death. In the latter passage, a like operation of the Divine Spirit results in an attitude of the human spirit; without any line of demarcation between to indicate where the one ends and the other begins. The reason for these subtle transitions would seem to be that, while the subject of them is conscious of Divine influence within him, that influence is felt in a part of his being which is beyond the reach of conscious analysis; it is one of those sub-conscious and unconscious motions which are known only by their effects and do not come within the recognizance of the reflective reason. There is something more than an affinity between the human spirit and the Divine; when the one is in contact with the other, it is beyond our power to distinguish the point of junction or to say with dogmatic precision, "Thus far and no further."

'When it is said that the Spirit searches the deep things of God and then bestows a knowledge of these deep things on men, it is not meant that there is a mechanical transference of information. The process is dynamic, and not mechanical. What is meant is that the same Holy Spirit which mirrors, as it were, the consciousness of Deity, so acts upon the human faculties, so stimulates and directs them, as to produce in them a consciousness of God which is after its own pattern. The self-consciousness of God must needs be in itself altogether transcendent and incommunicable; the reflexion of it in the heart of man is not absolute, but relative; it is expressed in human measures; it is still a reaching forth of the human soul towards God, feeling after Him if haply it may find Him. But it is such a reaching forth as is κατὰ θεόν (Rom. 8[27]), what God would have it to be, a human product stamped with Divine sanction and approval.'

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

March.

SWEET VIOLETS.

'He could not be hid.'—Mk 7[24].

You all know what a perfume is, don't you? Perhaps you think of it as something that is kept in bottles and sold in the chemists' shops. If you happen to be a boy, you are quite content to have the perfume remain there; girls, on the other hand, are inclined to wish they might have just a very little of it to spray upon their handkerchiefs. Why does a chemist sell, and sometimes manufacture, perfumes, do you think? Simply because he knows that ladies like them.

God's perfumes are all round about us, in the fields and in the woods; and they are of a much more delicate quality than those in the chemists' shops. It is not every one who can appreciate them. I have seen a girl very happy indeed because some one had given her a small bottle of scent called 'sweet violet,' and—would you believe it?—the little violets of the woods had not the slightest charm for her.

Our sense of smell is a wonderful thing. It is one of God's presents to us. I say one of His *presents*, because, while we could not get along at all comfortably without the other senses—you know them: sight, hearing, touch, taste—the sense of smell is given to us for our comfort and our happiness.

Some people learn to appreciate and love the scents of Nature very, very much. They are like the artist who sees colour to which the ordinary person is blind. I have a friend who, whenever she is out in the country, seems to delight in the scent of the fields and the woods. She was born in the island of Skye. One evening in March—it must be ten years ago—we were standing together at the door of her house in Edinburgh. The world seemed very beautiful. But though my friend loved to look upon it, I knew that all the time she felt herself an exile from home. Taking a long breath of the keen spring air, as if trying to

get the full good of it, she said, 'I smell something that makes me think of Skye!'

Let me tell you about another person—this time a man. He was old, and he was dying. 'I should like to smell something good,' he said to his nurse. 'Will you have the scent bottle?' she asked him. 'No,' he answered, 'get me a fresh flower.' When people are as ill as he was they care only for real things.

But we have wandered far from the 'Sweet Violet.' You see it sold in tiny bunches just now, both in florists' shops and in the streets. Ladies buy these to wear. But it is best to find the violet at home in the woods. It hides among moss and leaves, but it simply *cannot be hid.* It betrays itself by its sweet perfume.

Not long ago, I opened a book of poems for children. They were written by one who loved both Nature and its Maker, and who knew the sweet-scented winds of March. A picture caught my eye. It was of three little girls climbing up a hillside hand in hand. Their hair was blown about, but how they seemed to be enjoying themselves! Let me read you the verses that were underneath:

O wind, where have you been,
  That you blow so sweet?
Among the violets
  Which blossom at your feet.

The honeysuckle waits
  For Summer and for heat;
But violets in the chilly Spring
  Make the turf so sweet.[1]

There are stories told of even strong men having been attracted by the violet. When the great Napoleon was undecided whether he would quietly resign himself to his banishment, he came upon a child picking violets, and tying them in a bunch. 'My little friend,' said Bonaparte, 'will you give me your flowers?' 'Gladly,' said the boy, and handed them to the Emperor, who kissed the little giver, and after a few minutes remarked: 'The accident of this occurrence is the secret hint to me to follow the example of these modest flowers. Henceforth the violet shall be the emblem of my wishes.' By degrees the public came to hear the story, and in the following spring the adherents of the Emperor wore the little flower as a memorial.

[1] *Christina Rossetti's Poems* (Sing-Song).

