

the other personages, seems to be set aside by the fact that the two rulers mentioned appear on the same plane, and in the same connexion, as the god of Jokha himself, on behalf of whom offerings would probably not have been made.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, offerings could be made to the seats and the chariots of these deified kings, but not, one would imagine, by those objects. As the seats occupied during the lifetime of renowned and venerated personages, and the chariots in which they rode, were regarded, in a sense, as part of their being, or as imbued with a measure of their spirit, they could naturally become, and did to all appearance become, objects of veneration, both during their lifetime and as long after their death as their greatness was fully realized. In many personal names of the time of the dynasty of Babylon (Hammurabi and his successors), and at other periods, the great cities, centres of worship of renowned deities, are invoked, apparently as containing, in like manner, a measure of the personality of their divine patrons.

Nothing is said in these inscriptions about the persons to whom the offerings were made being

<sup>1</sup> Professor Stephen Langdon also renders 'for,' in the sense of 'given' or 'offered to' (*Archives of Drehem, passim*).

dead, and this seems to imply that they were all regarded, even Sur-Engur, the founder of the dynasty, and his son Dungi—the former's name without, and the latter's with, the divine prefix—as being still alive. For the rest of the world, however—those who did not believe in the gods of the Babylonians—the offerings made to them were sacrifices to the dead. In all probability the animals presented were ultimately slain and eaten by the priests and others who had a right to partake of them. A ceremonial feast similar to this would offer a parallel to what took place at Baal-Peor, when the Israelites joined in the heathen worship of the place, and 'ate the offerings of the dead' (Ps 106<sup>28</sup>).<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> It seems likely that Sur-Engur was not regarded as equalling his descendants Dungi, Bûr-Sin, Šu-Sin, and Ibi-Sin in greatness, or in piety, hence the absence of the sign of divinity before his name, placing him on the same level as his great-great-grandson, Enim-Nannar.

As four of the royal names are compounded with Sin or Nannar, we may have here an indication that the royal family became devotees of that deity after attaining the position of rulers of Ur, the god's principal seat. In accordance with Babylonian belief, their souls were probably regarded as having gone to dwell with the moon-god, their divine protector, on departing this life.

## In the Study.

### New Biography.

THE standard Life of Napoleon for English readers is *The Life of Napoleon I.*, by John Holland Rose, Litt.D. No Life comes into real competition with it, except Sloane's, and that is the work of an artisan, this of an artist. Dr. Rose first published his Life in 1901. Since then five editions have been exhausted. The sixth edition, just issued, is in a single post octavo volume, though the paging of the two crown octavo volumes of the fifth edition is retained. It is thus a volume of clear type with 512 and 596, or in all 1108 pages (Bell & Sons; 6s. net).

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have published the *Life Story of Madame Annie Ryall: Gospel Soloist* (1s. 6d. net). The biography has been written by her husband, Mr. W. Bustin, and in addition to a

Foreword by Dr. A. C. Dixon, there is an Introduction by Mr. J. W. C. Fegan. Others have contributed poems, letters, and appreciations, showing that of the true servant also it may sometimes be said, 'Verily she has her reward.'

The same publishers have issued new editions of *God's Fellow-Workers*, by the Rev. C. B. Keenleyside, B.A., B.D. (1s. net); and of *Henry Moorhouse*, by the Rev. John Macpherson (1s. 6d.). They have also ready *The Herald of Mercy Annual for 1914* (1s.).

William T. Stead.

It would have been utterly out of place if the biography of William T. Stead had been like other biographies. But it is entirely in keeping. There never was a biography like it. The title is *My Father*. The author is Miss Estelle W. Stead (Heinemann; 10s. net). The early chapters are

hurried over. For the most part their story is told in Stead's own words, and therefore is not new. That does not matter. Stead's words will live. They will stand re-reading many times. Throughout all this early part the most characteristic thing is the frequent recurrence of premonition. Stead was told—he never says by whom, but, being a religious man, he believes by God—that he was to leave Darlington on such a day, that on such a day he was to have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and so on. These premonitions were never hidden, and they came true. Among the rest he had a fixed belief, often declared, that he would die a violent death, a premonition which was fulfilled in the *Titanic* disaster.

