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The Sumerian text is:

5. *kalama azag* (?) *-bi* ^{d}*Tag-túg nu-ub-da*[1] *-an-ḫim-ma-dȧ*.[2]
6. ^{d}*Tag-tug-ra*[3] *temen nu-mu-na-si-ga-dȧ*.

Unfortunately the second sign of line 5 is doubtful, which with the syntax assigned to this line[4] would more clearly specify the character of the hero.

Lines 17 f. of the obverse are likewise interesting:

17. Tagtug had not been born and had not been crowned.[5]
18. The lord, god of the floods,[6] the precious lord had not been born.'

Not only is Tagtug specifically defined here as one who ruled over mankind, but he is associated with that other hero of ancient mythology, Tammuz, who also appears as a prehistoric deified ruler in the dynasty of Erech. Of Tammuz, that incarnation of vicarious suffering who lives and dies, Sumerian and Babylonian religious texts have already informed us much. He was construed into the greatest of all culture heroes, and his worship spread throughout the ancient world. Tagtug certainly stood for equally deep motives in Sumerian religion, and these ideas are now partially disclosed by the records of Nippur. In the Barton tablet he symbolizes the beneficent rule of the heroic age whose inauguration the remainder of that tablet describes. Whether he actually ruled in Sumer is here of no vital consequence. In the legend of the Fall of Man he was chosen as the hero whose piety saved the race of man and whose indiscretion involved the loss of health and divine life on earth. Even so Adapa, most wise of mortals, according to the Fall of Man as propounded in the schools of Eridu, brought about this disaster through the cajolery of a jealous god.

Other searching suggestions are raised by these discoveries. Perhaps tempestuous discussion may still be unabated, but new ideas and new facts are upon us. A reconstruction of our most familiar theological cosmology is inevitable as the religious texts of Sumer slowly yield us their difficult secrets.

[1] This verbal form is passive, see *Sumerian Grammar*, § 199, p. 146. The *aš* at the end governs *nu* as a compound relative adverb = when. This *mu* occurs at the beginning of line 3 f., but is omitted at the beginning of line 5. Lines 3–6 are all dependent upon this compound adverb.

[2] Barton now renders this line, 'Tagtug created land and water.' Against this rendering can be urged the following points. Sumerian never places the subject after the object. At any rate examples are unknown to me. If *e* be read for the doubtful sign, *kalam-e-ki* cannot mean land and water, for *kalam* in Sumerian never means land in the material sense, but only land as an organized state. It commonly means Sumer, as '*the* land.' Again Sumerian cosmogony does not contemplate, in any of the texts which refer to the Creation, the creation of water. That is a principle which the legends universally assume as already existing in chaos. Finally the verb *dim* is not active with inserted *da* unless it can be shown that a postfixed *da* precedes the verb, whereby the idea of accompaniment is obtained. But no such construction exists here, and the verb must be passive. Finally lines 17 f. show that Tagtug was a deified man to whom the creation of the world would certainly not be attributed. Personally I prefer the value *dim* = *šurḫû*, 'to educate,' 'bring up,' and would suggest '^{d}Tagtug had not been reared.'

[3] At first thought one might conclude that *Tag-dur-ra* is the true reading, but *ra* is the post-positive particle, not the phonetic complement. See also the large Nippur tablet *Rev.* i. 38.

[4] The anticipative construct.

[5] Literally, 'had not lifted a crown.'

[6] *en mir-si*, ordinarily ^{d}*en-mir-si*, a frequent title of Tammuz as god of the waters in which he was annually drowned.

In the Study.

Michal.

'As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion.'—Pr 11[22].

THE women mentioned in the Books of Samuel are, for the most part, distinguished for their piety. But what shall be said of Michal?

No portrait in the Old Testament is drawn with more distinctness than that of this second daughter of Saul, the wife of Saul's rival and successor. There are lessons of a very valuable kind to be learnt from the delineation, but it does not appear that the sacred writer has taken special pains with the subject for the purpose of edification; rather the portrait is sharply defined because the original was herself a marked character with strong lineaments and an unmistakable personality.

I.

1. That Michal was impressionable and impulsive appears from more than one instance in the Bible story. When David, fresh and ruddy, rich

in manly beauty and strength, came to the Court of her father, and began to fill men's mouths with the fame of his prowess, the young girl allowed her fancy to linger about him until she found herself in love with him. She made no secret of her affection; but she does not appear to have perceived any of his highest qualities. And David on his part took little notice of his *inamorata* and showed no anxiety to make her his wife. He was at the time in that mood of the young Adonis when the blandishments of Venus fall very tamely on a heart engrossed in manly exercises, the pursuits of the field, and feats of arms. Saul, on the other hand, was anxious to put his daughters in David's way, not with the desire of making him a son-in-law, but with the malicious purpose of entrapping him. They were baits to entice him to his doom.

As the traveller in the desert is often lured, by a false vision of water and freshness, to turn aside from the track which leads to the tried and established fountains, so the Evil One will take advantage of a natural yearning towards the better, to delude the soul with a self-flattering belief in a visionary virtue, higher than the ordinary fruits of the Spirit.[1]

2. But the question of David's marriage is a difficult one, and appears to involve some contradictions. First of all we read that a daughter of Saul, along with great riches, had been promised to the man who should kill Goliath. Later we are told that the hand of Merab, the elder daughter, was offered to David as a spur to warlike enterprises against the Philistines, and the hope of Saul was that, lashed by the ambition of seeming acceptable in the lady's eyes, he would attempt the impossible and fall by the hand of the enemy. But Saul's cunning was brought to light by his own conduct; for when David had earned his bride, and looked forward to the fulfilment of the promise, Merab was given to Adriel the Meholathite (1 S 18[19]), and David was exposed to the derision of the Court.

Then it was, perhaps, that Saul said, 'I will give him Michal, that she may be a snare to him, and that the hand of the Philistines may be against him.' The Philistines regarded David as a mortal enemy, and Saul secretly hoped that they might avenge the death of their champion. Saul's plot was deep and dangerous. One man would surely fall before a hundred Philistines. But he who dared to meet Goliath single-handed was not daunted by a hundred Philistines. David's commission was speedily commenced and successfully concluded. 'And Saul gave him Michal his daughter to wife.' Michal's secret love could now be openly shown. Perhaps it had not been very secret.

Though the Bedawin themselves will not admit that love-making or flirtation is easy to be carried on in the wide open plain, seeing that every movement can be observed by the whole camp, yet I am inclined to think that they find ways and times to manifest their preference. Love-making like that of Occidentals is prohibited; still, as has been repeatedly mentioned, cases of real love are met with, and especially among the Bedawin, whose open-air life and contemplation of Nature give them more poetic feelings than those of the ever shut-up Madanîyeh, expecting to be surprised with the veil off at the turning of any corner, or of the ever-busy Fallaha, too much occupied with her continual duties.[2]

II.

