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Amarna period, and their leaders from time to time made themselves masters of its states. They were followed by the regular army of 'the great king of the Hittites,' and the Tel el-Amarna tablets enable us to follow the Hittite advance and the substitution of Hittite for Egyptian rule in Syria. The cuneiform tablets discovered at Boghaz Keui, the Hittite capital north of the Halys, prove how completely Syria and the larger part of Canaan fell under Hittite domination; the king of the Amorites became a Hittite vassal, and was appointed or deposed at the will of his Hittite overlord. For a while the Hittite advance was checked by Seti I. and Ramses II. of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, and the boundaries of the Hittite and Egyptian empires were fixed pretty nearly where the northern border of Palestine was afterwards drawn; but in the reign of Meneptah, the successor of Ramses II., the Egyptian garrisons were withdrawn from the south of Palestine, and from that time onwards to the invasion of the northern nations (about 1200 B.C.) the Hittites had a free hand in Canaan.[1]

[1] Meneptah was still in possession of the district of Jerusalem in the third year of his reign when the Egyptian government received a letter from one of its officials on the Canaanite frontier announcing the arrival of 'the captains of the archers of the Well of Meneptah which is in the highlands' (*Select Papyri of the British Museum*, Pll. V. and VI.). The Well or Fountain of Meneptah is named in Jos 15^9 18^{15}, where מינפתח has been pointed מֵי נֶפְתּוֹחַ, 'waters of Nephtoah.' We gather from these passages that the place was a little to the west of Jerusalem.

The Hittites were not Semitic either in race or in language, and consequently though the leading people in the Canaan of the Mosaic age—but, be it noted, not later—could not be described as 'the first-born' of Canaan. They had retreating chins and foreheads, large protrusive nose and jaws, scanty beard, black eyes and hair, and yellow skin. They wore 'pig-tails,' and even in Syria retained their snow-shoes with upturned ends. Linguistically their language was of an 'Asianic' type, like that of Mitanni and the cuneiform inscriptions of pre-Aryan Armenia.

With the invasion of the northern tribes of Phrygo-Thracian origin, and the conquest of Palestine by the Philistines and Israelites, Hittite power and influence disappeared, and after the Mosaic age Heth could no longer be described as a son of Canaan. But so completely had Canaan been dominated by him, that the Assyrians, who first became acquainted with it in the days when it had already passed under Hittite influence, continued to the last to call it 'the land of the Hittites.' Shalmaneser II. terms the kings of Israel, Arvad and Ammon, 'kings of the country of the Hittites'; for Sargon the inhabitants of Ashdod are 'Hittites,' and Sennacherib describes his campaign against Hezekiah as made against 'the land of the Hittites.' While Canaan was 'the land of the Amorites' for the Babylonians, it was 'the land of the Hittites' for the Assyrians, who first knew it when the Hittites had become the dominant power.

In the Study.

What is Faith?

Towards an Anthology.

BENJAMIN JOWETT—Faith may be spoken of, in the language of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as the substance of things unseen. But what are the things unseen? Not only an invisible world ready to flash through the material at the appearance of Christ; not angels, or powers of darkness, or even God Himself 'sitting,' as the Old Testament described, 'on the circle of the heavens'; but the kingdom of truth and justice, the things that are within, of which God is the centre, and with which men everywhere by faith hold communion. Faith is the belief in the existence of this kingdom; that is, in the truth and justice and mercy of God, who disposes all things—not, perhaps, in our judgment for the greatest happiness of His creatures, but absolutely in accordance with our moral notions. And that this is not seen to be the case here, makes it a matter of faith that it will be so in some way that we do not at present comprehend. He that believes on God believes, first, that He is; and, secondly, that He is the Rewarder of them that seek Him.—*The Epp. of St. Paul*, ii. 268.

JOHN WESLEY—I now considered Dr. Erskine's account of saving faith. He asserts (if I comprehend him right): 'It is, in general, an assent to the word of God, in which there is a light, a glory, a brightness, which believers, and they only, perceive. In particular, it is an assent of the understanding to the gospel method of salvation; in which there is an excellency and glory which only believers see. A supernatural conviction of this is faith.' But, if this be his judgment, why does he quarrel with me? For how marvellously small is the difference between us! Only change the word *assent* for *conviction* (which certainly better answers St. Paul's word, πίστις), and do we not come within a hair's-breadth of each other? I do not quarrel with the definition of faith in general —'a supernatural assent to the word of God'; though I think a 'supernatural conviction of the truths contained in the word of God' is clearer. I allow, too, that the Holy Spirit enables us to perceive a peculiar light and glory in the word of God, and particularly in the gospel method of salvation; but I doubt whether saving faith be, properly, an assent to this light and glory. Is it not rather an assent (if we retain the word) to the truths which God has revealed; or, more particularly, a divine conviction that 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself'?—*The Journal of John Wesley*, v. 338.

JOHN RUSKIN—Faith. I have not yet given any definitions of the final senses in which I use this word, so that it is of no use to refer to the detached places in which it occurs; but generally it will be found to be taken as the equivalent of noble or true imagination (the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen).—*The Works of Ruskin*, xxvii. 347.

THOMAS ARNOLD—But now comes the question, What is faith? And as an answer to it I have chosen the words of the text: 'It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' That is to say, it is that feeling or faculty within us, by which the future becomes to our minds greater than the present: and what we do not see, more powerful to influence us than what we do see.—*Sermons: Christian Life at School*, 2.

