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peculiar place in the development of the Divine purposes, whereas the brethren could only perceive an inordinate affection in their father's treatment of his younger son.

παρὰ cum acc. institutes a comparison with the eleven; Jacob loved them all, but Joseph most of all, more than he loved any of the others. ἐκ presents the point of view of the eleven, to whom it seemed that Jacob loved Joseph to the exclusion of the rest. In making this distinction, which they did not find in the Hebrew, it seems the translators were psychologically correct.

In Jn 3^{35} 5^{20} again, the choice of words seems to be appropriate. In the former passage the speaker (or writer) has in mind the eternal relationship, the unchanging love of approbation based upon judgment, unemotional, deliberate, which was the cause of the timeless and unqualified committal of 'all things' to the Son, who is, as He ever has been, because of that love, the Revealer and the Agent of the Father.

In the latter passage the Lord is speaking as the Incarnate Son of His present relation to, and experience of, His Father. As the Father does and shows, the Son sees and does. The obedience of the Son, His subjection in all things to the Father, is reciprocated in the tender intimacy of affection.

After His resurrection the Lord demanded of Peter whether he loved Him with the love that faces the issue and, clear-eyed, at whatever cost, denies self (Jn $21^{15\text{-}17}$). Well Peter knows that he has shown the very reverse of this. But that he loves the Lord with the personal affection that comes from intimate association, he must, despite appearances, insist. We can, and do, hurt the objects of our affection, and often we sacrifice them to our own exigencies. But not so with the objects of that other, deeper love which is born of the will, and which proves itself in deliberate subordination of every self-interest to the interests of its object. Would the Lord acknowledge the poor affection that Peter claimed? So when the Lord met him upon his own ground and probed that claim also, the breaking-point was reached. Thereupon Peter appealed from his own affection to the love that is perfect in knowledge, that is never taken unawares by the wayward instability of the human heart, nor ever sterilized by it.

In committing His lambs to Peter's care the Lord acknowledged Peter's affection and encouraged him to hope that he would yet come to share the Good Shepherd's love, and find his opportunity to prove it in his care of the 'little ones' of the flock, even at the cost of his life.

C. F. Hogg.

Highgate.

Indignor quandoque Bonus dormitat Homerus.

An apposite case occurs on p. 109 of Professor H. B. Swete's posthumous work, *The Parables of the Kingdom*. In a left-hand column one there reads the usual Greek account of 'the parable of the two sons.' One is amazed, however, on turning to the English rendering in the right-hand column, to find the story topsy-turvy. According to the English version it is the first son—the Jew's—who at the outset says, 'I will not,' but afterwards repents and goes. Consistently enough, the second son—the Gentile's—starts with a promise of obedience, but fails to implement his promise. This consistency is carried even to the length of making the bystanders give the palm to the first son.

J. R. Mackay.

Edinburgh.

Entre Nous.

Point and Illustration.

A book which should not be missed by the working minister is *What to Preach*, by the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net). It contains five lectures which deal respectively with expository, doctrinal, ethical, pastoral, and evangelistic preaching. And to particularize further we might say that it is with the technique of preaching that the lectures deal. But Dr. Coffin knows that more is needed than technique. 'Never let us forget that it is flame, and flame in which a man's self is being consumed, which illumines and warms. And that this may never die down let us tell ourselves that saying of Christ's which evangelists had not room for in their narratives, but which the memory of some disciple would not let go: "Whoso is near Me is near the fire."' Having made this clear, let us turn to some of Dr. Coffin's prac-

tical suggestions. He believes in illustration. Illustrate every type of sermon, no matter how difficult, he says. The doctrinal sermon has more need of illustration than any. Let us look at the way he illumines the two aspects of the Person of Christ—the religious experience of the Man Jesus and the incarnation of God in Him. 'A few years ago we were taught that light consisted of waves moving in a hypothetical ether; light, as Lord Kelvin cleverly put it, was "the nominative of the verb to undulate." More recently it has been discovered that light exerts a pressure which can be weighed, and we can speak of the number of tons of sunlight per annum received by our earth. This is very like Sir Isaac Newton's emanation theory. Both theories seem to be needed to account for light. Sir William Bragg writes: "On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays we used the wave theory; on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays we think in streams of flying energy, quanta or corpuscles. That is, after all, a very proper attitude to take. We cannot state the whole truth, since we have only partial statements, covering a portion of the field. When we want to work in any one portion of the field or other, we must take out the right map. Some day we shall piece all the maps together."'

