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the English Mission Hospital, says: 'As a resident here, I believe that it is absolutely certain that St. John used the Jewish method of reckoning the hours, and that in John 4^6 the meaning is mid-day or noon. Ver. ^{35} says: "There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest." Barley harvest begins at Nablous at the end of May and continues till the third week in June. The whole harvest of the Nablous plain, whether of barley or of wheat, is reaped by 20th June. Therefore, allowing four Jewish lunar months to the beginning of the harvest, our Lord's talk with the Samaritan woman took place in February. Now in February, at Nablous and in Jerusalem, it is pitch dark by 5.30 p.m., except on moonlight nights. It is unthinkable that any Fellatah woman would go after dark at any time in the year—much less in February—to draw water. Neither would she persuade any townspeople in Palestine to go out to the well at 6 p.m. From Nablous it is a mile and a half to the well. All this constitutes conclusive evidence that "the sixth hour," as used by St. John, means noon.'

ERNEST HAMPDEN-COOK.

Pendleton, Manchester.

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

The Joy of Creation.

'The fundamental instinct of life is to create, to make, to discover, to grow, to progress. Every one in some form or other has experience of this joy of creating; the joy of seeing the growth, the building, the change, the coming. The instinct of those in authority has recognised—without perhaps knowing it—the love to create, when they devised punishment—the treadmill, prisons, routine, all thwarting that free creative impulse to the point of torture. . . . Life, this beautiful, creative life, comes slowly through the ages, but it comes. Slowly mankind is emerging out of slavery into the beautiful freedom of creative life. Slowly mankind is realising the natural desire, the instinctive natural urge, the essential need for life—of each individual to be free. . . . But the beginnings are here: and here boys must find themselves in the great stream of true life. They must find themselves in the lands of the great vision, of faith, of service. No beating or marking of time here. No easy static state. No satisfaction with conventional static comfort. Here they will join in this great world-life. They came from their homes to join the great world-life here. Even these tiny boys here will feel that something is before them that matters, something of true life and true intent. They will get the germs of life from some of those things we are perpetually trying to do, and never succeeding in doing. They will catch the contagion of effort. For learning is not our object here, but doing. They may learn things in a deadly static way, they may learn much in a static way and gain nothing of life. Not here, I hope. No, the germs of life come from the spirit; from the incessant travail of the soul; from high intent; they come from the burning desire to know of the things that are coming into the world.'

This is a quotation from a new Life of Sanderson of Oundle which has been written by Mr. H. G. Wells. It is Sanderson himself speaking in one of his sermons. Mr. Wells calls his Life *The Story of a Great Schoolmaster*, and the sub-title is 'Being a Plain Account of the Life and Ideas of Sanderson of Oundle' (Chatto & Windus; 4s. 6d. net).

The quotation which we have just given shows us one of Sanderson's root ideas, according to Mr. Wells, and in this Life Mr. Wells works out this idea very fully; and here, we think, he interprets Sanderson faithfully. At other times we feel that he is inclined to strain Sanderson's ideas so as to make them coincide with his own, and the evidence which he brings forward to prove that they do this is hardly as strong as he would like it to be, or as it would require to be.

A few months ago an official Life of Sanderson was issued. This account of him by Mr. Wells does not take its place, but rather is complementary to it. Whether we agree entirely with Mr. Wells' reading of the development of Sanderson's ideas or not, this account of his life and ideals makes stimulating reading and should on no account be missed.

Bereavement and the Life of Devotion.

We are under a considerable debt of gratitude to the Bishop of London. Last Lent he arranged with Canon Peter Green to write on 'Personal Religion and Public Righteousness.' This year he recommends to his Diocese for Lenten reading,

and he writes an introduction to, *Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion*, by W. R. Inge (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). He does not say so, but we suppose that he suggested the writing of this book to the Dean of St. Paul's, and so we are grateful to him. *Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion* is a practice of the presence of God. It is Christian Mysticism, not apart from life but interpreting it. The titles of the chapters show the scope. They are 'The Hill of the Lord,' 'The Soul's Thirst,' 'Faith,' 'Hope,' 'Joy,' 'Self-Consecration,' 'The World,' 'Bereavement.'

