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make their translation less anthropomorphic than the Hebrew original from which they were translating and therefore altered the expression לֶחֶם or לֶחֶם אֱלֹהִים with references to sacrifices. He says that Lv 3^{11} is rendered in the LXX ὀσμὴ εὐωδίας, but he omits reference to the use of the word καρπωμα here and in v.[16] which clearly stands for לֶחֶם taken in a general way as meaning food, which is its primary meaning, though specially used of bread. לֶחֶם is used with the identical meaning of καρπωμα in Jer 11^{19}, 'the tree with its *fruit*.'

Moreover, it hardly seems likely on the face of it that God should be thought as partaking of this fat as food seeing it was completely burned on the altar; at least, if they did so regard it, they must have had a very clear idea of the immaterial nature of the Deity, since the food by burning is entirely lost in the estimation of an unscientific observer.

In the second illustration which he gives the so-called difficulty is removed by reference to the context, which shows the words are supposed to be addressed to the descendants of those actually present at the time; consequently the words 'their ancestors' refers to the men Moses is said to be actually addressing.

The writer of the article says that there was no Covenant between Yahweh and His people at the time they left Egypt. The phrase may not occur, but the principle of a covenant is surely implied in all that happened and especially in the institution of the Passover. If this is still disputed yet speaking in Lv 26^{45} in imagination to a future age, the perspective caused by distance would make it quite feasible to refer to the Covenant given on Sinai as having been given to the Israelites as they came out of Egypt, especially as they were still on the outward journey towards the Promised Land at the time.

It is all so simple when taken simply that we sometimes wonder whether the disease is not made to suit the medicine rather than the medicine sought for which will heal an obvious disease.

HERBERT CROSSLAND.

Chippenham, Wilts.

Entre Nous.

FOR THE MINISTRY.

Attractiveness.

IT is one of the misfortunes of books on preaching that they are unattractive. It is another that they warn the preacher against striving after attractiveness. For it is part of the preacher's business to be attractive. He also has to draw all men unto him. And it is an essential part of his business to make the service of God attractive.

Let us consider. And let us consider the preacher himself first.

The Person.

1. 'Some believers,' says McCheyne, 'are a garden that has fruit trees, and so are useful; but we also ought to have spices, and so be attractive.'

So all believers, and so above all the gospel messengers. Says Bishop Davies of Western Massachusetts, in one of the best of the homiletical books, *Priestly Potentialities*: 'We must not undervalue the power of personal attractiveness, for it is an inestimable quality for a fisher of men, a priceless qualification for a winner of souls. Indeed, it is the first thing to attract men. By it I do not mean,' says Bishop Davies, 'the mere possession of a cordial and kindly manner and a pleasant way of speaking, valuable as these are; but a something, not in the feature but in the expression, not in the words but in the tones of the voice, that has the mysterious power to attract. People felt it strongly about the late Bishop Collins of Gibraltar. They were struck by his wonderful face, "with its mingled look of exaltation and utter submission," and felt "that nameless thrill which some organ stops give," that dwelt in his voice. In that most touching little book, *Especially William, Bishop of Gibraltar, and Mary, his Wife*, it is related how Bishop Collins went to the Spanish Cathedral, to the funeral of a Jesuit Priest, and how, when he came out, the people pressed about him to kiss his hand: and when he demurred that he was the "English

Catholicus," their only answer was, "We know who you are!"'

(1) 'Not in the feature,' says the Bishop of Western Massachusetts, 'but in the expression.' Dr. John Brown, the author of *Rab and his Friends*, uses almost identical words of Dr. Chalmers: 'With all his homeliness of feature and deportment, and his perfect simplicity of expression, there was about him "that divinity that doth hedge a king." You felt a power, in him, and going from him, drawing you to him in spite of yourself. He was in this respect a *solar* man, he drew after him his own firmament of planets.'

