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and Moravians than to the general public, but if they are taken correctly they have a wider significance than it would be possible to develop here. Suffice it to say that the Moravians through their ordered Church life no less than by their personal piety were privileged to illustrate to Wesley a faith and assurance that made him irresistible. Their gospel, however, was not any more simple than the message of the first Epistle of John. It was evangelical, mystical, and ethical, confessedly a formative influence in the life of Schleiermacher, born in 1768, just thirty years after Wesley's great experience; and its calm assurance and power stand out, to the writer at least, in striking contrast to the restlessness and despondency of so much of the religion of to-day.

G. W. M. MacLeavy.

Oldham.

A Fresh Exposition of the Cries upon the Cross.

Our conceptions and emotions at any epoch can be adequately explained solely by a prior chronological survey of our mental development in attaining that state of consciousness. And there is also necessarily involved a thoughtful analysis of our own intellectual and spiritual processes.

In deciphering the import of these cries, I bring into organic review the four momentous stadia of Christ's apprehension of His mission.

These consist of (1) the restricted instructions to the twelve disciples [here note the term μᾶλλον, as suggesting that He entertained the thought, though not then securely realized, of a quest extending beyond the Jewish confines]; (2) the memorable interview with the Syrophœnician mother, whose marvellous depth of trust in God flashed upon Him as a revelation, transforming her into His authentic teacher in the surpassing amplitude of His work. From that instant, the earlier dim perception is luminously intensified into definite conviction; (3) shortly afterwards, the (so numbered) seventy disciples are dispatched, to whose labours are assigned no racial qualifications; (4) then, later, arrive the Hellenes, unsought, spontaneously appealing, as seemingly embodying the Divine seal upon the measureless purpose now displayed to His joyous gaze.

Nor must be neglected His tortured physical condition, nor the tumultuous emotional agitations which had just occurred.

Enlightened by these interlinked experiences, I cannot submit my exposition more clearly than by reverently attempting to infer the natural sequence of His thoughts and feelings, unfolding their nature in the exclamations, 'My God, my God,' and 'Finished.' The former implies the soliloquy—'God has guided me, in His disclosure of my commission, from light to more lucid light; He it was who directed the Greeks as the symbol of His ultimate design; their appearance indicated that He Himself would instantly scatter my enemies, and actually dispatch me upon this vast field of toil; yet, though the Greeks, as His heralds, have opened this spacious avenue, its closing is abruptly effected by the Cross; in the serene vision of victory, defeat has intervened. Surely, then, God must have finally deserted me.'

Continuous communion with the Father merges into profound, abiding peace, and thence springs the triumphant, 'It is finished.' This ejaculation, again paraphrasing, expresses—'I am now so perfectly assured of this mighty enterprise proceeding that I am as confident of its accomplishment as though it were already completed.' In our customary phrase, He perceived that the Divine intent was 'as good as' even then attained.

T. E. Young.

London.

Entre Nous.

Prayer and Life.

The number of books that have owed their existence to the suggestion and encouragement of the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll is already large, and this month we have a fresh addition. In her introduction to *Private Prayer in Christian Story* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net), Miss Jane T. Stoddart tells us that eight years ago, just after the publication of her 'Christian Year in Human Story,' Sir William Robertson Nicoll expressed the wish that she should prepare a book dealing with the literature of prayer. There have been many books on the literature of prayer, but none has followed exactly the line of Miss Stoddart's new book. 'Our

purpose,' she says, 'is to show the energy of private prayer working throughout the Christian centuries as a spiritual force, secret and incalculable, amid the material forces of this world.' She does it by showing the part that prayer has played in the lives of great men and women from the first centuries and continuing down till to-day. And so we have in this volume the added interest of biography. We see prayer as a moulding force in the lives of men and women. Much patient and fruitful reading must have gone to the making of it.