1. In the married life of David and Michal one thing becomes immediately apparent. The beautiful woman captivates the heart of her husband. She, on her part, is for the present devoted to him. And as a wife she reveals herself as capable of doing a noble action. Her hero-husband had achieved another brilliant victory over the national foe, and he had been rewarded by another murderous attempt on the part of her demented father. Rising from the banqueting-room, David sought his wife and his home.

A woman, and especially a wife, has eyes and ears that are very sensitive, that see and hear things that would never reach the senses of the man. And it was so here. It would never have occurred to David that Saul's emissaries would be lying in wait at his door to put him to death. But Michal got to know of it: she knew what it meant; how full of danger the situation was for her husband; and it is to her credit, a proof of her devotion, that she took the side of her husband as against her own father, and was instrumental in saving David's life.

The Prussian Consul at Jerusalem, who was of courteous and gentle manner, appreciated the desire of the Pasha to understand the life of a European household, and welcomed him at all times.

The Pasha became specially interested in the household affairs which, without ceremony, Madame Rosen discharged in his presence. After awhile, in a confidential talk with the Consul, he avowed that the European system of managing a house was distinctly to be preferred to that of the Oriental, in that dishonesty was completely checked in the

[1] George Eliot (Rufus Lyon, in *Felix Holt*).

[2] P. J. Baldensperger, in *Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement*, April 1901, 174.

servants; this he declared was truly excellent, but still he added, 'There is one point I cannot understand; your wife effectually guards you from dishonest servants, but what check have you to prevent her from defrauding you herself?'[1]

2 While capable of a noble action, Michal was both designing and deceptive. Her quick-wittedness devised the means of escape, deceived the messengers of Saul to gain time, and invented a ready story to disarm her father's wrath. Her fear of her father was greater than her love for truth; and her love for her husband greater than her hatred of sin.

The messengers, who came to the house to kill David in the morning took Michal into their counsel, and expected her aid in their design. But she came to him at once, and entreated him to escape. With her own hands she let him down through the window, and he, with hurried farewells to the woman whom he had learnt to love, and who was now saving his life at the risk of her own, fled to Samuel at Ramah. Meanwhile she arranged his bed with the Teraphim in it, and then brought the king's messengers to the chamber; showed them the apparently sleeping form, and inquired how they could possibly touch a sick man!

The men carried back the message to their master. There is a peculiar ferocity, an absolute brutality, in the king's next order, 'Bring him up to me in the bed, that I may slay him.' Evidently he was enraged, and either he felt that it would be a satisfaction to murder David with his own hand when unable to defend himself, or he saw that his servants could not be trusted with the dastardly business. The messengers entered the house, and instead of David they found an image in the bed, with a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster. When Michal was angrily reproached by her father for letting him escape, she parried the blow by a falsehood—'He said unto me, Let me go; why should I kill thee?'

The Teraphim were not such idols as represented Baal or Ashtoreth or Moloch, but images designed to aid in the worship of the God of Israel. The use of them was not a breach of the first commandment, but it was a breach of the second. We see plainly that David and his wife were not one in religion; there was discord there. The use of the images implied an unspiritual or superstitious state of mind; or at least a mind more disposed to follow its own fancies as to the way of worshipping God than to have a severe and strict regard to the rule of God. It is impossible to suppose that David could have either used or countenanced the use of these images. God was too much a spiritual reality to him to allow such material media of worship to be even thought of. He knew too much of worship inspired by the Spirit to dream of worship inspired by shapes of wood or stone.[2]

3. Michal was changeable and wayward. During the wanderings of David she accepted the hand of Phalti, or Phaltiel, 'the son of Laish, which was of Gallim' (1 S 25^{44}). The conditions of polygamy seem hardly to admit of romance. But the very dispersion of feeling which that horrible system implies, and the roving incontinence which it fosters, make the devotion with which David sought to recover his first wife the more remarkable, and give a striking evidence of the abiding charm which she had for men who came beneath her spell.

We have no reason to think that Michal ever loved Phalti. But we have the most pathetic proof that he loved her. For when that stroke of fate fell which snatched her from him to restore her to her first husband, we are told that Phalti 'went with her, weeping as he went, and followed her to Bahurim' (2 S 3^{16}).

It is the punishment of Don Juanism to create continually false positions—relations in life which are wrong in themselves and which it is equally wrong to break or to perpetuate.[3]

III.

1. Michal was proud and scornful. There are occasions of great rejoicing when all ceremony is forgotten, and no forms or appearances are suffered to stem the tide of enthusiasm as it gushes right from the heart. Such was the occasion of David's bringing up the Ark to Jerusalem. It was one of the great days in David's life; perhaps more to him than all his victories. For the Ark—the sacred symbol of the Presence of that God to whom, with all his faults, he was devoted in every fibre of his being—this Ark was coming home to his capital, there to abide for ever and be the centre of that beautiful temple which is to arise around it and enshrine its awful glory. In such an hour his gladness knew no bounds. He danced his way up the streets, caring nothing of what men would say, caring only for his God.

It was a display of enthusiasm which Michal, as she could not understand it or sympathize with

[1] W. Holman Hunt, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, ii. 33.

[2] W. G. Blaikie, *The First Book of Samuel*, 308.

[3] J. Kelman, *The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson*, 144.

it, had the folly to despise and the cruelty to ridicule. The ordinary temper of the sexes was reversed—the man was enthusiastic; the woman was cold. Little did she know of the springs of true enthusiasm in the service of God! To her faithless eye, the Ark was little more than a chest of gold, and where it was kept was of little consequence; her carnal heart could not appreciate the glory that excelleth; her blind eye could see none of the visions that had overpowered the soul of her husband.

Her eyes were only for the degrading spectacle of a king forgetting his dignity. She saw in it only a vulgar exhibition. How shameless it is! How could David so forget himself! She, a queen and a queen's daughter, to be mated with such a man! How different would her father have been! He was every inch a king. She despised David in her heart, and unfortunately could not keep her scorn to herself, reading her husband that night a very bitter curtain lecture, and cutting him deep with the lash of her biting sarcasm: 'How shamelessly did the king uncover himself to-day!'

What says Salvator of himself? 'Despiser of wealth and of death.' Two grand scorns; but, oh, condemned Salvator! the question is not for man what he can scorn, but what he can love.[1]

2. On the mind of David himself, this ebullition had no effect but to confirm him in his feeling, and reiterate his conviction that his enthusiasm reflected on him not shame but glory. But a woman of Michal's character could not but act like an icicle on the spiritual life of the household. She belonged to a class that cannot tolerate enthusiasm in religion. In any other cause, enthusiasm may be excused, perhaps extolled and admired: in the painter, the musician, the traveller, even the child of pleasure; the only persons whose enthusiasm is unbearable are those who are enthusiastic in their regard for their Saviour, and in the answer they give to the question, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?' There are, doubtless, times to be calm, and times to be enthusiastic; but can it be right to give all our coldness to Christ and all our enthusiasm to the world?

