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and He of intimate concern to us, which we could not conceive to be the case were He supposed to be 'out of' time, or timeless, in the sense of having no relation at all to time and the temporal. The temporal may then have eternal significance; the historical event (such as the Incarnation and the Death of our Lord), though occurring once alone and at particular moments in time, may nevertheless be charged with revelation-value and truth independent of all time and temporal circumstances. In fact, in this third possible sense of 'eternity' we have found a meaning to which New Testament language seems directly to point, and one which lends itself admirably to the exposition of the Christian revelation in theological doctrine.

But there is still another sense of 'eternal' to be considered, distinct from those of 'everlasting,' 'timeless,' and 'noumenal' or 'truly real,' respectively. 'Eternal' is also used as a term of *value*. Its meaning is then determined quite otherwise than by antithesis to time or phenomenality. According to some commentators on the writings of St. John, the best rendering, in popular language, of St. John's term 'eternal' is 'spiritual'—a term from which all reference to time is absent, and which suggests ideas of value rather than of existence. Similarly, we sometimes use the words 'enduring' and 'abiding' in a non-temporal sense. Indeed, there are passages in the New Testament where 'eternal' and cognate words seem directly to refer to a contrast of values: *e.g.* 'The world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever (*εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα*)'—1 Jn 2^{17}. The contrast here is between what is worthy, and consequently satisfying, on the one hand, and the disappointing, because unworthy, on the other. The eternal, in this sense, does not bespeak immutability or timelessness; it allows of a peace of God, and a Divine perfectness of life, which is compatible with active energizing—'My Father worketh hitherto . . .' Constancy and stability 'with no shadow of turning' may be marks of the Eternal, however; and it is not so much lapse of time, unending or otherwise, but the quality of the filling of time, and beatific absorption in the fulness of each successive present moment, that are the marks of the eternal.

Possibly at bottom, these last two meanings of 'eternity' meet and become one. For it may well be that what is of highest value is so because it most truly is, or is noumenal. But whether as ultimately one and the same, or as two distinct yet congruent conceptions, these last two meanings of the word 'eternal' are alone compatible with Christian theology, and are at the same time exegetically most probably the true interpretations of the scriptural term.

In the Study.

Rahab.

'By faith Rahab the harlot perished not with them that were disobedient, having received the spies with peace.'—Heb. 11^{31}.

I.

Rahab's Hospitality.

1. Ancient Jericho stood in a beautiful, well-watered oasis between the pass up to Jerusalem on the south and the passes of Benjamin towards Bethel on the north. Surrounded by rocky ravines and desert, it was itself wooded with palms. And as it commanded the fords of the Jordan, it lay on a trade route in that busy and mercantile country, where merchants would constantly be travelling from Babylon and the other Mesopotamian cities to the rich Phœnician cities on the coast, or to Uru-salim, and the Chabiri, and the great frontier towns on the way down to Egypt. It was a wealthy town (Jos 7^{21}), splendid with the merchandise of the East and the West. From the mound of ruins which marks its site we cannot estimate its extent, and nothing in the narrative of Joshua gives us any indication. But the ruins of its immemorial walls quite justify the description that the Canaanite towns were built up to heaven, and enable us to understand how houses could stand upon the rampart broad as a street.

Upon the great wall of the city of Jericho, no doubt near to the eastern gate, there was what was called in Athens a thousand years later a *Hetæra*. The harlot's name was Rahab. There has been

an attempt made to take off the stigma which, to point the marvels of grace, all the centuries had attached to her. One of the earliest versions of the Jewish Scriptures renders the word which describes her calling—innkeeper. And one commentator (Adam Clarke) shows that women were the tavern-keepers in Greece and Egypt in ancient days, and points out many items in the narrative which would comport with such a view.

But we must remember that in the degraded condition of public opinion in Canaan, as indeed much later in the case of the *Hetæræ* of Athens, Rahab's occupation was not regarded as disgraceful, neither did it banish her from her family, nor break up the bonds of interest and affection between them, as it must do in every moral community. It was not accompanied with that self-contempt and self-loathing which in other circumstances are its fruits. We may quite easily understand how Joshua's spies might enter her house simply for the purpose of getting the information they desired, as modern detectives when tracking out crime so often find it necessary to win the confidence and worm out the secrets of members of the same wretched class. But the emissaries of Joshua were in too serious peril, in too devout a mood, and in too high-strung a state of nerve to be at the mercy of any Delilah that might wish to lure them to careless pleasure. Their faith, their honour, their patriotism, and their regard for their leader Joshua, all demanded the extremest circumspection and self-control. They were, like Peter, walking on the sea; unless they kept their eye on their Divine protector, their courage and presence of mind would fail them, they would be at the mercy of their foes.

Upon the Old Testament treatment of the subject it may be remarked as startling that there is no express condemnation of sexual immorality which does not involve violation of the marriage-bond. At the most, fornication seems to be condemned in Proverbs as health- and wealth-destroying folly, while the general tenor of the Old Testament morality is content to proscribe adultery and religious prostitution. In explanation of this, it may be observed that the true ethical attitude towards prostitution was impossible so long as marriage was in the transitional stage mirrored in the Old Testament, and that the Old Testament at least unfolded a conception of the divine holiness and its relation to sexual purity which was destined to mature into the higher sexual morality.[1]

2. Rahab received the Israelitish spies and gave them hospitality. In one view her hospitable reception of the spies and her collusion with them was treason. And if we look at her conduct by itself, it certainly cannot be applauded in that crisis of national peril, when her country's liberty was at stake. Undoubtedly she ought to have stood by her people; it was unpatriotic in her to listen to the traitorous suggestions of the Hebrew spies or to harbour them for an hour. But, as a matter of fact, we cannot always detach an action from its connexions and environments and subsequent consequences. Actions must sometimes be considered in their larger relations, and a thing may be unconstitutional and irregular and yet be right. And it is always better to be right than to be regular. Hence it comes to pass that a deed which in its local aspect and isolated is indefensible, sometimes receives applause and a vindication when its affiliations and remote effects are made clear.

3. The two men had evidently been noticed and suspected as they entered the city, which they seem to have done in the dusk of the evening. Whoever had detected them, after following them to Rahab's house, had then to resort to the king's residence and give their information to him. Rahab had an inkling of what was likely to follow, and being determined to save the men, she hid them on the roof of the house, and covered them with stalks of flax, stored there for domestic use. When, after some interval, the king's messengers came, commanding her to bring them forth since they were Israelites come to search the city, she was ready with her plausible tale. Two men had indeed come to her, but she could not tell who they were—it was no business of hers to be inquisitive about them; the men had left just before the gates were shut, and doubtless, if they were alert and pursued after them, they would overtake them, for they could not be far off. The king's messengers had not half the wit of the woman; they took her at her word, made no search of her house, but set out on the wild-goose chase on which she had sent them.