PERCY GARDNER—In its lowest and most rudimentary form it consists, at all events for civilised people, in that confidence in the uniformity of nature, that trust in the continual properties of material things which I have already mentioned. But it is hardly worthy of the name of religious faith unless it goes further into the realm of good and evil. Here its essence lies in the belief, sustained by a continuous will to believe, that a beneficent and wise Power lies behind the visible world; that the working of the universe, if it could be understood, would be found to be essentially kind and good to man; that life is worth living; and that it is, in the long run, wise to do what it is our duty to do.—*Modernity and the Churches*, 54.

P. T. FORSYTH—God in Christ came forth in sacrifice and blood for righteousness' sake. He came to magnify His holy name in a propitiation through judgment that created the new man. To trust this eternal Act of love, and make it the principle of our life's whole carriage, is faith.—*The Christian Ethic of War*, 190.

PHILLIPS BROOKS—Faith is simply the soul's grasp, a larger or a smaller act according to the largeness or smallness of the object grasped; of one size for a fact, of another for a friend, of another for a principle, but always the soul's grasp, the entrance of the soul into its true and healthy relationship to the object which is offered to it.—*Seeking Life*, 243.

W. HAY M. H. AITKEN—It may be generally defined as a definite moral attitude of confidence and trust, assumed by a conscious subject towards an external object, springing from and accompanied by an intellectual conviction with respect to the nature of that object. I will not affirm that this definition is absolutely complete and in all respects accurate, but it will at all events serve to bring before us the leading characteristics of that evangelical faith upon which Holy Scripture represents so much as depending.—*The Revealer Revealed*, 99.

J. H. NEWMAN—What is meant by faith? It is to feel in good earnest that we are creatures of God; it is a practical perception of the unseen world; it is to understand that this world is not enough for our happiness, to look beyond it on towards God, to realize His presence, to wait upon Him, to endeavour to learn and to do His will, and

to seek our good from Him. It is not a mere temporary strong act or impetuous feeling of the mind, an impression or a view coming upon it, but it is a *habit*, a state of mind, lasting and consistent. To have faith in God is to surrender one's self to God, humbly to put one's interests, or to wish to be allowed to put them into His hands who is the Sovereign Giver of all good.—*Parochial and Plain Sermons*, iii. 79.

Jehu.

A Study of Divine Instrumentality.

'And Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel.'—1 Kings 19[16].

I.

The History.

1. In that wonderful revelation vouchsafed to Elijah at Mount Horeb (1 Kings 19[1-8]) God had bidden His servant anoint Jehu to be king over Israel—as He, the supreme King of Israel, and the Lord of all souls had the unquestionable right to do—in order that the judgment on Ahab's house should be fulfilled. But Elijah himself had been translated (2 Kings 2[11]) before the anointing of Jehu could take place; and the duty had devolved on Elisha his successor.

Jehu was the commanding officer in the army of Jehoram, which was conducting operations against the Syrian army under Hazael at the important fortress of Ramoth-gilead, a bone of contention since the days of Ahab, and now held by Israel. The severe wounds sustained by King Jehoram necessitated his retirement to Jezreel. This was the opportunity of which Elisha and the party of insurrection availed themselves. One of the 'sons of the prophets' was dispatched by Elisha to Ramoth-gilead with a flask of oil and a commission to take Jehu from the group of officers which surrounded him into an inner chamber, anoint him there, and instantly withdraw in flight. These instructions were faithfully carried out. On Jehu's return to the officers' quarters, he was eagerly interrogated as to the meaning of this mysterious visit from the frenzied prophetic messenger.

When they learned the truth it was as if a spark had been set to a train long prepared. There was not a moment's hesitation. The officers tore off their military cloaks, and spread them under his feet, where he stood on the top of the stairs leading down into the court. As he stood on this extempore throne, with no seat but the steps covered by the carpeting of the square pieces of cloth, they blew the well-known blast of the ram's horn which always accompanied the inauguration of a king of Israel.

¶ Every human activity is evoked by three impelling causes, by feeling, by reason, and by suggestion, by that property which the physicians call hypnosis. At times a man acts only under the influence of feeling, striving to obtain what he wishes; at other times he acts under the influence of reason alone, which points out to him what he ought to do; at other times again, and this most frequently, a man acts because he has suggested to himself and has had suggested to him by others a certain action and he unconsciously submits to this suggestion. Under normal conditions of life all three factors take part in man's activity.[1]

2. The course of Jehu was now fixed. He mounted his chariot, and armed himself with his bow and quiver. A large part of the army followed him. Crossing the Jordan, they passed through the wide opening of the valley between Little Hermon and Bilboa, and advanced upon Jezreel.

From the tower of Jezreel a watchman 'spied the company of Jehu,' and gave notice. Two messengers sent out to him he detained on the same principle of secrecy which had guided all his movements; nor was it till he had almost reached the city that alarm was taken. Even then the two kings in Jezreel (Jehoram of Israel and Ahaziah of Judah) seem to have anticipated news from the war in Syria rather than a revolution at home. It was only when Jehu (in answer to Jehoram's question, 'Is it peace, Jehu?') broke out in fierce denunciation of Jezebel that they saw their danger. They turned to flee: Jehu seized the opportunity, and, taking full aim at Jehoram with the bow (which, as captain of the host, he always carried with him), he shot him through the heart. At Jehu's orders the body was thrown into the field of Naboth, taken so wickedly by Jehoram's father; and Jehu paused a moment to recall to Bidkar how both of them, while riding in attendance upon Ahab, had heard the words 'the Lord lay this burden upon him.' They had been spoken by Elijah, but Jehu did not mention the human mouthpiece; the important point was that they came from God. Jehu had impressed himself, as

[1] Leo N. Tolstoy.

he impressed others, with the exact fulfilment of God's word.