'It was before the Lord,' was David's noble answer to Michal's taunting and insulting words. That was the whole explanation of David's emotion and the sufficient justification of it. David's overflowing joy that day had its deep and full spring in that far-off but never-to-be-forgotten day when Samuel came to Bethlehem with his horn of oil.

I observe symptoms of Pococuranteism here, and am always dreading its ascendancy, though we have some who struggle nobly against it. I believe that 'Nil admirari,' in this sense, is the Devil's favourite text; and he could not choose a better to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric parts of his doctrine. And therefore I have always looked upon a man infected with this disorder as on one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish.[2]

[1] *Modern Painters* (*The Works of Ruskin*, vii. 309).

[2] *The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D.*, i. 419.

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

A Spring Song.

'The time of the singing of the birds is come.'—Song 2^{12}.

A delicate girl, speaking to a friend, said, 'My body weeps, but inside I want to cry out with joy.' She was one of those people who never lose hope.

We are all meant to be like her. Even the seasons as they come round bring something with them to make us feel happy. Not only the seasons, but each month seems to come with a fresh surprise every year.

December and January—they are cold winter months, but isn't it jolly to have Christmas holidays with snowballing, skating, and perhaps Christmas presents? February—you boys and girls will scarcely believe it, but I think there is no month in the year that is so much longed for. Sick people look forward to its coming. Lying in bed—sometimes all day as well as all night—the winter nights seem to them very long; but they

know that February will bring daylight sooner, they will hear of the snowdrops peeping up, and perhaps some kind friend may bring them a flowering hyacinth. I heard of a lady who said a very beautiful thing about February. It was this: 'I feel I do not want to die when I hear the mavis sing.'

I wonder if you have ever noticed the mavis—or the thrush, to give it its proper name—when you were running to school on a February morning. If you should chance to see one, I want you to listen for his song. It is even worth waiting for. The mavis sings because there is happiness in his heart; he cannot help singing. Ever so many people, some of them perhaps poor and lonely, pass on happier because a mavis flew across their path, then perched on a leafless branch and sang a little song.

St. Francis of Assisi gave up everything, even his friends and home, that he might the better serve his Lord and Master. He loved the birds very much, and somehow the birds seemed to love him. They would fly down from the trees to him, and hover all round about. I have no doubt he was kind to them, throwing down crumbs occasionally, as you might do. One day he preached to them. His sermon was just such a sermon as might be preached to boys and girls; only of course you can't fly, and you don't build nests. You can run, however, and in very many cases with hearts as free of care as the birds. This is what he said, 'My sister birds! You owe God much gratitude, and ought always and everywhere to praise and exalt him, because you can fly so freely, wherever you want to, and for your double and threefold clothing and for your coloured and adorning coats, and for the food which you do not have to work for, and for the beautiful voices the Creator has given you. You sow not, neither do you reap, but God feeds you, and gives you rivers and springs to drink from, and hills and mountains, cliffs and rocks to hide yourselves in, and high trees for you to build your nests in, and though you can neither spin nor weave, he gives you the necessary clothing. Love therefore the Creator much, since he has given you such great blessings. Watch therefore well, my sister birds, that you are not ungrateful, but busy yourselves always in praising God!'[1]

The light-heartedness that is like the happiness of the bird is given to boys and girls who with God's help keep themselves pure and true. And our Heavenly Father is always willing to give us that help if we ask Him.

We are all very much clumsier than the birds, but you certainly come nearer to them than your fathers and mothers do. You can, with your happy ways and kind and obliging manners, make the people about you forget their sorrow; and if they cannot forget it, they may take courage to go on even when life seems hard. You know that there are many sorrowful fathers and mothers just now.

Here are three little verses from a short Scots poem about the mavis, which I should like you to try to remember:

A mavis sang on a leafless branch,
An' 'twas only Can'lemas Day:
The win' wis snell, an' he haed nae mate;
But I sensed the drift o' his lay.

The mavis lilt it gaed roon my hert,
An' my conscience it strack wi' micht;
I turned awa' fae the shadows grim,
An' frontet the Howp an' the Licht.

Sae the mavis mauna sing his leen,
Fin there's licht on the hills for me,
Sae I'll tune my throat, tho' it's winter yet,
An' herald the day that's to be.

Boys and girls, can you read a lesson from the verses? The mavis made some one who was very sorrowful take courage. And it only sang its daily song.

II.

A Moth-eaten Garment.

'A garment that is moth-eaten.'—Job 13^{28}.

I want you to take a good look at what I have brought you to-day. It is a cashmere shawl belonging to an old lady who is a friend of mine. She very kindly lent it to me as a text for you.

If you looked at the shawl from a distance you might imagine it was very beautiful, but if you came a little closer you would see that it was all riddled with small holes, just as if a great many bullets had gone through it. I hope some of you can see them from where you are sitting.

Now I wonder who made these holes in the shawl. Well, my friend forgot to put camphor

[1] J. Jörgensen, *St. Francis of Assisi*, 150.

in the drawer where she laid away her best shawl, and by and by along came Mrs. Moth looking for a nice, soft, warm place to lay her eggs. When she found the shawl she exclaimed, 'Why, here's the *very* thing!' and she lost no time in setting to work.

Shortly after, out of each egg popped a little grub, and as he came out to the world he said to himself, 'I'm really most awfully hungry. I must have something to eat.' So he at once proceeded to eat the thing nearest to him, which happened to be his particular corner of the shawl. And that is how the holes came to be in the cashmere.

Now I think that our characters are a little like this moth-eaten shawl. They were meant to be beautiful and useful, but some destructive moths have eaten into them and spoiled them. I wonder what the names of these moths are? I think they are bad habits, and unkind feelings, and wicked thoughts.

1. There are two ways in which these moths spoil our characters—first, they spoil their beauty; and second, they spoil their usefulness.

(1) *They spoil their beauty.* If you came a little nearer you would see how the moths have spoiled the beauty of this shawl. It is made of a lovely, soft fine wool and must have been very nice to look at once upon a time, but now nobody would wish to wear it as an ornament. It is altogether spoiled. And it is just like that with bad habits. They make ugly holes in our characters. You often meet people who would have been very noble and grand and beautiful if they had not allowed a wicked temper, or an unkind feeling, or a bad habit to get the better of them.

(2) And then, besides spoiling the beauty of our characters, these wicked little moths *spoil their usefulness.* A garment that is badly moth-eaten is of no use. It is quite rotten and tears when we pull it.

Now I think we should all like to be of use to somebody in the world, but if we let those wicked little moths eat into our characters, I'm afraid we shall not be able to do much good. They will weaken our characters until nobody will be able to rely on us.