Mozley in his lectures on the Old Testament compares Rahab's deception with Jael's. He says: 'Rahab's act was the saving of two believers in the true God, whereas Jael's was the destruction of an enemy of God; but *deception* was common to both acts. The whole statement in answer to the king of Jericho's demand for the two spies was false, the two men being at the very time on the roof of the house hid with the stalks of flax. St. James, however, says that Rahab "was justified by works," and that this very concealment of the messengers was the work which justified her.'

[1] W. P. Paterson, in *Dictionary of the Bible*, ii. 304.

Bacon, in his tract 'On Church Controversies,' speaking of certain enthusiastic preachers of his day, says—'In this kind of zeal, they have pronounced generally, and without difference, all untruths unlawful; notwithstanding, that the midwives are directly reported to have been blessed for their excuse, and Rahab is said by faith to have concealed the spies.'[1]

II.

Rahab's Faith.

1. Here we have not quite so easy a theme; for the mixture of good and evil which always marks human action is provokingly obvious here. With clear faith falsehood is mingled; with devotion to Israel, something like treason to her people. And persons who can do addition, but cannot balance accounts, are apt to reject her altogether. They forget that morality has its chronology, and that the sanctity of truth dates from the Christian era. They forget, too, what ought to be obvious, that the charge of not doing all she can to save her country hardly lies against a person who has the conviction that her country cannot be saved, and that her city is for its sins a very City of Destruction; and that in rewarding her, God rewards, not her lie, but her hospitality, her courage, her taking the part of Israel, her confession of His name; and that what we have here is not nineteenth century Christianity, but incipient Israelitism. Considering these things, we mark the action of faith in her case. When these considerations have their weight, it is striking to see how many of the characteristics of Christian faith are found here.

Though her faith may have been but as a grain of mustard seed, we see two effects of it that are not to be despised. One was her protection of the Lord's people, as represented by the spies; the other was her concern for her own relations. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters and all that they had, were dear to her, and she took measures for their safety when the destruction of Jericho should come. She exacted an oath of the two spies, and asked a pledge of them, that they would all be spared when the crisis of the city arrived. And the men passed their oath and arranged for the protection of the family. No doubt it may be said that it was only their temporal welfare about which she expressed concern, and for which she made provision. But what more could she have been expected to do at that moment? What more could the two spies have engaged to secure? It was plain enough that if they were ever to obtain further benefit from fellowship with God's people, their lives must be preserved in the first instance from the universal destruction which was impending. Her anxiety for her family, like her anxiety for herself, may even then have begun to extend beyond things seen and temporal, and a fair vision of peace and joy may have begun to flit across her fancy at the thought of the vile and degrading idolatry of the Canaanites being displaced in them by the service of a God of holiness and of love.

2. She hid the messengers. Possibly the Eastern law of hospitality had some influence upon her conduct, but the narrative shows that Rahab was willing to undergo present risk for the sake of future preservation. Had the spies been detected in her house, death was sure. We do not excuse the falsehoods she told, nor are they commended in Scripture. They were an outcome of her degraded state, and an infirmity which was graciously overlooked by reason of her faith. To have respect to a future good is the duty of every man. The obstacle in the path of many is that they cannot forgo present enjoyment. Religion requires us to endure 'as seeing him who is invisible,' to 'look at the things unseen.'

That scene upon the roof of the house on the wall in the solemn night, under the throbbing stars, assumes a certain universal significance. Human love, religious faith, the gloom of coming ruin and the hope of far salvation, mingle into a human tragedy. Did the passion of a new purity spring up in the heart of the woman through the faith of Yahweh? Did she hope to see her stained past burnt up and buried beneath the ruins of her native town? Did Rahab, which means Pride, grow humble there with a new faith, a new hope, a new love? At any rate, the two men, messengers from the host of the Lord, were at once her loyal champions. They would save the woman's life, though their own should go in the attempt. These were not the empty words of panic, the idle promises of those who are eager to win safety. All three there, in the sight of the witnessing stars, knew their own and each other's sincerity. Mutual pledges were given, which were to be fulfilled to the letter.

[1] J. B. Mozley, *Ruling Ideas in Early Ages*, 284.

As to the question of the existence of a creative mind in the formation of the Universe, it seems to me precisely equivalent to the inquiry whether in Tintoretto's pictures the flax of the canvas, the gesso and the glue of the priming, the

delightful forms and arrangement traceable on the surface came there by a happy chance, or whether all these materials were brought together by an intelligent mind, and the design was accomplished by wise direction and control. The conclusion forced on the mind in the case of a painting applies also to the creation of the Universe.[1]

III.

Rahab's Deliverance.

It has not been the lot of Rahab to share the devout interest which has been lavished on Mary Magdalene. Our Correggios, Titians, and Carlo Dolcis have not attempted to represent the spirit of contrition and devotion transfiguring the face of the Canaanite girl. But though she was not one of those whose contrite and holy love painters delight to represent, she belonged to the same order, and in some respects is more remarkable than any of the New Testament penitents. For her light was much dimmer than theirs who lived in the days of the Son of Man. She was utterly without support or sympathy from those among whom she lived, for, with the exception of her own relations, who seem to have been influenced by herself, not a creature in Jericho shared her faith, or showed the slightest regard for the God of Israel.

Alexander Henderson[2] has two sermons on Rahab. Rejoicing in the mercy of God, he makes this appeal. 'And if so be thou thinks, I am not such as she was, then I say thou sees not thyself well, if so be thou knows not more of thyself than thou knows of her, whatever she had that was unknown. And albeit, indeed, ilk ane are not alike sinners, yet ilk ane of the children of God says, and thinks it in effect, "I am the chief of sinners"; for if so be that thou will search thyself, thou will see into thy awin heart, but thou sees not their heart. And, indeed, in the hearts of the best there are great mountains of corruption lying hid, whilk none sees but themselves, and that is a cause of great and daily humiliation to them, and therefore great need have we to repent daily because of these, although we had no other sin that either others or we ourselves knew. For as the Lord has put a mark upon her, and called her harlot, so might He have put a mark upon thee; and if so be that the Lord has keeped this secret between Him and thee, if Rahab was obliest to God for mercy, then thou are double obliest, both for shewing mercy and in keeping up thy shame, that it was not made open to the world.'

1. Rahab's story shows how living faith, like a living stream, will cut a channel for itself, and must needs flow out into the life. Hence James is right in using her as an example of how 'we are justified by works and not by faith only,' and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews is equally right in enrolling her in his great master-roll of heroes and heroines of faith, and asserting that 'by faith' she 'perished not among them who believed not.' The one writer fastens on a later stage in her experience than does the other. James points to the rich fruit, the Epistle to the Hebrews goes deeper and lays bare the root from which the life rose to the clusters.

