

ἐγένετο, καὶ ἐσκήνωσεν ἐν ἡμῖν. In the Revised Version the translation is, 'And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us.' In the margin it is indicated that a better translation would be 'tabernacled' instead of 'dwelt.' But might not the word ἐσκήνωσεν be still better rendered if we read, 'And the Word became flesh, and "Shechinah" among us'? The Greek letters of the word suggest the Hebrew word שְׁכִינָה, to which the late Dr. Dods says there is probably an allusion. Why not then understand that the Word, the λόγος, as in the man Christ Jesus, is as the Shechinah in the tabernacle; and expound the meaning of the clause as if it were thus translated, 'And the Word became flesh, and Shechinah among us'? Does not this reading tell better than any other the place and the function of the λόγος in the σὰρξ? The λόγος Shechinah among us.

2. The other illustration is in Eph 1<sup>6</sup>, Eis

ἐπαινον δόξης τῆς χάριτος αὐτοῦ, ἧς ἐχαρίτωσεν ἡμᾶς ἐν τῷ ἠγαπημένῳ. In the Authorized Version this is translated, 'To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.' In the Revised Version we have, 'To the praise of the glory of his grace, which he freely bestowed on us (or, as in margin, wherewith he endued us) in the Beloved.' It is to be regretted that we cannot use the word 'grace' as a verb in this case. For undoubtedly Paul means to teach that all that is done to us and for us in the matter of our redemption is of the grace of God in Christ; and that God did this, and that, and everything of grace; and he sums it all up by saying that He *Graced* us in the Beloved. With a brief explanation we may thus read,—'To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he graced us in the Beloved.'

JAMES MATTHEW.

Haddington.

## Entre Nous.

### Recent Biography.

The King comes first. So in this survey of the biography of the month, let us begin with *The King to his People*. It is a republication of the Speeches and Messages of His Majesty George v. The style of the book is a triumph—most effective in all respects. And the contents will be a revelation to those who have not observed very closely how many are the public duties that a king is called upon to perform, and how consummately well King George can perform them. The publishers are Messrs. Williams & Norgate (5s. net).

The first volume of the biography of Pitt, by Dr. J. Holland Rose, was well received. The new volume will obtain as sincere a welcome. Its title is *William Pitt and the Great War* (Bell; 16s. net).

Dr. Holland Rose writes biography as biography. He does not write it as history, not even the biography of Pitt. That is to say, he makes the personality of his hero (if the word may be used in the novelist's sense), and not the politics of his time, the chief interest of his book. And, more than that, he has the rare gift of so writing that the centre of interest of each event is the attitude to it of the man whose life he is describing. Napoleon is much in evidence here; and wherever Napoleon is he is prominent. Yet even Napoleon never takes the first place in the mind. He may have been a greater man than Pitt, that question

does not rise; he is never the secret of the reader's strong desire to continue the reading of the book.

It is not easy to state the estimate which Dr. Holland Rose has formed of Pitt. There is no gathering together of impressions. But after all is over there is left a sense of single-minded greatness. And there is no lack of those incidents which reveal character. Perhaps the most delicate of all is the love episode of the year 1797. Dr. Holland Rose claims to have thrown new light upon that matter. This is how he tells the story:

'The voice of rumour, in his case always unfair, charged him with utter indifference to feminine charms. His niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, who later on had opportunities of observing him closely, vehemently denied the charge, declaring that he was much impressed by beauty in women, and noted the least defect, whether of feature, demeanour, or dress. She declared that, on one occasion, while commending her preparations for the ballroom, he suggested the looping up of one particular fold. At once she recognized the voice of the expert and hailed the experiment as an artistic triumph. Hester's recollections, it is true, belong to the lonely years spent in the Lebanon, when she indulged in ecstatic or spiteful outbursts; and we therefore question her statement that Pitt was once so enamoured of a certain Miss W——, who became Mrs. B——s of Devonshire, as to drink wine out of her shoe. But Hester's remarks

are detailed enough to refute the reports of his unnatural insensibility, which elicited coarse jests from opponents; and we may fully trust that severe critic of all Pitt's friends, when, recalling a special visit to Beckenham Church, she pronounced the Honourable Eleanor Eden gloriously beautiful.