But from the very first there is a sense of something to come. Nothing stays the rush of the book till 'Julia' is introduced. The story of the imprisonment is told in two or three pages, the great Langworthy victory in a single sentence. But when Julia enters all is leisure, full description, and abundant detail. It is evident that, to his daughter at least and at the end of his life, Stead was above all else the automatic writer. It is a weird tale. Half laughter, it is also half tears; the masculine intellect apparently always fighting against but nearly always overborne by the 'evidence.' And yet the result is, as far as our welfare in this world is concerned or our hopes for the next, literally nothing.

#### Li Hung Chang.

The *Memoirs of Li Hung Chang* (Constable; 10s. 6d. net) is a book of extraordinary interest. It consists of extracts from his diaries. These diaries cover his whole life, which went much beyond the threescore and ten. They are scattered all over China. Yet so skilfully has the selection and arrangement been made, and so good is the translation into English, that we come to know Li Hung Chang as intimately as we know any of the great men of our time. And he proves a most entertaining person to know.

His ability was great, and it was well rewarded. Springing from the people, he rose to be the practical ruler of China, and had the chief part to perform in her most delicate negotiations. An intense patriot all his life, he believed at first that the great enemies of his country were the Christians, and hated them with a hatred which

only his own vigorous language could express. But he had too independent a mind to keep that prejudice long. He never became a Christian, he probably never knew what Christianity really is; but he believed in the Christians, and one of the most pathetic episodes in the diaries is his surprise and pleasure at the visit of a native Japanese Christian and his son, who came all the way from Tokyo to Tientsin to help him in his distress and illness after the war with Japan. 'I wonder,' he says, 'if this is because Christianity teaches such things? It must be, for the Japanese are a race that assume to be strong in matters of physical pain, and they are a people that hate the outsider—the Chinese most of all. Therefore, it must be some new ideas that this man and boy got into their heads to make them do such a thing.'

Li Hung Chang never left China till he was over seventy. Then came the time of his life. He went to the coronation of the Czar, and greatly admired the Czarina, telling his Empress so on his return, a blunder for which he lost a year's salary. Afterwards he travelled through Germany, France, Britain, and America, and his remarks are always shrewd and often highly amusing.

We learn a little more than we knew before of that enigma, the Empress of China. 'The Empress,' he says, 'is a strange woman, contradictory, and headstrong as the devil at times; but if she feels she has done a great wrong unjustly, she is ever ready to right it if her personal dignity is not too plainly at stake.'

#### Cæsar Borgia.

A new Life of Cæsar Borgia has been written by Mr. William Harrison Woodward of Christ Church, Oxford, formerly Professor in the University of Liverpool. The title is *Cesare Borgia: A Biography* (Chapman & Hall; 12s. 6d.).

If the Life of Cæsar (we may use the familiar spelling) is to be written, the life of his father, Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander vi., must be written along with it. Professor Woodward does not forget that. And thus we have two heroes (if hero is the word) in this amazing history. Hero is the word. Professor Woodward is not so seized with admiration of the Pope as he is of his masterful son. But up to the time when he fell under Cæsar's influence and under the abject influence of his own sensual nature, there is always an

element of the heroic discovered in his conduct. Moreover, whenever a doubt can be expressed as to his culpability for any of the crimes attributed to him, he gets the benefit of the doubt. For the first half of his life one might say that Rodrigo Borgia would pass muster very well in the society he had to live with. That he had children *after* he became Pope is not pardoned—but the life of Pope Alexander vi. is altogether too loathsome for even Professor Woodward's stomach.

For Cæsar Borgia he has a genuine admiration and even unmistakable affection. He also is exculpated wherever it is possible. It is true he treacherously and barbarously murdered his sister's husband, and so ended the only little bit of happy life that that poor woman ever had. But then he loved his sister dearly, and went out of his way to see her when she was ill. For that most atrocious act of treachery, the decoying and destroying of the condottieri, there is no reproach uttered. They would have murdered him if he had not been more clever and murdered them. And then, we are often told that when Cæsar Borgia got a chance to rule he ruled justly and firmly, and his subjects adored him.

