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the same succession as in Mark, in spite of twelve differences of order in Luke when compared with Mark. Professor Creed says that 'the backbone of the work' is Mark; I should prefer to describe the Markan element as a collection of dissevered vertebræ; but the problem must be left to other investigators.

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Gn. l. 22-26, Dt. xxxiv. 4-7, Jos. xxiv. 29 ff.

MY attention has been drawn to the close resemblance there is, both in matter and construction, in the short summaries appended to the Books of Genesis, Deuteronomy, and Joshua (Gn 50^{22-26}, Dt 34^{4-7}, Jos $24^{29ff.}$)—a resemblance sufficient to suggest probability of their having been framed by the same editorial hand.

It will be seen that these passages, occurring at the close of three different books (one, outside the Pentateuch), record respectively the deaths of Joseph, Moses, and Joshua; and that in all three cases their ages and the details of their burial are carefully given. It is especially noticeable that, whereas it is recorded in the passage from Genesis that Joseph was embalmed and put into a coffin in Egypt, the passage from Joshua gives the sequel, and records how, according to his expressed will, his bones were taken up from Egypt, and the burial consummated in his father Jacob's purchased field at Shechem.

I am tempted now to ask whether the hardly accidental resemblance of these three passages to one another may have also attracted the attention of Biblical scholars; and whether inferences of any importance may be deducible from it.

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The Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the August 1934 issue inquires if, in the Greek Church, this prayer is used under the name of St. Basil, on grounds of doubt as to the orthodoxy of St. Chrysostom?

The Greek Church has no doubt as to the orthodoxy of St. Chrysostom. The prayer is, however, used in the Liturgy of St. Basil, exactly in the same way as in that of St. Chrysostom. A very large part of the two liturgies is common to both, and this prayer belongs to the common part. In the oldest MS. of these liturgies (Barberini of ninth century) the prayer is actually given in St. Basil and not in St. Chrysostom. While this may not mean more than that the copyist did not wish to repeat the common part, it suggests that the prayer is more likely to be St. Basil's than St. Chrysostom's, though it cannot be proved that either of them is the author.

At the period of the Reformation the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom had been (as it still remains to-day) the normal liturgy of the Orthodox Church, that of St. Basil being used only ten times in the year. Cranmer probably translated the prayer from a copy of the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom, and, accepting the liturgy as authentic, called the prayer 'A Prayer of St. Chrysostom.'

While the English Prayer-Book version of the prayer is nearer the Latin than the Greek, it can hardly be the case that the Prayer-Book version is based on the Latin. The prayer does not occur (at least, so far as I know) in the pre-Reformation Latin services, and so there was no Latin version to base it on. The Latin version was probably translated from the English. The prayer is interesting as being the only formulary in the Prayer-Book translated directly from a Greek original.

HENRY HOLLOWAY.

Joppa, Midlothian.

Entre Nous.

Under the Bay Tree.

'Dear good Friend under the Bay Tree,—
Your charming letter did me good. I have quite given up hope of ever hearing from your (good) (bad) man, so I put my trust in you.' So S. R. Crockett wrote to Catherine Robertson Nicoll on July 18th, 1899, and his opening greeting has provided her with a title for the delightful volume of reminiscences she has just published. They cover all her time at

Bay Tree Lodge, Frognal—from May 1897 when she went there on her marriage and found her two step-children at the door waiting 'to receive us and to give me a piece of shortbread to break and eat as I crossed the threshold,' up to May 1923 when her husband died.

Robertson Nicoll once said in the *British Weekly*, 'Most of us would shrink from writing autobiography, but it is a very natural desire to set down in order some reminiscences or recollections of the people you have known, and the events you have witnessed.' Lady Robertson Nicoll has the requisites of the successful chronicler, for she has an easy and pleasant style, and she was in contact for over twenty-five years with most of the literary men and women of the time. The book gives a delightful picture of their neighbours in Hampstead. There were the St. John Adcocks, Max Pemberton, the Du Mauriers, Pett Ridge, Beatrice Harraden, and others. Dr. Alexander Whyte retired to 22 Church Row, quite close to them. And those who did not live there paid frequent visits. The Dutch novelist, Maarten Maartens, is often at Bay Tree Lodge. Ian Maclaren was a frequent visitor. Dr. Hastings' visits are spoken of: 'Himself a scholar, he had the gift of graciously listening to the most ignorant talker, leading them to feel that he enjoyed their opinions, and that they were worth having.'

Her first letter of congratulation after her engagement was from J. M. Barrie, and the second from Mrs. Burnett Smith (Annie Swan). It is with a smile that we read a sentence from the latter, in which Mrs. Burnett Smith speaks of 'These present irresponsible days' and bemoans the small number who entertain a high ideal of what the marriage estate ought to be. The date of this letter is April 5th, 1897!

There are pleasant accounts of holidays in the Riviera and of summers in Scotland spent in the old manse of Lumsden. These were welcome changes from the busy Hampstead life where Robertson Nicoll in spite of constant poor health turned out his 20,000 words a week, was always starting new enterprises. Lady Robertson Nicoll quotes several amusing skits on his multifarious interests:

'Then Doyle was heard complaining, with resentment and surprise
That Nicoll put his finger in too many of the pies;
But Nicoll, with a weary smile, still sampled every course,
And wondered Doyle should pass him such a quantity of sauce.'

