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Orphic mythology and cosmogony are confused and often crass. There is much difficulty in separating old versions of the world's origin from later ones, and sharp controversy whether certain theogonies which we know only from accounts in writers of the Christian era, Proclus, Damascius, etc., had any ancient existence at all. All that need concern us is the pantheistic character of the theogonical poems, one fragment of which runs: 'Zeus was first and last, lord of the bright thunderbolt, the head and middle out of whom all things were created' (Abel, frag. 123; cf. Plato, *Laws*, 715 E). Rohde asks (ii. 114): 'Who would recognise Homer's god in this Orphic Zeus?'

The grotesque myth of Zagreus served the Orphics as an explanation of man's heavenly origin. Dionysus-Zagreus,—Zagreus was an Orphic name for the nether-world Dionysus,—son of Zeus and Persephone, was attacked by wicked Titans, who tore him in pieces and devoured him. Then Zeus destroyed them by lightning. The heart of Zagreus was saved by Athene; from it sprang the new Dionysus, in whom Zagreus lived again. Out of the ashes of the Titans there arose the human race, and in it is mingled the good, the celestial element, namely, Zagreus, whom the Titans ate up, with the bad element derived from the remains of the Titans themselves (Abel, frag. 196–200).

To Zagreus were dedicated the 'feasts of raw flesh' described in the fragment of Euripides' *Cretans* mentioned above, the ὠμοφαγία of the Bacchants, as the rite is called by Clemens Alexandrinus (*Protr.* 11 [Potter]). Their home is assigned by tradition to Crete. If Orphics from the 6th cent. onwards preserved the ritual, doubtless it was performed only in a symbolical manner.

In the Study.

The Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics.

THE eighth volume of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS begins with a series of articles on the important subject of LIFE AND DEATH. Professor Arthur Thomson's biological article lays the foundation for a scientific treatment of a subject which in popular books and popular thought receives most unscientific treatment. The Christian article has been written by Dr. W. F. Cobb, a strong thinker who has not yet been discovered by everybody. Principal J. T. Marshall of Manchester has a separate article on the Old Testament conception. It is a subject which suits admirably Dr. Marshall's carefully discriminating scholarship. The Greek and Roman ideas of Life and Death are gathered into six closely printed pages by Dr. A. W. Mair, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. There is a primitive article, well packed with curiosities, and a separate American Indian article. The Babylonian, Buddhist, Celtic, and Slavic work had already appeared under DEATH, or will appear in the coming series of articles on the STATE AFTER DEATH. But there are here Chinese, Egyptian, Indian, Iranian, Japanese, Jewish and Teutonic articles, the last by a learned lady, Miss Mary Ethel Seaton, of Girton College, Cambridge. Dr. Gardiner, who writes the Egyptian article, says:

'Inertia is the chief characteristic of the dead, wherefore they were called "the weary," "the inert"; elsewhere we find death compared with sleep. Life, on the other hand, is full of activity, and chief among its needs are air to breathe ("breath of life" is a common expression) and food and drink for sustenance. Here, again, the wishes for the dead are the best evidence of the things deemed needful for the living; "bread and beer, oxen and geese, cloth and linen, incense and myrrh, and things good and pure whereon a god lives"—so runs the common formula, which hardly less often mentions "the sweet breeze of the North-wind" as a necessity of life. The place of life was pre-eminently the earth; "O all ye who live upon earth," begins a favourite invocation.'

With only one article between—LIFE-TOKEN, by Mr. Sidney Hartland—a series follows, but much shorter, on LIGHT AND DARKNESS. It contains seven articles. The Christian article has been contributed by the Bishop of Moray. It discusses phases like 'Light of Light' in the creed of Nicæa,

and some most curious customs connected with light in the early Christian Baptismal and other services. This is how Dr. Maclean explains the symbolism of the liturgical use of lights: 'Putting aside the lights carried before a dignitary, we gather that the general idea was that, on the one hand, Christ is the Light of the world, and that, on the other, Christianity is the religion of light and Christians are children of light. Theirs is an open religion, not confined to the few, like the Greek mysteries, not hiding itself, as those cults which became so common in the heathen world, and loved darkness rather than light.'

The article on gLING CHOS (ask a Tibetan what you are to do with the initial letter *g*) is probably quite unique in religious literature. It is a description of the mythology contained in Tibetan folklore, perhaps the most ancient religion of Tibet. The author, Dr. A. H. Francke, is a Moravian missionary. There is just one man who could have written the article.

