

due, not to the great mass of careless humanity, but to the chosen band, few in number, yet invincible in purpose, who are consumed by their zeal for the Lord's house, the leaven which leavens our dulness and indifference; to the men and women whose heart is so inflamed by the wrong that round them lies, by the vision of the good to be won, that they are determined to perish themselves if that is the only way by which the Kingdom can be brought nearer. And at the head of these stands the Great Chief of faithful souls, 'the holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy,' who for the joy that was set before Him—to win the Kingdom for mankind—endured the Cross, despising shame. It is the supreme sacrifices of supreme souls which abound unto the salvation of the world, and prove 'a ransom for many' who are not even

conscious of what has been done and suffered for them.

In anticipating the advent of the Kingdom in the imminent future, whether within the year or within the lifetime of His generation, Jesus was the child of His age; in pointing to the method and agency by which alone the goal would be won, He declared a central mystery which is also a vital truth, and which every age and every soul may verify anew. When the love of goodness becomes a passion—not an academic approbation, but a dynamic violently struggling into life—then, and not till then, redemption draweth nigh, and the Kingdom is 'in the midst.'

The Mystery of the Kingdom is sealed and unsealed with a Cross.

In the Study.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

May.

EMPIRE DAY.

'With a great sum obtained I this freedom.'—Acts 22²⁸.

MANY years ago, a little girl got a letter on her birthday. It was written on very fine paper with a grand crest at the top. If you were to see any of your little girl friends look as demure and old-fashioned as this child did when the letter was read to her, I believe you would feel half sorry, and wonder if she ever played. That little girl's letter of long ago came at length to be printed in a book, and this morning I want to let you hear the first sentence of it.

24th May 1822.

'Uncle William and Aunt Adelaide send their love to *dear little Victoria*, with their best wishes on her birthday, and hope that she will now become a *very good girl*, being now *three years old*.'

Little Victoria afterwards became our Queen, and a very good Queen she was. She lived to be an old woman, having reigned more than sixty years.

During her reign her birthday was always kept. Those of your fathers and mothers who had their

early homes in a city will remember how, on the 24th of May, or as near that date as possible, they used to get a school holiday—The Queen's Birthday. When King Edward became king he made no change; the old holiday remained, and in Victoria's memory was called 'Victoria Day.'

1. To you the 24th of May is known by the bigger name of 'Empire Day.' I wonder if you ever ask yourselves what that name means? You run about and enjoy yourselves; you take all the fun you can out of your holiday, for it is generally a day of bright sunshine. The name probably conveys as little meaning to you as 'Whitsunday' does. Yet there is a long and wonderful story behind the word 'Empire.'

When Trafalgar Day is mentioned, what big boy or girl does not think of Nelson and his famous battle-cry—'England expects every man to do his duty'? On Empire Day we are meant to be happy and proud because we belong to the British Empire. At school, I feel sure that you have been told how the sun never sets on it. That is just a poetical way of saying that it includes countries all round the Globe—Australia, New Zealand, India, part of Africa, Canada. But it is possible that not so much of its wonderful story has been told you as might have been.

2. That story is only in the making. Your

fathers and mothers know how interesting it has been in the past; one day you boys and girls will be able to thank God for its grandeur. For nearly two years our Empire has been armed and up to fight. We are fighting for freedom, and that against a nation whose religion, instead of being the *Love* taught by Jesus Christ, is a religion of *Might*. Since the terrible struggle began, we have learnt among many other things that our peoples all over the world are bound together by a tie like that of the family. In Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, young men have risen up and said, 'I am going to help'—'*Home* to help,' they say: they never forget that this Island of Great Britain is the mother country, and they love it.

Every one of us is longing for the struggle to cease. The losses to the Empire have been counted by hundreds of thousands of precious lives. The war has cost a very great deal of money too. But if the Empire remains true to the traditions and ideals of this our Island home, one day her children will be able to thank God, even while they remember the terrible sorrow and loss. Through these very sorrows and losses, we are being taught that men are brothers and that God is the *Great Father*.