'To this bright vivacious girl of twenty years Pitt's affections went forth in the winter of 1796-1797; and she reciprocated them. Every one agrees that Eleanor combined beauty with good sense, sprightliness with tact. Having had varied experiences during Auckland's missions to Paris, Madrid, and The Hague, she had matured far beyond her years. In mental endowments she would have been a fit companion even to Pitt; and she possessed a rich store of the social graces in which he was somewhat deficient. In fact, here was his weak point as a political leader. He and his colleagues had no *salon* which could vie with those of the Whig grandees. The accession of Portland had been a social boon; but Pitt and his intimate followers exerted little influence on London Society. He and Grenville were too stiff. Neither Dundas nor Wilberforce moved in the highest circles. Portland, Spencer, and Windham held somewhat aloof, and Leeds, Sydney, and others had been alienated. Accordingly, the news that Pitt was paying marked attentions to Auckland's eldest daughter caused a flutter of excitement. Her charm and tact warranted the belief that in the near future the Prime Minister would dominate the social sphere hardly less than the political.

'Among his friends who knew how warm a heart beat under that cold exterior, the news inspired the hope that here was the talisman which would reveal the hidden treasures of his nature. The stiff form would now unbend; the political leader would figure as a genial host; the martinet would become a man. Assuredly their estimate was correct. Pitt's nature needed more glow, wider sympathies, a freer expression. A happy marriage would in any case have widened his outlook and matured his character. But a union with Eleanor Eden would have supplied to him the amenities of life. We picture her exerting upon him an influence not unlike that which Wordsworth believed that his sister had exerted upon his being:

Thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,  
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,  
And teach the little birds to build their nests  
And warble in its chambers.

It was not to be. After toying with this day-dream, Pitt suddenly broke away to Downing Street. His letter to Auckland, written there on 20th January 1797, announced the decision of the Minister in chillingly correct terms. In pathetically halting and laboured phraseology he implied that he had throughout observed a correct aloofness. After five long sentences of apology to the father, he proceeded thus:

Whoever may have the good fortune ever to be united to her is destined to more than his share of human happiness. Whether, at any rate, I could have had any ground to hope that such would have been my lot, I am in no degree entitled to guess. I have to reproach myself for ever having indulged the idea on my own part as far as I have done, without asking myself carefully and early enough what were the difficulties in the way of its being realized. I have suffered myself to overlook them too long, but having now at length reflected as fully and as calmly as I am able on every circumstance that ought to come under my consideration (at least as much for her sake as for my own), I am compelled to say that I find the obstacles to it decisive and insurmountable.

'Auckland had a right to feel the deepest pain at this official missive. The matter had been discussed in newspapers. Indeed, a caricaturist ventured to publish a sketch showing Pitt as Adam conducting Eve to the nuptial bower in the garden of Eden, while behind it squatted Satan as a toad, leering hatred through the features of Fox. It is to be hoped that Auckland did not know of this indelicate cartoon when he replied to Pitt. That letter has very properly been destroyed. But we have Pitt's second letter to Auckland, in which he again assures him how deeply he is affected by hearing of "the sentiments of another person, unhappily too nearly interested in the subject in question." He adds these moving words: "Believe me, I have not lightly or easily sacrificed my best hopes and earnest wishes to my conviction and judgment." Auckland's reply of 23rd January reveals the grief of his wife and daughter. For two or three days they remained in absolute solitude, and that, too, in a household remarkable for domestic affection. To Pitt also the decision was a matter of deep pain and lifelong regret. Thenceforth he trod the path of duty alone. On 7th February the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to Auckland (his brother-in-law) that Pitt lived in seclusion and seemed dreamy. At a recent Council meeting his face was swollen and unhealthy looking. Probably this was the time at which Pitt informed Addington that he must take the helm of State.'

Mr. Henry Mayers Hyndman has written his autobiography. He calls it *A Record of an Adventurous Life* (Macmillan; 15s. net). For Mr. Hyndman has been and is a socialist, and in the advocacy of socialism he has been all over the world, and has come into touch with all sorts and conditions of men. He has had adventures enough; yet he has always been ready for one adventure more. Mr. Hyndman is a socialist of the pronounced and pugilistic kind. He cannot get fighting enough; he cannot do enough to show how unpalatable a thing socialism can be made to appear.

