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suggest they were innocent. They had played their part in the development of Judas, and in the terrible irony of events their sin had found them out.

III.

I have not emphasized the advantages of the group in the training of the twelve—or the eleven. I believe most of them were felt later. As the disciples gained insight into the meaning of Jesus for them, that insight knit them into an organized group. McDougall's chapters on 'the highly organized group' and 'the group spirit' are valuable for an understanding of the courage of these men after the Crucifixion and Resurrection. But the presence of the living Spirit of Christ in that little company is the greatest factor of all. For a long time I found it difficult to understand Paul's phrase in Eph 1^{23}, where he speaks of the Church as the body of Christ, 'the fulness of him who all in all is being fulfilled.' Dr. Armitage Robinson in his commentary and the Rev. K. E. Kirk in his admirable volume, *Some Principles of Moral Theology*, gave me some help, but not as much as I wanted. '"Christ" is not just the same as, or just a title of, Jesus. "Christ" is "the Christ" and is the Lord Jesus together with His faithful. And as the number of the faithful increases, and as they more and more grow in holiness into the likeness of their Lord, the head of this body, so the Christ grows, is all in all being fulfilled.' The sentence quoted is from *The Faith of the New Testament*, by Dr. Alexander Nairne, who adds, 'This doctrine had been almost forgotten'; forgotten, I would suggest, because so difficult to realize in thought. It is a little like a mathematical formula; we can work it out on paper, but cannot easily visualize that which the formula represents. I have found some help from the Psychology of the Crowd, and I offer it here for what it is worth. It is possible that it is cruder than I think. It sometimes happens that we find ourselves in a great congregation. Our whole personality has become merged into the personality of that congregation. We laugh, we cry, we become magnanimous, or revengeful, not as individuals, but as parts of that vast unity. Our soul, for the time being, is but a part in the overmastering soul of that great crowd. The physical nearness of the other bodies blinds us often to the nature of what has taken place. The influence is mental and spiritual. If sudden darkness were to fall on that assembly and, in the first shock of surprise, utter silence reigned, we should then be each a part of the silent, invisible, and—for some purposes—omnipotent soul of that crowd, thinking its thoughts, feeling its emotions, rather than our own.

Is it not true that the height of our religious development has been reached when we allow ourselves to be gathered up into the Spirit of Christ in some such way as that. Ourselves—a part of Him; He, actually greater because we are a part of Him; we ourselves having designedly and willingly become His servants, His limbs almost, responding to His thoughts and wishes. That is—as far as I can understand it—the most creative experience of the eleven after Jesus was risen from the dead.

Entre Nous.

FOR THE MINISTRY.

In his chapter on Style, Mr. Paul B. Bull (his book is noticed in the 'Literature') says there are some things to be avoided in writing sermons.

'1. *Avoid Long Sentences.*—Sentences, excessively long, strain the attention. It is a useful exercise to take some turgid and ponderous composition and break up the involved periods into their equivalent in short sentences. In criticizing the report to the Archbishops on "Christianity and the Industrial Problem," Dr. Chadwick says: "Much of the writing is very involved. In one sentence I find 101 words, broken by two commas; in another, 143 words, divided by two semicolons; in a third, 180 words before we reach a full stop" (*Church Times*, January 3, 1919). If we compare this turgid style to the style of the Gospels or of the

works of Mr. Blatchford, whose writing in his earlier books was a model of staccato style, crisp, detached, distinct, and pointed, we shall learn to become intelligible.

'2. *Avoid Difficult Words.*—It is said that the British working man has a vocabulary of only eight hundred words, and prolonged attention to his conversation suggests that these include only one adjective! But, in any case, the preacher should avoid difficult and technical words; or if these are used for the sake of rhythm they should be followed by a paraphrase.

'3. *Avoid a Flamboyant Style.*—By which we mean a style so rich in meretricious ornament that the mind is distracted from the vital thought which is seeking expression. Mr. H. G. Wells, in describing the arrival of a flamboyant lady, writes: "I must admit that Lady Beach-Mandarine was almost as much to meet as one can meet in a single human being, a broad, abundant, billowing personality, with a taste for brims, streamers, pennants, panniers, loose sleeves, sweeping gestures, top notes, and the like, that made her altogether less like a woman than an occasion of public rejoicing." This may serve for a description of the exuberant or flamboyant style in preaching.