> Can he choose but fear
> Who feels his God so near?

There is, however, no trace in Jehu of godly fear; he proceeds with the bloody work as if he revelled in it!

¶ On July 14th we see the people of Paris assailing the Bastille, that symbol to them of despotism and tyranny, only to find that after all in that dreaded prison are only seven prisoners—one an imbecile, three coiners—and lead them off in triumph, not without an irreverent touch of the ridiculous. But it was the first blow of the new movement. When Louis heard of it he remarked in surprise: 'Why, this is a revolt!' 'No, sire,' said the Duc de Liancourt, 'it is a revolution.' The duke was right indeed.[1]

3. Without compunction Jehu ordered Ahaziah to be slain, and pushed on to Jezreel.

In the meantime Jezebel had heard the news of the insurrection, and dressing herself in her finery, looked out of the palace window, and waited. Jehu returned to Jezreel and rode towards the palace gate. He was hailed by the mockery of the queen, who flung the taunt, 'Is it peace, O Zimri, his master's murderer?' meaning, 'Is there to be peace between me and such a traitor as you with your brief tenancy of power?' The narrator who portrays the lurid facts sheds no ray of chivalry on Jehu's relentless ferocity. The queen at his bidding was flung by the attendant eunuchs from the lofty upper window into the courtyard below, close to his chariot wheels, and suffered instant death. Jehu feasted within the palace in cold-blooded indifference until the thought of the yet unburied queen prompted the command that the 'accursed' should receive the rights of sepulture due to her dignity and rank. This, however, the carrion kites and scavenger dogs had already rendered superfluous.

Jehu's *coup de main* had been brilliantly successful. In one day he had leapt into the throne. But Samaria was strong upon its watch-tower hill. It was full of Ahab's sons, and had not yet declared on Jehu's side. Jehu succeeded in getting the holders of power in the capital, and also the heads of the families and the tutors of the royal princes, to declare for him, and to promise that they would execute his commands. His demand was the heads of seventy royal princes. They fell, and, packed in baskets, were sent to Jezreel. Jehu, in face of the terrified mob, boasted that he has the word of Jehovah's promise.

4. It was immediately after this that he came across a figure who might have reminded him of Elijah himself. It was Jehonadab the son of Rechab—that is, the son of the 'Rider'—an Arab chief of the Kenite tribe, who was the founder or second founder of one of those Nazirite communities which had grown up in the kingdom of Israel, and which in this instance combined a kind of monastic discipline with the manners of the Bedouin race from whom they were descended. He was of the tribe which had produced a Jael. Jonadab had something of the fierce, fanatical spirit of the ancient chieftainess, who, in her own tent, had dashed out with the tent-peg the brains of Sisera. His very name, 'The Lord is noble,' indicated that he was a worshipper of Jehovah, and his fierce zeal showed him to be a genuine Kenite.

Jehu knew that the stern fanaticism of the Kenite Emîr would rejoice in his exterminating zeal, and he recognized that the friendship and countenance of this 'good man and just,' as Josephus calls him, would add strength to his cause, and enable him to carry out his dark design. He therefore blessed him. 'Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?' he asked, after he had returned the greeting of Jehonadab. 'It is,' answered the vehement Rechabite. 'If it be, give me thine hand,' he said; and grasping the Arab by the hand, he pulled him up into his chariot—the highest distinction he could bestow upon him—and bade him come and witness his zeal for Jehovah.

Arrived in Samaria itself, Jehu prepared a horrible blood-bath for the worshippers of the Tyrian Baal. A splendid festival was announced in the temple at Samaria; the whole heathen population of Israel was summoned; the sacrifices were ready; the sacred vestments were brought out; all the worshippers of Baal were there; all the servants of Jehovah, as unworthy of the sacred mysteries, were excluded. The king himself was the first to enter, and offer the victims to the heathen gods. There was nothing in that unmoved countenance to betray the secret. Even the king and the anchorite were able to the last moment to preserve the mask of conformity to the Phœnician worship. They completed their sacrifice, and

[1] H. G. Graham, *Literary and Historical Essays*, 99.

left the temple. Round about the building were eighty men, consisting of the king's own immediate officers and bodyguard. They were entrusted with the double charge, first of preventing the escape of any one, and, secondly, of striking the deadly blow. They entered, and the temple was strewn with corpses, which, as fast as they fell, the guards and the officers threw out with their own hands. At last, when the bloody work was over, they found their way to the inner sanctuary, which towered like a fortress above the rest. There, as we have seen, Baal was seated aloft, with the gods of Phœnicia round him. The wooden images, small and great, were dragged from their thrones and burnt. The pillar or statue of Baal which Joram had removed was also shattered. The temple was razed to the ground, and its site known in after-days only as the depository of all the filth of the town.

