divorced from the infinite and eternal God, is a futile God. He can do nothing. He can lead us nowhere. There is no certainty at all that He can go anywhere. How much Mr. Wells unconsciously feels this is shown by the fact that after rejecting omnipresence and infinity for his God, he makes Him present everywhere, with a vital relation to every soul in all the world. He has to bring this infinite element back in order to get his God to be anything worth our faith. What his experience needs in order to be a real gospel is to take more of the infinite God into it as a background. But then he would be under the necessity of having something like a Trinity. The simple fact is that the God of Mr. Wells's faith and theology is helpless to achieve anything certain.

Mr. Wells has had a vivid experience. It is so real that no one can doubt it. It is, I believe, a Christian experience. All it wants is the Christian theology to make it rational and to make it a message. I hope Mr. Wells will get this. I hope he will not let his terror of being embraced by the clergy prevent him from going a little further into the truth. We really do not want to embrace him. He will probably do far better work for God outside the Church. I hope he will form his association that is not a Church, to help believers like himself to shout out about God (not of course to worship) and work better because in a gang (not of course for Christian service). We will promise solemnly not to fall on his neck or to mention such a thing as a brand.

3. I come back to this cardinal fact that here is a real experience. The book is, as he says himself, 'a religious book by a believer.' What he records is a genuine spiritual vision. And such a faith is never the result of argument or logic. That is what the writer is specially urgent about. He will have nothing whatever to do with such intellectual processes. Listen in the silences, he says, and you will hear God. God is a discovery. I think that statement is one of the hall-marks of a true experience. That alone would show that his faith is a real one. He goes too far in repudiating intellectual process. But the emphasis on direct spiritual vision is the important thing. Here is a man who has found God, a God not to be distinguished from Christ, and who has seen the great truth that in this God is an immediate salvation, that there is welcome for the vilest sinner, that repentance leads to immediate forgiveness and acceptance. And he says: This God is within you. Listen and you will become aware of Him. He is the best that is within you. What you call duty, the ideal, is just God in you. Open your eyes and see Him, and then come and give up all to Him that He may use you and fight with you and on your side against evil and for the Kingdom of righteousness and love. That is Mr. Wells's evangelistic message. It is Paul's and the Church's. And if Mr. Wells brings it home to souls whom neither Paul nor the Church can reach, well we shall all (as Mr. Wells puts it) 'shout out' about God, or in our less ecstatic language we shall bless His Name.

In the Study.

Lot's Wife.

A Study in Detachment.

'But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.'—Gn 19[26].

'Remember Lot's wife.'—Lk 17[32].

There is a strange abruptness about the manner in which Scripture disposes of some events and their consequences. In the case of Lot's wife we have no record beyond these two verses. Not even her name is given, nor are we told of her first entrance into the sacred narrative. Yet, brief as the record is, it contains some important lessons.

There are people, no doubt, who scoff at the idea of learning anything from it, because, they say, those old Bible stories are not history and cannot be depended upon as having ever really happened. But 'The Prodigal Son' is not history. And it was He who told us that story of 'The Prodigal Son,' who also recalled that older story of 'Lot's wife,' and told men to 'remember' that also. And if He bade men remember it, it must be worth remembering.

As to the matter of its being true, the real trouble is that it is too true. There come to all of us crises in which we have to make an instant choice

between evil and good, between that which is sensuous and temporary and that which is spiritual and eternal; and our choice is our doom, our judgment. By every such decision we betray our ruling aim, and adjudge ourselves worthy or unworthy of eternal life.

¶ Mrs. Oliphant describes the great crisis in the life of Dr. Chalmers. 'Amid all his studies and works the young minister had scarcely claimed, even to himself, to be a religious man, or one to whom the spiritual life was of high importance. He did his duty so far as he understood it, preached his best, held visitations and examinations according to the practice of the Church and time, was always kind, ready to help, with an open house and a friendly word for all who did not palpably cross his path or thwart his will. But there now came a time when clouds gathered over the prosperous firmament. He was brought to the verge of that passage which leads either in light or in darkness to that which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and saw those whom he loved pass beyond with that aching incapacity to follow them even in imagination which only those who have watched at death-beds know; and he had himself a severe and lingering illness, which looked as if it might have had the same termination. All these things shook the confident young soul which had hitherto thought of nothing but the questions of science, and the onward sweep and rush of a high career. He was brought to a sudden stand before these mysteries. He could no longer impose his vehement will upon the world, and carry everything before him. Something more was in the tragedy of life than had been dreamt of in his philosophy. What was it? He had come to that crisis which occurs to most men one time or other in their lives. What was before him was no longer plain sailing. What was behind did not give him the satisfaction he had felt in it before. The incompleteness, the dissatisfaction of existence, its jarring tone among the calm accords of nature, came suddenly upon him like a lion in the path. He could not pass it by, or turn aside, or flee. The difficulty had to be met and solved somehow, or he must cease to live.'[1]

I.

In the earlier chapters of Abraham's story, Lot is constantly mentioned, and 'his goods,' without any mention of a wife. In the recital of Lot's rescue after the battle of the five kings, it is said that Abraham 'brought again his brother Lot, and his goods, and the women also, and the people.' The phraseology is too vague to make sure that even here a wife of Lot is included, though it seems probable.

If he was already wedded to a woman with less faith than himself, what injured his faith might have been enough to kill hers. If the marriage took place later, he would still carry in his soul the taint of his selfishness; and what was a taint in his stronger nature might become mortal disease in hers. Take it how we will, we cannot morally exonerate Lot from a share in his wife's final disaster. Even if she were weak and faithless, a slave of sense, before he wedded her, there was not enough unworldliness in his religion to give her the fullest chance of being saved. In all companionships of the better and the worse, if the better nature is not sufficiently firm and determinant to elevate the worse, then the worse will help to deteriorate the better. The effect goes on silently, insidiously, neither of the two being self-watchful enough to notice it, any more than two friends in interested converse on the margin of a lake give heed to the shadow they cast in the clear water.

1. *The privileges of Lot's wife.*—In order, however, to understand the tragic incident which has come down to us in sacred history, we ought first of all to bear in mind her privileges, for it was because the privileges of Lot's wife were so great that her responsibility was also great. We know that she had the advantage of godly relatives.

There was her husband. For although we do not consider her husband a pattern of godliness, and we can point to glaring inconsistencies in his life, yet, when we have said our worst about him, it remains to be admitted that the Bible refers to him as 'righteous Lot,' and declares that he was 'sore distressed by the lascivious life of the wicked' (2 P $2^{7.8}$ R.V.).

