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apart from the noteworthy fact that the very same Greek phrase occurs in both places (ὑπὸ Ἰουδαίων ἀναιρεθῆναι),—a most unlikely coincidence—that the one writer copied the other. From all we hear of Philip, in historians like Socrates and Photius, Neander's estimate of another fragment of his History, pronounced long before De Boor discovered our passage, seems completely justified: 'The known untrustworthiness of this author; the discrepancy between his statements and other more authentic reports: and the suspicious conditions in which the fragment has come down to us, render his details unworthy of confidence.' Thus, in the brief sentence quoted above, he makes Papias call John ὁ θεολόγος, a title not ascribed to the apostle before the fourth century.

But even if this statement were found in any writer in whose veracity we could believe, a supreme difficulty confronts it. Both Irenæus and Eusebius were intimately acquainted with the work of Papias. 'But,' as Dr. Denney has admirably summed up the facts, 'both Eusebius and Irenæus believe in the apostolic authorship of the Fourth Gospel, and in the residence of the Apostle, in his old age, in Asia Minor; and it is simply incredible that in a book with which they were both familiar, and which one of them at least regarded as of high value, there was an explicit statement that the Apostle had been killed by the Jews at a date which precluded his residence in Asia and his authorship of the Gospel—and that they took no notice of it' (*British Weekly*, May 18, 1911). Hence the writer ultimately responsible for the assertion must have mistaken the meaning of some passage in Papias, who, as we have seen, can be anything but clear in his writing, and if that writer, as there is strong reason for believing, was Philip of Sidê, such an error would be thoroughly in keeping with his character as a historian.

I do not dwell on the use of Mk $10^{35\text{ff.}}$ as an argument in favour of the early martyrdom of John. To interpret Jesus' words in that passage in a baldly literal sense is to misunderstand (as has so often happened) the character of His language in moments of deep emotion. His reply to the ardent aspirations of the sons of Zebedee simply expresses His conviction that as loyal followers of His they shall indeed share with Him the lot of suffering. But it is easy to see how His impassioned utterances might be made by prosaic minds of a much later age the basis of assertions concerning the martyrdom of John, especially in view of the fact that his brother James had actually died a martyr's death.

I hope that enough has been said to give us pause as regards the dogma of the worthlessness of Irenæus' testimony to John of Asia and the Fourth Gospel, and to show the risk of making the question virtually turn on the interpretation of a single obscure passage in Papias, backed up by a confused statement put in circulation by an untrustworthy writer of the fifth century. But, as was suggested at the beginning of the present discussion, the evidence of Irenæus constitutes only one factor in the solution of the complex problem created by the Fourth Gospel. It must be estimated at its rightful value, as attesting the fact that this Gospel was ascribed to John the apostle at a very early date. But various delicate and difficult inquiries must be carried out before we are in a position to determine the precise relation of John to the Gospel which bears his name.

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In the Study.

Rehoboam.

'A foolish son is the calamity of his father.'—Pr 19^{13}.

In the rise and fall of dynasties, the civil and foreign wars, the political and religious convulsions that occurred in Israel, we can see at work the very principles which underlie similar movements in our own history. The tribes of Israel resembled the inhabitants of Britain before the Saxon invasion. They were separated into various clans under their own chieftains, and by their endless contentions among themselves became an easy prey to the foreign foe. In the course of time this spirit of rivalry was concentrated in two only—Judah and Ephraim—Benjamin in the south taking sides with the former, while the northern tribes combined with the latter.

The pre-eminence of Ephraim among the

northern tribes is curiously evidenced by the way in which it twice resented (Jg 8^1 12^1) campaigns undertaken without its sanction and co-operation. It and its sister tribe of Manasseh had furnished, down to the time of David, the leaders and commanders of the people—Joshua, Deborah, Gideon, Abimelech, and Samuel—and when the kingdom was established it was from the allied tribe of Benjamin that the first monarch was selected. It was natural that, with such an inheritance of glory, Ephraim should chafe under any rival supremacy. It was natural, too, that for seven years it should refuse allegiance to a prince of the rival house of Judah. Even when, at the end of that time, the elders of Israel recognized David as 'king over Israel,' the fires of jealousy, as the revolt of Sheba and the curses of Shimei alike show, were not wholly extinguished. And the transference of the sanctuary, as well as the sceptre, to Judah—for Jerusalem, whilst mainly in the territory of Benjamin, was also on the border of Judah—would occasion fresh heartburnings.

There were several different sections of Israel concerned in the movement for the election of a king of their own, and the choice of an Ephraimite shows that the sentiment of brotherhood was stronger than local interest or passion. Moreover, they were quite contented with the principle of hereditary succession. This was the only kind of kingship known, or even possible, to them, and that they would have been content with a congenial representative of the family of David is shown by their adhesion to the banner of Absalom. Their most pressing grievance was that they had no chance of impartial consideration from the house of David.

