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2 Bar 40<sup>1</sup>; 4 Es 12<sup>22f. 27f.</sup> 13<sup>37</sup>, Mt 25<sup>26f.</sup>, etc.), and driven from the presence of the righteous (1 En 38<sup>2</sup>).

The righteous shall be distinguished and separated from the sinners (1 En 51<sup>2</sup>, Ps Sol 2<sup>88</sup>,

Mt 13<sup>41f. 49 25<sup>32</sup></sup>). 'Then shall the names of the righteous be made manifest' (4 Es 14<sup>35</sup>); and they shall be praised (Mt 25<sup>21. 23. 34ff.</sup>, Jn 3<sup>21</sup>, 1 Co 4<sup>5</sup>), and obtain mercy (1 En 1<sup>8</sup>, Ps Sol 2<sup>37</sup> 13<sup>11</sup> 14<sup>6</sup>).

## In the Study.

### A Sermon by a Woman.

A VOLUME of sermons by a woman is a sufficiently unusual publication to arrest attention. In Scotland it is sure to be read with particular interest. For in one of the great Presbyterian Churches there the question of the ordination of women, even to the ministry, is under hopeful debate. One of the questions that have been asked is, Can a woman preach?

This woman can preach. Miss Helen Wodehouse, D.Phil., was formerly Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Birmingham; she is now Principal of the Bingley Training College. The sermons were delivered to the women in training there. There are fifteen in this volume; its title is *Nights and Days* (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net). And every one of them is a sermon.

This woman can preach. To one of the sermons, inconspicuous in the middle of the volume, is given the name of 'Appearance and Reality.' We shall quote that sermon.

#### I.

'We all know the times when the roof seems to shut down upon us. The event comes to some people in the shape of boredom, to some as worry, to some as fear, to some as resentment; in all cases as something which closes in upon us, and prevents us from seeing round it or through it. We are shut in with ourselves and with some condition or incident in our own life. We are troubled, or jealous, or we have somebody or something "on our nerves," and the obsession presses in upon us and occupies all our field of view. The mood assures us that this is all there is of reality. We fuss and struggle and string ourselves up tight, and we breathe quick and short for lack of air.

'Some days are worse than others, but many of us must feel at times that we live almost continu-

ously without air enough, in a small room. The notions, "I have lost this, and nothing else matters," "I can't get this, and nothing else matters," "I am afraid of this, and there is no way round," succeed each other so steadily that we seem to live shut in with our own hot, petty, personal life, without being able to see anything beyond.

'Now it happens sometimes, when this is at its worst, that through mere exhaustion we reach a temporary relief. We come to a point of fatigue of nerves where for the moment we do not feel our trouble much, and when we say: "What does it matter after all? I am a very small creature; my life is a very small part of the world; and it will be all the same in a hundred years." This is only superficial change, of course—an effect of the temporary fatigue of desire, not a proof that we have penetrated deeper than desire. But it is a sign of the existence in us of something that does lie deeper than desire. The relaxation of tired nerves and muscles has made room for the exercise (even though in this case it is a rather crude and inaccurate exercise) of the sense of proportion. In this glimpse of the relative unimportance of what has blocked our way and our sight, we show that we can begin to understand perspective; to see, through the troublesome appearance, something of reality.

'Consider the significance of this power of escaping, even for a moment, from the prison of our own life. It is a peculiarly human achievement, a piece of freedom which, in any reflective form, no animal could reach. In this power of going below our immediate desire, and seeing beyond our immediate vision, we have the special strength of humanity. Consider it now, not only as it is when exhaustion gives it the opportunity to enter, but in the light of its general guidance and transformation of life.

'We as human beings, even when we can feel nothing but the appearance, are able partly to

know and remember reality. We can know that the world is bigger than our back parlour even when the walls and ceiling of the parlour are pressing most insistently upon us. Our little finite life shouts in our ear that it is all-exhaustive and all-important, and yet we are able to disbelieve it. This reasonableness, sense of justice, sense of proportion, is our special grasp of truth. A human being is able to put himself out beyond himself; to share a life which is larger than his own. Even in the midst of the bad dream we are able to know that it is a dream, that the walls are not really closed in upon us, that our feet actually are set in that "large room" which means liberty.

'So much we can know, by our human birthright, even while we are still half dreaming, and while the voices of our private life are still the most insistent of all. But sometimes we have more than this. Sometimes not only our knowledge of values but our feeling of values comes to itself. We wake out of the dream farther than usual; the voices adjust themselves more than usual; and, more than at other times, we not only know the truth but realize it. We have been shut in, apparently, by our little room. We have been staring at its ceiling close above our heads—a dark, irregular ceiling with foolish bright spots. We have been telling ourselves that this is not really a ceiling; but now for a moment we *see* it as sky and stars—shining worlds in the depths of space. Such a time it must have been when one of our oldest hymn-writers looked out of his personal life—dusty and narrow and trivial—and gave his verdict on the real universe: "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory."

'It is curious that the word "visionary" should have come to suggest a person who is subject to illusions. The power of vision, the power of sight, surely, should be that which gives us reality by enabling us to see. Previously we were in the dark, hemmed in by obscurity, knowing nothing but what we could touch, and only clinging to the assurance that there was more beyond. Now we walk in the light for a time, and see where we are and what the world is. We see how the near and tangible things, the things temporal, contain and are set into the things eternal.