It was said of Jesus Christ that 'He could not be hid.' Once He wished to be unknown in the place to which He had come, but, like the simple sweet flower of which we have been speaking, every one knew He was there from the fragrance that came from His presence. A well-known preacher tells how, when he was a boy, he used to take a road home from school that led him through a wood. His clothes brushed through the wood geraniums and caught their peculiar smell; and his mother knew at once when he reached home, by what road he had come. And, boys and girls, so will it be with you if you keep the company of Jesus Christ. While you are as merry and as fond of your sport as ever, your companions will notice something. You, in turn, will be a perfume-bearer. Then I can imagine a boy going home from school saying to himself something like this: 'Jack may have his faults, but somehow I feel sure he says his prayers. I must try not to forget to say mine.'

II.

Lamps.

'A lamp.'—Mt 5^{15} (R.V.).

Would you like to know how to be a lamp? Boys and girls can all be lamps. They can't be electric flares or incandescent burners—they must leave that to the grown-ups—but they can all be lamps.

Jesus once told His followers to be lamps, and to let their light shine out into the dark world around them. If you have got what is called the Authorized Version of the Bible, and if you turn to Mt 5^{15}, you will find that the word is 'candle.' This is really a slight mistake in translation, and the Revised Version has called it by its right name—a lamp.

Have you ever seen one of those queer Eastern lamps to which Christ referred? Some of them are just like shallow earthenware saucers pinched in one place to form a sort of peak. The saucer is filled with oil and the wick is inserted at the pinched end. Other lamps are like two saucers fastened together, the top one being turned upside down. Towards one end the lamp is narrower, and in the narrow part a small hole is made to contain the wick. Another hole is made in the centre of the lamp to let in the oil. Some of

these lamps are quite plain, others are beautifully ornamented, others bear inscriptions.

Now, how can boys and girls be lamps? Just by being happy. You have all heard of Robert Louis Stevenson—the boy who, like Peter Pan, 'never grew up' because he always kept the heart of a child. He was as full of fun and frolic when he was a man as when he was a child, and he kept happy even when he was very, very ill. Some of you have read his stories—*Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*—and some even of the tinies can understand his poems, for he wrote a whole book of poetry specially for children. Well, Stevenson says in one of his books that 'a happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note; their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.' He tells a story about a ragged barefoot boy, who went running down the street chasing a marble. He looked so jolly that he put every one he passed into a good humour. He chased away such black thoughts from one man that he stopped the boy, and gave him some money, with the remark: 'You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased.'

Now I want you to remember, in the first place, that *God wishes you to be happy*. Some people seem to have got a queer idea that it is wrong to be happy. They pull a long face and look solemn, but I don't think the world is very much the better of them. God made the kittens to catch their tails, and the puppies to worry things, and the little lambs to gambol in the fields, and He made the children full of fun and frolic too. Just be as merry as you can, only don't buy your happiness at the expense of other people.

The world would be a great deal poorer without the laughter of little children, and that brings me to the second point: *in being happy we make other people happy*. 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.' There is an old Eastern story about a king who owned a very precious gem called a beryl-stone. This stone was most beautifully cut and polished; but the wonderful thing about it was, that when it was set upon the royal standard it shone like the sun, and gave light for miles around. By its rays the king's army could march for miles during the night, and the people could work just as if it were day. You see what a lot of good the stone did just by shining; and so we can do a tremendous lot of good just by being happy.

I should like to tell you what a sunbeam did by shining. One morning in February, a little sunbeam was sent by its mother to pay a visit to the earth. The Sun was just rising over the Eastern sea when it set out. 'Good-bye, little one,' said she, 'be happy, work well, and come back to me in the evening.' 'All right, Mother,' cried the sunbeam, and away it went skipping and dancing over the waters. The ocean laughed beneath its glance, and a lazy boy who was just yawning his way out of bed, said, 'Oh my, what a ripping day! I must buck up, and get out to the garden before school.'

That gave the sunbeam an idea, for it had overheard the word 'garden.' It peeped into the garden, and saw a poor little frozen snowdrop struggling into life. It kissed the snowdrop, and the flower blossomed beneath the touch of its warm lips. Then it played among the branches of a tree where a shivering thrush was standing on one leg. 'Too-too-ee, too-too-ee,' sang the thrush. 'Why, I do believe Spring has come! Perhaps I'll find a worm this morning. It seems warmer than usual.' So he shook his feathers, and flew off to look for his breakfast. And a weary invalid who, for many dark days, had hovered between life and death, smiled, and all unwittingly repeated the words of the thrush: 'I do believe Spring has come!—I think I should like to get better.'

Then the sunbeam danced along till it came to a great city. It peeped in at an office window where a man sat worried with the cares of business. It smiled in his face and smoothed out the wrinkles. Then it visited a room where a weary woman toiled for husband and children, and her toil seemed lighter for the glint of sunshine. It looked in upon two peeple who were just starting a quarrel, and they laughed, and said, 'One can't be cross on a day like this.'