¶ In the state of war in which a tribe existed in old times, threatened on every side, there was no greater gratification, under the sway of the strictest morality of custom, than cruelty. Cruelty is one of the oldest festal and triumphal joys of mankind. It was thought that the gods, too, might be gratified and festively disposed by offering them the sight of cruelties—and thus the idea insinuated itself into the world that voluntary self-torture, mortification, and abstinence are also of great value, not as discipline, but as a sweet savour unto the Lord.[1]

II.

The Man.

1. Outward habits give a clue to character. It is so in Jehu's case. That 'driving furiously' for which he was famous is typical of his conduct—his bent of mind. From first to last we read of no delay, no hesitation, no relenting, or turning back in Jehu's life. Throughout 'he drove furiously.' His firmness and determination are altogether remarkable. He was pre-eminently a man of action.

And Jehu had 'driven furiously' to some purpose. Secrecy and swiftness joined to unhesitating severity had crushed the dynasty of Ahab, which fell unlamented and unsupported, as if lightning-struck. The nobler elements had gathered to Jehu, as represented by the Rechabite, Jehonadab. Jehu first secured his position, and then smote the Baal worship as heavily and conclusively as he had done the royal family. He struck once, and struck no more; for the single blow pulverized.

[1] G. Brandes, *Friedrich Nietzsche*, 27.

From the merely human point of view, we may say that revolutions are not made with rose-water, and that, at all crises in a nation's history, when some ancient evil is to be thrown off, and some powerful system is to be crushed, there will be violence, at which easy-going people who have never passed through like times will hold up their hands in horror and with cheap censure. No doubt we have a higher law than Jehu knew, and Christ has put His own gentle commandment of love in the place of what was 'said to them of old time.' But let not us, while we obey it for ourselves, and abjure violence and blood, judge the men of old 'according to that which they had not.' Jehu's bloody deeds are not held up for admiration. His obedience is what is praised and rewarded.

¶ *La Révolution* is but so many Alphabetic Letters; a thing nowhere to be laid hands on, to be clapt under lock and key: where is it? what is it? It is the Madness that dwells in the hearts of men. In this man it is, and in that man; as a rage or as a terror, it is in all men. Invisible, impalpable; and yet no black Azrael, with wings spread over half a continent, with sword sweeping from sea to sea, could be a truer Reality.[1]

2. Jehu professed to be actuated by religious zeal. 'Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord.' How far can we trust these words?

(1) We must remember that zeal is in itself but a neutral passion, and good or bad only according to the object about which it is concerned. In Jehu's case it expressed itself in a frightful destruction of human life. On this account some persons might be disposed to say that it was not zeal for the Lord at all. But they forget that God's work may take one form in one age or set of circumstances, and another in another; that the moral standard of the Pentateuch is not inconsistent with, but is lower than, that of the Gospels; that the acts of a good Jew, face to face with the enemies of his religion, must not be judged of by a Christian standard: since the Jew belongs to an earlier stage in the religious education of the world. Our Lord warned His Apostles against the temptation to propagate or defend His Kingdom by the sword; but the Law of Moses punished idolatry with death, and Jehu was acting in obedience to the idea of duty to which he had been trained. There is nothing to be said on Christian grounds for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or for the brutalities of Cromwell at Drogheda and Wexford; but when

[1] T. Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, iii. 211.

Jehu destroyed the Baal-worshippers in Samaria, the law of Love had not yet been revealed in all its beauty, nor had men learnt that the Holy Spirit is a better Guide into all truth than the weapons of carnal warfare.

¶ 'Is there no way,' asks Andrew Fuller, 'to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?' Owen's greater Anglican contemporary writes to the same effect in his *Liberty of Prophesying*. 'Any zeal,' he observes, 'is proper for religion, but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger,' since no secure basis for a reasonable religion can be won 'if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poniard.' One wonders if the Puritan was thinking of the anecdote which narrates how Michelangelo, who was engaged in designing a statue of Julius II., asked that eminently meek and saintly representative of Christ if he would care to hold a volume in his hand. 'What volume?' cried the indignant Pope; 'a sword! I know nothing of letters, not I.'[1]

(2) It was a momentous order which Jehu received from the prophet—to destroy the whole reigning family—and it came to a ready spirit. By the solemn law of the nation the unfaithful king and all related to him had forfeited their claim upon life. It was a fatal transgression to depart from the Living God. The executioner might be pestilence, or flames leaping from the clouds, or an invading host, or some mighty man armed for the work. Right thoroughly it had been done. The ghastly pile of seventy heads of princes, laid on either side of the gate of Jezreel, had witnessed to this servant's energy and fidelity. Timouri, the Tartar chieftain, might have found in him his great exemplar, as he erected in pyramids the corpses of his victims. The taste of blood had created, as in the tiger, an imperious thirst. A wild glare was in his eyes as the Rechabite tried to read its secret. Interpreting his orders that not only the dynasty of Ahab, but that of Baal too, must fall by the sword, he set about it in terrible earnest. Craft and cruelty combined against priest and devotee. All who had come up to the solemn festival came instead to the shambles, and not one escaped. So Mahomet-Ali conquered the Mamelukes; so Amalric stamped out heresy in Languedoc, saying, 'Kill them all. The Lord will know who are His.'