3. The Empire will be poorer for many a day. A priest relates how a man called upon him to tell him about his misfortunes. He had formerly been very successful, never having had to do a day's hard work in his life. But something happened through which he lost nearly every penny he possessed. 'He told me his tale,' said the priest; 'then he added—"Father, you will still be welcome at my table, but you will have to bring with you what you want to eat, for I shall only be able to give you a knife and fork."' 'What are you going to do?' the priest asked him. 'Do!' he cried, 'I am going to work; the gate beyond the stars is not shut yet. As long as the gate is open, and the Master is on the doorstep, I can face and push through my troubles and difficulties.' And that man, instead of bewailing his fate, rose up, and, for the first time in his life, put his shoulder to the wheel. He is getting on, because, as he says, he has Jesus Christ behind him.

It will be like that, I hope, with our Empire. The struggle has been a hard one—the hardest ever known in the world. But the stories of the battles have not been the grandest thing about it. It is the fact that thousands of our brothers have counted life as nothing because they believed

that in laying it down they were bringing some great good to the world. They have been willing prisoners too, just that others might be free.

4. Empire Day is coming round again. There is one word that your mother often says to you when you are setting out to school in the morning. It is 'Remember.' Your brothers have died and are dying for the years to come. They have died that you, while you live, may have the blessedness of freedom. *Remember* this on the 24th of May. It makes you, it makes all of us, debtors. Let us ask ourselves, How can we ever repay the sacrifice?

What have I given,
Bold sailor on the Sea,
In earth or heaven,
That you should die for me?

What can I give,
O soldier leal and brave,
Long as I live,
To pay the life you gave?

Every big boy and every girl knows the only answer that can be given. It is 'I can give nothing, but I can resolve to be worthy of the great Sacrifice.' In this you will need God's help. Ask it: He has promised to give it. It was the life Jesus Christ lived on earth that made such sacrifices possible to men. He suffered and died to make us good. Those who love Him, and who feel that through Him they can look beyond death without fear, often say to themselves, 'With a great sum obtained I this freedom.' Ah! my boys and girls, the story of our Empire during the past months and the life that was lived in Galilee nearly two thousand years ago have much to do with each other.

On Empire Day, have your fun. But don't forget to be proud of the Empire. Repeat the text in the morning and think about it. 'With a great sum obtained I this freedom.'

II.

A Garden.—Gn 2^o.

Do you remember how we spoke about the four gardens of the Bible and how I told you that God has given each of us a garden to keep for Him—the garden of the soul?

Now you know there are all sorts of gardens.

Some of them look very untidy and neglected, and others are neat and well-cared-for. You can generally tell what kind of people live in a house by looking at their garden.

We don't want our soul-gardens to grow untidy and ugly, do we? We want them to grow more and more beautiful. Now if they are to be beautiful we must take some trouble with them, because, you know, gardens don't take care of themselves. And so I think the first thing we must do is to make sure that they are *well-enclosed*.

Why do people build a wall round a garden? To protect it, and to keep out anything that would harm it. Of course we have no wild beasts in this country, but we sometimes hear of rabbits getting into gardens, and doing a lot of damage by nibbling the young green things. I know of two cows who got into a lady's garden by mistake. Somebody had left the gate open, and the cows walked in and trampled on her beautiful flower-beds, and left their hoof-marks on her lawn.

So we must build a wall of defence round our soul-gardens to protect them against the wild beasts of temptation from without. The best defence we can build is the defence of prayer. You remember how Jesus told His disciples to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation.

But besides being well-enclosed *a garden must be cultivated*.