They felt that while the energies and resources of the people of the north were being employed to build up Judah and Jerusalem, and to strengthen and develop a central aristocracy in the south, their own local interests and institutions were neglected. The king was represented not so much by civil governors and magistrates as by taxgatherers and garrisons. In short, the most of Israel remained domestically and internally pretty much as it was in the time of the Judges, while its experience of the monarchy had served mainly to harass and distract it beyond endurance. This was the crisis of the great schism. The unsettlement, the strife, the misery, of the succeeding forty years were but the working out of the effort to consolidate on the basis of the monarchy. They were the throes of the birth-time of a new order.

I.

Disaffection.

1. There had been in Solomon's government an unsound element which might easily lead to a rupture, but there was no actual necessity that this should occur just yet. However, if the man who was fitted to bring it about, and who was resolved that it should come about, did appear on the scene, everything was ready for it.

David had won the northern tribes by his vivid personality. Solomon had dazzled them by his royal magnificence. But it did not follow that they were blindly to accept Solomon's son Rehoboam as king, whose mother was an Ammonitess who worshipped Chemosh. Furthermore, it was absolutely necessary that Solomon's successor should be a strong man—a man of firmness, wisdom, and foresight—if the kingdom was to be kept together.

It is not too much to say that a more incompetent person than Rehoboam could not have been found. Well might his father have used the pessimistic language of the Book of Ecclesiastes which is ascribed to him: 'Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?' (Ec 2^{18}).

Carlyle said that men were mostly fools. Christianity, with a surer and more reverent realism, says that they are all fools. This doctrine is sometimes called the doctrine of original sin. It may also be described as the doctrine of the equality of men.[1]

2. The work required from the king was the exoneration of the tribes of Israel from the forced labour and burdens of every kind entailed by the expenses of the court and the great building work at Jerusalem. The North, much less weaned from the nomad life, had a great aversion for these towns and palaces of which the South was so proud. On the news of Solomon's death, Jeroboam hurried back from Egypt and renewed his intrigues among the Josephite tribes. Rehoboam proceeded to Shechem to receive the investiture of the tribes. It was there that the smouldering discontent burst

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[1] G. K. Chesterton, *Heretics*.

into flame. The people recognized the advantages of royalty and desired its continuance, but they did not care to bear the burden of it.

An assembly was summoned at their ancient city of Shechem, on the site of the modern Nablûs, between Mount Ebal and Gerizim. In this fortress-sanctuary they determined, as 'men of Israel,' to bring their grievances under the notice of the new sovereign before they formally ratified his succession. According to one view they summoned Jeroboam, who had already returned to Zeredah, to be their spokesman. When the assembly met they told the king that they would accept him if he would lighten the grievous service which his father had put upon them. Rehoboam, taken by surprise, said that they should receive his answer in 'three days.'

I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes
not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.[1]

3. The recall of Jeroboam, and his selection as spokesman was a suspicious sign; for he had been in rebellion against Solomon (1 Kings 11^{26}), and therefore an exile. Probably he had even now been the instigator of the discontent of which he became the mouthpiece; and, in any case, his appearance as the leader was all but a declaration of war. His former occupation as superintendent of the forced labour exacted from his own tribe taught him where the shoe pinched, and the weight of the yoke would not be lessened in his representations.

The reason why John Bright's appeal on behalf of the tenants was so long unheeded by the Government was quite clear to him, and he stated it in the House of Commons with his habitual frankness: 'The question,' he said in a Tenants' Right debate in February 1852, 'the question is—Can the cats wisely and judiciously legislate for the mice?'[2]

4. Rehoboam had two sets of advisers. He sought advice, in the first instance, from the old men who had been counsellors of his father, and whose ripe experience qualified them to speak. Their answer was astute in its insight into human nature. 'Give the people a civil answer,' they said: 'tell them that *you* are *their* servant. Content with this they will be scattered to their homes, and you will bind them to your yoke for ever.' In an answer so deceptive, but so immoral, the corrupting influence of the Solomonian autocracy is as conspicuous as in that of the malapert youths who made their appeal to the king's conceit.

Rehoboam then turned to the young men who had grown up with him, and who stood before him—the *jeunesse dorée* of a luxurious and hypocritical epoch, the aristocratic idlers in whom the insolent self-indulgence of an enervated society had expelled the old spirit of simple faithfulness. Their answer was the sort of answer which Buckingham and Sedley might have suggested to Charles II. in face of the demands of the Puritans; and it was founded on notions of inherent prerogative, and 'the right Divine of kings to govern wrong,' such as the Bishops might have instilled into James I. at the Hampton Court Conference, or Archbishop Laud into Charles I. in the days of 'Thorough.'