## II.

'We see for a time, I said, where we are and what the world is. What is it, and where are we?

Let us try to describe a little what it is that, at these times of insight, we see.

'It is difficult to describe, partly because every one sees a slightly different aspect of truth from every one else, and generally exaggerates the difference as well. Probably we should not all recognize each other's descriptions. I can only do my best with my own.

'On the one hand, then, it seems to me, these times of vision are times of seeing better than usual the place and purpose of life. Our life seems often to be a mere foolish series of incidents, pleasant or unpleasant: one thing after another, one wave after another, one shapeless rough stone after another. Now, in the light, we see it still as one stone after another—for us to fit into a building. They signify nothing, but the life of which we are an organ can give them the fullest significance.

'Marcus Aurelius contemplates his court—the court of the later Roman Empire—luxurious and sensual and mean, trivial and stupid; and in the midst of his weariness he says, "It is possible to live well, even in a palace." The incidents of our life, and everybody's life, for long, long stretches, may be commonplace to the utmost or ugly to the utmost, but the endeavour to walk uprightly amongst them is not ugly or commonplace. Interruptions and worries and temptations, and our faults of character and limits of mind, and our stupidities and mistakes, past and present, are seen in the light to be not obstacles but building material; and our good fortune likewise, and our comfort and pleasure and delightful experiences, are building material. Even in a palace, even in a training college, even in an elementary school, even with one's own conditions and one's own body and mind, it is possible to live well.

'On the other hand, our eyes are opened to the splendour in the universe.

'This vision needs careful statement, because here especially we are apt to disagree in our descriptions of it. Some have described it as if at these times we saw that there was no evil in the world:

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound.

I believe this to be a mistake. The evil most definitely and positively exists. In the times of vision we see, I suggest, not the absence of evil, but the vastness and magnificence of the world in

addition to its evil. We see it to be splendid in spite of evil; and, more than that, we see it to be splendid because of evil overcome.

'I read a while ago, in a foolish novel, a description of a man sentenced to be executed by being eaten alive by an animal. The author gave full details of the sentence and its carrying out, with the obvious intention of making the reader feel sick. Reality at this point was meant to be conceived as a tiny stifling room, full of hideousness and fear and pain.

'Hideousness and fear and pain exist continually, and no description can exaggerate their intensity. Such things as the book described have happened, and are not done with yet. Let me now read you something written by a man to whom that thing did happen—scraps of letters scribbled by him after he had been destined to execution by being eaten alive by an animal, and whilst he was on his way to have the sentence carried out:—

"Suffer me to be food to the beasts, by whom I shall attain unto God. Pray unto Christ for me, that by these instruments I may be made the sacrifice of God. Now I begin to be a disciple. Nor shall anything move me, that I may attain to Jesus Christ. Let all the torments of the devil come upon me, only let me enjoy Jesus Christ. I would rather die for Jesus Christ than rule to the utmost ends of the earth. In the name of Jesus Christ I undergo all, to suffer together with him, he who was made a perfect man strengthening me."—*Epistles of Ignatius*.

'Earth was and is a place where such things could be done to a helpless man. Heaven has looked on at the doing of them. The most hideous accusations that can be brought are true. Because men, helpless, have been able to meet hideousness as Ignatius met it, therefore this also is true, "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory."

'The splendour that lights up the universe comes to different people in different ways. To some it comes through the peace of external Nature, or through the sight of beauty. Some find it by the help of science and history—in the vision of life struggling upwards, enduring and achieving, through all the ugliness and terror that beset it. To many Christians it comes through the Christian teaching. "God so loved the world." "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." To the writers of the *Te Deum* it came partly through Church history:

"The glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs." There have been many more martyrs since that day, and the fellowship of prophets is still more goodly. For some of us, most fortunate, the splendour may have shone through persons we ourselves have known. We saw in them how life could glorify and save a situation. "We live," says St. Paul of such people, "yet not we, but Christ liveth in us." "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us," and we beheld the glory.

'That splendour, then, which is said to fill heaven and earth, must never be taken to exclude tragedy, because it must be capable of shining at its greatest through tragedy. The ugliness and the pain are actual and horrible. Only, while we see nothing but these, we have not seen the most important quality in them and the most telling and transforming factor in the world. Only when we see the glory as well as the horror are we seeing the universe in some sort as it really is. As love at its highest sees the glory of beloved persons round and through the ugliness and wickedness with which they have to struggle within and without, so religion at its highest sees the glory of the universe through its dreadfulness. The business of love and religion is to have the clearest eyes for truth, of which God says, "I am the Truth."

### III.

'The difficulty is, of course, that love and religion are often out of reach of our feelings altogether. We go for days or months or years hemmed in by darkness. We look up and see apparently the spotted ceiling, and try as we may we cannot realize it as the starry sky. This inevitably will happen to each of us before the term is out, or before the week is out, if it is not so already. We shall fuss and fret and gasp as if we were really shut up in the little dim-lit room. Or, if matters are not so bad as this, at any rate we are sure to live for long periods in the prosaic mood which is like a dull day. We see the near landscape, but nothing at a distance; the grey sky, but not the depths of space.