¶ One who was many months on ambulance duty in the French lines wrote these words:

'They talk of the war! Let them come close in! Let them see lying around emaciated heads with no bodies within a couple of hundred yards; let them see the bloody confusion of heads and entrails and limbs which is showered around when a trench is mined; let them see the heads with ears and noses bitten off as if by mad dogs; let them see the men driven insane by the sights and sounds of the battlefield, who turn and rend their comrades and have to be shot down by them; let them come where hundreds of wounded men are lying on contested ground screaming the whole night through (and not one in a million has ever heard a man scream!) and then talk of the war!'[2]

(3) Jehu's zeal was spoiled by cruelty; it was spoiled also by inconsistency. Baal-worship was not the only kind of idolatry that then reared its head in the land of Israel. There was the worship of the calves, which had been instituted by Jeroboam from a political motive—that of providing a religious attraction to the ten separated tribes, an attraction powerful enough to prevent their attending the worship of God in Jerusalem at the great festivals. This older idolatry was not less inconsistent with the honour and will of God than was the newer Baal or Nature worship introduced from Phœnicia; and a man whose highest motive in destroying the Baal-worshippers had been zeal for God's honour, would not have left this older, and in some respects more mischievous, form of error untouched. But we are told that 'from the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Beth-el, and that were in Dan.' And again, that 'Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart: for he departed not from the sins of Jeroboam' (that is, from the established calf-worship), 'which made Israel to sin.'

Men who are swords of God, and human executioners of Divine justice, may easily deceive themselves. God works the ends of His own providence, and He uses their ministry. 'The wrath of man shall turn to praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.' But they can never make their plea of prophetic sanction a cloak of maliciousness. Cromwell had stern work to do. Rightly or wrongly, he deemed it inevitable, and did not shrink from it. But he hated it. Over and over again, he tells us, he had prayed to God that He would not put him to this work. To the best of his power he avoided, he minimized, every act of vengeance, even when the sternness of his Puritan sense of righteousness made him look on

[1] J. Moffatt, *The Golden Book of John Owen*, 99 n.

[2] John Galsworthy, *A Sheaf*, 285.

it as duty. Far different was the case of Jehu. He loved murder and cunning for their own sakes, and, like Joab, he dyed the garments of peace with the blood of war.

How little was his gain! It had been happier for him if he had never mounted higher than the captaincy of the host, or even so high. He reigned for twenty-eight years (842–814)—longer than any king, except his great-grandson Jeroboam II.; and in recognition of any element of righteousness which had actuated his revolt, his children, even to the fourth generation, were suffered to sit upon the throne. His dynasty lasted for one hundred and thirteen years. But his own reign was memorable only for defeat, trouble, and irreparable disaster.

¶ The fact is, it is in politics to a certain degree as in religion. Men fear in the one case in the same manner as they believe in the other; they have some doubts in both cases, but no convictions. Their conduct belies their assertions, and when compared with that which they observe on occasions where there is no room for doubt, it will be seen that their want of energy or decision, their various inconsistencies, proceed from self-deceit, which is just strong enough to permit them to try and deceive others without actual falsehood and hypocrisy.[1]

3. Jehu, the zealous, the fiery, the reformer, and Jehu the lukewarm, the half-hearted, maintainer of abuses, are one and the same man; and their identity appears in this, that they are both of them Jehu the selfish, Jehu who served God while it answered his purpose, and, when that service seemed to cross his interest, winked at the most palpable sin. And therefore we consider Jehu's character worthy of our study, because it is so common and so bad. The truth which Jehu did not see, and which he and we ought to see, is the truth, that God, if He be served at all, should be served with all our heart and soul and strength; no serving Him now, and disobeying Him then; no following Him up to a certain point, and then stopping short; no worshipping Him in prosperity, and forgetting Him in adversity; or seeking Him in adversity, and forgetting Him in prosperity; no serving of Him for what we can gain by it in the shape of respectability, or position, or what not; the service must be complete and free, as from those who feel that all they can do must fall infinitely short of a perfect worship of the infinite God.

[1] H. Reeve, *The Greville Memoirs*, iii. 187.

¶ Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban:
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.[2]

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

All Souls' Day.

'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan.'—2 Sam. 1[26].

'And David said, Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?'—2 Sam. 9[1].

You see your father sitting looking into the fire occasionally. He does not seem to want to speak to you. You think he is going to sleep. You

[2] J. G. Whittier.

may be right, but it is more than possible that he is remembering—remembering about your big rothers who are away from home, or who may have gone from this world altogether.

1. God has made us so; we all look back and remember. Even kings have their days of remembering. The great King David had his. Once he had a friend whom he loved very much. Most of you could tell me that that friend's name was Jonathan. He was killed in battle, and when David's mind was full of the sad story as ours are full of the great war just now, he wrote a lovely poem about him. Tennyson's poem about his friend Arthur Hallam may one day be forgotten, but King David's song about Jonathan is one of the eternal things; it will never die. As the years passed, David's life meant stress and trouble. He had hard work; furthermore, when he did what was wrong, he suffered for it. We can imagine that he had little time to think, but he had his memories; he never forgot Jonathan. With him it was generally a case of thinking his own thoughts; one day, however, he suddenly spoke out: 'Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul,' he asked, 'that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?' You see that with David remembering did not mean sitting idle thinking round and round in a circle; it meant doing something.

There is a great deal of remembering in all our homes just now. Even boys and girls have their share of it. Can they help it? In every church hall, in every large day school, in universities, everywhere in fact where young people meet, there are Rolls of Honour. You boys and girls read the names and you say, 'I knew him.' But you run away to your games and you forget, don't you?