'Threaten this insolent canaille,' they said, 'with your royal severity. Tell them that you do not intend to give up your sacred right to enforced labour, such as your brother of Egypt has always enjoyed. Tell them that your little finger shall be thicker than your father's loins, and that instead of his whips you will chastise them with leaded thongs. That is the way to show yourself every inch a king.'

In the days of his power Napoleon relied mainly on external control, and in the last resort on force. If he could not convince the Germans of the excellence of his rule, he would coerce them. Hence such abominable acts as the summary execution of Palm, the Nuremberg bookseller, for the crime of selling a patriotic pamphlet. This episode does not stand alone. Writing at Warsaw early in 1807 respecting a rising near Cassel, he orders that the village where it started should be burned, and thirty ringleaders shot, 200 or 300 others being sent as prisoners to France. A little later he orders the execution of sixty men. Again and again one finds similar mathematical calculations as to the numbers who must be shot, in order to repress local riots. On 3rd July 1809 he commands the execution of six men at Nuremberg; and on 28th January 1813 of the same number at a place near Elberfeld.[1]

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[1] Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII.*, Act I. sc. ii.

[2] G. M. Trevelyan, *The Life of John Bright*, 166.

[1] J. Holland Rose, *The Personality of Napoleon*, 240.

II.

SEPARATION.

1. The Revised Version reads, 'My little finger is thicker,' etc., and so makes the sentence not a threat, but the foundation of the following threat in an arrogant and empty assertion of greater power. The fool always thinks himself wiser than the wise dead; the 'living dog' fancies that his yelp is louder than the roar of 'the dead lion.' What can be done with a Rehoboam who brags that he is better than Solomon?

The threat which follows is inconceivably foolish; and all the more so because it probably did not represent any definite intention, and certainly was backed by no force adequate to carry it out. Passion and offended dignity are the worst guides for conduct. Threats are always mistakes. A sieve of oats, not a whip, attracts a horse to the halter. If Rehoboam had wished to split the kingdom, he could have found no better wedge than this blustering promise of tyranny.

> Every morning, all the last wet summer, my children and I read an hour in the best story-book in the world. And having Rehoboam in my mind, we came upon this about Coriolanus: 'But on the other side, for lack of education, he was choleric, and so impatient, that he would yield to no living creature; which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. They could not be acquainted with him as one citizen careth to be with another in the city. His behaviour was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had, which, because it was too lordly, was disliked. And, to say truly, the greatest benefit that learning bringeth men unto is this: that it teacheth them that be rude and rough of nature, by compass and rule of reason, to be civil and courteous, and to like better the mean state than the higher. But Martius was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion, and lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason. He remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of all the world which the governor of a state should shun. For a man that wishes to live in this world must needs have patience, which lusty bloods [like Rehoboam's young counsellors] make but a mock at.'[1]

2. The effect was instantaneous; but not what Rehoboam had foolishly expected. The long-suffering people, smarting under a sense of wrong, would not be cowed by an empty boaster; the embers of revolt that had smouldered so long, burst into a flame; the cry, '*To your tents, O Israel*,' which rent the air, at the same time rent the kingdom, and rang the knell of Israel's greatness. Jeroboam was elected king by the ten tribes according to the prediction of Ahijah, while Rehoboam's dominion was confined to Judah and Benjamin.

Federalism and the partiality for the patriarchal life regained the mastery. The Israelites departed from Shechem, resolved never again to submit to forced labour. And King Rehoboam had great difficulty in getting up to his chariot and fleeing to Jerusalem.

> There is a national honour charged with the future happiness of man; loyalty is due from those living to those that will come after; civilization can only wax and flourish in a world where faith is kept; for nations, as for individuals, there are laws of duty, whose violation harms the whole human race; in sum, stars of conduct shine for peoples, as for private men.[2]

3. It is no small proof of the insight and courageous faithfulness of the historian that he accepts without question the verdict of ancient prophecy, that the disruption was God's doing; for everything which happened in the four subsequent centuries, alike in Judah and in Israel, seemed to belie this pious conviction. It was of the Lord, he says. We, in the light of later history, are now able to see that the disseverance of Israel's unity worked out results of eternal advantage to mankind; but in the sixth century before Christ no event could have seemed to be so absolutely disastrous.

A dozen rash words brought about those four hundred years of strife, weakness, and final destruction. And neither the foolish speaker nor any man in that crowd dreamed of the unnumbered evils to flow from that hour. Since issues are so far beyond our sight, how careful it becomes us to be of motives! Angry counsels are always blunders. No nation can prosper when moderate complaints are met by threats, and 'spirited conduct,' asserting dignity, is a sign of weakness, not of strength. Both for nations and for individuals that is true.