From an article on the Litany by Mr. J. H. Maude we pass to a series on LITERATURE. These articles are likely to be referred to as often as any in the whole work. They give the sources for the religion and ethics of every country. Of the Babylonian literature Professor Bezold says: 'The history of the ancient East can now be authentically reconstructed from the historical inscriptions of the Babylonian-Assyrian literature. To the great kings of these monarchies the gaining of immortality by means of a careful tradition of their exploits, their successful campaigns, and building operations appeared most desirable, and so they caused the records of these deeds to be inscribed on a number of clay prisms, on cylinders and tablets, and on the animal colossi at the entrances of their palaces. The great extent of such texts is illustrated by a recently discovered tablet, on which the events of a single year (714 B.C.) are recorded so minutely that an English translation of the text would fill five columns of the London *Times*'

Professor Bezzenberger's article on the LITHUANIANS AND LETTS should be read in view of the things which will have to be settled when the war is over. Remember that the Letts are found in Courland and Livonia. Previous to the introduction of Christianity, the author tells us, the Letts believed in the resurrection of the body, and that meantime the souls of the dead continued to exist in a condition not unlike that of their earthly life. Among the Lithuanians in the eighteenth century was a pastor named Christian Donalitius, who is spoken of as 'the distinguished author of a poem entitled "The Seasons."' He must have been writing at the same time as James Thomson, the distinguished author of 'The Seasons,' was writing in Scotland.

LOCKS AND KEYS follows LOCKE, and recalls a small witticism about Locke on the Understanding as well as the range of this Encyclopædia. Who would have supposed that key-holes had played such a part in the religious life of our ancestors?

The article on LOGOS has been written by the Dean of St. Paul's. Let one pertinent paragraph be quoted: 'In the NT the technical use of the word Logos is found in the Fourth Gospel (unless we should add 1 Jn $1^{1f.}$ and Rev 19^{13}) only. But it is important to observe that St. Paul, especially in his later Epistles, gives us almost the whole of the Logos-doctrine which we read in the Prologue to the Fourth Gospel. The conception of Christ as a cosmic principle is even more emphasized in Colossians than in the Gospel. When we read of the Pauline Christ that He is the image (εἰκών) of God, that in Him the Pleroma of the Godhead dwells in bodily form, that He was the agent in creation, and the immanent Spirit "through whom are all things," that He pre-existed in the form of God, that He is the first-born of all creation, in whom and through whom and to whom are all things, that all things are summed up in Him, that He is all and in all, that His reign is co-extensive with the whole world's history, that He is life-giving Spirit, abiding in the souls of His disciples, forming Himself in them, and transforming them into His likeness, enlightening them and uniting them in one body with Himself, it does not seem that a candid criticism can deny that all the elements of a complete Logos-theology are to be found in the Pauline Epistles. Without assuming any direct influence of Philo, which is perhaps improbable, it is unquestionable that the Jewish-Alexandrian Logos-philosophy had a great and increasing influence upon St. Paul's doctrine of the Person of Christ. In proportion as the apocalyptic Messianism which we find in Thessalonians lost its importance for him, he approximated more and more to the type of Christology which we associate with the name of St. John. It must not

be supposed that this statement stands or falls with the authenticity of Colossians and Ephesians. The Epistles to the Corinthians contain similar language.'

We have touched a hundred and thirty-six pages out of nine hundred and ten.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

June.

ROSES.

'And Elijah prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see.'—2 K 6[17].

To many people the mention of any of the spring or summer months suggests one particular flower. March has its snowdrops, April the crocuses, May daffodils. If I asked you boys and girls to tell me the name of the great June flower, I believe that you would nearly all answer, 'The Rose.'

June, in fact, makes one think of a whole garden. A girl I knew very well told me how she used to picture the Garden of Eden. It was as a lovely old-fashioned place—just full of Roses. The wonderful chapter in Genesis, she said, gave her, even as a child, the impression of a place where God walked. 'I thought it was always the time of the roses in the Garden of Eden, and always the cool of a June evening.' These were her very words, and they made the same picture rise in my own mind.

June is the month of flowers; but both in gardens and out in the country it is the rose that reigns supreme. The rose is beloved as no other flower is beloved. You notice how your mother treasures some old-fashioned thing she possesses—it may be a bit of old lace, a piece of old china, or perhaps a quaint piece of dress. And the rose is a flower of the olden days. All sorts of people have loved it. Some of them must have felt that it told a story, or taught a lesson. As you know, there is a Rose on the Flag of England. During the week try to find out how it came to be there.

When some of us older people see the 'rambler rose' climbing over a pretty cottage in the country, we think, 'That is a picture of Peace.' But time was when even the rose was dragged into battle. If you do not know the story of the 'Wars of the Roses' very correctly, you must at least have heard of it. The red rose and the white rose were used as badges by the opposing parties—white by the army of the House of York and red by that of the House of Lancaster. I believe that the armies really forgot all about the beauty or the perfume of the flower; they thought only of its colour. You know that even nowadays the sight of certain colours on an election day can make some people feel very angry indeed. Red and white may be enemies still.

