

world, that here is a devoted fellowship of believers in God through Christ, and servants of Christ, worshipping Him in humble adoration and grateful love, and, further, out in the world as the Body of Christ on the great adventure of conquest for Him. It is when men, in observing and in coming into contact with the Church, get a sense of the life which is life indeed, a sense, too, of high and holy endeavour about her, a self-denying battle for God and love and all goodness—it is then that they will be drawn to yield to her their fellowship, loyalty, service, self-sacrifice.

All this, when one considers the timidity and fatal self-complacent respectability and selfish

temper characteristic of so much of our Church life, at least in the years out of which we are passing into a new era, may seem a change too drastic and towards a level too high. Perhaps all one may say here is that this thing can be only by prayer (much prayer) and, perhaps after all, by something akin to fasting, too. At anyrate, the effecting of changes such as have been sketched here will assuredly go far towards winning for the Church and her Lord the men she is to-day looking towards with longing eyes, will go far towards solving the problem of what she must be—for it is not so much a problem of what she is to do—after the war.

In the Study.

War.

TOWARDS AN ANTHOLOGY.

Professor J. A. Cramb.

THE question 'What is War?' has been variously answered, according as the aim of the writer is to illustrate its methods historically, or from the operations of the wars of the past to deduce precepts for the tactics or the strategy of the present, or as in the writings of Aristotle and Grotius, of Montesquieu and Bluntschli, to assign the limits of its fury, or fix the basis of its ethics, its distinction as just or unjust.

War, therefore, I would define as a phase in the life-effort of the State towards completer self-realization, a phase of the eternal *nisus*, the perpetual omnipresent strife of all being towards self-fulfilment.

Nietzsche.

Ye say it is a good cause which halloweth even war. I say unto you it is the good war that halloweth every cause.

War has achieved more than was ever achieved by love of one's neighbour.

General Sherman.

War is Hell.

Moltke.

War is the most devilish but also the most heroic of human things.

Treitschke.

War is of God, it is God's dreadful medicine.

Clausewitz.

War is an act of violence to compel our opponent to fulfil our will.

J. R. P. Sclater.

War is an evil thing—it was born of the devil and its birthplace was hell.

Principal P. T. Forsyth.

War is the greatest of all the awful and complex moral situations of the world—second only to the final judgment day.

Verestchagin.

War is the loss of all human sense; under its influence men become animals entirely. The artist looks always for passion, and passion is seen at its height on the battlefield. Every hour brings something new, something never seen before, something outside the range of ordinary human life. *It is the reversal of Christianity*, and for the artist, the author, and the philosopher it must always have a supreme interest. But what a foolish game it is.

Mazzini.

War is the greatest of crimes, when it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for the sake of a great truth to enthrone or of a great lie to entomb.

Kant.

War is a deep-hidden and designed enterprise of supreme wisdom for preparing, if not for establishing, conformity to law amid the freedom of States, and with this a unity of a morally grounded system of those States.

Canon W. C. E. Newbolt.

War is a solemn judicial act, carrying with it the awful judgment of God, but scattering also blessings from its hand to the hearts of nations which have to be ruled with a rod of iron, while it is a hard teacher of grand virtues.

President A. Hopkins Strong.

War is duel and lynch-law on an enormous scale. And war is to be abolished just as we have abolished duel and lynch-law at the North.

Emile Boutroux.

War is destruction.

H. Fielding Hall.

War is the purifier of the spirit.

And war, internal or external, is the only escape from slavery, from the slavery of castes, religions, ideas which degrade and terrify, from cowardice spiritual and physical, from apathy, from that dry rot into which nations fall. No great awakening has ever come except by war. It is the great stimulant, spiritual and physical.

Machiavelli.

War is the only profession worthy of a prince.

W. R. Washington Sullivan.

By war we understand the appeal to *might* to decide a question of *right* between two or more civilized peoples, and of war thus defined I say that it is the great surviving infamy of our unmoral past, the persistence in us of animal instincts, of the ape and tiger which should long since have died out.

The Seven Words.**IV.****Christ the Sin-bearer.**

'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'—Mk 15³⁴.

THE SIN-BEARER.

In the glare of midday, Jesus had been nailed to the cross. Thrice He spoke, and each time as

to the affairs of others. Then did He resign Himself to the fate for which He had been born. The curse of our race fell on His innocent spirit and wrapt it in gloom. An answering gloom buried the cross and its load of woe. The sun hid its face as if it dare not look and dare not let men look. In the sudden night at noon the mob cowered and ceased to speak. For three long hours the hush and the darkness held. Then eyes, of more than mortal grief, were lifted to the louring sky; and the breaking heart sent forth the most sorrowful wail that ever rent the air. The unbearable desolation of Jesus' spirit found voice for itself in the words of a psalm familiar to Him from childhood; and He uttered them in the very accent of His mother-tongue—'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?'

I.**THE DARKNESS.**

i. It was not the darkness of night, for it began at twelve o'clock in the day. It was not the darkness of an eclipse, for it was then full moon, and it is only at the new moon that eclipses of the sun can take place. It was not the darkness for which we can find an astronomic reason, or any other natural cause.

Our Lord had entered into the final conflict. Let us reverently think of this darkness and this word which follows it. He died for the sins of the whole world, the punishment of them, the weight of them. 'The pains of hell came about me, the sorrows of death overtook me.' And He tasted death for every man. This is what the darkness meant—the blackness of the world's sin shutting out the light of God's presence: the coming together of all the powers of darkness to struggle with Him for the dominion of the world. So He alone must strive. He took our nature upon Him, that in it He might fight the battle and win the victory. By man came death, so by man alone came the victory over death.

¶ The folds of a great black pall dropped mysteriously over all the scene from the sixth to the ninth hour, when the Hand that threw it on, lifted it off. How it was, we know not; how long it was in coming or in going, we know not; how far it spread, we know not; but there are grounds for the belief that it was not over Jerusalem only. Some say that notes of it are to be found in Chinese Chronicles. It is reported that it reached Egypt, that the astronomer Dionysius said when he saw it, 'Either the gods are suffering, or

the mechanism of the world is tumbling into ruins'; that it darkened over the obelisk of Heliopolis.¹

2. There are hours of darkness when 'the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world' appear almost intolerable; when our own hearts and lives are touched with sorrows that make everything black as midnight; or when we ourselves feel what it is to face death, and we are overwhelmed by the sense of the unknown, and all things look curtained by doubt and uncertainty. It may be that we are not altogether unbelieving, but we long for a surer confidence. In spite of ourselves, shadows rest upon us that are weird and awful.