If people let things grow as they like, and allow the weeds to flourish, their garden soon becomes a wilderness. They must prune the trees so that they bear more fruit, they must tend the delicate plants with care and pull up the weeds. And so it is with the gardens of our souls. We must pull up the weeds of sin and bad habits—the weeds of laziness, and selfishness, and untruthfulness, and bad temper—or they will soon overrun the place and spoil our garden. And we must cultivate the good things—the flowers of unselfishness, and kindness, and love.

This requires a great deal of patience. There was once a little girl who went to spend Easter at North Berwick on the East coast of Scotland. She was very fond of climbing North Berwick Law—a hill close to the town. When she went home again she sowed some flower-seeds in her garden, but after a week or two she grew tired of waiting for the seeds to come up, so she dug up her garden, and built North Berwick Law in the middle of it. But she was very sorry when a week or two later

her sister's seeds came up, and she had none. So don't get tired, if the flowers in your soul-garden take long to grow. Don't lose patience and dig them up, for they are sure to flourish some day, if you tend them carefully.

Lastly, *a garden must be well-watered*.

Sometimes after a long dry spell in summer you have seen the flowers drooping their heads and looking very weary. What do they need to revive them? A good shower of rain. And our soul-gardens need rain too, the refreshing rain of God's Spirit. So we must ask God to give us His Holy Spirit in order that our gardens may be kept fresh and beautiful, and that they may be made fit for His fair Garden of Paradise.

III.

The Guarded Heart.

'Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.'—Pr 4²³.

Once upon a time there lived in Ceylon a king called Thossakin, and he had a wonderful gift, at least so the story says. He could take out his heart whenever he liked, and put it in again. This was very useful when he was going on any dangerous expedition, because, you see, he could leave his heart safely at home, and then no one could kill him. Now it happened that Thossakin went to war with Rama, and went out to fight against him. He wished to leave his heart at home, in a very safe place. After thinking of all sorts of places to put it in, he decided to shut it up in a box, and give it to some one to keep. Now there are not very many people you can trust with your heart, so he had to consider the matter very carefully indeed. At last he thought the best thing to do was to give it to a hermit, living by himself in a lonely place, and this he did. Then he went to war, and try as he would, Rama could not kill him. Then Rama consulted a friend of his. 'How is it,' he said, 'that my arrows hit Thossakin, and yet do him no harm?' Now the friend was a magician, and by his magic he found out where the heart was, and then, changing himself into the form of the king, he went to the hermit and asked him for the box. The hermit gave it to him without any suspicion, and the magician crushed it in his hands and King Thossakin fell dead.

The moral of this story (if it has one) would be

that you should be very careful where you keep your heart, and who you trust it to. Here is another fairy tale, from India. There was once a monkey who struck up a friendship with a shark, and used to feed him with fruit from a tree. One day the shark invited the monkey to come home with him on a visit, to which the monkey agreed. But just as they were about to start, the shark happened to remark, 'Our sultan is ill, and nothing can cure him but a monkey's heart.' 'Ah,' said the monkey, 'now I understand your kind invitation. But don't you know that we monkeys always leave our hearts in trees, and go about without them?' And he made his escape.

There are many people and things who will seek your heart, but be careful where you trust it. Some people set their hearts on whatever is nice and pleasant. They shut their hearts up in them, and when they lose the good things their hearts are broken. Some people take no care to protect their hearts from the arrows of temptation that are always shooting at them, and so they are badly wounded. Other people are ready to go with any one who asks them, without caring whether their company is good or bad, and too late they find that their hearts are eaten up by sin, and destroyed. The wise man who wrote the Book of Proverbs said, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.'

But you can safely trust your heart to those who love you; and who loves you better, and can keep it better, than the Lord Jesus Christ? And He says to you, 'Give me thy heart.'

IV.

The Rev. George C. Leader has made the attempt to teach the Life of Christ to children by means of a series of children's sermons. He has been successful, and his success ought to encourage others to make the attempt. The title of the book is *Follow the Christ* (Allenson; 2s. 6d. net). This is one of the sermons.