But she had more than her husband's influence; for in earlier years there had been the counsel and the example of Abraham (Lot's uncle), who, even after his nephew left him, did not cease to take the deepest interest in his welfare. When Lot was taken prisoner in the battle of the kings, Abraham went at once to his rescue, and succeeded in bringing him back with all that belonged to him (Gn 14^{12-16}). Nor would Abraham touch the wealth of Sodom which was offered him by its king in return for his services at this time. Surely Lot and his wife might both have learned from such a refusal that they, too, would be better without riches accumulated there, but apparently they did not think so, and just went on as before.

Not the least of the privileges which Lot's wife had was that of being eventually led out of Sodom by the hand of an angel! Her husband lingered, and the family with him, as if unwilling to leave, yet delay was dangerous; so in order to hasten them, 'the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon

[1] Mrs. Oliphant, *Thomas Chalmers*, 40.

the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters' (Gn 19[16]). Thus she shared the favour shown to her husband, and was taken forth from her old surroundings and started on the way to a place of safety. No doubt she felt sure that all would be well with her as she walked along the road that morning held by an angel's hand; but her confidence was short-lived.

More creatures lackey man
Than he has note of: through the ways of air
Angels go here and there
About his businesses: we tread the floor
Of a whole sea of spirits: evermore
Oozy with spirits ebbs the air and flows
Round us, and no man knows.
Spirits drift upon the populous breeze
And throng the twinkling leaves that twirl on summer trees.[1]

¶ I assure you, strange as it may seem, our scorn of Greek tradition depends, not on our belief, but our disbelief, of our own traditions. We have, as yet, no sufficient clue to the meaning of either; but you will always find that, in proportion to the earnestness of our own faith, its tendency to accept a spiritual personality increases: and that the most vital and beautiful Christian temper rests joyfully in its conviction of the multitudinous ministry of living angels, infinitely varied in rank and power. You all know one expression of the purest and happiest form of such faith, as it exists in modern times, in Richter's lovely illustrations of the Lord's Prayer. The real and living death angel girt as a pilgrim for journey, and softly crowned with flowers, beckons at the dying mother's door; child-angels sit talking face to face with mortal children, among the flowers;—hold them by their little coats, lest they fall on the stairs;—whisper dreams of heaven to them, leaning over their pillows; carry the sound of the church bells for them far through the air; and, even descending lower in service, fill little cups with honey to hold out to the weary bee.[2]

2. *Her sin.*—There is not a long catalogue of crime against Lot's wife, nor does it appear that any of her evil deeds swelled 'the cry of Sodom,' which was great in the ears of the Lord; we only read, 'his wife looked back from behind him!' The command given by the angel in her hearing had been definite and urgent: 'Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain.' The command, 'Look not behind thee' was not given because the scene was too awful to behold; for what men can endure, men may behold, and Abraham looked upon it from the hill above. It was given simply from the necessity of the case and from no less practical and more arbitrary reason. Accordingly when the command was neglected, the consequence was felt.

Why the infatuated woman looked back we can only conjecture. According to the context in Luke it would seem as if our Lord ascribed her tragic fate to her reluctance to abandon her household stuff. She was a wife after Lot's own heart, who in the midst of danger and disaster had an eye to her possessions. The smell of fire, the hot blast in her hair, the choking smoke of blazing bitumen, suggested to her only the thought of her own house decorations, her hangings, and ornaments, and stores. She felt keenly the hardship of leaving so much wealth to be the mere food of fire. The thought of such intolerable waste made her more breathless with indignation than her rapid flight.

¶ Though we may admit that Lot's wife was impelled to look back by perfectly natural emotions, some of which were innocent or even laudable, we must also admit, I think, that these innocent emotions were blended with emotions which had some taint of guilt and disobedience. For the word used in Genesis (19[26]), when we are told that she '*looked* back' on the burning city, is a different and much stronger word than that used two verses lower down, where we are told that Abraham 'looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah.' Abraham's look was only a rapid and terrified glance; but the look of Lot's wife was—so the word implies—a look 'of deliberate contemplation, of stedfast regard, *of strong desire*.' She looked back wistfully, longingly, as one whose treasure was in the City, and whose heart was there also. She would fain have gone after her heart had she dared. She would rather have stayed amid all the sins of Sodom, if she might have carried on her old easy life in it, than have climbed the mountain, to commence a new life and to dwell apart with God. Her look was an unspoken prayer; and her prayer was answered: she knew 'the misery of a *granted* prayer.' She lingered behind as one who would fain stay behind; and she *did* stay, though only as a heap of salt, and of salt that had lost its savour.[3]

Haste, maiden, haste! the spray has come to budding,
The dawn creeps o'er the heavens gold and fair.
Come, see the blood ere breaking, the languid day awaking.
'A moment, Time, until I bind my hair!'

Come, maiden, come! the bud has burst to blossom,
The sun has kissed the earth and found it sweet.
Come, lest you lose, adorning, the beauty of the morning.
'A moment, Time, a moment, till I eat.'

Come, maiden, come! ripe fruits are on the branches,
The evening star is glowing in the blue;
The breeze's breath grows colder. Come, ere the day is older!
'A moment till I sip—I'm then with you.'

[1] E. Meynell, *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 188.
[2] Ruskin, *The Ethics of the Dust*, § 115.
[3] S. Cox, *Expositions*, iv. 286.

Quick, maiden, quick! Death's hand has stripped the leafing;
Night frees her clouding hair from bonds that keep.
Quick! lest you're lost for ever, in the gloom to find me never.
'A moment, Time, a moment, till I sleep.'[1]

3. *Her doom.*—Involuntarily as she looks at the bleak, stony mountains before her, she thinks of the rich plain behind; she turns for one last look, to see if it is impossible to return, impossible to save anything from the wreck. The one look transfixes her, rivets her with dismay and horror. Nothing she looked for can be seen; all is changed in wildest confusion. Unable to move, she is overtaken and involved in the sulphurous smoke, the bitter salts rise out of the earth and stifle her, they encrust around her, and build her tomb where she stands.