It is thus a book not to be acquiesced in altogether, but to be reckoned with. And it is well written. It is very well written. No one will complain of weary chapters. The interest that Cæsar Borgia has for the author, the author has for his readers.

#### Mirabeau.

The *Mirabeau* of Louis Barthou, Prime Minister of France, deserves this excellent translation into English (Heinemann; 10s. net). It is not a small volume, but it is a feat to bring Mirabeau within the compass of a single volume of any size. And he is here, with all his inconsistencies, a vividly realized, intensely alive human being. He is a man of the France of the Revolution. And we see that France as well as we see Mirabeau. What a place to live in; what a time! The tempestuous sinfulness of the man would have been impossible anywhere else, or at any other time even in France. He paid for his sin. There is not often to be found a surer instance of the detective power of sin ('Be sure your sin will find you out') than his confession to Comte de la Marck: 'Ah, how the immorality of my youth is injuring the public welfare!' Yet he was accepted,

placed high, and well-nigh worshipped. For it was force they wanted then—the man who knew what he would be at and had the vigour to attain it.

Mirabeau was an orator and a statesman. It was the combination that made him great. M. Barthou quotes some of his speeches, or parts of them, verbatim. And even in the translation they thrill with genuine feeling after all this time and all these changes. His statesmanship won the unstinted admiration of Carlyle, whose wail—'Had Mirabeau lived another year'—will never be forgotten.

The book is a great tribute of one eloquent French statesman to another.

#### Exposition.

Two volumes of Children's Addresses have been published by Mr. Allenson, both unblushingly anecdotal and nothing else. That is to say, each address in both books is simply a story. Mr. Edward W. Lewis, whose title is *The Magic Pen* (2s. 6d. net) draws the moral in a sentence at the end. But the Rev. J. McClune Uffen, with the title *Jack and the Gypsies* (2s. 6d. net), does not do even that.

In one of the sermons of his new volume, *The Year Round: Fifty-two Talks to Young Folk* (Allenson; 3s. 6d.), the Rev. James Learmount tells us that there are just four kinds of people in the world, and he found two of them at a Sunday School treat. First, he saw a girl carrying a square cardboard box. He asked her what it contained. She opened the box, and he saw a cup and saucer. Asking what it cost, he was told fourpence halfpenny. She added, 'It is for mother.' 'How much money had you to spend?' 'Fivepence' was the answer. So she kept just a halfpenny to herself.

Behind him on the grass sat another maiden. She had won a race and received a handful of sweets, which she wrapped carefully in paper and placed in her bag. 'This,' she explained, 'is for my sister who could not come.'

These are two kinds—both unselfish, the one three-quarters so, the other entirely.

Of the third kind was a small boy who came to his mother: 'Can me and Sally have some cake?' 'Johnny,' said the mother, 'you must speak gram-

matically.' 'All right, mother, can I have some cake?'

Lastly, there is the boy who had eaten his own apple, and then said to his sister, 'Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve.' 'All right!' 'I'll be Adam and you'll be Eve.' 'All right.' 'Now,' said William, 'you tempt me to eat your apple.'

These two were mainly selfish, one wholly so.

Have you seen any of the volumes of the 'Short Course' series? The editor, the Rev. John Adams, B.D., is an excellent scholar and a most energetic editor. He publishes three volumes at a time and never fails. This time the three are *The Divine Drama of Job*, by Charles F. Aked, D.D.; *The Story of Joseph*, by Professor Adam C. Welch, D.D.; and *A Mirror of the Soul*, by Canon John Vaughan, M.A. (T. & T. Clark; 2s. net each volume). They are all occupied with Old Testament subjects, the last named being a series of short studies in the Psalter. Each of the three is, to our mind, ideal of its kind. A more intellectually satisfying exposition of a book of the Bible than Dr. Aked's *Job* we have not seen. Nor is Professor Welch's *Joseph* less stimulating mentally, though its strength is in human experience. The story is retold by a man who is keenly sensitive to the modern appreciation of personality. Canon Vaughan on the *Psalter* is more devotional, but assuredly his intellect is not asleep. As evidently as either Dr. Aked or Dr. Welch he has gathered the fruits of wide reading, but he has directed them more immediately to the sustenance of the spiritual life.