(2) 'Not in the words, but in the tones of the voice.' Dr. Smellie tells us that when death called Murray McCheyne away, a note was opened which the post had brought to the door during his illness. It was written by one who was a total stranger, to thank him for the hour of worship at Broughty Ferry. 'I heard you preach last Sabbath evening, and it pleased God to bless that sermon to my soul. It was not so much what you said, as your manner of speaking, that struck me. I saw in you a beauty of holiness that I never saw before.'

2. But it is sheer goodness that is the great attraction. Not always. Goodness attracts and repels. Our Lord attracted and repelled. His 'fan was in his hand.' His teachings sifted His audiences. After some of His sayings 'many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him.' The people were charmed and fascinated by His *humanness*, especially as it stood contrasted with the pedantry of the Scribes and the self-righteousness of the Pharisees. But His spirituality repelled them. They were 'out of touch' with that. But *in the long run* our spiritual influence as ministers will be powerful and lasting in proportion as we enter into fellowship with 'the mind of Christ,' and cultivate His spirit of unselfishness and unworldliness.

One thing is certain. If goodness is to be attractive it must be unconscious of itself. There is an excellent illustration in Browning's 'Easter Day.' It describes the experiences of a Christian martyr. His testimony has been written for him after his death by a friend. There is a noteworthy absence in the account, just as there is in the Bible, of anything like hero-worship, of any sense of a man's having done anything out of the ordinary, anything meritorious. What the man did is, in his own eyes, hardly worth thinking about, and now that it is over he has forgotten all about it.

> I was born sickly, poor, and mean,
> A slave: no misery could screen
> The holders of the pearl of price
> From Cæsar's envy: therefore twice
> I fought with beasts, and three times saw
> My children suffer by his law;
> At last my own release was earned:
> I was some time in being burned,
> But at the close a Hand came through
> The fire above my head, and drew
> My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
> Sergius, a brother, writes for me
> This testimony on the wall—
> For me, I have forgot it all.

The Service.

What makes Public Worship attractive? Let us hear three different men on it—very different. Dr. Frank Ballard says: 'If public worship is to be made in the best sense attractive for the men and women of our time, other elements besides the preaching will have to be seriously reformed. Forty years of constant observation, sympathetic as well as thorough, compel one to plead for more reality in the general conduct of religious services. Not only must there be no childish sermons, but also no stupidly sanctimonious hymns; no lessons read with mechanical meaninglessness; no wearying substitution of quantity for quality in prayer—quality consisting in the hushed recognition of the nearness of God as awful as tender; no ring of listless if not talkative professionals in the choir seats; no conflict for the best back sittings; no chilly welcome for strangers.'

The Bishop of Durham demands *considerateness*, first and last. 'I mean,' says Dr. Moule, 'the simple motive of a loyal and faithful considerateness for others, as we are on the one hand Christian men and English gentlemen, and on the other hand servants, not masters, of the Church and parish. Possibly this aspect of the Pastor's public and official ministry may not have presented itself distinctively as yet to my younger Brother; but it cannot be recognized and acted upon too early. Some things in our clerical position and functions tend in their own nature to make us forget it, if we are not definitely awake to it beforehand. In some respects the Clergyman, even the youngest Curate, has dangerous opportunities for *in*considerate public action. Take the manage-

ment of Divine Service in illustration. In his manner of reading, his tone, his pace, the Clergyman may allow himself, only too easily, to think of himself alone. In the reading-desk, or at the Table of the Lord, he may consult only his own likes and dislikes in attitude, gesture, and air. But if so, he is greatly failing in the homely duty of loyal considerateness. What will be most for the happiness and edification of the congregation? What will least disturb and most assist true devotion? How shall the Minister best secure that the worshippers shall remember the Master and not be uncomfortably conscious of the servant? The answers to such questions will of course vary considerably under varying conditions; but it is *the principle* of the questions which I press home. Our office, and the common consent and usage of the Christian people, give us a position of independence in such matters which has its advantages, but also its very great risks; and it is for us accordingly to handle that independence with the utmost possible *considerateness*.'

