

The principal merits of Mr. Cullen's book appear to us to be two. He has greatly strengthened the position of those who find it impossible to hold that Dt 5-11 was written after 12-26 and as an introduction to these chapters; and he has done good service in exposing the over-emphasis so often laid on the *centralizing of the worship*, as if this were practically the one important point in the book, to the neglect of the great truth of the

exclusive claims of Jahweh, as embodied in the Shêma'. Further, there are many particular points on which Mr. Cullen throws light, especially from the linguistic and exegetical points of view. Even those who cannot assent to some of his conclusions in the sphere of literary criticism, will readily pay their tribute of admiration to the patient argument and accurate scholarship of Mr. Cullen's book.

## Point and Illustration.

ONE of the strangest things in the history of Scotland is the way in which the people have persisted in believing in the Covenanters. They have read Sir Walter Scott. They have him in every home; they laugh over his Ephraim Macbriar and his Habakkuk Mucklewrath. They even read a very little of Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. J. H. Millar. But they never cease to believe in the Covenanters.

A book has been published by Mr. Melrose which the people of Scotland will enjoy. It is written by the Rev. Alexander Smellie. It is *The Men of the Covenant* (7s. 6d. net). The book is illustrated, and the people like illustrated books; we do not say that they will not at first be startled at the primitive simplicity of these illustrations, for they have forgotten how their fathers loved to make portraits of one another. But the book does not need its illustrations. It is the book of the Covenanters for the people, and the people will read it.

Take the words which open the chapter on Alexander Peden—'Puir Auld Sandy' the title of the chapter is. Or best of all take a little paragraph of description. Its interest is greater where it lies. But it will do to say that it refers to Donald Cargill and the Earl of Rothes, who were comrades at St. Andrews University, and both signed the Solemn League and Covenant. But Rothes took to profligacy and drunkenness, and he 'went out into the night,' crying for such as Cargill, his own ministers being 'good to live with but not to die with'; while the evening after, Cargill witnessed a good confession at the 'Mercat Cross':

High up in the Alps are two small lakes, which lie in such proximity that it is possible to throw a stone from one to the

other. The one is Lago Bianco, the White Loch, because its waters are light green in their colour; its neighbour is Lago Nero, or the Black Loch, for its appearance is gloomy and forbidding. But, although they are so close, they are on different inclines of the watershed. Lago Bianco sends its overflow to the Adriatic, while Lago Nero is connected with the Black Sea. We look at the one, and think about the sunshine of Italy; at the other, and are transported to the wintry Crimea. So men whose lives begin in intimate union, with the same aspirations and opportunities, pursue their sundered courses, 'breaker and builder of the eternal law'—

One to lone darkness and the frozen tide,  
One to the crystal sea.

**Probation.**—'In no part of his solemnizing and overawing book does Butler more solemnize and overawe his readers than in his chapter on probation. "The conception," says Canon Spooner, "which in these chapters Butler has elaborated, of our present life being a period of probation for a future state of existence, has probably affected English thought more than any other part of the *Analogy*." This life is not an end in itself and to itself; this life is meaningless and purposeless, it is a maze and a mystery, it is absolutely without explanation or justification to Butler unless it is the ordained entrance to another life which is to be the completion and the compensation of this life. But, then, grant that this present life is but the schoolroom and the practising-ground to another life, and what a grandeur straightway invests this life! What a holy fear, and what a holy hope, thenceforward take possession of the heart of the probationer of immortality!'

That is from Dr. Whyte's new book. Its title is *Bishop Butler, an Appreciation, with the best*

*Passages of his Writings selected and arranged* (Oliphant; 3s. 6d.). We have chosen one of the 'best passages' of Dr. Whyte. They are just as good as Butler's, and sometimes more intimate and searching.