2. Shall I give you two recipes to help you to keep away the moths?

(1) First, *be busy.* You know it is when clothes are laid away idle that the moths come to them. I read a poem the other day about a lady who owned a very beautiful garment. It was so beautiful that she thought it was too fine to wear, so she laid it away carefully in a drawer. Guests came to the house, but she received them in sober raiment. The poor and the orphaned came, and she gave them pity, but she never cheered them with a sight of the beautiful garment. It lay wrapped up in a napkin in the dark drawer, its beauty all hidden. And then a feast-day came, and she took out the garment meaning to wear it. But when she shook out its wonderful folds she found that the moths had been busy with it, and its beauty and its usefulness were gone for ever. And the writer of the poem ends with these two lines:

> Into the folded robe alone
> The moth with its blighting steals.

One of the best ways of keeping good is to do good. If you are busy helping and serving others and making use of the talents God has given you, why, then, you have very little time to harbour wicked thoughts or grow bad habits. The boys and girls that Satan loves to get hold of are those who have no aim in life and too much time on their hands. He usually finds them an easy prey. So the first recipe is—'Be busy.'

(2) And the second is—'*Use plenty of camphor.*' If you keep plenty of camphor among your garments the moths will be afraid to come near them. And what camphor shall we use to keep the moths of bad habits away from our characters? The camphor of prayer. God will never refuse to help us if we ask Him, and when we have this remedy at hand we should all use it.

3. But I'm afraid that in spite of all our efforts there will still be a few moth-holes in the garments of our characters, for all of us began to let the moths have their way before we could even walk or talk. What are we to do then? Are we to go through life with our beauty and our usefulness always a bit spoilt. Sometimes when you have made a big tear in your coat or your frock, mother darns the rent so carefully that you can scarcely see it, but even mother isn't clever enough to get rid of the holes in a moth-eaten garment. But Jesus can mend the holes in the moth-eaten garments of our characters. He, and He alone, can do it, because He alone has lived the perfect life, and He

has suffered and died to make us good. He can take away all the ugliness out of our lives and put our mistakes right, and He can present us at last faultless before His Father's throne with exceeding joy.

III.

Soldiers.

The title of Mr. H. G. Tunnicliff's new volume of sermons to children is called *Marching as to War* (Kelly; 1s. 6d. net). It contains eighteen sermons on great Christian soldiers. One of them is Caedmon, one Mary Slessor, and one Arthur Jackson. This is the sermon on

ARTHUR JACKSON, THE LIFE-SAVER.

One sunny afternoon in August 1901, a little party was leaving a Scottish hotel for a picnic, when a messenger burst in upon them with the news that two men were drowning in a little loch up in the hills. One of the boys, a sturdy fellow in footer shorts, soon gained the lead as they raced to the rescue. It was no easy task to run for more than a mile uphill on a hot afternoon; but Arthur Jackson was dogged, and in a short time he had reached the banks of the loch, where several non-swimmers stood helplessly watching one poor fellow who was desperately clinging, completely exhausted, to the side of a small boat. His companion had sunk before Jackson had arrived on the scene. In a moment the schoolboy took in the situation, and with lightning speed he resolved what would be best to do. Flinging his shoes away, and grasping a rope, he swam out with swift strokes to the drowning man. Deftly he fastened the rope around the poor fellow, and with the help of the hitherto helpless men on the side of the loch he was able to get his man to land.

Nearly ten years had passed away, and in January 1911 another summons for help came to that schoolboy, now a well-qualified doctor, twenty-six years of age. He had gone out to Moukden to serve the stricken in the United Free Church of Scotland Hospital, and he hoped to teach in the new Medical College which was to be built. Then one cold winter day the call came. Plague had broken out in Northern Manchuria. The bitter cold had sent the people crowding into the shelter of their miserable houses, into which they refused to admit the smallest draught of fresh air. The close railway carriages and the stuffy inns were full of infection, and the dread scourge spread swiftly. The terrified coolies boarded the trains, seeking the safety of their homes in China, and there was grave danger. The plague had reached Moukden, and unless its southward course could be stayed the countless millions of China would be in deadly peril.

Before the last train-load of coolies reached the frontier the plague had seized two travellers as victims, and the train was immediately sent back to Moukden. There were nearly five hundred coolies aboard who must be kept apart, and those who were suspected themselves isolated from the rest. Only in this way could any of the five hundred escape death. Arthur Jackson did not hesitate. The schoolboy who hastened to the rescue of a drowning man had grown to manhood, and his spirit was unchanged. Readily he volunteered for the work, though he knew well that he was embarking on a desperate undertaking, for once a man was smitten with the plague there was absolutely no hope of recovery.

He was needed, and that was enough. It was bitter weather—that night there were sixty-two degrees of frost—but the tall young doctor strode manfully through the snow. He had come out to serve, and this was a chance of service to be seized with both hands. Calmly he put on a white overall, slipped a mask and hood well over his head and face, fixed a pad well saturated with strong disinfectant over his nose and mouth, and drew on his stout oilskin boots.

He forgot all about himself in his anxiety to save life. He did not forget the risk which his two brave English assistants were running. 'Stand back, Elder,' he would cry. 'Don't come too near, Coppin; it's risky, and there's no use all of us running risks.'

He gave loving attention to every patient. Now he would smooth the pillow of some poor coolie; now he would gently steady with his strong arm a sufferer on his way to hospital. Plunging into dirty inns reeking with plague, he brought hope and cheer to the terrified survivors, not one of whom as yet knew whether he would prove to be the next unhappy victim.

At last, after nine days of tireless toil, all seemed well. On the Monday afternoon sixty coolies were discharged, saved from the fatal touch of plague by the British doctor's loving care. Next morning those who remained were transferred

to new quarters; but Arthur Jackson was so ill that, after slowly dressing, most unwillingly he went back to bed. That evening the unmistakable signs of plague appeared, and the next moment he realized this; forgetful of himself, he warned his fellow-doctor of his peril. For twenty-four hours the doctors fought the plague with all their power and skill, but the fight was unequal; the next evening, when the sun was set, the great Physician laid His healing hand upon the young doctor's fevered brow, and gently led him to the land where there is no more pain.

All Moukden was stirred, and the news of the young hero's sacrifice spread far and wide. A few days after his simple burial a memorial service was held in the British Consulate, and was attended by the leading Chinese officials, headed by the Viceroy, Hsi Liang, one of the most important men in the great Chinese Empire. The Bible was opened, and after the Scripture reading prayer was offered. Then the familiar strains of the moving hymn 'For all the saints who from their labours rest' rang out on the wintry air. Then the Viceroy stepped forward, and the silence was broken by these heartfelt words: 'Dr. Jackson, moved by his Sovereign's spirit, and with the heart of the Saviour who gave His life to deliver the world, responded nobly when we asked him to help our country in its need. He went forth to help us in our fight daily where the pest lay thickest. Amidst the groans of the dying he struggled to cure the stricken, to find medicine to stay the evil. Worn by his efforts, the pestilence seized upon him, and took him from us long ere his time. Our sorrow is beyond all measure; our grief too deep for words. O spirit of Dr. Jackson, we pray you intercede for the twenty million people of Manchuria, and ask the Lord of Heaven to take away this pestilence, so that we may once more lay our heads in peace upon our pillows. In life you were brave; now you are an exalted spirit. Noble spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still, and look down in kindness upon us all.'