What then? Have we not Christ with us in all these trials? His hour was darker far than ours. It was an hour which wrung the cry from lips that had never before breathed but sweetest prayer, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' In spite of all, He believed in God, and He has taught us to believe in Him also. The cry of agony was quickly followed by the prayer of peaceful surrender, and He would lead us also to commit all to the same Father.

¶ How we should thank our Lord for speaking this Word, which shows us that He was indeed 'in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin'; that He in His human nature experienced all our sorrows and trials; so that He can fully sympathize with us. But more than this—He not only shows us that He had this trial, but in this Word He teaches us how to meet it. The words themselves are the inspired utterance of the Psalmist expressing the perplexity which we often feel in regard to God's providential dealings with us, especially in that large class of experiences which make us feel as though God had indeed forsaken us.²

II.

THE CRY.

1. It is remarkable that Jesus in this cry used the Aramaic word for 'my God'—Eloi. The Greek-speaking Jews from the provinces who were there, not understanding the word but catching the sound of its first syllable 'El,' thought He was calling to Elijah for help, and said so. The sacred writers set down the unusual words just as He uttered them, partly to account for this mistake, and partly because their actual tones and sounds were dear to them, and were always fresh in their memory.

¹ C. Stanford, *Voices from Calvary*, 129.

² A. G. Mortimer, *The Chief Virtues of Man*, 62.

But why did Jesus use the Aramaic instead of quoting the Septuagint, as He did on other occasions? One reason for this may have been naturalness. He used words familiar in His early village life, as human nature, in its last extremity, is apt to drop into the dialect of its childhood. Another reason, yet more touching, is that the Greek translation in common use does not give the precise force of the Hebrew word for 'God' employed in the verse He quoted. Just then, when he was being 'crucified in weakness,' it was the very word for 'God' that He wanted—the word 'El,' which signifies strength, and is the name for God as the Mighty One. His cry was, 'My Strength, My Strength.' Although in that hour of darkness He does not utter the happy cry, 'My Father,' He, as the perfect man, clung fast to His rock, held on through all the blows of 'the waves and billows'; and, even in this short burst of language in agony, applied to God the word 'My' twice over, appropriating the 'Living Strength' as His very own.

¶ Elijah or Elias who was carried from earth without having tasted death, in a fiery chariot to Paradise, was regarded by the Jews as the conductor of the souls of the just to the place of repose, the bosom of Abraham, or Paradise. He was also regarded as the great helper in time of difficulty. The Jews to this day have the notion that he appears in different times and places to assist those who need help. No doubt the soldiers had heard this superstition; and when they saw Jesus faint and sinking with exhaustion, they misunderstood His cry to God as an invocation to Elias to come and help him, either by taking Him down from the cross, or by taking His soul and bearing it away to Paradise.

I do not think that the words of the soldiers were spoken in mockery. They were probably awed by the darkness, and we see, directly after, a soldier in pity put the vinegar to the lips of Christ, offering Him a draught which may shorten His sufferings. No; I think the words indicate a misapprehension and an expression of curiosity. It is as though they said in full, 'Well, we have heard over and over again these Jews say that when they die the Prophet Elias comes and takes their spirits to Paradise. Now this dying man has called Elias to his aid, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come and save him from further agony.'³

2. God is in Christ, revealing on the cross His infinite, His unimaginable love for man. But the voice is a man's voice like our own. And the words are those which a man spoke, one like ourselves, looking up out of the depths, out of the blackness and despair of pain and grief, into the dumb sky. It is all real—terribly, tragically real. Jesus feels that God has forsaken Him. And the

³ S. Baring-Gould, *The Seven Last Words*, 52.

question which He asks is the ancient question which men have asked in tears, in anger, in amazement, since the world began.

(1) Are we to see in these words the last temptation of the martyr? As he looks back upon the life that he is leaving, and looks forward past the cross or the fire or the sword to the slow and doubtful issues of the great warfare in the future, the martyr must sometimes ask himself, 'Is it worth while? Is my blood really wanted?' Sometimes even he must ask himself, 'Am I quite sure?' It is the doubt that unnerved Cranmer till almost the last, when God gave him courage; the doubt that drove Jewel into recantation, to the everlasting shame of those who forced those true martyrs into that sin. But we cannot put that interpretation upon this cry of our Lord in His Agony. We cannot explain that cry as a momentary failing of human courage or human conviction. Every line of the Gospel forbids us to do so.

(2) This was not the cry of a man oppressed with the conviction of failure in his work. It was not the complaining expostulation of a man who rebelled against God's dealings with him, or called them unbelievably in question. It was not the defeated cry of a man who shrank back when he came into close combat with the last enemy, when he felt the power of the night, reached the post of the foe, and heard the fiend voices raving for their prey. These feelings were all laid and conquered, in the garden of Gethsemane.

(3) It is the God-forsaken cry—forsaken of God. All His martyrs have had God with them. The three children in the furnace had God with them there. His saints have always felt the presence of their Lord with them, and His martyrs have died in joy because they have felt that the Lord was with them. But the Chief of Martyrs, our Lord Jesus Christ, must taste of the greatest agony of all—that is, being God-forsaken. Mind you, He never for one moment lost His faith in the Father; He said, 'My God, my God,' but He did feel God-forsaken—'why hast thou forsaken me?' He had to be brought to this; it was the depth of the Passion—He was forsaken of man, forsaken of His disciples, and He must feel forsaken of God.

