

'Shall I lift up mine eyes to the hills? Whence cometh my help?' It is unfortunate that the Revisers have taken only one step here for improving the translation; another step would have brought them to the proper standing-ground.

The first two verses might be paraphrased thus:

Should I lift up mine eyes to the mountains [as a strong defence]?

[No! I look far higher]

Whence cometh my help? [Not from anything on earth.]

My help cometh from the Lord, who *made* heaven and earth.

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Σκάνδαλον.

MAY I ask a further question in connexion with the interpretation of this word (see Professor Moulton's article in the April number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES)? Whence does Peter Lom-

bard get his strange metaphor in speaking of the Atonement: Tetendit ei quasi muscipulam crucem suam; posuit ibi quasi escam sanguinem suam (*Sent.* iii. 19)? It is customary to regard this merely as a variant of the metaphors used by earlier writers from Gregory of Nyssa downwards, who speak of the Cross as a hook baited with Christ's humanity (Greg. Nyss., *Or. Cat.* 24; Rufinus, *Comm. in Symb. Ap.* c. 16; Greg., *Mor.* xxxii. 7), or as a noose for a bird (Greg., *Mor.* xxxiii. 15; Isidor. Hispal., *Sent.* i. 14). But these metaphors are based directly on the Book of Job (41¹ 40²⁴). Is there any precedent in any version of Job for calling the Cross a 'mouse-trap'? Or are the Lombard's words due to some tradition of the true meaning of σκάνδαλον in 1 Co 1²³, as shown by the meaning given to σκανδάληθρον by Pollux and the scholiasts. It is not at all in his manner to invent new metaphors which have no sanction in the writings of his predecessors.

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Entre Nous.

The Humour of a Bishop.

The Right Rev. George Forrest Browne, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., resigned the See of Bristol in his eightieth year. He is now eighty-two, and he has written his autobiography. *The Recollections of a Bishop* is the title of the book (Smith, Elder & Co.; 10s. 6d. net).

He begins: 'My earliest clear recollection of a public event is the Coronation of Queen Victoria. Wagons were drawn through the streets of York, with hand printing-presses in them perpetually striking off little papers with "God bless our young Queen." Men stood in the wagons with long wands in their hands. They put the little papers into the split end of the wand and handed them up to the nursery windows of the houses. The same was done on the day of the Queen's wedding.'

How has he lived so long, and at such an age how does he write so vigorously? 'Some seven years ago,' he says, 'the editor of one of the daily newspapers wrote to ask me for my rule of life, as he had heard that I had reached an advanced age and was still vigorous. I replied that my rule was threefold:

1. To have had healthy parents.
2. To have been brought up in the country.
3. When things look black at night,
Turn on the electric light.'

He adds, 'I once worked the rule out in its fullness with the late Bishop of Oxford, Francis Paget. Towards the end of his life he told me that he was constantly quoting my rule in giving advice in individual cases of grave anxiety in his diocese.'

Westcott once said to Browne, 'If I had gone to Oxford, I should have been *intolerable*.' If Browne had gone, Oxford would have been intolerable to him. Yet he just missed it. He got a scholarship at Catharine Hall ('as I prefer still to call it'), Cambridge. 'There was a much greater prize open to us at Queen's College, Oxford, but the opportunity only came once in five years, and in 1853, when the next turn came, I should be a year too old. These "Lady Betty Hastings" Exhibitions of £100 a year for five years, five in number, were open to some thirteen north country grammar schools, and the York school always in my experience got one of the five. By Lady Betty's will the examiners were to select seven of the candidates as worthy of scholarships, and "in order that Providence might have a share in the award," the examiners were to draw lots to determine which five of the selected seven should have the five scholarships. Later on I asked one of the examiners, the incumbent of the parish in which Lady Betty's interesting house was and still is, how far they obeyed this quaint instruction. He told me that usually there were not more than five candidates worthy of scholarships, and so there was no drawing of lots; but on the latest occasion there had been seven, and as a matter of fact they did honestly draw lots for the five.'

He did not work, and he did not do well in the examinations. For 'in the present system of examination for open scholarships, it is more preparation than brain that tells.' 'When his sons pursued the same idle course at school and college, while fairly strenuous in other respects, and he spoke brotherly words of wisdom to them, one of them would reply, "It's answered pretty well in your case, father"; as, I feel bound to say, it has in their case, when the practical work of life was faced. Personal and family experience distinctly points to there being an eventual advantage in a healthy idleness of brain when a young man's bodily system is maturing. A wider than personal and family experience points as distinctly to hard-working and highly successful young men who are tired men at thirty-five.'