Arthur Jackson had spoken to the whole world, and his message stands on the memorial tablet placed to his honour in his old school, Merchant Taylors', Crosby: 'He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.'

Point and Illustration.

The Prophets of the Old Testament.

If the war has raised the question of the worth of Christianity, some things which the war has given Christians the opportunity of doing are not at all a bad answer to the question. Is not one of these the entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem? We have only to read or recall the story of former entries and what followed to see the contrast. It could scarcely be more conspicuous. It is *The Prophets of the Old Testament*, by Professor A. R. Gordon, D.Litt., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), that has suggested this bit of apologetic. Dr. Gordon does not minutely describe any of the sieges of Jerusalem, but he describes the siege and capture under Nebuchadrezzar sufficiently to make us see that Christianity counts for something.

We are still more struck, however, with what Dr. Gordon says about the patriotism of the prophets. It is found in different places of the book, which, taken together, carry a wonderful lesson in true patriotism. 'In the person of Nahum prophecy is identified with national patriotism. The earlier prophets had turned the fierce light of Divine judgment on their own people; Nahum has eyes for nothing but the destruction of the oppressor. With eager interest he has watched the crippling of the old Lion, and now that he sees him at bay in his den, and his defences passing one by one into the hands of the hunter, the whole ardour of his Jewish soul kindles within him, and he pours forth his torrent of glowing lava.'

Again, of Jeremiah—'The conflict between prophet and king marks the contrast between *true and false*—or *higher and lower—patriotism.* By the people of Jerusalem the kings who offered so stubborn a resistance to the hosts of Nebuchadrezzar were naturally enough honoured as heroes and patriots, while the prophet who counselled surrender was flouted as a base and cowardly traitor, worthy of death. These sentiments are shared by not a few among Jeremiah's modern detractors. Renan, for example, dubs him a fanatic, an anarchist, "a furious declaimer, who never sacrificed one grain of personal enmity to the good of his country." But Jeremiah was neither a coward nor a traitor. He loved his native land, and fain would have shared his fellow-prophets' glib assurances of its salvation (28^6). For him, however, patriotism meant

primarily devotion to the moral and religious welfare of the people. This welfare secured, all other good things would be added to them; without it the nation must perish. Like St. Paul, he would gladly have given his own life for his people. Even when the hope of salvation had vanished, he had no thought of deserting them. Through the whole terrible ordeal of the siege and downfall of Jerusalem he remained bravely at his post, striving with all his might to ward off the last and cruellest sufferings of the city, uttering no word of complaint against his persecutors. He showed his patriotism in this, too, that he never despaired of his country. In the course of the siege he redeemed from his cousin the family inheritance in Anathoth at its full value, as a token that "houses and fields and vineyards shall yet again be bought in this land" (xxxii. 15). And he steadfastly declared that Jerusalem should rise from its ashes to a new and better life.' That is a long quotation, but is it not worth quoting?

There is a still finer passage on Habakkuk. What is the prophet going to do with God? 'The prophet refuses to accept the Divine silence as final. With equal patience and daring he takes his stand on the high planes of vision, and awaits the revelation of God's purpose.

On my watch-tower will I stand,
And will set me on my rampart;
I will look out to see what He will speak with me,
What answer He will make to my complaint (ii. 1).

Anon the answer comes; and he is bidden write it on tablets, with clear bold letters, that one may read it running.

Though the vision may wait for the time appointed,
It straineth toward the end, and will fail not;
If it linger, yet do thou wait for it,
Since it will surely come, and not delay;
Behold! the soul of the wicked shall faint in him,
But the righteous shall live by his faithfulness (vv. 3 f.).

'In this great sentence, which has become the watchword of Christian freedom, the eternal contrasts are defined. However prosperous he may now appear, the wicked man has the seeds of death already planted in his soul, and the issue is inevitable.'

Now all this on patriotism is only an item in a book of wonderful interest and instructiveness.

A Dante Scholar.

The Hon. William Warren Vernon is the author of 'Readings on the *Divina Commedia*' and thereby well and favourably known to Dante students. He is now in the eighties and has written his autobiography—*Recollections of Seventy-Two Years* (Murray; 12s. net).

It is the life of an aristocrat, an aristocrat with money and brains. What more could a man desire to have or be? The book introduces lords and ladies without number. Who could have believed there were so many titled persons in the country? The picture of them, if crowded, is pleasing. Mr. Vernon is a sympathetic, even a most good-natured, chronicler. Only of the notoriously bad has he a bad word.

Mr. Vernon has not spent his life in eating and drinking. He has been a member of public bodies devised to do good to their fellow-men. For many years he worked with the Charity Organization Society. And he did much hard and unthankful 'slumming.' It was his brother, Augustus, the sixth Lord Vernon, who introduced him to the East End. But Lord Vernon could do no slumming himself. One day they met:

'"William," he said, "are you inclined for a walk?"

'"Yes," said I, "I'm on, only I want just to go into St. Giles's for ten minutes, to leave some tickets for a poor woman whose child is very ill. Do you mind?"

'"Oh, well," said Augustus (very reluctantly), "but shall you be long?"

'"Oh no," I replied, "only a few minutes," and I thereupon took him into Stacey Street, that runs now from Shaftesbury Avenue to St. Giles's Church, and we went down into one of the dreadful cellars in which human beings lived and died in those days, but which the sanitary inspectors now no longer sanction as dwellings. I sat down at the table and began writing my ticket for the poor woman, when a sort of gasp made me turn round and I saw Augustus with his handkerchief up to his nose, retching violently, with the

tears running down his cheeks! I chuckled inwardly.

'When we got outside, he exclaimed, "What a horrible atmosphere!"

'"Yes," I said, "it is pretty bad, but you know it is so good for us of the upper classes to visit the poor ourselves in their wretched homes. I am sure you would find it so, if you went oftener!"'

It was the author's father, the fifth Lord Vernon, who produced the Vernon Dante in three folio volumes. Its production cost him £20,000. Thus Dante has been a family affection, and there is much Dante interest in the book.

The Pastoral Epistles.

The new volume of Dr. Walter Lock's 'Westminster Commentaries' has been written by an Indian Missionary, Mr. Ernest Faulkner Brown, M.A. On that account it is (in Dr. Lock's words) 'less critical, less detailed in discussion of questions of date and authorship. On the other hand it has special features of its own. Written by one whose life has been devoted to missionary work in India, it draws frequent illustrations from that work, it shows how appropriate the moral and doctrinal teaching of the Epistles is for the early stages in the building up of a newly-converted Church, it makes very real and human the relation between St. Paul and his delegates, and thus throws over the whole circumstances out of which the letters grew an atmosphere of spiritual reality, which is a strong indirect testimony to the historical character of the position assumed in them.' Its subject is *The Pastoral Epistles* (Methuen; 6s. net).

