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flower on his own ground, and exposing the implications of his positions. I still fail to see Mr. Michell's complaint against my logic. If, *ex hypothesi*, the 'Chaldæans' were the priests of Bel, and if Daniel was a 'Chaldæan,' then Daniel was a priest of Bel. If, *ex hypothesi*, the priests of Bel were exclusively of Chaldæan race, and if Daniel was not of Chaldæan race, but of Hebrew race, then Daniel could not have been a priest of Bel. I tried to point out this essential contradiction, and my argument would seem to be elementary logic. Mr. Michell can only overthrow the logical sequence of my argument if he overthrows the second premiss in each of these cases. His disagreement with the first premiss is as irrelevant as my own. And since he stoutly maintains that Daniel was a 'Chaldæan,' and doubtless agrees that Daniel was a Hebrew, I am puzzled to know just what his complaint is.

At the close of his communication, Mr. Michell refers to 'Dr. Dick Wilson's analogy of a "Grecian."' I fear he has once again leapt to a too hasty and unwarranted conclusion. Had he been more careful, he would have noticed that the analogy I criticised appeared in a work issued in the name of J. D. Wilson, who would seem to be a different person from R. D. Wilson, the Princeton Professor.

H. H. Rowley.

Oxford.

'A Good Man.'

In the article 'Who was the Rich Young Ruler?' published in your November issue, there is an error which I think should be pointed out. The assertion that Barnabas 'is the only person that the New Testament calls "good"—outside Jesus' is inaccurate. Joseph of Arimathæa is described in Lk 23^{50} as 'a good man.' He also was a secret disciple; he was wealthy and a member of the Sanhedrin.

J. E. Compton.

Colchester.

Entre Nous.

Christ's Laws and Psychic Healing.

An analysis of the principles underlying psycho-analysis has been published by Dr. A. E. Davis. It is a condensed account of three lectures which he delivered last year in the Lady Chapel of Liverpool Cathedral—*The Principles of Psycho-Therapy* (Thompson, Liverpool; 6d.). Much has been written on Psycho-Therapy, but this is the clearest and the sanest account in small compass that we have seen. The widespread demand for psychological knowledge denotes, Dr. Davis believes, a world-wide protest against the pursuit of knowledge being exclusively in the direction of the physical. 'I attributed it to Divine Purpose; the first steps in the fulfilment of a promise made 1900 years ago. I regarded psycho-analysis as a cosmic counter movement.' Psychic healing, he says, is based on three laws, all of which are found in Christ's teaching. The first is the power of faith to heal—a faith which must be present in both healer and healed. The second is the law of human sympathy—not that that sympathy was non-existent before Christ's time, but that He was undoubtedly the first to direct attention to its enormous powers and to teach it. 'Confide ye in one another,' 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' The third law is the law of love, which is unselfishness. The commands, 'Love ye one another' and 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' if followed, would have far-reaching effects for the individual and for the whole of mankind. 'In the individual, the finer instincts would be developed and the baser instincts crushed.

'Among the latter would be jealousy, anger, envy, temptation, cruelty, selfishness, and unrestrained desires. All these are opposed to our finer instincts, with their instrument of expression, the conscience. Such opposition leads to mental conflict.

'The absence of such conflict is harmony; harmony of mind, body and spirit, constituting health. In the cases of psychic illnesses which have originated, or are kept up, by excessive self-regard, the aim of the physician must be to direct the flow of energy into nobler and healthier channels.' Faith then works 'in a scientifically demonstrable manner through the sympathetic nervous system, the regulator of all organic processes in the body; sympathy hastens all forms of psychic healing, and is a *sine qua non* in discovering and removing mental tension; love, through its quality of unselfishness, tends to maintain mental and physical health.'

Emotion in Religion.

'A well-known minister was conducting an evangelistic mission in a great American city. While presenting the charms of the gospel in the light of reason, he did not hesitate to encourage the appropriate degree of emotion.

'His host was a well-known and wealthy business man who frequently appeared on "'change" in the course of his business. One evening they sat over the fire discussing the mission, when the business man ventured to express his opinion that evangelism was far too emotional for him. "I don't believe in all this excitement," he said. "It raises the temperature and interferes with clear judgment. You're apt to regret afterward the steps you have taken at the impulse of the strong feeling of the moment." The minister said, by way of reply, simply, "That is a very interesting point of view." Then, apparently changing the subject, he said abruptly, "What are you doing to-morrow morning?" "Oh," replied his host, "I'm going down to the Street; I must be on 'Change to-morrow." "May I come with you?" said the minister. "Certainly," his friend replied, "you can watch from the gallery." The next morning the minister found himself looking down upon the arena of battle at the exchange. Men seemed to have gone mad. The air thrilled with excitement. Hatless and hoarse with calling and bawling, his business friend was as excited as the rest. After it was over he came rushing up to the minister. "What did you think of it?" he asked breathlessly. The minister replied coldly, but with a twinkle in his eye: "Too much excitement for me. I don't believe in all this emotion. I like things quieter myself. Don't see what the fuss is all about."