But he learned to work. He went to Glenalmond to teach Mathematics and Classics. 'The second year at Glenalmond was the turning point of my life. I was asked to stay at Pitfour, in the Carse of Gowrie, some six miles from Perth. There were three very agreeable young ladies, one of whom

eventually became my wife. They were very keen about reading and knowledge, and they had stored up questions to ask me—historical, literary, philological. I had been hopelessly idle, as far as useful reading was concerned, and I was hopelessly ignorant. That three days switched me off onto a new line. Work in all the directions mentioned became a passion. Throughout the fifty-seven years that have followed, work has been the main pleasure of life.'

He enjoyed the seclusion of Glenalmond. But it did not last. 'In course of time our romantic isolation was invaded. A railway was made from Perth to Methven, only four miles away from our privacy. The dwellers in our parts did not believe in new-fangled things; they had a deep distrust of the railway and its unreliableness. One of them had to be in Perth early in the day, and was advised to try the new method of getting there. "Na! I'll no hinder wi' the train; I'll just take a stick and traivel."

He learned to fish and became an expert fisher and fishing-story teller. 'Just two of the stories, each of them shewing a minister and a boy, as is not unusual in lay stories in Scotland. A minister found a boy crying on the Sabbath, and asked what was the matter. Father wouldn't let him go fishing the day. The minister was greatly pleased that his father was teaching the boy to keep the Sabbath, and told him so. "Eh! Meenister! Feyther said there wasna wurrums enough for the twa on us!" Or again, a boy with a string of nice trout on a Sunday morning met his minister, and received a severe rebuke on the wickedness of casting a fly for trout on a Sunday. Had he no better to do than that! A righteous judgment might fall upon him. "Eh! Meenister! the jeedgment's falln upo' thae. What had they to do snappin' at flees on a Sawbath?"'

Browne returned to Cambridge in 1863. 'On my return I found Leslie Stephen, a year my senior in age, still in residence, and I used to meet him in the rooms of an old friend of my own year, a cousin of his, G. B. Atkinson. He had at that time a sort of mania for dried figs, as I had had some time before. We understood the sycomania which drove the Normans to Apulia and Naples and Sicily, and we had unpopular views as to the value of a sycophant. Stephen carried a box of figs about with him in visiting friends' rooms, and sat on tables swinging his leg and eating them.'

Most of his life was spent in Cambridge, for he remained there until one day he found by the newspapers that Lord Salisbury had made him a Canon of St. Paul's. He is Cambridge, at its best and at its worst. At its worst the day he attended an Alpine Club dinner and proposed the toast of the visitors. Lord Russell of Killowen was the principal guest of the evening. Browne cut jokes, quoted scraps of Latin, made boisterous literary allusions, and sat down. He tells the sequel. 'To our dismay, Lord Russell rose in wrath, growled out something about not understanding these studied impromptu jokes (I remember that at least the Dove in the Eagle's Nest was not studied), sat down, and almost immediately rose and walked out.'

Browne attended many meetings, presided at many dinners, told (and now repeats) many stories. He was at the meeting of the British Association in Dundee. 'A topical joke was one of the chief successes of the Dundee meeting. A member of the Keiller firm was giving statistics of the manufacture of Dundee marmalade, in the evening of the day on which the famous works had been visited. By some slip of the tongue, or misreading of his notes, he described the various elements and their proportions something as follows. "For a hundred tons of marmalade, we take thirty tons of oranges, thirty tons of water, and ten tons of sugar." A Scot who had exercised the art of mental arithmetic, and had an inquiring mind, called out, "Whaur's the lave?"—meaning how is the remaining thirty tons made up? A shrill voice at the far end of the hall made the speech of the meeting—"Neeps!" Now "neeps" is Caledonian for turnips.'