The rose in itself has been a flower of peace all the time. People have had it in their minds when God sent them a great happiness. A poetess who loved the Lord Jesus Christ felt the joy of summer one day. A milkmaid tripped past her on the flowery grass; her thoughts turned to you children and she wrote:

> Rosy maiden Winifred,
> With a milkpail on her head,
> Tripping through the corn,
> While the dew lies on the wheat
> In the sunny morn.
> Scarlet shepherd's weather-glass
> Spreads wide open at her feet
> As they pass;
> Cornflowers give their almond smell
> While she brushes by,
> And a lark sings from the sky
> 'All is well.'

Then the great Scottish poet sang:

> My love is like a red, red rose
> That's newly sprung in June.

And once I saw a very good woman have a rose given to her in a garden. She looked at it; she smelt it; then she smiled and said, 'I am the Rose of Sharon.' She was thinking of her greatest friend.

A very fine writer of last century, who was also specially distinguished for seeing the beauty of God's works, said a great deal about the rose. He called it one of the most beautiful things in Nature, lovely both in form and in colour. The reason he gives why the red rose is admired more than all other flowers, is that a delicate tint of red is the loveliest of all pure colours, and that in the rose there is *no* shadow except that which is composed of colour.

But he liked the wild rose best of all: that

little flower you look at and forget—perhaps trample upon. Writing out a list of his favourite flowers for a little friend, he put the wild rose first. At another time, he said he would not give a spray of wild roses for Australia, South America, and Japan together.

He had as a great friend a girl called Rose. He thought she was like a flower. Rose was a very good girl and tried to make Mr. Ruskin—for that was his name—think as she thought about Jesus Christ. Writing to a friend about her after she had died, he said, 'Rose was tall and brightly fair: her face of the most delicately chiselled beauty . . . her eyes grey, and, when she was young, full of play: after the sad times came, the face became nobly serene, and of a strange beauty, so that once a stranger seeing her for the first time said, "she looked like a young sister of Christ's."'

It would be easy to understand a bad person disliking this girl, and hating to be in her company. A famous dramatist makes the Devil afraid of roses. That is just a way of saying that he cannot abide the presence of what is pure and good. I have read the lines somewhere—

> Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees.

But do you see the beauty round you in this month of June? I think somehow that a boy or girl who loves beautiful flowers cannot have evil thoughts. When you go out to the country on a Saturday, look round, and when your eyes fall upon the wild roses remember that God gives them.

It brings happiness to be able to see the beauties of Nature, but greater happiness if you can say, 'The maker of them all is my friend.' The roses will speak to you of His love; the birds that sing, the breeze in the cool of the evening, each will tell of One who is your Father, and the life of them all.

II.

A Morning without Clouds.

'A morning without clouds.'—2 S 23[4].

Our text is taken from the last song that King David wrote. He was looking forward to the time when Jesus would come to reign on the earth, and he said that His rule would be like 'a morning without clouds'—Jesus would be like the morning sun lighting up all the sky, and bringing gladness and light where before there was sadness and darkness.

But I want you to take the words in a different sense this morning—I want you to take them as your very own text; for life is like a day from sunrise to sunset, and you are in the 'morning of life.' And the best wish I could wish for you is that it may be 'a morning without clouds.'

Have you ever risen early on a fine spring morning in the country? As the light comes in, the little birds burst into song. Then the sun rises and floods the world with gladness. The earth is refreshed with her sleep and the air is pure and sweet. There is something about that makes you feel as if you could dance and sing with joy. The three things that strike you about such a morning are its purity, its beauty, and its gladness. And those are just the three things that the morning of life should be—pure, and beautiful, and glad.

Well, first of all, the morning of life should be *pure.* It is sin that darkens our sky and makes things gloomy. You have sometimes seen a beautiful, bright morning quickly clouded over; and many a morning of life that has promised brightly has been soon darkened with the black thunder-clouds of passion and sin.

Now it is not easy to keep pure, for even in the morning of life the clouds of wicked thoughts and evil tempers and wrong desires are ready to rise on our horizon. As yet they are tiny little cloudlets, but the only way to keep them from rising up and shadowing our life is to let Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, shine into our hearts. He alone can keep those clouds away so that all our day may be bright, and that at evening time there may be light.

God has given you each a life. As yet it is unstained by the blot of any dark sin. It is a great gift—the gift of a pure life fresh from God. Some older people would give all they possess just to be standing where you stand full in the morning sunlight, without the shadow of a cloud over your life. Oh, boys and girls, realize the value of your gift before it is too late! Ask God always to keep your souls like a pure, fresh, cloudless morning. Never stoop to anything mean, or base, or dishonourable. Be like Sir Galahad, that brave Knight of the Round Table whose

> strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because his heart was pure.

Secondly, the morning of life should be *beautiful.* It is said that if you want to see the Alps at their best you must rise at four in the morning. Then the beautiful snow-crowned peaks shine out in all their grandeur, free of the mists that often shroud them later. What makes the morning so beautiful? It is the light of the sun—the dawn after darkness.

Our morning of life should be beautiful too, but it will be truly beautiful only if the Sun of Righteousness shines in our hearts. He will make all the graces grow—the graces of love, and unselfishness, and kindness.

