

In the Study.

Professor Sanday's Article 'Bible.'

Professor Sanday has finished his article BIBLE for the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*. This article, which will appear in the second volume of the *Encyclopædia*, will direct and enrich the study of the Bible as surely as the article by the same author in the second volume of the *Dictionary of the Bible* influenced the study of Christ and the Gospels.

The Encyclopædia and the Preacher.

The Rev. James Donald, M.A., D.D., Parish Minister of Keithhall, Aberdeenshire, has already read the whole of the first volume of the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*. He has not only read it, he has also compiled a complete index of its Scripture texts and other references. Like others he says he has been impressed with its extraordinary value to the preacher.

Dr. Donald drew up the list of texts and references for his own use. But he has sent a copy to THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. We propose to publish the first portion of it next month.

Abaddon. [A Subject and a Sermon.]

1. The name of Abaddon has scarcely any place in English literature. It has almost dropped out of the English tongue. Its place has been taken by the name of Apollyon, which is mentioned as its Greek equivalent in the only passage where the word Abaddon occurs in the Authorized Version, Rev 9¹¹.

This is due to the genius of John Bunyan. 'Bunyan's Apollyon,' says Swete, 'is in all but the name a creation of his own.' And it is such a creation that Apollyon, and not Abaddon, is familiar to us from our childhood as the name of the angel of the bottomless pit. It is due to Bunyan alone. For Milton does not use the name Apollyon, and he does once use Abaddon (*Par. Reg.* iv. 624).

The earliest occurrence of the name in English is in Wyclif's translation of the Bible (c. 1382). But it is much disguised. This is his translation of Rev 9¹¹: 'And thei hadden upon hem a kyng, the angel of depnesse, to whom the name bi Ebru, Labadon, forsothe bi Greke, Appolion, and bi Latyn hauynge the name Destrier.' Purvey's revision of Wyclif's translation (c. 1388)

does not improve upon the spelling—'the name bi Ebrew is Laabadon.' Tindale dropped the initial L, but ignored the second 'd' (a mere dot in the Hebrew even when pointed). The earliest occurrence of the name in its proper spelling is in the Geneva N.T. of 1557. It had, however, already been used in Scotch. Murdoch Nisbet has Abaddon in his *New Testament in Scots*, which was written as early as 1520, though not published till issued by the Scottish Text Society in 1901.

To complete the history of the word in English: In the Preface to the R.V. of the Old Testament, the Revisers say: 'It may be mentioned that "Abaddon," which has hitherto been known to the English reader of the Bible only from the New Testament (Rev 9¹¹), has been introduced in three passages (Job 26⁶, Pr 15¹¹ 27²⁰), where a proper name appears to be required for giving vividness and point.' And then there is Tennyson's allusion in 'St. Simeon Stylites,' where Abaddon is linked with Asmodeus, the echo of an old but mistaken identification:

Devils pluck'd my sleeve,
Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.
I smote them with the cross.

2. Besides the history of the name in English, Abaddon has a place in the history of interpretation, and in the development of religious thought in Israel.

To begin with the development of religion. It is late in the history of Israel before Abaddon appears. The Hebrew word is confined to the Wisdom literature. The passages in which it is found are Job 26⁶ 28²² 31¹², Ps 88¹¹, Pr 15¹¹ 27²⁰. At first it is simply another name for the abode of the dead, usually called Sheol. We see this in the parallelism of Job 26⁶:

Hell (Sheol) is naked before him,
And destruction (Abaddon) hath no covering.

and perhaps more clearly in Ps 88¹¹:

Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave?
Or thy faithfulness in destruction (Abaddon, R.V. Destruction)?

But in process of time the meaning of the word (from Heb. 'abhadh, 'to perish') asserted itself, and Abaddon came to signify 'a lower deep,' 'a place of punishment,' 'the abode of the wicked.' For some

time, however, it was distinguished from Gehenna, as a place of punishment somewhat less severe, representing, as Shailer Mathews expresses it in the single-volume *Dictionary of the Bible*, 'the negative element of extreme loss, rather than that of positive suffering.' But in post-Biblical Hebrew it is spoken of as the house of perdition (Targum on Job 26⁶), and is looked upon as the lowest and worst part of Gehenna.