¶ Holman Hunt resided near the southern shore of the Dead Sea for several days in 1854, and has given us in his terrible picture of 'The Scapegoat' an embodiment of the landscape of that portion of the Dead Sea at sunset—a vision of the most appalling desolation. The salt hills run for several miles nearly east and west, at a height of from three hundred to four hundred feet, level atop, and not very broad, the mass being a body of rock salt, capped with a bed of gypsum and chalk. Dislocated, shattered, furrowed into deep clefts by the rains, or standing out in narrow, ragged buttresses, they add to the weird associations of all around. Here and there harder portions of the salt, withstanding the weather while all around them melts and wears off, rise up as isolated pillars, one of which bears among the Arabs the name of Lot's wife. In front of the ridge the ground is strewn with lumps and masses of salt, through which streamlets of brine run across the long muddy flat towards the beach. Everywhere, except at the very few spots where fresh streams enter it, the lake deserves the evil name it has borne for ages. Here and there, indeed, birds sing and twitter on its banks, and in favoured spots rich vegetation covers the rocks; Bedouins, pilgrims, and travellers visit its shores; but these gleams of life only deepen the impression of its unutterable loneliness. The stillness of death is over it all.[2]

¶ There has never been any great calamity of destruction but somebody has looked back once too often, or lingered that fatal moment too long. Do you remember how curiously this comes out in the ruins of Pompeii? The very words which tell what Abraham was said to have seen, would do for what Pliny saw as he looked on that awful sight in his day—the fiery shower, the Lord raining brimstone and fire out of the very heavens, so that as he watched the place where once had been baths, and temples, and theatres, and shops, and homes, 'lo! the smoke of the country went up like the smoke of a furnace.'

[1] Dora Sigerson Shorter.

[2] C. Geikie, *The Holy Land and the Bible*, 268.

One I shall never forget. It is a woman's figure, lying as she fell, with the arm and the folds of her dress gathered before her face just as she tried to keep off the dreadful choking ashes, but all in vain. There she fell as she was running in the street; and the ashes buried her, and hardened into stone; and the body gradually decayed away, and 1700 years after, digging there, they found the hollow where it had been, like a great mould, and poured in plaster, and got the very cast of it, so that you can see the very expression of her face, and the folds of her dress, and can count the very threads of it. And see: in the skeleton fingers of one hand was found a little bag—just a few rings and brooches. She had only stopped for those. It would not take a minute. They were all on her dressing-table. Cannot you think how she would call out to her husband to go on with the children, and she would be after him before he got to the city gate! But ah! when they got where they could look back safely, there was no mother, and no word of her, and never word for all these centuries until the workman's pick came on that hollow in the lava. And now you see her with the little jewel-bag in her hand, for all the world like that old story of Lot's wife done into sad and startling fact.[3]

¶ Oh, why do we *delay* so much, till Death makes it impossible? And don't I continue it still with others? Fools, fools; we forget that it *has* to end; lo, this *has* ended, and it is such an astonishment to me; so sternly undeniable, yet as it were incredible![4]

II.

A Story worth Remembering.

1. The story of Lot's wife has always been felt to be a very piteous one. It seems so hard a fate for only one poor regret. Really, however, a deeper meaning underlies the story, which puts it alongside the Greek tale of Medusa as an eternal parable of life. In these two the moods of Hellenism and Hebraism are represented with a rare fidelity and pathos. The Greek story tells of one who was petrified by too keen desire for what to her seemed beautiful and dear. Each is a characteristic expression of the genius of the nation that produced it; each also tells a universal human truth.

¶ It is peculiarly interesting to contrast the story of Medusa with its Hebrew parallel in Lot's wife. Both are women presumably beautiful, and both are turned to stone. But while the Greek petrifaction is the result of too direct a gaze upon the horrible, the Hebrew is the result of too loving and desirous a gaze upon the coveted beauty of the world. Nothing could more exactly represent and epitomize the diverse genius of the nations, and we understand the Greek story the better for the strong contrast with its Hebrew

[3] B. Herford, *Courage and Cheer*, 80.

[4] *Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle*, by C. E. Norton, i. 115.

parallel. To the Greek, ugliness was dangerous; and the horror of the world having no explanation nor redress, could but petrify the heart of man. To the Hebrew, the beauty of the world was dangerous, and man must learn to turn away his eyes from beholding vanity.[1]

2. In Lk 17^{31-37} Jesus describes the disposition of mind which shall be the condition of salvation. The Lord passes with His heavenly retinue. He attracts all the inhabitants of the earth who are willing and ready to join Him; but it transpires in the twinkling of an eye. Whoever is not already loosened from earthly things, so as to haste away without hesitation, taking flight toward Him freely and joyously, remains behind. Thus precisely had Lot's wife perished with the goods, from which she could not part.

It were well indeed to 'remember Lot's wife,' that we may bear in mind how possible it is that persons who promise well, and make great efforts, and bid fair to reach a place of safety, may be overtaken by destruction. We can, perhaps, tell of exhausting effort, we may have outstripped many in practical repentance, but all this may only be petrified by present carelessness into a monument recording how nearly a man may be saved, and yet be destroyed. 'Have you suffered all these things in vain, if it be yet in vain?' 'Ye have run well, what now hinders you?' The question always is, not what you have done, but what you are now doing. Up to the site of the pillar, Lot's wife had done as well as Lot, had kept pace with the angels; but her failure at that point destroyed her.

¶ The great adventure of the soul demands that it must give itself up to God, to do or to suffer. Like Columbus it will set its course to seas which it has never sailed, for shores that are unknown and perhaps unheard of.

> My purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars until I die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down.
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

If we think—and we often do—that the Kingdom of God may be regarded merely as one of the sides of human life, may be classed as one among many interests, may be ranked as one among many occupations, we are grievously mistaken. It is not so even in ordinary affairs. The doctor or lawyer who is always wondering whether he had better become a soldier or an engineer is not likely to succeed. No great picture will ever come from the artist whose art is only a plaything or a pastime, and not a consuming passion. The thinker or the man of science who launches out into the deep, and then hesitates and draws back and hugs the safe shore, and is afraid of his own conclusions and discoveries, will never add much to the treasure of human thought and knowledge. The very business man will be a failure who does not concentrate on his work. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' is an old maxim, but experience has proved it to be true—true of this world, true most of all of spiritual things. 'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.'[2]

[1] J. Kelman, *Among Famous Books*, 26.

[2] Canon S. A. Alexander.

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Patience.

'Ye have need of patience.'—He 10^{36}.

EARLY July days make one think of gardens. I can remember many a happy Saturday afternoon in July, and some of those I enjoyed most were spent where there were green grass and flowers and fruit bushes. If you should hear your father or your mother say, 'Those were happy days,' be sure there is a picture in their minds; and the country is generally in it, for all grown-up people love to remember the summer sunshine and flowers of long ago.