JESUS THE PATRIOT.

When George the Third came to the throne he won the hearts of his new subjects by saying, 'I glory in the name of Briton.' Every man glories in the land of his birth, for love of country is inborn in the human race.

A lady traveller in Montenegro tells us she has seen a Montenegrin, crossing the frontier into his

native land after long absence, bend down and kiss the soil. Bishop Welldon, when he visited Japan, came to a boys' school in Tokio, and asked the master what would be the highest ambition of his scholars; the answer was that if he were to inquire of ten of them what fate they would covet for themselves, as many as eight of them would choose the happiness of laying down their lives for their country.

In the present war we have seen innumerable examples of patriotism; with splendid eagerness our young men have flocked to the colours, counting no sacrifice too great to make for the sake of the dear fatherland. There is something about a man's own land that draws out his loyalty and love as no other land can do.

Now, in Jesus we always find the best of everything that is good in human nature; so we are not surprised to find that He is Jesus the Patriot. He came of a patriotic people. One of their poets cried long ago, 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.'

You remember the story of the Hebrew prince Daniel, how, in his captivity in Babylon, he never failed to pray three times a day, with his windows open toward Jerusalem. The Jews to-day wail over their ruined Temple as they lean against the few fragments that are left; and on the graves of Jews who die away from their loved fatherland is sprinkled earth from the Holy Land.

Then, too, that part of the Holy Land from which Jesus came was famous for its patriotism. 'Nowhere was patriotism so intense' as in Galilee, whose history is full of the heroic deeds of men ever ready to risk their lives for the liberty of their fatherland. And it was a patriotic home from which Jesus came. Jesus, as you know, had younger brothers; they all bear patriotic names—Joseph their father had named them after national heroes. Mary, Jesus' mother, dearly loved her native land. In the first chapter of Luke you will find a song, the Magnificat, sung by her before Jesus came, a song which shows how dear to her was the land of her fathers.

The very first public act of Jesus was an act of patriotism. When the men of Israel came in their thousands to John to be baptized, thus showing that they forsook all evil and wished to be members

of the new kingdom of righteousness soon to be set up, Jesus came and was baptized. He had no sins to repent of, but He wished to take part in the baptism because it was a national movement towards righteousness. His baptism had deeper meanings than that, as you will find by and by; but this was one meaning. Jesus, because He loved His country, could not keep out of any movement that helped to make His country more righteous, just as the true patriot to-day must help forward all good causes such as Temperance and Purity and Peace, because these movements help the people forward to prosperity and happiness.

We have another instance of the Patriotism of Jesus at the end of His earthly ministry. Before Jesus went away from His disciples He commanded them to preach the 'Good News' of His life and death and resurrection in all the world, 'beginning at Jerusalem.'

All through His life on earth we get glimpses here and there of the Patriotism of Jesus. There was no one outside the reach of His love, but it was 'the lost sheep of the House of Israel' whom He sought most of all and first of all.

In the Gospel story we have one specially beautiful picture of our Lord's love for the land of His birth. In one of His sermons He breaks out in passionate sorrow with these words: 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!' Many a time, when a little lad, Jesus had seen the watchful mother-bird, disturbed perhaps by the shadow of the fierce hawk swooping down from the sky, call her little chicks to her and spread her broad wings over them. He could see the shadow of the grim Roman eagle drawing nearer and nearer; He called the people to shelter under the shadow of His wing; it was one of His keenest sorrows that they would not.

You will read some day of the horrors of the Roman siege of Jerusalem, how, in the city where Christ was crucified, there was not found wood enough to make crosses for the citizens whom the Romans reckoned as rebels against their rule. All this Jesus foresaw, and from all this He would have saved the people. But they would not.