Rahab was not only protected when Jericho and all its people were destroyed, but incorporated with the children of Israel. She became an heir of Abraham's blessing; she came among those 'to whom pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises.' An old tradition made her the wife of Joshua, but, according to the genealogies she married Salmon (Mt 1^5), prince of the imperial tribe of Judah, great-grandfather of David, and ancestor of the Messiah. In the golden roll of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, she is the only woman who shares with Sarah, the great mother of the nation, the honour of a place among the heroes of the faith. Such honours could not have been attained by her had she not been a changed character—one of those who erewhile 'had lain among the pots, but who became like the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.'

2. Observe the mode of Rahab's deliverance—she bound the scarlet line in the window. This was the preconcerted signal which Joshua and the Hebrew army agreed to recognize and honour when they entered the land. It was a typical transaction, for the central truth of the gospel lies imbedded here. In that dark and brutal age God intimated in cipher that He would one day conclude arrangements for the reduction of this sinful world to the obedience of Christ. The parallel is impressive. Rahab seems to prophesy. For in this dramatic action is depicted the serious truth that our world is a heathenish, ungodly Jericho that must be ransacked and revolutionized and set on a better basis; it must be searched and cleansed and receive a new constitution; a loftier manhood must come in, a higher and finer social order. And to prefigure this future God has displayed from the walls of our world-Jericho a scarlet line, a

[1] W. H. Hunt, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, ii. 267.

[2] *Sermons, Prayers, and Pulpit Addresses*, by Alexander Henderson, 1638. Edited from the original MS. by the Rev. R. Thomson Martin.

flaming banner, and has lifted up a holy cross, as a hopeful signal.

The sign of deliverance, the 'line of scarlet thread in the window,' has always been taken as a symbol of the blood of Christ, through whom alone we have redemption. It may be said that the Fathers have 'a passion for allegorical interpretation'; but when we find St. Clement of Rome, who, with this exception, never indulges in mystical meanings (Keble), asserting that the scarlet line teaches us that 'through the Blood of the Lord there is redemption for all,' it seems that the explanation of the 'ordained friend of St. Paul and St. Peter,' a practical person, must have some value. If the uplifted brazen serpent was, as we know it was, a type of the Crucifixion, surely the scarlet cord which saved from destruction may in like manner be a type of the precious Blood of Christ.[1]

Rise up, rise up, O Rahab,
And bind the scarlet thread
On the casement of thy chamber,
When the battle waxeth red.

'Twas in the time of harvest,
When the corn lay on the earth,
That first she bound the signal
And bade the spies go forth.

For a cry came to her spirit
From the far Egyptian coasts,
And a dread was in her bosom
Of the mighty Lord of Hosts.

And the faith of saints and martyrs
Lay brave at her heart's core,
As some inward pulse were throbbing
Of the kingly line she bore.

As there comes a sudden fragrance
In the last long winter's day,
From the paly silken primrose,
Or the violet by the way.

And we pause, and look around us,
And we feel through every vein
That the tender spring is coming
And the summer's rosy reign.

In the twilight of our childhood,
When youth's shadows lie before,
There come thoughts into our bosoms
Like the spies to Rahab's door.

And we scarcely know their value,
Or their power for good or ill,
But we feel they are God's angels,
And they seek us at His will.

And we tremble at their presence,
And we blush to let them forth,
In some word of tender feeling,
Or some deed of Christian worth.

Yet those guests perchance may witness
In that awful battle day,
When the foe is on the threshold,
And the gates of life give way:

When the soul that seeks for safety,
Shall behold but one red sign—
But the blood drops of Atonement
On the cross of Love Divine![2]

[1] W. H. Hutchings, *Sermon Sketches*, ii. 188.

[2] C. F. Alexander.

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

The Defeat of Jack Frost.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.
Ps $147^{17. 18}$.

1. Jack Frost is a favourite with you all, I know; but you love him best when he first comes. That is generally in the early winter. Perhaps you boast about the pranks he plays in your home and in the garden. 'There were pictures of ferns on our windows this morning,' one girl might say. Another will tell how Jack Frost had found the clothes that had been hung out to dry, and starched them, so that when they were taken off the ropes they stood up stiff on the green, just like pieces of pasteboard. We all have a liking for Jack Frost. There is no decorator like him. He can make the trees sparkle with a pure white glory, and throw over the wide moors a veil of perfect loveliness.

But he can do other things as well. The words on his trade card ought, in fact, to read like this:

I'm a cracker of pipes,
And a burster of drains,
And a beautiful painter
Of window-panes.

I give little boys cold,
And make little boys sneeze,
But I glorify gooseberry
Bushes and trees.

Jack has many good qualities, but he is certainly mischievous. He can be hard-hearted too; I have heard of him blowing through a hole into a room where a poor child was lying ill, thus making her very much worse.

2. Some one, however, gets the better of Jack every year. There is a month that long ago got its name from Mars, the God of War—the month we call March. The Romans thought that Mars could do anything because he was so strong. They prayed to him for rain, and consulted him about their private affairs, and offered sacrifices to him. Now, although all the time they thought of Mars as being very strong, and associated him in their minds with thunder and lightning, they believed that a tiny bird like the woodpecker tapping the trunk of a tree was the answer of this blustering, noisy God to their prayers. What a strange mixture.

And our month of March is a strange mixture too. Here is a little poem about March in a boisterous mood.

The driver whistled as he awoke,
And drove the dust like a cloud of smoke,
He drove the clouds like a flock of sheep,
He drove the leaves in a hurrying heap;
He whipped the hats from the passers-by,
And tossed them up till they seemed to fly;
He drove the rain into level lines,
And roared in the tops of the tallest pines.
He never paused in his greeting rough,
For it seemed he could not go fast enough.
But where he was going none could say,
And all you would hear if you went that way
Was, 'Oh, what a *dreadfully* windy day!'[1]

3. But when he makes up his mind to defeat Jack Frost, March is generally very gentle, as gentle even as the woodpecker.

A something hovers in the air,
And poises o'er the naked tree,
And rides upon the winged cloud,
Yet hath no form the eye can see;
But to the deeper, inward sight,
It is a presence sweet and true,
That fills the universe with joy,
And wakes the earth with impulse new!

A something in the forest word,
It scarcely may be named a voice,
Yet fettered captives hear its call,
And in their longing heart rejoice:—
A subtle whisper in the breeze,
So soft, it seems a spirit's breath,
Yet leafless boughs grow tremulous
With ecstasy, at what it saith!

