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Lord's Prayer in its Diatessaron (or Syriac) version, suggested by Dr. Harris.

There is a very curious detail from another quarter as to a possible Moslem acquaintance with the Diatessaron, which is to be found in a recently translated Chinese work on Islam.

*The Arabian Prophet*¹ is a life of Mohammed, translated by Isaac Mason from amongst the voluminous writings of Liu Chai-lien. No writer is said to be so well known, or so highly respected by the Chinese Moslems as is this scholar, whose grave in Nanking is indeed resorted to by them for prayer and meditation. He was the author of many books, of which only about a tenth have been published, others of them still existing in manuscript. Among his works was one which the author had called *The True Annals of the Prophet of Arabia*, which he had taken three years to write, completing it in 1724; although it was only published, after his death, in 1779, when it appeared as twenty small Chinese volumes. Apparently, after the author had completed his work, 'he heard of a library of one Hsü, of Ts'eng Liu, and thither he went, and came across a book of records of the Prophet in the Arabic, which was fuller than anything he had seen before' (Mason, *ibid.* p. xii); a find which necessitated the rewriting of the whole of his manuscript.

From Mason's translation of this work the following extract is taken :

'Of the *Injil* [=Evangel], or Gospels, there are four, namely, Matthew, John, Mark, and Luke, all of which are said to be books given

¹ *The Arabian Prophet*, by Liu Chai-lien, Shanghai, 143 North Szechuan Road. 1921.

by God and containing the words of Jesus. It is not generally known that originally there was only one Gospel, in the Syriac language, and afterwards the disciples each altered to make his own Gospel, and these were propagated to all quarters.'

This description of Gospel origins given by the writer suggests that he is referring to the Diatessaron, and that the curious inversion of fact that he makes may be attributable to a knowledge of its having circulated at first all over the Syrian Church, ultimately being replaced by the four separate Gospels.

Is it possible that a Syriac tradition of a displacement of the Harmony in ecclesiastical use by the separate Gospels can have persisted in China, as a relic of the Nestorian Church, so as to be accessible to a Chinese scholar writing two hundred years ago? Such a possibility appears so very remote as to be highly problematical, although, in the absence of definite evidence to the contrary, it is one that has to be recognized.

Did Liu Chai-lien get his information as to the Syriac Harmony of the Gospels directly through Arabic literature from a Moslem tradition in the West? On the whole, this would seem to be the more likely source for the knowledge of the story that he gives, especially as we are told how he worked from an Arabic life of Mohammed in the library of Hsü in Ts'eng Liu, where it had found its way, no doubt, by means of some Chinese pilgrim returned from the voyage to Mecca.

W. J. RUTHERFURD.

Manchester.

Entre Nous.

LATELY we have had a larger number of kindly and appreciative letters than usual. With his permission we quote a letter below from a subscriber who has taken THE EXPOSITORY TIMES from its fifth number and who indexes its contents regularly :

To the Editors of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

DEAR SIRS,—In the August number you notice two books on Immortality, and say, 'One of the most notable features of recent theological literature

is the revival of the theory of Conditional Immortality.' This reminded me that some time since you published an article which I found clear and helpful. It is by Dr. Plummer, and appeared in Volume XXII. (1910-11), and is worth reading and re-reading.

May I add a word of appreciation and of gratitude for what THE EXPOSITORY TIMES has done for so many years, and is still doing, to help parsons whose lives are harassed (and largely wasted) by

guilds and clubs and all such parochial paraphernalia? Your pages have enabled me to keep in touch with modern thought, and that in no mere academic, coldly intellectual manner, for they are always infused with the warmth and life which comes of the Spirit.—Yours gratefully,

W. J. PRICE.

*St. Paul's Vicarage,
Prince's Park,
Liverpool.*

SOME TOPICS.

John Henry Jowett, C.H., D.D.

We picked up Dr. Jowett's *Life* with some misgiving. It was not possible, we felt, to compress into a volume of this size all that we wanted to know about the greatest British preacher of our day. But we admit that this first impression was a wrong one. Mr. Porritt has put into the three hundred pages of this volume a great deal of information, and he has succeeded, in what must be the aim of every biographer, in making the man stand out so that he becomes a living personality to the readers. By limiting the size of the volume the publishers have been able to issue it at a price (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net) which brings it within the reach of every one. And they are being rewarded for their foresight, for we understand that the first edition is already exhausted.