But side by side with this development, which was a kind of degeneration, there went on another process of evolution. The name Abaddon, really an abstract term meaning 'destruction,' came to signify, as we have already seen, the place of destruction. Then the place was personified, just as Hades itself is personified in Rev 6⁸, until in the Apocalypse, as well as in Rabbinic literature, Abaddon becomes the personal designation of a fallen angel, the king of the locusts, the angel of the bottomless pit.

Thus in this unfamiliar word we see the Hebrew mind working along the lines of revelation, or what we should now call its own peculiar genius. It is interested in religion. It is also interested in morality. There comes a time when the necessity is felt of recognizing that sin has its wages and that the wages of sin is destruction. The departed are no longer to be thought of as living indiscriminately in Sheol. They who rejected the friendship of God here are deprived of it in the hereafter. And can there be sorer suffering than the sense of the want of fellowship with God? In the lowest deep there is a lower deep, and that lower deep is Abaddon.

3. But Abaddon has no less important a place in the history of interpretation. When Erasmus paraphrased the whole passage in the Apocalypse about the locusts and their king Abaddon, he had no hesitation in saying that the locusts are 'false teachers, heretykes and worldye suttell prelates,' who 'flie with their pardons and bulles, even as it wer with winges, over hilles and dales, over sea and land, and poison more noysomly unto death, than they should do with very bodyly weapons.' And the Roman Catholic translators of Rheims are ready with their retort. In the margin to the passage in the Apocalypse, Abaddon, they say, is 'the cheefe Maister of heretikes.' We have passed from that. We understand that in every place he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him, in every place and in every

communion. In his *Galatians*, in a note on 'Abba, Father,' Bishop Lightfoot recalls the other two examples of a double name, one Hebrew and one Greek, in the New Testament—'Satan, Diabolus' in Rev 12⁹ 20²; 'Abaddon, Apollyon' in 9¹¹—and he says these phrases are 'a speaking testimony to that fusion of Jew and Greek which prepared the way for the preaching of the gospel to the heathen. Accordingly St. Paul, in both passages in which he uses "Abba, Father;" seems to dwell on it with peculiar emphasis, as a type of the union of Jew and Gentile in Christ.'

Abaddon and Apollyon, a type of the union in Christ! But we do not obliterate the distinction between the saint and the sinner, either in this life or in that which is to come. It may be true that we have been reversing the process of development of the ancient Israelite. While he turned Hades into a person, we have been turning Abaddon back into a locality or a state, and denying the very existence of angels. But we do not mingle good and evil indiscriminately. A Bible Dictionary of the year 1806 (its title is *Bibliotheca Sacra*) reminds us that 'Judas was called the son of perdition or destruction.' Judas is Abaddon, as every servant is that betrays his master, and every master that browbeats his servant. And more than that, we still hold that the relation of one man to another is a reflexion of the relation of a man to God. And we know no deep lower than the place which is deprived of the enjoyment of the love of God, no punishment more terrible than destruction from His presence.

LITERATURE.—The articles in *D.B.*, *Encycl. Bibl.*, *S.D.B.*, and especially the art. ABYSS in the *Encycl. of Religion and Ethics*.

Rev 9¹¹, 'His name in Hebrew is Abaddon.'

What is the meaning of all the marvellous imagery in which the writer of the Apocalypse wraps up his message? No doubt it has come to him partly by tradition; it belongs to the stock-in-trade of Apocalyptic writers.¹ But it has not come to him entirely in that way. He lives in a stirring time, and his own imagination has been awakened to keenest intensity and utmost daring. When issues are sharp, when persecution is at the door to-day, and death or exile to-morrow, a man has to take sides. There is a difference between right

¹ W. Sanday, *J.Th.S.*, July 1907. See also *Exp. T.* xix. 49.

and wrong, between right and wrong men, between God and the devil. It has always been so in times of stress,—with Luther at the Reformation, with Milton at the Revolution, with Bunyan at the upheaval in his own personal life. It is then that a man understands the Apocalypse. It is then that he not only uses traditional language, but also beats out new imagery of his own. Startling, appalling imagery, as of locusts like horses prepared unto battle, with the faces of men and the hair of women, of a bottomless pit or abyss belching smoke till the sun and the air are darkened, and a king of the locusts, the angel of the abyss, whose name in the Hebrew is Abaddon.

His name in Greek is Apollyon, and that is the more familiar name. Apollyon is familiar in our mouths since childhood through the genius of John Bunyan. The name of Abaddon is scarcely to be found in English literature. But there is meaning in Abaddon too.