(4) It is the cry of the sin-bearer; the revelation of the love of the Father, which spared His Son for such unutterable and woful anguish; the cry which still vibrates in the conscience of the world. There is no despair in it, only the murmur of an

inexpressible sadness; there is no complaint in it; a perfect human nature must in some way express itself. He still clung to God, whom He called His own God, and it was the felt preciousness of the presence of Him in whose favour is life that made Him wonder and mourn, and then ask, out of a heart which reproach had broken, why, in that supreme moment of perfect and willing self-surrender to that Father's holy will, the sustaining consciousness of His presence should have been removed?

¶ There is a moment in every death when the soul is almost overwhelmed. Death appears so cruel and so stern. It has been said that there is nothing so commonplace as death, and yet nothing so terribly original. Is it not true? We know that death is the end of our life, yet that knowledge does not help us to face it. It comes to each one of us as a novelty, a shock, something unexpected. No amount of past experience of the history of others takes away from us, or from our own sensations, some sense of wrong, some sense of terror—the grimness, the sternness, and the cruelty of it.

But that does not exhaust the meaning of the cry on the Redeemer's lips. For Jesus, though He died as man, died also as the Christ; and though man feels physical pain, Jesus felt spiritual sorrow in a way that mere man could not be called upon to feel it. It is for ourselves we die; and it is by ourselves we die; and we bear our own pains only; and we feel there is enough—too much, indeed—to endure. But Jesus died bearing the sins of the world. There was the horror of all the sin that brought Him to the cross, when He came to face death and bear the weight of all the sins of the world upon Him; because to His sensitive nature there was present in that death all that had led to it, all the weight of sin which imposed it upon Him.¹

III.

THE DERELICTION.

The word 'forsaken,' however we explain it, has an awful sound, and in our Lord's case it had also a special history, for He was first betrayed by one of the Twelve, then deserted by the majority of the rest, and finally denied by St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles, himself; and now in the very moment of death the experience presents itself in the most awful shape of all, and the Eternal Father Himself seems to turn His face away.

1. How could God forsake Him? How could He doubt whether God had forsaken Him? How could He make us suppose that His trust in God was shaken? Surely it was not that; surely those are not the words of despair and mistrust. What they fully mean, it would be dangerous to ask, for

¹ M. Creighton, *Lessons from the Cross*, 111.

they are the words of the Incarnate Son of God in man's nature. But no more comforting words than they, to our poor, weak, fainting nature, were spoken on the cross. Who does not faint and sink under the cross which God lays on him? Who does not sometimes feel that he is alone in the world, with none to help him, none to uphold him? Who does not feel sometimes as if even the comfort and hope of religion are not enough to bear him up? And yet does it not seem as if none but the faithless and the despairing could have such doubts, could feel such desolation? Oh, let us thank our merciful Saviour that He has shown us that these words, which are sometimes forced by trouble from our lips, need not be words of impatience and unbelief.

¶ This endurance of the feeling of abandonment and spiritual desolation is to us another token of the love 'unto the end' of our Lord and Saviour. This sense of alienation from God is one which is felt by many of God's elect.¹

2. There is nothing sinful in this desolation and darkness. Our Lord's experience proves this. There can be no doubt that the great lesson which this word from the cross teaches us is the power of sin to separate from God and the utter darkness and misery which come from that separation. It was only the shadow of separation which fell on our Saviour, and how terrible was the suffering it caused! only the shadow of separation, for God forsakes those only who forsake Him.

¶ He felt the full weight of the Heavenly Father's wrath, so that I should be saved from it. Nay further, He felt it, in order that I should feel the full weight of His Sacrifice, and of His Love.²

3. It was necessary for Jesus to endure in His own Person the extreme consequences of sin. Of course, many of the consequences of sin Jesus could not endure in the very nature of the case. But when we ask ourselves what is intrinsically the worst consequence of sin, the answer we must give is this—the worst thing that sin does for us is that it separates the soul from God; it makes fellowship with God who is Light no longer possible to the man who lives in the darkness of sin. Jesus had therefore to pass through that experience; it was necessary to realize the sense of separation from God.

¶ In this is to be found the key to this desolate cry. Whatever may be left unexplained and unveiled, one thing

is made manifest—it was sin that was at the root of it, the sin of others, for which He atoned.³

4. But the darkness soon passed. The Father heard and answered. Into the consciousness of the Saviour a Presence came that changed His consciousness of desertion and loss into one of victory and peace. And this consciousness lives in the sayings that are His last. One breathes the serenest resignation, the most holy and beautiful trust, like the smile that comes across the face of the dying in response to greetings not of this world—'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' The other welcomes the end, celebrates the triumph, proclaims that the death accomplished is the work done—'It is finished.' In the first He confesses that God has not forsaken Him, that the eternal hands are round His spirit and the eternal face brooding over His uplifted soul; in the second He declares that sin is not victorious, that its evil has but helped the completion of His work.

¶ What shall we learn from this word of the Son of Man? Like all the other words from the cross it helps us to understand a little of the mind of Christ. And it seems to show us that His victory in the hour of darkness and desolation depended upon His close and imperishable fellowship with God, unbroken though not fully realized at the supreme moment. The terror of death which comes to every son of man overshadowed Him too, in far more awful shape than it can ever come to us. But as He overcame, so may we, if so be that God is *our* God, One whom we have known and trusted in the days of our strength. If we can pray, 'My God,' we shall not be forsaken at the last, however dim our vision of His protecting love. But so to pray in death, we must learn the prayer in life.⁴

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Making a Fresh Start.

(New Year, 1917).

'Dead, and . . . alive again.'—Lk 15²².

I feel sure that every boy and girl here likes making fresh starts.

Don't you love getting a new drawing-book? The clean pages just look as if they waited for your pictures. You toss the old one carelessly aside; you feel you are done with it. That is a pity, I think; old drawing-books are most interesting. Take my advice and begin keeping yours.

I looked into one the other day. I learned many things from it, and they all had to do with a boy called John. He had a real taste for drawing; I saw that at once. 'John has the making of an artist in him,' I said to myself at page number one. His mother had told me that he had had no lessons, yet he seemed to be able to do wonderful things with his pencil. You should have seen the soldiers in that first page. There was very little drawing in the picture: the men were just put in with a few strokes, yet, how they ran! There were certainly artistic abilities in John; but before I had turned over a few more leaves I discovered that he was first of all a boy, a boy too like a great many others. He liked making fresh starts, and he was inclined to stop there.