A something rises with the morn,
And lingers with the sun's last ray,
Brings rapture to the silent night,
And lustre to the shining day;
With yearning, half of bliss and pain,
It swells my heart, and, wondering,
I ask, 'What can it be?' A bird
Sings at my window, 'It is spring!'[2]

The bird singing at the window would probably be a robin, saying, not only 'It is spring,' but 'Cheer up,' 'Cheer up.'

4. And so we get sermons preached to us every month. This time it is a little sermon on gentleness. Every one of you wants to grow up to be a strong man or a strong woman. But there are *gentlemen* and *gentlewomen*. To be one of these you must be gentle-hearted. Jesus had power to do anything, but when we read His life the one thing that sticks in our memories is His wonderful gentleness. You have that life for a pattern. 'Learn of me,' He said. It will mean 'learning' to the end of your life, but you will have the best Teacher that ever lived.

II.

Paper Boats.

'Vessels of papyrus.'—Is 18[2].

Who would have thought that paper boats were mentioned in the Bible? But it is wonderful what you can find there if you hunt.

Do you wonder how they made them in those

[1] E. W., in *A Garland of Verse*, 151.

[2] Z. Cocke, in *A Garland of Verse*, 155.

days, whether they used brown paper or white, and if they had the same pattern as we have? Well, I'm afraid you might not have recognized these paper boats if you had seen them, for they were made, not exactly from paper, but from the papyrus reeds which grew along the side of the Nile. Some people say that the ark of bulrushes in which the baby Moses was laid was woven of these reeds. From the papyrus reed was also made a writing material which was used for books and manuscripts for centuries before paper was invented and which gave its name to paper as we know it.

Would you like to know what these vessels of papyrus were like? Well, they were long light boats with flat bottoms. They were not unlike punts. They held only one or two passengers, and they were propelled by a paddle or a punting-pole.

Now I have been thinking that these paper boats are rather like boys and girls, and I have thought of three points of resemblance.

1. First they could go where larger and heavier craft could not venture. They were used for navigation in the shallows and pools of the Nile where large heavy boats would have been stranded.

I think that is very like the boys and girls. They can sometimes go where big people can't go, and do what big people can't do. Sometimes you sigh to be grown-up and to be able to do all the nice things the grown-ups are allowed to do; but did you ever think of the things that you can do and they can't? I'm quite sure heaps of big people would grow sea-sick on a swing, and if you asked many of them to go down a slide they would either refuse outright or collapse in the middle of it. No grown-up can be a telegraph-boy or a boy scout. No grown-up can go half-price in a tramcar or a railway train. And I know of one small boy called Tommy who came to the rescue when the big people got fairly stuck.

He was spending his holidays with his grandmother at a farm, and one morning the key of the hen-house went amissing. They searched high and low, the whole house was turned upside down and inside out, but not a sight of the key could be had. Perhaps Granny had a hole in her pocket. History does not relate.

It was market day and Granny particularly wanted those eggs to take to market. What was she to do? At last a brilliant thought struck her. Why not make use of Tommy? So she called him and pointed out the hole in the door of the hen-house through which the cocks and hens went in and out. Did he think he could squeeze himself through that? Why, of course, it was just the very sort of ploy Tommy loved. And before you could say 'Jack Robinson' he was off, wriggling through the hole, and very soon he had searched all the nests and brought out the eggs.

You see boys and girls can often be of use when the big people fail. And there are higher and better things than those we have mentioned that a child can do. For there are rough and difficult places in life that the grown-ups sometimes reach; and often it needs a child's merry laugh to cheer a sad heart, a child's gentle touch to melt a hard heart or comfort a sorrowing one. If you took all the children out of the world it would be a dull and dreary place. You have got this gift, little children, of making the world brighter. Will you try to use it?

2. But, secondly, these vessels of papyrus were very swift. They were light, and a very small effort sent them shooting along the water. And that is rather like boys and girls too, isn't it? I often think they were made for running. They are light and they are swift—when they like. But sometimes the boys and girls are not so swift as they might be. They are asked to run an errand or to do something they don't very much like and then *how* their feet drag!

Now I believe that God never gives us a faculty but He means us to use it. He has made the boys and girls swift of foot, and perhaps one bit of work He wants them to do for Him is to run errands for other people. So when you feel disinclined to run errands, just think that this is your bit of work for God.

3. These papyrus boats were very frail. They could be used on the calm waters of the Nile, but no one would have thought of risking them on the stormy waves of the Red Sea. They were safe enough for shallow waters and calm weather, but they were useless for the deep sea and raging hurricanes. And you and I all set out in life in a little paper boat—the ship of our own strength. It may carry us well enough in smooth waters and in calm weather, but when the storms of life come on, when its troubles and temptations arrive, we are tossed about and like to make shipwreck.

But then God comes and, if we will let Him, He will take our little frail craft and make it into a strong vessel fit to weather any storm. He will put *His* strength within us and round about us, and He will guide our ship safely home to port.

Don't try to set out in life, boys and girls, in a little paper boat. Ask God to build you into a strong seaworthy vessel.

III.

A Good Medicine.

'A merry heart is a good medicine.'—Pr 17^{22}.

I'm afraid you won't find to-day's text unless you are lucky enough to have a Revised Version of the Bible, because, you see, our text is given in another way in the Authorized Version. However, the boys and girls who have a Revised Version can look it up—they will find it in Pr 17^{22}—and the boys and girls who haven't a Revised Version can easily remember it without reading it, for it is only seven words: 'A merry heart is a good medicine.'

Now I think I hear some of you saying, 'Well, that's too bad to speak to us about medicine from the pulpit. We know enough about medicine already. We know all the different kinds, and most of them are horrid. There's the powdery kind that is always worst when you get to the bottom of the glass; and there's the fizzy kind that seems to go up your nose; and there's the brown kind out of a bottle, and it looks nasty and tastes nastier; and there's the clear kind also out of a bottle, and it doesn't look so bad, but just try it!—it makes your face screw up, it's so bitter; and there are the pills, and the little browny-black things, like the bits of seaweed that you crack on the rocks, and they simply *won't* swallow;—and there are heaps of other kinds, and we hate them all, and, please, we'd rather do without.' Ah! but the medicine we are going to speak about to-day is a really truly nice medicine, and easy to take. And the best thing about it is that it is not only good for yourself, it is good for other people.

1. *This medicine of the merry heart is good for yourself.* It is like a sunshiny day, it makes things easier. You know how it sometimes seems easy to be good on a fine day, when the sun is shining and everything else is shining too. Why, the very flowers are brighter and sweeter when the sky is blue, and somehow, going to school you can't help jumping and skipping because everything is so lovely and it's good to be alive. And all day it is the same. Things go sort of right without trying. It's the other way round on a grey wet day when the sky is cloudy, and everything is dripping, and the rain gets down the back of your neck or under your umbrella, and everything is kind of uncomfortable, and things go wrong, you can't tell how. Well, this medicine of the merry heart makes every day a sunshiny day. It helps you to get through your lessons quickly and it helps you not to stick at difficulties. It knows that difficulties are things specially made to be got rid of. It always makes the best of even a bad job. It whistles or sings at its work, and it sees fun in everything.