Next it visited a slum. It glanced upon the cobwebs in the corner of a room, and a woman said: 'I really think I must have a bit of a clean-up here. It's wonderful how the sunshine shows up things!' And the sunbeam chuckled with glee as it went on its way.

So it travelled on until evening. It was very tired, but it had just one more task. It lit up a mountain peak where the snows lay, and the mountain-top turned to rosy pink. And a man who was dying without hope and without faith lifted up his eyes unto the hills, and found rest for his soul.

Then, with a sigh, the sunbeam fell asleep in

the arms of the mother Sun. And the Sun was well pleased with her child, for she knew that it had discovered one of life's greatest secrets—that in making others happy is to be found the deepest and most lasting joy.

Lastly, *the best way to be happy ourselves and to make others happy is to have our hearts filled with the love of God.* There was once a king whose great desire was to make his people happy. So he asked two of his wise men how it was to be done, and gave them two months to think out the problem. At the end of the time they appeared before him. One carried a parchment on which were written two hundred rules; the other brought —nothing. The king grew very tired before the two hundred rules were read, and then he turned to the other man. 'What is thine answer?' he asked. And the man replied in two words, 'Love God.' 'What!' said the king; 'I asked thee how I should make my people happy, and thou tellest me to love God.' 'True,' replied the wise man, 'but thou canst not love God without loving thy people also.'

God is the source of all happiness, just as the Sun is the source of all light. The oil in the lamp gives out only as much light as it took in long ago from the Sun; so we must always return to God to have our lamps refilled.

The Queen of Rumania has a motto which consists of only two words. Even the little ones could remember it, so I am going to give it to you to take away. Here it is, and I think we might take it as our motto too:

GIVE JOY.

III.

The Rev. Will Reason, M.A., has the gift of attracting children to the study of the Bible. He preaches children's sermons, and each sermon is simply the retelling (with illustrations) of some Bible narrative. In *Stories of the Kingdom* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. net) the Parables are retold. A fair example is

The Yeast in the Dough.

'The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.'—Is 11^9.

Jesus always chose for His stories the simple things that every one knew about, so that they were easily understood by the ordinary folk as well as the learned, and by people of all times as well as by the Jews who listened to Him. That is, the story was plain enough, and would stick in their minds, even though they did not understand the inner meaning. So here we have a story of what happens in the kitchen.

A woman set out to make some bread, and mixed her dough. But dough by itself would not make light, pleasant bread; it would be heavy and tough. So she took a little leaven, or yeast as we call it to-day, and mixed that in with the dough. Then she set it down and let it work. Now yeast is a kind of tiny little plant, which keeps on making other little cells, as they are called, and as these are formed they make a ferment. Little bubbles are produced, which separate the portions of the dough from each other, as you can see when your bread is cut. When the yeast, spreading all over, has sent the bubbles into every part, the dough is said to be 'risen,' and is ready to be baked into those wholesome and pleasant loaves of bread of which we eat so much.

This story Jesus told to show how the Rule of God spreads among people; the mustard seed showed us how it grows in a man. When once any one comes into the Kingdom of God, and God's Rule begins to work in him, he cannot keep it to himself. Mostly, he has to talk about it to others, because it is so good, and he certainly must live by it.

You remember that quite at the beginning, when two of John the Baptist's followers heard him say that Jesus was the One sent by God, they went after Him and spent the day talking with Him. That was only at the first, while they had still very much to learn, but the little they could take in was so good that Andrew, who was one of them, felt he must tell his brother Simon about it. Then Jesus called Philip to come, soon Philip went off to bring Nathanael.

But altogether, when Jesus had done His teaching and had died and risen, there were not many who had got this leaven in them. Compared with the whole world, Palestine was a very little country, and only a few hundreds of the people there had learnt to love and follow Jesus, and believe in His love to them. It was a mere 'handful of leaven.' You might have thought that it would soon die out, now that Jesus was gone away, as it seemed.

There is a story I have heard, though I do not know where it comes from, that when Jesus went

up again to heaven, the angel Gabriel met Him, and said, 'You have died for all those people, to win their love. But they cannot be expected to give their love and obedience to you unless they know about it.' And Jesus said, 'No, Gabriel, they cannot.' Then Gabriel said again, 'But all that do know about it are very few in number, and in a short time they too will leave the earth. The only way is for them to tell all they can and for these to go on telling others. Are you not afraid that they will forget, or get tired, and so it will all gradually die down?' Then Jesus said, 'Gabriel, I have made no other plans; I have chosen no other way.'

I am sorry to say that many have indeed got tired, and very many have forgotten, yet think how the story of Jesus has spread after all! It is nearly nineteen hundred years since our Lord Jesus died, but the leaven has worked ever since, and in place of twelve Apostles, of whom one proved worthless, and several hundred men and women, some of whom got tired, you know that Christians are spread over nearly the whole earth to-day. There are now more missionaries at work, making it their whole business to tell people of the love of Jesus and to get them to let Him rule their lives, than there have ever been. Many people at different times have tried to stop it, because they wanted to rule the world in their way instead of in God's, but it has gone on. Others have laughed at it and tried to prove that it is impossible, or even a mistake, but still it has gone on.