Who dares preach on the Song of Songs? Mr. Charles W. Lepper. And all in the old way of type and prophecy. This is not a volume of sermons, which he calls *The Bridegroom and His Bride* (Drummond's Tract Depot; 2s. 6d. net), it is exposition, 'evangelical and devotional exposition,' to serve for the making of sermons.

The eighth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and especially the end of it, has taken hold of the Rev. John A. Hutton, as it has taken hold of many a great preacher before him, and he has given his whole strength to an exposition of the last nine verses. He calls his book *If God be for Us* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net).

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published this month two volumes of the 'Silent Times' series of Dr. J. R. Miller's works. The one is *The Secret of a Helpful Life*; the other is an anthology under the title of *The Glory of the commonplace* (3s. 6d. each). The latter contains parables and illustrations from Dr. Miller's books, selected and arranged by Mr. John T. Faris.

The new issues of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's 'Expositor's Library' (2s. net each) are *The Teaching of Jesus*, by Professor George Jackson, B.A.; *The Epistle to the Ephesians*, by Dr. R. W. Dale; *The Trial and Death of Jesus Christ*, by Professor James Stalker, D.D.; *The Knowledge of God*, by Bishop Walsham How; *Israel's Iron Age*, by Professor Marcus Dods; and *The Miracles of our Lord*, by Professor John Laidlaw.

The Rev. Robert Cowan has done well to publish a volume of sermons. And the choice is well made. We could have taken more of the illustrations for which he has such a gift. But we confess that these sermons do not need them. One and all they are the evident outcome of actual experience. The Gospel here has been tried; the Christ that is here has not been found wanting. From first to last the preacher is heard saying, 'I know him whom I have believed, and am persuaded.' Occasionally this persuasion is openly expressed, as in the sermon on Jn 13<sup>9, 10</sup>, 'He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet.' The title is 'The Reality of Spiritual Experiences.' It is an able, original, convincing sermon. Original, we say. Yet originality is this preacher's last desire; his desire is to be in the prophetic succession. But he interprets the prophetic word for himself, and hands it on with his own spiritual experience added to it, illuminating it, making it 'more sure.' The title of the volume is *The Weakness of God* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s.).

'Publishers tell me that there is just now a great demand for serious books, particularly those that discuss religious, social, and economic questions. This I take as a good sign of the times.' So says Mr. Meredith Nicholson, the author of *Should Smith go to Church?* He wrote that book last spring, and was much surprised at the sensation it produced. Now he writes an introduction to a reply to it, which has been made by the Rev.

Harry H. Beattys, D.D., with the title *Smith and the Church* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. net). The reply is in a series of eight sermons which are by no means indulgent towards 'Smith,' but, on the contrary, tell him pretty plainly that he would be none the worse of a little less self-confidence and a little more reverence.

The Children's Addresses of the Rev. J. Reid Howatt, *A Year's Addresses to the Young* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d.), are neither ordinary in thought nor conventional in morality. 'Carving your Name,' the title given to an address on the text, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,' arrests the mind at once and holds it to the last word. Then the address on 'Good Intentions' runs right in the teeth of the common saying, 'The way to Hell is paved with good intentions.' Hell with its ways is paved with nothing good; and good intentions are better than bad.