While a stormy scene of passion, without thought of God, rages below, above sits the Lord, working His great purpose by men's sin. That Divine control does not in the least affect the freedom or the guilt of the actors. Rehoboam's disregard of the people's terms was 'a thing brought about of the Lord,' but it was Rehoboam's sin none the less.

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[1] A. Whyte, *Bible Characters: Ahithophel to Nehemiah*, 76.

[2] John Galsworthy, *A Sheaf*, 170.

That which, looked at from the mere human side, is the sinful result of the free play of wrong motives, is, when regarded from the Divine side, the determinate counsel of God. The greatest crime in the world's history was at the same time the accomplishment of God's most merciful purpose. Calvary is the highest example of the truth, which embraces all lesser instances of the wrath of man, which He makes to praise Him and effect His deep designs.

It may be that, long after we have slept our last sleep, the men who come after us, looking back upon the troubles which are at this moment such distress to the heart, will be constrained to confess that this thing too was 'of the Lord.'

The world is not a mere necessary sequence of material phenomena, but a spiritual stream, that, swift or sluggish be its course, flows irresistibly to God. The existing fact is not the law; choice between good and evil, heroism, sacrifice are not illusions; conscience, the intuition of the ideal, the power of will, and moral force are ultimate and mastering spiritual facts. The divine design controls it all, and man has liberty to help God's plan. And he who knows this, knows that 'a supreme power guards the road, by which believers journey towards their goal,' and he will be 'bold with God through God.' The crusaders' cry, 'God wills it,' is for him, and his are the courage and consistency and power of sacrifice, that come to those who know they battle on the side of God.[1]

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

April.

THE KEY OF THE SUMMER.

'The flowers appear on the earth.'—Ca 2[12].

If, on this April morning, I were to ask the girls among you the name of their favourite flower, I believe they would nearly all answer 'the primrose.'

Not only girls love primroses; a bunch of fresh country ones might send an old woman's thoughts back to the days when she went primrose gathering long, long ago. She remembers those days as full of very delightful happiness.

1. Flowers indeed make the best of companions: they do us good and no evil, and the little yellow primrose seems to possess nearly every good quality that one looks for in a flower.

Ruskin, who studied flowers and many things like them, speaks of the primrose as a flower of gracious breeding. That means that in her own domain among flowers, the primrose possesses the qualities of a real lady. I wonder if the girls will recognize Ruskin's little lady when they see her. He says that the primrose grows naturally, being content to remain a child, until the time comes when it can blossom out and make the woods beautiful for us. At first, when the primrose is very young, it is confined within five pinching green leaves whose points close over it. That is the nursery of the primrose. Then the green leaves unclose their points—the little yellow ones peep out like ducklings. They find the light delicious and open wide to it, and grow, and grow, and throw themselves wider at last into their perfect rose. But they never quite leave their old nursery for all that; it and they live on together, and the nursery seems a part of the flower. That just means that a real lady, even if she be very clever, is simple and childlike all the time.

2. I wonder if any of you boys or girls—I say

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[1] Bolton King, *Mazzini*, 240.

boys too this time—ever felt that a message came to you from a little flower like the primrose. Wordsworth wrote quite a long poem about a very stupid man. Most people think that he said too much about him, but there are two verses of it often quoted, and, strange to say, by people who never read the whole poem. They are these:

> He roved among the vales and streams,
> In the green wood and hollow dell;
> They were his dwellings night and day,—
> But nature ne'er could find the way
> Into the heart of Peter Bell.
>
> In vain, through every changeful year,
> Did Nature lead him as before;
> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.[1]

None of you want to be like Peter Bell, I feel sure. Most of you have at least felt that you loved the primrose, and if you wanted to live a beautiful life after having been in the woods with it, the primrose had been speaking to you.

3. It is the modesty and quiet beauty of the primrose that charm every one:

> Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
> Unnoticed and alone,
> Thy tender elegance.

The little flower does not always have good weather, and yet it sets a brave face to the blast and never fails to bloom for us. You are not very old, and have not had many real trials, but at school you must, I feel sure, have had one or two 'set-backs.' They are a good thing sometimes. They make you the better able to bear the trials that will come to you when you are men and women.

> So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
> Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
> Of life she rears her head,
> Obscure and unobserved;
>
> While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
> Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
> And hardens her to bear
> Serene the ills of life.[2]

4. Primroses and Easter generally come together. Spring is the Easter of the earth when all the trees and the flowers that have seemed dead through the winter begin to rise again. It brings the thought to the minds of many a man and woman that there is really no death. In the German language the primrose has a name that means the 'key' flower. Probably the name was taken from the fable which tells that it has some magic power of discovering hidden treasure. We don't believe in magic, but we all believe the primrose to be the key of the summer. And because Jesus died and rose again He has been called the key of the grave. Just now people cannot help speaking about what comes after death. Many of our old Sunday scholars have passed over—Willie, George, Alec. Boys and girls look around this April morning: resurrection is on every hand. Remember the primrose, the 'key' of summer, and better still remember Him who is the 'Key of the Grave.'