About the same time *Punch* came out with a 'bulletin':

'Distinguished Patients.
Dr. Robertson Nicoll remains in a very critical condition. He complains of plurality and congestion of the organs.'

In private life we see Robertson Nicoll as a devoted father (to his younger daughter Mildred he is 'your very loving Popsy-Wopsy') and a generous husband. 'Another theory of my husband's was that a wife should not be harassed over money, she should be, if possible, trusted with all the funds, stewarding them to the best of her ability. So all cheques were handed to me.' His great interest was people. He cared for places and buildings only because of the people who were associated with them. Churchyards held a fascination for him: 'From interest in the lives of those sleeping there.' . . . 'On a tombstone at Bath, in memory of an old lady who died at the age of one hundred and twelve, he noted that 'during the later years of her life she was distinguished by both virtue and propriety!'

Robertson Nicoll had a number of friends for whom he had a peculiarly close affection, and whose society he cultivated assiduously. T. Herbert Darlow came to see him every Thursday for thirty years; Sir John Adams was a weekly visitor; Canon Anthony Deane, when vicar of Hampstead, was another. And the reminiscences end with a letter from him: 'It is a Saturday afternoon as I write—and, oh, how hard to realise that I cannot go over to Hampstead and mount the stairs to meet again that affectionate welcome.'

Under the Bay Tree has been printed for private circulation only, but it is no secret that copies are being bought freely, and may be had from booksellers in Aberdeen and elsewhere. The price is 7s. 6d. net. In the dress of the volume we see Lady Robertson Nicoll's artistic gifts. The illustrations add greatly to its charm and value, and make it a joy to handle.

Answered Prayer.

'Mr. Mann (the Lumsden General Merchant) knew all the people within a wide radius, having grown up amongst them. We were talking one day of answered prayer, and he told the following story: "There was a devout old woman in an outlying cottage—before the days of Old Age Pensions and doles. She was very poor. One day, having no food at all in her little home, she prayed, as was her wont, for help. There came a knock on the

door and a loaf of bread was handed in by the baker's boy. 'What made you think of her?' I asked, guessing who the angel of deliverance had been. Mr. Mann answered, 'I couldn't say. I was working at my accounts when the thought suddenly came to me: Send Mrs. B—— a loaf of bread.'" '[1]

Ploughed Under.

The latest Dohnavur book is *Ploughed Under*, the story of Star, the sister of Mimosa. Amy Carmichael tells the story well, for she has a real literary gift. It begins with Star's search for a God who could change dispositions. She was about to give up the search when one day a sentence repeated several times by one of the Dohnavur preachers who had come to her village caught her attention. '*There is a living God. There is a living God: He turned me, a lion, into a lamb.*' . . . "I will not worship a dead god," she almost spoke aloud in her eagerness. "Siva is a dead god. I will not rub his ashes on my forehead." Then she went slowly home, pondering those luminous words, "*There is a living God: there is a living God.*" ' Star's is a happy story, the author says. 'It was written for the most part in a little brown house in the heart of a great forest; and for many days there was rain. . . . But every morning, huddled under dripping leaves in the gloom, there were birds that whistled and sang, and the gallant yellow-breasted bulbuls always seemed to be gayest when the grey rods of rain smote the greenwood most sharply. I hope that something of this bird-song has sung through the story. It should, for the way of the Belovèd with all His lovers leads straight to the only kind of happiness that is not dependent on fair weather; and He who can make of clay, crystal, and of soft iron, Damascus steel, can enable the least of us for a life, be it a fight in the open or endurance in the shadow, which turns these words to deeds:

'*Come ill, come well, the cross, the crown,*
The rainbow or the thunder—
I fling my soul and body down
For God to plough them under.

And this, this only, is the way of joy.'

The book is published by the S.P.C.K., and the price is 2s. 6d. net.

Fireside Reflections.

The Rev. Charles H. Hodgson of Derby contributes short religious talks to 'The Derby Evening Telegraph.' These have now been collected and published in book form—*Fireside Reflections* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). Mr. Hodgson's mind is richly stored with literary allusions, and when he says 'I recall' we prepare to listen with enjoyment. We take the liberty of quoting two of his illustrations.

'I recall the philosophy of the aged lodge-keeper, Neddy Joe, in Donn Bryne's delightful story, *Hangman's House*. These are his words: "Master Dermot, when a man dies, he's summed up by this—does he leave a hole in the world?" '[2]

Forgiveness.

'I recall a very fine passage in a novel I read a long time ago, *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. It runs like this: "The teaching of modern philosophy is that what is done is done, and what we have written we have written, and that there is no atonement for the deed once accomplished, and no washing out of the handwriting against us. But I have not so learned Christ."

'"Then do you believe that what is done can ever be undone?" asked Paul. "Surely that is impossible."

'"I do not wish to prophesy smooth things," replied his father, "nor to sprinkle the way of life with rose-water. I know that if a man breaks the laws of nature he will be punished to the uttermost, for there is no forgiveness in nature. I know that if a man breaks the laws of society he will find neither remission nor mercy, for there is no forgiveness in society; but I believe that if a man breaks the laws of God his transgression can be taken away as though it had never been, for 'there is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared.'"

'"It is a grand gospel that you preach, father, and seems almost too good to be true."

'"Nothing is too good to be true; the truth is the best of everything." '[3]

[1] C. R. Nicoll, *Under the Bay Tree*, 159.

[2] P. 97.

[3] P. 123.

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