But I want you to think of this. Those little cells of leaven only make the other cells grow as long as they themselves are really alive. Perhaps if you and I were more really alive in God's Kingdom the leaven would work much faster.

We cannot all be missionaries, giving up our whole time to it. But the leaven spreads in other ways besides that. If we were altogether true, altogether right in what we thought and said and did, altogether loving and patient and courageous and in all things more like Jesus, we should not have to talk so much. One of the great troubles that make it difficult for missionaries and preachers is that so many people who at least are called Christians keep on doing things that are not really the things of God's Kingdom at all. It does not look as if much change had come over their lives, even though they do say that Jesus gave His own life for them. Well, all we can do about it is to be more earnest in letting Jesus make us just what He wants us to be.

Fortunately, the leaven spreads in other ways as well. In the old days, Christians were often persecuted because they were followers of Jesus. Sometimes good and decent people misunderstood them, and thought that they really were doing a great deal of mischief, and sometimes others objected to having their own bad ways made to look shameful by the better lives of the Christians. Either way it was hard for the Christians. But to-day we are mostly found fault with because we are not Christian enough. That is, even those who are not even pretending to follow Jesus know perfectly well that His ways are really the best. Their thoughts have been changed, and they think of things very differently from those old days. That is something gained, but it all comes back to this, that you and I must be more earnest about following Him ourselves, so that others will get the faith and courage to let Christ rule their lives also.

IV.

Nuts from an Old Bag (Scott; 2s. net) is the title which the Rev. Rhys Davies gives to a small book containing addresses to children. Every address is the answer to a question. If the question is 'What is stronger than a lion?' (Jg 14^8), we get this answer:

Strong, Stronger, Strongest.

It is well to remember in talking about the questions of the Bible that there is a great purpose in them. They are not puzzles or conundrums. You know how you put riddles to each other, now and then. You make quite a game of it, and a very pleasant and amusing game it often is. You ask each other hard and tricky questions to try your skill and to trip each other up. You do not ask in order to teach, but in order to puzzle. And you like to ask questions that cannot be answered, and put riddles which cannot be found out. But the Bible does not put its questions in that way. It asks its questions in order to teach, in order to instruct. And here is one such question, 'What is stronger than a lion?'

This is a question about great strength. And therefore it is a question about something that we are all interested in. We all want to be strong. You boys go in for physical drill and athletics in

order that you may be strong. And you girls, too, very wisely do the same. We all want strength, and we admire anybody who is strong.

Now, a lion is strong. That is one of the first things we think of when we see him. He is a model of power. What a mighty beast he is! As we look at him we may have many thoughts about him; we admire his sleek coat and wonderful mane, we mark his small but piercing eye, we shudder if we catch a glimpse of his terrible teeth and claws, and our very hearts tremble when he roars; but what we think of most of all is his strength. It is this that makes him so dreadful. He lives by his strength. He is called the 'King of the forest' because he is strong. There is no animal that can stand before him, and the dread of him is on all creatures, great and small; even the great elephant becomes a prey to the lion, for he is so powerful. This is a question about great strength.

It is a question that refers to greater strength—'What is *stronger* than a lion?' Would you boys and girls be surprised if I told you that a man is stronger than a lion? But he is. Man has a strength that the lion knows very little about, and which the lion cannot use. What is that strength, then? It must be very great. It is the strength of *Mind*. The strength of the lion is the strength of his body. It is what is called 'physical strength.' But there is a mightier power than that; it is the power of the Mind. And man has that, which makes him stronger than the lion, strong though he is.

And because of the strength of his Mind man can conquer the lion. He makes a gun or invents a trap, and thus the lion becomes his prey, or he makes him his captive. Whenever you see a lion in a cage it is a proof that a man is stronger than he. Lions cannot keep men in cages; they are not strong enough to do so. But, on the other hand, a man can conquer the 'king of the forest' and keep him a prisoner at his own will.

There is a sense in which a man is stronger than a horse. I saw a struggle between a little boy and a big cart-horse the other day, and the boy won; the boy was the stronger of the two. The horse wanted to go one way, and the boy wanted him to go another way, and for some time they were trying to get the best of each other; but it was the boy who conquered. And it was almost amusing to see the big and powerful animal marching off obediently to the will of a boy! True, the horse is strong if you harness him to a cart, or put him to a load; but there is a strength greater than that which can pull a cart or drag a load; and while that horse had the one, the boy had the other. It was the triumph of the Mind over physical strength.

In these days when you boys and girls think so much of strength, don't forget this greater strength. While you go in for physical drill and athletic exercises of all kinds, it is to be hoped you will not neglect to cultivate the Mind-power. A strong body is a fine thing; a strong Mind is better. A well-shaped limb or a hard muscle is something to be proud of; but remember, the one who wins is the one who has paid the greatest attention to his ability to think. A big mind in a weak body is far better than to have the body of a giant and the mind of a baby.

