

Entre Nous.

Offer of Prizes.

Eight prizes are offered as follows:—

For the best anecdote illustrating any text of Scripture—

1. From Biography.
2. From History.
3. From Personal Experience.

For the best illustration, not an anecdote, of any text of Scripture—

4. From Nature or Science.
5. From Art or Industry.
6. From Human Life.
7. From Literature.

8. For the best illustration in verse of any text of Scripture.

In every case the source of the illustration must be stated fully (author, vol., page) and the quotation must be made exactly.

These eight prizes will be awarded in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for March 1911 for illustrations received by the 1st of January.

Another award will be made of eight prizes in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for July 1911 for illustrations received before the 1st of May.

The prizes offered are—

Any volume of the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, together with the right to purchase the rest of the volumes at a quarter less than the published price, namely, 21s. instead of 28s. net.

Or—

Any four volumes of the *Great Texts of the Bible*.

Or—

Either volume of the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*.

Or—

The single-volume *Dictionary of the Bible*.

Or—

Any four volumes of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series.

Those who send illustrations should say which offer they prefer if successful. Those who send more than one illustration should name more than one volume or set of volumes in case they should be awarded more than one prize.

Cardinal Vaughan.

The Life of Cardinal Vaughan, by J. G. Snead-Cox (Herbert and Daniel; 2 vols., 21s. net), is the

most successful biography for many years. By successful we do not mean that it has sold best, or is likely to sell best. We mean that it is best written. It fulfils best the purpose of a biography. You read it, and you know Cardinal Vaughan. Cardinal Vaughan is by no means discovered to have been an ideal man. But it is quite within the mark to say that this is an ideal biography.

Let us recall some of the things we have noticed in the reading of it.

'For nearly twenty years it was the daily practice of Herbert Vaughan's mother to spend an hour—from five to six in the afternoon—in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament asking this favour—that God would call every one of her children to serve Him in the Choir or in the Sanctuary. In the event all her five daughters entered convents, and of her eight sons six became priests; even the two who have remained in the world for a time entered ecclesiastical seminaries to try their vocations.'

It was one of the principles of her life never to ask God to send any earthly blessing to those she loved.

She loved every book that treated of prayer; she used to buy every book she heard of on the subject. 'For long years before her dear death,' says her eldest son the Cardinal, 'she used to talk to me about prayer, and I remember that I could not understand how it was she was so charmed by what I considered so dry, and her language used to flow, and her countenance, beautiful as it always was, used to glow with what, I know now, was Divine Love.'

This is about the father. On the brow of Coppet Hill, Herbert nearly shot his father. They were out partridge shooting, and just drawing together under a tree for luncheon, when, putting his gun to half-cock, it somehow went off and the whole charge whizzed past his father's head; the Colonel turned quickly, and, taking the situation in at a glance, said, 'Well, now let us unpack the basket.'

'On another occasion, when I had shown over-much relish for some dish, my father reminded me that it was a poor thing to be a slave to any appetite or practice. Blushing to the roots of my

hair, I ventured to retaliate, saying, "Well, Father, how is it that the snuff-box is brought to you every day at the end of dinner?—you always take out a big pinch." For a moment he was silent, and then made me fetch the box, and while in the act of tossing it into the fire he said, "There goes the box, and that is the end of that bit of slavery."

There is no need to follow the incidents of Cardinal Vaughan's life. Let us see Cardinal Vaughan himself. He became Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's College, and this is said of him there: 'He struck the students as being a very apostolic priest. He would be off on Sunday mornings to Hertford, or Waltham Cross, or St. Albans, to say Mass and give the Sacraments, for in those days there were no Catholic missions at those places, and he would come home late on Sunday night worn out. We were very proud of him when we heard how, late one Sunday evening, as he was driving across Hertford Heath in the college gig, wrapped in his old Roman cloak, his horse was stopped by a man who demanded his money or his life. This was too much for Dr. Vaughan, who cried out, "Wait a bit!" and jumped out of the gig. Whether the robber was frightened by his stature, I cannot say, but he beat a hasty retreat, and then, dodging round the gig, jumped into it and drove off, leaving Dr. Vaughan to find his way on foot to Hertford. There he found the man had left the horse and gig at the inn. We boys said, "He will go again next Sunday," and he did.'