Have you ever heard the story of the six flies? Three of them were on the inside of the window-pane, and the room was warm and cosy—just as a fly likes it best—and they were buzzing around very pleased with themselves; but on the outside of the window were other three flies, and the day was cold and wet and the raindrops were chasing each other down the pane, and these flies looked as if they ought to be thoroughly miserable. Said the three inside flies, in a superior sort of way, 'Poor things! We *are* sorry for you being outside on such a day.' 'Don't you worry!' replied the outside flies. 'We're having the time of our lives dodging these raindrops.' You see the outside flies had taken a good dose of the medicine of the merry heart.

2. *This wonderful medicine is good not only for yourself but for other people.* That's a strange thing—isn't it? Suppose you are ill, and so is the little boy next door. You take a dose of medicine and it makes you better, but you don't expect it to make little Master Next-Door well too. Now, the extraordinary thing about the bottle labelled 'merry heart' is that if you take it, it makes you well, and ever so many other people besides. It's a sort of infectious medicine. If you have it other people can't help catching it from you. And that is what makes a merry heart so valuable; for a merry heart means happiness, and happiness is one of the most precious things in the world—more precious than silver or gold, or diamonds, or rubies. The whole world is seeking it, but money can't buy it. There are rich people who are very very poor because they haven't got it, and there

days, whether they used brown paper or white, and if they had the same pattern as we have? Well, I'm afraid you might not have recognized these paper boats if you had seen them, for they were made, not exactly from paper, but from the papyrus reeds which grew along the side of the Nile. Some people say that the ark of bulrushes in which the baby Moses was laid was woven of these reeds. From the papyrus reed was also made a writing material which was used for books and manuscripts for centuries before paper was invented and which gave its name to paper as we know it.

Would you like to know what these vessels of papyrus were like? Well, they were long light boats with flat bottoms. They were not unlike punts. They held only one or two passengers, and they were propelled by a paddle or a punting-pole.

Now I have been thinking that these paper boats are rather like boys and girls, and I have thought of three points of resemblance.

1. First they could go where larger and heavier craft could not venture. They were used for navigation in the shallows and pools of the Nile where large heavy boats would have been stranded.

I think that is very like the boys and girls. They can sometimes go where big people can't go, and do what big people can't do. Sometimes you sigh to be grown-up and to be able to do all the nice things the grown-ups are allowed to do; but did you ever think of the things that you can do and they can't? I'm quite sure heaps of big people would grow sea-sick on a swing, and if you asked many of them to go down a slide they would either refuse outright or collapse in the middle of it. No grown-up can be a telegraph-boy or a boy scout. No grown-up can go half-price in a tramcar or a railway train. And I know of one small boy called Tommy who came to the rescue when the big people got fairly stuck.

He was spending his holidays with his grandmother at a farm, and one morning the key of the hen-house went amissing. They searched high and low, the whole house was turned upside down and inside out, but not a sight of the key could be had. Perhaps Granny had a hole in her pocket. History does not relate.

It was market day and Granny particularly wanted those eggs to take to market. What was she to do? At last a brilliant thought struck her. Why not make use of Tommy? So she called him and pointed out the hole in the door of the hen-house through which the cocks and hens went in and out. Did he think he could squeeze himself through that? Why, of course, it was just the very sort of ploy Tommy loved. And before you could say 'Jack Robinson' he was off, wriggling through the hole, and very soon he had searched all the nests and brought out the eggs.

You see boys and girls can often be of use when the big people fail. And there are higher and better things than those we have mentioned that a child can do. For there are rough and difficult places in life that the grown-ups sometimes reach; and often it needs a child's merry laugh to cheer a sad heart, a child's gentle touch to melt a hard heart or comfort a sorrowing one. If you took all the children out of the world it would be a dull and dreary place. You have got this gift, little children, of making the world brighter. Will you try to use it?

2. But, secondly, these vessels of papyrus were very swift. They were light, and a very small effort sent them shooting along the water. And that is rather like boys and girls too, isn't it? I often think they were made for running. They are light and they are swift—when they like. But sometimes the boys and girls are not so swift as they might be. They are asked to run an errand or to do something they don't very much like and then *how* their feet drag!

Now I believe that God never gives us a faculty but He means us to use it. He has made the boys and girls swift of foot, and perhaps one bit of work He wants them to do for Him is to run errands for other people. So when you feel disinclined to run errands, just think that this is your bit of work for God.

3. These papyrus boats were very frail. They could be used on the calm waters of the Nile, but no one would have thought of risking them on the stormy waves of the Red Sea. They were safe enough for shallow waters and calm weather, but they were useless for the deep sea and raging hurricanes. And you and I all set out in life in a little paper boat—the ship of our own strength. It may carry us well enough in smooth waters and in calm weather, but when the storms of life come on, when its troubles and temptations arrive, we are tossed about and like to make shipwreck.

the City Temple congregation of his day, and preaching in all his own incomparably realising and homecoming way, Dr. Goodwin spoke as follows: "I need my great High Priest to have not only all the abilities and all the attributes and all the great qualifications that you need in Him; but, over and above all that, I, Thomas Goodwin, your minister, need Him always urgently, and indeed sometimes absolutely agonizingly, for certain special and secret and altogether individual needs of my own; needs of my own that no other mortal man knows anything about, nor would believe even if I confessed them to him; needs of my own that are so exceptionally and so exclusively my own that no other man before me, or now around me, or coming after me, will ever have needs exactly like them. It is absolutely inconceivable to me," he said, "that any other man, past, present, or to come, could ever have just that combination, and just that concentration, and just that incidence of sin and sorrow that I have, together with all the temporal and spiritual intricacies, of all kinds, of which both my heart and my life are brimful. No other man in all this sinful and sorrowful city of London has just my crosses and cups and thorns in his flesh. No man of you all," he said, as he looked down into all their hearts and around into all their homes. "And difficult as it is for me to believe that even my all-perfect Saviour can be the exact second and parallel and double and duplicate of me, yet it is so, and I, with my whole mind and heart, believe that it is so." And it was in scholarly and evangelical and experimental preaching like that that the first foundations of the City Temple were laid, and the foundations also of Thomas Goodwin's own splendid name and lasting fame as an incomparably Pauline and Puritan preacher of Jesus Christ, His person and His work. "A man's own need," says Pascal, "is the measure of his greatness."