'The business man looked at him and then nodded his head slowly. "Yes," he said, "I see your point. I know what you mean. It's worth thinking over."'

The Rev. A. D. Belden, B.D., has gathered a number of stories from real life into his small volume, *When Power Comes* (Sampson Low; 3s. 6d. net), and it is from it that 'Emotion in Religion' is quoted. It is more concise than most of the stories, and for this reason it is perhaps hardly characteristic. But it is a good story, and this is a good collection.

A New Year Message.

It is not necessary to do more than announce a new book by Dr. Morrison. Its title is *The Gateways of the Stars* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), and it contains sixty-nine short addresses.

The last address is a word for the New Year, 'So will not we go back from Thee' (Ps 80[28]). 'To go back from God is to desert Him. It is to turn away the footsteps of our heart from Him. It is to doubt the vision we have had of Him in our intenser and more illumined moments. And quietly to determine in the opening year that whatever comes we shall not go back from God is one of the open secrets of the saints.'

'We are tempted sometimes to go back from God by the apparent indifference of heaven. There are seasons of the soul when things unseen are touched with a strange sense of unreality. The lamp that burns upon my study table is as nothing to the radiance of the moon. But then the lamp is near me, and I read by it, till I grow quite oblivious of the moon. And so there are seasons when the things around us so grip us in their vividness, that things eternal tend to grow unreal. At such times we do not renounce God, but we are often tempted to go back from Him. We lose the largeness of His presence.

'Again, we are tempted to retrogression in hours when all the lights are burning low. None is so strong that he does not now and then have fainting-fits. We lose heart, perhaps we know not how. A dull depression seizes on our spirits. Everything loses its keenness and its colour, and the whole world seems to be wrapt in grey. Now such seasons are always fraught with peril to the soul. They tempt us to unlawful extrications, perhaps in the immediate solace of the senses. But, even so, the brave heart will summon up its powers, and say, we will not go back from Thee.

'And then we are all tempted to go back from God, as the disciples were tempted to go back from Christ. To be perfect as is our Heavenly Father is a standard that often seems impossible. Is it any use striving to be holy with these insurgent and rebellious hearts? So are we tempted to take the lower road, thinking it more level to our powers, and we settle down into the second best. That is the tragedy of many lives—they have settled down into the second best. They had gleams once of the summit of Mount Everest; now they are content to dwell below it. But the real victory of this life of ours is *not* to gain the summit we have seen; it is to keep on climbing to the end. God's best in Christ is not for elect souls. It is for every one who trusts Him. Things that are impossible with man are possible with God. *So*, spite of all our failures, *we shall not go back from*

Thee in the New Year which is opening at our feet.'

'They that handle the pen' (Jg 5[14]).

The lessons that a pencil or a pen may teach have often been the subject of a sermon for boys and girls. But there is fresh thought in the one from which we quote. It is by the Rev. John MacBeath, M.A., of Fillebrook Baptist Church, Leytonstone, and is found in *Roadmakers and Roadmenders*. We believe that this is Mr. MacBeath's first book of young people's material, but it should not be his last. The sermons are capital—thirty-four of them—and the price is only 2s. 6d. (Carey Press).

A little boy had an imaginary conversation with his pencil, and in it the pencil said some wise things which the boy never forgot. Ever afterwards he thought of the things that he and his pencil had in common. 'The business of a pencil is to make marks, and it should be the business of every boy and girl to make a mark. I don't mean so much the marks we make in our examinations, or the score we make in cricket or tennis, and I certainly don't mean the marks of worry or care that some boys and girls make on mother's brow: nor have I in mind the marks a boy makes with his pocket-knife on trees or benches in the park and other places. I mean what everybody means when they say that a man has made his mark. They mean that he made a success of some good cause.

'That boy discovered this too: it is not the wood of the pencil that makes the mark, but the lead inside, and it is not the "wooden" things about a boy that will enable him to make his mark; it is the heart he carries inside, it is the mind within, it is the hidden will and purpose, the secret determination that will bear him through difficulty and discouragement to his goal.

'David Livingstone was not a big man, but he had a mighty spirit within, and a conquering will. He made his mark. He left his mark upon the history and geography of Africa and influenced the thought and action of civilized peoples.

'Another thing the pencil said to the schoolboy was this: "When I came into the world I could not make a mark, but I've been sharpened since; have you?" He couldn't say anything, but he began to think that after all there may be some good in schools and teachers and lessons and books, because they sharpen a boy's mind, they give point to a girl's intelligence, they prepare us to make our mark, so that we may go out into the world and be good for something. Nobody likes blunt or dull people: blunt people sometimes like themselves, but no one else does; and nobody likes people who are too sharp: a pencil that is too sharp will break, and a boy who is too sharp will get into trouble. But it is fine to be quick—that is, if you are quick in the right place—not quick-tempered, but quick at arithmetic, quick to oblige, quick to obey, quick at errands.