Like Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Hyndman's sympathies are with the down dog. So are the sympathies of the Lord Jesus Christ. But there is a difference. Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Hyndman sympathize with the down dog simply because he is down; the Lord Jesus Christ in order to raise him up. The moment he is up, or the moment he shows the least inclination to rise, Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Hyndman have lost their interest in him. Mr. Hyndman has great sympathy, for example, and great sorrow of heart for the Mormons. He says: 'The upholders of, and profitters by, the brothels and dens of debauchery in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago were horrified at the idea of taking several women to wife simultaneously instead of dealing with them, without marriage, successively. The higher standard of this Christian morality was at once apparent, and the newspapers proclaimed widely how shocked all decent people must be at such unseemly social relations as prevailed in Utah.' This example shows us why it is that Mr. Hyndman is in sympathy with the down dog. It is not so much because he is down as because the other dog is up. So let all respectable people who want to see themselves as one other man sees them read this book. It is severe, but it may be salutary.

*Dr. Lindsay Alexander* is now found among the 'Little Books on Religion.' The author is E. T. M'Laren (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). It is a pleasant anecdotal life. "Jims" (but is not the proper spelling Jeems?) was gardener at Pinkieburn when Dr. Alexander was a boy, and still held office when he became master there. On telling him of some change he intended to make in the avenue, Jims sturdily replied, "Na, na, Doctor, that'll no' dae at a'." "Well, but I have

resolved to have it done," Dr. Alexander said; and when again it was vetoed, he quietly reminded Jims that he was there to carry out orders. "Nae doot in a certain sense that's true," was the prompt reply; "still I'm here to prevent you spilin' the property." When, however, the alterations were an accomplished fact, and approved of, Jims took his full share of the credit. "Nane o' your landscape gardeners here; me and the Doctor manage a'."

The new volume of the 'Heroes of the World' series, published by Messrs. Seeley, Service, & Co., is entitled *Heroes of Modern Africa* (5s.). The author is Mr. Edward Gilliat, M.A. Mr. Gilliat has already written three volumes of the series, and we know what to expect from him. Here the narrative is as thrilling as ever and the conversations are as realistic. Here also is the same desire to let us see the men as they really were, and the incidents as they actually occurred.

*Father Pollock and his Brother* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net) is not a successful biography. It has little interest as a book, and it never gives us a clear sight of any of the men. Father Pollock was once famous as a ritualist in Birmingham. Perhaps the volume is meant as a vindication, if that is necessary now. There are anecdotes in it. This is the best:—

'A working man had a vision one night. He saw his father and mother, who had died some years before. They stood before him; an Angel stood between them, and a serpent was near the Angel's feet. He felt a sting in his breast; the serpent stung him, as he thought. The pain made him start up and leap out of bed. Presently he went to bed again; the pain had not yet left him. The figures then vanished away. His wife saw nothing. He was at the time a sober, industrious man. About a year after the vision he became a drunkard. He has kept his family in poverty and misery ever since. A clergyman visited him one Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1873. Talking of his sins, he told the story. He said he had often told it before, but none seemed able to explain it. Every one said, "It's a vision"; and that was all they could say of it.'

The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D., Principal of New College, Edinburgh, has published another

religious biography. *James Fraser, Laird of Brea*, is the subject and title of it (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 2s. 6d. net). The laird is described as 'Parish Minister of Culross; Bass Rock, Blackness, and Newgate Prisoner; and Author of "The Book of the Intricacies of my Heart and Life."' And to those who do not know the Laird of Brea, what a discovery of delight this book will be. Of course it is a discovery of the Minister of St. George's and Principal of New College also. For all the writers of biography in the world might write about James Fraser and not make a book like this. There is not merely the entrancement of this laird's religious life, there is also the close searching which every page compels the reader to make into his own life.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier have also issued a new edition of Dr. James Robertson's reminiscence of *Lady Blanche Balfour* (1s. net).

To the 'Notre Dame' series of Lives of the Saints has been added *St. Anselm* (Sands; 3s. 6d. net). The author is not named, in accordance with the rule of the series. And it is again a purely popular book, built on other men's foundations, but built honestly and truthfully.

