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declare for the Western text every time, whither, at the worst, are we led?

We are led to this. All accounts of the Last Supper that are worth considering agree in saying, 'This is my body.' Let us omit the twentieth verse in Lk 22, 'Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood which is shed for you,' and all of the nineteenth verse after the word body, *i.e.* the words 'which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.' Let us remove from association with the cup all words defining its purpose. Let us, in short, take the accounts on the most meagre basis to which on any even remotely reasonable proposition we might be reduced and, with the Western Text and some of the old Latin MSS., insist on all these omissions and we still have three definite facts on which to form our conclusions.

First, we have a meal of fellowship. Second, a meal of fellowship at which Jesus on the eve of death as He knows, breaking and sharing the loaf, says, 'This is my body.' Third, such a feast associated in reference and in time with the Passover (that night or the next).

Supposing, for the sake of argument, that one admits, as I do not, that this was all, it is so much that it carries with it the rest as a matter of inevitable sequence.

How could it possibly occur otherwise than that, looking back, all the sacred sacrificial significance of the past should be gathered up and made perfect here? If Jesus wished it to be so understood, He took the most definite steps to that end. If He did not wish it, and this was merely a gathering of friends, however intimate, solemn, and beautiful the occasion, He showed a lack of insight, and a carelessness to what kind of wrong associations might gather round these last sacred hours, round this ultimate act of His earthly life, in the memory of His disciples and in the future of the Kingdom, so incompatible with all else in Jesus that—apart from the indecency we feel at associating Him with such spiritual clumsiness—they must on historical grounds be instantly rejected.

It seems safe, then, to say that in making the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper the central act of its worship and communion the Christian Church is truly interpreting the intention of our Lord.

INNES LOGAN.

Cambridge.

Entre Nous.

The Inclusive Sacrifice.

It is well that all that the late Dr. Jowett wrote should be preserved in book form. *Life in the Heights* is a volume of short studies in the Epistles, and it has been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (5s. net). We shall quote from his meditation on 'They first gave their own selves unto the Lord.'

'The healthy spiritual life is not so much a procession of sacrifices as a spirit of inclusive consecration. The queen bee has winged her flight in a certain direction and the entire swarm is in her train. I think this must be the meaning of a sentence in a letter which was found in the pocket of a French sergeant who was found dead on the battlefield of the Marne. The letter is written to his parents, and this is the sentence: "You know how I had made the sacrifice of my life before leaving." . . .

'Now this is the secret of the Christian life, to make the inclusive sacrifice. Religious life is inevitably tedious when it consists of a conscious yielding of our smaller things and a withholding of our central strength. It is one thing to surrender individual pounds; it is quite another thing to consecrate our wealth. It is one thing to build altars here and there on the road; it is quite another thing to consecrate the journey. It is one thing to be religious in spasmodic conflicts, but it is quite another thing to hallow the entire campaign. If our self is kept back from the Lord, our religion will be a procession of reluctances and irritations. Every circumstance will present a separate problem instead of being caught up in the sweep of a mighty consecration. And that is the trouble with a great many people. They try to be religious in smaller surrenders, while the great surrender has never been made. And these smaller

surrenders encounter curbs and restraints, and the soul is annoyed and discordant. The large surrender brings us into God's large place. We pass into the glorious freedom of God's children, and His statutes become our songs.'

Suggestion.

Miss Amy Carmichael has again given us in *Mimosa* (Diocesan Press, Madras; 2s. 9d.; procurable in this country from Mrs. Streeter, 41 High Street, Oxford), a vivid picture of girlhood in Southern India. It is a true story, and the author makes it living to us by her wonderful word-painting and intensity of feeling. We see Mimosa alone in that heathen village struggling with caste, and all that it involves of coercion and the cutting of family ties. How she worked out her salvation there, so beautifully and courageously, is the subject of this fascinating story. She is still working in her bigoted Hindu village, and we have not yet got the last chapter.

We take these from the book: 'There was a wizard worshipping at the waterfall that year, and he gave Mimosa's husband a magic medicine. It was a black, inky, sticky substance wrapped in a leaf. Said the wizard, "Take a third portion of this medicine once a day for three successive days with a small part of the leaf. For forty days thereafter take only food cooked in a new earthen vessel and served from the pot with a newly-made wooden ladle. On the fortieth day thy sight will be restored." And it was so. Mimosa's husband returned quite well. India is the home of suggestion and of auto-suggestion.'

Suffering.

'"Wilt Thou be indeed to me as waters that fail"? Did her heart cry that at this hour?

'"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

'She had never heard the words, knew nothing of the truth that reinforces our fainting spirits. But wonderful, wonderful are the ways of the Lord. He is here, sometimes revealed to us, sometimes hidden, but always a God at hand and not a God far off: near at that moment was the Lover of souls.

'"Have I been a wilderness unto thee?"

'Then with a warm glow of joy she knew what He had been to her all through the bitter years. "You know Him by learning," she said one day to Star, her sister, "but I know Him by suffering."'

'Your Light.'

'I suppose that you have noticed from Lew Down or any height, in the morning and in the evening, how that the sun is reflected by some window in—it may be a mansion, it may be a cottage, far away, and how that it sends a burning ray a distance of many a mile.