I knew another clever boy. He was much older than John—almost a man, in fact. I shall give him the name of Fred. He also liked drawing.

But he *loved* painting. There was colour in it, and the more Fred studied the colours of nature, and the colours of things around him, the more fascinated he became. He made up his mind that one day he would be a great artist, and managed somehow to persuade his father to allow him to become a student at one of our finest art schools. When he started to work there, everything was new to him; he had never felt so happy. One thing annoyed him, however; and I believe some of you boys will be calling him names in your own mind when I tell you what that thing was. He could not stand the colour of the wall-paper in his bedroom! The lady in whose house Fred lived had taken a great liking to him. Fred easily persuaded her to agree to a new paper being hung. 'I will do it myself,' he said, 'if you simply allow me to choose the colouring.' He chose a plain brown cartridge paper. Artists all like it, because it shows up their pictures so well. Fred had managed to collect not a few fine sketches, so when the room was finished even the lady who had to pay all the expenses was pleased. She quoted—'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' And Fred was happy. When he left his public school, his father had sent him into an office, and he disliked it. Now he had made a fresh start; he had begun to live.

But a month or two passed, and Fred was 'slacking.' Another month, and he had ceased to care for his pretty room. When I saw it, everything lay about in great disorder. The fine sketches were on the walls, but at once one could tell that it was the room of a fellow who 'didn't care.' He made another fresh start. You will be glad to hear that he is now getting on famously. Where do you think he is learning the great lessons of life? On the battlefield.

New surroundings do help us to make fresh starts. Why, even if a little girl but gets a new dress, a new hat, and new shoes, she feels she is somebody more important than when she wore her old clothes. But new clothes may have a better effect than that. They may make a girl feel that she wants to be tidy, to help mother, to be a *real* lady. I once told you a story about a May Queen. Let me tell you a little bit of it again. Her mother had given her a new white dress for the occasion. 'Mother,' she said, when she came home in the afternoon, 'I felt very, very happy all day, and I am going to try not to dirty my dresses any more.' Boys are just like girls, only *different*.

What boy does not feel he is a new sort of being when he puts on his first sports' outfit? It is getting up a step, and he makes all sorts of good resolutions.

Now, think of how well Jesus Christ understood us. The most beautiful story in the New Testament is about a fresh start. A young man went away into the far country, and tried to forget his home, but could not. He fell very low indeed, and when at last he 'came to himself' and returned to his father, who had never ceased to love him, one of the first things the father did was to call for the best robe in the house, the ring of sonship, and new shoes, and I believe he dressed his erring boy with his own hands.

Boys and girls, we are about to enter a New Year. All over the world the New Year is spoken of as a time for making fresh starts. Even in far away India, where the boys and girls get bewildered over the number of gods they are told about, there is a New Year goddess. 'Her work is to look into every house on New Year's Day to see whether all is clean and in order. If she finds a dirty house she will send bad luck all through the year. A week before she comes everybody is cleaning, cleaning; all the dark corners are swept out; all the walls and the doorways are painted in grand patterns; all the idols are washed. Little girls wear their best dresses then and put marigolds in their hair; fathers and mothers and all are clean and grand. Then all the lamps are lit so that *Lakshmi* may see into the corners, and everybody keeps the *Feast of Lamps* and makes holiday.'

In our country—we may say in the world's history—there has never been a New Year like the one that is coming. 'Make a fresh start with the New Year.' You have heard these words before. But with the dawn of 1917 upon us the older people are praying, 'Lord, help us all to make a fresh start.' They are in dead earnest, for they think of their country and its sorrows. The careless peace they look back upon now seems almost like death, and they are realizing that the only hope for the future of the nations is in God, and—shall I say it?—in the boys and girls. They know that you are to be the men and women of our Empire when the new start has been made.

What can you do? There were days at school in 1916 when you yourselves felt that you were mean and spiteful. You lost your temper, you

had unkind and suspicious thoughts about your schoolfellows. Make a fresh start to-day by asking God to help you to be true, and noble, and kind, and good. As citizens, there is a great work waiting for you—a work that will need all the earnestness of which you are capable, and you cannot wait till you are grown up to acquire it.

You will be happy in being earnest. You will play your games all the better, you will be better sons and daughters, you will be better brothers and sisters, you will be better schoolfellows. There is not a man of us who does not wish he was in your place, and could live to see what God has in store for us. We believe it is something good. Boys and girls, try to deserve it; then even in making the effort the New Year will be a happy one for you—happy in the highest and best sense.

II.

A Fool's-Cap.

'I have played the fool.'—I S 26²¹.

'Fools for Christ's sake.'—I Co 4¹⁰.

Long ago there used to hang in my bedroom prints of two pictures by the famous artist Sir David Wilkie. They were both pictures of a schoolroom, but they were very different pictures. In the first the schoolmaster is present and all the boys are looking so busy over their tasks. But in the second the master is absent and the boys are having a high old time.

In these pictures, there was one boy who always used to attract my attention—the boy with the fool's-cap. He is the dunce of the class and he is seen sitting in the background wearing a tall cone-shaped paper-cap and looking very cross. Now-a-days boys are not punished in that way. If they don't know their lessons they get a caning, or are kept after hours, or have so many lines to write. But I don't know that the fool's-cap isn't rather a good idea after all, for the boy who won't learn his lessons is a good bit of a fool. He is punishing himself more than anybody else and will have to pay for his laziness later. He well deserves to wear the fool's-cap.

But what would you say supposing I told you that we all have to wear a fool's-cap? And yet that is true. We can't get away from being fools however hard we try. The question is, Which kind of fool are we going to be?

The Bible has quite a lot to say about fools, but

in the main there are just two kinds—the unwise fool and the wise fool. The first is the man who lives for himself, and who gives up everything for sin and selfish gratification; the second is the man who lives for others, and who gives up everything for Christ and righteousness' sake.

I want to speak to-day about two men in the Bible who owned that they were fools. One of them was a foolish fool, and the other was a wise fool.