This is a question that leads us on to think of the greatest strength. What is the greatest strength? Surely, that is something worth having. If there is anything yet greater than the strength we have been talking about, it is well to know about it. Is there? Yes; but I wonder, will I surprise or disappoint you again by mentioning it? The mightiest thing in the world is — *Gentleness*! Gentleness! Can that be true? Is gentleness strength? Is that the most powerful thing in the world? Yes, it is all quite true; gentleness, love, kindness, these are the mightiest forces in the world.

Gentleness always wins over every power. There is a verse which says, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Just think; a 'soft answer' is stronger than a blow. A blow never turned away wrath: it only made matters worse. If any one is angry, you cannot conquer him with anger. The thing that conquers is gentleness. Boys and girls, learn this lesson of strength. If you want to be strong, be kind. If you want to gain a victory, be gentle. If you want to win, learn to love.

I read an advertisement in a daily paper some time ago in which a man claimed to be the strongest man in the world, and he offered to help others to be strong. The strongest man in the world! What a fine thing! How grand it must be to feel like that! But who *is* the strongest man in the world? I can tell you. He lived on this earth of ours about two thousand years ago, and He still lives here by His Spirit—Jesus Christ; He

is the strongest Man in the world. And He is the strongest because He is the gentlest, because His kindness and love were greater than any ever known besides. Yes; Jesus is the strongest Man in the world. He is always conquering. He is always winning. He has more and greater victories to His credit than anybody else ever had; and all because He is the One you sometimes sing of as the

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.

And now I can tell you who among you is the strongest: the strongest boy among you is the boy who speaks the soft word and who does the kindest deeds; the strongest girl among you is the girl whose face wears the sweetest smile and whose voice has the pure note of gentleness in it. If we want to be strong, let us learn from the strongest Man—Jesus. He is willing to teach us; He is anxious to give us lessons; He says, 'Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.' Boys and girls, go to Him to be strong!

Point and Illustration.

Mary Slessor.

A missionary biography is an apologetic of the first order. A great missionary biography, the biography, that is to say, which tells faithfully the life-story of a great missionary, is nearly irresistible. Mr. W. P. Livingstone had a wonderful subject in Mary Slessor, and he has risen to his opportunity. The title is *Mary Slessor of Calabar* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net).

Apart from the value of such a book for the coming of the Kingdom, the encouragement it offers to all earnest persons, however handicapped, to look out for God's will and do it is incalculable. Mr. Livingstone gathers the lesson of Miss Slessor's life into a few unforgettable sentences in his prefatory note. 'She had disadvantages and obstacles that few have to encounter. It was by surrender, dedication, and unwearied devotion that she grew into her power of attainment, and all can adventure on the same path. It was love for Christ that made her what she was, and there is no limit set in that direction. Such opportunity as she had lies before the lowliest disciples; even out of the commonplace Love can carve heroines. "There is nothing small or trivial," she once said, "for God is ready to take every act and motive and work through them to the formation of character and the development of holy and useful lives that will convey grace to the world."'

Is there any discovery made by a woman more terrible than the discovery that she is married to a drunkard? Mary Slessor's mother made that discovery. The change from Aberdeen to Dundee wrought no change in the man, and it was hard beyond most of life's hardships to keep the home together. Mary was compelled to endure hardship, but it became easier when she could do so as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Then the father died. The brother, who had been dedicated by his mother to mission work in Old Calabar, died also, and Mary resolved to take his place.

She lived for the most part alone, a pioneer missionary, suffering unimaginable privations, managing situations of unheard-of danger with tact, courage, and endurance, gaining the respect of all and the devotion of some, and actually bringing civilization and the Christian hope (but in the other order) into a wide region of the most uncivilized and hopeless part of Africa. Her formal appointment as district judge was no stretch of sentiment, it was the wise recognition on the part of the British Government of the position which, in fact, she held. 'Some of her methods were not of the accepted judicial character. She would try a batch of men for an offence, lecture them, and then impose a fine. Finding they had no money she would take them up to the house and give them work to earn the amount, and feed them well. Needless to say they went back to their homes her devoted admirers. Her excuse for such irregular procedure was, that while they were working she could talk to them and exercise an influence that might prove abiding in their lives. This was the motive animating all her actions in the Court. "When 'Ma' Slessor presided," it was said, "her Master was beside her, and His spirit guided her."'

'The Court was popular, for the natives had their tales heard at first hand, and not through an interpreter. "Ma's" complete mastery of their tongue, customs, habits, and very nature, gave her, of course, an exceptional advantage. One District Commissioner spent three days in trying a single case, hearing innumerable witnesses, without coming within sight of the truth. In despair he sought her aid, and she settled the whole dispute to the satisfaction of every one by asking two simple questions.'