'There was a boy who once came away from a gentleman's office and said to another boy he met that the gentleman didn't seem to be able to see. And when he was asked why he had that idea, he said: "Why, I wasn't in his office a minute before he asked me twice where my cap was, and it was on my head all the time!"

'I like a pencil with a sharp point, and I like a boy with a keen, alert mind. He will make his mark.

'We are not always careful about a new pencil: there is so much of it that it seems as if it would never end. But afterwards, when it gets shorter, we take more care of it, and that is how we feel about time. We are too careless about it when we are young because we seem to have so much, but later on we begin to feel its real value because it is always getting less and less. To waste time is as bad as to waste money; it is worse, because you might get your money back again, but you can't get time over again.

'Is that all the pencil said to the schoolboy? You would never think that there was so much in a pencil. But before he slept that night the boy heard the pencil whisper this last word: "And I bear my maker's name; do you?" Well, after that he couldn't sleep for a while. He remembered the story of the old French general who said that if his heart were taken from his body after his death, and cut into small pieces, the name of Napoleon would be found written on every piece. He loved his emperor as much as that.

'I believe we all should bear our Maker's name, not only where the general wore his emperor's name, but where the pencil wears its maker's name—on the outside, on our actions and words and behaviour.'

'The Liverpool Review.'

In the December number of *The Liverpool Review* Canon Raven has a suggestive treatment of Ezk 12[22]: 'The days are at hand, and every vision is coming to its fulfilment.' How does a

new vision of God come? he asks, and finds that two conditions are necessary. When both are fulfilled there is a great step forward. 'You can test it if you think of the great religious movements associated with the names of Moses, of Samuel, of Ezra and Nehemiah, or of St. Paul, St. Francis, or Martin Luther. The two conditions are these. There is first a development in civilization, a general enlargement of human life, a change in the order and level of society. Then, secondly, alongside of these secular events must be their religious interpretation. Those whose special task is the care of religion must be sensitive to the new ideas and discoveries of the time, and have the courage to see and declare the fresh vision of God which they make possible. Sometimes this re-birth of religion is the work of one or more prophets or geniuses; sometimes, as in the time of Ezra or of Luther, a general movement in the Church ushers in a new age.'

These two conditions are fulfilled to-day. 'We have had a century in which man's outlook and way of life have been drastically and enormously changed.

'The second may seem less obvious. The Church or the churches have been slow to appreciate the discoveries of the new age, slow to shake themselves free from ideas and habits of thought and practice that belong to the past. . . . But the time of uncertainty and obscurantism is passing away.'

This Christmas number of *The Liverpool Review* is a larger publication than usual. It contains sixteen pages of reading matter. It is always profusely illustrated—artistic illustrations be it noted—and this month there are four extra pages. The Review is a model of its kind, having an amazing amount of variety in it. It should be of interest beyond the boundaries of the diocese. A series of value is Dr. Budden's articles on Parish Churches.

John S. Hoyland.

Joseph de Maistre, writing to his young son soon after he left home, said: 'This morning I felt a tightening at my heart when a pet dog came running in and jumped upon your bed, where he finds you no more. He soon perceived his mistake, and said clearly enough, after his own fashion: "I am mistaken; where can he be then?" As for me, I have felt all that you will feel, if ever you pursue this mighty trade of being a father.' Mr. John Hoyland, already well known to us for his book of Prayers, written for use in an Indian College, and for 'The Sacrament of Common Life,' is pursuing this mighty trade, and in *Prayers for a One-Year-Old* (Heffer; 2s. 6d. net) we have the thoughts on life and on God that the little one-year-old son suggests to him.

Teach us again to-day,
Our Son,
This thy incredible truth—
That God rejoiceth in human love,
Yearneth for human love, human trust,
Acheth to save and redeem human hearts, human lives,
From each shadow of pain, each slightest suggestion of evil,
Striveth for man's well-being, shaping and building him right,
Fighteth, with all His eternal wisdom and skill,
The forces that pull man back to the beast,—
Even as we, weak visionless creatures, thy parents,
Rejoice, yearn, ache, strive, fight for thee and thy welfare,—
Yea, and how vastly, ineffably more.

Teach us this lesson anew,
Small prophet of truth.

Gerald Gould.

THE ATONEMENT.

One died upon a lonely Cross
—Lonely enough with two beside.
Dear, that was your loss and my loss,
And it was there we died.
O past the scope of hand's compelling,
Past the cunning of the eyes,
Past the noose that thought, rebelling,
Flings to snare the skies,
His love reached out to every part,
And taught his fellows to atone,
And broke my heart and broke your heart,
And would not let him die alone.[1]

[1] *Beauty the Pilgrim*, 9.

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