'When this comes, we shall have to make use of our human birthright of going below our feelings, to the will and the reason which know so much more than they. When we can see no farther than our hands can reach, we can still know that

the rest of the universe exists. We can know truth, and act in accordance with truth, when we cannot in the least feel truth.

'Moreover, if our will and reason hold fast, they can carry us through long periods of the blindness of our feelings almost as well as if our feelings could see. The shut-in moods of an honourable person seem to spoil his behaviour much less, on the whole, than he believes they must do. If we consider the persons we admire, we shall probably admit that the comings and goings of vision (which undoubtedly occur with them as with everybody else) are not often seriously apparent in their conduct. The flickering of our feeling makes a great deal of difference to ourselves, but not very much difference to others, if our will and our reason are steady.

'We have, then, to hold fast to right living, and to wait the time of the vision's coming back. One point is worth remembering—that it has a better chance of coming back if we are scrupulous in making right living cover the duty of truthful thinking. The less we shirk realizing what we know to be true, the less lazy we are about clear perception, the less we spoil our sight by playing with tempting imaginations and self-deceiving poses, the likelier are we soon to be able to see distances again. For this vision of reality is conditioned, not by flashes of intuition alone, but by the steady growth of reason and the growing power of faithfulness to reason.

'Meanwhile the solid facts will not be shaken because we cannot see, and the stars are more solid than any ceiling. It is worth while to assume that they are there. "I am the Truth." The end of the *Te Deum* in the best translation runs: "In thee have I trusted; I shall never be confounded."

### Virginibus Puerisque.

#### I.

#### April.

'Let him become a fool that he may become wise.'—  
1 Co 3<sup>18</sup>.

'I'm not going to be made a fool of!' The boy I heard say that was in the centre of a group; his face was red, and his eyes were flashing. He was angry. I did not stop to inquire why. Boys know how their companions and sometimes even

they themselves get out of temper. But I should like to ask each of you to tell me honestly what reasons a boy might have for saying such a thing as, 'I'm not going to be made a fool of.'

In your answers I think it is scarcely likely that any of you would mention the first of April in connexion with the matter. Yet, as you all know it is called 'All Fools' Day.' For a very long time it has been customary then, for young people, to send each other on ridiculous and absurd errands. A little girl I once knew, as soon as she got up on the first of April, used to say to herself, 'I'll not let anybody make an "April fool" of me.' But often those who are surest of themselves are the first to get caught in the trap. A clever boy was told that his mother wanted him to go to a farm near his home for some pigeon's milk. He went. And long ago I heard of two very little children—a boy and girl—being made happy by the cook promising to give them a great treat for tea. Strange to say, on that first of April there was a big snowstorm. 'If you bring me in four of the whitest snowballs you can make, I will boil them for your tea. They'll be very tasty.' After a bit she asked the children to look into the saucepan. Of course the beautiful snowballs had disappeared. The cook laughed with all her might as she said, 'It's the first of April.' They were children who had been trained not to get angry; the boy joined in the laugh, but the little girl was nearly crying, as she said, 'Nasty, mean cook, I will play a trick on *you*.'

I feel sure that not many of you or your companions ever got angry at being 'caught' on the first of April. What were the words I read from my Calendar that morning do you think?

SATURDAY, 1ST APRIL.

*All Fools' Day.*

Anger alas! how it changes the comely face,  
How it destroys the loveliness of beauty.

'The fool who is angered and thinks to triumph by the use of abusive language is always vanquished by him whose words are patient.'

These are wise words, and they are taken from the writings of a great Indian teacher. They give big reasons why it is foolish and wrong to get angry. When we think of it, even the first of April fooling sharpens one's wits, if it does nothing

else. We become fools that we may be wise. You recognize the text, don't you?

Most of you remember the time when you knew less than you do now. Did you ever look out at the rainbow, and long to walk on and on until you came to the end of it? There are stories of children who actually set out, and made the sad discovery that the beautiful rainbow was something that vanished. They could never get to the end of it. Then there are autumn mornings when dewdrops hang on the tall field grasses like diamonds. Have you little girls ever tried to carry those bejewelled grasses into the house? I have seen a poor child trying to put one in her hair. The jewels suddenly vanished. She just looked. I don't know what she thought. But the great Father was teaching her: she was a fool that she might be wise.

April fooling may be made a parable of our life. We older people remember our childhood, we remember the training at school, we remember experiences that came later. We were made fools that we might become wise. You boys and girls have ambitions; you plan things as we did. Perhaps some of your quests have already proved as fruitless and disappointing as the child's quest of the rainbow. A girl meets some one who, she thinks, will be a great friend to her. She tells that friend everything, for she loves her with a trusting, unselfish love. But a day comes when she discovers that the one she called by the name of *friend* has betrayed her—has told her secrets to others. Her love was a fool's errand, so to speak—a will-o'-the-wisp. She wept bitter tears. God was teaching her. She was made a fool that she might be wise.

We are slow to learn. Think of some old man who had been trying to follow Christ all his life coming into this pulpit, and telling you many of the sad things that had happened to him. You would say, 'Poor old man, poor old man!' before he had reached the end of his story. That, I feel sure, would be all about God's patience with him, and how, through his mistakes, He had taught him wisdom.