He was a successful beggar. This is from his diary: 'The last day I was minus 700 dollars, and knew not where to turn for it—could not beg from the poor, and the Bishop only tolerated begging from the richer Catholics of the city. A man met me, as I knew not which way to go, and gave me 200 dollars, saying he wished to become a special benefactor. In the evening I was minus 400 dollars. I went into Mr. Donohoe's bank to sit down. I told him my case: he had no sympathy for the work, and had given 250 dollars to please his wife. Said he would lend me 400 dollars. "But I can't lend them to the Blessed Virgin," said I, smiling. I told him I had not come with the intention of begging of him—he had given generously already. Finally I said, "What interest do you require?" "Never mind that," he answered. "When do you want the

principal back?" "Never mind that either," said he. And so that night Our Lady had her burse completed.'

He begged all over America, North and South. This happened in Chili: 'One day, as I was walking along the street, a man came up to me and said in Spanish, "Are you the person who is begging for the establishment of a Missionary College in London?" "Yes, I am," I replied. "Then," said he, "take these hundred dollars." "Who are you?" said I, "that I may put your name down in my book?" "I am nobody," he replied, and away he went and I saw him no more. Another day I was begging from house to house, and I entered the house of a washerwoman. She gave me the coppers that were standing by her soapsuds. The next house I went into was that of a rich man. I asked him for alms, and he put his name down for £1000.'

He was—what shall we call it?—superstitious. He set his mind upon a certain house at Mill Hill for his Missionary College, but the owner would not sell. He prayed to St. Joseph about it, but still the owner would not sell. He called upon the owner, said he was going on further, and asked permission to leave a parcel till his return. He did not return for it. It was a statue of St. Joseph. In a few days the owner agreed to sell the house.

Cardinal Vaughan was perhaps the most unflinching, the most uncompromising advocate of the infallibility of the Pope in England. His simple rule of conduct, says Mr. Snead-Cox, his easy test for Catholic loyalty, was always, and under all circumstances, to stand on the side of Rome. He owned the *Tablet* at the time. And—these are the words of his biographer: 'As far as the *Tablet* was concerned, Herbert Vaughan deliberately set himself to strangle and suppress any and every utterance in favour of the Inopportunist Party. A search through the correspondence columns of the *Tablet* fails to show a single letter on the side of which, in this country, Cardinal Newman and the Bishop of Clifton (Dr. Clifford) were the conspicuous exponents.'

On the 24th of September 1883, Cardinal Manning wrote to him (Vaughan was then Bishop of Salford): 'I will send your American Canon Law, packed up by mistake, and Sheridan, for I lay it on you to read the *Critic* and the *School for Scandal*. You would be holier and happier if

you would enter into such things with patience and learn to laugh. You are grim and truculent. The pictures' (apparently they had visited some exhibition together) 'bored you, and I never saw you excited until you took me among the Tiles and Stoves and Drain Pipes. This makes you sharp and inhuman to your fellow-creatures, and if you are so in the Green Tree, what will you be in the Dry?'

He had no sympathy with the effort that was made while he was Archbishop of Westminster to obtain recognition from the Pope of Anglican Orders. 'Let us be quite clear,' he says, 'as to what we mean by Orders. Catholics understand Ordination to be the bestowal upon men, first, of a power to change bread and wine, so that in their place our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ becomes truly and substantially present on the altar in His Divine and Human natures, and to offer Him up in true Eucharistic Sacrifice to the Eternal Father; secondly, of a power to forgive the sins of men with a divine efficacy. We cannot allow that Anglican Orders possess or confer these supernatural powers, which are of the Priesthood of Christ.'

Revell's Books.

* Messrs. Revell have sent out five volumes at once. The most important of the five has the title of *Jesus the Worker*. It contains the Cole Lectures for 1909, delivered before Vanderbilt University by Charles McTyeire Bishop, D.D. (3s. 6d. net). On the teaching of Jesus we have had books innumerable, on the work He did upon earth very few. Dr. Bishop does not follow Him in His daily task from place to place. He describes rather the purpose which Christ sought to fulfil in His work, and the great principles which gave the law to it. The titles of his lectures are (1) Jesus the Man, (2) the Acts of Jesus, (3) the Attitude of Jesus towards the Universe, (4) the Constructive Purpose of Jesus, (5) the Ethics of Jesus, (6) Jesus the Preacher.