1. The first man's name was Saul—Saul, the first king of Israel. Saul began life well. He was a fine man, head and shoulders above all the people. He was clever, and brave, and chivalrous, and seemed 'every inch a king.' But Saul had one big fault—he had no self-control. He allowed pride, and self-will, and envy to master him, and they led him on to ruin. It was because he lost control of himself that he forfeited his kingship. It was because he allowed the wicked passion of jealousy to master him that he tried to kill David and his own son Jonathan. And near the end of his life, when he looked back in one of his better moments on the way sin had led him, he cried out in bitter remorse, 'Behold, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly.'

Sooner or later sin makes fools of us all, as it did with King Saul. Often it looks very fair and pleasant at first, but that is just a way it has. If we saw it in all its ugliness we should not be so ready to follow it. There is a proverb which says, 'Sin begins like a spider's web, and ends like a cart-rope.' It begins by binding us with a tiny thread which a baby could break, but it ends by making slaves of us.

And, so any boy or girl who is allowing bad temper, or love of self, or love of ease, or any other fault to get the better of them is just playing the fool. Any one who is allowing himself to be led away by bad companions is just playing the fool. And when sin has got us to playing the fool it sits down and laughs at us and lets us pay the consequences.

2. The other man I want to talk about was also called Saul, though his name was afterwards changed to Paul. But he was a very different kind of man from King Saul.

Saul of Tarsus began life as a Pharisee. He too was a young man of brilliant gifts, and all his friends prophesied great things of him. He was likely to rise to great esteem amongst the Pharisees,

and already he was a zealous persecutor of the Christians. But one day, on the road to Damascus, Saul met Jesus of Nazareth, and from that day forth he became a 'fool for Christ's sake.' He gave up his brilliant prospects. He gave up his comforts and his home to be a poor travelling missionary. Instead of persecuting, he was persecuted. He had to work hard to keep himself. Often he was hungry and thirsty, sometimes he was beaten, many times he was mocked at, and in the end he laid down his life for Christ's sake. Again and again his old friends among the Pharisees must have said, 'What a fool that young Saul is!'

But I think if you were asked to-day which was the greater fool—Saul of Tarsus, or Paul the Apostle—you would have no hesitation in answering. If Paul had remained a Pharisee we would scarcely have heard of him. As it is, he is known as the greatest Christian missionary. He did the grandest and noblest work that any man could do. He gave up much, but he gained things far more precious—the love and fellowship of Christ and a crown everlasting.

I want to tell you about two men who, like Paul, became 'fools for Christ's sake.' The first is Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury. When he was a boy of fourteen or fifteen he was so impressed with the miseries of the poor that he resolved that he would devote his life to the cause of the poor and friendless. When he grew up he entered Parliament, and from that time till the day of his death he espoused the cause of the oppressed, and especially of the poor children of England. Many a hard battle he fought in Parliament and out of it. Many an unpopular cause he took up. He fought for the over-worked factory hands, for the little children working in the mines, for the poor little boys who were sent up chimneys to sweep them, and for many other oppressed people. He was often bitterly opposed, but that did not seem to matter to him; he just held right on till people came round to his way of thinking.

But not only did he plead the cause of the poor; he gave his money and his time and himself to their service. In those days the slums of London were very terrible places, where many dark deeds were done. But Lord Shaftesbury had no fear. He went in and out among the people. He encouraged them, and helped them, and loved

them, until they came to love him in return. They looked upon him as a father, and called him 'our Earl,' and when he died rich and poor alike mourned for him as for their dearest friend.

Perhaps some of his friends may have called Lord Shaftesbury a fool to trouble himself about these people, but Britain would have been a great deal worse off and a great deal more miserable to-day if it had not been for his folly.

The other man I want to speak of is Father Damien. Father Damien was a young Belgian priest who heard of the awful misery that existed among a colony of lepers on the Island of Molokai, and he devoted his life to working among them. When he arrived at the island he found that not only were the lepers suffering from an awful and loathsome disease, but they were living as little better than beasts. The young priest set to work to improve things. Not only did he nurse the lepers, but he built them better houses, he gave them a better water-supply, he loved them, and he told them of God's love. And so from being little better than criminals the people came to be a self-respecting colony and children of God.

By and by Father Damien caught the terrible disease, and although he might have been cured by leaving the island, he would not desert the people he had loved and helped, and in the end he died. Some people might say Father Damien was a fool, and that he could have found good work to do elsewhere. But surely he was a very grand kind of fool, the kind we might all wish to become.

One word more. When the great European War broke out, Lord Kitchener called for men, and from workshop and office and university men came at his call and the call of duty and righteousness. Many of them gave up brilliant careers or good businesses, all of them took their lives in their hands. The world might call them fools. Yes, but they were glorious fools. Many of them have laid down their lives that we who were too young or too old to go might live.

Boys and girls, what are you going to do with these lives of yours that they have paid for with their lives? The future of England lies with you, and Christ has need of His soldiers too. Are you just going to 'play the fool' and squander your lives away, or will you, with all the noble soldiers of Jesus Christ, become 'fools for Christ's sake'?

Point and Illustration.

The Soul of Russia.

The Soul of Russia (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net) is a great book. It may be that there is not an article in it that by itself can without exaggeration be called great. Yet the book is great. For it gives us, and that for the first time in all our contact with Russia, a sufficiently intimate and sufficiently varied account of the Russian character, to enable us to say that now we begin to know it. The contradictions of the Russian mind are obvious and enormous. Here they are all set forth in their bare contradictoriness; and we can weave them into a consistency which no longer perplexes us. The editor of the book acknowledges endless difficulties in the securing of the right contributors; her success is beyond anything that she could ever have set out for. The editor is Winifred Stephens.

Part of the supremacy of the book lies in its illustrations. In particular there is a series after Alexander Stelletsy's pictures which alone would have been the making of it. Let no one miss it. The Fund for Russian Refugees is to profit by its sale. The greatest profit will go to the purchaser.