1. *The History of the Name.*—When it first appears in Scripture, Abaddon is simply a name for the place of the departed. It is a synonym for Sheol. But when once Israel had been led to grasp the idea that there is life still for those who have departed this life, it was but a step to the making of a distinction in the next world between the good and the bad. Abaddon became the place of punishment in the other world. The last step was its personification. The Hebrews have always had a genius for personifying. They have had no difficulty in so vividly realizing a state or place as to give it the functions of an individual. Isaiah can say of the king of Babylon, 'Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming' (Is 14⁹); and St. John completes the figure when he says, 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him' (Rev 6⁸). Abaddon, the bottomless pit, has become its angel, and king over the avenging locusts. The Israelites were led to this by a vivid imagination. And it is in line with the truth of things. For first, there *is* a distinction in *all* worlds between him that doeth good and him that doeth it not. And next it is no place or state that makes the distinction; it is in the man.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.¹

¹ *Par. Lost*, i. 254 f.

2. *The Meaning of the Word.*—The word Abaddon means 'destruction'—not annihilation, however; the sense is rather 'perdition,' 'privation,' 'loss.' Thus the first conception of punishment in the other world is not the active infliction of castigation, it is the suffering that is due to the sense of loss. The wicked are deprived of the presence and the favour of God. And they know it. That makes Abaddon for them, deeper than Sheol, deeper at last (in the thoughts of the Rabbis) than even Gehenna—in the lowest deep a lower deep. It is so still. It is the great modern thought of punishment, the truth of which is eternal and unassailable; and if it is slower in its working than the fire and brimstone of a rougher time than ours, it is more persuasive in the end. To the writer of the Apocalypse, however, Abaddon is a person, active and aggressive. The name corresponds to the Greek Apollyon. There is an addition in the Vulgate. After 'Apollyon' the words are added—'Latine habens nomen Exterminans,' which Wyclif translates, 'bi Latyn hauynge the name Destrier.' The gloss is not unwarranted. For the loss of God's favour must either recover or harden. And if it hardens it becomes an active agent in opposition to God.

3. *What Abaddon is to us now.*—Two things. (1) First, Abaddon has a double name, one Hebrew and one Greek. He has been born too late. The gospel has come—the gospel that is to speak to Hebrew and to Greek indifferently; the gospel that is to bring Hebrew and Greek into harmony; the gospel under which there is to be no distinction, but all are to be one in Christ Jesus. (2) Secondly, it is significant that Abaddon, although he is the angel of the abyss, is sent out to make war upon the enemies of God; not upon God's own people, but only upon such men as have not the seal of God upon their foreheads (Rev 9⁴).² If a kingdom is divided against itself, said Jesus, that kingdom cannot stand. The kingdom of Satan is always divided against itself. Unity in evil-doing is a contradiction in terms. Outside fiction and folklore thieves are always suspicious of thieves, and robbers are always ready to betray robbers. The kingdom of Satan cannot stand, because it is the kingdom of Satan. And, more than that, it is God Himself that sends Abaddon to do this work. Professor

² G. H. Gilbert, *The First Interpreters of Jesus*, 359.

Driver¹ has been reminding us that as early as the Book of Deuteronomy, Jehovah is represented as allotting to the heathen the gods they worship (Dt 4¹⁹). For He is always King, and has never let even the devils out of hand.

A Sky Pilot. [*The Life of James Robertson.* By C. W. Gordon. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.]

An abbot of Iona, the ninth, lay dying. He commanded them to bear his body eastward. Nor stay until the withes by which the coffin hung should break. The withes broke at the foot of a precipitous rock on the north bank of the Tay. There they laid the body to rest, and from the breaking of the withes, *dhullan*, they named the spot Dhull. At Dhull, now spelt Dull, the 'Sky Pilot' was born in 1839. His name was James Robertson.

He attended the village school. Gaelic was his mother tongue, but he became good at book English, good at Latin also, best at arithmetic. When he was about sixteen, a problem that had given some trouble in Edinburgh was sent down to the schoolmaster at Dull. The schoolmaster gave it to Robertson. When his father was going to bed that night, he said, 'Are you not coming to your bed, lad?' 'Yes, after a while,' replied the boy, scarcely looking up from his slate. Next morning the father came in to light the fire, and James rose from the spot where he had been left sitting the night before, with the solution of the problem in his hands.