The Rev. G. H. Morrison, D.D., has published another volume of sermons. They are again called 'Sunday Evening Addresses from a City Pulpit.' The title of this volume is *The Weaving of Glory* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s.). Simplicity of language, transparency of thought, emotional but not sensational appeal—these are the characteristics, and all on behalf of an unmistakably evangelical message. One of the addresses has no text. It is an attempt to say what Mysticism is, and why we should hold out the hand to it. This is the distinction which Dr. Morrison draws between Christian and pagan mysticism:

'The great accusation levelled at the mystic is that he has no room for Jesus Christ. Alone with the infinite in secret rapture, the figure of the historic Jesus vanishes. But it has always seemed to me that this objection might equally be urged against the grace of prayer, for I question if anybody, when he prays to God, is actually conscious of the *historic* Christ. We do not go back in thought when we are praying to Him who walked among the fields of Galilee. We lift up our hearts, without a thought of Galilee, to the infinite and eternal God. Yet in so doing we glorify Christ Jesus, for all that we seek and all that we find in God is what we have been taught to seek and find in the life and in the words of Christ. Now as it is with the exercise of prayer, so is it with the attitude of mysticism. A pagan mystic withdraws

into the silence alone, unbefriended, unaccompanied. But a Christian mystic withdraws into the silence with all that he has learned in Jesus Christ, of a God who has a Father's heart, and who knows the yearning of a Father's love. Like the poor prodigal, the Christian mystic says, I will arise and go unto my Father. And so he arises from the world of sense, and goes to the quiet homeland of his soul. And there he is met in silence and in secret not by a cold and unintelligible spirit, but by a Father who hath never ceased to love, and, loving, hath never ceased to hope. There may be no consciousness of Jesus there, yet all the time Jesus is glorified. It is His God the Christian mystic meets, and not any spirit of universal nature. And what I impress on you, dear friends, is this, that it is just at *that* point that the Christian mystic differs, with a difference unspeakable, from every Pantheist and Neo-Platonist. That is the mysticism of St. Paul, and that is the mysticism of St. John. The pagan mystics, whom *they* knew so well, entered the secret place with empty hands. But they, out of the garden of the Church, went in, and locked the door, and were alone; but they carried on their breast the Rose of Sharon, and in their hand the Lily of the Valleys.'

'Respite finem' is Canon F. B. Macnutt's motto; and he deals courageously with the things of the End in half the sermons which make up the volume entitled *Advent Certainties* (Robert Scott; 3s. 6d. net). In the other half the sermons are on the Cross and the Spirit. Canon Macnutt is a great preacher, and especially is he a preacher's preacher.

Messrs. Pickering & Inglis have issued a third edition, revised and enlarged, of Mr. J. Denham Smith's *The Brides of Scripture* (1s. net).

In a series of fresh expository lectures the Rev. E. H. Pearce, M.A., Canon of Westminster, explains *The Laws of the Earliest Gospel* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net). They are five in number—Discipleship, Prayer, Sincerity, Sacrifice, Progress.

It is said that the man who speaks successfully to children must be willing to become a fool for Christ's sake. Mr. Benjamin J. Gibbon is such a man. His *Dreams and Deeds*, told to the children, were certainly successful (S.S. Union; 1s. 6d. net).

The Ven. Basil Wilberforce, Archdeacon of Westminster, is always listened to with attention, and he is always read with interest, because he is always in touch with reality. His range of topic in the pulpit is wide; but, however diverse the topics, they are all touched by the hand of one who is in earnest to live his life and get others to live their lives well here upon the earth. In one of the sermons of the new volume, of which the title is *Spiritual Consciousness* (Elliot Stock; 3s. net), he utterly rejects the idea of vicarious sacrifice, and is content with the Atonement found in the Parable of the Prodigal Son. He has his word on the Trinity, on Transubstantiation, and on Drunkenness.

The unnamed author of *Which Temple Ye Are* (Elliot Stock; 6s. net) has a way of bringing several passages of Scripture together for the text of his sermon. This is ideally better than the exposition of a single isolated text, far better than a text chosen to hang an argument on. For the placing together well of two or three passages is a sure way of avoiding one-sidedness. The sermon, say, is on the Urim and Thummim. This preacher chooses first Ex 28<sup>30</sup>, where that method of discovering God's will is spoken of; next he takes 1 P 4<sup>11</sup>, 'speaking as it were oracles of God'; and then he remembers Ac 26<sup>19, 20</sup>, 'Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.' Sometimes also he adds a pertinent passage from devotional literature, giving it a place and dignity beside the words of the Bible.