In a school in one of our great cities there was an annual flower show, at which prizes were given. In the slums of this same great city lived a little cripple girl to whom some one had presented a small geranium. Day by day she watched and tended her plant, and day by day the plant grew more beautiful. And when the day of the flower show came, the little cripple's geranium easily carried off the prize. When the judges asked her the secret of its beauty she told them that she had always kept it in the sun's rays, moving it as the sun travelled on. It is the sun that gives beauty and strength to the flowers, and it is the Sun of Righteousness who gives beauty and strength to our lives.

Lastly, the 'morning of life' should be *glad.*

When Robert Louis Stevenson was a small boy, he was very delicate. Sometimes he was kept in the house all winter, and many were the weary sleepless nights that he spent longing for the dawn. For the boy had a great horror of the dark, and conjured up all sorts of imaginary terrors. He always looked forward to the time when the carts came in, for he knew that when they rattled past, the daybreak was not far away, and that, in an hour or two, the light would stream through the blind. Oh, the gladness of the morning after the long dark night!

And childhood is the glad time of life, bright and free from care. Be happy, boys and girls, just as happy as ever you can. But I want to tell you one thing—a very sure thing. Your morning will never shine clear and without clouds unless Christ has some part in it. For the same thing that makes life glad makes it pure and beautiful—Jesus Himself, the Sun of Righteousness, shining in our hearts.

There is just one thing more I want to say—share your gladness. You have strong bodies and happy homes, but there are other children whose morning is clouded—clouded by sickness, or want, or ignorance. There are suffering children in our hospitals, there are starving children in our slums, there are heathen children in far countries who have never heard of Jesus. Now I think the grown-up people should look after the grown-ups who are in trouble, and I think the children should look after the children. And the best way to show our thankfulness for being so happy ourselves is to try to make others happy. Let us give our pennies, and our toys, and our prayers, and our time, in trying to help some of the children whose morning is not 'a morning without clouds.'

III.

Good Eyes and Bad.

'And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I should do unto you? They say unto him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened.'—Mt 20[32. 33].

From my window I can see the boys and girls passing to school every morning, and some of them I have got to know and watch for. One morning I saw a little boy I am much interested in. He was running along, when suddenly he seemed to have a companion with him, exactly like himself, and next minute a third little boy appeared. Now this little boy is always alone, so I rose to see where the others came from so suddenly, but when I reached the window there was only one little boy there. I was puzzled, and went back to the same seat, and looked out as before. Presently the same thing happened. A child came along, for a second I saw two, then three, then only one. Then I saw the reason. There was a defect in the glass of the window at one spot, and objects seen through it were multiplied.

Our eyes are the windows we look out at. Through them we get our information about the things around us. But these windows sometimes have defects in them, and then we get quite wrong ideas of what we see.

(1) Sometimes our eyes are like microscopes, which magnify things, or like my window-pane, which multiplies them.

Then we make mountains out of mole-hills. We see hills of difficulty where a little effort would make everything easy. We see the little things of

life as though they were very important, and make a great fuss about what matters nothing at all.

The eye of a butterfly is made up of a great many thousand eyes, in each of which objects are reflected. Professor Enoch showed this in a lantern slide.

'He placed on a screen a slide that was described by the daily press as "a wonderful micrograph of a butterfly's eye, which contains 13,000 lenses, in each of which was the image of a locust. He explained that he had produced this by dissecting an eye, placing the lenses under a microscope; then underneath he laid a small locust, so that when looking through the instrument the image of the locust was reflected in each of the 13,000 lenses of the butterfly."'[1]

Some people cannot tell a story without exaggerating it, so that it is impossible to believe what they say. A knight and his squire were travelling through Spain on their way to join the army of the Crusaders. They were brave men, and the squire, like Sancho Panza, dearly loved to talk. And a man who talks very much often says things that are neither wise nor true.

'The journey, which they performed on horseback, was long and difficult. The road led through mountain defiles and dense forests. They often heard the cries of wild and ferocious beasts, and saw venomous snakes. Once a red fox bounded lightly across their path.

'"What a fine fox!" cried the knight. "I never saw one larger."

'"I have," said the squire confidently. "In Brittany, where I was born, the foxes are as big as cows."

'One day a fallow deer peered at them through a thicket, and the knight pierced its head with an arrow.

'"Is it not beautiful, and large?" he exclaimed, proud of his trophy.

'"Large for this country, perhaps, but you should see the deer in Brittany," said the squire. "I have often seen them as large as horses."

'"And, pray, how large are the horses?"

'"Oh, sir, as large as—well, twice as large as any other horses in the world."

'Just then the roar of a great river was audible, and the knight, springing from his horse, knelt in prayer. The squire, not knowing what to make of his master's actions, waited till he felt bursting with impatience, then cried:

'"Tell me, sir, why you pause now to pray? I thought, up till now, morning and evening prayers were all that are demanded of the most pious knight of the Holy Cross."