Or, take again an illustration of a different type. This time for the evangelistic sermon, where the preacher is trying to make men see how possible it is to know the unsearchable riches of Christ and still be a pauper in soul. It is 'the story of a Scotsman who played a rôle in the development of the State of California. His name was James W. Marshall. He had knocked about the world, seeking a living, and came to California, and found employment in a saw-mill in the Sacramento Valley. There in the year 1848, while watching the mill-race, he saw something shining in the sand and reached down and picked up several nuggets. He and his employer used the sulphuric acid test and convinced themselves it was gold. The news of his discovery flew over the land, and in 1849 occurred the rush to the gold fields. For several years many millions in gold were mined in that valley, and fortunes made. Marshall worked with the rest, and occasionally struck rich finds, but he never held on to his wealth for long. After some years he was discovered in poverty, and a small grant was made him by successive sessions of the legislature. But one day in the 'eighties a party of campers entered what appeared a deserted cabin not far from the spot where the gold had first been seen, and found his dead body. A monument—a big bronze effigy—was put up to his memory—the memory of one who discovered that which made many wealthy and himself died in abject penury.'

A picturesque text may be of great assistance. This is another of Dr. Coffin's points—the whole volume is full of suggestion. 'However a sermon arises in a man's mind—and many of them do not originate in texts—it is always the richer and more surely Christian for being well grounded in a passage of Scripture. A man may have in his mind some attitude towards life in his hearers which he wishes to correct. For example, they may have been caught in the current mental perplexity about religion and morals. They did not wish this state of blurred vision, but they have accepted it and now rather enjoy it, because it faces them with no insistent obligations, and permits them to relax and take life easily. He wishes to point out the perils of this mental and moral vagueness, and show them how with Christ there is always something clearly in sight. Well, let him take such a text as "The twilight that I desired hath been turned into trembling unto me." Let him point out how the hours after sunset in Babylon, so prized by glare-wearied men and women, in which they enjoyed themselves on their balconies or house-tops, became in a siege the most dreaded hours of the day, when Elamites and Medes could push their assault undetected amid the shadows. There will be a distinct gain to his sermon, not only from the picturesqueness of the text, which will grip his hearers' attention; but also the details of the scene depicted by the prophet will amplify his own treatment of the modern situation, and the depth and tragedy and spiritual earnestness of the ancient Scripture will carry him further in his portrayal of the contemporary danger than he would otherwise be taken. And against that striking background of twilight he will present more effectively Christ as the Light of life.'

Children's Sermons.

This month two good volumes of children's sermons have been published. The first is by the Rev. Albert D. Belden, B.D., who has just been appointed to Whitefields. Its title is *The Teachings of the King* (National Sunday School Union; 2s. net). Mr. Belden has the type of mind which is easily reminded of a story—a useful gift when speaking to children. This is the story from the address on 'The Merciful'—they are not all as good as this.

'But having mercy, being merciful, is not only

forgiving others: it is giving forth to others what ever help you can. Did you ever hear of the School for Sympathy?

'Isn't that a strange school? One of our great English essayists tells us all about it. The mistress's name was Miss Beam—just the sort to let light into anybody, eh? If you were to visit Miss Beam's school, this is what would happen. You would go to the window commanding the large garden and playground, and Miss Beam would ask you: "What do you see?" And you would reply: "I see a lot of jolly children in some beautiful grounds, but what puzzles me is that they are not all as healthy and active as I would like to see. I see one poor thing being led about—some trouble in her eyes, I suppose—and there are two more in the same condition—and, oh, there is a little girl with a crutch just under the window—what a hopeless cripple she is!"

'And then Miss Beam would laugh—yes, laugh heartily, and say: "Oh, no, she is not really lame, you know. This is her lame day. In the course of the term every child has one blind day, one lame day, one deaf day, one maimed day, one dumb day. During the blind day their eyes are bandaged absolutely, and it is a point of honour not to peep. The bandage is put on overnight—they wake blind. This means they need assistance in everything, and the other children lead them about."

'And then you would go into the playground, and going up to one of the little girls playing "blind," you would say: "Don't you ever peep?" "Oh, no, that would be cheating," is the answer you would get. "But I'd no idea it was so awful to be blind," the little one would say. "One feels one is going to be hit by something every moment. It's such a relief to sit down." "Are your guides kind to you?" you ask. Back comes the reply: "Pretty good; *not so careful as I shall be when it's my turn. Those who have played 'blind' already are the best.*"'

There is a Foreword to the volume by Dr. Hutton, who says Mr. Belden 'speaks to children that he may dispose them to open their hearts to Christ.'