In 1855 the family emigrated to Canada and settled on a clearing near Woodstock in Ontario. Work had to be done on the farm, school was six miles distant and attendance not quite regular, so the schoolmaster objected when James Robertson wished to sit the examination for a teacher's certificate. But what Robertson wished he accomplished always. He sat the examination, gained the certificate, and became a schoolmaster at the age of eighteen.

Then came his first communion. With a young friend he set off early for the two-mile walk to the church. 'We started as usual to walk two miles to church. As we went along the Governor's Road there was a bush, "Light's Woods," on the south side of the road. Robertson suggested that we turn aside into the bush, not saying for what

purpose. We penetrated it a short distance when, with a rising hill on our right and on comparatively level ground, the tall maples waving their lofty heads far above us, and the stillness of the calm sunny day impressing us with a sense of the awful, we came to a large stone. Robertson proposed that we engage in prayer. We knelt down together. He prayed that he might be true to the vows he was about to take, true to God and ever faithful in His service, and then he prayed for me also.'

The discipline at the Corner School was good, and Robertson obtained a larger school near Innerkip. At Innerkip he made the resolution to study for the ministry, and at Innerkip he fell in love for the first and last time. The young girl with whom he fell in love at first sight was the daughter of a farmer. The biographer of the 'Sky Pilot' thinks that her force in the evangelization of Canada was not less than her husband's. It was shown in waiting at home while he went afield—waiting and praying, training the family, and receiving him back to die. She tells the story of the courtship. 'It was in the fall of 1859 that my future husband, then a young man of about twenty-one years, came to our section to teach school, where he used his talents and influence for the good of all with whom he came in contact. He was an excellent teacher, loved and respected by parents and pupils alike. He soon found his way to my father's and mother's home, for the former teachers had not been strangers there. He said afterwards that when he saw me for the first time that day in my own home, he determined that I should be his. The task proved to be not as easy as may have seemed; but he had made up his mind, and, in after years in more important matters, when he won in spite of difficulties, so it was then. He poured forth his wealth of love and affection and compelled me to love him in return as I had never loved before. Of course he had to wait, but the time did not seem long. It was unalloyed bliss. Three years of school, of walks and talks, and when he left for college there were the letters, the visits, the hopes and aspirations and preparations, and with all at times a tinge of sadness, lest I was not quite worthy of it all.'

Robertson studied at Knox College, Toronto, at Princeton Theological Seminary, and at Union Seminary, New York. On September 23, 1869, they were married. He had worked, and she

¹S. R. Driver and W. Sanday, *Christianity and other Religions*, 1908, 35.

had waited for twelve years. A few weeks after the marriage he was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Norwich, a small village in the south-east of Oxford County in the Province of Ontario. At Norwich, as everywhere else, he was remembered as a man who never did things by half. One Sabbath evening, after the service had begun, the fire bells rang. Mr. Robertson dismissed the congregation. A neighbouring hotel was on fire. The minister immediately took command of the situation, organized the crowd, and suppressed the fire. In gratitude for his services, and in sympathy with his exhausted condition, the hotel-keeper brought him a bottle of brandy with which to refresh himself. 'Never will I forget,' writes a member of his congregation, 'the manner in which he seized that brandy bottle by the neck, swung it round his head, and dashed it against the brick wall, exclaiming as he did so, "That's a fire that can never be put out."'

But he had heard the call of the West. Far up in the interior were mining and ranching communities almost entirely neglected by the Presbyterian as by the other Churches. It is not strange, therefore, that men mingling with native races descended to the level and often below the level of those pagan people, and forgotten by their Church, themselves forgot their fathers' religion and their fathers' God. Certain it is that, many years after, their sons were discovered, grown to young manhood, who had never heard except in oaths the name of Jesus, and knew nothing of the story of man's redemption. 'It was no easy task to secure missionaries for Western Canada. The country was remote, the field was hard, distances were great, privations many, isolation trying. Occasionally a man broke down and retired to the East. Nisbet dropped at his post, and ever as the Presbytery met rumours were exchanged of settlements still beyond, unreachd by the message of the gospel.'