'Go home, then, as Goodwin was wont to say, and never after this morning's great Scripture forget that whatsoever trial or temptation or thorn or cross or cup of any kind is in your appointed lot, you have the most absolute assurance that Jesus Christ your great High Priest was at one time placed under the very same trial and temptation and thorn and cross and cup under which you are placed. Or if His was not exactly and absolutely the very same identical trial and temptation and thorn and cross and cup as yours is, then all His trials and temptations were as like yours as the Holy Spirit could possibly make them. And He made them in this way—the Holy Spirit, with the all-seeing eye of the Godhead, and with all the omnipresence of the Godhead, looked down all the generations of God's elect and saw you and singled you out according to your foreordained trials and temptations and thorns and crosses and cups. And then with you in His eye the Holy Spirit returned to His great work on the Man Jesus Christ, and went forward from day to day to make Him after your very image and likeness and exact pattern till like you He was the Man of all kinds of sorrows. And thus it was so divinely and so graciously brought about that, experimentally, as we say, and as Man, Jesus Christ is able to have all possible compassion upon you; while at the same time as God He is able omnisciently and omnipotently to succour you and to deliver you to the uttermost. Yes, poor sorrow-laden soul, to the very uttermost! Go home, then, this morning to all your trials and temptations and thorns and crosses and cups, and among them all, and as long as they last, come boldly every day and every hour to the throne of grace in order to obtain all needed mercy and to find all needed grace in every time of need. For, *πεπειρασθεὶν δυνάμενος*, your great High Priest is able and is willing and is waiting to have compassion on you according to all the exact measure, and speciality, and particularity, and singularity, and secrecy of all your needs.

'Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Jesus Christ. For we are made partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.'

Catherine Marsh.

Catherine Marsh was known as the soldier's friend. But she did not confine her friendship to soldiers. Certainly she never missed an opportunity of getting into touch with the soldier; and the outbreak of a war found her busy distributing copies of the New Testament, the *Life of Hedley Vicars*, or others of her own books, or at least the Soldier's Prayer. But there was nothing human that was outside her interest.

Her method was individual. And when an

individual, high or low, rich or poor, came within her reach, there was no slackening of the grip, until repentance came and confession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Her wrestling for and with one and another of the innumerable men and women to whom she brought the peace that passeth understanding is as fine a lesson in 'personal dealing' as an ambassador for Christ could have.

Yet she was no less successful with a crowd. She had a gift of persuasive eloquence which no muster of men could withstand. Says Dr. A. K. H. Boyd of St. Andrews: 'It was a very interesting event, when the saintly Catherine Marsh was persuaded to give an address in the large room of the Madras College on the evening of November 16, 1865, to a larger number than she quite approved. About 800 were packed into the west room, including a good many professors, and Miss Marsh spoke beautifully for about an hour. Sitting, according to her wont, speaking with perfect fluency in a rich contralto voice, she made herself heard in every corner. That most admirable woman disclaims the idea of anything like preaching. Both here and in Edinburgh I was so happy as to get her to give addresses, and I can but say (what all readers of *English Hearts and Hands* will believe) that for pathos, and interest, and deep impressiveness, I never heard a finer speaker.'

She had a wonderful way of overcoming difficulties and escaping from tight corners—and always so that her adversary was bound to her for ever in admiration and love. One instance must be quoted. 'The writer of the following letter was a well-known and talented woman, who, having been led to join the Church of Rome, was using every endeavour to persuade others to do the same:

'"Miss Marsh, the well-known staunch Protestant but liberal Christian, constantly visited William, and read and prayed with him in the common sympathy of their Christian faith and trust. After all was over, and the room was decorated, and the body laid out, Miss Marsh came to see him, and taking his dead hand she placed a white camellia in it. Then kneeling by the bed she offered up the most beautiful prayer aloud. There was only one thing left out, she never mentioned our blessed Lady. I was standing at the foot of the bed with a crucifix, and when she ceased praying I said, 'You have never spoken of our Lady, I cannot let our Lady be passed over.' And Miss Marsh was not angry, she only rose from her knees, and coming to me she threw her arms round my neck and said, 'Do not let us dispute upon this now, we have one God, and one Saviour in common, let us rest upon these.' And she came to see me afterwards when I was ill in London. She was the one person William wanted—any one else might have driven him back—she was daily praying by his side, handsome, enthusiastic, dwelling only on the love of God, and she helped him on till he began really to think the love of God the only thing worth living for."'

In her more than ninety years she saw many wars, and although she did not see the beginning of the greatest of all wars, she left a message for those who have had to face its perplexities. This message she left above all others, that while faith in Christ is always the means of entrance into the joy of life eternal, the grace of God has a greater reach and a surer grip than we think. Hear this word and pass it on:

'This lady after we had been talking alone together told me about her own conversion, and then that some of her children had been converted, but that her youngest son had died since, utterly unconverted, and with a tone of great anguish she added: "lost." I said, "You must never say such a word nor think such a thought again, it is treason to your God! He is saved, for he was in the covenant—you had put him there by your prayers, you trusted him to a covenant-keeping God." Her face lighted up, and with her eyes filling, she said, "Well, his last faint expiring words were 'my sins'—and then 'Saviour.'" "Oh, then," I said, "dear lady, you have not the chance of honouring God by walking by faith. He has let you walk *by hearing*, for 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'"'

The title of the biography is *The Life and Friendships of Catherine Marsh*, by L. E. O'Rorke (Longmans; 10s. 6d. net).

The Jew as Patriot.

Dr. William Ewing has had an exceptional opportunity in the war, and he is exceptionally fitted to use it well. After some months' service as Chaplain to the Forces at home he was sent to Gallipoli, and went through that awful and wonderful time, till the evacuation was accomplished. Then he had to go (and went very willingly) to

Mesopotamia, and just missed the triumphal entry into Baghdad, for after carrying a charmed life he was hit at last by a shell splinter and had to fall to the rear. His book is called *From Gallipoli to Baghdad* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net).

The greater part is Gallipoli. It challenges comparison with John Masefield's book, and it does not suffer. Here also is the sense of great things doing and the skill to show them great. The book is full of thrilling narratives, yet each new exploit thrills us, so well is the heroic mingled with the human, humour with horror. Dr. Ewing had the great advantage of a long residence in Palestine. That residence taught him many things besides the Arabic tongue. And he is appreciative. This is what he says of the Jew as Patriot:

'Among our sick and wounded I often found pure-blooded Jews. The personnel of the Zion Mule Corps was entirely Jewish, recruited in Egypt, mainly among refugees from Palestine. Men who had known the benefit of British protection against the exactions and oppressions of the Turk in their Eastern homes felt, when the day of decision came, that they could not do other than identify themselves with their benefactors. Strange it was when one asked a man where he came from, to have him claim the Holy City as his native place; and with the Jerusalem lads Arabic was the easiest language for conversation. Very earnest these sons of Jacob were in support of the great enterprise; and excellent service they rendered. On the other hand, we had Scottish and English Jews, rankers and officers in various regiments, not less loyal and patriotic than men of pure British blood. I had a lad from Glasgow for some days. He fought a plucky battle for his life. He suffered gladly for the only home and fatherland he knew. He was of the stamp of the little Jewish boy in his own city who asserted that "*We* thrashed the English at Bannockburn!" He had served himself heir to the traditions of our people, and spoke no language but English. When the war is over, the devotion and self-sacrifice of these men will surely be remembered to them for righteousness, leading, perhaps, to more kindly interest and consideration.'