We have read every word of the new edition of *Professor Elmslie: A Biography*, by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d.). It is so human and so compassable that no man, however busy, will fail to go to the end. And it has good things in it. As this. Candlish was one of the professors in the New College in Elmslie's time. One day a student's written discourse was being reported on. This was Candlish's criticism: 'All I have got to say about this discourse is' (raising his voice), 'that one half should be struck out, and' (lowering it again) 'it doesn't matter which half.'

Mr. Dugald Macfadyen has written brief biographies of certain *Men of the Spirit* (Headley; 2s. 6d. net). He gathers them into classes—Martyrs, Monks, Knights, Puritans, and Citizens—and talks pleasantly about each of them and about the class to which each of them belongs.

Whether she has ever written anything before or not, Ruth Putnam is one of the best biographers

of our day. Her *William the Silent*, one of the series, entitled 'Heroes of the Nations' (Putnam; 5s. net), shows at once that she prepares herself by close study and then gives herself in glad confidence to a delineation of the character and life of her hero. No question of right or wrong is intruded. Such 'moral' as the story contains falls imperceptibly upon the conscience. We are simply interested in the march of events, and we leave even the estimate of the Prince's character to the silence of unconscious impression.

What do you know of *The Bas Bleu*? Is it possible you can be ignorant of a work of which Johnson said that there was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own it? Read *Hannah More*, a biographical study by Annette M. B. Meakin (Smith, Elder & Co.; 14s. net), and you will learn about *The Bas Bleu* and its author, and you will be ready to say that you have had both instruction and entertainment.

It is good to recover the days that are past; and in this manner, the manner of a well-written and reliable biography, they are recovered very pleasantly. The men and women into whose society the biographer brings us, are great enough to demand our time. But there will be no sense of duty done, only a sense of pleasure obtained when this biography is read. And Hannah More herself is always the centre of interest.

Is it proper to bring David Masson's *Memories of Two Cities* under biography? It is quite proper. For although the cities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen were manifestly very dear to memory as cities, it was nevertheless the men in them that gave their memory its keenest relish.

The papers which are now published under the title of *Memories of Two Cities: Edinburgh and Aberdeen* (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 7s. 6d. net), appeared originally in the years 1864-1865 as contributions to *Macmillan's Magazine*, which had recently been started under David Masson's editorship. It is a surprise that they have not been published sooner, for their interest is astonishingly great, at least to men who have any interest in either city. There is perhaps no form of literature that is the occasion of more disappointment than reminiscences. But Professor Masson's chief interest was not in himself and his own small doings. He appreciated the movements of the

time that made history; he knew the men. With Chalmers, with Christopher North, and Sir William Hamilton, with Hugh Miller and De Quincey, with Dr. Kidd of Aberdeen and with Dr. Melvin he had an intimacy and friendship that seems, now at least, most rare. He appreciated the great events in which these men had a great share, he appreciated the men themselves. He had himself, indeed, no little part in the things which made Scotland notable in education and literature. We spoke of his own small doings, but his doings never were small. These memories are written down with great simplicity and unconsciousness, but they are the memories which only a keen mind and a large heart could entertain. It is a book which will itself make memorable the literature of the present season. Let us quote a page of it:

'Two visits of distinguished strangers, which Aberdeen received while Campbell and Beattie and others of Reid's deipnosophists were its social notabilities, are duly recorded in its annals: Dr. Johnson's visit, with Bozzy for his pilot, in 1773, and a flying visit of Burns in 1787. Both were, in their way, failures. Every honour was shown to Johnson, and they made him a freeman of the town; but the deipnosophists were afraid of him, and, though they gathered round him and invited him to their houses, were shy to speak in his presence. "We sat contentedly at our inn," says Bozzy, speaking of their last night in the town, "and Dr. Johnson then became merry, and observed how little we had either heard or said at Aberdeen—that the Aberdonians had not started a single mawkin (*i.e.* hare) for us to pursue." I am glad to be able to give a hitherto unpublished anecdote of Johnson's visit to Aberdeen, which partly redeems the credit of the town, thus lowered by the pusillanimity of its big-wigs. While Johnson was in the town, a house in one of its streets, called Huckster Row, was undergoing the process of being "harled" (*i.e.* whitewashed) outside with a mixture of lime and gravel. Either because the process interested the Doctor, or because he was in an absent fit, as he was passing that way, he stopped underneath the ladder on which the man who was doing the work stood with his bucket of "harl" and his trowel. He stood a long while, the man politely ceasing his work so as not to splash so grand-looking a stranger. But the man, being short-tempered, at length got tired; and, on

Johnson's perceiving his impatience and calling up to him, "I hope I am not in your way, my man," answered at once, "Feint a bit are you in *my* way, gin you're nae in your nain" (Devil a bit are you in *my* way, if you're not in your own), at the same time resuming his work, and sending a splash of the "harl" from his trowel against the wall so as to give the Doctor's coat the benefit of the drippings. The anecdote may be no bad metaphor of the entire history of Johnson's visit to those outlandish parts.'