'"We are near the Ebro," said the knight, and resumed his petitions.

'"And what if we were?"

'"All liars who attempt to ford it are drowned; and, while I do not recollect ever to have told an untruth, I am but a poor, weak creature, and I want to commend my soul to God."

'After a few seconds the squire gave a deep groan. "O my master!" he exclaimed; "perhaps the animals of Brittany are not so large as I seem to remember them." The roar of the river sounded fearful in the silence that followed, and the poor fellow added: "God have mercy upon me! The red fox of Brittany is but a common red fox, and the deer but common deer; and as for the horses, they are but sorry cobs. Lord, have mercy upon me for a miserable offender!"'[2]

(2) Our eyes may see too little. Many people have lived to regret that they did not see the goodness and kindness of those about them—mothers, or brothers or sisters—till they had lost them. They were blind, and their eyes were opened too late.

And how much we lose by not seeing the beauty that lies everywhere round us, in the commonest flower and grass, in the clouds, and the birds and animals. Painters and poets are those whose eyes are open to this beauty, and can sometimes show us what our eyes are too blind to see for ourselves.

Turner, the great painter, used very brilliant colours for his sunsets. Some one objected to this and said, 'I never see such colours in Nature.' But the painter said—'Don't you wish you could?'

There are many fairy tales which tell of a magic ointment rubbed on the eyes, which made the fortunate person able to see the fairies at their frolics, though they were invisible to the eyes of other people. That is like the gift which some people have of seeing beauty where others see none.

When Millet, the great French painter, was a

[1] L. P. Stubbs, *Consider the Butterflies*, 17.

[2] *Sunday School Times*, xxxix. 100.

boy, he worked in the fields with his father. 'The father and son worked together at the daily common tasks of the ordinary labourer, but they saw in their work things which few ordinary labourers see. They both loved everything that was beautiful either in form or colour, and nothing to them was commonplace. Years before, when François was a little boy, trotting along by his father's side, his father would stoop and pick a blade of grass and bid his little son look at it.

'"See," he said, "how fine that is."

'Or he would point to some tree they were passing and say, "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful it is, as beautiful as a flower."

'One day they had stood together on the cliffs to watch the sunset, and the wonderful pageant of the crimson sky and the golden glory of the shining sea made François exclaim with delight. But his father stood still and reverently bared his head. "My son, it is God," he said; and François never forgot those words.'[1]

(3) There are people who are colour-blind They cannot tell blue from green, or red from yellow, so they can never be employed on railways or ships, where a mistake about the colour of a signal might cause a terrible accident.

Have you ever tried looking through a pair of dark spectacles such as are used to protect the eyes against the glare of the sun upon snow? If you have, you would see everything toned down to one dull shade. But if you look through a bit of red glass you see the same things in the glow of sunshine. There are people who see things in both of these ways. There are the happy people who see the good side of everybody and every thing, and the unhappy folk who can see only the worst side.

(4) But the worst kind of eye is the one that sees things crooked. You may often see that in looking through bad glass. If you use a camera you will know that if you do not hold it straight you will get a picture of your house all tumbling down. So some people see things out of focus. These are the suspicious people who find bad motives in the most innocent actions, and see slights where none were intended.

There were all kinds of blind people in Palestine. There were blind men sitting at the roadside begging their bread; and there were blind Pharisees, who saw the Son of God and did not know Him.

[1] A. Steedman, *When they were Children*, 277.

They saw all He did distorted, out of focus, and they said He did His wonderful works by the help of the devil.

One day, as Jesus was leaving the town of Jericho, two blind beggars were sitting at the roadside, and kept calling, 'Lord, have mercy on us'; and when He asked them what they wished, they said, 'Lord, that our eyes may be opened'; and He was sorry for them and healed them.

That is a prayer for everybody. Let us all pray to have our eyes opened, that we may see things as they truly are, and the beauty that lies around us—the beauty of Nature, and the goodness in people, and, above all, the beauty of Jesus Christ Himself.

IV.

The Rev. C. E. Stone has issued another volume of children's addresses. He calls it *The Rainbow Crown* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net). The fortieth address is on

No Change.

I have sometimes called to inquire about sick people and have been told that there was 'no change.' The next day I would get the same answer, and perhaps for two or three days more. Every time I called they would say, 'There is no change, sir.'

That, if correct, is very sad, because it means that they were no better and very near to death. But I will tell you something that is sadder still—that there is no change in you. 'But I am not ill!' No, but you are disobedient and ill-tempered and unkind, and you have been so for years. I say to father, 'How is that boy of yours?' and he answers, 'About the same; just as much trouble as ever.' I say to mother, 'How is that girl of yours?' and she answers, 'I don't know what to do with her.' Now, do you not think it is time that some of you changed for the better?

The other day I wanted to take the tram when I suddenly remembered that I had only a piece of gold in my pocket, and as I knew the tram-man would not change it, I went into a shop; but they had 'no change.' I tried another, and yet another, with the same result. Nobody had any change. So at last I went into the bank, and they changed it for me.