### Virginibus Puerisque.

Two volumes of Addresses to Children have been published by Mr. Robert Scott—*What Jesus Said*, by the Rev. Will Reason, M.A. (2s. net); and *Stems and Twigs*, by the Rev. J. Ellis (2s. net). They come into no competition. Mr. Reason's sermons are complete, with beginning, middle, and ending; Mr. Ellis's are hints and headings. Here is an example of both styles:

#### Growing up and Growing down.

BY THE REV. WILL REASON, M.A.

'Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.'—Mt 18<sup>3</sup>.

Some boys and girls are in a great hurry to grow up. They think that men and women have

a much better time than they do themselves, so they want the years to go quickly. The boys feel their upper lips for the moustaches that are so slow in coming, and the girls practise putting up their back hair—when no one is looking.

Of course you really are intended to grow up, and there are things waiting for you to do as men and women which you cannot do as boys and girls. Nothing that is alive can stay just as it is always. But suppose as the time goes on you do not really grow up, but grow down instead? You do not know what I mean?

There is a lively little creature that swims about in the sea. It is not very much unlike the tadpole of a frog, which I expect you have often seen. It has a tail and a head, something like a backbone, a little brain, and a kind of an eye. To look at it you would expect that soon it would become quite a respectable animal, perhaps with legs like the frog, perhaps with fins like a fish, but at any rate that its brain would grow and it would be more able to do things. But it does nothing of the kind. As time goes on it loses its tail, its eye, its backbone, and its brain, and becomes just a thick kind of a sack. You can find these things on the seashore sometimes. When you touch them, they squirt out water, and that seems all they can do, so they are called sea-squirts. That is what I mean by growing down instead of growing up.

There are other creatures that change for the worse in the same way. The barnacles that are found growing on stalks something like Brussels sprouts on the bottoms of ships that have been long at sea and on other places, were once also lively little creatures that could swim about quite nicely. When they grow old they are more like vegetables than animals. I think we may take this as a warning that growing old may be losing a good deal of life, if we are not careful.

So Jesus says that to get into the kingdom of heaven, which means to have our lives ordered in the power and beauty of God Himself, what is generally needed is not so much the change of boys and girls into men and women, as the change of men and women into little children.

Don't let this make you conceited, as if you were necessarily so much better than the grown-up people. If it does, it will only show that you have already grown out of being truly childlike and need the great change yourself. For conceit and

pride hurry you away from the Kingdom of God faster than almost anything else.

It is not the number of years you have been in the world that matters. It is what you are in yourself. Time goes on whatever we do, and every year we reckon a greater number of birthdays. If all you can say is that you have only had a few birthdays, it does not mean much. Unless you take care you will be just like most other men and women, when twenty or thirty years or more have gone by.

The best thing is to ask what it is that children lose as they get older; what it is that makes us belong to God's Kingdom. Perhaps then you will be able to keep it, even when you are forty or fifty or any number of years of age.

I think that one great thing about it is just that little children do grow. That is one of the things that make it really a child. If it stopped growing we should say it was a child no longer. So Jesus does not want you always to be small enough to wear short skirts or knickerbocker suits.

Of course there comes a time when it is convenient that the body would stop growing big; it would be very awkward always to be growing out of our clothes. That gives mother quite trouble enough as it is. But mere size does not make us better or more alive, any more than the number of years we have been in the world. So we do not need to have the body always getting bigger.

But you yourself ought to be growing more alive all the time, and that is just what Jesus found the grown-up people had forgotten. Many people, when they leave school, think they need not bother about learning any more. And, what is more unfortunate still, very many do not trouble to get any wiser, or any truer, or any more able to love. They get fixed and set in all their ways.

True children keep on growing. That is the first thing to remember. You must always be teachable, always be ready to grow into something better than you have yet become. That is the great hope of childhood, that God can work His beautiful will in it still. Sometimes all He can do with people that have lost this teachableness is to break them up in some way. Anyhow, before they can hope to enter His Kingdom, they have to be made over again into little children.