The greatest thing any one can do for his country is to die for it. The history of our own land is lit up with instances of men and women who have

given up life for love of fatherland. This unhappy war has its gleams of glory in the story of multitudes who show the reality of their patriotism by their willingness to make this final sacrifice. At the head of all who have died for their country we must place Jesus Christ. He died for His country as truly as any soldier ever died upon the battlefield. Of course we know He died for all men; He loved Gentiles as well as Jews; every man in every land can say, 'He died for me.' But in a very special sense He died for His own chosen country. It was a Hebrew writer who said, 'He was wounded for our transgressions'; and the New Testament writer who understood the meaning of His Cross better than any other man said that it was the power of God unto salvation—'to the Jew first.'

We notice as we study the Patriotism of Jesus how practical it was. He DID something for the country that He loved.

Always in every land there is a good deal of pot-house patriotism. Men in their drink shout 'Rule Britannia,' and they roll out in their rollicking fashion, 'Britons never, never, NEVER shall be slaves'; and all the while they are slaves themselves, slaves to that strong drink which is more dangerous to Britain than the Germans or any other people ever can be. They are not helping their country but injuring it. The true patriot, on the other hand, if he cannot die for his country, will certainly live for it, and do all he can for its well-being.

Many of you lads are too young to serve your country in the Army or the Navy, although I do not doubt many of you would be proud and glad of that opportunity. I know a little lad of twelve who said the other day that he hoped the war would last until he was old enough to join and do his bit, and perhaps many of you can understand how he felt. Well, we don't want the war to drag on like that; and besides, we need not wait at all before beginning to do our bit. We can serve our country now. The Boy Scouts have shown us how splendidly boys under military age can prove their patriotism.

Some of you lads, too young to fight, can work and get wages to help mother, who has let the older boys go to the war; and the more cheerful and contented you are in working to keep the house going until the big boys come home, the better patriots you will be. It will not be so exciting or interesting as the camp or the battlefield, but it will be all the more heroic for that.

I suppose if I were to ask you lads what king of modern times has shown the most splendid patriotism, you would answer King Albert of Belgium. Yes, that noble king has shown most magnificent patriotism, and the world will never let his story fade. But we must not forget that he has had an opportunity which other kings have been denied. They would have done the same in his place, and they are not less patriotic because the chance has not come to them in that particular way.

There is a story told of King Humbert of Italy. He was invited to a banquet at Genoa at a time when the cholera was raging at Naples. He replied, 'Men are feasting at Genoa; men are dying at Naples—I go to Naples.' That was patriotism too of just the quality of King Albert's.

Our own good King, who has so freely given his sons, and who is in so many ways himself arduously serving the country, is just as true a patriot. All who do all that is in their power to do for the land they love are patriots.

We notice that Jesus, as a Patriot, was not blind to His country's faults. Again and again He rebuked the people—because He loved them. He could not see them going the wrong way without trying to stop them. The true patriot does not cry, 'My country right or wrong.' The true patriot does not want his country to come out top by trampling others down. Jesus did not hesitate to rebuke His country's sins; and if the people had heeded His reproof, they would have been saved much sorrow and distress; for it was because He loved them He rebuked them. But the people of His day were like many people in our own time—they thought that no one could be their friend who told them their faults. Really the best friends of any people are those who are not afraid to tell them of their sins; for if they save people from sin, they save them from the sorrow that always follows sin.

If the Christian teachers of Germany had been brave enough to rebuke the men who delight in war and to proclaim to them the wickedness of breaking faith with a weaker nation, perhaps this war might never have been, and Germany would have become a really great nation, without that blot upon its history which shames it to-day.

When we study the Patriotism of Jesus we learn one other lesson, and that is that patriotism is but a stage to something bigger and grander still. Our Lord commanded His disciples to begin telling

the 'Good News' at Jerusalem, but He went on to tell them to carry it to the uttermost parts of the earth. That was another way of saying that love of one's own land is to lead to the love of all lands. Real love is a quality that grows. The higher in character that people are, the broader grows their love. The lowest kind of people love themselves; from love of self it is just a step higher to love of family, and another step to love of the tribe, and yet another to love of the nation. But this is not the highest love; the highest love is like God's own love, a love for the whole world. Patriotism is meant to lead to that.