Liddon finds the secret of attractiveness in public worship in the feeling communicated to the worshipper that behind the preacher or priest there is *a reserve of spiritual power*. He is explaining Christ's saying that John the Baptist was more than a prophet. He says what attracted the people to John was the feeling which is always inspired by the great religious character, of whose consistency we are well assured, but which we only half understand. It lives and moves before us, evidently in constant communion with God, while shrouding from the public eye much which our curiosity would fain explore. Of this reserve of spiritual power in St. John, his hermit life in the desert, his wild food, his dress of camel's hair, were aptly suggestive; they showed that this side of existence was repressed for the sake of the other, and that to John the other was incomparably the vaster and more real. Without analysing their feelings, these multitudes felt that in coming near to John the Baptist they were like travellers who stand at the base of a mountain which buries its summit in the clouds: they knew that a man of no common mould was there, and that he was worth understanding, if he could only be understood. This reserve is inevitable in the case of every great servant of God, and it goes to account for his attractive force. We too, moral pigmies as we are, long to catch a glimpse of that greater world in which God's spiritual aristocracy lives and works; we listen for the distant echo of its secrets; we are irresistibly drawn to claim such fellowship with it as we can, if only because it touches a chord in our souls which reminds us that we too have been created for the Infinite Being, and have before us, if we will, a destiny of boundless magnificence.

IMMORTALITY.

What are the alternatives to the Christian doctrine of Immortality? The Rev. James H. Snowden, D.D., LL.D., in his book entitled *Can We Believe in Immortality?* (Macmillan; $1.25), enumerates them thus.

First there is the immortality of earthly influence. The classical expression of this form of immortality, he says, is the familiar lines of George Elliot:

> Oh may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence: live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues. So to live is heaven.

'That,' he says, 'is good poetry, but it is poor comfort.' Perhaps the comfort is quite as good as the poetry. He is right enough, however, when he says that it is only by a figure of speech that we can call it immortality.

The next substitute for immortality which he mentions is the final perfection of the race. For this form of immortality he goes to Dr. G. Stanley Hall, and finds it in that extraordinary book *Jesus in the Light of Psychology*. The desire for immortality, says Dr. Hall, 'is at bottom the best possible indication that man as he exists to-day is only the beginning of what he is to be, the pigmoid or embryo of his true self. When he has completed and finished all that is now only begun in him, many transcendental structures will become useless. Thus doctrines of another life, whatever else they are, we may still regard as

symbols or tropes in mythic terms of the true superman as he will be and the great hope that so many have lived and died in will be fulfilled, every jot and tittle of it. The death-bed visions of those who have died hungering for more life will come true.' Dr. Snowden is somewhat attracted by the idea, but again he says, and very truly, that it is not immortality.

A third substitute for immortality is absorption in God. 'Human spirits pass into him as snowflakes melt into the sea. It is claimed that the accumulated worth of our earthly existence is thus conserved in the richer life of God, who is thus receiving into himself the successive generations of his children. They abide in him as essential worth, while the temporary form of personality has lapsed and the skirts of the individual are once more fused in the general whole.' Dr. Snowden calls this theory more subtle and plausible than the others. For there is an element of truth in it. Already we live and move and have our being in God, and in the eternal state we may pass into more intimate union with Him. We can never get outside of God, and in the state of final fellowship we may be included in His life in a kind of social consciousness or fellowship. The Christian view is that our lives shall be hid with Christ in God. Yet in this state our own personality is not absorbed in God but retains its consciousness and individuality.

> Eternal form shall still divide
> The eternal soul from all beside.

The conclusion is that the only real alternative to the Christian doctrine of Immortality is annihilation.

SOME TEXTS.

Acts ii. 47.

A difficult passage to translate, most difficult, is Ac 2^{47}. The Authorized translation is, 'And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.' The Revisers change that into 'And the Lord added to them (*margin*, together) day by day those that were being saved.' Weymouth renders the verse, 'Also, day by day, the Lord added to their number those whom he was saving'; the Twentieth Century translators, 'And the Lord daily added to their company those who were in the path of Salvation'; Moffatt, 'Meantime the Lord added the saved daily to their number.'