Unless they do get this power of change for the better, it would be no good making them only ten years old. It used to be said that somewhere there was a mill that ground people young again, and an old woman set off to find it. This took a long time, for most of the people she asked did not know where it was, and I do not suppose that if any one asked you, you could tell the way.

But at last she found it, and asked those in charge if she might be ground into a little girl once more. 'Oh yes!' they said, 'but there is an agreement you will have to sign.' That seemed only fair, and she was ready to do almost anything to get back her rosy cheeks, her bright eyes, her beautiful head of hair, and a body that did not get so dreadfully tired. So the keeper went into the mill and brought out the paper for her to see. When she had read it, she gave it back again, and said, 'No, thank you. I do not want to be a little girl again on those conditions.' Can you guess what they were? She would have agreed to make all the same mistakes and to do all the same bad things that she had already done in her life. That took away all the hope of growing better, and it was not worth while.

What God wants is that we should keep growing more alive, and it was a wise man who said, 'We live by admiration, hope, and love.' A little child can always admire wonderful things, but I know some boys and girls even who think it is a mark of growing up never to show admiration for anything. They are growing down. The wisest men, who really have found out more things than most of us can learn from them, have said that they were 'like children picking up shells on the seashore.' They meant that beyond them was a whole ocean of wonderful knowledge they had not begun to explore.

A true child is always hopeful, and I could say much about that. But the last is the best of all. A little child can love. One of the most dreadful things is when men and women lose this power. Mr. Hawthorne tells a story of a feast that was spread at Christmas-time, to which only very unfortunate people were admitted. He saw widows who had lost their husbands; cripples who had lost their limbs; all sorts of people who were evidently very poor or wretched in some way. But what he could not understand was that there was a very well-dressed man there, with all his

limbs, not at all old in years, and altogether looking very well off indeed. 'Why is this man allowed to come to the feast for the miserable and wretched?' he asked. Then they told him that he had lost his heart, and was not able to love any one. He was the most unfortunate and miserable of all.

Grow up, boys and girls, by all means. Jesus grew in height and in years, but He grew in grace and in wisdom too. Always He kept the heart of a little child. You see, He was always obedient. After He grew too wise for Joseph and Mary to be able to tell Him what to do, He kept on doing what His Father in heaven gave Him to do. That is how we can keep young ourselves. Some day you will grow up so that you will not need to obey your teacher at school, or even your father and mother, but you can always remain an obedient child of God.

#### Keep Growing.

BY THE REV. J. ELLIS.

All children get tired of hearing people say, 'How you grow': so if instead you boys and girls were to be asked, 'Do you grow?' you would stare! 'Why,' you would say, 'look at my jacket sleeve, how short it is. That's how fast I'm growing.' But your body isn't you, dear child. 'Do you grow?' Does your mind grow; does your heart grow; does your soul grow! We can all see how well your bodies are growing; what of the 'inside passenger,' what of you? So many children stop growing.

In mind—'How are the piano lessons going?' 'Oh, I've stopped learning; didn't like the practising;' or 'You were learning French; can you speak it yet?' 'Oh, I didn't like it. I shall begin Italian instead: so much easier.'

In heart—Are you kinder than you were a year ago? Have you grown in gentleness, in helpfulness, in patience?

In soul—Do you understand God more, and love Him better than you did a year ago? Have you conquered another fault; broken another bad habit?

Children, God makes your bodies grow. He will help your souls to grow. Keep on growing; so shall you be God's full-grown men and women, noble, unselfish, thoughtful, capable; able to do great work in the world, and leave it better than you found it.

#### December.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HARVIE, M.A., EARLSTON.

'They shall mount up.'—Is 40<sup>31</sup>.

We have come to the last month of the year, and I hope we are all as anxious to hear the message it brings as when we started out at first to listen for the story of each month as it came round.

Suppose you think of your life as a ladder with one step for each month, then, if we made regular progress, we should rise twelve steps in a year. Time waits for no man, and so, whether we wish it or not, after a year has passed, we have advanced twelve steps up the *Ladder of Time*.