By the way, there are some new anecdotes. This is one. It occurs in an article on 'The Russian Soldier,' by Colonel Peretts, a Russian Staff Officer. 'The soldier values his leader's care for him, and is in his turn eager to carry out his every wish, however arduous be the task required of him. In the moment of danger he will willingly sacrifice his life for such a leader. I personally know of an example of this in the case of one of my brother officers, Colonel Lukashevich. Lukashevich was, in 1877, in command of a company of the Irkutsk regiment. His company was one day despatched on a scouting expedition. Having reached a Turkish village, Lukashevich together with a non-commissioned officer walked on, his company remaining about fifty paces in the rear. They were already approaching the first building, when Lukashevich suddenly received on his back so violent a blow that he was unable to save himself from falling to the ground. A volley at that moment resounded from behind a fence, and his companion, who stood just behind him, fell with eleven wounds in his chest, while Lukashevich remained whole and unhurt. The non-commissioned officer, having suddenly remarked some Turks behind the fence, anticipating their shots,

had thrown his officer to the ground and himself received the bullets intended for his leader. The company, hearing the volley and seeing their leader prone upon the ground, hereupon ran up with a shout and quickly routed the Turks and took the village.'

Eternity in the Heart.

'He hath set eternity in their heart.'—Ec 3¹¹.

'The author meant to say that God has not only assigned to each, individually, his appointed place in history, but that He has also established in man an impulse leading him beyond that which is temporal toward the eternal: it lies in his nature not to be contented with the temporal, but to break through the limits which it draws round him, to escape from the bondage, and amid the ceaseless changes of time to console himself by directing his thoughts to eternity. This is the uniform meaning of the word in this book. Chap. i. 4, 10, ii. 16, iii. 14, ix. 6, xii. 5. The thought expressed is, not that of the hope of immortality, but rather the sense of the infinite which precedes it, and out of which at last it grows.'

A new exposition of the Book of Ecclesiastes has been published. The author is the Rev. Minos Devine, M.A. The title is *Ecclesiastes; or, The Confessions of an Adventurous Soul* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). It is a book of excellent scholarship, and not Biblical scholarship only, but also Classical—although classical scholarship is not so necessary to the interpretation of Ecclesiastes as it was once believed to be. It is also a book of insight into the heart of man. Mr. Devine follows Koheleth in his doleful pilgrimage—not without sorrow of heart. He is anxious above all things that we should not measure him by that standard of life and faith which we owe to Christ. At the end of the exposition are found some detached notes in which matters of moment are discussed. From one of these notes is taken the quotation about eternity in the heart.

Viscount Bryce on St. Paul.

Mr. Basil Mathews, M.A., has produced a work of art on St. Paul. For his book *Paul the Dauntless* (Partridge; 10s. 6d. net) is just as successful an effort of the creative imagination as was Holman

Hunt's 'Scapegoat'; and like Holman Hunt he went to Palestine to obtain the local colour. Mr. Mathews writes a book for the people—we might say for 'the man in the street,' if we could believe that that mythical person is interested in St. Paul. He has not written, he says, for scholars. How easy it would have been for him to spin a popular story out of his reading and reflecting. But so he would not have been the Pre-Raphaelite he is. This is as good for the learned as for the unlearned. We can never have too much actuality in the life of a real man like St. Paul. It is no crude realism; it is, as we have said, a work of the creative imagination. The illustrations are Pre-Raphaelite also, and most illuminating.

The book has had the honour of a review by the hand of Viscount Bryce. The review appears in *The Laymen's Bulletin* for November. What Lord Bryce thinks of the book we need not quote—he thinks very well of it. We shall quote what he thinks of St. Paul:

'Sometimes one feels as if St. Paul and his career opened a new period in history. He marks the beginning of a time when the interest of mankind was shifting away from those political questions which had occupied their thought in earlier days, at least in politically developed countries like the Greek and Italian cities, to a new sphere of action and feeling—to inward religion and to ecclesiastical organization. From his time onwards we feel that the real currents of life in the ancient world are rather ecclesiastical and religious than political. We discover the great minds more and more among ecclesiastical writers. After Tacitus, who was a younger contemporary of St. Paul, we find no really great secular Roman writer (unless, of course, we include the illustrious Roman lawyers) down to the days of Claudian and Boethius. St. Paul is thus a predecessor of the famous Greek and Latin fathers of the Church, such as St. Basil, St. Jerome, St. Augustine. The doctrinal questions which were discussed by these writers, and debated at the five first General Councils, were questions which laid more hold on the thoughts and emotions of the masses in the later Roman world than did those questions which had occupied the Greeks of classical times, and the Romans in the days of the Republic and the earlier Empire. This fact gives to Paul of Tarsus a sort of unique historical position. It is one of the tests of a man's greatness to think of what

mankind would have been if he had not lived. How different might the course of Christian thought and of ecclesiastical history have been if St. Paul had never been born or if he had never seen the vision on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus!

A Holy Life.

What is a Holy Life as defined in God's Holy Word?

(a) It is a hidden life.—'Your life is hid with Christ in God' (Col. iii. 3).

(b) It is an open life, known and read of all men.—'Ye are our epistle . . . known and read of all men' (2 Cor. iii. 2).

(c) It is a crucified life.—'I have been crucified with Christ, yet I live' (Gal. ii. 20).

(d) It is a risen life.—'If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things which are above' (Col. iii. 1).

(e) It is a life lived in the love of God.—'Keep yourselves in the love of God' (Jude 21).

(f) It is a life lived in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ.—'That life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God' (Gal. ii. 20).

(g) It is a life that walks in Christ.—'As therefore ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him, rooted and builded up in Him' (Col. ii. 6).

(h) It is a life lived in the Spirit: of walking in the Spirit; led of the Spirit; strengthened by the Spirit. 'If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk' (Gal. v. 25). 'Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh' (Gal. v. 16). 'If ye are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law' (Gal. v. 18). 'Strengthened with power through His Spirit' (Ephes. iii. 16).

(i) It is a life of active service.—'Working together with Him' (2 Cor. vi. 1). 'Perfect in every good work to do His will' (Heb. xiii. 20).

(j) It is a life of witness.—'Thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord' (Rom. x. 9). 'Ye shall be My witnesses . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth' (Acts i. 8).