In the chapter on 'The Huguenots and Calvin' there occurs the following. 'In a household like that of Admiral Coligny, hours of prayer were observed as strictly as in the primitive Church. We have the testimony on this point of Francis Hotman, who knew the Admiral intimately, and visited him in his home. From the brief biography now generally ascribed to Hotman, which appeared three years after Coligny's death, we take this passage: "As soon as he had risen from bed, which was always at an early hour, he put on his gown, and falling on his knees made prayer and invocation to God on behalf of the whole company. And when the rest had kneeled down after his example, prayer was made in the manner usual in the churches in France." At table grace was said before and after meat. Family worship was held immediately after supper, all the servants attending. Coligny wrote on a tablet and posted up a form of prayer to be used in his court of justice in Paris before business opened.'

After 'The Huguenots and Calvin' we have chapters on 'John Knox,' 'St. Teresa,' 'St. John of the Cross,' 'Private Prayer in Shakespeare,'—for Miss Stoddart does not neglect prayer in literature,—'In Puritan England,' 'George Fox,' 'John Bunyan,' 'Port Royal and Pascal.' Then there follows a chapter on the 'Scottish Covenanters.' From it we quote a prayer of Peden the Prophet as recorded by Patrick Walker. 'Peden used this prayer in the Collomwood, at the water of Air, a little before his death:

'"Lord, Thou has been both good and kind to old Sandy thorow a long tract of time, and given him many years in Thy service, which have been but as so many months; but now he's tyr'd of Thy world, and hath done the good in it that he will do; let him win away with the honesty he has, for he will gather no more."'

A number of chapters are devoted to the nineteenth century, and from these we quote a paragraph on Father Maturin. 'A deep mystery is that of the prayers which to our poor knowledge seem unanswered. Father Maturin begged the intercession of his friends before he started as a passenger on board the *Lusitania* in May, 1915. He had spent the spring in America, and as the time drew near for his return to Oxford, he wrote to several people asking for prayers that he might be kept safe from all the perils of the sea. When his body was washed ashore it was found without a lifebelt, and it was believed that he had refused one, as there were not enough to go round. Survivors from the ship related that they saw him standing on the deck, very pale, but perfectly calm, giving absolution to several passengers. As the last boat was lowered he handed in a little child, saying, "Find its mother." He had been saved from the most terrible of ocean dangers, the danger of panic.'

One of the most interesting chapters is the last—'Voices from Russia.'

A Voice from Russia.

'The great Khomiakov, leader of the Slavophil movement, in the reign of Nicholas I., worked for the emancipation of the serfs, and for the liberation of the State from foreign influences. He believed that the Orthodox Church possessed within herself the capacity for a spiritual revival, nay more, in that she would one day gather the nations under her wings. His theological and political writings were published abroad, since the censorship forbade them to be printed or even read in Russia. Khomiakov dwelt much on the duty of private prayer, and on the benefits to be gained by mutual intercession. Like Wesley, he believed that no one can be saved by himself. "We know that if one of us falls he falls alone; but no one is saved alone; the saved man is saved in the Church, as its member, in union with the other members. If a man believes he enters the communion of faith. Does he love?—he is one with the whole society of the loving. Does he pray?—he enters the fellowship of prayer. . . . Say not, What help can I bring to the living or the dead by prayer since my petition suffices not for myself alone? As thou understandest not how to pray, what purpose would be served by that pleading for thyself? But within thee prays the Spirit of love. . . . Neither say thou, Wherefore should another need my prayer, if he prays for himself and Christ intercedes for him? When thou prayest, the Spirit of love prays within thee. Say not: The judgment of God cannot be altered—for thy prayer itself has its place in the ways of God and He foreknew it from the beginning. If thou art a member of the Church thy prayer is offered up for all the members. But if the hand says that it needs not the blood of the rest of the

body and that it refuses its own blood to the body, the hand becomes withered. Thou art necessary to the Church, so long as thou remainest within her; but if thou partest from the common life, thine own must decay and thou art no longer a member. . . . The life blood of the Church is prayer for one another, and its breath is praise of the Lord." '[1]

The Pulpit.