There is always one who can change things for us. Father cannot do it. 'I can't change you, my boy.' Mother will tell you the same, and the

schoolmaster and the doctor. 'But I want to be better. I want to be changed; where am I to go?' And Jesus answers, 'Come to me.' He will take that poor copper heart of ours and change it into gold; that foolish life of ours and change it into goodness and usefulness. It is no good going anywhere else. He is the only one who can do it.

I was travelling the other day to preach at a certain town. The inspector came to look at our tickets. He said to one gentleman, 'You are in the wrong train, sir. You must change at the next station.' That alarmed me, and I said, 'Do I change?' 'No,' he said, with a smile, 'you are right; you go right through.' And then I settled back in my corner and went on reading, pleased to think that there was no changing for me to do; that I was going straight through to my destination. Now that is the one comfort you will have when you do set out on the Christian road. You will never have to change again. Other people may have to quit their comfortable seats and move their luggage and hurry to other platforms, and have a good deal of trouble and worry, but you can sit still. You will be all right. Won't you take that road? If you take any other you will have to change or miss heaven. Next time I ask father about you I hope he will say, 'There is a great change in him.'

Point and Illustration.

The following editorial appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*, on February 24, 1916:

'It seems odd to read of the operations of a modern army being embarrassed by so old a practical joke on the part of nature as a mirage. Yet it has happened, and, according to the Press Association's account of the fighting on the Tigris, which was published yesterday, the joke seems to have been chiefly turned against the British troops—perhaps a little sop to the Turks bestowed by Allah as a slight compensation for the approaching loss of Erzerum. At any rate, in the first battle between the Turks and the British force marching to the relief of Kut our troops found themselves seriously confused by the mirage, the worst effect of which was to prevent the artillery from properly covering the advance of the infantry. The broad moral seems to be that one of the penalties of campaigning in Biblical lands is the possibility of finding oneself fighting under what looks remarkably like the origin of some of the famous Biblical disadvantages by which several Canaanite captains found themselves broken. When, according to the writer in Judges, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," it is not at all unlikely that behind this poetic version of the battle there lies some such mirage-bred confusion as hampered our own troops on the Tigris. And Joshua's sun, which obligingly stood still upon Gibeon, may very well have had a basis of fact in some allied optical delusion induced by an atmosphere whose refractive powers had become more or less muddled. At any rate it must be a very long time since anything of this kind actively interfered with important military operations. And if one could only assume that the Turks could, as Joshua claimed to do, arrange these things to suit their own convenience, they might be congratulated on having revived much the oldest weapon of war, beside which our hand-grenades and helmets—and even the scandalous German approach to the "Greek fire" of the ancients—become comparatively modern devices.'

Stopping One.

Often has the story of the great retreat, the great recovery, the great rush to the sea, the great victory at Ypres—often has that story been told, and often will it be told again; yet Mr. Frederic Coleman's book, *From Mons to Ypres with French* (Sampson Low; 6s. net), will hold its place. For it is the minutest record of the first months of the war that we have had or are likely to have. Mr. Coleman is a wealthy American who placed himself and his fine car at the service of the British Headquarters Staff. He and his car were used unmercifully. They were sent here, sent there, at all hours of the day and night, and they never refused to go. Well, the car refused once when there was no oil; Mr. Coleman did not refuse even when there was no food. And he wrote down all his experiences as he had them. He wrote down the experiences of others also. It is a book crammed with occurrences and not to be laid down till ended.

This is one of the occurrences:

'The car's steps were lined with soldiers, and one was mounted on a front wing.

'"Now boys," I said, as I headed the car round for the dash up the hill, "the rise is steep, and this is no 'General' omnibus. All that are not wounded hop off, and I'll see if I can get the rest out of it."

'With a cheery word they jumped off, except one, who stood on the step at my side.

'"Are you hit?" I queried.

'"No, but I'm all right. I won't fall off, guv'nor," he replied, with a grin.

'"If you are bound to come with us," I said, "vault up behind me and stick on."

'He did so, and as I felt his hand on my shoulder I looked up at him and remarked, "I've got you between me and the Germans whatever happens."

'But we found that ride no joke.

'Up the hill we crawled. My load was eleven, some badly hit. Two cyclists in front gave promise of blocking the way as we gathered speed, but a shell burst over us that knocked one of the pair off his wheel. He careered into his fellow; the pair rolled into the ditch together. Bang! went another shell, seemingly a few feet over us. Four men from a group ahead of us were hit, so falling that they almost blocked the roadway. Bullets sang all about. Someone hanging on one of the steps was hit, and cried out as he dropped off. As the slope became less steep I overtook an ammunition limber, the team—minus driver—in full flight toward the rear. Off the road and into the dry stubble field I guided the groaning car, past the tired horses, galloping their poor best, and into the road again, urged by a quartette of shrapnel that seemed to burst—oh!—so close to us!