As proctor he reckons himself to have been, and probably was, a very great success. But 'one example of *good luck* may be given among proctorial experiences, partly because it went the round of newspapers at the time of the resignation of my bishopric. Information came to me one evening that a conjuror was being wrecked in the Town Hall; could I go and deal with the matter? the police thought it was rather pressing. The hall was pretty well filled with undergraduates. There were no seats; that in itself was evidently dangerous, by reason of the mobility of the force of men. The conjuror, as far as I could see in making my way through the men to the platform, fairly deserved a certain amount of what he was getting. (Appra-

tus and performer were alike poor. While I was speaking to him, some one let off a large cracker about two-thirds of the way down the room. It was a very long and loud cracker; it seemed as if its explosions got louder and louder and never meant to stop. I had no doubt that the culprit was quite horrified with the noise the thing made. Of course the proctor must do something; but what to do? The advice given to Baron Huddleston as a young man with no case on his first brief—to jump in and splash about and something would happen—clearly applied. The proctor slowly and laboriously made his way through the crowd towards the place where the smoke was disappearing. Every one was watching him make a fool of himself by attempting the impossible, and for the time the poor conjuror was quite forgotten. But the proctor happened to notice one pair of eyes fixed on the conjuror, and that was conclusive. He moved slightly in the direction of the man, and the man moved a little from his position. A sort of game of chess took place, pawn moving one square, opposition pawn also moving one, till at last they met at the side of the room. "Name and college?"—So-and-so.—"Will you call on Mr. Austen Leigh at ten o'clock to-morrow?" A few feints passed, and the episode was for the present ended. A note went to King's that night, telling Austen Leigh that Mr. So-and-so would call at his rooms at ten the next morning. If he owned up to letting off a cracker in the Town Hall, the proctor's compliments and he was satisfied. If he didn't own up, he must be sent to the proctor. He called on the tutor, with an apology for troubling him; he did not know why the proctor had sent him.—"Had he done anything?"—"Yes, he had let off a cracker in the Town Hall; but it was certain that the proctor couldn't know who had let it off."—"I will read to you the proctor's letter to me."

He took much interest in politics—on the Conservative side. But there are degrees of conservatism. 'Brother Brett! Brother Brett! Why, he's such an old Tory he can't abide the new moon till it's a fortnight old.' Dr. Browne was not such an old Tory. But he went to the Derby, and he went in his clerical dress. 'A friend in the train introduced me to his brother-in-law, a very lay-looking man, going to the Derby for the first time like myself. He said to me, "I see you go in your clerical dress. I am an incumbent in Cornwall, but I thought it better to come in lay dress." "Oh, but

you might meet some one you know from your parts, and then you *would* feel ashamed!" "That is very unlikely, considering that I live in Cornwall." Arrived at Epsom, my lay-dressed friend in getting out of the carriage stumbled against a broad back, which turned round to remonstrate, but with a startled look touched its hat. His village grocer!

There is a very amusing account of a railway journey with Westcott. Bishop Lightfoot had died. Westcott, as a dear friend, was going to the funeral at Durham, Browne was sent to represent Cambridge University. They met at the station. Westcott 'said he supposed we should not be going together, as he travelled third class. "I never do that unless I am forced to it," was my rejoinder. "But tell me," he said, with an air of such deep and serious earnestness that I repented me of my flippancy before it was perpetrated, "what conditions can force a man like you to travel third class contrary to your desire?" "The absence of a fourth class," I had to say, rather shamefacedly. It was, I saw, a blow to him, but he forgave me and began to speak of details of travel. I explained to him my own principles. If you sit with your back to the engine, don't sit opposite to a fat person, or opposite a heavy package in the rack above. If possible have the place opposite to you empty. If that cannot be, sit opposite a thin person. I was, of course, required to give substantial reasons for this. I suggested the consideration of what would happen if the train pulled up suddenly when going at some speed. That was found to be satisfactory. On the other hand, if you must sit with your face to the engine, choose the fattest person for your *vis-à-vis*. The previous consideration suggested the reason for this. He followed it, but was prepared to question its morality. We got into the carriage and I seated myself back to the engine, opposite the one empty seat. At the last moment a thin little woman came in, and exclaimed, "I can't ride with my face to the engine." I got up and offered my seat. She wouldn't deprive me of it. I assured her that it didn't matter to me where I sat, and she took my seat. At Darlington all the people went out and we two were left alone. As soon as we started again, Dr. Westcott leaned forward, pressed his hand on my knee, and said with tremendous impressiveness, "You must explain your assurance that it does not matter to you where you sit, or I can never think well of you again." I explained

that the precautions which I had described to him were my normal rules of procedure. They might be described as at least bordering on selfishness. Remembering, as he evidently did, the picture of my being forcibly projected into the material of a fat person, he silently assented to the possibility of that description being approximately just. But when I saw a woman in serious distress, these precautions sank into a position of the merest trifles, and so long as I could relieve the poor woman's distress, it was not relatively but absolutely true that I didn't care where I sat. Besides, she was very thin, so it was an honest sacrifice. He thanked me as though I had conferred a great favour upon him, as indeed I believe I had. We had a peaceful journey from that time, as I took great care not to give openings for further searchings of heart and morals.'