. Her greatest trouble was over the native abhorrence of twins. Pathetic are the stories she tells of many a poor mother, torn with remorse for sins which she knew not (it was understood that some evil spirit was the father of the second child), casting out her own children that they might not live, and herself cast out by husband and family. One such story may be repeated. The 'Jean' of the narrative is the first of the native children brought up by Miss Slessor. She was now grown to womanhood.

'But there was no end to the struggle over twins. Time and again she had to send the girls to bring babes to the Mission House, and many a stirring night she had, she sleeping with them in her bed, whilst outside stealthy forms watched for a chance to free the town from the defilement of their presence. The first that survived was a boy. The husband, angry and sullen, was for murdering it and putting the mother into a hole in the swamp. She faced him with the old flash in her eye, and made him take oath not to hurt or kill the child. He even promised to permit it to live, for which magnanimity she bowed ironically to the ground, an act that put his courage at once to flight. She had come to realise that it was not good to take twins from their mother, and she insisted on the child being kept in the home. Jean was sent to stay and sleep with the woman, and as she had, on occasion, as caustic a tongue as "Ma," the man had not a very agreeable time. It was decided later to bring the woman and child to the hut, and there, beneath her verandah, they rigged up a little lean-to, where they were housed, Jean sleeping with them at night and keeping a watchful eye on the mother. "It is really," said "Ma," "far braver and kinder of her to live with that heathen woman with her fretting habits than it is for her to go out in the dark and fight with snakes. Jean has as many faults as myself, but she is a darling, none the less, and a treasure." All going well, they went on Sunday to church and left the mother. When they returned they found she had broken the baby's thigh and given him some poisonous stuff. With care the boy recovered, but they redoubled their precautions, hoping that when the parents saw how handsome and healthy and normal the little fellow was, they would consent to keep him.

'The parents of the twin were at last persuaded to take the big happy child home and provide for it. Four days later they sent for Jean, who returned, carrying a weak, pinched form that had death written on its face. It succumbed shortly afterwards — and that was the end of "Ma's" strenuous fight and Jean's ten weeks' toil by day and night.'

Lady Knightley of Fawsley.

There is a great charm about *The Journals of Lady Knightley of Fawsley* which Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady) has edited (Murray; 12s. net). Louisa Mary Bowater began to keep a Journal at the age of fourteen, and kept it to the age of seventy-one. It covers the years 1856 to 1913, and sixty volumes of writing-paper. What portion of the sixty volumes is contained in this published volume we cannot tell; but it is all so good that we shall be in no way surprised to hear that another volume succeeds this one.

How is it so good? Because it introduces us to a beautiful and capable woman who all her life seems not to have spoken an ill word, scarcely even harboured an evil thought, and yet thoroughly enjoyed the life of our English aristocracy. Through her father, an army officer, she came into touch with the Royal Family when a very young girl, and between her and the princesses a friendship began which lasted, true and unaffected, throughout their lives. Queen Victoria herself was attached to her, had her at Balmoral and elsewhere, and would have made her a Lady-in-waiting had she possessed the necessary qualification of being a peer's granddaughter.

She prepared herself for the writing of her diary by the study of such models as Grant Duff's *Reminiscences* and the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff*. And she wrote in it steadily, day after day, and as truthfully as steadily.

Let us look into it.

The marriage of the Princess Royal with the Crown Prince of Prussia in 1859 is described, and then in 1863 the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Jenny Lind was present. 'Before Madame Goldschmidt left, I contrived to get a few words with her. I liked her so much, and have seldom met so high-minded and charming a woman. She had been in the choir, and was most deeply touched with the whole ceremony. "It was a blessed and holy scene," she said. The Queen in a widow's cap and deep mourning, wearing silk for the first

time, witnessed the ceremony from a closet just above and to the left of the altar. She looked well, and although deeply affected when the bridegroom entered, as each pronounced the "I will" her whole face lit up with a smile. "The Prince," said Madame, "bore himself nobly and with great dignity." Very touching must it have been when all her children curtseyed to her. But amid all the tears, a happy diversion was created by a small scrimmage between Prince Leo and little Prince William of Prussia, who resented most vehemently his uncle's attempts at tutoring him.'

There were many proposals of marriage. This is one.

'I had settled down quietly to a working morning in the schoolroom, when the post arrived. I scanned my pile of letters, and, strange to say, mistook the writing of one which had been forwarded from Harefield, and did not open it till the last. When I did, it made my heart beat and my limbs tremble, for it contained a proposal from Captain B——, almost stern in its depth and earnestness of affection, such as he may well say I shall not soon find elsewhere. God knows if I did right in declining it as gently but as decidedly as I know how. Even if Mamma approved—and she is strongly averse to the idea of marriage with an officer in a marching regiment—I do not think my decision ought to have been otherwise. I cannot feel for him as he does for me, and he is worthy of something better than I can give him. But it has cost me very much, and at times I feel as if I had flung my happiness away. May God forgive me if I have flirted with him. It is an awful thing to have such influence over a man's life, such a decision to make. Writing this letter occupied the whole morning, and I walked to Norbiton to post it with a heavy heart. How Mamma can treat it so lightly I cannot divine! I almost wish I had not told her. My heart aches sadly for him, and it is of no use for her to tell me not to worry.'