Dr. George Jackson has contributed to *The Manchester Guardian* for a number of years. Several of his recent articles have dealt with preaching, and these along with others have been reprinted in *A Parson's Log* (Epworth Press; 3s. 6d. net).

1. *Modern Preaching too Quiet.*

'I came,' Dr. Jackson says, 'the other day across this criticism of John Bright as a speaker by Matthew Arnold: "He is an orator of almost the highest rank—voice and manner excellent; perhaps not quite flow enough—not that he halts or stammers, but I like to have sometimes more of a rush than he ever gives you."' This suggests to him the question, 'Are we in danger of growing a race of preachers who are too quiet?' 'I believe it is true that the pulpit to-day is suffering from an excess of self-restraint. If a dainty and fastidious man of letters like Matthew Arnold found even John Bright wanting in "rush," is it not probable that the average worshipper would be more readily impressed if the preacher were not so unwilling to let himself go? Of course there will always be quiet souls in the pulpit, and I am not suggesting anything so absurd as that a man should do violence to himself by assuming a manner that is wholly foreign to his nature, and which would quite certainly be as unimpressive as unreal things always are. But is there not an insincerity of repression as well as of expression? If God has given to a man a rich, full, emotional nature, why should he put it into chains and cultivate an icy self-restraint which is as unnatural in him as a greater demonstrativeness would be in another?'

2. *Impersonal Preaching.*

'I remember years ago listening to a preacher in the Lake District. The room in which we were met was small, and the company was small; in a physical sense the preacher was not far from any one of us; yet never once did he seem to get into touch with us; there was throughout a sense of aloofness and remoteness which is very difficult to describe, but the chill of which I can feel even yet. May I recall another experience? In another part of the country I listened on several occasions to a preacher whose sermons were of an unusually high order; they were well prepared, the material and phrasing alike were good, and the delivery was forceful. And yet I was not impressed by them as I felt I ought to be, and at first I was perplexed to understand why. Now I know: it was impersonal preaching. For one thing, the eyes of the preacher never met ours. He spoke like a man unconscious of his congregation, until at last I came to feel that he might have preached almost as well if there had been no congregation there at all. But that is not preaching. A story is told of a child who was taken by his mother to hear Spurgeon. After he had been listening for a while, the boy whispered, "Mother, is Mr. Spurgeon speaking to me?" And there is no true preaching where that sense of immediacy, of soul in touch with soul, is wholly wanting.' The true secret of communication of truth through personality which is preaching—preaching, Phillips Brooks has taught us, in what is perhaps the best definition of the subject ever framed, is the communication of truth through personality—lies in delivering what has been 'received'; we reach other men's souls only through our own personal discoveries. 'The gospel which I preach,' says Dr. Jackson, 'I once heard John McNeill, the Scottish evangelist, say, "is the gospel according to John." And this is the main point of what I mean when I say that true preaching is always personal.'

3. *Painful Preaching.*

'We want more "painful" preaching; "painful," that is, in the older sense of the word, not of causing pain, but of taking pains. And doubtless, as Archbishop Trench rather acidly remarks, if there were more "painful" preachers in the sense in which the seventeenth century used the word there would be fewer in the sense in which we use it. We want greater painfulness in the interests of brevity. For as every preacher knows it is when we are least prepared that we are wont to be most wordy, and secondly in the interests of simplicity. Simplicity is not only a natural gift, it is an acquired art, one of those good things which, according to Leonardo da Vinci's great saying, God sells only at the price of labour. Yet surely no toil is too great that will ensure swift and easy access to the minds of those whom we seek to serve.

'Sir J. M. Barrie, speaking not long ago to a company of dramatic critics about his plays, said: "I wish I could write mine better, and I presume I am revealing no secrets when I tell you that the only reason I don't is because I can't. If there were any

[1] Jane T. Stoddart, *Private Prayer in Christian Story*, 293.

other reason I should deserve the contempt of every one of you." When all preachers can honestly say that of their sermons there will be fewer folk asking "What's wrong with the Church?"'