There is plenty more. But we must have done. This, however, for the preacher. 'I had told the principal candidate on the Conservative side that he would not get in, for he would begin each sentence of his speeches facing towards the right-hand corner of the audience, and finish it facing the left-hand corner, so that no one heard the whole sentence.' And this: 'Two very simple pieces of advice as to sermons and speeches have been given with increasing confidence as experience has increasingly shewn their importance. For an extempore sermon, or a speech, have five or six branches, so far connected with each other that they can be arranged to flow on in a natural sequence, or at least with a certain amount of link between each and its predecessor. Gradually reduce the substance of each branch till it comes to be expressed in one key word. Write out these five key words in logical order, one below another, on a piece of white notepaper, in black ink, with a juicy pen. Immediately before proceeding to the church or the public building, destroy the paper. It will be clear before your eyes all the time you are speaking, and your orderly transit from one point to the next will be assured. Talk on each point for three minutes. Be quite clear as to the actual words in which you are to come to an emphatic finish. This last is imperative, if you are to shew mercy to your congregation or audience. To hear a speaker fooling about at what ought to be the close of his speech, evidently trying for something with a fillip in it, is enough to spoil any speech. Of course a practised speaker

is sure to pick up something from the tone of the audience to give a relish to his closing words. If he lets his audience see that they have provided him with it, happy is he, and happy are they. I have often had to tell the people in the Colston Hall that they, not I, have made the speech.

'The other little bit of advice refers to a written sermon. When it is finished, go over it in a spirit actively hostile to long words. Replace them by shorter words. Then go over it in a spirit actively hostile to long sentences. Be particularly careful about the word "and." Wherever you can, replace it by a full stop and give the next word a capital letter. When you are delivering the sermon, see that you make the full stops really full stops, and when your words are short, give to each as much time as you would have given to the long word which it has replaced.'

Just one pretty little story to end with. 'One of the Cambridge tailors had asked me if he might make and provide at his own cost the red gown for Prince Eddie's Doctor's Degree. He would hang it in his shop when it was finished with, and it would be a treasured possession. The Vice-Chancellor agreed. When the carriages came to carry off the royal party, the Prince was still wearing his red gown; he went to the station in it; entered the royal saloon carriage in it; and went off to London in it.'

A Lad who Laughed.

This is the title of one of the incidents which befall the Rev. Walter E. Brestow, M.A., in his labours among working lads in Leicester. He tells his stories in a book called *The Lad at the Cross-Roads* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net).

'I remember meeting one day a very rough, ragged-looking lad of about fourteen years or so. I think he must have very often played "truant" from school, judging by his general conduct; he did not seem to have had much training, and was very ignorant, yet for all that, a bright, sharp boy.

'I met him in the street; it was after church on a summer Sunday evening. There he was, slouching against the wall, all in his grime and rags, laughing the while and whistling a tune, with his hand behind his back as he balanced himself on one leg.

'That lad's happy, cheerful face somehow made me speak to him.

'I stepped across the road and said, "Do you

go to Sunday school?" But without answering or altering his position he went on whistling while he merely shook his head!

"Do you ever go to church?" I asked. Again he shook his head.

"Do you ever say your prayers?" To which question he just turned his back and walked up the court, and I heard his echoing laughter die away as he closed the door of the tenement.

'Not one single word—only a laugh!

'I stood staring, looking up the empty yard which was all bathed in the red light of the setting sun. Even into that desolate place there had stolen a Sabbath's silence.

'Quietness reigned—the court was empty, the children were in the adjacent open space.

"This is how we lose our boys," I muttered, as I retraced my steps.'

Good Cheer.

Messrs. Simpkin are the publishers of an attractive anthology of poetry and prose entitled *Be of Good Cheer* (1s. net). It contains two parts, one called 'Thoughts on Life's Byeways,' the other 'Treasure Trove.' Take this:

OLD CHIMNEY-PIECE MOTTO.

When ye sit by the fire yourselves to warm,
Take care that your tongues do your neighbours
no harm.

Intercession.

