

standing, the weak and wayward, may be brought back to the true standard of conduct. *For discipline in righteousness*, elevation to higher moral standard, by an educational enlargement and refinement of the moral sense, by the infliction of rebuke and pain. The great judgments falling on races, nations, cities, kings, priests, and peoples, crowd the God-inspired pages. The end of all the discipline is righteousness, viz., *that the man of God may be in every way completed and made ready for every good work*. "The man of God" is not necessarily prophet, or evangelist, or minister of the word, but it may connote any man who has received a Divine calling to righteousness and righteous service. The word *ἀπριος* is used as an antithesis to lame and mutilated, and signifies the presence of all the parts of our nature or functions of our calling.

H. R. REYNOLDS.

THE PRAISE OF LOVE.

SOLOMON'S SONG VIII. 6, 7.

IN these musical and suggestive phrases we have a brief Hymn in praise of Love, which is the Old Testament prelude and counterpart of St. Paul's matchless psalm in praise of Charity.¹ Unfortunately for the English reader, the beauty of the Hymn, the very fact that it is a hymn, is concealed from him by the mal-arrangement and mistranslations of the Authorized Version. It is the object of this brief paper to bring out that fact, and to indicate the meaning and beauty of this tiny masterpiece.

The Hymn begins with the second clause of Verse.

¹ 1 Cor. xiii.

6,¹ and extends to the close of Verse 7. Literally rendered, it runs as follows:—*For strong as Death is Love.* This is the first line of the Hymn, and our Version gives it correctly. But in the second line it mistranslates every word. The word it renders “jealousy” in “Jealousy is cruel as the grave,” means, not “jealousy,” but “love;” love regarded in its ardour and inexorable force, the love that can neither yield nor share possession of its object. The word rendered “cruel” indicates the tenacity of this ardent affection, not its cruelty; it implies, not that it will torture its object, but that it will never let it go. And the word rendered “grave” is “Sheol,” *i.e.*, Hades, the Hebrew name for that invisible underworld which so distinctly refuses to yield back the spirits which have once descended into it. So that, as we have no such synonym for the word “love” as the Hebrew uses here, we had better, to avoid repeating the same word, omit it from the second line altogether, and translate the whole distich thus:—*For Love is strong as Death, Tenacious as Hades itself.* And, obviously, what the Poet intends is to set forth this master-passion of the soul as an elemental principle of being, the sole Power in us which is capable of coping with Death and Hades, and of overcoming them.

In the next two lines he proceeds to describe this passion as an all-pervading fire, kindled by God Himself, and sharing his own Divine nature; for instead of “the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame,” we ought to read: “*The flashes*

¹ This section of Solomon’s Song commences, of course, with the *first* clause of Verse 6. As this first clause, however, does but utter a *personal* sentiment, it is but a note of transition, an introduction to the Hymn on Love as a general principle. The Hymn itself commences with the second clause of the Verse.

of it are flashes of fire, even a flame of the Lord;" that is to say, Love is divine, a flame kindled and fed by the God who is a quickening as well as a consuming Fire.

The next two lines, "*Many waters cannot quench Love, neither can the floods, or streams, drown it,*" are accurately rendered, and represent this Divine Principle as triumphing, by its inherent might, over all the forces that oppose or may oppose it. *Fire* is the symbol of Love; and therefore its antagonistic element, *water*, is used to set forth the powers that are hostile to Love, but which must in the end be overcome by it.

The last two lines are also rendered with accuracy, though the final line is even more emphatic in the Original than in our Version: "*If a man would give all the substance of his house for Love, with scorn should it be scorned;*" at the same time there is so quaint and choice a touch in the Authorized rendering of this line, that we can hardly but prefer to retain the words, "*it would be utterly contemned.*" And doubtless the thought of this final distich is *the sacredness* of Love. It is not a commodity to be bought and sold in the market: no money, no price, can purchase an affection so priceless, because so holy and divine.

So that the whole little Hymn, whose meaning and beauty must by this time be in some measure apparent, runs thus:—

For Love is strong as Death,
 Tenacious as Hades itself;
 The flashes of it are flashes of fire,
 Even a flame from the Lord.
 Many waters cannot quench Love,
 Neither can the streams drown it.

Were a man to give his whole substance for Love
 Even that would be utterly contemned.

And the intention of the Poet is to sing the inherent majesty of Love, its Divine origin, its victorious course, its unpurchaseable sanctity. He is speaking of Love not simply, nor mainly, as it shews itself in our imperfect affections for each other, but as an universal and divine principle, the motive and supreme principle of universal being; of the Love which is from God, the Love which *is* God and in which He dwells; the Love in which if we dwell, God dwells in us and we in Him. And, taken in this high sense, the Hymn is surely no unworthy precursor, no mean rival even, of St. Paul's noble and famous song in praise of Charity.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

LIFE AND WORK OF ST. PAUL. *By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.* (London: Cassell and Co.) Immediately on its appearance this book was saluted with a chorus of unstinted and rapturous praise, which went far to create a suspicion, if not a prejudice, against it. Critics of the dithyrambic school should bear in mind that not only do they render the task of the fair and sober critic even more difficult than it naturally is, but that they also insult the understanding of the Author for whom they think no flattery too gross, and excite in his readers an expectation too high for mortal man to fulfil. When they affirmed that Canon Farrar's new book had superseded the works of Lewin, and Conybeare and Howson, scholars by whose original researches he has been spared a world of toil, and even of Bishop Lightfoot, the very prince of commentators, and of Tischendorf, the prince of textualists, and begin to sing hymns to one who could bear

all that weight
Of learning rightly, like a flower,

they probably offended no one so much as Canon Farrar himself. For of him we may say—bating the adverb—what he himself says of St. Paul: “He stands infinitely above the need of indiscriminate panegyric,” and never stood so high above it as in the work before