**I love Jesus, but I hate God.**—Messrs. Nisbet have published a remarkable—remarkably attractive and remarkably provoking—autobiography under the title of *The Unselfishness of God and How I discovered it*. It is written by Mrs. Pearsall Smith. Mrs. Smith's Quaker teachers when she was a girl taught that God was terror, not that God was love, and she gives this story of a young companion's experience:

A friend of mine told me that her childhood was passed in a perfect terror of God. Her idea of Him was that He was a cruel giant with an awful 'Eye' which could see everything, and that was always spying upon her. She said she would creep into bed at night with the dreadful feeling that even in the dark the 'Eye of God' was upon her, and would lie with the bed covers over her head, saying to herself in an agonized whisper, 'What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? Even my mother cannot save me from God!'

One night her mother heard the poor little despairing cry, and sitting down beside the bed, told her that God was not a dreadful tyrant to be afraid of, but was just like Jesus. My friend said she had always loved the stories about Jesus, and when she heard that God was like Him, it took away her fear of God forever. And when she went to bed that night she fairly laughed out loud at the thought that such a dear kind Eye was watching over her.

This little child had got a sight of God 'in the face of Jesus Christ,' and it brought rest to her soul.

Mrs. Pearsall Smith learned by and by that God did *not* do everything for His own glory, but for our good; and then she went on to rest on God's will in a way that compels us to say that her book is not only an attractive but a provoking and perverse book. For example she says:

The first time I had a practical insight into this blessedness of the will of God was three days after the birth of a darling little baby girl. My nurse had been suddenly taken ill, and we had been forced to get in a strange nurse, whose looks I did not like much. It was winter time, and, on the first evening of her arrival, the nurse, after settling me in for the night, sat down close to the fire, taking my darling baby on her knees. Pretty soon she fell sound asleep, and I was awakened by her snores to see the baby lying perilously near the fire on her slanting lap, while her head nodded over it in what seemed like a drunken slumber. I tried to waken her, but in vain. I could make no one hear, and I knew that to get out of bed might seriously injure me. My anxiety was so overpowering that I sat up in bed and was trying to rise, when these words flashed into my mind: 'I

run no risks, for come what will Thou always hast Thy way.' And with it came a conviction that my baby could not run any risks, for she was safe in God's care. With a sense of infinite peace my head fell back on my pillow, and my soul sank back on the sweet will of God.

**An Affair of Honour.**—The Rev. John Kelman, M.A., of Edinburgh, whose *Stevenson* has given him name and fame of late, has just published a thin volume (through Messrs. Oliphant; 1s. net) of eight short chapters, to which he has given the uncommittal title of *Honour towards God*.

'Put in one sentence, the subject of the book is God's trust in man. To some this may seem a reversal of the true order. Is not man's trust in God the right way to put it? No; it is God's trust in man that is intended here.' That is one sentence. We shall give more. 'In these and many other instances we see life regarded as an affair of honour, in which all privilege is an opportunity not for indulgence but for service.' Again: 'That is to say, that God has made history by trusting men, and history is but the record of His trust.' And last: 'A work had to be done, a truth to be thought out, a message to be delivered. And the noblest Christian men and women of each age and community have thus understood their life and times. The work they had to do, the battles which they fought, the truths which they proclaimed—each of these came to them as a matter for which God relied on them.'

The Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.T., has gathered a thick volume of *Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber* (Washbourne; 5s.). They are mostly rather long for quotation, and yet there is no other way. Here is a short and good one:

**The Magnet of Souls.**—The Blessed Sacrament is the magnet of souls. There is a mutual attraction between Jesus and the souls of men. Mary drew Him down from heaven. Our nature attracted Him rather than the nature of angels. Our misery caused him to stoop to our lowness. Even our sins had a sort of attraction for the abundance of His mercy and the predilection of His grace. Our repentance wins Him to us. Our love makes earth a paradise to Him, and our souls lure Him, as gold lures the miser, with irresistible fascination. This is the attraction on our side. On the other hand, He draws us to Himself by grace, by example, by power, by lovingness, by beauty, by pardon, and above all by the Blessed Sacrament. Everyone who has had anything to do with ministering to souls has seen the power which Jesus has. Talent is not needed. Eloquence

is comparatively unattractive. Learning is often beside the mark. Controversy for the most part repels. But the simple preaching of Jesus Christ and Him crucified will collect a congregation, fill a church, crowd the confessionals, furnish the altar-rail, and solemnize a feast when nothing else will do so. There is not a power on earth to be compared to the simple and unadorned preaching of the gospel.