On the evening of Tuesday, December 30, 1873, a young minister from the country, tall and spare of form and rugged of face, stood in the Union Station at Toronto, facing the westward trail. It was the Rev. James Robertson of Norwich. In ten days he was in Winnipeg. The journey can be done now in two nights and a day, in a Pullman car, with dinner on board. 'Accommodation was tolerable to Moorhead,' writes

Robertson, 'but in the three staging days things were intolerable. I never tasted butter; beef and potatoes only kept me alive. Bread was an outrage on the name. Potatoes were good if left whole, but when you mashed them you did not know what you had. The beef would do for patent-leather soles; you could eat it, but rubbing it on a dirty plate and cleaning a dirty knife and trying to cut it, you ate your peck of dirt certainly.' His face is to the West, but his heart is at home. 'How are you all? I went to the post-office today to see if there might not be something, but was disappointed, as I might expect, for you have had no time yet. How I would like to look in on you all and see how you are doing. Tina and Willie will be just about going to bed, and what about "Ba Buddy"? I feel lonesome already without you all. How shall it be before July? You must write me often and regularly, else I am afraid I cannot stand it.'

He was called to Knox Church, Winnipeg. Streams of emigrants passed through on their way to the farther West. Sometimes he went with them part of the way; sometimes his heart went farther than his feet. Years after, away in the far West, a man drove up one day to a comfortable homestead, and in the house he found an old Scotch lady and her two sons, fine young fellows. I mentioned the name of Dr. Robertson, and at once the shrewd old face took on a different look. It seemed to fill up with kindness, and she began to talk. She had a remarkable story to tell. Twenty-one years before, she, with her husband and two baby boys, had come to Winnipeg. They had not much money, and all they had they invested in an ox team wagon and general outfit. They spent a Sunday at the immigration sheds in Winnipeg. The Presbyterian minister came down to preach to the emigrants in the afternoon. The place was uncomfortable and crowded. Her baby was fretful, and so the mother sat outside the door—it was a warm spring day—and there she listened to the sermon. She could not see the preacher's face, but she gave me a good bit of that sermon. The theme was Abraham and his north-west adventure, and the parallel was drawn between him and these people who were about to seek their fortune in the West. The two main thoughts that the old lady carried with her for these twenty years were these: "God is going with you. Do

not be discouraged. Never give up hope," and "You are going to make a new country—build your foundations for God." She remembered the grip of the minister's hand as next day he went with them far out on to the prairie to set them on their westward journey, and how, standing there, he bade them a cheery farewell and watched them almost out of sight.

After seven years' work in Winnipeg, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, having received a petition from the Presbytery of Manitoba praying for the appointment of a Superintendent of Missions, 'unanimously determined that James Robertson, presently pastor of Knox Church, Winnipeg, be appointed Superintendent of Missions, in the North-West, his salary to be two thousand dollars, this to cover all expenses, while he may be labouring in Manitoba or the immediate neighbourhood; journeys to distant points, such as Edmonton, to be paid by the Assembly's Home Mission Committee.' He received the appointment by wire. He wired acceptance.

His business was to gather congregations and then find ministers for them. Late on Saturday evening he comes to a settlement where the largest building is the hotel, and the largest room the bar. He inquires of the hotel man—

'Is there any place where I can hold a service to-morrow?'

'Service?'

'Yes, a preaching service.'

'Preaching? Oh yes, I'll get you one,' he replies, with genial heartiness.

Next day Mr. Robertson comes into the bar, which is crowded with men.

'Well, have you found a room for my service?' he inquires of his genial host.

'Here you are, boss, right here. Get in behind that bar, and here's your crowd. Give it to 'em. God knows they need it.'

Mr. Robertson catches the wink intended for the 'boys' only. Behind the bar are bottles and kegs and other implements of the trade; before it men standing up for their drinks, chaffing, laughing, swearing. The atmosphere can hardly be called congenial, but the missionary is 'on to his job' as the boys afterwards admiringly say. He gives out a hymn. Some of the men take off their hats and join in the singing, one or two of them whistling an accompaniment. As he is

getting into his sermon one of the men, evidently the smart one of the company, breaks in.

'Say, boss,' he drawls, 'I like yer nerve, but I don't believe yer talk.'

'All right,' replies Mr. Robertson, 'give me a chance. When I get through you can ask any questions you like. If I can I will answer them, if I can't I'll do my best.'

The reply appeals to the sense of fair play in the crowd. They speedily shut up their companion and tell the missionary to 'fire ahead,' which he does, and to such good purpose that when he has finished there is no one ready to gibe or question. After the service is closed, however, one of them observes earnestly—

'I believe every word you said, sir. I haven't heard anything like that since I was a kid, from my Sunday school teacher. I guess I gave her a pretty hard time. But look here, can't you send a missionary for ourselves? We'll all chip in, won't we, boys?'

