

of the sentence, surely the amendment suggested in the R.V. margin or in Dr. Moffatt is worse; for when the preposition ἐπί occurs thrice in a very short sentence, it involves giving the middle ἐπί a different meaning from the first and third, 'upon' or 'after' instead of 'against.' Moreover, the unity and the parallelism of the saying are destroyed; and Christ was a great literary artist. Further, the ordinary reader at least would understand that in 'house falleth upon house,' the word 'house' meant 'building,' whereas it evidently means 'family' as in Ac 16¹⁵, 1 Co 1¹⁶, 2 Ti 4¹⁹; or still better, 'dynasty' as in Herodotus 5²¹ and 6⁹, quoted by Liddell and Scott.

H. E. BRYANT.

Grimsby.

The Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard (Matthew xx. 1-16).

THIS story perplexes many because it seems as if the owner begins deliberately to settle up the accounts with his men, going slowly and awkwardly till he reaches the first, and as a result stresses the fact that he can do just as he pleases, because he is the paymaster.

But is this really the case?

The regular worker received his wage in the vineyard: for him there is one wage, one reward. Now grapes at certain times of the year ripen very quickly, and we can imagine a fairly common scene

after an exceptionally hot day, especially if it be the day on which the Sabbath begins, when the owner rushes into his garden many times, for he has to decide whether certain grapes, if not plucked, will be of use not only twenty-four hours later but perhaps thirty-six hours afterwards, on the morning after the ending of the Sabbath. He is anxious for his crop and he pays new labour what is due, what he and they consider sufficient. These names, too, are added to the pay-roll.

In the West we use a book of a certain type, and to say the least, it would be unpleasant to read upwards, from bottom to top.

The ancient books were in the form of rolls, and a modified form of such is used in India to-day by many shopkeepers. These men add name after name and sum after sum, but by reason of the shape of the book it is easier, when they check up, to begin from that which has been entered last, and it is quicker.

Reading the parable in this way leaves no sting. The owner pays off as usual. What is left when some remind him that they have worked longer than others is the statement that service is not altogether the matter of hours put in, this, a direct answer to the impetuous Peter who, not for the first time, asks what he and others get out of the deal.

All that is required, says Christ, from one and all who have received the call is faithful and satisfactory service.

W. T. WILLIAMS.

Gurgaon, Punjab, India.

Entre Nous.

Strong Meat.

Miss Dorothy L. Sayers' pamphlet, 'The Greatest Drama Ever Staged,' will be remembered. She has now published *Strong Meat* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6d. net) two further essays, the second of which 'The Dogma is the Drama' carries on the thought of the previous book. But let us look rather at the first essay, with its text—'Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age.' This is a message to those, not few in number, who violently resent the operation of time upon the human spirit. This popular school of thought 'looks upon age as something between a crime and an insult. Its prophets have banished from their savage vocabulary all such words as "adult," "mature," "experienced," "venerable";

they know only snarling and sneering epithets, like "middle-aged," "elderly," "stuffy," "senile," and "decrepit."'

For all their failures they blame Time. 'Time alone is to blame—not Sin, which is expiable, but Time, which is irreparable. From the relentless reality of age they seek escape into a fantasy of youth—their own or other people's.'

What is the Christian answer to this problem about Time? 'The answer makes short work of all such fantasies. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The spirit alone is eternal youth; the mind and the body must learn to make terms with Time.'

have not yet dimmed from the human page. There is therefore teaching value in this little play. It should reassure the secular mind of the historical and human worth of those old tales, and awaken then some deeper curiosity, which must find satisfaction elsewhere.

Kohila.

Kohila is the story of the shaping of a little Indian nurse—her training in truth, loyalty, and honour. It is the latest Dohnavur book written by Miss Amy Carmichael. It will be remembered that the Dohnavur Fellowship exists to save young children from a life of vice in the service of the temples. Those who have read Miss Carmichael's earlier books cannot forget her individual style, her delicate imagination and spirituality.

Kohila, Cuckoo in English, joined the family of about two hundred other children at Dohnavur when she was four. She found her place in the nurseries where there was much tenderness though no softness. From the very beginning the child's play was mixed with work. 'There were pots and pans to scrub and brass vessels to polish, and the ground round the nurseries to be swept with brooms made of grasses fastened together in an ingenious Indian way; and there were floors to wash.'

Nursery rhymes about the common things of homestead, field, and garden were made up on the spot and played their part in education. 'We tried to keep a difference between Sunday rhymes and Monday rhymes, but they sometimes overlapped:

The lizard runs along the ground and then runs
up a tree,
He turns his funny little head and then he looks
at me,
He wiggle-waggles up and down and then he
looks at me,

chanted *Kohila* and her set with enthusiasm one Sunday morning, just as we were on our way to the village church, which in those days we attended. Visions of a shocked Pastor's face looking over the low mud wall that separated us from his backyard drew forth a mild remonstrance. "But look," was the instant, triumphant answer, "please look; the lizard's doing it; he's going on doing it!" So we were not too rigid. It would not grieve their Creator if we sang of what His sinless creatures did quite sinlessly on Sunday.'