In a volume of War Sermons, entitled *The Cup and the Sacrifice* (Simpkin; 2s. 6d. net), the Rev. E. L. A. Hertslet, M.A., Vicar of Ramsgate, has shown how impossible it is to doubt the efficacy in the physical realm of intercessory prayer. For his part he has no doubt that many of the escapes of our men are due to the prayer of those at home. 'The shell' (these are his words) 'that bursts at the feet of a man and destroys nothing but his pipe; the bullet that ricochets for no apparent reason in the other direction; the hand grenade that falls a few feet wide; the shrapnel bullet which lodges in a cap—how many of those close escapes are due to prayers at home, only God and the angels know.'

Ecclesiastical Folklore.

A Study of 'Origins and Survivals in Church Ceremonies and Secular Customs' has been made

by Ethel L. Urlin. She has published the results of it in a beautifully bound and charmingly illustrated book with the title of *Festivals, Holy Days, and Saints' Days* (Simpkin; 3s. 6d. net). Here is what she tells us about the

BURNING OF THE CLAVIE.

A singular Scotch ceremony, called the 'burning of the Clavie,' was and may be still used at Hogmanay, the New Year. The seamen and coopers turn an ancient tar-barrel into a sort of wheel. A herring-cask is united to this, being broken up into staves first. A piece of burning peat is put into the machine. The Clavie-bearer takes the burning wheel on his shoulders, and it was formerly taken to every vessel in dock, and a few grains thrown into each to ensure luck. If he stumbles it is considered a great calamity. Another takes charge of the Clavie at a place where two streets meet and makes a circuit of the town. It is borne to a small hill where a kind of altar is erected called the Doorie; then, when one mass of flame, it is lifted down and thrown rolling down hill. People round snatch at the embers and preserve them for the coming year. This takes place at Burghead on the Moray Firth, and is unique.

A favourite ceremony, widely spread in Germany, is driving a wheel, wrapped round with straw and then ignited, down to the river Moselle, or some other water, at the period of the winter and summer solstices, to cause fruitfulness for the year.

Lanoe Falconer.

Lanoe Falconer is the pen name of Mary Elizabeth Hawker, who wrote 'Mademoiselle Ixe' and other stories. Under the name of *Lanoe Falconer* her biography has been written by Miss Evelyn March-Phillipps (Nisbet; 6s. net). It is one of the surprises of biography. Out of a less likely subject a more successful book has rarely been written.

The events of Miss Hawker's life are of no importance to anybody; the thing that tells, is the development of a character tender and tolerant out of a difficult temperament, much given to sarcastic criticism. Even in her most famous book, *Canon Ainger* detected 'a certain tone which to me at least leaves a certain bad taste

in the mouth.' The development was due to a genuine sympathy, especially for the poor in this world's good, which always was hers (and made her a keen radical in politics), and to the discipline of ill-health. She suffered and was strong.

Her gift of creative imagination was fed by her sympathy. 'Her sympathy with the poor villagers was deep and untiring, and while keenly alive to the humorous side of their outlook on life, she was no less conscious of their pathetic endurance and the resignation bred in them by generations of penury and subservience. She is still remembered and spoken of with respect and affection by those who were young men and women when she used to visit the old and sick, and she has left many notes of their quaint sayings and of their accounts of former days when life had been even harder for them:

'THE OLD DOCTOR: There warn't no foolishness about 'im. "Aye," 'e'd zay to anyone with a bad throat, "'e wants a fuzzy-brush drawed up and down 'is throat," and if 'e'er a one was ill and you come to ask where 'e'd die or no, "What's that to you?" 'e'd zay. "'E'll die when 'is time comes." And if he come when you was at dinner, 'e'd look to zee what anyone 'ad. "Odd rot it!" 'e'd zay. "You've got new paize" (peas), "afore I 'ave."

'Now Master 'Enery, 'e ain't got that way wi' 'im. What 'e 'ave to zay, 'e'll zay and no more. Oh Master 'Enery was brought up very different from the old gentleman.'

There are other sketches like this of the Old Doctor, and there are many just and searching thoughts, quoted from Miss Hawker's diary. 'I had a glimpse to-day of what the Presence of God is: an actual, a physical neighbourhood, not the least the shadowy, ghost-like existence of our common conception!

'Shall I ever be able to eat and live like other people? Yes, instantly that for them or for me it is best that I should so live with them.'

But nothing which she did or said touches us as her own brave struggle with disappointment and suffering.

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