II.

The Song of the Heart.

'Singing and making melody with your heart.'—Eph 5^{19}.

That seems a queer thing to say, doesn't it?—'Singing and making melody with your heart.' Perhaps you think St. Paul made a mistake and that he meant to say—'Singing and making melody with your voice.'

But St. Paul is right. The best song of all is the song of the heart. It is a song we should all sing, only we have forgotten the secret, and we find it again only when God touches our heart.

Now this seems rather difficult to understand, so I want to tell you a story that will make it easy for you.

In the little town of Freiburg there is an old cathedral which contains a wonderful organ. One day, a stranger came to the cathedral and asked permission to play on the organ. But the old man who looked after the place refused to let him play. He told him that no stranger was allowed to touch the organ.

However, the visitor pleaded so long and so earnestly that at last the caretaker gave his consent. The stranger seated himself at the organ and soon the cathedral was filled with the most wonderful music. Never had the great organ produced such marvellous melody. Tears ran down the old man's cheeks and at last he laid his hand on the musician's shoulder. 'What is your name?' he asked. And when the other replied, 'Mendelssohn,' the old caretaker could only exclaim, 'And to think I refused to let you play on my organ!'

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[1] Wordsworth, *Poems* ('Peter Bell'), 239.

[2] H. Kirke White.

Now, boys and girls, our hearts are just like that organ. They are splendid instruments meant to produce beautiful music, but they await the touch of the Great Musician. Only when He touches them can they 'make melody.' Without that touch they are dumb or they make only discord.

Perhaps some of the older boys and girls know the name of Caedmon. Caedmon was a monk who lived in the seventh century and he was our earliest Anglo-Saxon poet. Now there is a story told of how Caedmon came by his gift of poetry which you may like to hear.

In his youth Caedmon was the cowherd of the Abbey of Whitby, and it is said that he could neither sing nor make verses. In those days it was the custom to pass a harp round the company after the day's work was over so that each might contribute his share to the evening's entertainment. But whenever the harp appeared Caedmon used to slip away because he could neither sing nor play.

One evening when the harp had been brought out as usual, the cowherd took refuge in the stable, and as he was tired with his day's work he presently fell asleep. In his sleep a Stranger appeared to him and commanded him to sing. The monk replied that he could not sing and that that was the reason why he had left the entertainment. But the Stranger still commanded him to sing. 'Sing,' said He—'sing the beginning of created things.' And presently Caedmon found himself singing verses in the praise of God, verses which he had never heard. From that day onward he became the poet of the monastery, and men said that the gift of God's grace in his heart had brought with it the gift of song.

Now, boys and girls, that all happened so long ago that it may be a bit of a legend. But still there is a great deal of truth in it. Our hearts cannot sing the song God meant them to sing until we let Him touch them with His grace. He can make the most of us. He can make the best of our gifts and abilities. He can bring melody into our lives.

Remember the story of the old caretaker and how he almost missed hearing some of the most wonderful music in the world. We, too, may refuse the Great Musician, and the world will be a sad and tuneless place for us. But let us give Him permission to use our hearts as He would, then not only they but all our lives will be 'one grand, sweet song.'

III.

Perfume.

'Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart.'—Pr 27^{9}.

Do you remember the very first bottle of perfume you ever had? How proud you were of it! Up till then you had had only an occasional sprinkle from the crystal bottle on mother's dressing-table, but now you had a whole bottleful of deliciousness all for your very own. Do you remember how you tried to make it last; and how you put it on your handkerchief only on special days such as Sundays; and how, when you pulled your handkerchief out of your pocket you gave it an extra flourish, and hoped that everybody was noticing that it was perfumed?

Do you remember, too, how eager you were to give a sprinkle as a treat to the people you loved best? You wanted them to enjoy its sweetness. And oh! how sad you were when the last drop had been squeezed out of the bottle! You took out the stopper, and filled the empty bottle with water, and shook it up well, and tried to pretend that there was still a perfume of the perfume left. You really loved that perfume—didn't you?

There are very few who don't love perfume of some kind. The people we read of in the Bible loved it and used it greatly. But the perfumes they used in Bible days were rather different from those we use now. They were pungent rather than sweet. They were made chiefly in the form of ointments which were employed in anointing the body—a very necessary thing in climates so hot as that of Palestine. Their names, even, sound curious to our ears. Here are a few of them — camphire, cassia, frankincense, myrrh, spikenard, tragacanth. They were made chiefly from gum or resin, and the bark or the leaves of trees.