The second volume of children's talks is by 'Uncle Oliver' of the New Zealand Baptist—the late Rev. Samuel Morris. The title is *A Handful of Nuts* (Allenson; 2s. 6d. net). Many suggestive ideas are here. If we turn to 'Tickets, Please!' we find three points. The common railway ticket has the destination of the traveller printed on it. We should know where we are going on this great journey we call life. And the next point is that tickets are not transferable, every one must have his own ticket. And then tickets have to be shown. 'We must show our tickets often on the journey to prove that we are true travellers, and every day our tickets are examined by some one. Our chums read it, and know by the way we play our games where we are going, for every one who is travelling the long road with Jesus will "play the game." Our ticket is read at home, at school, as well as in the street, and everywhere it is as though our very faces were stamped with the name of the place to which we are travelling. Lots of fellow-travellers are on the road to the city of the great King, and they will be helped along the road by the showing of our tickets. The boy who refuses to tell a lie, or do a mean thing; the girl who is not afraid that others shall see her allegiance to Christ the King—these show very plainly that they possess a ticket.'

If you want another idea, turn to 'The S—B—E Family':

'If there's any hard or unpleasant task,
Or difficult thing to do,
'Tis always offered to Somebody Else.
Now, isn't this very true?'

What the Church needs.

With unfailing regularity a volume of *The Christian World Pulpit* appears every six months. The present is the one hundred and tenth, and it contains no fewer than one hundred and sixty sermons and a number of meditations. The Bishop of Manchester contributes three addresses, the first in the volume being by him. Here is his mind on the ministry of women:

'At this time there can be little doubt that a special need, and I should say the greatest of all our needs, is to find the right opportunity of using—more fully than the Church has of late at least been using—the devotion and the gifts of women. We need more service from men, no doubt, we need to recruit the ministry of priests and deacons, we need it most urgently, but it would seem to me that the need which most of all presses upon us now, because it arises out of the characteristic development of the whole life of our time, is the need to find the right way in all its fullness of utilising the services of women in the Church.'

Slighted.

'I have often wished that there might be another maxim added to those which in our childhood

we wrote in our copy-books to form our handwriting, and this one would be: "If ever you feel slighted it proves that you deserve it." It is not quite true, perhaps, but it is certainly as true, I think, as such generalisations usually are. I expect all of us know of instances where we have seen work damaged, and, as I say, if we are only rather strict with ourselves, we can probably find times in our own career when our work was damaged, because we have let ourselves feel slighted. Self was intruded and made claims. We have not been ready merely to leave the issue in God's hands.' [1]

Experience.

'The sweet, startling voice which changes the lives of men, like the singing of *Pippa* as she passes in Browning's fine dramatic poem, has been heard by myriads since Augustine heard it, and is still heard to-day. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, yea, and for ever."

'Here is a passage from a letter written three or four years back: "One winter night I sat up late in my study, poring over the newest elaborate *apologia* for belief, until I fell asleep by the fire. Before daybreak a ploughman woke me on his way to work; as he tramped along the frosty road under my window he was singing, and I heard the words:

My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights,
In darkest shades if Thou appear
My dawning is begun!
Thou art my soul's sweet morning star,
And Thou my rising sun!

'"Somehow, that hymn penetrated my heart with an unearthly thrill of conviction which none of the evidence-books could achieve. The philosophers might argue in favour of Theism: the ploughman was rejoicing in his experience of the love of God."

'And the writer of the letter?' [2]

James Stephens.

We confess to having had a feeling of disappointment when we opened *Collected Poems* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net). We had hoped to find some new poems. But at any rate, in this volume we have, so we are told, all which the author cares to preserve. And they are very good, so we must be content. They are arranged in subject sequence, and the first section, 'In Green Ways,' is one of the most characteristic, showing as it does Mr. Stephens' sympathy with nature. Do you know

LITTLE THINGS

Little things, that run, and quail,
And die, in silence and despair!

Little things, that fight, and fail,
And fall, on sea, and earth, and air!

All trapped and frightened little things,
The mouse, the coney, hear our prayer!

As we forgive those done to us,
—The lamb, the linnet, and the hare—

Forgive us all our trespasses,
Little creatures, everywhere!