God has implanted in us all a spark of love to our own people that the flame may spread to all mankind. Love of our fatherland is to grow into love of God's fatherland, the world. Patriotism is to go forward to love. That was the Patriotism of Jesus, and that must be ours.

Point and Illustration.

A President of Cornell.

Two octogenarians have published their autobiography this winter. Bishop Browne of Bristol is the one; President William Fletcher King of Cornell is the other. President King calls his book simply *Reminiscences* (Abingdon Press).

Bishop Browne had a great store of anecdotes to tell, and he knew how to tell them. President King has his stories also, and he can tell them, but they are more serious. His memory is an amazement. From earliest youth to latest age he easily remembers every detail of his experiences. Is a sense of humour ever given along with a great memory?

It is the minuteness of memory that gives the book of reminiscences its interest. President King's life has had its providences—whose life has not? The difference is that these providential dealings are recalled vividly and vividly related. We enter into them. We become a part of them. The works of the imagination may have a higher place than the works of historical recollection; but a trustworthy narrative always finds us.

Here is a good example. 'One night my mother dreamed that we had no President and that a government official had been sent for her son to train him up to fill the office. She interpreted her dream as meaning that President Harrison was deceased. She told the family her dream as soon

as she got up in the morning, insisting that we would be informed of the fact before breakfast was over. I well remember father's laughing reply to her that we had not even heard that he was sick, but she insisted that she was sure that she was right and that in less than two hours he would be convinced. Just as we sat down to the table, John Ramsey, a neighbor, who lived at the cross roads, half a mile away, rapped on the door and on being admitted, he at once told the sad news. He had received word from Zanesville that President Harrison was dead. Under the circumstances this news was very surprising.'

Before the Civil War (in which he 'did his bit') Dr. King was sent south to see for himself what slavery meant. He attended a slave sale at Murfreesboro. 'The most remarkable case was that of a woman about thirty years old, who was put on a block outside the courthouse wall, with a crowd of two or three hundred men standing around, and a red-faced, burly auctioneer standing by her side. She held a young babe in her arms. The auctioneer made various comments as to her appearance and showed her off in very unbecoming style, making her show her teeth, and in other ways treated her just as though she were a horse. Coarse men came up and felt her limbs to test what kind of muscles she had. It was the most disgusting performance we had ever witnessed. The repulsive scene was impressing on us the side of slavery of which we had seen and heard nothing in the hospitable homes of the blue grass region or the families where we were guests at West Point.

My brother and I stood together as the bidding began and the scene became most interesting and trying. The auctioneer seemed to pride himself on his rough language and unbecoming treatment of the woman. She bore the indignities with a certain air of dignity. Her husband was in the crowd near where my brother and I stood and near him was his owner. There were two bidders actively bidding for her, one the owner of her husband and the other a slave-driver who shipped slaves to the cotton fields of the South. As the bidding progressed the husband of the woman pleaded with his owner in a most plaintive way to buy his wife. As we stood by we heard him say, "I have been faithful in my serving you, and if I had my wife and children with me, you know that I could serve you even better." His owner seemed

to bid carelessly, while the slave-trader on the other side of the crowd seemed to bid with more interest. As the bidding progressed the husband kept pleading with his owner in a most touching manner to bid more. My brother and I standing together got so wrought up that we thought it prudent to step apart, lest we should utterly break down and show our sympathies and get into serious trouble. The bidding went on for a half hour, all the time the owner of the husband bidding with little interest and making only slight advances over the other man, and the other bidding with apparent purpose of securing the woman. Finally the mother and child were sold to the slave-trader.'

The Bible and the War.