1. The flowers are at their best in July; if it is dry weather you can sit on the grass—you can even

lie on it: and, looking up, you can see the branches of the apple trees simply covered with little green apples. The sight of them reminds you of the end of August or the beginning of September; you don't want to pull them in July, you know they are hard and sour. But you walk round the garden with a tendency to linger in the neighbourhood of the gooseberry bushes. The berries are almost full grown. You feel them; 'rather hard,' you say to yourself; yet somehow you can scarcely resist the temptation to pull and eat a few.

In the *Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan gives us a picture of two children; the one wanted all his good things now, the other was willing to wait. Some one came to the first with a bag of treasure and poured it down at his feet. He was happy for a little while, and laughed at his companion; but soon he had wasted everything and was left with nothing but rags. The name of the one who was willing to wait was Patience, and Bunyan adds that he will have the glory of his possessions when his companion has nothing but rags.

Now, although eating unripe gooseberries seems to boys and girls such a very commonplace action, it is really doing the same sort of thing as Bunyan's little lad did. He wanted to get happiness, and to get it by a short-cut. So did Jim whom I saw lying sick in bed after being in a garden amongst fruit bushes.

If I were to ask you at this moment what you need to be possessed of when you walk among gooseberry bushes in July, I know you would answer 'Patience.' But you say you dislike sermons on the subject; you hear so much about patience, in fact, that you want to put the thought of it out of your minds. That is just how we all miss many of the most valuable lessons in life. Words often repeated fall at length on our ears like the striking of a household clock. We cease to hear them at all.

Fortunately there are people in the world who have discovered what a good thing patience is. Many wealthy men are among them, and there are others who have no desire to make money, but just spend their lives trying to help those less fortunate than themselves. It was in telling a story of the life of one of these that a writer spoke of him as being possessed of 'a golden key called Patience.'

2. That is surely a very beautiful idea. You all know that a key unlocks doors. With the key of patience we can open a door through which we see quite wonderful things. Life itself seen through that door seems as if it had become new. Those who have had the key for a long time say that everything in life is planned by the wise thought of One who cares for us.

Don't some of you get tired of school routine? Try the little golden key, for there is no royal road to learning, and no place on the prize list without hard work. I have heard of a father being so anxious that his boys and girls should possess the key of patience that he made up his mind that it would not be his fault if they did not have it. He used to read aloud to them nearly every evening, and he always left off at some very exciting part in the story; they had to wait with what patience they could command for the sequel.

3. Why is the golden key so necessary for boys and girls? Just that they might get a true idea of life. People very much older than you, sometimes become very puzzled over the meaning of all the sorrowful things that happen. They are like the children that gather round an artist when he is sketching outside. They see him give strange, and what seems to them unmeaning, touches of colour to the canvas. But one boy may linger at a little distance after the others have disappeared. As he looks, and looks again, he begins to see something that he thinks he understands. He carries the thought home with him, and it stays with him. He's the sort of boy who finds the golden key.

The world itself is just a great story of patience. Its beauty has come by ways that at one time seemed very terrible. Ages on ages ago there were great storms and earthquakes and many little children became orphans, for their fathers and mothers were killed. Men and women cried, 'Where is God? What does it all mean?' Just think of it; our grandest cliffs and crags have come to us through those very tragedies. Away among our highland mountains I have heard a young girl who hardly understood what the golden key meant, cry out for very joy because the world seemed to her so beautiful.

Then you need the key to understand your companions. Boys and girls don't attain to having fine characters all at once. Tempers have to be curbed, jealousy kept down, laziness overcome: you know it. A companion may be praying to be made good, when all the time you are thinking what a disagreeable fellow he is.

You remember about the Apostle Peter. He was like a big boy. It took him a very long time to learn patience, even though he was beside the best Teacher that ever lived. Once when his Master was being insulted by rude men, a sudden impulse made him draw his sword and cut off the ear of one of them. Jesus reproved him—Oh so gently. It was as if He said, 'Have patience, Peter.'

4. God is very patient with us. It is He who has put the desire to be good into our hearts. He perseveres with the patience of a nurse who has a very stupid patient to manage. God's patience was what the writer of the hymn was thinking of when he wrote the wonderful line:

O Love that wilt not let me go.

Let me read two beautiful little verses that were found on the body of a dead soldier during the American Civil War:

I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether the waking find
Me here or there.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part,
To give a patient God
My patient heart.

There are many such patient soldiers now.

Boys and girls, never rest till you have come into possession of the 'Golden Key called Patience.'

II.

The Right Kind of Memory.

'And a stranger shalt thou not oppress: for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.'—Ex 23^9.

To-day I want to speak about the right kind of memory, because although the memory is not a thing we can see and touch like the hand or the ear or the tongue, yet it has a very important part to play in our life.

It is a splendid thing to have a good memory. The boys and girls who possess such a thing should consider themselves very fortunate. It will be a great help to them through life and make things easier for them. Yes, it is a splendid thing to have a good memory; but it is a better thing to have the right kind of memory.

Now what do we mean by the right kind of memory? Well, some people seem to remember the things they ought to forget, and forget the things they ought to remember. They remember all the little insults and injuries they have received from others. They count them over and feel very badly used and very sorry for themselves. They seem to take a positive pleasure in doing it. And those are very often the people who forget the good that they have received—they forget to be grateful.

But this is not the kind of memory you would wish to have. The right kind of memory *remembers to forget*—to forget all the little injuries and insults that do not matter; and the right kind of memory above all things *remembers to remember*. It remembers to forget itself, and it remembers to remember others.

Now in our text the Israelites were reminded to remember. They were told to remember the strangers who came amongst them, to be kind and hospitable to them, because once they too had been strangers in the land of Egypt. Sometimes strangers were not treated very kindly. They were looked upon as outsiders, and they were given no rights. Often people tried to get out of them as much as they could and to give back as little as possible. Now the Israelites had had a very hard time in the land of Egypt. They had been oppressed and overworked and persecuted. They knew all about the disadvantages of being strangers, and so they were told to be kind to the strangers who came to their land for the sake of all the hard things they had once endured.