Long ago, I used to drink out of a little delf jug. I liked that jug very much because there were pictures on it—and this motto, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn at no other.'

On the first of April you made up your minds

not to be fooled, and, if you were 'caught,' not to lose your temper. You meant to play the game. This April morning I want to ask you to 'play the game' in life. Sometimes you may seem to be on the losing side, but never mind: it is God's way. He leaves us to our own battles that we may learn wisdom.

I had a boy friend who set out on life with wonderful eagerness. He loved games, he loved life, and he loved the people who were about him. If he were here to-day he would tell us of having made many mistakes. But he would add that God had let him be a fool just that he might be wise.

God took him away from the world when he was quite a young man—older in years than you boys and girls, but as young in heart. Not long before the end he said, 'I know what the fellows will be saying. It will be, "Poor Grant, poor Grant!"' Then he added with a laugh, 'That's all they know about it; it is Life Eternal.'

Even then he was playing the game. You, I hope, are going to live. You build up your manhood and womanhood when you are yet boys and girls. And there is no better lesson that I can give you to remember this April morning than the words of our text:

*'If any man thinketh that he is wise among you in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise.'*

## II.

### The Lost Garden.

'And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden.'  
—Gn 2<sup>d</sup>.

I wonder how many of you have gardens of your own—I don't mean your father's and mother's garden, but your very own little plot of ground, where you dig with your very own spade, and water with your very own watering-can, and sow your very own seeds, bought with your very own pennies. I hope a great many of you have 'very own' gardens, because a 'very own' garden is a place where you can be very happy. I am always sorry for the boys and girls who live in streets where there are no gardens, but even they could have a little garden of their very own by growing seeds in pots.

To-day we are going to have a talk about gardens. I wonder if any of you ever thought about the gardens in the Bible. There are four chief ones, and they are all very important.

1. The first one is *the Garden of Eden*—the garden that man lost. I am going to call it the Garden of Disobedience.

When God wished to make the first man happy, He put him into a garden because He knew it was the very best home for him. God surrounded Adam with many good and beautiful things. Never was there a garden where the grass was so green or the flowers so gorgeous. All day long the birds sang on the giant trees, and through the midst of the garden flowed a clear and sparkling river. On the trees grew all manner of delicious fruits. And lest Adam should feel lonely, God gave him Eve to be his companion.

You remember how Adam and Eve lost their beautiful garden. In the midst of the garden grew a tree called the 'tree of the knowledge of good and evil.' God told Adam and Eve that they might eat of the fruit of every tree in the garden except that one. Now perhaps you will imagine that when God had given the man and woman so many good and beautiful things they would wish to obey Him; but just think a little harder.

Supposing some one gave you a beautiful palace to live in, and supposing they told you that you might wander about, at your will, in all the rooms except one (of which the door was locked), wouldn't you wish far more to see into that locked room than into all the others? The very fact that it was forbidden to you would make you wish to get into it. You would imagine all sorts of things about it—that it must contain something of special interest to you, or that something you very much desired was hidden in it. Then supposing that one day you found the key of the room, what would you do? I think you would be very much tempted to fit it into the lock, and open the door.

Well, it was just like that with Adam and Eve. They kept thinking and thinking about that tree until they felt they must just have a taste of it. Instead of driving the thought out of their heads, they kept on thinking about it, until, at last, when the serpent tempted Eve, she was quite ready to give in to the temptation, and when Eve tempted Adam, *he* was ready to fall.

Don't you think it was a pity that Adam and Eve lost their beautiful garden for such a little thing? Don't you think it was a pity they hadn't been a little firmer, and resisted the temptation? But there was something much sadder than the

loss of the garden, and that was that sin had crept into the world. Adam and Eve lost something much more precious than the garden, they lost their innocence and their peace with God.

2. The second garden was *the Garden of Gethsemane*—the Garden of Obedience.

This garden was somewhere on the side of the Mount of Olives. It was quite a small place, but Christ used to love to go there with His disciples for quiet and rest, and it was thither He came on that night in which He was betrayed. We can never know the anguish Jesus suffered then. The burden of the whole world's sin pressed on Him, and His soul shrank from it. And yet He prayed, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' He won the victory over temptation, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.

And why did Jesus suffer like that? He suffered to undo the harm that had been begun in Eden, to break down the barrier of sin that man had set up between God and himself, and to make a way for us all to get back to God.

3. The third garden was the garden where Christ was buried—*the Garden of the Resurrection*.

Do you remember how Joseph of Arimathæa came and asked that he might take away the body of Jesus and bury it? And he laid it in a garden, in a new tomb hewn out of a rock, wherein no man had ever been laid.

It was in this garden that, on Easter morning, Christ gained the victory over death. And so by His death and resurrection Christ won back the gift which Adam and Eve, by their disobedience, forfeited that day in Eden—the gift of Eternal Life.

4. The last garden is *the Garden of Paradise*—the garden which Christ has won back for us.

Fair as the garden of Eden was, this garden is a thousand times fairer, for there sin cannot enter in, nor pain, nor sorrow. You will find a description of it if you turn to the very last chapter of the very last book in the Bible: 'And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof. And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. . . . And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.'