She resolved not to marry a clergyman, and says why. 'To-day was very wet, but we had much pleasant talk with Mr. Turnor about politics and the study of mathematics, and with Edith about herself, etc. We agreed, for one thing, that nothing would induce either of us to marry a clergyman. These are my reasons. First, I should not like always to be tied down to one spot. Secondly, that as a body I do not like the clergy, and should dislike extremely to be obliged to live among them. I say this not from any disrespect to their office, but I think they are as a rule dogmatical, narrow-minded, and very disagreeable.—L. BOWATER. "I most completely and entirely endorse the above, and have the greatest objection to the sight of a rook except on his perch—*alias* in the pulpit. Of course there are some exceptions, but I think very few.—EDITH TURNOR."'

At twenty-seven she married Sir Rainald Knightley, Bart., who was more than twenty years older than herself. He was a member of 'the old Tory party,' in Parliament, and was reputed a good debater, when he chose to exercise himself. 'His fastidious taste,' says the biographer (not his wife), 'and pride in his ancient lineage often excited the mirth of his opponents, and on one occasion, when he was sitting in the smoking-room of the House of Commons descanting on his favourite topic, Sir William Harcourt exclaimed, in the words of Bishop Ken's evening hymn:

> "And Knightley (nightly) to the listening earth
> Repeats the story of his birth!"'

Lady Knightley became an unspoiled politician. Her circle gave her no chance of liking Gladstone, but her honesty gradually discovered his good points and Disraeli's bad. 'Dizzy did not show all day, but at dinner I had the luck to sit by him. He was very sententious and pedantic, I thought, affecting to be superior to hunger, which he called a savage passion.'

In the Franco-Prussian War she was on the Prussian side, and an admirer of Bismarck. 'But oh dear! I have had a dreadful blow. Bismarck has written a circular in which he announces that, owing to some alleged infringement of neutrality on the part of Luxembourg, he no longer considers himself bound by the Treaty of 1867, which, when Prussia's susceptibilities were aroused by France's attempt to buy that Duchy from the King of Holland, was entered into by all the Powers to secure its neutrality. This most unprovoked breach of good faith puts an end to my sympathies with him.'

A Little Town of France.

The new volume of the works of Anatole France, *The Path of Glory* (John Lane; 6s.), is smaller than any that have gone before it, but it contains the French text of every one of the articles in addition to the English translation. It

contains also a fine etched portrait of Anatole France, a facsimile of his letter to King Albert, and a portrait of Jean-Pierre Barbier, a young literary genius of Paris, who was killed 'at the front' early in the war.

The longest article is an interpretation of Herodotus for these times. It is the story of Xerxes the 'frightfulist,' and how he despised 'the contemptible little army' of the Greeks. Among the rest there is this sketch of 'A Little Town of France.'

'From a hill-top we looked down on a little town. No matter for its name; it was a town of France, lying there peacefully in the hollow of a valley. It was a charming sight, with its peaked roofs, its tortuous streets, and the timbered spire of its pretty church. I gazed at it as if entranced. Indeed, the bird's-eye view of one of our towns is a pleasing and moving spectacle in which the soul delights. Humanizing thoughts rise with the smoke from its chimneys. Some sad, some merry, they mingle in our memory to inspire all of them together a smiling melancholy, sweeter than any merriment.

'You think: "These houses, so tiny, in the sunshine, that I can block them all out by merely extending my hand, have nevertheless sheltered centuries of love and hate, of pleasure and pain. They keep secrets terrible and mournful. They are well versed in the ways of life and death. They would tell us tales for laughter and for tears, if stones could speak."

'But stones do speak to those who have ears to hear them.

'The little town says to the Frenchman who gazes down at it from the hill:

'"See, I am old, but I am comely; my pious sons have broidered my robe with towers and steeples, fretted gables and belfries. I am a good mother; I teach honest work and the arts of peace, I exhort the citizens to that scorn of danger which makes them invincible. I nurse my children in my arms. Then, their task done, they go, one after another, to sleep at my feet, under the grass where the sheep browse. They pass, but I remain to guard their memory. I am their consciousness. That is why they owe everything to me, for man is only man inasmuch as he has conscious memory. My mantle has been torn and my bosom pierced in the wars. I have received wounds men said were mortal. But I have lived because I have hoped. Learn of me the blessed hope that is the salvation of our country."'

The Immortal Seventh.