I wonder if you have ever been a stranger in a strange land? Have you ever known what it is to be an outsider? Have you ever gone to a new school and felt out in the cold? The other boys and girls had their own interests, they were all friendly with each other, each had his or her special chum, and there seemed to be no room for you. If this has happened to you, then when you get to know the others and are taken into their circle, be kind to the new pupils who come after you. Speak to them, try to make them feel at home, for you have known 'the heart of a stranger.'

It is those who have been in trouble themselves who know and understand best how to help other people out of their troubles. Let me tell you two stories to show what I mean.

A cripple, hobbling down a city street aided by two canes, stopped at a corner to knock a banana-skin off the pavement with one of his canes. Three well persons stood near, but not one of them had thought of removing the skin. The cripple had broken his hip by slipping on a banana-skin a few years previously. He did not want others to suffer as he had done. That is the first story.

And here is the other. One day I was visiting an infirmary in a large city. In one bed was a boy about sixteen years of age. I went to speak to him, and he lifted the corner of the bedclothes a little bit. What do you think was underneath? Just a little baby-boy two years old. Then the young fellow explained that he himself had a club-foot which had been operated on some days previously. This baby had just come in for the same operation, and he had begged the nurse to let him have him beside him in bed. There he was—nursing it as tenderly as any mother, and trying to make the wee mite forget its troubles.

It is those who have suffered themselves who know best how to sympathize. But don't wait to suffer before you begin to sympathize. You can all begin this very day. It just requires a little thought for others. A smile, a kind word, will cost you very little, but they may make all the difference in the world to the person on whom they are bestowed. Then some day you will hear the glad welcome of One who ever made it His business to cheer the lonely, and comfort the sad: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for . . . I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'

Point and Illustration.

The Outlook.

In *The Outlook for Religion* (Cassell; 6s. net), Dr. W. E. Orchard has written a book for the times and made it manifest that he has convictions and the courage of them. Look at what he says about Reality: 'Among the things which the returning army will demand from the Churches will be, at least, "reality." We were never more under the dominion of catch words and phrases which refuse to yield the slightest intelligible meaning on serious analysis. And this may be one of them, for it has become as universal and wearisome as "doing your bit." It will be refreshing if the men do demand reality; it will be a revelation if they can tell us what they mean by it. But this judgment has been given by responsible persons at home, and they probably mean something by it. One can imagine that those who retain any interest in the Churches, and have been able to think during their time in the army, will demand that the Church shall once for all make up its mind about its attitude towards war.' Then: 'The doctrine that there can be no peace until the enemy is utterly crushed will, if persisted in—and one does not see how anything else is possible unless we are all going to eat our words—bring European civilisation to the dust and the Church of the West with it.'

He is still more courageous when he comes to speak of the Denominations and how they are likely to survive the war. 'No one can doubt that the war is going to help Anglicanism, as compared with Rome or Nonconformity.' And: 'If the Anglican Church only knew what an opportunity it now had, it could sweep Nonconformity out of existence. Perhaps the National Mission showed some astute though entirely subconscious recognition that this was the time.'

Of this National Mission he says: 'The National Mission is the latest sign of a genuine religious life. It has been perhaps one of the greatest adventures that the Anglican Church has ever made. It has arisen out of a concern that all is not well, and witnesses to a half-concealed uneasiness about the war being a sign of nascent Christianity, or the soldier's sacrifice an implicit confession of Christ, or any of that nonsense. Many of the clerics may be saying these things, but they do not believe them. It may be clearly enough laid down by some brainless prelates that the Repentance to which the nation is called has nothing whatever to do with the fact that we are at war, which in their judgment is the sign that the nation is religious at heart, and is prepared to take up the Cross and follow Christ; but there would be no mission of this kind if this was what the Church felt in its very soul. The Mission has outwardly failed. It started well, but it rushed into publicity before the Holy Ghost had furnished either illumination or power. Yet it witnesses to a deep concern in the living heart of the Church, and it shows that adventure is not dead.'

But his courage is at its height when he tells us what we are to meet the men with when they

return. 'What we have to make clear to men is that Jesus Christ, a real human being who lived a real human life, who bore the whole burden of our nature and faced the whole problem of our existence, was the revelation of what God essentially is; that this human embodiment in Jesus tells us all about God and His purposes; why He made the world, and how He made it, and what He means by it; tells us all about ourselves, how we are to live and how we are to understand life. And in this revelation there was nothing second-hand, merely copied, diminished, or adapted so as to suit the body of our humiliation and the conditions of humanity; but that this Jesus reveals the wisdom, the glory, the whole nature and very self of God; and this life of ours, this flesh we wear, and all the conditions that are inseparable from humanity, were actually designed so that God should in them be Himself and here show forth His glory.

'I hold that nothing short of Nicene Christology secures and preserves and justifies this whole way of thinking, however inadequate or confusing its terms may have become; and that if we are going to proceed to a more adequate statement on intellectual lines we shall have to go higher than Nicæa, not lower, so as to remove any suspicion that the whole Godhead was not constitutive of the personality of Jesus and revealed in His life. For this crisis has revealed that the Nicene statement can be juggled with and turned into a denial of the real and proper Deity of Christ. But a more exact theological statement is not the thing that matters most at the moment. What we have to set before all people is that the full faith in Christ is the only faith that can save the world now, and if it is to be faith, and not merely a theological idea, it must be an encouragement to venture all upon Christ's absolute reality and power.'

And yet this man is alive to his finger-tips with interest in his fellow-men, the men among whom he is living and suffering to-day.

One can't.

A biography written by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is likely to be read. The subject of it is Arthur John Butler, the Dante scholar. A. J. Butler had many interests and worked hard at them all. He was a scholar in the Cambridge way, and not of Dante only, but also of history and politics and Alpine climbing. What he did he did well, being more than conscientious, even fastidious, in his work. And yet most men would call him a failure. His biographer admits it. Why, then, has his life been written? Just to show that the world's failure is God's success.

'Butler, for all his interest—his delighted interest—in all forms of man's activity, could never lay full account with Philistia. But if he "messed a career" thereby, I am very certain that he made a fine business of life.'

So says Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and he knew him well. He goes on: 'As a son, a brother, a husband, a father he was not only irreproachable: the word almost insults one who threw the service of his heart so eagerly into all these functions. As a man he walked in God's eye, consciously but fearlessly, and his courage was as ready at hand for disappointment and illness as for any sudden test on an Alpine peak.'

And this further paragraph must be quoted to complete the picture: 'I add what is, in my experience, one of the surest proofs of a complete man, that he could open his lungs to the broadest human jest and laugh his soul utterly clean of it. At the point where good men are delicate his delicacy became almost girlish. I never knew one who with more easy an instinct separated the Holies from the Court of the Gentiles.'