Jesus has made it possible for each of us to reach that beautiful garden, if we will put our hand in His, and let Him lead us there. But until we reach that fair place He has given to each of us a garden to keep and till for Him—the garden of our soul. Some other day I shall tell how we must keep these gardens of ours so that they may be made fit for the beautiful Garden of Paradise.

The Lord God planted a garden  
In the first white days of the world;  
And set there an angel warden,  
In a garment of light enfurled.

So near to the peace of Heaven,  
The hawk might nest with the wren;  
For there in the cool of the even,  
God walked with the first of men.

And I dream that these garden closes,  
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,  
And their lilies and bowers of roses,  
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,  
The song of the birds for mirth—  
One is nearer God's heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on earth.<sup>1</sup>

### III.

#### I Should Trust You.

<sup>1</sup> I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live.—Jn II<sup>25</sup>.

I wonder if you have ever heard of the Catacombs at Rome? About four hundred years ago, a labourer was digging his vineyard, near the city of Rome, when he came upon an opening leading into the depths of the earth. He cleared away the soil and rubbish which choked it, and found that it was the entrance to a long underground gallery. When it was examined it was found that the man had discovered an ancient burial-place which had been forgotten for centuries. This was the place where the early Christians buried their dead for some hundreds of years. The rock is soft, and long galleries were cut in it, with shafts leading up to the surface, to give air. Along the sides narrow niches were cut, just large enough to hold the dead, and closed with slabs. Rooms opened off

<sup>1</sup> D. F. Gurney.

the passages in which families were buried together. There the tombs were often like square tables against the walls, with square or round arches over them. Those passages and rooms stretched for miles and miles under the ground, and in some places stairs cut in the rock led down to lower galleries cut in the same way. There were sometimes as many as seven underneath one another. Here several millions of people must have been buried.

You have heard very likely of the fierce persecution of the early Christians. The people of Rome were pagans, and they worshipped many gods, and even their emperors. When the Christians were ordered to sacrifice to the Emperor, they could not do it. They could not be unfaithful to the one true God in whom they believed. So many of them were dragged to prison, and suffered cruel torture and death rather than deny their faith. They were brought into the arena of the theatre, while thousands of people sat around, and tossed by bulls, or wild beasts were let loose upon them. This was sport for the cruel Roman people, who shouted with delight as they saw the lions and tigers leap upon the poor defenceless men, women, and children, and tear them to pieces.

In the Catacombs some of these Christian martyrs were buried. Here, too, when persecution was very hot, the Christians took refuge. In the winding passages, and strange little corners and recesses they were able to hide from those who were hunting them with torches, for, of course, there is no light at all down there, and, as there are several entrances, they sometimes escaped by one when their enemies entered at the other.

Sometimes they had religious services in the Catacombs, when they dared not have them openly, and the Communion was celebrated on the rock tomb of some saint, as it now is on the altars of our churches, which were copied in shape from them.

The city of Rome was very wicked. A great many of the people were slaves, and the rich, who were their owners, cared only for indulging themselves in all kinds of pleasure; and some very sinful pleasures. One of their favourite amusements was to watch gladiators fighting and killing each other; and to see the Christians thrown to the lions was just an amusing sight, as a circus is to you. The Christians were mostly poor humble people who lived quiet innocent lives, in the midst of



evil, and when they died they were buried in these Catacombs underneath the sinful city. Yet, though they were poor and unknown, and often cruelly killed, if you read the inscriptions which they cut rudely in the rock, or painted in red or black letters, you find only hope and peace. 'Catacomb' is a name given to the burial-places later, the early Christians called them 'cemeteries,' which means sleeping-places, because they thought of their friends as sleeping, not dead, and knew that they should one day meet them again. They cut out in the rock many symbols of their faith, the meaning of which was clear to themselves, but unknown to those who persecuted them. The favourite was the Shepherd and His sheep, in memory of the Good Shepherd. Sometimes He is carrying a lamb on His shoulder. Then there was the vine, because Christ called Himself the Vine, and His people the branches, the palm branch as a symbol of victory, and the olive branch as a symbol of peace, an anchor for hope, and a harp for joy, an ark for the Church in which sinners find refuge, a dove for the Holy Spirit, and bread and wine for the Eucharist.

On the pagan tombs of this period you read inscriptions which show their hopeless grief. They died unwillingly, snatched away from all they loved, but the Christians went gladly, knowing they were going to their Saviour, and those who were left looked forward to meeting them again. So you read on the tomb of a pagan girl this inscription :

'I, Procopé, lift up my hands against God who took me hence, though I was innocent. She lived 20 years.'

She died rebelling against a will stronger than her own. Now, look at this on the tomb of a Christian girl:

'To Adeodata, a worthy virgin, and she rests in peace, her Christ commanding her.'

To her, death was just a call from her Saviour, which she obeyed.

There is a boy buried in a pagan burying-place who had been very dearly loved by his parents. When he died, they felt they had lost everything. So they cut on his tomb :

'Our hope was in our boy ; now all is ashes and lamentation.' But the parents of the Christian boy Marcus, though they no doubt loved him just as well, wrote :

'Marcus, innocent boy, you have already begun to be among the innocent. Let us cease weeping.'