Jowett did one thing, and he did that one thing supremely well. He was a preacher of the Gospel. The outstanding facts in his life are all connected with this. There is his first call to Newcastle-on-Tyne, at the age of twenty-six, and while he was still a student at Mansfield College. After seven years as minister of St. James's Congregational Church there he was called to succeed Dr. Dale at Carr's Lane Church in Birmingham; fourteen years later he went to Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, and then back again to England in the spring of 1918 as minister of Westminster Chapel. 'Give me that grey, misty, cloudy island (England) first and last.' In bidding farewell to Fifth Avenue Church (on 14th April), Jowett explained once more that his return to his homeland was prompted by the call of duty. 'No soldier,' he said, 'has heard the bugle more imperatively than the summons comes to me. . . . The spiritual mood of a people, its moral resources, the deep wells of virtue and Godly passion in which alone unshrinkable springs of endurance can be

found—these are the vital things which are going to count in the next few months or years.' Jowett spoke with tender affection of America and its people. 'There will,' he said, 'be no public man in all Britain who will be able to speak with such intimacy as I shall command, of the heart of the American people. I return as an ambassador of your affections.'

When Edinburgh University in 1910 conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on Jowett, it was Dr. Patrick, the Dean of the Faculty of Divinity, who introduced him. Dr. Patrick observed that it was manifest from the positions he had held that no name in English Nonconformity was held in higher honour than his. Then he went on to say: 'Mr. Jowett claims our regard as a preacher, an author, and an administrator.' It is as a preacher that we are most interested in Dr. Jowett. 'The glory of a popular preacher,' Lord Haldane said, 'is very great.' 'For thirty years,' Mr. Porritt says, 'this glory shone upon Jowett.' James Palmer, who was associated with Jowett as assistant minister of Fifth Avenue Church, describes a typical congregation there: 'And what a congregation he had! I have counted four Bishops of the Episcopal Church at one service. It was not uncommon to see as many as three hundred ministers present on a Sunday afternoon. Priests of the Roman Catholic Church and Rabbis of the Hebrew people were in constant attendance. The President, members of his Cabinet and prominent statesmen attended the services from time to time; and frequently desired his views on national affairs. The representative men of wealth and the leaders of industry were there. Men of letters and professional men and women were among his admirers. And then a wonderful company of missionaries and travellers sought the opportunity to hear him. The humble, too, were equally esteemed by him. No discrimination was made at his church door. Many a time I have seen beggars sitting in the pews of men of great wealth. All who could find room were welcome. And right there, while the services were in progress, great decisions were made. . . . people were moved to tears. Many came forward and said they had quietly accepted Christ, or they wrote about it.'

What was his secret? He possessed natural eloquence, a finely modulated voice, and he was master of all the arts of oratory. All these things helped him, but they were not the cause of his power.

He wrote from New York in January 1914 to the Rev. Thomas Towers: 'I am more and more emphasising the spiritual side of things and bringing the naked evangelical truth to bear upon the lives of men. Nothing else is worth anything, simply because it accomplishes nothing.' A chapter which should on no account be missed is the twelfth, which deals with Jowett's gospel. 'The supreme note of his preaching,' Mr. Porritt says, 'was the proclamation of the all-sufficiency of Redeeming Grace in its relationship to the worst. His interpretation of the Christian ministry was that of a Greatheart facing the highways of life, carrying with him all that is needed by fainting, bruised and broken pilgrims, and at the very centre of his message were Comfort and Grace.' 'I have proclaimed,' Jowett said, 'that everybody is in the love grip of the Eternal. Is there a bigger thing than that to say to anybody?'

Jowett's second basal doctrine of Christianity was the reality of sin. 'He never wavered in his sense of the sinfulness of sin. So Reconciliation in Christ was the keynote of his gospel.'

Jowett's message was the old evangelical one; but he clothed it in the language of his own day. He recognized that each generation has its own thought-forms. No one who ever heard Jowett preach could fail to be impressed by the nice exactitude of his language. He had a natural feeling for the right word. And all his powers in this direction he cultivated assiduously. 'If he can be said to have had any hobby, it was the study of words. It was at once a duty and a pleasure to him. He loved to take a word, as an entomologist takes a moth, and having, figuratively speaking, stuck a pin through it, subject it to a long microscopic examination. One day his friend, Rev. Edgar Todd, walking with him in Sutton Park, wanted to show Jowett how the "Holy Blue" butterfly differs from the "Common Blue." "With the utmost caution," says Mr. Todd, "I approached the resting insect, so that I could lift it off the leaf without injury to show him the markings on the underside of the wings. Jowett watched me in silence and then said, 'That is just how I pick up a word.'"