That is good. But it is still better to hear himself. This is how he wrote to his son who had just left Eton and gone to Cambridge:

'My sending you to Cambridge at all, apart from the rather sentimental (and selfish) wish to keep up the family tradition, was of the nature of an investment. . . . As you hold no honours in your hand, and not any exceptionally good cards, you can only do this [win] by good play. I had no honours to speak of. I held good cards: I did not play them as I ought to have done; and I am where I am. Now I have to toil at hack work, at a time of life when most people are beginning to take in their sails, or at any rate to choose the work that pleases them best. What is worse, through having shrunk from drudgery and tried short-cuts when I was younger, I find it very hard now to apply myself to my work, so that I am always more or less driven, and take a whole day to do what most men would do in a morning.

'What you want, I am sure, is a definite purpose,

or rather the determination to let nothing (short of what is dishonourable, which I know you would rightly stick at) stand between you and your purpose. You let yourself be stopped sometimes by "One can't." Now there is nothing which "One can't," except disgrace oneself. To take a perfectly imaginary case. Suppose there was some bit of knowledge essential to your work, which you could only get by writing to the Emperor of China, and could get it so—you should write to the Emperor of China, and find a Chinese scholar to translate for you. But you would say, "One can't." You should practise the operation known as picking people's brains. In nine cases out of ten they like it. As for your coach and your lecturers, it is what they are there for. And be very suspicious about thinking you know anything until you have written it out correctly. Bacon says, "Writing maketh an Exact Man." Also, writing is an excellent challenge to indolence, and so is a moral as well as an intellectual training. Remember that character is built of habits, and habits are formed by small acts constantly repeated; integration in fact; or like a coral-reef. Much the same applies to the mind, only that is in some way more physical, depending on the condition the cells of your brain are in. You can make your brain firm or flabby, just as you can your muscles; but in both cases hard grind *with a purpose* is necessary if flabbiness is to be avoided, and by grind I do not merely mean sitting with a book in front of you, but an effort to *know* some new thing every day, having previously made quite sure what you do know and what you do not.'

So you see the *Memoir of Arthur John Butler* (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net) is a book that must be read.

Life in Christ.

Two volumes of *Sermon Notes* by the late Rev. Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson are to be issued. The first, the Anglican volume, has appeared (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). The editor, the Rev. C. C. Martindale, dedicating the volumes to Lord Halifax, claims for the Notes that they have a psychological value, for 'Hugh Benson stamped his personality on all that he touched.' But they have also a preaching value. Notes as they are, they are far other than the 'skeleton' variety we are so painfully familiar with. Let us offer an example.

Life in Christ.

Acts xvii. 28: In Him we live, and move, and have our being.

(A friend once said he liked to be alone in a stranger's room, to learn his character from the room.)

Introduction.—Spoken on Mars' Hill, immediately behind Mars' Temple—below the 'Furies'—high on the right of the Acropolis—temple and gigantic statue of Pallas—ivory and gold—below, temple of Theseus—in every direction altars, images—of amazing beauty.

All these were evidences to the supernatural world. So throughout Athens—And in the country—by streams—altars to nymphs,—in daily life the theatre half a temple—sacrifice offered—altar—drinking—bathing—all semi-sacred actions.

(So now in India—the carpenter prays to his hammer.)

All this results in an intense realisation of the supernatural world—a very evil one—impure—capricious—but the two worlds of sense and spirit were all interwoven.

I. St. Paul had to substitute the World to Grace for the Supernatural World of Devils.

He preached the Gospel—'to the unknown God.'

One God—instead of many.

Holy God—instead of lustful and impure—they mocked at innocence.

Loving God—instead of careless.

[Compare Hermes and Bacchus—dangling a bunch of grapes before the god of drunkenness—it is beautiful—but is it divine?

Our Lady and Child: marvellous purity—Child looking out to bless the world.

Their religious books must be expurgated before English boys can read them.]

Above all Incarnate God: who died for love—'to the Greeks foolishness'—Utterly opposed to Greek idea.

Compare an Apollo and a Crucifix!—

[*An Apollo*—perfect animal—symmetry—muscles—poise of the head—nervous limbs—all in the 'pride of life.'

A Crucifix—distorted—exhausted—head drooping—weary glazed eyes—'despised and rejected . . . acquainted with grief.']

Thus his message was, 'There is a spiritual

world about you: You are right in reminding yourselves of its existence—But it is not the world which you imagine.'

So the Christian Church rightly adapted many heathen customs; just as she adapted heathen temples (*e.g.* in Egypt).

Our processions — images — all adapted from heathenism. This is the glory of Christianity.

II. Present-day Tendency is to put the Supernatural World far away.

(1) Go about a big town to-day. The prominent things are the public buildings [where they arrange about the drains and electric trams]—stations—banks—theatres—not religious objects. If you were to propose putting up a cross or crucifix in the middle of the street, people would be shocked and alarmed—[Our villages are full of stumps of crosses which the English materialists have cut down. If our fathers slew the prophets, we do not build their sepulchres—we have improved on that—we destroy their sepulchres as well, *e.g.* St. Thomas of Canterbury. Empty niches of Court of Heaven]—not really from fear of idolatry—they have got idols of their own; but because it would bring the supernatural clearly before their eyes and minds, *cf.* saying grace—family prayers—are going out.

(2) Go into a man's house — take chairs — pictures—Bible (if there is one under an antimacassar). Prayer—alone dogma can give prayers. The Roman has our Lady and the Crucifix—the Salvation Army, General Booth—because they believe in them: and what have we? If we have anything beyond tables or china we have sentimental pictures of nothing in particular—and that is what we believe in.

Follow him in daily life—What is he really keen about? work—amusements—beer—pipe—football—and the evening papers! Follow him in his religion—Harvest Festival instead of Corpus Christi—Watch-night service connected with *time*: instead of the eternal verities of the Lamb slain—He calls that [Corpus Christi] materialistic—what unconscious irony!!! One is weary of the manly, practical, British character that believes in nothing except itself—and a God it has fashioned after its own image and likeness.

(3) Preach nearness of spiritual world—*i.e.* sacramental doctrine—baptism—absolution—Mass—Saints—or even JESUS as a present Saviour—for all sacramental doctrine shows how near the spiritual world is—and people are distressed—'dangerous,' 'superstitious,' 'unpractical.'