2. Did you ever think what the word 'Remember' means? One author writing about it says: 'It literally means "Member me again."... When you gather around the household board, or sit at night by the winter fire, keep a vacant place for me. Keep a gap in your hearts where the old chair used to be. Do not forget to count me among the members of the family; do not omit to member me in the circle in which I am seen not.' In the Roman Catholic Church there is a special day set apart for remembering friends who have died. It is the second of November, and in their Church's Calendar is called 'All Souls' Day.' On that day one can see wreaths laid upon certain graves; they are the graves of friends who are 'remembered.' 'All Souls' Day' suggests a beautiful thought, for none of us like the idea of being quite forgotten by our friends when we pass away from the earth.

Long ago, a sprig of rosemary used to be given to the bride at a wedding, and carried by her as a token that she would remember the old home, and the old faces, and the old loves. Rosemary was also used at funerals, and it is still sometimes used in South Wales. Each mourner carries a sprig and throws it into the grave as a token that the dear one will not be forgotten. Your fathers and mothers do not need rosemary to remind them of their absent boys. In many cases their graves are too far away for them to be kept decked with home flowers. They do not pray for them, for they know that they are in safe keeping, but they ask God's help for themselves that they may be able to do their duty to you. What ought 'remembering' to mean for you? 'Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?' David was not a young man when he asked the question; but even boys and girls might well put a similar one to themselves. 'Can I help any one for the sake of those who have done so much for me?' Here are three things you can do.

(1) You can ask God to make you good sons and daughters.

(2) You can resolve to grow up to be good citizens.

(3) The brave soldier boys gave their lives that this world might be a better place for us to live in. That was the great lesson the world learned from the life of Jesus Christ. He is the perfect pattern set for us, and you can ask to be made like Him.

If you do these things 'All Souls' Day' will have a great meaning for you.

II.

Copy-books.

'I wrote them with ink in the book.'—Jer 36^{18}.

I wonder how many of you remember the first time you wrote with ink? Perhaps it was a very, very long time ago, but you may recollect something about it. Do you remember how proud you were when you were given a pen and allowed to use it? Before that you were only permitted to write in pencil and that was very dull and uninter-

esting, but now you had a pen and an inkpot all to yourself and a copy-book to write in! It was a great occasion!

You began so proudly and so hopefully, but by and by the mistakes crept in. A wrong letter was written, a blot fell here and there out of a too full pen, and little inky fingers left ugly smudges. And perhaps, because you were very small, a few salt tears fell on the page. But the worst of it all was that the mistakes wouldn't come out. When you wrote in pencil or on a slate it was easy to remove them, but when you wrote in ink, that was a different matter!

Now Life is just like a great copy-book, and every day we are writing a page in that book. Every action and word and thought writes something on the page. And what we write we can't take out again, for we are writing in ink, not in pencil. Sometimes our page is clean and tidy and well written, sometimes it is ugly and smudged and spoiled; but no matter what it is like, we can't alter it.

Well, I want you to remember three things about this copy-book we are writing.

1. *Do your very best with the page you have.*—Sometimes, you know, you begin a new page in your copy-book very well. The first line is neat and even and as like the head line as it possibly could be. But when you get down the page a bit you become more careless. Perhaps you grow tired writing the same words over and over again, perhaps you forget to look at the top line. Some of the letters jump off the line, others won't stand up straight, some are too fat and others are too lean, some are too long and others too short. And when you come to the last line of all it is a sad failure. Well of course the best way is to keep on writing well to the bottom of the page. That is difficult, but you can do it if you try hard.

Now it is just the same with Life's copy-book. Sometimes we rise in the morning feeling very bright and fit, and we mean to do well and have a splendid day. But little by little the mistakes creep in. Perhaps we lose our temper over some trifle, or we do something mean, or say something unkind. And soon our page is all blotted and ugly, our day is all spoiled.

Well, I think it is just the same with the pages of our life as it is with the pages of our copy-book. If we try very hard, and if we ask God to help us to try, we can keep out a lot of the mistakes. And then we shall have fewer regrets when we get to the end of the page.

2. *Let God put right your mistakes.*—Do you remember spoiling a page in your copy-book when you were very little? You tried your best, but everything went wrong and your little head ached and the tears were very near. Then mother came and took the book from you. And she cleaned it up in a wonderful way, a way you couldn't manage. And somehow when she came to you everything seemed right again. Your head stopped aching and your troubles were at an end.

And God is just like mother. He can put right the things we spoil. He can wash out all our mistakes. You can't alter them, but He can. And I want you to remember this not only now, but long, long after this, when you are grown men and women. Will you always take your spoiled pages to God to put right? He wants to do it. And the biggest mistake people ever make—the only mistake that really counts—is when they forget to take their spoiled pages to Him.

3. *Never forget that there is always a new page.*—Some people forget to turn the new page, and when the new day comes they copy the old one over again with all its mistakes and ugly blots. And so they never get out of the bit.

If you have made a mess of the page that is just turned, you can make a fresh start with the new one and make it all the more beautiful. It is the only thing you can do, and God gives you the new page to let you have another chance.

So we must go on trying till we reach the very last page of all. Then when our work is done God will take away our copy-book and give us a new one, fresh and unspoiled, in which we shall make no mistakes.

III.