Now the best perfumes we have are made from real flowers. In the South of France, between Cannes and Nice, there lies a sunny belt of land where most of the flowers which make our perfumes grow. There you will see acres upon acres of the roses, jasmine, violets, heliotrope, and carnations whose essence we buy bottled in the chemist's shop. The petals of these millions of blooms are gathered by the peasants and carried by them to the perfume factories. There they are treated by steam-heat or laid on layers of fat until they give up their sweetness. Some of the flowers, such as the rose, yield their perfume readily, but others, like the violet and the jasmine, need special coaxing before they will part with their essence. Some one has called this essence or perfume 'the soul of the flower.' That is a fine idea. It is beautiful to think that, when the flowers are withered and gone, their soul still lives in their perfume.

There are three things I should like you to remember about perfume.

1. The first is that *no two perfumes are alike.* You can pick out essence of roses from essence of violets anywhere. People are just the same; no two in all the world are quite alike. Some have one kind of sweetness, some another, and we must not expect everybody to be sweet in the same way. That would be most uninteresting. What we have got to do is to find out each person's particular sweetness, and admire that.

In some people, I am sorry to say, the sweetness is very faint, so faint that you can hardly perceive it. Such people are like flowers on a gloomy day—they are not yielding their perfume. What they require is a good blaze of sunshine to draw out their sweetness—a blaze of happiness, in other words. Try to give them a little happiness; be kind to them. You will be astonished to see how their sweetness will develop.

2. The next thing I want you to remember is that *the perfume is the most precious part* of the flower. It is the part we should miss most were it taken away. We should not miss a petal or two from the many on the rose, but we should be sad indeed if it lost its sweetness; and if a sweet-pea were only a 'pea' without the 'sweet' we should not love it half so much. It is the perfume that makes some flowers precious.

Again it is the same with people. It is their sweetness that makes us love them. They may be young or old, short or tall, dark or fair, plain or beautiful—we never notice these details. What really matters is that they are sweet, and so we love them. If you want to be loved, boys and girls, don't forget to grow a perfume.

3. The third thing is that *a perfume imparts itself to others.* If you have a scent sachet in your drawer, you know how all your clothes smell of it. They have caught and kept its sweetness.

There is a Persian fable which tells of a man who picked up a lump of clay and carried it home with him. He soon discovered that it had a smell so exquisite that it perfumed all the room. He took it up and looked at it, but he could discover nothing extraordinary about it, so he asked, 'O lump of clay, what art thou? Art thou some wonderful gem, or some rich perfume in disguise?' 'Nay,' was the reply, 'I am but a lump of clay.' 'Then whence this sweetness?' 'Ah! friend,' answered the clay, 'shall I tell you the secret? I *have been dwelling with the rose.*'

Boys and girls, we may all resemble that lump of clay. We may all be perfume-bearers. We may dwell with Christ, our Rose, and, having caught some of His fragrance, may help to shed it abroad through the world.

Point and Illustration.

The Soul of a Scottish Church.

We congratulate the Rev. David Woodside, B.D., on his first important book, and at the same time we congratulate the Publications Department of the United Free Church of Scotland on *its* first important publication. It is a history of the United Presbyterian Church; not, however, in the old way of writing history. The title is *The Soul of a Scottish Church* (6s. net), and the author describes it as giving 'the contribution of the United Presbyterian Church to Scottish Life and Religion.'

Well, it is a readable book—most interesting to read in every chapter of it. For Mr. Woodside has laid himself out for that, and he is fit for it. That first. Then it is a loyal book. The United Presbyterian Church is seen by everybody to be worthy. And yet there is not a foolish word of flattery within the covers. Lastly, it is a book that will make for righteousness and the coming of the Kingdom. What has attached the Scotsman to his Church? This book will tell you. Did you think it was an inveterate love of disputation and a delight in the splitting of theological hairs? It is this, that the sense of God, the living God, awful perhaps but actual, has been felt when the threshold of the House of God was crossed. Here is a quotation.

'Of the giants in literature there were two who had a closer connection with the Secession Church than is generally acknowledged. Carlyle was one. He was born in the Secession Church, and speaks with great reverence of the minister and those associated with him in Ecclefechan. Carlyle himself was intended for the Church, and went through the Arts course in Edinburgh University with that aim. When, however, he came to the end of his preliminary training, he hesitated. Certain doubts were already arising in his mind, and if he had proceeded further in the direction of the ministry, it would probably not have been to that of the Secession Church. We can scarcely imagine Carlyle's genius cribbed, cabined, and confined within the limits of a creed-locked Church. But his Secession training left upon him and his writings its mark to his dying day. He never forgot the impressions made; and he showed their influence in such a sentence as this uttered in his Rectorial address, when, as an old man, he gave to the young students the cream of his life's experience: "I believe you will find in all histories that religion has been at the head and foundation of them all, and that no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, all-wise, and all-virtuous Being superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any men either, who forgot that." That sentence, and what in his writings possessed the same spirit, sprang from his Secession teaching.'