Another inscription says: 'Terentianus lives.' He was not dead to them, he had only gone before them.

There are a great many children buried here, and their parents have written over them in their rudely shaped letters such things as these :

'Innocent little lamb.'

'Little lamb of God.'

'My little guileless dove.'

'Florentius, an infant, lived 7 years, and received rest.'

And they buried with them some of their toys. A little girl had her little ivory doll buried with her.

You may see here some of the names mentioned by St. Paul in his letters, such as Phœbe, Prisca, Aquilius, Onesimus, Philemon, Ampliatus, some of them possibly belonging to these very people.

Now what was it that made the difference between those people, the poor despised people who could meet death calmly, and look forward with hope to a future life, and meeting their friends again, and those others who lost all when they lost life, and who, when their dear ones died, said farewell to them for ever ?

It was the coming of Christ into the world. He said, 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live.' 'I go,' He said, 'to prepare a place for you; that where I am, ye may be also.' So henceforth His people may have no fear. Week by week we remind ourselves of this when we say in the Creed, 'I believe in the resurrection of the dead,' and every year at Easter we keep the feast in memory of the resurrection of our Lord, which has changed life and death for us.

The Bishop of London was once visiting a dying girl. She was afraid to die. He said to her, 'Would you be afraid if I were to pick you up and carry you into the next room?' 'Oh no,' she said; 'I should trust you.' 'Well,' he said, 'think of some One ten thousand times stronger and kinder than I am just coming and picking you up, and taking you into the next room.' 'I will think of that,' she said, and died without fear.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!

Like the bright, slanting west,

Thou ledest down into the glow

Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,

Ever from toil to rest.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!

Thither where sorrows cease,  
To a new life, to an old past,  
Softly and silently we haste  
Into a land of peace.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!

E'en children, after play,  
Lie down without the least alarm,  
And sleep in thy maternal arm  
Their little life away.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!

Straight to our Father's home:  
All loss were gain that gained us this—  
The sight of God, that single bliss  
Of the grand world to come!<sup>1</sup>

#### IV.

##### Faith and Answered Prayer.

'Believing, ye shall receive.' These words might be taken as the text of a simple, suitable sermonette for children on 'Faith and Answered Prayer,' which is contained in Dr. R. F. Horton's new book entitled *The Children's Crusade* (Stockwell; 1s. net). This is the sermon. It is a fair example.

'First of all, children, I must tell you that I got a letter from some one in this congregation saying, "I have just found for *myself* that God's grace is sufficient for me." That is a beautiful discovery. And in this letter it says that there was an evil thought always coming into the mind, so strong that it could not be *resisted*, it seemed *impossible* to resist—and yet this trusting soul had found the power to resist, had found the "grace sufficient."

'Now what I should like to say to you, children, this morning is that very often the Faith is strongest where everything else is most against you. I do not think that the people who have everything as they like it ever find out the Power of Christ. It is when things are just what you *don't* like, and when everything seems against you, that Faith seems to bubble up like a spring in the desert.

'Now let me tell you one little incident. There was a little girl in India named Kara, and as an orphan she was doomed to slavery, and the worst kind of slavery. But the missionary came from the village about a day's journey off to visit the village where Kara lived. And Kara said to her,

<sup>1</sup> F. W. Faber.

"Will you take me to your home and save me?" And the missionary said very sadly, "There is no room; I have no means to take you home." But she said before she left to this little Indian girl, "You pray to God to make the way, and I will pray too." So she left, and went back, and when she got back to her own home there was a letter and it enclosed a totally unexpected gift, £2, from home. And the missionary said, "Why, that means I can take Kara." And the first thing in the morning she sent off a messenger to the village to fetch Kara. To her surprise the messenger came back about midday, though it was a *day's* journey off, and can you guess why? He had met Kara half-way, and the little child said in explanation, "You see you asked God to make the way, and so did I, and I thought therefore I might come," and she had set out on the way before she was fetched.

'Dear children, I won't say that all our prayers are *immediately* answered, but I will say this, that the great lesson you have to learn is that God can and will answer your prayer. His Grace is sufficient for *you*.'

#### Point and Illustration.

##### Clara Barton.

Clara Barton ought to have had such a biography as Sir Edward Cook has given us of Florence Nightingale. For she too was a nurse in war, and as great. She went alone into the firing-line at the beginning of the American Civil War, gathered assistants (all men) round her by the force of her personality, compelled officers, and even officials, to recognize her and furnish her with the necessities of the wounded, and did single-handed the work that is now done by a great Red Cross organization. There was no Red Cross then. It was Clara Barton herself who did at last compel the United States Government to recognize the Red Cross movement. But that was long after the Civil War. And even in the war with Spain there seems to have been no reliable organization for the succour of the wounded. Again Clara Barton was at the front, and in circumstances scarcely less distressing than at the beginning of the Civil War.

But it was not for the United States only that she nursed and nourished the wounded in battle. She went through the Franco-Prussian War, officially as a captive of the Prussians, for no otherwise could

she get to the fighting-line, but really distributing her efforts as freely among the French.