'4. *Avoid both Exaggeration and Excessive Caution.*—The person who habitually exaggerates destroys his own credit and the meaning of words. It is painful to see how the multiplication of superlatives diminishes the force of words, until the American who wants to say that something amused him can only express his meaning by saying that "it tickled me to death." The constant use of exaggeration destroys the value of a man's word, and persons soon learn to discount his every statement. But if exaggeration exposes a man to many a wound on the battlefield of debate, it is much to be preferred to that excessive caution which never arrives on the battlefield at all. There seems to have grown up a habit of excessive caution in speech which tends to make it almost worthless by its under-statements. It began at our ancient universities fifty years ago. It was born of a conscientious desire not to overstate the truth; it ends in such an under-statement as fails to present the truth at all. It was born in the controversies of university professors who are excessively afraid of being laughed at in their common-rooms, and it spread to those episcopal utterances which give such an uncertain sound that no one prepares for battle. But the disasters of a caution which nervously fails to seize an opportunity are far more serious than the rashness which oversteps the mark. Almost without exception in the parables of our Lord the lost are lost for what they left undone.

'This style of scientific caution flings out clouds of parentheses, like the ink of a cuttle-fish, and revels in double negatives. Instead of saying, "Those who commit mortal sin will go to hell unless they repent," they say, "I trust that I may be allowed to venture to suggest that if anyone commits mortal sin—if any sin can rightly be characterized as mortal, a point which has been much disputed among theologians for many centuries—and if he fail to repent, it cannot be regarded as wholly certain that he will go to heaven."'

SOME TOPICS.

Though One rose from the Dead.

'A Frenchman and Catholic wrote a little volume in which he set himself to answer the following question: "Did Dante return a better man from the other world?" He answers the question in the negative, taking into consideration the poet's tenderness for seductive sins, his lack of compunction for his own faults, and the fact that the only fault which seems to bother him there at all is the omission of a "vendetta." Although he accomplishes the formulas of penitence with a very good grace in Purgatory, he thinks a great deal more of earthly than of heavenly things, and shows himself to be rather an observer full of curiosity than a penitent. In Paradise, he is a sort of student at a good series of lectures.'[1]

The Age of Science.

Principal Iverach, who still keeps his finger on the pulse of philosophy, tells us that the great struggle of the future is to be for the rights of the individual. But first it seems as if the struggle were to be for the rights of the soul. Every other book is a book on psychology, and every other book on psychology offers to explain everything that happens in us and through us as due to our physical upmake. Given nerves and a brain, with such other bodily parts as enable them to function, and there you are.

[1] B. Croce, *The Poetry of Dante*, 81.

Character is determined in the development of the brain cells. Conversion is 'the outcome of disease rather than of health, and results from a previously overstrained condition of the nervous system.'

The last sentence is a quotation from the latest book on the subject. Its title is *Christianity and Science*; its author, Mr. W. A. C. Allen (Croydon: Roffey & Clark; 2s. 6d. net). It is a clever reverent book. The author is anxious to see Christianity in possession of the world. But he believes that civilization is passing into a new phase. We have had the artistic age in Greece, the administrative age in Rome, the religious age in Palestine. The next age of the world will be the scientific age. Everything will be explained, as everything is determined, by the observation of the laws of nature and obedience to them.

'The real life of a man, the soul which survives death and has the possibility of eternity, consists in what he is, and this is determined by the arrangement and the relative development of the groups of nerve cells which form the highest portion of the brain.' Even communion with God—for there will still be a God with whom we have to do—will be telepathic, a form of wireless telegraphy.

Telepathy and Prayer.