'A mile or so in the rear, we found a hastily improvised hospital, in a field by the road, where I delivered my load. An orderly came to me as I drove up, saying laconically, "Wounded?" "Yes," I answered, "all but one." Turning, I found the persistent one whom I had mounted at my back.

'"*I* stopped one, coming up the hill," said the object of my remark, with a grin—"I stopped one proper, I did!" And as he disentangled his feet from those of a sadly wounded comrade on whom he had been supporting himself, he opened his tunic and showed me a blood-soaked side. "Through," he explained. "Might have got you if I hadn't been there," he added, "so maybe it was just as well. I couldn't have brought the others back in this thing." And he grinned again as I put him down where the orderlies could get him. "Good luck, son," I said, with a lump in my throat. His teeth were set as he was borne by two hospital men to where the doctors could attend to him.

'As they took him down the bank the corners of his mouth twitched in another half-smile, and he said, "Thanks. Don't you worry about me; *I*'m all right. It's nothing!"

'I have often thought of him, and hoped he came through in good shape. His spirit was so very, very fine.'

Insufficiency and Availability.

Mr. E. A. Burroughs, Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford, has given himself, heart and soul, to the study of the war in its relation to Christ. He has written much. His latest writing is a small book called *The Fight for the Future* (Nisbet; 1s. net). Of the things which the war has made emphatic he names especially our helplessness and God's helpfulness. He calls the one insufficiency and the other availability. He says: 'The acute sense of insufficiency and powerlessness is now, as it were, the background of all our experience. How many of us know what it is to have all that makes life worth living not only removed to a distance, but set in circumstances where, at any moment of day or night, the stray bullet or the random shell may without warning simply obliterate it, as a wave obliterates a scratch on the sand! And all the time our wealth and wisdom and love, however ample, are literally powerless to save one life. "Out here," wrote an officer last summer, in a letter quoted in *The Times* by "A Junior Sub.,"—"Out here there is one guiding factor, and that is the fact of one's utter helplessness as an individual." What a gain under such circumstances to be able to continue, as he does, . . . "and one's absolute trust in a Higher Power to keep one safe!" As an undergraduate friend of my own, soon after killed by a stray bullet at midnight, said in his first letter to me from the trenches: "The more one sees of these large shells and their ghastly effects, the more one feels that everything is in the hands of Providence."

'Nor is it only of individuals that this "human insufficiency" proves to be true. Nations are no more masters of their fate than men, and things have happened since July 1914 which would have been literally incredible to most of us before. Who, for instance, could have pictured beforehand the whole calculations of four Great Powers, and possibly the whole course of the war, upset by a difference between the King of Greece and his Prime Minister? In the general sense of bewilderment, of having reached an *impasse*, of having ex-

hausted all the resources of everything but brute force, while still the war spreads aimlessly on like an uncontrolled inundation, we are inclined to echo those strange words of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman early in December 1915: "The war seems almost to have been taken out of the hands of the rulers of nations and to have passed into the hands of the devil himself." But the true comment upon them is, surely, that the war never was "in the hands of the rulers of nations," and that, if indeed it has "passed into the hands of the devil himself," it has done so because the nations have not hitherto definitely put it into the hands of God.

'For the correlative fact, the explanation and remedy of human powerlessness, is the universal availability of God. The phrase is cumbrous, but it is truer than "Divine omnipotence": for, in all His relations with human wills, God can only act as our faith allows Him to. "In all thy ways *acknowledge* him, and he shall direct thy paths." Anyhow, along with the new sense of helplessness there *has* come home to very many the hitherto largely neglected fact of God, as the needed corrective of their own insufficiency. This is a second point in which the war has vindicated the Christian philosophy of life, based as it is on the twin fact of man's need of God and God's love for man. "You may take it from me, sir," said a soldier—a total stranger—to whom I put the question in a few minutes' talk, just before he returned to the trenches after a spell at one of the Base Camps in France last spring, "they have been doing more thinking about God up there in the last six months than most of them have done in the rest of their lives." And where "thinking about God" has been followed up by going to Him, in penitence and prayer, the presence of God has been proved afresh ten thousand times over. "Mother," wrote a young officer, one about whose spiritual state that mother had sometimes been anxious, and whose highly-strung temperament suffered intensely in life at the Front, "Mother, I have seen death, and death is indescribable; but 'under the shadow of the Almighty' I have found a peace greater than the terrors of death." He was killed in a charge a week later, and a brother officer testified that he was one who "would go anywhere." "Only Faith could have done it," wrote another from the trenches to myself, a day or two after the battle of Loos, from which only he and one other officer of his battalion returned alive and unwounded. God is there, then, after all; and "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."'

Blood and Iron.

Mr. Wilson McNair is a war journalist, and he had better experiences—better luck, he calls it—than the journalist generally has had. Once in particular he came upon a lady whom he knew, and was sent through her to do what in him lay for the removal of the wounded out of the line of fire. He got all the excitement he went for on that occasion, and more than all the horrors.