Professor F. C. Burkitt has a note on the text in the latest issue of the *Journal of Biblical Literature* (xxxvii. 234). His translation is, 'And the Lord was bringing more of the Elect day by day together.' The 'saved' (Elect), he says, 'are surely those who in the interval between the proclamation of the Gospel and the expected Coming of Jesus were being converted, and so were being saved from the Wrath to come. Their number therefore is known to God; it is not being increased. But more and more may be brought *together*.'

Mark ii. 3.

The Rev. J. Alexander Findlay in his book on the second Gospel, illustrates St. Mark's 'vividness and love of telling detail.' Here is an example.

Mark ii. 3—'The "paralytic" is "borne by four . . . they unroofed the roof where He was, and digging away, they let down the bed" . . . Luke has "going up on to the roof they let him down through the tiles with the stretcher into the midst in front of Jesus." Luke is evidently thinking of a Roman villa; Mark—more correctly—of the old-fashioned workman's cottage. In the Roman house there was a hole called the "impluvium" in the centre of the tiled roof, but it is not likely that Peter's house would be more than a cottage built of mud. Dr. Abbott makes the interesting suggestion that there was a trap-door in the roof of some old Galilean cottages. A little chamber was often built in with the roof, and was connected with the rest of the house by means of a ladder which could be let down through the trap-door in the roof, while access to roof and roof-chamber could also be obtained by a mud or stone staircase at the back of the house, so that the lodger, such as Jesus sometimes was, could let himself in and out without disturbing the family—an excellent substitute for the modern latchkey! This explains how it came about that Jesus was able to slip away unnoticed before the household was stirring (i. 35); if the trap-door had not been used for some time, it would have to be raised from outside by means of a crowbar or some such instrument. This explains Mark's curious phraseology, and avoids the very practical difficulty that if part of the roof were really taken off there would have been a heavy shower of mud and plaster on the heads of the people below! For the "prophet's chamber" see 2 Kings iv. 10, and for the trap-door

in the sky, through which, it was thought, the rain came down, Gen. vii. 11, viii. 2; 2 Kings vii. 19; Mal. iii. 10.'

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2 Cor. vi. 2.

'Now is the accepted time.' Are you old enough to have heard that text preached from evangelically? Do you remember the fervour and the terror of the preaching? How is it preached from now?

The Rev. Henry Howard is a modern preacher. That does not mean that he is not evangelical; it means that evangelical preaching is not as you know it. This is the way.

'The words translated "accepted time" are strikingly suggestive. They stand for the meeting-point of opportunity and desire, and thus have a subjective and an objective significance. The mental picture which they would suggest to a Greek mind would be that of a host waiting on the threshold of his open door to receive an honoured and expected guest. As Paul employs the phrase, it is to convey the idea of hospitality extended toward a great moral opportunity, which knocks at the door of every man's life, creating a crisis in which vast issues are to be determined and irrevocable decisions made. The tides of inward desire and determination have their ebb and flow, just as do the tides of outward opportunity. When these two tides both reach their flood at one and the same time, everything in the way of moral achievement or spiritual eventuation becomes possible to the human soul in whom they meet. The tragedy is when they do not coincide, when either desire finds no encouraging response in circumstance, or the call of circumstance finds no answering feeling of desire. Of what avail is it that the most splendid material or moral offer should present itself, if the desire or ability to embrace it be dead! It is this ebb-tide of desire that is so fatal, and gives such cause for alarm. Once this torpidity of disposition smites the soul, it is as though the will were drugged. There sets in an overpowering tendency to let things slide, and allow the logic of events to determine for us what we have not the moral energy to determine for ourselves. Such a disposition, unless struggled against and overcome, is the sure precursor of doom, whether in the moral or commercial world. When a man has reached the depths at which he says and means "I don't care," there is, humanly speaking, only one way up and out, and that is through sheer and cold-blooded determination. In such a case the man's will must come to the rescue. In the absence of all feeling, and just on the cold facts, as they are perceived and admitted by the judgement, let him act. Because right is right, to follow right, even though no faintest flicker can be detected in the pulse of desire, becomes the highest wisdom and the only way of life. Here is the true philosophy of the situation: when right feeling becomes too feeble to prompt right action, then right action must be encouraged to revive right feeling.'