#### Poesy and Poetry.

Poesy is the art of making poetry, and poesy is itself a science. Dr. W. Winslow Hall has written a *Book of English Poesy* (Dent; 3s. 6d. net), treating it as a science, a science whose laws are reached by the proper scientific method of the induction of facts. But what is poetry? Dr. Hall's definition is in these words: 'Poetry is that which conveys information, along with some sort of pleasurable and emotional thrill, by means of a more or less rigidly-patterned form of words. It may take prose-form or verse-form.' Dr. Hall understands not only the science of poesy, but also the science of bookmaking. It is not a large book, but everything necessary is in it and all in order. Henceforward, if we will study this book as it deserves to be studied, there seems to be nothing to hinder any of us from becoming Miltons.

The study of the science of Poesy is properly followed by the study of *The Poetics of Aristotle*. The book in which to study the Poetics of Aristotle is that which has been written by Professor D. S. Margoliouth of Oxford under that title (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net). It contains the translation from the Greek into English, and from Arabic into Latin, with a revised text, introduction, commentary, glossary, and onomasticon. The work began with the Arabic, as one might have expected. It is ended with the issue of this volume, which is not only the best edition of the Poetics we possess, but is a model for the editing of any author, and at the same time a proof that scholarship can be at once broad and thorough.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus have published a complete edition of *The Poetical Works of Bret Harte*, including 'some later verses' (2s. net in

cloth; or 3s. net in leather). Printed on fine paper, the volume is handy and light.

*Horae Serenae* is the title of a volume of poems by the Rev. Thomas Crawford, B.D., published by Mr. William Brown, of Edinburgh (3s. 6d. net). The poems have all the sense of the unseen and eternal in them, though sometimes they touch themes that are usually touched very lightly. Take the shortest that the book contains, to show Mr. Crawford's mastery of the art and his quotableness:

## VISION.

All is pure, to the eye that's pure;  
All, to the heart that knows, is wise;  
Truth, to the true, abides most sure,  
Love to the loving, never dies.

*By the Way of the Gate: Poems and Dramas*, by Charles Cayzer (Kegan Paul; 2 vols., 10s. net). The poems fill the first volume, the dramas the second. There are three dramas: 'David and Bathshua,' 'Donna Marina,' and 'Undine.' Mr. Cayzer, as a Roman Catholic, takes a favourable view of the character of Bathsheba (to use the familiar spelling). She is more sinned against than sinning, and the climax of the drama is her sorrow over the death of her son, a sorrow that David with difficulty turns into the joy of forgiveness. The last words of the drama are spoken by David:

He hath heard thy supplication, O my soul!  
The years of travail draw now to an end.  
And thou, O queenly heart!  
Lovingly leal thro' that long, dread atonement,  
Be thou partaker and consort of my joy—  
This blessed joy, ensanctified by sorrow,  
Of our complete reunion under God.  
His hands shall guide us, and His peace enfold us,  
Until we know Him as He truly is.

The poems vary greatly in character and in subject. The author himself divides them into Nature Poems, Love Poems, Sacred Poems, Lyrics (from the three Dramas), Historical and Political Poems, and Miscellaneous Poems. Of the sacred Poems take this. It is a brick to exhibit a building.

## RENUNCIATION.

No man hath gain'd soul-mastery, without  
Fierce self-renunciation—and the fight,  
So hardly won, so perilous near to rout,  
Widens Life's whole horizon to his sight.

Miss Agnes E. Drey is not simply a translator. Her *Poems* (St. Catherine Press) are *after* Verlaine, Maeterlinck, and others. Here is her way with a well-known sonnet by Michael Angelo—

## DANTE.

He left our world to brave the black abyss,  
And penetrated Purgatory and Hell,  
Then, guided by high thought, saw God in bliss,  
And brought true light to those on earth who dwell.