*Studies in the Art of Illustration*, by Amos R. Wells (Revell; 3s. 6d. net), promises well, but it drops far behind its promise. Mr. Wells is too wordy. Did he set out to make a great book with the material of a very small one? Still, there are ideas. Here are two illustrations—much condensed in the wording. Is the second one true?

**A Christian in Uniform.**—Do you remember when Colonel Waring put the New York force of street-cleaners in white uniforms? It is now recognized by all that the efficiency of those workers was vastly increased by this step. The whiteness of their suits was a reminder of their beautiful errand of cleanliness. It was also an emblem to them of the great organization which they must not disgrace. The uniform stood also for authority. Uniforms have worked

wonders for railway conductors, policemen, volunteers, the Salvation Army, hospital nurses, and students. I wonder if you see what I am driving at. It is this: Join the Church: become a Christian in uniform.

**He that doeth the Will.**—Ask some one to shut his eyes. Take a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, open them so that the tips are about a third of an inch apart, and touch your friend's forehead with them, asking him whether both tips are touching him or only one. He will say, 'Only one.' Keeping the scissors the same, touch the lips or the chin. Now your friend will say, 'Two.' If you experiment on the middle of the back, you will find that you must hold the tips of the scissors two and a half inches apart, if you want to feel them as more than one; the forefingers, on the other hand, tell them apart when only separated one-twelfth of an inch, and the delicate tongue when one-twenty-fourth of an inch is between them. Surely, when I ask you how you feel, you might with propriety respond, 'What part of me?'

What is the cause of this great difference in sensitiveness? Practice, and nothing else. The easiest and surest way to grow hardened to any duty is simply to leave it alone! And if you want to grow skilful in a virtue, practise it. By and by your spiritual touch will become more delicate, and yours will be the execution of a master.

## The Old Testament in Teaching and Preaching.

AS AFFECTED BY THE MORE ASSURED RESULTS OF RESEARCH.

BY THE RIGHT REV. HERBERT EDWARD RYLE, D.D., BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

IN this title distinction is rightly drawn between the work of the teacher and the work of the preacher. Often happily, sometimes unhappily, blended, their special functions are not absolutely identical. The teacher can spoil his work by preaching; the preacher improve his by teaching.

On the present occasion we leave on one side disputable problems. We assume that certain results of research in Old Testament study have been unquestionably attained. What is to be their effect upon the duties of preacher and teacher? I will take the preacher first.

The assured results are of a literary and historical character. They are not subjects which the preacher ordinarily, or even necessarily, handles. The sermon is not a literary lecture. Undoubtedly the preacher must be—is called to be—above all things a student of the Word of God; and by all means let him be intensely interested in its literary aspects; yes, let him become fascinated by archaeological inquiry, by Assyrian and Egyptian re-

searches, by literary criticism. It will all help, when studied in due proportion, to widen the human interest and to cultivate the intellectual powers. But the pulpit is not the lecturer's desk. The preacher is set apart to preach the Word of God; and, though all truth is comprehended in that phrase, he is primarily the preacher of a spiritual message. He declares the gospel of Jesus Christ. His first duty is concerned with the words of Eternal Life.

Nevertheless, his sermon on the Old Testament ought to be based on sound interpretation. The scholarly knowledge of the text is an indispensable aid for any departure from the beaten path of homiletic discourse. The scientific *data* of his exegesis are out of place in the sermon itself. They should remain below the surface—a solid sub-structure—not obtruded upon the view. Literary explanations or historical prefaces, attempted for the purpose of illuminating the situation represented in the text or of deepening the human