We have long seen that the Acts of the Apostles should be edited by a missionary; that the missionary is the best editor of the Pastoral Epistles is a new idea, for which we have Dr. Lock to thank. For no doubt he chose his editor of purpose. And the choice is vindicated. The Missionary (at least in India) is now a pastor, and the pastoral work he has to do is just the work that lay before Timothy and Titus. 'Directly we had charge of a body of Indian Christians, much of our work became pastoral rather than evangelistic, and then it was that we found the building up of character to be no less necessary than the inspiration of faith. And the building up of character had to be done from the very foundations. One in charge of a boarding-school found that almost his whole energy had to be put into the inculcation of honesty and truthfulness. One in charge of a congregation found himself absorbed in the struggle with petty cheating and idle quarrels. It was with a delighted surprise then that we came back to the Pastoral Epistles, and realised that the apostle's difficulties had been much the same as ours. Such phrases as "not given to much wine," "not purloining," "not slanderers," "tattlers and busybodies," rang in our ears with comfort and encouragement, and we felt indeed thankful that the apostle had not thought it beneath his dignity to mention such matters. Also we began to understand why "self-control" occupies so large a place in these epistles; it was a new thing for these wild natures not to give free play to every passion. Many a dull day of drudgery and irresponsiveness was brightened by the remembrance that just so Timothy must have laboured amongst degraded Ephesians in their evil slums, and Titus amongst the vicious and stupid boors of Crete, never doubting that the gospel, always and for all men, "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."'

The pastor at home will find this commentary on the Pastoral Epistles of use to him however many commentaries he has already.

Edith Sichel.

Mr. A. C. Bradley has edited a volume of letters, articles, essays, and poems by Miss Sichel, calling it *New and Old* (Constable; 10s. 6d. net). In a short Introduction he tells us a little about Miss Sichel's life and work. We wish he had told us more, so good it is the little he does tell. 'In the later eighties her favourite French authors seem to have been George Sand and Sainte-Beuve; and it was partly to the latter, partly to her friend, Emily Ritchie, that she owed her introduction to French memoirs. On the study of these she began, about 1890, to concentrate; and this study, extending its bounds, led to the composition of her best-known and most valuable works. The first two volumes of the series, the *Story of Two Salons* (1895) and the *Household of the Lafayettes* (1897), dealt with the era of the Revolution. From this she went back to the sixteenth century, and produced in

1901 *Women and Men of the French Renaissance*, in 1905 *Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation*, in 1907 *The Later Years of Catherine de Medici*, and finally in 1911 *Michel de Montaigne*. Thus the French Renaissance may be described as her principal subject, and one on which she made herself an authority. But during the years of her work on it she found time for the *Life* of her friend Canon Ainger (1906), for the beautiful memoir of Mary Coleridge which forms the Introduction to *Gathered Leaves* (1910), and also for a large number of articles on a great variety of topics, not confined to history and literature.'

The volume contains Extracts from Letters, Thoughts, Poems, Biographical Studies, Articles from the *Pilot*, and Articles from *The Times Literary Supplement*. Thus we learn that Miss Sichel was one of Mr. Lathbury's dark and clever horses, as well as one of the big lions of the Supplement. Indeed, we discover here some of the reviews which caught our attention at the time through their abounding vitality. The longer papers are the most readable, they are never cheap, and yet are wholly human.

We shall test the book by quoting two of the extracts from letters, three of the thoughts, and a portion of one of the articles:

1. *From the Letters.*—

(1) I am a heretic, you know, and it seems to me that all who call Christ Master with adoration of that, life are of the same band, whatever the view taken of the manner in which that life came to us. The spiritual miracle of it was—is—greater than all miracles, as Emily Lawless says so well; and it has never seemed to me that *whence* Christ was should so trouble men, when *what* Christ was is so all-important, so compelling, so life-filling (June, 1914).

(2) Humbly and passionately I dare call him Master. And I can't say more than that. The immanence of God and the life of Christ are my treasures. They warm existence and help one's worst hours. Buddha, Socrates, Mahomet, all the long chain of revelations of God so dear to the Broad Church (and rightly), do rank for me in a long chain of evolution, but they seem the more to show how much greater, warmer, more mysterious, more near to God Christ was. They never make one glow (July, 1914).

2. *From the Thoughts.*—

(1) The work of religion is to clear the will of desires and to set it free.

(2) There are two conceptions of religion: that which adapts God to the needs of man; that which fashions man to the needs of God.

(3) Poetry and religion are truer than fact, because they attest the solidarity of life, and its permanence through love.

3. *From 'Saints and Mystics.'*—In the pronouncements of these four great pioneers [Florence Nightingale, Octavia Hill, Canon. Barnett, and St. Vincent de Paul]—the three modern contemporaries, the fourth, their predecessor, the creator of lay charities two hundred and fifty years before them—we shall first be struck by the likeness, by the same mystical note in each. Work in God and through Him is their gospel. And thus they escape all the perils of mysticism. Like wine, mysticism is dangerous when drunk alone without food. Every sacramental thought needs both bread and wine. And to each of these four vision seemed useless without action.

Kultur.

'The third guard had just gone on. Two sentinels were placed at a point in the wall where the breach made by a shell had been rudely barricaded. Enough of the hole was left open to command a view of the hillside approaches by which an attack might be delivered, but of the ground immediately on the other side nothing at all. The moon had just risen.

'The sentinels had hardly been on long enough to reconnoitre their post when a grenade fell at their very feet. The fuse sputtered a second and went out without explosion. A bolt out of the blue could not have astonished the two men more. With sickening certainty the realisation came upon them that the enemy had approached without their knowledge, and were standing there two yards away without their being able to strike a blow in self-defence.

'It was a moment for quick decision. Yet no course of action that presented itself seemed very satisfactory. To fire was useless, for no possible angle commanded the ground just behind the wall. The call to arms might have precipitated the danger, which still hanging in suspense offered a better opportunity for overcoming. Leaving

his comrade at the breach, therefore, the mobile sentry ran down to the *petit poste*, which was only about fifty yards along the walk, and called up the corporal of the guard, warning him of what had occurred.

'A little incredulous the old soldier buckled on his equipment, took his rifle, and, preceding the sentinel, walked up the path toward the barricade. Before he had time to arrive another fuse appeared, spinning over the wall at the same spot. Realizing the danger, he cried out to the sentinel who had remained, to save himself. He had hardly spoken when the bomb burst with a terrific explosion. Turning toward the *petit poste* the corporal shouted "*Aux armes!*" These were his last words. Almost simultaneously with the explosion of the grenade the enemy burst in the barricade, fired down through the smoke, and were off again before the bewildered men inside had time to answer. They shot well, for almost with the first ball the old veteran of Morocco and Tonkin fell, struck in the temple, and never moved again.