One thing was felt clearly about the training of the children. It was that all influences should be

bent one way—training should not be perplexed by a mixture of thoughts, but expressed in a single line of conduct. After the child's life had rooted, let the winds blow as they will. Then they would only cause the roots to take a firmer grip.

From the nursery *Kohila* passed to the school, and then at the age of seventeen she began her training as a nurse. It was when she was given the responsibility of being in charge of a nursery with younger girls to train that a weakness in her character came to light. 'The alloy that was discovered in her gold was a weakness which leaned towards shielding a wrongdoer, or even sympathizing with her, rather than taking the harder way of love without dissimulation, the noblest kind of help that soul can offer soul, and by far the most costly. . . . But "Failure is only fatal when it drives us in upon ourselves"; and failure drove *Kohila* to the Christ of Calvary.'

From subtle love of softening things,
From easy choices, weakenings,
From all that dims Thy Calvary,
O Lamb of God, deliver me.

Not long after there came a tragic day when *Kohila*, going with a friend up the mountain to gather a special purple flower for Another's Coming Day (the day on which the children came to the home was celebrated instead of their birthdays), fell from a rock and was killed. The friend who was with her wrote: 'She had such a deep love for everybody that I cannot remember her not loving anybody. . . . She never thought of putting herself first in any way. And everybody in trouble went to her. She was rather like King David when he was in the cave, and every one that was in distress and discontented gathered themselves unto him; for all who were like that went to her, and some became good through her influence.'

How is it possible for the S.P.C.K. to produce anything so attractive at 5s.? And, turning the pages over to the end, the reader has the delightful surprise of finding thirty-nine photographs of the children which *Kohila* and the other nurses cared for.

A Dohnavur Song.

There were two gardens in the land,
And both lay on a hill,
And one was called Gethsemane,
The other was near Calvary;
And both are with us still.

fifty others, and these, along with a dramatic trilogy, appear in *Last of the English* (Murray ; 6s. net).

Many of these poems deal with the events of the world to-day, as the one on the invasion of Austrian independence by German troops on 11th March 1938, and they have a real seriousness of purpose. Not many of them are religious—using that word in the narrower sense, but we quote a few verses from 'Mary.'

MARY.

'Woman, wherefore weapest thou ?'
Came the question there.
'They have laid my Lord away
And I know not where.'

Gentle as the evening star
Spoke he but one word—
At her name's sound then her heart
All Death's conquest heard ;

On that pinnacle of time,
Faith-lit, she divined
Everlasting fires of hope
Kindled for mankind :

All the darkness, all the doubt,
All the grief and pain
In a heart-beat rolled away,
Nevermore to reign.

Oh, that we within the shroud
Of the world's grim woe
Could upon a flash of faith
Equal triumph know !

Thomas Thornely.

Mr. Thornely has already published three volumes of poetry. The present volume, *The Collected Verse of Thomas Thornely* (Heffer ; 6s. net), has, however, a number of new poems and is delightfully varied with verse ranging from light to grave. The last section is composed of witty epigrams—truth being forced home by satire. The first of these, typical of this age of uncertainty, runs :

The Life-Force, afflicted with doubt
As to what it was bringing about,
Cried—Alas, I am blind,
But I'm making a Mind,
Which may possibly puzzle it out.

And now to turn, as Mr. Thornely says, from

crude satire to sense, we quote some verses that appeal to us in the first section :

THE GIFT OF SELF.

When, at life's close, the little good in me
Is reaped and garnered, must all else away ?
Or in that harvest shall there counted be
The Soul itself, in which that little lay ?

Some, in our day, make answer—' Though ye die,
Your gifts and memory live : What would ye
more ?

He looks on life with but a hireling's eye,
Who craves continuance when his day is o'er.'

What would we more ! Except ourselves be given,
More fit to serve, there is no gift at all.
All else was God's, ere man first heard that
Heaven
Had called, and he could answer to the call.

Early Numbers of 'The Expository Times.'

If any reader has unbound (ordinary paper covers) copies of any of the early issues of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, *i.e.*, the first three years, the editors would be much obliged if they would lend these copies for a few days.

Manuscripts.

As we have had several letters lately asking if MSS. of sermons and of children's addresses are required, we might say that we are always glad to consider the latter, especially if they have anything really fresh in them, and if they are written in a way that appeals to children. We prefer the talks to be without *personal* anecdotes. MSS. for the former should be preferably from 1300 to 1400 words in length and on the *Christian Year* subjects. Further, they should be sent in at least three months before the date for which they are suitable.

For some time now we have been giving articles on new Movements—especially experiments in Christian practice. We shall be pleased to see any further MSS. of this kind.

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