'During the South African war, pieces of looking-glass were employed to send messages by flashes of the sun. One wink stood for A, two for E, and so on. This was called a Heliograph. In my text to-day, Our Lord as much as bids His servants be Heliographs. Send messages about you of love, trust, and worship of God, the Everlasting Father.

'Now this is deserving of notice, that no window can send a flash of light that does not at the same time admit the light into the chamber which it is set to illumine. It sends forth the brilliant ray, *because it has received* the sunbeam into the very room in the wall of which it is set.'

This is from a small volume of sermons, kindly and simple, but full of the presence of God. They were preached by the late Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A., Rector of Lew Trenchard, in his extreme old age. The title is *My Few Last Words* (Skeffingtons; 3s. net).

A Revival.

The Dog-Watch Meetings (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d. net) is a remarkable story of a revival among the members of the crew of a tramp steamer, told by the third engineer, Alexander Stewart. From the beginning Mr. Stewart's narrative grips the interest of the reader and holds it by the realistic pictures we get of life at sea and of the sailor's life in foreign seaports as far apart as the ports of Norway and Finland are from those of Brazil, or as Burmah is from South America. The writer was converted as an apprentice engineer, but he found on going to sea that among his shipmates, from the captain to the donkeyman, religion was a subject tabooed, and that Sunday as a day of religious observance is almost unknown on board the trading ship. He writes of conditions as they were several years ago on board a well-equipped 'tramp,' but he says that during the intervening years the conditions of life among the crew on board such ships have changed little. He had at once to settle for himself, was he to read his Bible, to say his prayers, to hold by his religious convictions,

or was he to do as his comrades were accustomed to do? His conversion proved a reality, and the complete story of the religious influence gradually exercised over one man and another until almost the entire crew were won over reads like a romance of the sea in which the adventures are of a quite exceptional character.

The Duty of Thought.

'"On these things, think." "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." That is the word: Think! The Christian duty of using our intellects is one to which far too little attention has been given. And, whatever may have been the case in past ages, it is a duty peculiarly incumbent upon us in the times in which we now live. For the Christian teacher and the Christian believer are confronted by problems which they cannot shirk if the Christian view of life is to remain a real force in the affairs of men; and these problems they cannot wisely deal with without thought—thought protracted, thought consecutive, thought sometimes even distasteful. . . .

'Has it ever occurred to you that in the New Testament "the Will of God" is most commonly brought before us, not as something we are simply to submit to, but as something we are actively to do? The point of view from which most of the New Testament is written is that a Heavenly Father has a purpose for us which He can only carry out by our help. There is moral and physical evil in the world—that we have got to recognize, however it came there; and it helps us little to philosophize about it. I do not expect men will ever find in this life an explanation of evil which will entirely satisfy their hearts as well as their minds. Our more practical business is not to explain evil, but to overcome it. And it is the characteristic of the religion of Christ that it does not—like so much Oriental religion—call upon us merely to submit and bow the head before untoward outward happenings—murmuring "Kismet," or "Thy Will be done," in a spirit of unintelligent fatalism. We have got to use our reason, to discriminate, to judge which among our troubles can be in accordance with the Will of a Heavenly Father.

'Our Master said emphatically about the little children around Him—thinking, it may be, of the ruin which was about to befall the Jewish people and the horrors of war—"It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish." It is not His Will that the little children around us should suffer from any preventable evil. And what are we all but children of a larger growth?

'There is a phrase of Bishop Wilson's which Matthew Arnold was fond of quoting. Our duty, said Wilson, is "to make reason and the Will of God prevail"; that is, reason *is* the Will of God. And that brings me back to my starting-point. We have got to employ our intellects to find out the Will of God and to discover the means for its realization. "I beseech you, brethren," says Paul, writing to the Church at Rome, "that ye be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect Will of God." King James' version hardly brings out Paul's meaning: to "prove" sounds like the finding of reasons for that of which we are already informed. What is generally recognized as the best modern English version gives the exhortation thus: "Have your mind renewed, and so be . . . able to make out what the Will of God is—namely, what is good and acceptable to Him, and perfect." That which, using the best judgment we have, we find to be "good"; that which, in the words of my text, we can recognize—it may be only after much anxious thought—to be "true" and "honest" and "just" and "pure" and "lovely," that is the Will of God.'

Sermons of an Economist.

The previous paragraph is quoted from an address delivered in 1922 in Birmingham Cathedral by Sir William J. Ashley, Vice-Principal of the University of Birmingham, and Professor of Commerce in that University since 1901. He has written a number of works bearing on economic problems, and several of these are regarded as the standard work on the particular subject. From time to time Sir William Ashley has been invited to speak from the pulpit, and Messrs. Longmans have now collected seven of his sermons and two addresses, and have published them as a small volume with the title *The Christian Outlook* (4s. 6d. net). The author 'has taken the opportunity,' we are told, 'to try to put into words what he regards as the Christian attitude towards life, especially in its bearing on modern economic and social questions.' We welcome these sermons by a layman and by an economic expert. They are full of thought and throw considerable light on present industrial problems, and there is no doubt that they will stimulate the thought of others. A small volume, but one which should be bought.

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