Christmas Morning.

The readers of *The Scotsman* have for some time been pleased with essays which have appeared at intervals touching things of home and country, of books and authors, of rocks and rivers and open roads, all signed by Arthur Grant. They have been sufficiently pleased to wish to see the essays issued as a book. Well, here it is with the title *On the Wings of the Morning* (Dent; 4s. 6d. net). What is the secret of the success? Nothing mysterious; just the topic that touches the universal human heart and the straightforward way of handling it.

'Christmas Day by the riverside! 'Tis a beautiful morning with a touch of frost in the air, and it mellows into a day of gentle sunshine, of subdued lights and shadows. The ragwort is still in bloom, but there are now only two leaves on the thorn. Alone of trees, the Scots fir yonder stands out against the sky with the same stately dignity as in summer. It and the river are least influenced by the season of the year. Still the river flows, and I may step on to this tiny promontory and look into the clear, deep pool with its rocky and gravelly bed. All is still on this the anniversary of the first Christmas morning, the morning on which that "vision splendid" in "trailing clouds of glory" proclaimed on earth peace. Indeed, the peace of a calm winter's day has a character all its own. There is no stir of animal life, and Nature herself breathes the very spirit of peace. Here, amid the green pastures and beside the still waters, one remembers how to Isaiah a river was the very emblem of peace. The chastened joy of rivers, indeed, wells up through the whole sacred volume. Sometimes that very emblem of joy is turned into mourning, as in the Lament of the exiled Hebrews, surely the finest poem of its kind that ever was written, "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." The rivers of the distant homeland seemed to flow through their hearts as, by the willow-bordered stream, the bitter cry rose from their lips: "How shall we sing the Lord's Song in a strange land?" So it has always been, dear rivers of home, no matter where. After all, is not the particular river that we love but a question of sentiment, of association, nay, even of geographical environment? The Syrian captain did but give expression to his patriotism when he asked: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" Thus even my nameless burn can point a moral at Christmastide. It is pleasing to associate days of exceptional beauty with the red-letter days of the Kalendar. Who does not rejoice, for example, on a beautiful Easter morn? But amid the bustle of modern life, whether the days be festival or ferial, those riverside reveries inspire a restfulness that we cannot afford to despise. "And now look about you," says Izaak Walton, "and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too," "the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed," as the old patriarch expressed it. And then good Master Izaak goes on to repeat what "holy Mr. Herbert" says of such days—days that recall my pilgrimage to Bemerton:

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.'

That is the way of it, and it is enough.

Dixon Scott.

'One of the many books of Dixon Scott's that were to be written when he came back after the war was a book of essays. "I've been systematizing it lately and finishing some of the sketches for it," he wrote in the spring of 1913. In the same letter he says, "There are nature things in it such as 'The Winds,' there are one or two motor things, and there is 'The Cloud' (which here appears as 'The Shadow')."

'Dixon Scott never came back from the war—he died of dysentery on a hospital ship at Gallipoli on October 23rd, 1915—and this book of his essays is not his book as he would have made it. But his friends are all of one mind, that it is well worth getting together the few essays that are left in a pocket volume such as he himself always carried in his knapsack when he went out in search of adventure by the Mysterious Road or lost himself on the lonely heights of the Lake District.'

It is Mr. Bertram Smith who signs the Preface and says these things. And when we have read the book, even when we have read a single sample essay, we desire to be reckoned among the friends who are all of one mind. The title given it is *A Number of Things* (Foulis; 5s. net), appropriately culled from Stevenson's 'Child's Garden':

'The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.'

But how is the quality of the essay to be made known? By the quotation of one. Let it be a short one. Let it be

SILVER AND GOLD.