If a word was used it must be the right word; but there were times when Jowett did without words. In private prayer he believed that it was sometimes wise to escape from the burden of the limitation of words and to have wordless fellowship

in the presence of God. 'First of all,' he said, 'we quietly and reverently put ourselves into the presence of God, we collect our scattered conscience in the sense that God is near, and we come before His presence . . . into most intimate assurance of the presence of God.' And Mr. Porritt adds: 'It was by systematic spiritual exercises, calisthenics of the soul they might be called, that Jowett cultivated that sense of intimate relationship with the Things Unseen yet abiding, that gave his preaching a rarely uplifting character.'

An American professor invented a mathematical formula to express Jowett's qualities. 'For Christ-like character,' Mr. Porritt says, 'he gave him 38 A.A. marks: 30 A.A. marks were awarded him for talents: 20 A.A. for their training: 10 A. for prestige: 2 B. for personal appearance and 0 F. for "comradery." Whatever the value of the first marks, Mr. Porritt will have none of the last. And this volume goes to prove that though Jowett was temperamentally shy and was one of the most humble of men he was an excellent comrade and had a keen sense of humour. He always enjoyed a story against himself. The earliest one that he tells dates back to the time when he was about four. 'When his youngest brother was born, the maternity nurse (it was before the days of professional trained nurses) not only attended to the mother and baby, but did the household work. With childish curiosity Jowett watched her coming and going about her duties, and made naïve comments on her way of doing things. "My mother does not do that," he observed. This observation was repeated three or four times until the woman, losing patience, gave the boy a sharp box on the ears, observing, "There, does thi mother do that?"'

We have given a few of the good things of this biography, but there are many more, and it will bear reading and re-reading.

Humility.

The Rev. E. Herman has collected a number of devotional studies by Mrs. Herman which appeared originally in religious papers, and has published them with the title *The Secret Garden of the Soul* (James Clarke; 6s. net). It is only a short time since we had pleasure in drawing attention to the deep spirituality and the beauty of thought and language in *The Finding of the Cross*, which was published by Mr. Herman very soon after his wife's death. The interest of the present book is increased

by a fine appreciation of the author by the Rev. Duncan C. Macgregor, D.D. The work which he quotes to show her deep learning is the article on 'Quietism' in Hastings' *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*. For a number of years Mrs. Herman was editor of the *Presbyterian*, the weekly organ of the Presbyterian Church of England, but as the years passed she moved away from Presbyterianism, and at the end of her life she was an ardent Anglo-Catholic. As Dr. Macgregor says, she 'felt increasingly the pull of Catholicity and Tradition.' At the time of her death she held an important position on the staff of the *Church Times*. To get the real atmosphere each study should be read in full.

But we have only space to give a short extract from the chapter on Humility.

'A young saint lay dying. A friend who had been a witness of her all-but-stainless life said to her: "My child, you are indeed ready to appear before God, for you have always understood the virtue of humility." The dying girl made no attempt to disclaim her friend's praise. "To me," she said, "it has always seemed that humility is simply *truth*. I do not know whether I am humble, but I do know that my soul has ever sought the truth. Yes, I have understood humility of heart."

'Humility is the inmost secret of sanity, for to be sane is to be God-centred. The self-centred man is on the way to the madhouse, and often the borderline between the self-conscious and the self-obsessed is very thin. How narrow it may be, we see in the picture of the tragic King Nebuchadnezzar. We are not told how slowly the canker of an overweening self-consciousness had been eating its way into the king's soul. We only know that one day, as he was walking in his palace, the spirit of sanity finally forsook him, and he cried: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built." . . . *That* is madness. . . .

'There came a day when sanity returned to the clouded mind of Nebuchadnezzar. "And at the end of the days, I, Nebuchadnezzar, lifted up mine eyes to heaven." Here is the psychology of reason in a nutshell. The upward look is the secret and symbol of the sound mind. The soul which knows that it is God Who rules is the normal, healthy soul. . . .