Some years ago an American member of the family of Moulton made a name for himself, and created something like a library of books, by discovering that the Bible could be treated as literature apart from all questions of religion or ethics. One of the books thus brought into being is *The Literary Primacy of the Bible*, by George P. Eckman (Methodist Book Concern; \$1 net). The volume contains the second course of Mendenhall Lectures, delivered at De Pauw University. There were six lectures, with the following titles: (1) The Literary Primacy of the Bible; (2) The Poetry and Oratory of the Bible; (3) The Fiction and Humor of the Bible; (4) The Bible the most Persistent Force in Literature; (5) The Bible as Ethical and Spiritual Literature; (6) The Bible as Inspired Literature. These lectures are republished as they were delivered, so that the book has the advantage (together with whatever disadvantage there may be) of the spoken word. It has clearness and simplicity and the human touch. Not only was the lecturer in touch with his audience, he was in touch also with the great men in literature who have said memorable things about the Bible. This is an example:

'The scene is the first Colonial Congress in 1774. To the proposal that the session be opened with prayer, Mr. Jay of New York and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina objected on the ground that there existed such a diversity of religious sentiments among the members as made it impracticable for them to join in the same act of worship. Then glorious old Sam Adams arose, and avowing that he was no bigot, said: "I can hear a prayer from

any man of piety who is at the same time a friend to his country." A clergyman was thereupon invited to perform the sacred office. He read the psalm for the day [second] in the order of his church. Bancroft says that "it seemed as if Heaven itself was uttering its oracle." Intelligence had just been received of the terrible bombardment of Boston. The New Englanders present believed that the lives of their friends were being taken by their foes at that very moment. They were profoundly moved as they listened to the ringing sentences of the thirty-fifth psalm, beginning:

Strive thou, O Jehovah, with them that strive
with me:

Fight thou against them that fight against me.

Take hold of shield and buckler,
And stand up for my help.

Draw out also the spear, and stop the way
against them that pursue me;
Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.

Let them be put to shame and brought to
dishonour that seek after my soul:

Let them be turned back and confounded that
devise my hurt.

Let them be as chaff before the wind,
And the angel of Jehovah driving them on.'

Walker of Tinnevelly.

Mrs. Amy Wilson-Carmichael has written many books, and some of them have been very successful. In undertaking to write the life of *Walker of Tinnevelly* (Morgan & Scott), she undertook her hardest task. For there was nothing to speak of in the way of material except a diary, and that diary was at once voluminous and very scrappy. Has she succeeded? It is hard to say. The present reviewer has read the book from cover to cover. But then he is particularly interested in biography and in missions. How many more will have endurance to reach the end of four hundred and fifty pages of small close type, much of which consists of short extracts from a diary, the sentences of which are mostly unfinished?

But it is not necessary to read every word or nearly every word of the book to recognize the greatness of Thomas Walker. Mrs. Wilson-

Carmichael's own writing is so discriminating, and so good as writing, that her paragraphs alone will be sufficient. Throughout the history of missionary enterprise we have not often had a more gifted, courageous, or self-forgetting ambassador for Christ. There seems to have been more in the journal than could be put in print. For on one page we are told that 'the strong meat which abounds in journal and memoranda, for the most part has to be withheld.' But there is enough—enough, we say, even in the biographer's connecting links—to give us a vivid picture of a great Christian personality.

We shall refer to two matters only. The hardest trial of Mr. Walker's life (he was a C.M.S. Missionary, but essentially and consumedly an evangelist) was the capture by their kinsfolk of young girls who wished to be baptized for Christ. Young men could always look after themselves. 'There are hours of life which burn. Such an hour had to be lived through upon April 12th when, with Mrs. Walker alone in prayer in the room on one side of the bungalow, and the child with those who loved her, waiting in tension beyond speech, on the other, he in the room between, while wicked men and women clamoured around him, pleaded, reasoned, threatened, in vain. Power, the power of lawful authority, was on the wrong side that day; the child had to be given up. With a set white face and eyes that looked unutterable things, he left the room, when the deed was done, and threw himself upon his knees. There were few prayers in words in the house that day. There are things that scorch words.'