Then each month has told us its own secret and has taught its own lesson, and if we have taken these messages to heart, we should this year have mounted twelve steps up the *Ladder of Knowledge or Wisdom*.

One never knows what you boys and girls may some day rise to. I have no doubt some of you may become distinguished men and women, and if that happens, you will then have advanced up the steps of the *Ladder of Fame*.

Somewhere among the Swiss mountains, there is a stone set up to mark the spot where a guide had been killed, and on it are carved the words 'HE DIED CLIMBING.' Would it not be a splendid thing if this year had taught us that the secret of success in life is to keep on climbing?

Longfellow has a short poem to which he has given the title, *The Ladder of Saint Augustine*. He wrote it to impress us with the truth of a saying of that great man. What Augustine said was, that if we were willing to trample beneath our feet every evil thought and every deed of shame, then we should always be climbing up as on a ladder. As we conquered each bad habit, it would become just another step on which we should rise.

Our text says, 'They shall mount up,' and the writer is speaking of those who wait upon God, *i.e.* those who love Him and ask His help. It goes further, and says, 'They shall mount up, *with wings, as eagles.*' Perhaps you will not understand what that means, but hear what the poem says to those who feel like that.

We have not wings, we cannot soar:

But we have feet to scale and climb

By slow degrees, by more and more,

The cloudy summits of our time.



We should never be able to forget this month of December, if we thoroughly learned this lesson, and resolved that from now we should never stop climbing.

Think of all the things we should have to put under our feet in order to help us to rise. We sometimes encourage harsh and bitter thoughts. We give way to bursts of temper and passion. We say things that are unkind or even shameful. If we no longer allowed these any room in our life, but trampled them under our feet, each one would become a step of a ladder by which we should always be mounting higher. We should be growing every day more like the example that Jesus set before us in His own life. He put every sin under His feet, and so He was at the very top of the *Ladder of Life*.

You may be thinking that you could never climb so high as to come and stand beside Jesus, but He Himself says that that is what you are to aim at. You will have heard of the Pyramids of Egypt. They are great monuments of stone—the greatest in the world—and when seen from long distances, they appear as if no one could mount up them. But when you come nearer, you find the stones so placed that the way up is like a wonderful staircase.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

Or you may be thinking of great men and women who have scaled the ladder of fame, till the whole world honours them. You may say to yourself, 'it would not be possible for me to get on so well.' But when you hear their story, you often discover that they had no better gifts and no greater opportunities than you, only, while others took their ease, they always kept on climbing.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they while their companions slept  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Remembering all you have been taught about Christ—how good He was, how kind, how thoughtful for others—you say, 'I could never be like that. It is impossible for me.' Yet Jesus Himself says we can. To all who love Him, He says, 'Be ye perfect.' Now he would never tell us to be perfect if it were something quite beyond us to reach. We read in the Bible that if we love Christ with all our heart, then one day we shall be like Him. To be like Christ means that we shall have climbed to the very top of the *Ladder of Life*, and the month of December calls every one of us to keep on climbing.

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## The Importunate Widow and the Alleged Failure of Faith.

BY PROFESSOR THE REV. BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD, D.D., LL.D., LITT.D., PRINCETON.

### II.

WE may take it as clear, then, that our Lord directs our eyes here not to the vindication which God's elect shall receive at the Second Advent, but to the constant succour which He gives them in the trials of their daily life. And this conclusion will be powerfully confirmed if we will permit His declaration to work upon us in its entirety, in its relation to the parable to which it refers. It does not bear the character of a special application of a general fact. It bears the character rather of the

enforcement of a great fact by a parallel instance. Only, the argument here is by contrast—not so much *ex similitudine* as *ex dissimilitudine*. What God is declared to do is not so much like what the judge is pictured in the parable as doing, as unlike it: and the contrasts are thrown up into the strongest emphasis. Over against the unjust judge, the righteous God is set. Over against the unjust judge's long delay in rendering his suitor justice, the swiftness of God in responding to the