'Humility provides an environment congenial to growth, for it consists in that entire candour of soul by which we see all things as they really are. It is the very atmosphere of truth in the inward parts. Without it faith would be presumption, hope de-

lusion, and love weakness. It is the soul of sanity, the source of deathless courage, the principle of perpetual growth, for it calls the soul to Christ that it may learn its deepest wisdom from the open book of His meek and lowly heart.'

POETRY.

When Dr. Jowett was at Matlock in January 1923, and already suffering from the illness from which he was not to recover, he wrote the lines which follow. They are very fittingly given by Mr. Porritt at the end of the Life :

One night, when busy day was done,
My spoils all ranged in setting sun,
As I reviewed the race well run,
I heard a knocking at my door,
So faint I scarce could hear it !
Not knowing if my sense were vain,
I looked across the window pane,
And saw a presence with a mien
So deeply reverent and serene,
'A kinsman of the Nazarene,'
I thought no one could fear it.

I let him in. I bade him rest :
I thought he would have been my guest
A single night, and coming day
Would see the pilgrim on his way
Along his mystic journey :
Yet not as guest but settled friend
It seemed as if he meant to spend
His life with me. I asked his name,
A silence followed, and there came
An air of radiant gentleness,
A warmth of heavenly kindness,
In height, and depth, and length !
'My name is weakness sent by Love
To change the carnal to the dove,
And clothe thee with the life above
And lead thee into strength.'

Arthur S. Hoyt.

The Student Christian Movement is to be congratulated on the vitality and the variety of the work of its publications' department. It has shown the capacity for choosing a good theme and a good man to deal with it. *The Spiritual Message of Modern English Poetry*, by Mr. Arthur S. Hoyt (5s. net), a compact and clearly printed volume of three hundred pages, would have de-

lighted the heart of Dr. Hastings, who made it one of his recreations to read through the English poets from Chaucer and Spenser downwards, and who found nothing more illuminating for his spiritual message in the pulpit and in his many books of sermons than striking and appropriate poetical extracts. It is to aid the student, the teacher and the preacher, that this volume dealing with Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Clough, Henley, John Davidson, William Watson, Masefield, Drinkwater, Noyes, and others has been written. The author says it is not a venture in literary criticism, although he could not deal with so many poets, differing widely in their views of nature and of mankind, without being critical. But Mr. Hoyt's purpose is to reveal the spiritual message, and this he has succeeded in doing with a fine sympathy.

Chapter eleven brings the volume down to to-day. As is natural, most of the poems here deal with the War and its aftermath. One of the less known is by Everard Owen, and it was written by him from Eton. We quote it below :

THE THREE HILLS.

There is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm-trees grow ;
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noon-tide
And the ghosts that died in vain,—
A little hill, a hard hill
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying
To save all those who die,—
A little hill, a kind hill
To souls in jeopardy.

Chauncy Maples.

In a small volume of poems with the title *Love and Duty* (Longmans ; 3s. 6d. net), there is a Christmas Carol. As it is appropriate to the season we quote it here. It was written by Chauncy Maples, late Bishop in Central Africa. The little

book is a composite one, however, and the bulk of the poems are by Ellen Gilbert Cook (Ellen Maples) :

'Glory to God on high !'
I hear the angels sing ;
A message sweet their tongues repeat,
What is the news they bring ?

Chorus—Rejoice ! Rejoice !! Rejoice !!!
Oh ! tell it with glad voice,
Emmanuel with us doth dwell,
Let all the world rejoice.

All suddenly there shines
The glory from on high :
Their vision dazed, their tongues amazed :
There stands an angel nigh.
Rejoice ! etc.

Forthwith the bright one cries,
'Be not so sore afraid ;
The message hear ; to you I bear
Glad tidings of a King.
Rejoice ! etc.

'Messiah long foretold
In David's Royal line
Is lowly born this happy morn :
A manger crib the sign.
Rejoice ! etc.

'Tis peace on earth forthwith,
Good-will from heaven to man,
God's pity mild sends down the Child
To work Redemption's plan.'
Rejoice ! etc.

All ye who dwell afar
Come join our joyful throng,
And hail as Lord the Incarnate Word
And sing the Angel's song.
Rejoice ! etc.

Margaret M. Birkett.

A volume of sincere and pleasing religious verse has been published by Margaret M. Birkett. The title is *Purpose* (Marshall Brothers ; 6s. net). The book is in the form of a Scriptural Anthology.

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