That is the opening of a very profitable book on *The Secrets of a Holy Life* (Allenson; 1s. net) which has been written by the Rev. Richard Wood-Samuel. The secrets are Self-knowledge, Purity, Continuance, Sustenance, and Power. One after another these secrets are disclosed and

made desirable by illustration and earnest entreaty.

Laughter.

'And a time to laugh,' says Koheleth. But is this such a time? Mr. Edwin Pugh affirms that it is. And he has produced *A Book of Laughter* (Palmer & Hayward; 6s. net) to prove it. Well, it depends on the cause and the character of the laughter. To God Himself is laughter attributed, and just at such a time as this, the Psalmist being the authority. Mr. Pugh would have us laugh with God at the folly of the nations that set themselves against Him. And he would have us laugh the more merry laughter of human wit and humour. For he would have us imitate the soldiers who go to the front. When we are asked, Are we down-hearted? he would have us answer 'No'! Here are two of the shortest things to quote:

'Your husband is a martyr to dyspepsia, I believe?' And she replied: 'Not exactly. He has the dyspepsia all right. But I am the martyr.'

'I saw one of the inmates wheeling a barrow from the building to a pile of stones. There was nothing remarkable in that, but he wheeled the barrow upside down, and I asked him why.

"Because," said he, "that's the best way."

'I took the barrow from him with a smile and turned it the proper side up, and said: "That's the right way to do it."

"That's all you know," said he. "Last time I tried it that way they filled it full of bricks."

These examples are right enough, but the book is better.

A Pair of Boots.

Many a sermon has been preached on the Christian's armour. We have lately received a volume of sermons on it by one of the greatest of our preachers, Dr. J. H. Jowett. But the sermon which Mr. F. W. Boreham preaches in his new book, *Faces in the Fire* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net), is unique. As with all the sermons in all Mr. Boreham's books, the text is embedded in the sermon. We find it sometimes in the introduction; just as often in the peroration. This is the sermon:

There seems to be very little in a pair of boots

—except, perhaps, a pair of feet—until a great crisis arises; and in a great crisis all things assume new values. When the war broke out, and empires found themselves face to face with destiny, the nations asked themselves anxiously how they were off for boots. When millions of men began to march, boots seemed to be the only thing that mattered. The manhood of the world rose in its wrath, reached for its boots, buckled on its sword, and set out for the front. And at the front, if Mr. Kipling is to be believed, it is all a matter of boots.

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in front of you;
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again;
Men—men—men—men—men go mad with watching 'em,
An' there's no discharge in the war.

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something different—
Oh—my—God—keep—me from going lunatic!
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again!
An' there's no discharge in the war.

We—can—stick—out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,
But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of 'em—
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again!
An' there's no discharge in the war.

'Tain't—so—bad—by—day because o' company.
But—night—brings—long—strings o' forty thousand million
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again!
An' there's no discharge in the war.

A soldier sees enough pairs of boots in a ten-mile march to last him half a lifetime.

Yet, after all, are not these the most amiable things beneath the stars, the things that we treat with derision and contempt in days of calm, but for which we grope with feverish anxiety when the storm breaks upon us? They go on, year after year, bearing the obloquy of our toothless little jests; they go on, year after year, serving us none

the less faithfully because we deem them almost too mundane for mention; and then, when they suddenly turn out to be a matter of life and death to us, they serve us still, with never a word of reproach for our past ingratitude. If the world has a spark of chivalry left in it, it will offer a most abject apology to its boots.

It would do a man a world of good, before putting on his boots, to have a good look at them. Let him set them in the middle of the hearthrug, shining toes turned carefully towards him, and then let him lean forward in his armchair, elbows on knees and head on hands, and let him fasten on those boots of his a contrite and respectful gaze. And looking at his boots thus attentively and carefully he will see what he has never seen before. He will see that a pair of boots is one of the master achievements of civilization. A pair of boots is one of the wonders of the world, a most cunning and ingenious contrivance. Dan Crawford in *Thinking Black*, tells us that nothing about Livingstone's equipment impressed the African mind so profoundly as the boots he wore. 'Even to this remote day,' Mr. Crawford says, 'all around Lake Mweru they sing a "Livingstone" song to commemorate that great "path-borer," the good Doctor being such a federal head of his race that he is known far and near as Ingeresa, or "The Englishman." And this is his memorial song:

Ingeresa, who slept on the waves,
Welcome him, for he hath no toes!
Welcome him, for he hath no toes!

That is to say, revelling in paradox as the negro does, he seized on the facetious fact that this wandering Livingstone, albeit he travelled so far, had no toes—that is to say, had *boots*, if you please! Later on, Mr. Crawford remarks again that the barefooted native never ceases to wonder at the white man's boots. To him they are a marvel and a portent, for, instead of thinking of the boot as merely covering the foot that wears it, his idea is that those few inches of shoe carpet the whole forest with leather. He puts on his boots, and by doing so he spreads a gigantic runner of linoleum across the whole continent of Africa. Here is a philosophical way of looking at a pair of boots! It has made my own boots look differently ever since I read it. Why, these boots on the hearthrug, looking so reproachfully up at me, are

millions of times bigger than they seem! They look to my poor distorted vision like a few inches of leather; but as a matter of fact they represent hundreds of miles of leather matting. They make a runner, paving the path from my quiet study to the front doors of all my people's homes; they render comfortable and attractive all the highways and byways along which duty calls me. Looked at through a pair of African eyes, these British boots assume marvellous proportions. They are touched by magic and are wondrously transformed. From being contemptible, they now appear positively continental. I am surprised that the subject has never appealed to me before.

Now this African way of looking at a pair of boots promises us a key to a phrase in the New Testament that has always seemed to me like a locked casket. John Bunyan tells us that when the sisters of the Palace Beautiful led Christian to the armoury he saw such a bewildering abundance of boots as surely no other man ever beheld before or since! They were shoes that would never wear out; and there were enough of them, he says, to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude. Bunyan's prodigious stock of shoes is, of course, an illusion to Paul's exhortation to the Ephesian Christians concerning the armour with which he would have them to be clad. 'Take unto you the whole armour of God . . . and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.'