The smallest of the five books is called *Our Big Boys and the Sunday School* (1s. 6d. net). It is written by A. H. M'Kinney, Ph.D. Its subject is large enough and urgent enough. Dr. M'Kinney is very serious and practical.

Wireless Messages, by C. N. Broadhurst (3s. 6d. net), is a book about prayer, chiefly in anecdote and chiefly on answers to prayer. Here is one of the

anecdotes. 'Lord Kelvin was one of the leading scientists of the nineteenth century. A friend of science once asked him which discovery of his life he considered the most valuable. He replied: "I consider the most valuable discovery of my life the discovery I made when I discovered that Jesus Christ was my Saviour. He has been my constant friend and helper in my life-work, and every discovery I have made that has contributed to the benefit of man He has given me in answer to prayer."

It is curious to find the same anecdote in the next volume, *The Passion for Reality*, by Doremus Scudder (1s. 6d. net). But the testimony is here attributed to Sir James Y. Simpson: 'It was no mystic, but that remarkable surgeon, who gave to the world chloroform, Sir James Y. Simpson, who, in reply to the question, "What is your greatest discovery?" said simply, "That I have a Saviour."

The fifth is a missionary book—*Sketches from the Karen Hills* (3s. 6d. net), by Alonzo Bunker, D.D., the author of *Soo Thak*. You will see by the following that Dr. Bunker knows how to tell his story.

'Several narrow escapes from a horrible death from serpents have befallen me in my missionary life, which have deeply impressed me with the providential care of our Heavenly Father. One of these was from a python, and a second from a giant cobra. The python, or, as sometimes called, the rock snake, is a variety of the boa family, and is often found in Asia, especially in Burma. The bite of this snake is not so poisonous. He captures his prey in his strong coils and crushes it, when he swallows it, beginning with the head. He can easily dispose thus of a small deer or pig. They are sometimes found thirty feet in length, and are attractively coloured in rhomboidal figures. I once saw one running down a ravine, which could not have been less than twenty-five feet in length. The python is very fierce, and also quick in movement when darting for prey.

This serpent was captured one morning about a mile from the place where it was photographed. Two Karen lads was travelling with me over a mountain covered with old jungle, or that which had been left undisturbed for centuries. It was during the hot season, and the plains were very dry, so the animals had fled into the mountains for cool shade and water. There were in this forest a

variety of large and small deer, wild hogs, bears, and other beasts. The forest through which we were going was very dense, some of the trees being from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height. Rattans, small palms, bamboos, and many long-leafed tropical plants grew in profusion. The air was heavy with the fragrance of flowering trees and creeping plants, mingled with the rank odour of living creatures. We were expecting at every turn of the brook, along which we were cautiously proceeding, to see some wild animal. We were not looking for serpents, though knowing we were passing through their haunts. I was stepping from rock to rock in the brook, so as to avoid noise which would frighten away game, and my two Karen boys were following at some distance along the bank of the brook. As I put my foot upon a large rock, I noticed a sudden movement among the dry leaves between that rock and a larger one about three feet from it; and at the same time I caught sight of the brilliant colours of this great serpent through the leaves. Quick as thought I sprang to the bank of the brook, but only a few seconds before the enormous folds of this serpent swept over the place on which I stood. In fact, we had sprung nearly together, though I was, most fortunately, slightly ahead of the snake. Immediately I put a fatal shot through his neck.

The wisdom of the serpent was here clearly shown; for he had coiled himself closely between the rocks, and covered himself with dry leaves, so that he could easily capture any animal passing up or down the brook. For such an animal would naturally step over either of the rocks, and so into the coils of the monster. And he surely would have caught me, if I had not seen him as quickly as I did. My two Karen boys were greatly excited, and most joyous over the escape of their teacher. Their joy was also heightened by the thought of the coming feast; for they declared the flesh of the python was like that of the chicken. They coiled him on a long bamboo, and it required their united strength, with frequent rests, to carry him to the camp.'

The Churchman's Pulpit.