'Mental telepathy, or the communication of thought from one person to another without a medium appreciable to the senses, is to-day very widely, if vaguely, believed in. In this connection the analogy which may be drawn from wireless telegraphy is very instructive. A wireless instrument sends out messages which radiate through space; yet only those instruments which are specially tuned for the purpose will receive these messages. A wireless operator sits with the telephones over his ear. Thousands of messages may be passing through the ether in his immediate neighbourhood. Of these the great majority will pass by him unheeded; some will be heard merely as vague sounds; a few will convey a distinct meaning, and will perhaps provoke a response. In something the same way it is not impossible that a train of feeling or of thought not only throws into action the series of nerve-cells within our own minds, but also radiates messages outwards, and that other minds sufficiently in harmony, that is to say, tuned with the sender, may be capable of receiving these messages. The day, however, may well seem to be far distant before any number of human beings will be in such complete mental harmony with one another as to be able to make a conscious and deliberate use of this means of communication. Yet there is one direction in which mental telepathy might be a power of immense influence at the present day. Even by materialists and sceptics prayer has been acknowledged to be a valuable asset, if only a subjective one, in the moulding of character. It is easy to see how this may be. For the purpose of prayer the individual believes that he retires into the presence of God. He there puts aside, as far as he can, the trivial cares with which the day has beset him, he disburdens his mind for the time being of greater anxieties, and thus makes, if it be only for a few moments, an upward step in the formation of his character. Such acts, frequently repeated, must have an accumulative value, and in the course of a lifetime the result gained by them must be of great importance. Infinitely more must this be the case if we believe that there really is a God who knows all our thoughts, but to whom our prayers, as being more harmoniously tuned with divine nature, radiate the most directly of all. Also, even if we are little able to communicate directly by means of telepathy, with the minds of those whom we love, there can be no doubt that prayers for their benefit are, so to speak, radiated back for their assistance, and that therefore through the divine medium we are able to benefit others, even when absent from them, in a more certain manner than if we could enjoy direct communication with them ourselves.'[1]

NEW POETRY.

G. R. Woodward.

The Secretary of the S.P.C.K. has issued still another selection of *Hymns of the Greek Church* (2s. net), that vast storehouse of hymnody and hagiology, translated by Mr. G. R. Woodward. The Greek originals are to be found either in the 'Menaia' (Athens, 1905), the twelve volumes of which consist of 2123 pages folio in double column, or in the 'Greek Horologion' (Venice, 1892), containing 560 pages quarto. Here is a fair example of Mr. Woodward's work:

[1] W. A. C. Allen, *Christianity and Science*, 100.

APOLYTIKION.

While in Jordan's water-ford
Thou wast being christ'ned, Lord,
Then the worship of the Blest
Trinity was manifest;
For the Father did declare
Thee His darling Son and heir,
And the Holy Ghost, above
Hovering in form of Dove,
Was beheld as certain token
Of this testimony spoken.
Christ, reveal'd as God, whose rays
Light the world, to Thee be praise!

C. S. Loch.

Sir Charles Stewart Loch, formerly Tooke Professor of Economic Science and Statistics in King's College, London, and for many years Secretary to the Council of the London Charity Organization Society, is also a poet. At the end of his life and long service he has published a volume of poetry, to which he has given the title of *Things Within* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net). Some of the poems were written more than forty years ago, one of them just fifty years ago. We quote a sonnet. It was written in 1881.

THE MASTER.

When mounting waves do break upon the beach
  Rolling the rounded pebbles to the shore;
When winds in solitudes do utter speech
  Crisping smooth seas or twisting snow-wreaths frore,
Rustling the grass blades in some great expanse,
  Rocking huge trees, compelling high piled clouds;
When spring returns and child-like joys outglance
  In buds and flowers and songs of birds, and shrouds
Of winter's death are cast; when stars look down
  From the infinite dark-domed immensity
On loitering sheep, dim fields and sleeping town
  Or on the spacious anarchy of sea.
Then to my soul doth from the mountains call
  A poet's voice 'God lives, God lives, in all.'

Edith King.

Mr. Basil Blackwell of Oxford has published an anthology of children's poetry from books recently published by him. The title is *Fifty New Poems for Children* (2s. 6d. net). This is one of the poems. Edith King is the poet.

USEFUL THINGS.