But that was not the end this time. Early in August, says the biographer, there is a bright record in the journal; 'he must have wanted to dip his pen in something other than common ink the night he wrote: "— came, bringing little M. [spoils of battle], accompanied by Price" [as escort]; for God had interposed, and in open Court, by the consent of all concerned, the child was given up to the people of her choice. "I sent you out with mourning and weeping; but God will give (yea rather, has given) you back to me with joy and gladness for ever." In some such words the Dohnavur family, with the child set in the midst, praised and rejoiced; and he who had suffered before as only a chivalrous man can suffer in the presence of wrong triumphant, could not rest till he had heard the whole story of the

deliverance: and his prayer that night was a song.'

He conducted at one stage a great mission of evangelization to the Syrian Christians of India. Here is a picture:

'The meetings were always an amazement. Besides the general meetings, there were separate gatherings for leaders; and women's meetings were arranged for other members of the party—curious women's meetings they appeared at first, for the mass of a thousand to fifteen hundred women was invariably fringed by a wide border of men—five thousand was the count one day.'

'To this audience thus prepared the speaker would come punctual to the second, for the evening

meetings always began in time. Quietly he would work his way through the packed masses to the wide, low platform; and then there would be a gradual hush, passing down from the platform to the far-out edge of the crowd while he knelt down, and once more stretched out his hands to the Unseen, and, as it seemed, received gifts for men. Then the address, broken by the interpretation sometimes twice or three times repeated by interpreters stationed at intervals through the great throng, and even so unspoiled—how describe it? Sometimes it was like hearing waters fall from high places, pure waters of refreshment; sometimes the eager sentences following hard the one upon the other were like leaping flames.'

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

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II.

Richard Baxter's Autobiography.

BOSWELL tells us that he once asked Johnson what works of Richard Baxter's he should read. 'Read any of them,' said Johnson; 'they are all good.' Johnson's appreciation of Baxter was intelligent and sincere, and it is the more noteworthy because of his general dislike of everything Puritan. Yet it may well be doubted if either he or any other son of man could speak with knowledge of 'all' Baxter's works. They number, it is said, no less than a hundred and sixty-eight separate publications; and though many of them, of course, were only sermons or pamphlets, others were of prodigious bulk. Altogether, it has been calculated, his writings would fill sixty octavo volumes of some thirty to forty thousand closely printed pages. When Judge Jeffreys sneered at Baxter as having written 'books enough to load a cart,' he was for once in a way not far from the truth. 'No more diligent student,' says the writer of the article on Baxter in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'ever shut himself up with his books.' He had no amanuensis to whom he could dictate, he hardly knew what good health meant, yet, thanks to his indomitable industry and zeal, he became 'the creator of our

popular Christian literature,'¹ and the most voluminous theological writer in our language.

It is, however, but the tiniest fraction of the results of these vast labours which retains for us either interest or value. The rest have long ago—to borrow Mr. Hallam's phrase—ceased to belong to men, and have become the property of moths. When Dr. Grosart says that 'there never has been a day since 1649 that something by him was not in print,' he is probably right; but when he adds, 'his works have still a matchless circulation among the English-speaking race,'² one wonders if there is a bookseller in the land who would endorse his judgment. With one or two exceptions, such as *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*,³ *A Call to the Un-*

¹ The phrase is Dr. Grosart's.

² In his article in *The Dictionary of National Biography*.

³ Of this the most famous and, save one, the earliest of Baxter's works, there is an admirable edition (abridged) published by the Religious Tract Society. May I take the opportunity to quote Dr. Stalker's touching tribute: 'The young reader, across whose heart the shadows of disappointment have never yet fallen, opens the book and wonders where its charm can lie. But those who labour and are heavy laden, who have accompanied their dearest to the gates of