And when she was not nursing, she was striving hard to find lost sons and restore them to their mothers if alive, or identify their graves if dead—a wonderful achievement of well-directed sympathy; or she was worrying the government to do something for the proper care of War's shattered sons in the future. She could write as well as she could nurse. This biography, *The Life of Clara Barton* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net), by Mr. Percy H. Epler, is almost entirely a transcript from Clara Barton's own letters and diaries. She could write and she could speak. What was there that she could not do? One thing only. She could not think of herself.

The biography is not all that it might have been, but no biography of a woman has been written for many a day that will match it in interest and amazement.

**An apprenticeship in nursing.**—Clara Barton's home was a humble one, but it was in the country. At five years old she rode wild horses like a Mexican. At eleven, one of her brothers had an accident and lay on his back for two years. There was no one to nurse him but Clara. For two years she only left his bedside for one half-day. 'Her family forgot the physical effects upon her until, at David's recovery, they woke to find her growth arrested at what should have been the growing age. "So little!" This was the epithet applied to her. She had not grown an inch in two years nor increased a pound! She was but five feet three inches tall—nor was she ever taller.'

**On the battlefield.**—She was forty years of age when the Civil War broke out. She had done some teaching and other helpfulness, but her call came then, and she obeyed. The wounded were being brought all the way to Washington. 'After they reached Washington they were now well enough cared for in hospitals and through private generosity, she explained, but at the front all was neglect. She had looked around to see if other women had broken through the lines. But then there were none. She herself must go first to the battle front, where the men lay uncared for. When, after the rebuffs of months, Quartermaster Rucker showed sympathy and insight enough to grant her the passports, she burst into tears—then hurriedly departing, she immediately loaded her supplies upon a railroad car and started.'

She recalled these incidents of Bull Run and other battles: 'The slight, naked chest of a fair-haired lad caught my eye, and dropping down beside him, I bent low to draw the remnant of his torn blouse about him, when with a quick cry he threw his left arm across my neck and, burying his face in the folds of my dress, wept like a child at his mother's knee. I took his head in my hands and held it until his great burst of grief had passed away. "And do you know me?" he asked at length, "I am Charley Hamilton, who used to carry your satchel home from school!" My faithful pupil, poor Charley. That mangled right arm would never carry a satchel again.'

'A man lying upon the ground asked for a drink, I stopped to give it, and having raised him with my right hand, was holding him. Just at this moment a bullet sped its free and easy way between us, tearing a hole in my sleeve and found its way into his body. He fell back dead. There was no more to be done for him, and I left him to his rest. I have never mended that hole in my sleeve. I wonder if a soldier ever does mend a bullet hole in his coat?'

'The patient endurance of these men was most astonishing. As many as could be were carried into the barn, as a slight protection against random shot. Just outside the door lay a man wounded in the face, the ball having entered the lower maxillary on the left side, and lodged among the bones of the right cheek. His imploring look drew me to him, when placing his finger upon the sharp protuberance, he said, "Lady, will you tell me what this is that burns so?" I replied that it must be the ball which had been too far spent to cut its way entirely through.

"It is terribly painful," he said. "Won't you take it out?"'

'I said I would go to the tables for a surgeon. "No! no!" he said, catching my dress. "They cannot come to me. I must wait my turn, for this is a little wound. You can get the ball. There is a knife in your pocket. Please take the ball out for me."

'This was a new call. I had never severed the nerves and fibres of human flesh, and I said I could not hurt him so much. He looked up, with as nearly a smile as such a mangled face could assume, saying, "You cannot hurt me, dear lady, I can endure any pain that your hands can create. Please do it. It will relieve me so much."

'I could not withstand his entreaty, and opening the best blade of my pocket knife, prepared for the operation. Just at his head lay a stalwart orderly sergeant from Illinois, with a face beaming with intelligence and kindness, and who had a bullet directly through the fleshy part of both thighs. He had been watching the scene with great interest, and when he saw me commence to raise the poor fellow's head, and no one to support it, with a desperate effort he succeeded in raising himself to a sitting posture, exclaiming as he did so, "I will help do that." Shoving himself along the ground he took the wounded head in his hands and held it while I extracted the ball and washed and bandaged the face.

'I do not think a surgeon would have pronounced it a scientific operation, but that it was successful I dared to hope from the gratitude of the patient.

'I assisted the sergeant to lie down again, brave and cheerful as he had risen, and passed on to others.

'Returning in half an hour, I found him weeping, the great tears rolling diligently down his manly cheeks. I thought his effort had been too great for his strength and expressed my fears. "Oh! No! No! Madam," he replied. "It is not for myself. I am very well, but," pointing to another just brought in, he said, "this is my comrade, and he tells me that our regiment is all cut to pieces, that my captain was the last officer left, and he is dead."

'Oh! God—what a costly war! This man could laugh at pain, face death without a tremor, and yet weep like a child over the loss of his comrades and his captain.'

**Armenia.**—After the Franco-Prussian War was over, and after some terrible disasters in America—fires, floods, earthquakes—had claimed her services, Miss Barton heard of the Armenian massacres. She determined to face the Sublime Porte in person. At seventy-five years of age she departed for the Orient. 'Arriving in London, February 6, 1897, she set out promptly for Turkey by way of Vienna. She paused to secure certain permission to enter the Ottoman Empire. This finally received, she proceeded to Constantinople.' She interviewed Tewfik Pasha. 'Turning to me, he said: "We know you, Miss Barton; have long known you and your work. We would like to hear from you, your plans for relief and what you desire."