In *Blood and Iron* (Seeley; 6s. net) he tells the story of all he saw and could learn about the experiences of the British Army from the day they landed in France to that glorious day on which they rested after saving Calais. And he tells it right well. We are all admiring the magnificent leadership and endurance of the French at Verdun. But read Mr. McNair's description of the Battle of the Yser, and you will say that no officers or men could ever be put to a severer test. It is enough to make the most rationalistic among us revise his thinking. With such odds against them there is no merely human explanation of how it came to pass that the Germans did not get to Calais.

This is the last scene: 'Yet there must be enacted a final scene, since the eyes of the War Lord are upon his soldiers. What the Guard of England has accomplished the Prussian Guard can accomplish also and in fuller measure. The day of victory, long deferred, shall yet be hasted and the fruits of victory garnered.

'And so Wednesday the 11th November disclosed a strange sight about the dawning, when the light stole dimly along the bitter stretches of the road to Menin. Here surely was burlesque within the very arena of death—a spectacle of disordered minds, the apotheosis of overweening vanity. In the dim dawning of this November day the Prussian Guard upon the road from Menin are showing the goose-step to their astonished foes.

'What a scene that for history to dwell upon. The long, long fields, peopled with the dead of three nations. The pollard willows weeping by a dozen misty streams. The dank smell of the trenches, and the terrible sucking sound of the mud upon boots and legs. The voice of the wind, dismal, among the trees—far away and just visible

in the pale glimmer of light the towers of the ancient city rising up like a benediction.

'And along the roadway this prancing column with stiffened knees and pointed toes dancing heavily to death. Brave men indeed and iron discipline—but can the mind of free man contemplate them without amazement that is near akin to ridicule? If a man must go to death let him go easily. Our soldiers gazed in astonishment, scarce understanding what they saw, and then on a sudden the hail of shells was unloosed upon the Prussian Guard, and the work of butchery was begun.

'They came by the road from Menin—the road that is paved with the bodies of the brave and cemented together by their blood, and though their sublime courage carried them through the lines of our army in some places it was upon the road from Menin that they perished. The guns pounded them, the bullets mowed them down, the bayonets drank of their blood. Broken and withered they were cast back again—the remnant that remained—to the feet of their Imperial Master, whose behest they had so signally, yet so nobly, failed to accomplish.'

The Baptist's Advice to the Several Classes. Luke iii. 10-14.

By the Rev. Arthur Wright, D.D., Vice-President of Queens' College, Cambridge.

There seems to be some misunderstanding in the editorial department of Lk 3^{10}, for we read there that 'The multitudes asked the Baptist, "What must we do?"' and in his answer he gave advice which was not adapted to the multitudes, but to the rich or at least to the well-to-do, for he replied, 'Let him that hath two tunics impart to him that hath none; and let him that hath food in abundance do likewise.'

In the second source of the Gospels, or (as it is now commonly called) 'Q,' the Baptist appears as what we should call in these days a model missioner, and some samples of his preaching are preserved in St. Matthew and in St. Luke. These are of a highly sensational character, teeming with vague threats and terrific alarms. They are much too vehemently exaggerated for an ordinary sermon. A parish priest will do well not to imitate them, but in the mouth of a missioner, who only stays in a place ten days, they are just the thing to arouse the conscience of hardened sinners.

From another source St. Luke represents the Baptist as the same missioner, when he has descended from the pulpit and invites the penitent to meet him for private consultation in the vestry. Terrors are laid aside. There are no threats and no exaggerations. Their place is taken by the simplest practical advice: 'Don't be violent, don't get into debt.' And since the Baptist fully grasps and deals with the special temptations of the tax-gatherer and of the soldier on service, it is difficult to suppose that he entirely misunderstood the position of the multitudes. It is strange also that they should have consulted him in their thousands. The sermon surely was addressed to thousands; but the consultation to a score or so, who seek him privately, one by one or perhaps in twos or threes when the sermon is over. And did he really believe that the poor suffered from too heavy clothing or too much food? If he had no more acquaintance with the condition of the masses than that, he would not have been the popular preacher which he evidently was.

Let us consider for a moment the question of clothing and food. The high priest 'rent his tunics'—so the Greek distinctly says—upon the night of our Lord's trial (Mk 14^{63}). The plural plainly indicates that he was wearing two tunics, the dual being obsolete in the common dialect. That he was wearing two is probable, for it was a cold night—perhaps rainy—or the police would not have kindled a fire in the courtyard 'to warm themselves.' He was also a rich man who could well afford the comfort. But in Mk 6^9 the Twelve are forbidden 'to wear two tunics.' They were young and active men, who would be better without such a luxury. In St. Matthew and in St. Luke the rule, as usual, is made more stringent, for the Twelve are forbidden even to possess two tunics, a wash and a wear. As for food, too many