From the second section we quote

SHAME

I was ashamed! I dared not lift my eyes!
I could not bear to look upon the skies!
What I had done! Sure, everybody knew!
From everywhere hands pointed where I stood,
And scornful eyes were piercing through and through
The moody armour of my hardihood!

I heard their voices too, each word an asp
That buzz'd and stung me sudden as a flame!
And all the world was jolting on my name!
And now and then there came a wicked rasp
Of laughter, jarring me to deeper shame!

And then I looked, and there was no one nigh!
No eyes that stabbed like swords or glinted sly!
No laughter creaking on the silent air!
—And then I saw that I was all alone
Facing my soul! And next I was aware
That this mad mockery was all my own!

Wilfrid Gibson.

The note at the beginning of *Collected Poems, 1905–1925* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d. net), says: 'This volume contains all his work, published during the last twenty years, that the author cares to reprint.' There are two surprises here. The first is that it is anything like twenty years since Mr. Gibson published his first volume, and the second, that his output has been so great. For here is a crown octavo volume containing eight hundred pages. Plays—though not intended for staging—epics,

[1] The Bishop of Manchester.
[2] W. Canton, *Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever*, 25.

odes, lyrics, all are here. A number of the shorter poems were inspired by the War and we are inclined, through a sudden change of feeling, to pass them by. But let us read them, for it is not by forgetting that the ideal of 'no more war' will be attained.

LAMENT.

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly, and spent
Their all for us, loved too the sun and rain?

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings—
But we, how shall we turn to little things,
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

Frank Kendon.

Mr. Kendon has written *A Life and Death of Judas Iscariot* (John Lane; 6s. net) in blank verse. It is a dignified and worthy treatment of the subject. Perhaps the point of most interest is the motive he attributes to Judas. It is not avarice, although Mr. Kendon takes account of that as an imputation which was actually made and honestly believed. In the Preface he gives his reading of Judas's character. 'Circumstances (it is supposed) drive him into introspection; his whole disaffection is with himself, and the betrayal is an attempt, made in desperation, to prove to himself that he is capable of action. It is an effort to resolve his importunate doubts about his power, and his suicide shows that it failed. In such a mind, however, it would be impossible for this to be honestly recognized as the motive. The political reasoning, with Jesus and with the priest, is seized upon by Judas as a possible intellectual motive. I have tried to show how artificial and yet how reasonable this was in him. His passion from first to last was for himself. He was incapable of disinterest, although intelligent enough to see that disinterest was the only just way of life. He was always attempting to convince his audience, but he was not an ordinary hypocrite, because the only audience for which, by habit of life, he had any respect was himself.'

As some fugitive
Who has ventured at the bidding of a fiend
Further and further into dreadful lands—
Rank tangled sweating noonday darkness—comes
At evening, sick of his own company,
Upon a turbulent stream, where black and glassy
Waters seem to offer cool relief
To fevers of the air, endured too long;
As such a one might madly leap therein
To battle with the embracing currents, and sink
At last: So Judas to the torrent leapt,
The torrent of unreason, urged far more
By loathing of himself than hate of truth.
For when the Feast of Passover was held,
And Jesus sat at table with them all,
Judas, a silent envy, one of the twelve,
Felt the mad passion rise and master him.
His eyes beheld their love; he was enforced
To hear their protestations, their night fears
Of treachery; and every faithful word
Darkened his jealous spirit. At that time
All personal love lay blind within him, blind
If not quite dead, and he was calm.
Therefore when Jesus, who was pale with grief,
Spoke, saying, 'One who sits at meat with us
Shall soon betray me.' Judas rose and left
The rest, protesting 'Master, is it I?'
As they protested, left in deadly calm
Those innocent accusers and their idol.
Evening it was, the streets through which he passed
Were almost empty, though the sun still hung
In perfect circle on the round hilltops.
To right or left not looking, yet he marked
The lizards on the weedy walls he passed,
And heard the crying of a baby, or
The shout of one boy to another. All
The world of minutes bit into a mind
Bent upon sick revenge; and he was calm.
For purpose, though so cruel, gave relief
To all the empty years of vacillation.
Up to the Temple steps he climbed, the spot
Where, but a day or two ago, he stood
To hear the priests rebuked, and at a door
Known to him since his foul temptation, he knocked.

Correction.

Kindly note that the publishers of *The Hidden Centuries*, by Mr. Edward A. Annett, are the National Sunday School Union. In our review last month the name of Messrs. Hunter & Longhurst was given.

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