Life unbearable to the 'practical men' if he believed that JESUS really came in every Mass—and that a real sacrifice ascended to God—that in loneliness he is a spectacle to angels and men.

Our tendency now is to *separate* these two worlds: and this means the gradual extinction of the spiritual, *e.g.* when a man brags about 'praying in secret'—'worshipping God under the blue dome,' 'confessing his sins to God alone'—it means he is beginning to separate them. Or when he says, 'Let us have civic functions magnificent, but let religion be simple,' he is separating them—You cannot separate them — 'serve God and mammon.' 'If the Lord be God, then follow Him—in *anything* you do; or if mammon then follow *him*—in anything—as his worshippers do.'

III. Our Business to Witness to the Nearness of the Supernatural World.

(This is the thought of a Patronal Festival, and how are we fulfilling our vocation?)

(*a*) *By our outward actions* OR by reverence. By all that is called 'ritualistic.' It offends; but it startles. Man in a restaurant making the sign of the Cross is a witness—'he thinks more of the presence of God than of his neighbours.'

Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—especially as our leaders have told us it implies the Rea Presence.

We cannot put up our crucifixes: they are torn down—but we can wear them. (Our Lord spoke against the motive of self-advertisement, but it is the other way now.)

'But it is not the time!' Oh! it is: 'The Church may walk warily in times of quiet, and boldly in times of trouble.' They will attack anyhow—either accuse of secrecy, or of barefacedness.

(*b*) *By wedding our daily life and religion again.* (This is the value of a Harvest Festival.)

1. Doing our business religiously—guided entirely by justice.

2. Doing our religion businesslikely—keeping rules—persevering—methodical—Sermon on the Mount—starve if necessary—being natural.

3. *Above all by heavenly-mindedness.*—'In Him we live. . . .' Remember yourself in the Presence of God and angels and all saints. This gives you a 'foreign' air—citizens of the heavenly country—a pilgrim.

Conclusion.—We are compassed by heavenly things. Air vibrates with grace—A spectacle to men and angels—St. Stephen in Sanhedrin. St. John in Patmos, only his eyes opened and the spiritual world was there—'Behold a door was opened in heaven.'

[Instead of the birds flying, was seen an eagle bearing the Everlasting Gospel.
Instead of the Sun was seen the Face of Jesus.
Instead of the roar of the sea was heard His Voice.
Instead of the Sea—the sea of glass.
Instead of the beach—pavement of gold.
Instead of the birds—eagle and angels.
Instead of the waves—the voice of JESUS.
Instead of the Sun—the face of JESUS.
Instead of the clouds—flocks of angels.
It is here about us—This Church is the Gate of Heaven—if we had eyes to see, the air is full of horses and chariots round about us.
Lord, that our eyes may be opened!]

'Went to 'Eaven straight, e' did.'

A second series has been published of *A Student in Arms*, by Donald Hankey (Melrose; 5s. net). We make no comparison between it and the first series. It is fit to stand alone and be enjoyed. For the sketches are quite independent, and every sketch has its point as well its pathos. But let us quote one of them, and let it be one of the Imaginary Conversations. These Imaginary Conversations are very characteristic, and will be the best to introduce their much-lamented author to those who know him not yet.

SCENE.—*A field in Flanders. All round the edge are bivouacs built of sticks and waterproof sheets. Three men are squatting round a small fire, waiting for a couple of mess-tins of water to boil.*

BILL (*gloomily*). The last three of the old lot! Oo's turn next?

FRED. Wot's the bleedin' good of bein' dahn in the mahf abaht it? Give me the bleedin' 'ump, you do.

JIM. Are we dahn-'earted? Not 'alf, we ain't!

BILL. I don't know as I cares. Git it over, I sez. 'Ave done wiv it! I dessay as them wot's gone West is better off nor wot we are, arter all.

JIM. Orlright, old sport, you go an' look for the V.C., and we'll pick up the bits an' bury 'em nice an' deep!

BILL. If this 'ere bleedin' war don't finish soon that's wot I bleedin' well will go an' do. Wish they'd get a move on an' finish it.

FRED. If ever I gets 'ome again, I'll never do another stroke in my natural. The old woman can keep me, . . . 'er, an' if she don't I'll . . . well . . . 'er. . . .

JIM (*indignantly*). Nice sort o' bloke you are! Arter creatin' abaht ole Bill makin' you miserable, you goes on to plan 'ow you'll make other folks miserable! Wot's the bleedin' good o' that? Keep smilin', I sez, an' keep other folks smilin' too, if you can. If ever I gets 'ome I'll go dahn on my bended, I will, and I'll be a different sort o' bloke to wot I been afore. Swelp me bob, I will! My missus won't 'ave no cause to wish as I'd been done in.

BILL. Ah well, it don't much matter. We're all most like to go afore this war's finished.

JIM. If yer goes yer goes, and that's all abaht it. A bloke's got to go some day, and fer myself I'd as soon get done in doin' my dooty as I would die in my bed. I ain't struck on dyin' afore my time, and I don't know as I'm greatly struck on livin', but, whichever it is, you got ter make the best on it.

BILL (*meditatively*). I woulden mind stoppin' a bullet fair an' square; but I woulden like one of them 'orrible lingerin' deaths. 'Died o' wounds' arter six munfs' mortal hagony—that's wot gets at me. Git it over an' done wiv, I sez.

FRED (*querulously*). Ow, chuck it, Bill. You gives me the creeps, you do.

JIM. I knowed a bloke onest in civil life wot died a lingerin' death. Lived in the second-floor back in the same 'ouse as me an' my missus, 'e did. Suffered somefink 'orrible, 'e did, an' lingered more nor five year. Yet I reckon 'e was one o' the best blokes as ever I come acrost. Went to 'eaven straight, 'e did, if ever any one did. Wasn't 'alf glad ter go, neither. 'I done my bit of 'ell, Jim,' 'e sez to me, an' looked that 'appy you'd a' thought as e' was well agin. Shan't never forget 'is face, I shan't. An' I'd sooner be that bloke, for all 'is sufferin's, than I'd be ole Fred 'ere, an' live to a 'undred.

BILL (*philosophically*). You'm right, matey. This is a wale o' tears, as the 'ymn sez, and them as is out on it is best off, if so be as they done their

dooty in that state o' life. . . . Where's the coffee, Jim? The water's on the bile.

The Causes of the Triumph of Christianity.