Let us notice three new parts just received. Part 45 (Griffiths; 1s. 6d. net) contains sermons

for the twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. Part 46 (5s. net) contains sermons for the general advent season. It runs to 256 closely printed pages. Part 79 (3s. 6d. net) is the third part, containing sermons to the young.

Speak to me, Christ.

In Poets' Corner (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d.) is the title of Mr. Maclean Watt's new book of ballads and verse. There is only one way of reviewing it—to quote a ballad. If it is a godly ballad, it is none the worse for that, and comes appropriately from Scotland. Only let it be understood that it is a fair example, and that the book it is found in is beautiful without and within.

Speak to me, Christ, amid earth's sin and riot,
That I may hear
Thy Love's sweet pleading near,
Bringing my spirit quiet.

Low by the dripping levels of my life,
Here dwelleth Sin,
Barring my heart lest Love should enter in,
And setting all my dreams about with strife.

Speak to me out of Thy Love's quiet stretching
spaces,
That, though afar,
I follow may the promise of Thy star,
And see again the old, loved, faded faces.

And if, amid the songs of Cherubim
Where all saints be,
The Father hear the pleading needs of me,
And, stooping, see mine eyes all sorrow dim,

And lead me where my feet, sin shaken free,
May safely stand
In Love's own fatherland,
Seeing and loving, 'twere enough for me!

The Choice Books.

Have you seen 'The Choice Books' of Messrs. Harrap & Company? The latest two are *Sacred Poems of the XIX Century* and *Dainty Poems of the XIX Century*, both edited by Kate A. Wright (1s. net each). Here is one of the Dainty Poems.

It is Kingsley's:

MARGARET TO DOLCINO.

Ask if I love thee? oh, smiles cannot tell
Plainer what tears are now showing too well:
Had I not loved thee, my sky had been clear;
Had I not loved thee, I had not been here,
Weeping by thee.

Ask if I love thee? How else could I borrow
Pride from man's slander, and strength from
my sorrow?

Laugh when they sneer at the fanatic's bride,
Knowing no bliss, save to toil and abide
Weeping by thee.

Messrs. Harrap are the publishers also of *A Little Book of Eastern Wisdom* (2s. 6d. net). It is very beautiful, and no doubt the leather bindings will make it more beautiful still. But apart from its beauty it will be a surprise because of the extraordinary wealth of sententious wisdom gathered within its covers. The selecting and editing has been done by Mr. Claud Field. Here is a saying of Mohammed:

From a crookèd rib was woman formed, my
friend,
You may break her, but you cannot bend;
But if she always has her way,
She'll grow more crooked every day;
Use her tenderly, is what I say.

And here is a saying of Jalaluddin Rumi:

Spring may come, but on granite will grow no
green thing;
It was barren in winter, 'tis barren in spring;
And granite man's heart is, till grace intervene,
And, crushing it, clothe the long barren with
green.
When the fresh breath of Jesus shall touch the
heart's core,
It will live, it will breathe, it will blossom once
more.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustrations this month have been found by the Rev. J. H. Hamilton, M.A., Liver-

pool, and the Rev. B. F. Relton, London, to each of whom a copy of Leckie's *Authority in Religion* will be sent.

Illustrations for the Great Text for December must be received by the 1st of November. The text is Ps 9^{9, 10}.

The Great Text for January is Ps 11⁸:

'If the foundations be destroyed,
What can the righteous do?'

A copy of Forrest's *Authority of Christ*, or any volume of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for February is Ps 14¹:

'The fool hath said in his heart,
There is no God.'

A copy of any volume of the 'International Theological Library,' or of the 'International Critical Commentary,' will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for March is Ps 16¹¹:

'Thou wilt shew me the path of life:
In thy presence is fulness of joy;
In thy right hand there are pleasures for
evermore.'

A copy of any volume of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for April is Ps 23¹:

'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'

A copy of the new edition of Walker's *The Cross and the Kingdom*, or Canon Cooke's *The Progress of Revelation*, or Macgregor's *Some of God's Ministries*, will be given for the best illustration.

Those who send illustrations should at the same time name the books they wish sent them if successful. Illustrations to be sent to the Editor, St. Cyrus, Montrose, Scotland.

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