Verily.

The title *Letters on Faith* (Scott; 1s. net) is not attractive. We do not want our letters to be didactic treatises. We want them to be simple, natural, gossipy. Who then will buy the Rev. A. Patrick McNeile's book? Those who are assured that it is a scholar's fresh, original mind that is thrown into every letter. Those who have the courage to crack the nut and reach the kernel. Those who read this paragraph and believe that it is characteristic.

'There is a word with which you are familiar, which is a Hebrew word implying solidity, the word "amen." We use it after prayers to state that, He having promised to hear us, we regard it as a solid fact that He does (that is how it is explained in the Catechism): and also to state that what we have prayed is really and truly what we want, that this is not just a bit of vapouring but a really solid prayer. The same word comes in the New Testament, translated "Verily," and is often used to draw attention to some especially important, or extra surprising, statement, as if to say, "this is a solid fact." Now this word comes twice in Is 7^9, or rather two words are there which are both made out of this one. The sentence is: "If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established," and these two words are shown in relation to the base word (amen) by translating it: "If ye will not treat God as solid, surely He will not make you solid." What the prophet was telling the king was that to become a man that can be trusted it is necessary to be yourself trusting God. To be faithful you must be full of faith.'

Demon Possession To-day.

Dr. A. Mildred Cable has left the lines of the conventional missionary book. Her short chapters and vivid realization of life make her book easy to read and good for stirring us up to an interest in Chinese missionary work. There is no sermonizing. The life is the sermon. And who can fail to feel the application of it? If there is any one still alive who dares, 'I don't believe in Foreign Missions,' send him or her to this graphic and appalling narrative.

The author is a level-headed, highly-trained modern Englishwoman. Her story of possession by evil spirits is not to be laughed at. This is the story:

'Our first woman patient in the Hwochow Opium Refuge became interested in the Gospel, and on her return home destroyed her idols, reserving, however, the beautifully carved idol

shrines which she placed in her son's room. Her daughter-in-law, who occupied this room, a comely young woman, desired to become a Christian and gave us a warm welcome whenever we could go to the house. About six months later we were fetched by special messenger from a village where we were staying, to see this girl, who was said to be demon possessed. We found crowds of men and women gathered to see and to hear. The girl was chanting the weird minor chant of the possessed, the voice, as in every case I have seen, clearly distinguishing it from madness. This can perhaps best be described as a voice distinct from the personality of the one under possession. It seems as though the demon used the organs of speech of the victim for the conveyance of its own voice. She refused to wear clothes or to take food, and by her violence terrorised the community. Immediately upon our entering the room with the Chinese woman evangelist she ceased her chanting, and slowly pointed the finger at us, remaining in this posture for some time. As we knelt upon the *kang* to pray, she trembled and said: "The room is full of *gwei*; as soon as one goes another comes." We endeavoured to calm her, and to make her join us in repeating the sentence, "Lord Jesus, save me."

'After considerable effort she succeeded in pronouncing these words, and when she had done so we commanded the demon to leave her, whereupon her body trembled and she sneezed some fifty or sixty times, then suddenly came to herself, asked for her clothes and some food, and, seemingly perfectly well, resumed her work. So persistently did she reiterate the statement that the demons were using the idol shrines for a refuge, that during the proceedings just mentioned her parents willingly handed over to the Christians present these valuable carvings, and joined with them in their destruction. From this time onwards she was perfectly well, a normal, healthy young woman.'

'The experiences recorded here may be unfamiliar to many readers, and some will doubtless think that madness, hysteria, or epilepsy may account for them. To such I would suggest the following points for consideration: Firstly, the striking, detailed resemblance between the cases seen now in heathen lands and those recorded in the Scriptures; secondly, the complete and lasting restoration resulting from prayer and from the command in the Name of the Lord Jesus that the demon should depart; thirdly, the appalling sense of the reality of the conflict with the evil one at the moment of supreme test, as the missionary is called upon to prove his personal faith, and to give the command which shall decide whether God or demon remains conqueror on the field.'

The title is *The Fulfilment of a Dream* (Morgan & Scott; 5s. net).

The Definition of Faith.

To the Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges has been added the volume on *The Epistle to the Hebrews* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 4s. 6d. net). The editor is Professor A. Nairne, D.D., who has already made known his interest in and his mastery over this epistle by the volume recently published, *The Epistle of Priesthood.*

Dr. Nairne lengthens the Introduction and shortens the Notes. That is right. Very little can be said on the wording of the New Testament that has not been said already. But on the history and the theology everything that a modern scholar says is new, so great has been the accumulation of Biblical knowledge and so changed is our mental attitude to Biblical thought. Dr. Nairne gives fifty-one pages to the history of the Epistle to the Hebrews (its reception, criticism, and interpretation) and sixty-six pages to its theology.

He touches the translation in his arresting manner here and there, especially on He 11^1—the so-called definition of faith. He says: 'Translations into modern English, such as Weymouth's or *The Twentieth Century New Testament*, are less acceptable for Hebrews than for other parts of N.T. Moffatt's earlier translation in his *Historical New Testament* (T. & T. Clark) does preserve something of the peculiar flavour of this epistle. Yet how thin is his rendering of xi. 1: "Now faith is to be confident of what we hope for, to be convinced of what we do not see." Hardly indeed may A.V. be surpassed in that verse: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The half philosophical, half picturesque phraseology of the original is just caught there, and the marginal note on "substance"—"or, *ground*, or *confidence*"—goes as far as it ought to go in concession to the weaker brethren. The R.V., it must be confessed, attenuates the sense: "Now faith is the assurance

of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen," and in the margin for "the assurance" "Or, *the giving substance to*," for "proving" "Or, *test*."' In the notes Dr. Nairne is rather less friendly to the A.V.: 'A.V. "evidence" is almost a confusion of the two senses. "Test" seems to suit the context here.'

The exposition of 'Faith' in this epistle is a good example of the thoroughness and instructiveness of the discussion of its theology.

A Morning Holiday.