Star of pure light, with his far-piercing rays  
He bared eternal secrets to our view,  
And he received the thanks the world still pays,  
The world that ever stones the prophet true.  
For Dante was denied the meed of praise  
In his own day, his virtue known too late:  
The just man seldom wears his wreath of bays.  
Yet were I such as he, 'twere no sad fate  
To change for exile hard my happy state.

## Anthologies.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel have a series of 'Dainty Anthologies.' Of that series there have just appeared two volumes, one *The Book of the Seven Ages*, compiled by Henry W. Clark, and *The Charm of India*, edited by Claud Field (3s. 6d. net each). They are bound alike in a charming art cloth, with gilt top and uncut edges. But the best of them is themselves. Mr. Claud Field has made Eastern wisdom his peculiar possession. He knows all the intelligible corners of it. And he knows, too, the books that have been written by Englishmen on the East. This is an anthology of the best passages in the Indian biographies, the Indian histories, and even the Indian periodicals. Mr. Henry W. Clark's anthology is of poetry as well as of prose. He takes Shakespeare's *Seven Ages* and finds passages illustrating each of them. Thus we have a number of

passages on Infancy, a number on Childhood, and so on until we reach the 'last scene of all,' and Thackeray's account of the death of Colonel Newcome.

#### Some Children's Books.

Of the children's books this month five are issued by the S.P.C.K., two of which have an historical setting. The first is entitled *In a Royal Nursery*, by Gertrude Hollis (2s. 6d.), the 'royal nursery' being that of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria. The tale opens with an account of a royal visit to Sir William Vernon. His wife has just died, and his little daughter Moll is adopted by the King and Queen, and brought up with the little princes and princesses. The story of their life in the royal nursery during that eventful reign, down to the last pathetic meeting between Charles and his little son and daughter the night before his execution, is told in so interesting a manner that it is sure to delight all youthful readers. The last chapter carries us over a period of eleven years, and the book closes with the restoration of the Stuarts and the return of Charles the Second.

The second book takes us back to the time of Mary Queen of England. The title is *In the Days of Queen Mary*, and the author Edward E. Clarke, M.A., F.R.Hist.Soc. (2s.). This story opens with a scene at Chiddingfold Place in Essex, the home of the twin brothers Ralph and William Jefferay, just before the death of Edward VI. of England, and closes with another scene in the same place after the death of Mary and the accession of Elizabeth. The period between these two scenes was a stirring one in the history of England, and the story of it, as told in this book, is also stirring. It centres round the brothers Ralph and William Jefferay, whose eventful career will be followed with deepest interest.

The other three books are entitled *The House of the Oak*, by H. A. Hinkson (2s.); *The Children of the Cliff*, by A. V. Dutton (1s. 6d.); and *The Burlieghs*, by H. Elrington (1s.),—all of them just the sort of books that will be read with pleasure and enjoyment by the young folks fortunate enough to become their possessors. Each of the five is attractively bound, with a picture on the outside, and each contains a coloured frontispiece.

#### The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. Dundas L. Erskine, Somerville, Cape Colony.

Illustrations for the Great Text for January must be received by the 1st of December. The text is Ps 139<sup>7</sup>.

The Great Text for February is Is 28<sup>16</sup>—'Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone of sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.' A copy of any volume of the 'Great Texts,' or Durell's *The Self-Revelation of Our Lord* or Emmet's *The Eschatological Question in the Gospels*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for March is Ro 15<sup>4</sup>—'For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and through comfort of the scriptures we might have hope.' A copy of any volume of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for April is Is 30<sup>15</sup>—'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' A copy of Professor Clarke's *The Ideal of Jesus*, or Stone and Simpson's *Communion with God*, or Hutton's *A Disciple's Religion*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for May is Is 40<sup>6-8</sup>—'The voice of one saying, Cry. And one said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our Lord shall stand for ever.' A copy of Hutton's *A Disciple's Religion*, or Oswald Dykes' *The Christian Minister and his Duties*, or Stone and Simpson's *Communion with God*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

Those who send illustrations should at the same time name the books they wish sent them if successful. Illustrations to be sent to the Editor, King's Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.

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