The *West African Folk-Tales* which have been collected by W. H. Barker, B.Sc., and Cecilia Sinclair (Harrap; 7s. 6d. net) are good for reading, good for the study of anthropology, and good for —children's sermons. We shall give one as an example, after saying that the volume is extremely attractive and very appropriately illustrated.

Why Tigers never attack Men unless they are provoked.

A man, hunting one day in the forest, met a tiger. At first each was afraid of the other; but

after some talking they became quite friendly. They agreed to live together for a little time. First the man would live with the tiger in his forest home for two weeks. Then the tiger would come and live in the man's house.

The tiger behaved so well to the man during his visit that the man felt he had never been so well treated in all his life. 'Then came the time for the tiger to return home with the man. As they were going the tiger was somewhat afraid. He asked the man if he really thought he would be safe. 'What if your friends do not like my face and kill me?' he asked. 'You need fear nothing,' said his host; 'no one will touch you while I am there.' The tiger therefore came to the man's house and stayed with him three weeks. He had brought his male cub with him, and the young tiger became very friendly with the man's son.

Some months later the man's father died. When Tiger heard of his friend's great loss, he and his cub set out at once to see and condole with him. They brought a large sum of money to help the man.

As Tiger was going home again two of the man's friends lay in hiding for him and shot him. Fortunately he was not killed, but he was very much grieved lest these men had shot at his friend's wish. He determined to find out if the man had known anything at all about the shot.

Accordingly he went to the place in the forest where he had first met his friend. There he lay down as if he were dead, after telling his cub to watch and see what would happen.

By and by the man came along. When he saw the tiger lying, as he thought, dead, he was terribly troubled. He began to cry, and mourn for his friend, and sat there all night long with Tiger's cub, to watch that no harm should befall the body.

When morning came and Tiger was quite assured that his friend had had nothing at all to do with the shot, he was very glad. He got up, then, to the man's great astonishment, and explained why he had pretended to be dead.

'Go home,' said Tiger, 'and remember me always. In future for your sake I will never touch a man unless he first meddles with me.'

Point and Illustration.

'Laying aside every weight.'

Mr. J. Glenelg Grant, Hon. Treasurer of the Cardiff Sailors' and Soldiers' Rests, has gathered many anecdotes, the best of which he now publishes in a book entitled *The Heart beneath the Uniform* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. net). Occasionally the anecdotes are made to point a moral or adorn a text. More than one brings home the force of the words 'laying aside every weight.' This is one:

'Before I left the barrack-room I had another object-lesson showing the necessity of laying aside every weight. "Throw those boots away," were the words I heard uttered in firm tones by a sergeant as he looked down upon the young private who was stooping over his kit. As the lad lifted his head, his face wore a look of mingled surprise and dismay, and for a moment he hesitated to obey the command. Before the sergeant could repeat his words, the boots came flying past me, and fell with a loud crash. There they lay on the floor, and how well I understood the feelings of the owner when told to part with them! They were well-made boots, and quite a considerable sum of money must have been spent in purchasing them. "One pair of boots is enough," continued the sergeant not unkindly, "with all the heavy marching you'll have to do. Remember, my lad, that you are now on active service."'

With Smuts in East Africa.

Every general needs a historian. When General Smuts took over the conquest of German East Africa he had good officers and good men. He had also Captain Francis Brett Young, a competent historian. *Marching on Tanga*, which is the name of the book now written (Collins; 6s. net), is a true history, even to smallest detail, and it is written with the knowledge of human nature and the mastery of the English tongue which makes historical writing literature. The historians whom the war has thrown up are not so many as the poets, but their attainment is greater. Captain Young is one of the few who will be read when the war is over.

To prove a point by quotation is not often possible. We shall risk this incident.

'By nine o'clock we had crossed the river, and were skirting the margin of a vast swamp. All the sunny lower air swam with moisture: the ground was oozy and black. And yet no water was to be seen: only an infinite waste of brilliant reed-beds, standing up in the air so motionless that they made

no whispering. When the sun began to beat through the moist air myriads of dragon-flies, which had lain all night with folded wings and slender bodies stretched along the reeds, launched themselves into the air with brittle wings aquiver. Never in my life had I seen so many, nor such a show of bright ephemeral beauty. They hung over our path more like aeroplanes in their hesitant flight than any hovering birds. Again I was riding the mule Simba, and as I rode I cut at one of them with my switch of hippo hide, cut at it and hit it. It lay broken in the path, and in a moment, as it seemed, the bright dyes faded. I was riding by myself, quite alone; and as I dismounted I felt sick with shame at this flicker of the smouldering *bête humaine*; and though I told myself that this creature was only one of so many that would flash in the sun and perish; that all life in these savage wildernesses laboured beneath cruelties perpetual and without number: of beasts that prey with tooth and claw, of tendrils that stifle, stealing the sap of life, or by minute insistence splitting the seasoned wood, I could not be reconciled to my own ruthless cruelty. For here, where all things were cruel, from the crocodiles of the Pangani to our own armed invasion, it should have been my privilege to love things for their beauty and rejoice in their joy of life, rather than become an accomplice in the universal ill. I cursed the instinct of the collector which, I suppose, far more than that of the hunter, was at the root of my crime; and from this I turned back to the educative natural history of my schooldays, in which it was thought instructive to steal a bright butterfly from the live air to a bottle of cyanide, and to press a fragrant orchid between drab sheets of blotting-paper. And I thought perhaps, when this war is over, and half the world has been sated with cruelty, we may learn how sweet a thing is life, and how beautiful mercy.'