Dr. Isabel Mitchell of Manchuria (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net)—that is the title of a volume of missionary letters. The letters have introduction and appendix (both good), but they themselves make the book. They are chosen out of twelve years' correspondence, and not one is without interest. Dr. Mitchell went to Fakumen in Manchuria for five years, then there was a furlough and illness of two years, then other five in Fakumen, and then the end, quite suddenly.

'She was Christian. That greatest of all titles of distinction covers many types. Let us see, if we can, something of what in her case the title "Christian" meant. Religion is the eternal quest, instinctive in every human soul, of Truth, Goodness and Beauty. These three are One. But most of us imperfect mortals miss either the beauty of holiness, or the holiness of beauty. Dr. Mitchell was not an angel. She was an Irish girl. But because of her, some of us, both from the East and from the West, believe more surely in the Lord who was made flesh. We beheld in her His Glory—the fascination of a life filled with both grace and truth. Her head dispenser, a young woman with a touch of spiritual genius, watched her at close quarters for years. And at the end, her testimony was: "I felt she was inspired. The Doctor is so good and holy, what must Jesus be like? Whatever she did, she inspired us all and made us love to be more like her."'

And she could write. The last chapter is made up of her prose and poetry. This is the first of the prose. It is called 'A Morning Holiday':

'The Eighth Moon Feast has come. For days before, greasy apprentices had been seen in the streets, their blue aprons tucked up into their belts, carrying on their shoulders wide square trays piled high with moon-cakes, large and round and flat, filled with black sticky sweetstuffs, and arranged in great pyramids, beginning with the largest round, and tapering off at the top of the pole with a gaudy sugar peach, which was to bring the "thousand thousand years" of happy life to the fortunate recipient. Beside the cakes were piles of golden pears, or rosy apples, or bunches of the first luscious purple grapes of the autumn. But now the present-giving was over, and the feast day had come. A pleasing odour of garlic and fat pork dumplings pervaded the streets, and through the open windows the worthy sons of the Celestial Empire might be seen cross-legged at their little tables, vigorously plying their chopsticks, while the Celestial daughters waited upon them in the good time-honoured fashion. And we had a morning's holiday. We were up and away before the sun was high, leaving the odours of the streets behind us, and climbing up and into the clean sweet air of the hills. A certain grassy knoll was our objective, where the breeze swept purely over, and the tall millet shaded us from the advancing sun. We had books, of course, a long quiet morning in the grass, with a favourite book, and the illimitable sky overhead—could one ask for anything better? And yet there was something even better in store for us. We lay luxuriously against Mother Earth with our cheek to the grass. But away to the West lay a long line of blue hills—and who could read even the most dearly loved friend of a book when God had painted those deep red-brown heads of millet against that background of misty blue? The eye was caught and held in perfect satisfaction and perfect rest. Beside us the millet rose high too, and here we could see every stalk, tall and straight and golden, with its wealth of red grain atop, and the long leaves like pennons in a breeze, now golden, where the sun fell level on them, and now scarlet, like a flame, when the wind lifted them, and the light shone through. And all the time such a murmuring of delight, as they swayed and nodded and tossed their heads: an army—yes, an army—gay and debonair, with songs on their lips and gorgeous pennons flying. Little they reckoned that the sickle was not far away. They were happy and full of life, and the time was autumn, and the day new-born. And we, we too, "could not but be gay in such a jocund company."

'The sun rose hotter and stronger, and soon we were fain to leave our knoll, and seek more shelter in the valley. We came down through the levels,

where the wide vegetable gardens cover the plain. What is this blue smoke at the corner of the melon patch? Oh, a coffin has been placed there, waiting its appointed number of days for its burial. To-day is the "third seventh day," and the entire family of the dead man is out to burn paper and incense for him. The smoke rises and curls in the still hot noonday air, and as we approach nearer, the sound of wailing reaches us. There they all are—the widow in white sackcloth, with her white cap and long streamers flying, weeping bitterly; the daughter-in-law; the little sons, who hardly know what they are doing, and are not too much engrossed to turn on their knees and gaze at us as we pass. The paper is not burning well. Poke it up again with the long stick. That is better. Now to your wailing again. And as we pass on the mournful sound breaks out afresh.

'How is it that the sky seems darkened, even at this hour of glorious noon, and the air of the plain is all at once hot and stifling?

'Strange land, so full of charm and of contradictions and of brilliant elusive beauty! What is it in you that stirs our hearts, so that sometimes the very sight of the old square mosque standing up against the crimson western sky leaves us shaken in a tremulous gladness? Only one far far other land can move our hearts like this, a little land far away in the Western Sea, where the eternal ocean laps against its shores, the shores of home. But you—you are so beautiful, so old, and so very, very needy—China. We give you our hearts.'

The Cross as Viewed by Dr. Denney.

By the Rev. W. L. Walker, D.D.

Many, no doubt, have been reading with interest Dr. Denney's eagerly awaited book[1] on the Doctrine of Reconciliation. His view of the central fact of the Cross was, of course, well known, and those who shared it with him would naturally hope to find in this latest work confirmation of their view. They will not be disappointed. Scarcely any better work in this respect could have been done. By those who can accept the doctrine this book may well be regarded as final.

Others who were unable to agree with Dr. Denney would read the book, hoping to find, perhaps, some modifications or elucidations which might enable them to come into closer accord with such an able exegete and reasoner. They will note a wider outlook and a more sympathetic treatment of other views—a readiness to acknowledge any elements of truth in them. But they will not find any modification of the central doctrine, rather a stronger and more uncompromising statement of it. It is here set forth as the only faith that can introduce a man to that Christian experience so beautifully described in the opening chapter. But if only the acceptance of the doctrine of the Cross here stated can admit to that experience, it is a serious matter for many of us in this present time and will be so for many more in the time to come. We are, therefore, as we read, stirred to consider matters very seriously and, mayhap, to criticize.

One naturally shrinks from criticizing a writer of such eminence and so justly esteemed as was Dr. Denney. But, at this time especially, when 'Reconstruction,' 'Rededication,' and 'Revival' must mean, first of all, '*Reconsideration*,' the interests of the Truth must be held as supreme—as Dr. Denney himself would hold them to be.

There is much in the book that will call forth cordial agreement from all Christians, and no one can fail to be impressed by the solemn light in which the central subject is placed. We cannot read the Gospels without feeling that the Cross had a very solemn, even a tragic, significance for Christ, and one feels that in approaching this subject one is treading with half-reluctant feet the holiest ground in history. Nor can we doubt that the Cross of Christ had a Divine significance in relation to sin and the experience of salvation. It is the view of it here set forth that raises serious questions and emboldens one to criticize.

Dr. Denney himself does not accept much that was once included in what was deemed the ortho-

[1] *The Christian Doctrine of Reconciliation* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net).