The Rev. E. J. Kennedy went out as chaplain *With the Immortal Seventh Division*, and under that title wrote the record of his experiences (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). He died suddenly, soon after his return home. His book has truth stamped on its every page. And the bare truth makes the most wonderful story of all.

Speaking of the *Men*, he admits their bad language, but denies their drunkenness: 'During the whole of my experience in Flanders, I did not come across one case of drunkenness; my experience may be peculiar, but I do not think so. To begin with, there is, of course, the very strong deterrent of rigid punishment for such an offence. Again, there are not the facilities for the purchase of strong drink, such as unhappily characterizes the condition of affairs in Great Britain; but away and beyond these preventives lies the fact that every man is imbued with the idea that he must keep himself fit and "play the game," and the result is that at the Front to-day we have a sober army.'

He gives this illustration of obedience: 'I had ridden up to the front to see some of the men in my Brigade. The Grenadier and Scots Guards had for days been holding the line with dogged pluck, and now had withdrawn from the trenches for a brief respite from their most arduous duties. Falling back a mile or so, they were rejoicing in the prospect of a hot meal. Very speedily the trench fires were dug, and the dixies were filled with a savoury stew; the while the men were lying about enjoying their well-earned rest. In the midst of their brief laze an urgent order came down from General Capper, commanding the men to return to the trenches immediately, as the enemy were approaching in strong force. At once the brave lads kicked out the fires and stood to attention, and moved off to a task from which many of them never returned.'

Mary Bird.

Mary Bird must be kept separate from Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop), her father's cousin. Mary Bird was more than an intrepid traveller and clever author. She was a missionary to the

Persians, to whom she gave herself in works of wonderful sympathy, ability, and self-denial, till at last she gave her life. She was known all over the country as Khánum Maryam, that is, Lady Mary. Her biography has been written with much success by Clara C. Rice, and published under the title of *Mary Bird in Persia* (Church Missionary Society; 3s. 6d.).

This is an example of her tact:

'At a time when there was much opposition in Isfahan, Mary Bird was asked to call on the wife of one of the mullás who had shown himself violently opposed to Christianity. This lady presided at the samovar, and poured out tea, a cup being handed by a servant to her guest. The latter, however, observed that her hostess did not herself take any tea. Something seemed to warn her of danger, and she bethought herself of the Persian custom of asking any one remarkable for holiness to bless the cup by taking the first sip. This compliment she paid to her hostess, and an awkward pause ensued, during which she turned and examined some of the pictures on the walls. At last the hostess said to her servant: "Take away this tea, it is quite cold, and bring me another teapot." The teapot was brought, fresh tea made, and hostess and visitor each had a cup. Mary Bird eventually withdrew after a prolonged visit, without having shown the least sign of alarm. A negro servant who followed her to the door of the house whispered to her in the passage, "How did you know that it was poisoned?" The habitual coolness which she exhibited in danger was the result of her faith, and made a strong impression.'

The Alleged Paulinism of First Peter.

By the Rev. H. A. A. Kennedy, D.Sc., D.D., Professor of New Testament Language, Literature, and Theology, New College, Edinburgh.

The usual modern attitude towards the content of First Peter is tersely expressed by Wernle when he says: 'Is not everything in 1 Peter from the first line to the last Pauline language and Pauline thought?' (*Einführung in d. theolog. Studium*, p. 137). This is a position which has virtually become a dogma. And the present writer must acknowledge that he was one of its convinced adherents until recently, as the result of an independent study of the Epistle for a special purpose, he was compelled to alter his standpoint.

The question ought not to be mixed up with that of the authorship, although, obviously, the discussion of the one is bound, at a variety of points, to have a bearing upon the other. But it is advisable in the case of a document which is so largely impersonal to determine first of all the dominant features of its religious thought independently. When that has been done it may be possible with more or less probability to venture upon deductions from the facts ascertained.

The greater part of the Epistle is occupied with practical exhortations. These are based either on an appeal to the disposition of Christ, which is assumed to be a matter of common knowledge in the Church, or on passages from the Old Testament, quoted singly or in centos, and quite possibly derived from a compilation of passages constructed for Christian use. We may presuppose that such compilations would be made almost as soon as Christian missions began to have any organization at all. Traces of their use occur in Paul's Epistles, as well as in the discourses of Peter reported in the first half of Acts. Hence it is illegitimate in the case of similar references in Paul and 1 Peter to commonplaces of Old Testament religion and ethics, to assume that the one author has borrowed from the other, unless in each instance the context suggests some special relationship. When we remember that the emergence of the Christian gospel must have aroused keen discussions between Jews and Christians both on theological and on ethical questions, it would be hazardous to assign, for example, to Paul as his peculiar property positions which cannot be directly traced to his epoch-making spiritual experience.

To express this otherwise, we must leave far more room than we are wont to do for the influence of a primitive Christian theology earlier than Paul and independent of his creative power, a process of reflexion on fundamental religious facts