A missionary is sent in, and it is not long before a strong congregation is established in that community.

It was more difficult to find men than congregations. It was most difficult of all to find money. The story is here. In his early student days Robertson went out one morning to a preaching engagement. 'We came to a part of the road that was through bush. The horse could not trot for water, stumps on one side, quagmire on the other. Judging that the chances lay in favour of the superior resistance of the stumps, we tried the quagmire, and succeeded in all cases in getting to the other side.' This became a habit. All his life he succeeded in getting to the other side. In 1887 the Presbyterian College of Montreal conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Ten years later he had to come home. 'It will be quite a treat,' wrote his wife, 'to have him with us during the Christmas season. Never *once* since 1881 has he been at home for the holiday season.' He died in 1902.

Pampsychism.

In the second edition of Professor Carveth Read's *The Metaphysics of Nature* (A. & C. Black; 7s. 6d. net) the most noticeable change is a series of appendixes. In one of them there is some exposition and discussion of that amazing new doctrine of a universal consciousness. The stone

and the tree—they are conscious also. The next step? That they have a conscience, perhaps.

'I read so slowly,' says Professor Carveth Read, 'and therefore so much less than most other students, that I was not aware when the first edition of this work appeared that several contemporaries agree with me in this doctrine of the universality of consciousness in Nature. Having learnt better, it is with the greatest satisfaction that I refer the reader for a fuller exposition of it to C. A. Strong's brilliant volume, *Why the Mind has a Body*, and to F. Paulsen's *Einleitung in die Philosophie* (see especially ch. i. § 6). Indeed, so rapidly has the doctrine spread that it has obtained a name: it is Pampsyism; and I, to my astonishment, am a Pampsyist. Misfortunes that could not be foreseen and cannot be evaded must be borne with resignation.'

Nor the Power of God.

The Rev. W. Garrett Horder has published a small volume of sermons on *The Other-World* (Macmillan; 3s. net). The sermons were preached not to prove that there is another world, but to say as much as can be said about the nature of it. Not much can be said. Many things that are frequently said in the pulpit, and quite comfortably believed in the pew, have no foundation either in Scripture or in common sense. Mr. Garrett Horder is willing to own that his ignorance is more portentous than his knowledge. Still he has some things to say and to stand by. And his book will be the more appreciated that it is written under restraint.

He takes it for granted, as we have said, that there is another world. How can a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ have any doubt about it? But some men doubt it. Some men are courageous enough even to deny it. With all that Mr. Garrett Horder says about the other world, the most striking thing in his book is a letter from Mr. John M. Robertson, M.P., in which that clever apologist for unbelief gives his reasons for not believing in any world to come.

And what do you think his reasons are? He has just one reason, and he got it when he was a boy. When he was a boy he read something in Dickens about a woman who had lost her husband early and who had now grown old. Had the husband grown old also? If not, how should they receive one another when they met? He himself

had lost a little brother. The difficulty was insurmountable. So he gave up all belief in another world; like the Sadducees, 'not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God.'

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. J. K. Douglas Bedwell, Cambridge, to whom a copy has been sent of Macgregor's *Jesus Christ the Son of God*.

Illustrations for the Great Text for March must be received by the 1st of February. The text is Dt 34^{5, 6}.

The Great Text for April is Rev 15⁶—'Unto him that loveth us, and loosed us from our sins by his blood; and he made us to be a kingdom, to be priests unto his God and Father; to him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever. Amen.' A copy of Professor J. Arthur Thomson's *The Bible of Nature* or Rutherford's *St. Paul's Epistles to Colossæ and Laodicea* will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for May is Rev 1¹⁰—'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.' A copy of Clark Murray's *Handbook of Christian Ethics* or of Professor J. Arthur Thomson's *The Bible of Nature* will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for June is Rev 1^{17, 18}—'And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as one dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying, Fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living one; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades.' A copy of Fairweather's *The Background of the Gospels* or any recent volume of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for July is Rev 2⁷—'To him that overcometh, to him will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the Paradise of God.' A copy of Adeney's *Greek and Eastern Churches* or of Rutherford's *Epistles to Colossæ and Laodicea* will be given for the best illustration.

Those who send illustrations should at the same time name the books they wish sent them if successful.