'Four great expeditions in all, the Red Cross sent through Armenian Turkey, from sea to sea, distributing, repairing, replanting, and resettling survivors in homes.

'When the fugitives were once reinstated in their houses and villages, food and clothes, seeds, sickles, knives, looms and wheels were provided. Even the cattle driven off by the Kurds into the mountain passes were bought or reclaimed. To these two thousand plow-oxen were added.'

**Old age.**—'Even to close observers Clara Barton did not grow old—a fact well exemplified by a reporter's description of her in her eighty-fifth year as "a middle-aged woman." When she was over seventy, another wrote: "Clara Barton is a woman of fifty or thereabouts, whose face corresponds with the ideal that one might form of her character. Her hair is that rare thing in nature—artists sometimes call it an impossible thing—raven black. It is thick, heavy hair, a burden to the comb, and she wears it after the simple fashion of our mothers and grandmothers, drawn in satiny waves over the ears and pinned up in loose curls behind. Her eyes are like her hair, very dark and very bright. Her features are regular, but one hardly notices them, for the rare beam of good-will that shines out from the soul through the countenance."

'When she was eighty-nine and the guest in Chicago at the May festival of the Social Economic Club, she described her "duties" as consisting in "receiving and shaking hands with *two thousand persons*," and then "sitting down to the May breakfast at one o'clock with eleven hundred, leaving the table at four P.M."

**Back in battle.**—'Two nights before she died she opened her eyes, and said:

"I dreamed I was back in battle. I waded in blood up to my knees. I saw death as it is on the battlefield. The poor boys with arms shot off and legs gone, were lying on the cold ground, with no nurses and no physicians to do anything for them. I saw the surgeons coming, too much needed by all to give special attention to any one. Once again I stood by them and witnessed those soldiers bearing their soldier pains, limbs being sawed off without any opiates being taken, or even, a bed to lie on. I crept around once more, trying to give them at least a drink of water to cool their parched lips, and I heard them at last speak of mother and wives and sweethearts, but never a

murmur or complaint. Then I woke to hear myself groan because I have a stupid pain in my back, that's all. Here on a good bed, with every attention! I am ashamed that I murmur!"

'Two days after, at 9 o'clock in the morning, not as to end life, but as if to fly to new fields of service, she breathed her *last*—crying out: "Let me go!—Let me go!"'

#### The Hearer of Prayer.

Mr. Arthur Mercer (Rozel, Wimbledon) has written a number of booklets for the soldiers and sailors. They go by the name of the W.S.M.U. Series. Number 6 is entitled *Does He Really Hear?* This is how the little book begins: 'Some time ago, a Cambridge man, on his way to India to take up his life-work, wrote telling me an incident in his experiences on board a P. & O. Liner. I feel I cannot do better than give it in his own words.

' "In the Indian Ocean.

"Last night, having obtained permission from the Captain, I paid a visit to the Marconi Room. It is on the bridge deck, just behind the chart room. If you did not know the importance of the cabin you might easily pass it by, for on the outside it looks quite ordinary and insignificant.

"On entering I found the operator seated working his machine, an ordinary young fellow of about twenty-five. He did not look a great athlete, nor did he seem exceptionally clever, nor did he appear to possess any outstanding advantages in life, but for all that he was one of the most important men on board. And why? Simply because he had learnt the art of wireless telegraphy.

No one but he could speak to unseen people across the water.

"As I sat in his cabin, he got in touch with Bombay—a place over 800 miles away. The operator soon discovered that his machine was out of tune with the one at Bombay, and wanted adjusting—it was no use trying to get messages from Bombay, or to Bombay, till he was in tune; so he gave up trying till he had tuned his machine to the Bombay instrument. It was not wasted time getting into tune—no, it was vitally important if he wanted to hold communication with that distant port.

"When the instrument had been adjusted a message came through for one of the passengers on board. It was interesting to watch the operator's face as he listened to the message from Bombay. The outside world was lost to him—he must not miss a syllable of it—it might be of great importance to the person to whom it was sent. Then when Bombay had done speaking, the operator sent three messages through.

"As I watched him it all seemed so wonderful to me, but to him it was nothing strange, for he was accustomed to talking to an unseen person and getting messages back. The operator at the other end was a living reality to him.

"As later in the evening I knelt in my cabin—prayer had become a new thing to me. I saw as never before that if only my life were in tune with God, if it were only perfectly adjusted to His will, it was *certain* that I could get into communication with Him, He could send messages to me, and I could send messages to Him.

"The Marconi operator fully realizes the wonderful power at his disposal, and makes constant use of it."

## Is the Fourth Gospel a Literary Unity?

BY THE REV. R. H. STRACHAN, M.A., B.A., CAMBRIDGE.

### IV.

WELLHAUSEN (*Das Evangelium Johannis*, pp. 91 ff.) has, it seems to me, brought forward conclusive reason for regarding 20<sup>2-10</sup> as an insertion. The following are based on his argument.

- (1) On general grounds, the story of the race between Peter and John is incongruous with the pathos of the rest of the scene.
- (2) In v. 11, Mary is represented as standing