'That night there was not much difference at *petit poste* between the two hours on guard and the two hours off. Every one was on the alert, keyed up with apprehension. But nothing happened, as indeed there was no reason to suppose that anything would. Only about midnight, from far up on the hillside, a diabolical cry came down, more like an animal's than a man's, a blood-curdling yell of mockery and exultation.

'In that cry all the evolution of centuries was levelled. I seemed to hear the yell of the warrior of the stone age over his fallen enemy. It was one of those antidotes to civilization of which this war can offer so many to the searcher after extraordinary sensations.'

That narrative is taken from the *Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger* (Constable; 5s. net). Some short time ago we reviewed here a volume of Poems by this American author, who found himself in Paris when the war began and joined the Foreign Legion. To the Legion he stuck to the end, fighting for France as if he were a Frenchman, and for glory, the Frenchman's ideal of duty. The end came on July 3, 1916, in the attack on Belloy-en-Santerre. The letters and diary have been admirably edited. They will be read with interest throughout.

Sir Arthur Helps.

A selection from the *Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps*, K.C.B., D.C.L., has been made and edited by his son, E. A. Helps (John Lane; 12s. 6d. net). Sir Arthur Helps was one of the successful, almost one of the popular, authors of the middle of last century. His best book was *The Spanish Conquest in America*, but it was hampered by a certain stiffness of style, and never reached anything like the popularity of *Friends in Council*. Greater, however, than his books, and more popular, was the man himself—a social reformer, an adviser and intimate friend of the Queen, a philanthropic, self-denying, and slightly self-conscious English gentleman.

The letters in this volume that are of most interest are not those of Sir Arthur Helps himself, but of his correspondents. For the most part they are written in acknowledgment of copies of his books, but they are nearly always worth reading on their own account. Some of them are quite characteristic and eventful. Thus:

CARLYLE.—About Maurice and eternal damnation I hear a great deal, from the idle circles of mankind; but to say truth, I have of myself almost no thought about it at all. Like the Frenchman, tired with arguments about the being of God, I may *a fortiori* say, '*Monsr. je-n'y prends aucun intérêt!*' Perhaps it might do Maurice good if he were turned out of the Church altogether—which, it appears, is not likely at present. That splitting of hairs, which he has long laboriously carried on, to prove that he belongs to her, *cannot* ultimately turn to good for any creature. As to the Church herself—well, I should say, so long as she talks about damnation at all, she must make it 'eternal'; there is no even *extinct* worth in any other kind. God help her, poor old Church! England *believes* now, and she herself at heart believes, in no 'damnation' except ruin at your bankers (such damn[n] as *has* now fallen on Hudson, they say): and a poor church in these circumstances is ill off!

TENNYSON.—Thanks for 'Oulita.' I have not yet read it but I have cut it open, which looks as if I meant to read it.

My complaint against the time and my office of P.L. is not so much that I am deluged with verse, as that no man ever thinks of sending me a book of prose, hardly ever. I am like a man receiving

perpetual parcels of currants and raisins and barley sugar, and never a piece of bread.

When you talk of sending 'tribute to a *Royal* man' see what an unhandsome allusion you make to my position in H.M.'s household!

MORLEY.—I have been recruiting at Hastings, and your large envelope looked so full of business that my people dared not forward it. I am heartily obliged to you for sending me your book. Among your ten thousand readers, nobody has a warmer admiration or a keener relish for your wise words than I have. A recluse myself, I am all the more eager to have delicate and profound reflections from a man who is in the world, or at any rate on a pinnacle looking over the world. This very night I shall put on my slippers, and dip joyfully into 'Brevia,' and go to bed full of mellow wisdom and good will, which is better than anything else. I hold slippers to be a compliment to an author; because who in this easeful fashion would read disagreeable letters or bad books? I wonder whether you agree with me in the garb proper for writing. Like Buffon, I insist upon shaving and clean linen before sitting down to composition.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Alas, I fear I am original only in the bad sense, but it is true I abhor prejudice—nothing less than following the multitude to do evil: nevertheless I too have my prejudice, *i.e.* in favour of probity and truth.' Thus I have for years entertained a prejudice against retaining Gibraltar, which was originally anything but honourable to us as a possession, though we have since made ourselves famous by defending it.

Suppose when Napoleon was endeavouring to place his brother as ruler in the Peninsula, if the English had *kept* Lisbon or Oporto because they had taken them from the French, when we were there only as the allies of Portugal, I dare say some Admirals or Generals would have cried, 'Well done'; but all the rest of the World, 'Perfide Albion.' Is our tenure of Gibraltar more righteous?

Those are quotations out of a few letters. There are many other letters that are quite as characteristic—by Ruskin, Gladstone, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Lytton, Trollope, Froude. Assuredly the book was worth editing and issuing.

Charles Macara.

Sir Charles W. Macara, Bart., whose biography has been written by Mr. W. Haslam Mills, is known most widely as the happy originator of 'Lifeboat Saturday.'

This is the story. 'On a stormy afternoon early in December, 1886, five men, the crew of a small steamer from Montrose, were seen from the shore at St. Anne's clinging to the mast of the vessel which had gone aground on Salter's Bank. The lifeboat put out to the rescue, and after many hours of labour and peril returned with its treasure. The coxswain and sub-coxswain of the lifeboat were taken to Sir Charles Macara's house, and from there they told their modest story by telephone to the newspapers in Manchester. Five nights later, and in the gathered fury of the same gale, the lifeboat was called out again. The German barque *Mexico*, bound from Hamburg to Liverpool, was aground on the treacherous Horse Bank, in the estuary of the Ribble. The lifeboat crews of Lytham, Southport, and St. Anne's went to the rescue. The St. Anne's men, fresh from their recent triumph on Salter's Bank, were in high spirits, though Charles Tims, the sub-coxswain, a fisherman of great bravery, and a famous man on that coast, seemed to hear in the gale a voice which he had not heard before.

'The boat never came back. Its single light was swallowed up in victory, and only an unintelligible rocket now and then out of the welter of the night told the watchers on the shore that there was still life, but of whom and how faring, no one knew. At dawn the wives of the lifeboat men gathered at Sir Charles Macara's house. There was still no news, but when the morning was a little spent a lifeboat was seen struggling towards the shore. It was the Lytham boat, which had rescued the crew of the *Mexico*. A horseman rode into the sea to meet her, and it was he who scattered the suspense and spread desolation in its place. The Southport boat and the boat from St. Anne's had both capsized. Of the Southport crew two were cast up alive. Not a man of the St. Anne's crew returned. The wives and children they had left looked up into the faces of Sir Charles and Lady Macara, and they did not look up in vain. They were friends at court. All England and all Europe was made to ring with the doings of that night. In less than a fortnight £33,000 was collected for the relief of the widows and the fatherless, and their future being made secure, the memory of the thirteen lost heroes was saved to future ages in the chiselled figure which looks out to sea from the beach at St. Anne's.'