I'd like so very much to have
  Some of the useful things
That lucky birds and beasts have got,
  And first of all their wings;

For then into the apple-tree
  I should not need to climb,
And graze my legs and tear my frock,
  In getting down each time.

Then when the flies are troublesome
  I'd like to have a tail,
And when I'm battling with the wasps
  The beetle's coat of mail.

When I am bathing in the sea
  And find it hard to float,
I'd like to borrow from the duck
  Her webs and oily coat.

For thus provided I could live
  On land, in air, or sea,
And fly and flap, and fight and float,
  Just as it suited me.

Ruth Young.

In Ruth Young's volume, *The Serpent's Head* (Blackwell; 2s. net), there is a short dramatic scene, 'The Supper at Bethany,' in which we are shown, very naturally, the better side of Martha and the affection between the two sisters. The lyrics are also quietly effective.

THE DIVINE CRAFTSMAN.

Lord, there be many who would wait
Under Thy Cross
Seeing Thee, throned in state
  Of utter loss,
And in Thy dying count their gain.
  I cannot pray
Prayers such as Angels carry to Thee:
Scarce can I bear to see
Thy holy Body, bleeding, throned
  In pain.

Yet—if *one* relic I might choose:
Just one small piece of wood
From Joseph's Shop I'd take,
Never to lose:

From something Thou did'st make
For a paid job—
Chip from a poor man's table,
A wooden knob,
From the door of a rich man's stable:
Such could I treasure,
Something Thy Hands had wrought at leisure.

My mind shirks the mystery
Of Thy dread Passion.
Oft have I tried to worship Thee
After the fashion
Of Saints who have died in sanctity.

Yet when I think of those long thirty years
When Thou did'st work in poverty
Hour after hour, day after day,
Week after week,
My heart rejoices in a solemn way
And, could I speak
In Angels' tongues, I'd sing a song
Such as would echo down Eternity
Ages along,
Such as would even reach the Angels' ears.

Lucia.

The author of *Sonnets from Tuscany, and Other Poems* (Blackwell; 6s. net), whose name is given as Lucia, has been captured by the sonnet. After the wealth of sonnets there follow but a few lyrics and they are of less account. The range of subject in the sonnets is wide and the wording often felicitous. One of the simplest and most pleasing is called

SAFETY.

My dog comes close to me, and in his meek
And searching way, touches my outstretched hand,
Trustful, unconscious making mute demand
Which wells with things unvoiced his soul doth seek,—
Or mounts upon my lap—a cradled sedge—
To lie content there, finding refuge clear,—
Or, happy if he but know his goddess near,
Does curl himself upon my skirt's dropt edge.
So do we lie within the lap of God,
And rest upon His garment's hem, and touch
His hand, not knowing aught beyond the sense
Of a proved and constant love,—our worship such
That neither man nor creature, fire nor flood,
May sever us from Him, our God, and our Defence.

W. C. Braithwaite.

William C. Braithwaite, before he died, selected a volume of poems for publication. It is now published, with the title of *Verses* (Swarthmore Press; 5s. net). The poems are in many moods, for W. C. Braithwaite was a man of many interests. The humour is sometimes what is called rollicking, as in 'The Uses of the Halo.' But we shall choose one of the more serious.

The world has fetters cruel for gentle minds,
Chill want, hard penury, and iron toil,
A routine pacing of the prison-soil,
And then again the hungry treadmill grinds.

I see their pallid faces, garret-pent;
I hear the wearing of their souls away:
Not love but greed is lord and king to-day,
And for dead gold our living gold is spent.

No biting air our bubble wealth must greet,
Made by a breath and by a breath o'erthrown;
While heaven-sprung man, in whom God's life is blown,
Lies crushed and wasted 'neath our careless feet.

The galley-slave must labour at the oar,
With bruisèd eyes confronting life's despair,
His mind divine untaught to do and dare,
Pinioned his fiery soul that longs to soar.

But God an equal balance holds for all;
His love shall heal the bruises man has made;
Some feast with Him; the rest shall sink afraid
Into the darkness of the outer hall.

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