Here we have all the old qualities of Dean Inge—spirituality, intellectualism, a power of putting his thought arrestingly—but in addition we have a revelation of self and a sympathy that are hardly so characteristic. In the last chapter Dean Inge brings himself to speak of the death of his little daughter Paula, who, at the age of eleven, entered into her rest on the night of Thursday in Holy Week, 1923. Dean Inge is led to tell us what he believes the meaning of bereavement to be. It is not that God is not omnipotent. To hold that is, he says, 'undoubtedly one method of justifying the ways of God to man. But I think that it is when we contemplate the affliction of others, rather than our own, that we murmur to ourselves, "A good God could not have sanctioned such cruelty." Or if we sometimes feel this in our own case, it may be that we have substituted "le bon Dieu" of popular sentiment for the loving but wise and stern Father whom Christ taught us to fear as well as love.' Dean Inge's God is the wise and stern Father, and he finds the solution in the words 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' What is bereavement, then? Dean Inge has suffered it and this is his answer. 'I think that those who have had to bear this sorrow will agree with me that bereavement is the deepest initiation into the mysteries of human life, an initiation more searching and profound than even happy love. Love remembered and consecrated by grief belongs, more clearly than the happy intercourse of friends, to the eternal world; it has proved itself stronger than death. Bereavement is the sharpest challenge to our trust in God; if faith can overcome this, there is no mountain which it cannot remove. And faith can overcome it. It brings the eternal world nearer to us, and makes it seem more real. It is not that we look forward to anything remotely resembling Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones. Still less could we find any comfort from the pathetic illusions of modern necromancy. These fancies have nothing to do with our hope of immortality, which would be in no way strengthened by such support. Rather does pure affection, so remembered and so consecrated, carry us beyond the bourne of time and place altogether. It transports us into a purer air, where all that has been, is, and will be lives together, in its true being, meaning and value before the throne of God.'

Alone with God.

'Till the very end she [Margaret Paula Inge] was busy with her needle, making Easter presents for her parents, brothers and sister. During the last week she asked to discontinue her child-like practice of saying her prayers aloud to her mother or nurse. She said, "If you do not mind, I should like best to be quite alone with God."'[1]

Dancing Dogs.

'Meanwhile Dr. and Mrs. Whyte went to St. Mary's Loch to avoid the strain of its meetings [General Assembly of 1909, at which Dr. Whyte was appointed Principal of New College]. But many messages continued to reach him, and an incident may be recorded which shows how his sense of humour came to his rescue in these perplexing days. A letter arrived from Edinburgh which made it needful to communicate with one of his advisers there. The one post of the day had already gone, so he and his wife walked along the lovely road from Rodono to the little post office of Cappercleugh, where the telephone had recently been installed. Dr. Whyte always left the task of telephoning to some deputy, and on this occasion he sat with a peaceful smile in the corner of the little office while his wife wrestled for twenty minutes with a dilatory and not too audible telephone. She finally emerged from the contest, hot and somewhat out of temper, remarking, "It is working very badly." He replied, "The astonishing thing is that it works at all! Don't you remember 'Bozzy' and the dancing dogs?" On the way home he recalled the story—how Boswell had once complained to Dr. Johnson that he had wasted five shillings in seeing an exhibition by a troupe of dancing dogs, which, he said, had *danced very badly*; so he asked whether Dr. Johnson did not consider that he had been defrauded. "Not at all, sir!" Dr. Johnson replied; "*the marvel is that they danced at all!*" The dancing dogs became a family proverb from that time forth.'[2]

[1] W. R. Inge, *Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion*, 92.

[2] G. F. Barbour, *The Life of Alexander Whyte, D.D.*, 491 f.

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