Then Sir Charles Macara discovered that the national lifeboats were not being supported sufficiently, and he conceived and carried out the 'Lifeboat Saturday.'

He was a great Manchester cotton spinner. His life is told with splendid faith and verve in this book, the title of which is *Sir Charles W. Macara, Bart.: A Study of Modern Lancashire* (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes; 6s. net).

Father Stanton.

Two volumes of Father Stanton's sermons have already been published. Two volumes of *Father Stanton's Sermon Outlines* are now to be published. The first volume is out (Longmans; 5s. net). The manner of it will best be seen if we quote one of the outlines. But first read what the editor, the Rev. E. F. Russell, says about Stanton's method of composing his sermons.

'Ordinarily his preparation took the following form. When he had fixed upon his subject, and it was time to get to work, he would draw up his chair to the fire and sit gazing on and on into it, as if in expectation that some spiritual light might come through the flame into his own soul. He remained thus for a considerable time, motionless and insensible to whatever was happening around him. I have gone away fearing to disturb him, and have come back later, only to find him just as I left him, still agaze into the fire. Withdrawn thus into himself he was able to bring his whole soul to bear upon his subject, to walk round it, look at it from different points of view, and then, by sheer, steady labour of the mind, clear and arrange his ideas and, this done, determine in what way he could make his vision as shining and interesting and persuasive to others as it was to himself.'

The outline we shall choose is

ACCORDING TO THY MIND.

'Should it be according to thy mind? he will recompense it, whether thou refuse or whether thou choose; and not I: therefore speak what thou knowest.'—Job xxxiv. 33.

'Elihu thought Job spoke too boastfully, that Self was too much uppermost in him. So he rebuked him in these words. I am not going to follow Elihu's arguments or investigate the exact meaning of his words, but to use them as rebuke to ourselves asking the Holy Spirit to bless the Application.

'1. *There are many who would have their God to be after their own mind.*—All we know about God is by revelation, no intuition however deep, or invention however clever, could find out God. Can a man by thought find out God? No.

'But He isn't after the minds of many, or what they please to call their minds; they quarrel with statements about Him in the Old Testament, as not reconcilable with their inner consciousness. The fact is they work in a god factory and make God out of their inner consciousness. They do not accept the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He isn't according to their mind.

'Brethren, such real idolaters are worse than the heathen, for they reject the true God, which the heathen don't. Don't you give way to the modern theology, when Christmas comes you say, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."

'Brethren, they like to eliminate out of their God all that is terrible. But by toning down His justice, you don't enhance His love; or by minimising His punishments, you don't enhance His Honour. Serve Him as He is. Has He not said, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Where were wider words ever written than "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son," etc.?

'2. There are *many who would have His Providence after their own mind.*—We see His arrangements and are dissatisfied. Why are things as they are? "Art thou the first man that was born?" asks Eliphaz of Job. Art thou, Adam, the first man? Hast thou lived up all the centuries, why you are not as old as England is? And the wood of your coffin is growing. The world was ordered before you were born, and will go on when you are dead. Leave God to work out His own Providence in His own good time. The best thing for a child to do who has fallen out with his father is to fall in again. You lost your money. Well, should the machinery of the universe stop till you have recovered your loss? You lost your darling child—well, did he not belong to God first? He has given him life eternal. God gave and God has taken away, etc.

'3. *There are many who would have the Gospel after their own mind.*—God's plan of redemption, so simple, so sublime, won't do for them, *i.e.* that He came down and died for me, that I might go up and live with Him in Heaven. Some say they

don't want Atonement at all. Some not the atonement of the Bible. The Lord will never lay another foundation stone. The Cross is older than Adam. It is as old as the Love of God. Fix the date of the love of God, then you have fixed the date of the Cross. It behoves thee to be quiet and to hide thyself in the Love and the Mystery of the Cross of Christ.

'*There are many who would have the Church after their own mind.*—If so there would be as many churches as there are minds, only the mind is never the same, there could be no *quod semper*, etc. We mustn't invent, we must deliver. 'I delivered to you that which I also received,' said Paul. If we contribute, it must not be to the substance but to the illustration. Our Faith is the Faith of our Fathers. I do not wish to tell you anything outside the Church of Christ.'

Irenaeus and the Fourth Gospel.

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III.

(3) *The Elders.* As has already appeared from our discussion, the relation of Irenæus to those whom he calls the elders presents a complex question. Do his references to them imply that he had himself been in contact with them, and thus was able to quote their testimony at first-hand? I have suggested in an earlier paragraph that this possibility must be allowed for. His Letter to Florinus, on any fair reading, assumes his intercourse with 'the elders before us,' and this accords with all the historical probabilities of the situation. Some writers seem to ignore the large numbers of Christian communities to be found in Asia Minor by the middle of the second century, and the intimate relations which bound them together. It would be impossible for a youth with eager Christian interest and high purposes of Christian activity to be brought up in such an environment without frequent opportunities of friendly converse with leading men in the Churches, belonging to an older generation, whom he would naturally call οἱ πρεσβύτεροι. Any one acquainted with similar circumstances knows how tenaciously the recollections of such intercourse are preserved by impressible minds. But when we investigate the bearing of the testimony of these older and leading Christians, as referred to by Irenæus, on the problem of John of Asia and his relation to the Fourth Gospel, the result is meagre. We are virtually restricted to three passages in the *Contra Haereses*. One of these (v. 33. 3) has been already examined, and its language possibly justifies the assertion that Irenæus was acquainted with an oral tradition of 'the presbyters who saw John the disciple of the Lord,' while he adds that 'Papias also records this.' In ii. 22. 5 he is reporting Ptolemæus, the famous Valentinian Gnostic, with reference to his assimilation of the passion of Jesus to that of the twelfth Æon, who suffered in the twelfth month. Ptolemæus asserts that Jesus suffered in the twelfth month of His public ministry, while still thirty years old, apparently basing his hypothesis roughly on the Synoptic chronology. Irenæus, starting from the larger number of Passovers mentioned in the Fourth Gospel, seeks to show that Jesus, as occupying the position of a teacher, must have passed from the stage of *juvenis* to that of *aetas senior*, and in favour of his view he appeals to 'the testimony of all the elders who had in Asia come into contact with John the disciple of the Lord, that John had reported this. For he survived in their midst until the time of Trajan. Moreover, some of them saw not only John but others of the apostles, and they heard the same account from them.' He thereupon proceeds to base a theory that Jesus was between forty and fifty when he died, on the words of Jn 8^{57}: 'Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?'

I am disposed to believe, with Lightfoot and Harnack, that Irenæus reports this testimony directly from the work of Papias. For, as we saw,