There is nothing in the *Decline and Fall* which has impressed the world so much as Gibbon's attempt to account for the success of early Christianity. It was so deliberately intended to be subversive of the Christian claim; it did so much to prove that claim unassailable.

Again a deliberate effort is made to explain the triumph of Christianity. It is made by the Professor of Latin in Harvard University. There is nothing in person or place to lead us to expect a different method or a different spirit. Yet how different is the one from the other. What were the chief reasons for Christianity's triumph?

'Sometimes,' says Professor Moore, 'it is lightly said that its victory was due to the fact that it "promised immortality to a hopeless world." But we know that there were many contemporaneous religions which promised immortality and that the world was not without hope. We must try to look somewhat more deeply, and we cannot limit ourselves wholly to intellectual causes.

'The first, although not the most significant, reason may be found in the positive and noble monotheism of Christianity. Other religions by syncretistic processes arrived at a doctrine of the unity of the Divine, of one God who embraced in himself a multitude of divinities; but the new faith, supported by the Jewish inheritance, taught that God was but One, and that there was no other.

'Yet the most important causes are to be found in the person and mission of Jesus. He brought a new revelation of God to men; and it was a revelation which men believed the Old Testament had foretold. The Jewish Scriptures were the one body of sacred writings known to the Greco-Roman world, and their authority was enormous, wherever anti-Jewish prejudices were overcome, or when, as in Christian thought, Jesus was related to its prophecies. This influence had extended to Greeks, especially in such places as Alexandria, long before Jesus began His ministry. Therefore it was natural that the Gentiles' desire for revelation as well as the Jews' Messianic hopes should be attached to the Old Testament, so that Christianity had the support of its weighty authority.

'Again, Christianity knew its saviour and redeemer not as some god whose history was contained in a myth filled with rude, primitive, and even offensive elements, as were the stories of Attis, of Osiris, and, to a degree, of Dionysus. Such myths required violent interpretation to make them acceptable to enlightened minds. On the contrary the Christian saviour had lived and associated with men, whose minds and senses had apprehended his person, acts, and character. These witnesses had transmitted their knowledge directly, and they had testified that the life of Jesus corresponded to his teachings. Jesus was then an historical, not a mythical being. No remote or foul myth obtruded itself on the Christian believer; his faith was founded on positive, historical, and acceptable facts.

'Christianity showed a superior power of adaptation to every class; it was a practical guide of life for all, a guide which was soon recognized by its opponents to be of the highest ethical value. In spite of the human weaknesses of Christians, their superior morality was generally recognized from the time of Pliny. Their motives for righteous living sprang from love and faith rather than from any social or rational sanctions; and the fruits were "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance." These virtues and the belief that Christ's revelation and the mystic union of man with the Divine brought salvation, could be understood by the most unlettered. The intellectual classes found Christianity fulfilling the aim of both Greek thought and Old Testament prophecy; in it they saw the ultimate philosophy. Christianity therefore proved itself a religion which satisfied men's desires and hopes as well as their philosophic aims in a more complete and spiritual way than Oriental mysticism or Greek rationalism; and it gave a nobler assurance of salvation.

'Finally, experience taught the value of Christianity; already in the second century the Apologists could make the appeal to common knowledge of the Christians to show the superiority of their faith.'

The book from which that fine passage is taken is really a history of Greek religion. Its title is *The Religious Thought of the Greeks* (Milford; 8s. 6d. net). The author is Clifford Herschel Moore.

It is a historical work. The Religion of the

Greeks is described throughout its history from Homer to Origen. Yes, to Origen; for it is not Paganism only that Professor Moore calls Greek religion. Wherever and whenever the Greek language was spoken, there and then was it used as a vehicle for the expression of Greek religion. The ancient religion got mixed with elements from strange Oriental cults, but it was Greek religion still, though it might now go by the name of Hellenism. And it is not to be thought of that Professor Moore should cut short his history of the religious thought of the Greeks without including the great Greek Fathers. Jesus is here and Paul is here; and the religion of the New Testament is told with no less insight and sympathy than the religion of Plato or Aristotle, though less space is proportionately and wisely occupied with it.

Justice.

At the Clarendon Press is published an address on *The Faith of England*, by Sir Walter Raleigh (6d. net). This anecdote will reveal the text and tone of the address: 'I suppose we should be at war with Germany to-day, even if the Germans had respected the neutrality of Belgium. But the unprovoked assault upon a little people that asked only to be let alone united all opinions in this country, and brought us in with a rush. I believe there is one German, at least (I hope he is alive), who understands this. Early in July, 1914, a German student at Oxford, who was a friend and pupil of mine, came to say good-bye to me. I have since wondered whether he was under orders to join his regiment. Anyhow, we talked very freely of many things, and he told me of an adventure that had befallen him in an Oxford picture-palace. Portraits of notabilities were being thrown on the screen. When a portrait of the German Emperor appeared, a youth, sitting just behind my friend, shouted out an insulting and scurrilous remark. So my friend stood up and turned round and, catching him a cuff on the head, said, "That's my emperor." The house was full of undergraduates, and he expected to be seized and thrown into the street. To his great surprise the undergraduates, many of whom have now fallen on the fields of France, broke into rounds of cheering. "I should like to think," my friend said, "that a thing like that could possibly happen in a German city, but I am afraid that the feeling there would always be against the foreigner. I admire the English; they are so just." I have heard nothing of him since, except a rumour that he is with the German army of occupation in Belgium. If so, I like to think of him at a regimental mess, suggesting doubts, or, if that is an impossible breach of military discipline, keeping silence, when the loud-voiced major explains that the sympathy of the English for Belgium is all pretence and cant.'

Home Prayers.

The Rev. A. H. McNeile, D.D., C.F., has written some 'Simple Home Prayers for a Week,' and called the little book containing them *A Daily Offering* (Heffer; 2d. and 6d. net). Here are the prayers for Tuesday evening:

Confession.—O our Father, who dost love us even when we sin, we want to tell Thee all that has been wrong to-day, words that were angry or untrue, deeds that were disobedient or unkind, thoughts that were silly or bad. Forgive us, we pray Thee, and join our hearts closer to Thee: through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Thanksgiving.—O Lord our God, who lovest all the children in the world because Thy Son was a Child, we thank Thee for Thy care over children to-day, and we praise Thee for all Thy care over us: through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

An Evening Prayer.—O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst often as a Child fall asleep in the arms of Thy Mother, fold us while we sleep in the Arms of Thy mercy, that no evil may touch us till morning light. Amen.