Whenever we get into difficulties concerning this heavenly panoply, we turn to good old William Gurnall. Master Gurnall beat out these six verses of Paul's into a ponderous work of fourteen hundred pages, bound in two massive volumes. One hundred and fifty of these pages deal with the footgear recommended by the apostle; and Master Gurnall gives us, among other treasures, 'six directions for the helping on of this spiritual shoe.' But we must not be betrayed into a digression on the matter of shoe-horns and kindred contrivances. Shoemaker, stick to thy last! Let us keep to this matter of boots. Can good Master Gurnall, with all his hundred and fifty closely printed pages on the subject, help us to understand what Paul and Bunyan meant? What is it to have your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace? What are the shoes that never wear out? Now the striking thing is that Master Gurnall looks at

the matter very much as the Africans do. He turns upon himself a perfect fusillade of questions. What is meant by the gospel? What is meant by peace? Why is peace attributed to the gospel? What do the feet here mentioned import? What grace is intended by that 'preparation of the gospel of peace' which is here compared to a shoe and fitted to these feet? And so on. And in answering his own questions, and especially this last one, good Master Gurnall comes to the conclusion that the spiritual shoe which he would fain help us to put on is 'a gracious, heavenly, and excellent spirit.' And his hundred and fifty crowded pages on the matter of footwear give us clearly to understand that the man who puts on this beautiful spirit will be able to walk without weariness the stoniest roads, and to climb without exhaustion the steepest hills. He shall tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shall he trample under feet. In slimy bogs and on slippery paths his foot shall never slide; and in the day when he wrestles with principalities and powers, and with the rulers of the darkness of this world, his foothold shall be firm and secure. 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass,' and as thy days so shall thy strength be.' Master Gurnall's teaching is therefore perfectly plain. He looks at this divine footwear much as the Africans looked at Livingstone's boots. The man whose feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace has carpeted for himself all the rough roads that lie before him. The man who knows how to wear this 'gracious, heavenly, and excellent spirit' has done for himself what Sir Walter Raleigh did for Queen Elizabeth. He has already protected his feet against all the miry places of the path ahead of him. If good Master Gurnall's 'six directions for the helping on of this spiritual shoe' will really assist us to be thus securely shod, then his hundred and fifty pages will yet prove more precious than gold-leaf.

Bunyan speaks of the amazing exhibition of footgear that Christian beheld in the armoury as '*shoes that will not wear out.*' I wish I could be quite sure that Christian was not mistaken. John Bunyan has so often been my teacher and counsellor on all the highest and weightiest matters that it is painful to have to doubt him at any point. The boots may have looked as though they would never wear out; but, as all mothers know, that is a way that boots have. In the shoemaker's hands they

always look as though they would stand the wear and tear of ages; but put them on a boy's feet and see what they will look like in a month's time! I am really afraid that Christian was deceived in this particular. Paul says nothing about the everlasting wear of which the shoes are capable; and the sisters of the Palace Beautiful seem to have said nothing about it. I fancy Christian jumped too hastily to this conclusion, misled by the excellent appearance and sturdy make of the boots before him. My experience is that the shoes do wear out. The most 'gracious, heavenly, and excellent spirit' must be kept in repair. I know of no virtue, however attractive, and of no grace, however beautiful, that will not wear thin unless it is constantly attended to. My good friend, Master Gurnall, for all his hundred and fifty pages does not touch upon this point; but I venture to advise my readers that they will be wise to accept Christian's so confident declaration with a certain amount of caution. The statement that 'these shoes will not wear out' savours rather too much of the spirit of advertisement; and we have learned from painful experience that the language of an advertisement is not always to be interpreted literally.

One other thing these boots of mine seem to say to me as they look mutely up at me from the

centre of the hearthrug. Have they no history, these shoes of mine? Whence came they? And at this point we suddenly invade the realm of tragedy. The voice of Abel's blood cried to God from the ground; and the voice of blood calls to me from my very boots. Was it a seal cruelly done to death upon a northern ice floe, or a kangaroo shot down in the very flush of life as it bounded through the Australian bush, or a kid looking up at its slaughterer with terrified, pitiful eyes? What was it that gave up the life so dear to it that I might be softly and comfortably shod? And so every step that I take is a step that has been made possible to me by the shedding of innocent blood. All the highways and byways that I tread have been sanctified by sacrifice. The very boots on the hearthrug are whispering something about redemption. And most certainly this is true of the shoes of which the apostle wrote, the shoes that the pilgrims saw at the Palace Beautiful, the shoes that trudge their weary way through Master Gurnall's hundred and fifty packed pages. These shoes could never have been placed at our disposal apart from the shedding of most sacred blood. My feet may be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; but, if so, it is only because the sacrifice unspeakable has already been made.

The Third Chapter of Daniel.

BY THE REV. RAYNER WINTERBOTHAM, M.A., HON. CANON OF ST. MARY'S, EDINBURGH.

It is astonishing to those who are testing for the first time the value of the process, how immensely the inspired Book of Daniel gains for the highest purposes of the preacher if he frankly accepts the (practically) unanimous verdict of scientific criticism as to its date and character. Internal evidence—strong, consistent, cumulative—fixes the date at 165 B.C. (within a year or two), and classifies the stories of the first six chapters as being (from a literary point of view) historical novels—founded upon fact, but fact very freely handled.

When one comes to think the matter out there is of course no sufficient reason why the Holy Spirit of inspiration should not have chosen the historical novel as a vehicle of revelation. It is with *character* and with *principles of action* that the

Divine Revelation is first of all concerned—and these are often just the subjects which are, in matters of this life, best handled in a really good historical novel. We know that the Holy Spirit 'spake by the prophets,' but we are only now learning that He spake by the prophets with a freedom which is all His own, and not under the parrot and pedantic limitations which we had wanted to prescribe to Him. It is the unexpected which happens in Scripture, as in ordinary life—and for the same underlying reason. Habitually we draw conclusions from far too narrow a range of past experience, and therefore our forecasts of the future are pretty sure to be wrong. Habitually we strive to apply the prosaic and doctrinaire standards of our modern and Western education to the