Mr. Howard illustrates from the methods adopted to resuscitate those who have been rescued from drowning. 'Animation is suspended, and unless something is done, and done quickly, to induce breathing, life will speedily become extinct. Hence artificial means have to be resorted to. As the initiative cannot be taken by the unconscious person himself from within, it has to be taken by some one else from without. When the lungs refuse to act upon the outside air, the outside air must be made to act on them, in the hope that thus encouraged they may start again and keep up the running they had dropped. So when desire dies down in relation to duty, the will must come to the rescue and induce its resuscitation. This doing of one's duty with dogged determination, long after the desire for it or the delight in it has gone out, is perhaps the one and only way to kindle it anew. Fortunately the offer of salvation does not turn upon our good desires but on our moral determination.'

The title of the volume of sermons is *The Love that Lifts* (Epworth Press; 5s. net).

NEW POETRY.

Cecil Roberts.

Charing Cross, and Other Poems of the Period, by Mr. Cecil Roberts (Grant Richards; 3s. 6d. net), is a volume of realistic poetry referring to the war. But its realism is not the outrage that some volumes of poetry have recently been. Mr. Roberts is too good a poet for that. If he is a moralist, as all our poets are at present, he is also an artist. One of the most realistic and least uplifting is called

FUTILITY.

They send me, Charles, long letters on your death,
Full of fair phrases culled from poetry
That do not blind me—let them save their breath;

The nectared lies of immortality,
The sounding rhetoric, the pompous phrase,
The talk of supreme sacrifice, the great
Reward—what are these 'gainst your withered days,
Your dear lost face, the squalor of your fate?
That you were brave, I know, but still you clung
To life that meant so much; they say you cried
In that last hour feeling you were so young,
And desperately fought for life—and died.
These letters, Charles, they mock me with their lies,
Their borrowed phrases that belittle life
And love and laughter—I can see your eyes
As once they glowed, your body like a knife
Tempered and flashing in a summer sea,
Or hear your voice enraptured over books,
Or in the bathroom singing merrily
At early morn, and days in river nooks
And tennis sets—these memories all seem
Like ghosts that haunt your room now you are gone,
And make me think your end is but a dream,
How can it be the end—at twenty-one?
But when I read these letters, then I know
You will not come again, nor does their praise
Lighten the heaviness of this great blow,
I cannot kiss your brow, nor see the place
Where they have left you; as they write of fame,
Your 'splendid gift,' my only thought is this—
What will they care ten years hence for your name,
Who cares a damn who died at Salamis?

Edith A. Craven.

Edith A. Craven calls her little book *Poems in War Time* (Foyle; 1s. net). But the war is by no means oppressively present in them. The oppression may have been on the author's own spirit and life. But if so she rises above it by faith in Christ. We quote one short, simple, representative poem:

MY DESIRE.

To help a weary soul along life's way,
To cheer a downcast spirit day by day;
To live my life that with each setting sun,
I truthfully may say, 'Thy Will be Done.'
To take a ray of sunshine where I go,
To help perplexed mankind with truths I know,
That others, too, with every setting sun,
In truthfulness may say, 'Thy Will be Done.'

Florette Truesdell Miller.