Social Reform.

Those who hold that the Church should keep herself aloof from the State should read the clear and persuasive statement of the Bishop of Manchester which introduces *Christian Social Reformers of the Nineteenth Century* (S.C.M.; 7s. 6d. net). He ends, 'Our task as Christians is not to construct an ideal state in thought or imagination and then transform the actual into some resemblance to that ideal: our task is to apply certain principles with ever greater thoroughness to the world in which we live. Those principles are, or at any rate include, these four: the Sacredness of Personality; the Fact of Membership or Fellowship; the Duty of Service; the Power of Self-sacrifice.

'Christians will differ about the wisdom or expediency of particular proposals that may be made; and for this reason the Church must not be committed to any party or programme, and Christians who advocate programmes must be careful to avoid the suggestion that their proposal is one which all Christians ought to support. But there is no room for reasonable doubt about the responsibility of Christians to care for these things and to press forward the application to our actual social order of the social principles inherent in the Gospel.'

The volume contains an account of ten reformers. They are John Howard, by S. Kenneth Ruck; William Wilberforce, by Professor R. Coupland; Anthony Ashley Cooper, Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, by Constance Smith; Charles Dickens, by A. J. Carlyle, D.Litt.; Florence Nightingale, by Dame Mary Scharlieb, M.D.; John Malcolm Ludlow, by Charles E. Raven, D.D.; William Morris, by Hugh Martin; George Cadbury, by H. G. Wood; Henry Scott Holland, by James Adderley; James Keir Hardie, by A. Fenner Brockway. John Howard is included, we are told, because he belongs in spirit if not in date to the nineteenth century movement. Florence Nightingale is the only woman—in our opinion unmistakably the best choice if only one woman was to be included. But why only one? If we have Charles Dickens and John Ludlow and William Morris, why not Octavia Hill and Josephine Butler? There is great variety in the method of treatment. Every life is well done and is extraordinarily vivid considering the amount of space it has been possible to allot. The Earl of Shaftesbury, by Miss Constance Smith, is an admirable chapter, full of exact knowledge and well documented. Miss Smith—until lately, His Majesty's Deputy Chief Inspector of Factories—is an expert in all that pertains to factory legislation, and the editor has been fortunate in securing her. This is her summing up of Lord Shaftesbury's influence. He brought, she says, to his central work of re-humanizing industry 'the profound respect for human life and the passionate belief in human value by which he awakened the paralysed public conscience of nineteenth-century England. But he did more than this. An awakened public conscience, if it is not to spend itself in futile emotion, must find a channel of expression. Shaftesbury taught it to speak with the voice of law; and the lesson which he gave to his own generation now resounds throughout the civilized world.'

Many of the chapters have considerable emotional appeal, and though most of the incidents are known they are told so freshly that interest is sustained. An excellent example is the chapter on Florence Nightingale. At thirty she wrote in her diary, 'I am thirty, the age at which Christ began His mission. Now, no more childish things, no more vain things, no more love, no more marriage. Now, Lord, let me only think of Thy Will.' She tried hard, we are told, to put away her ideal from her, but in vain. When she found herself at last at Scutari she was faced with many minor difficulties. These are illustrated by the remarks of a nurse quoted in a letter by Miss Nightingale to her friend, Dr. Bowman: 'I came out, Ma'am, prepared to submit to everything, to be put upon in every way. But there are some things, Ma'am, one can't submit to. There is the Caps, Ma'am, that suits one face, and some that suits another. And if I'd known, Ma'am, about the Caps, great as was my desire to come out to nurse at Scutari, I wouldn't have come, Ma'am.' Of war her personal experience led her to write as follows: 'What the horrors of War are no one can imagine. They are not wounds and blood and fever, spotted and low, dysentery, chronic and acute, and cold and heat and famine. They are intoxication, drunken brutality, demoralization, and disorder on the part of the inferior; jealousies, meanness, and indifference, selfish brutality on the part of the superior.'

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