Every really honourable suburban garden is brisk and heartsome just now with splashes, and loops, and circlets of fine gold—the gold of that king-cup-coloured flower which the wise Ruskin so solemnly rebuked Wendell Holmes for calling 'the spendthrift crocus.' 'The crocus is not a spendthrift,' pointed out the great man, 'it is a hardy plant.' Hardihood and prodigality then—are they so incompatible? One fancies not; the argument, one imagines, would not be over-difficult to confute; certain spendthrifts of the human sort, at any rate—but there! Why hound a quarry of so obvious a tameness? Ill-judged or well, Pathetic Fallacy or no Pathetic Fallacy, the adjective remains—proving its pertinence by its pertinacity. And, in spite of Ruskin, it is always with a fine air of thriftlessness that these sunny, saffron-coated prodigals come strutting through the close-fisted shrubberies of March. They swing up the niggard borders, they surround the frugal lawns, they march about the miserly, reluctant beds—always with the same consistent recklessness. And with it all, of course (it is their irresistible quality), they never stoop to impudence. Despite their bold defiance of the conventions, they are something better than your mere Bohemian. Their improprieties are done decorously; their prodigalities are never dissolute. They outspace Spring, they fling their largesse in Winter's very face; but their audacity is always douce and kenspeckle, they are never too hot-footed to be trim. Neatly aligned, well-groomed, and orderly, they are, of all prodigals, surely the most circumspect and sober.

So much the quainter, of course, appears, on that account, their alliance with that shrinking epitome of wild wood-gracefulness, the snowdrop. The crocus is respectably audacious—bold, but bourgeois; and he mates—a frightened nymph! And yet it is a very proper marriage, as complementary as their colours—gold and silver; or as their symbols—the sun and the moon. Between them they make up the perfect round, the full, fair sequence of garden qualities. For the perfect garden should have room for all the crocus elements—the qualities of symmetry and bright composure and a general massing of rich and heartsome colours; but it must not be wholly content with these. It must include as well the frailer snowdrop qualities—the qualities of wild grace and moon-dawn frailty. 'I wish it were to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness,' said the good Bacon. 'Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade; and these to be in the heath here and there, not in any order.' In that corner, too, would grow the snowdrops; and for that corner, for the inclusion of that space of desirable disorder, in all our gardens, the snowdrop's appearance just now may be regarded as a kind of delicate appeal. And since, as Bacon says, 'God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks'—since all this still remains admirably true, let the silver and gold scattered so lavishly about our gardens at the moment symbolize one other thing as well. Let them be symbols of the lavish assiduity with which we townsfolk, through the coming year, will polish each his link in the long gold and silver chain of gardens, which unites us, here in the smoke-drift, with the clean world of Nature lying outside the walls.

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The Family and Religion of L. Sergius Paullus, Proconsul of Cyprus.

By Sir W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., D.D., Edinburgh.

The province Galatia has been fruitful in discoveries bearing on the history of the family of Sergius Paullus, who came into friendly relations with Paul and Barnabas at Paphos about A.D. 47 (Ac 13^{10-12}), and who was perhaps converted to the Christian faith. The words of Acts certainly suggest this, but they do not constitute a complete proof that conversion in the fullest sense took place. This is pointed out in my book on the *Bearing of Recent Research on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament*, p. 164, where the twelfth chapter discusses the religion and subsequent history of his family. It is there argued from one inscription found in Pisidian Antioch that the son of this Sergius Paullus was governor of the province Galatia about A.D. 70–74, and from another that his sister Sergia Paulla was married to the noblest citizen of Antioch, doubtless during the time that her brother was governing the province. It is a somewhat unusual fact in Roman social history that a lady belonging to a patrician senatorial family should marry a citizen of a remote provincial city, even though that city was a Roman colony and had played an extremely important part in Roman history during the first century of Imperial history. In this way the generation of the Sergii immediately following the proconsul of Cyprus came into close relations with the province of Galatia generally and the military capital Pisidian Antioch in particular.

A discovery which was made by Professor Calder of Manchester and myself renders it possible to pursue the subject further, and to trace the history of the family for nearly a century and a half after the incident in Paphos. There is of course a certain amount of hypothesis needed in the reconstruction of family history. The strength of hypothesis like this depends on familiarity with the conditions and facts of society in the Imperial time, and can be properly estimated only by reference to the whole circumstances and history of Roman society and administration. So far as the part of the reconstruction already published in my book is concerned, I had the advantage of confirmation from Professor Dessau, to whose special department in Roman work this class of investigation belongs; but the conditions which have prevailed in Europe since August 1914 have interrupted co-operation and friendly association between scholars of the opposing belligerent countries. The most hypothetical part of the whole hypothesis is the presumed continuity of the Sergian patrician family, and this continuity was accepted as self-evident and certain[1] by the author of the *Prosopographia of the Roman Empire.*

Some vague idea of the remarkable nature of this inscription (which Professor Calder had found some years previously, and which we recopied in company in 1913) occurred to us at the moment; but, in the actual work of travelling over the plateau, visiting often several sites in a single day, there was no further time to think over the bearing of the document, and I forgot about it until 1916 when I chanced to be revising the whole series of inscriptions in Professor Calder's

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[1] Lightfoot also regarded the later Sergii Paulli as lineal descendants of the proconsul of Cyprus. The fact is too simple to be susceptible of proof, but scholars in historical research recognize it forthwith.