In *Hadassah: The Star of the Persian Court* (Stratford Co.; $1.25), Florette Truesdell Miller offers us a poetical version of the Book of Esther. 'I have tried,' she says, 'to set forth the purity of Esther's heart and life as the cause of her great influence with a heathen king, rather than her personal charms; and to show the superiority of her motive, over that of Vashti, which was womanly pride. I have made Mordecai unselfish in his position of non-conformist, obeying God's word in spirit and in letter.' This is the description of Esther as she first appeared to Ahasuerus:

When he beheld her grace, almost divine
Because her heart was pure, he felt a thrill,
As if a spirit from a purer world
Ethereal, had entered and approached.
And when, her queenly head upraised, he saw
Her face, he wondered if a vision passed,
When she answering, fixed her gentle gaze
Upon his piercing eyes, the clear white light
Of truth shone there, which looked and saw beyond,
Like a bright, high-shining, heavenly star.

Eric Dickinson.

Mr. Dickinson's volume, *The Ilex Grove* (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net), opens with five sonnets. We shall quote one of them:

Dear Father God, methinks in rulèd love
I am Thine instrument to make amends
Unto those lonely lives who from above
Have caught so little to sustain Thine ends.
O strengthen me that I may speak for pain
Where pain so yields in dire abundance grown,
And hushed the voice of all those thousands slain—
O strengthen me to aid the needy thrown!
So many, oh, so many, know not how
To balance this fair gift of life who are
For resting by a spread of Eden's bough!
May I not take them through moon-waters far

Beyond the tinselled tawdry court of this
Most wretched play to Love's unending bliss?

The rest of the poetry is not so religious as that, but it is the fruit of the same creative imagination, and some of it is yet more felicitous in expression.

Elsa Lorraine.

Much of our modern poetry, and strange to say much of the best of it, is difficult to read and understand. It is no use complaining. It is no use calling the provoking obscurity of it a foolish fashion. Behind every fashion there is either a social or a psychological factor. We have to accept it and make the most of it. Elsa Lorraine is a difficult poet. And her new book *Triptych* (Blackwell; 3s. net) is as difficult as ever. But she is a poet. This short poem will prove it:

Silence of God! thou wondrous wall
Against whose weathered stones I lean,
The little green things grow between,
And yet men beat on thee and call:
'What can He mean?'

Thou art so warm with suns of trust,
With the past summers of the lives
Of all His saints—though Science strives
To lay thee level with the dust,
Thy calm survives.

While the world clamours for reply
To all its petty questionings,
Ah me! what peace the knowledge brings
That none shall scale thee so, most High,
That none have wings!

For God alone, some glorious day
Will, of His unexplored estate,
Fling wide the wall as 'twere a gate
And bid all enter, none away. . . .
Meanwhile I wait.

Gerald Crowe.

In the most recent volume of Oxford poetry published by Mr. Blackwell there were four poems by Mr. Gerald Crowe, and in reviewing that volume we quoted one of them. They are here again in the little volume entitled *Fifteen Poems* (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net). That Mr. Crowe was so represented in the Oxford book shows that he was reckoned a poet by the editors of it; that out of all the poems in that book one of his was selected for quotation, shows that we thought him one of the best poets. The choice of any other poem here will strengthen that opinion. Take the daring lines entitled

HUMILITY.

Take counsel, O my friend, of your heart's pride,
And choose the proud thing alway. Never heed
The 'wretched, rash, intruding fools' of the world;
Nor take the half-truths that life brings old men
For wisdom; nor the naked indecencies
That purity mongers have shamed children with
For goodness; nor the silly hypocrisies
Of mean minds for humility. But say,
'God is my father. Christ was young and died
To comfort me. The towering archangels
With all their blue and gold and steely mail
Are my strong helpers and mine elder brothers.
The sweet white virgins gone to martyrdom
Calm-eyed and singing are my sisters.' Yea,
Because of all these things keep your heart proud.
Be proud enough to serve the poor, too proud
To attend the rich; enough to love, not fawn,
And give, not sell. Remember gentleness
Is the heart's pride of understanding, truth
Her greatness that will not be afraid for wrath
Nor flatter favour. This remember also,
The pure in heart shall walk like fierce white flames
Questing across the world in goodlier hope
And knightlier courtesy than they of the Graal,
For these are they in the end that shall see God.

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