The Franciscans.

In choosing the Franciscans as the subject of his Ford Lectures, Mr. A. G. Little, M.A., Lecturer in Palæography in the University of Manchester, chose a subject full of matter. But it demanded specializing. Mr. Little knows it so well that his book is the easiest reading though it is filled with facts that have had to be painfully gathered and verified.

Does Mr. Little condescend on illustration of the gospel? We think rather that his illustrations are unintentional. But some of them are excellent. In the Parable of the Unjust Steward our Lord uses the sharp practice of an unscrupulous agent to enforce the necessity of earnest endeavour in the life of the Spirit. Mr. Little tells us that the unknown author of the mediæval MS. entitled 'Fasciculus Morum,' in a chapter on the advantages coming to the truly contrite, says: 'We have an example in the poor little spinster who takes wool to spin, but often compelled by necessity, because she has not enough to live on, she sells some of the wool, and when she has to take the spun wool back, she moistens it, so that the weight may not be wanting. Now *we* ought to do like that. When at the suggestion of the flesh or the devil we rob God, not of wool or linen, but of our soul, created in His image; if we wish to restore it to Him with its full weight, we must moisten it well with penance and tears of contrition.' 'The analogy,' says Mr. Little, 'is not quite sound. It was intended to startle—to arrest the attention—and probably succeeded.' Quite so. Jesus also succeeded.

The title of the book is *Studies in English Franciscan History* (Longmans; 8s. 6d. net).

A Bishop's Pleasaunce.

A Bishop's Pleasaunce is the title which the Right Rev. George H. Frodsham, late Bishop of North Queensland, has given to a bookful of articles some of which have already appeared in the magazines (Murray; 2s. 6d. net). Wide as is the range of this bishop's pleasaunce—it runs geographically from 'Broad Lincolnshire' to the 'Islands of the Dragon-Fly,' and intellectually from the 'Charm of Wesley's Journal' to the 'Abiding Quality of English Humour'—yet the most delightful corner of it is the Australian Bush, and there the bishop's heart rests. When he speaks of the bush and the bushmen he is at his best; every word tells. In our boyhood we had to learn:

> The beasts that roam over the plain
> My form with indifference see;
> They are so unacquainted with man,
> Their tameness is shocking to me.

And we had much respect for Mr. Alexander Selkirk. But, as the Irish bishop said of Gulliver,

there were some things in his experience that were difficult to believe. There was that about the beasts in particular. Yet now the Bishop of North Queensland tells us: 'An attractive feature is the absence of fear in the native animals. To a certain extent this is a characteristic of all Australian fauna, and it must need a very stern sportsman to shoot a native bear, which, without the slightest attempt at escape, turns on the gum tree bough to look with puzzled wistfulness at the unfamiliar creature below. The same is true to a less degree of that most inquisitive amongst animals, the kangaroo. Kangaroos have been known to come almost within "putting distance" of a traveller, but the professional sportsman is rapidly discouraging marsupial curiosity, and at the same time is reducing the number of these interesting survivals of a bygone age. Australian birds are equally fearless. Travelling in the far north-west of Queensland in 1904, I camped for a night by a creek where a small trough contained the only surface water for probably twenty or thirty miles around. The next morning while I performed my toilet at the rough basin there were beside me thousands of painted finches, ignorant of the uncertain temper of man, who took no more notice of me than of some friendly animal. They vociferously disputed with me for the complete possession of their bathing-pond as they played and flirted in the water. The whole scene was radiant with joy and beauty.'

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

By the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology, Didsbury College, Manchester.

VII.

William Penn's 'Fruits of Solitude.'

When Mr. Edmund Gosse was preparing for publication his beautiful edition of the *Fruits of Solitude*, so completely forgotten had Penn's book become that 'London was scoured for a long time in vain before a copy could be found.' This was in 1901. Since then, however, there have been several reprints—one with a brief Introduction by Dr. John Clifford,[1] and another in 'Everyman's Library.'[2] The enchanter whose coming, as Mr. Gosse says, 'wakened the delicate dead thing into life,' was Robert Louis Stevenson. It happened in this way.

At the end of 1879, Stevenson, then a young man of twenty-nine, was an exile, sick and disconsolate, in the city of San Francisco. Wandering about the streets, he picked up one day, on a stall, a copy of the *Fruits of Solitude*. The little book seemed made for the man and the moment, and it stirred him profoundly. Two years later, he sent it from Davos as a gift to his friend Mr. Horatio F. Brown, in Venice. 'Here it is,' he wrote, 'with the mark of a San Francisco *bouquiniste*. And if ever in all my "human conduct" I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on—with a wrench—one to another. My wife cries out and my own heart misgives me, but still here it is. I could scarcely better prove myself,—Yours affectionately, R. L. Stevenson.' A little later he wrote again: 'I hope, if you get thus far, you will know what an invaluable present I have made you. Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street-cars and ferry-boats, when I was sick unto death, and found in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion. But, I hope, when you shall have reached this note, my gift will not have been in vain; for while just now we are

[1] Headley Bros.

[2] This also contains *The Author's Life*, by his friend Joseph Besse—the first of Penn's many biographers—and several other of his writings.