

mix incense and cypress. A peasant he shall command to sever the head of a male sheep, and with the body of the sheep the priest of incantation shall purge the house.¹ He shall recite the oaths for incanting a house. He shall purify the shrine in its whole extent and put out the censer. The body of this sheep the priest of incantation shall carry away. Toward the river Nala westward² he shall turn his face. He shall throw this sheep into the river, and go out into the field. The peasant shall do the same with the head of the sheep. Both the priest of incantation and the peasant shall go out into the field. They shall not enter into anything belonging to Nebo lord of Babylon.

¹ *ukappar*.

² The descent to Hades was supposed to be in the far west, and the demons of evil, driven back to Hades by incantations, hence descended from the world in the regions of the west.

From the fifth day to the twelfth day they shall abide in the field. The high priest shall not see the purification of the house. If he behold it he is not clean.'³

We have here a clear case of the 'scape goat' employed in a magical ritual. The verb *ukappar*, which I have shown to mean 'remove the cult objects which have absorbed uncleanness,' here comes to mean 'purge, purify,' a natural stage of development, but the process of purification is evident in this passage, and confirms the theory set forth in the previous article. The root meaning of *kafāru* is, therefore, 'remove,' not 'cover.' Note also in this passage that the priest and peasant are unclean for seven days, an idea recurring in the Hebrew ritual.

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³ *Revue d'Assyriologie*, viii. 48, rev. i. 2-22.

The Wise Man.

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SOMETIME in the later history there arose in Israel a distinct type of character called 'the wise man,' a type that became a guild or a school also with the name of 'the wise men' (Jer 18¹⁵). These wise men in Israel had one or two broad characteristics which marked them off both from priests and prophets. With the ritual of religion they had no concern; nor had they any interest in the distinctly national ideals of the prophets. They were cosmopolitan. They assumed broadly the prophetic teaching as to God and Duty. They looked at life and interpreted life from the human point of view, and have been aptly called 'the humanists of Israel.' As their name suggests, wisdom was their theme, their subject, and their Muse. And they conceived Wisdom in the broadest way. She was to the wise men no particular kind of skill, draughtsmanship, or ingenuity, nor was she 'the slow, prudent thrift of life,' but she is the whole art and science of life itself, the whole spirit that guides life to its best, richest, and happiest issues. 'Wisdom is the principal thing.' Wisdom is Life (Pr 8³⁵). As wisdom is the very condition of all peace, happiness, and

success in life, we need not be surprised that the wise men urge that with all our getting we get wisdom.

Their urgency was doubtless a necessity. There was foolish youth and stupid age in Israel, men and women who had not learnt, perhaps would not learn, the art of true living. To such the wise men urged the claims of wisdom; to such they made her beautiful and attractive so that she might be desired. The wise men had their audience. But though the world is more than two thousand years older and has grown in experience, there appears still the same necessity to say within our own hearts and to cry upon the streets, 'Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore with all thy getting, get wisdom.' Oh man, become wise: learn the art of life. We see men with all the means of happiness, yet without its real power; others with every opportunity of usefulness, but their usefulness is marred by some slight defect in tact or temper, which they have neither eyes to see nor wisdom to remove. We see youth losing its opportunity, blundering over its decisions in sheer stupidity of heart. We see men (and

women too) taking offence over an imaginary slight, and letting it breed bitterness and misery in their hearts, taking foolish heed to what should be wisely left alone; or others uttering hard, cruel, irresponsible speech, apparently ignorant that the rebound upon themselves will be far more injurious than the blow itself. Stupidities, vanities, follies still exist—a great multitude. It is blindness, not charity, that does not see them. The cry is still necessary, 'Get wisdom!' We can see the necessity, too, when we remember how manifold, how complex is the whole duty of life. Mr. A. C. Benson, in one of his essays, says that 'nothing taxes a man so heavily as the task of maintaining smooth, pleasant, and charitable relations with one's fellows.' It is a tax which has to be paid by us all, and needs wisdom for its proper discharge. Epictetus said that there is for every man one great classification of the universe, into the things which concern him and the things which do not concern him. And no doubt success in life depends on differentiating the things which concern us from those which do not—in being concerned only with our own concerns. But such differentiation makes a great and continual demand upon wisdom; without wisdom it is impossible. And, to take another of the common difficulties of life, how many find to make a proper and proportionate disposition of the twelve hours of the day no easy task? They have abundance of working power and abundance of opportunity, but just through the lack of a proper and proportionate disposition of their time, they find themselves doing far too much of one thing and neglecting another altogether, to the manifest hurt of the symmetry and easy working of life. There are but twelve hours in the day, but to place them well is a tax upon wisdom. Truly life needs wisdom, therefore with all thy getting, get wisdom.

But what is this wisdom, this principal thing that is the science and art of life? The fear of the Lord, says the wise man, is the beginning, the chief thing, the true substance of wisdom. But that answer only starts another question, What is the fear of the Lord? The fear of the Lord, says the wise man, is to hate evil (Pr 8¹³); its opposite is wisdom in one's own eyes (Pr 3⁷), that is, it is the moral opposite of a proud, confident, intellectual superiority, it is a true humility and a willingness to learn; further, according to a psalmist

(Ps 5⁷), the fear of the Lord is the true spirit of worship. Blend these three, a hate of evil (which of course carries its positive—a love of the good), a true humility, and a worshipful reverence, and you have the fear of the Lord, the principal thing in wisdom. So the wise man comes simply to be the man of goodness, humility, and reverence—the man of character and religion. The question then naturally arises whether this man is wise in an actual, practical, and, using the word in the best sense, utilitarian way, whether he is a good artist working in the stuff of life, whether he is one who, in the utilitarian phrase, will make the best or most of life. The wise men answered this question in the affirmative. Wisdom meant to them happiness, length of days, prosperity, completeness of life (Pr 8³⁵ *et passim*). And no doubt their answer was based upon experience and a careful induction. But without attempting to defend or criticise or even blame their answer, we can see this far, that most of our mistakes in life, the mistakes that wrong our own soul, would never occur but for lack of a little of Israel's wisdom. For instance, take the mistake of being concerned with the things that do not concern us—is it not, with every one of its disastrous consequences, just due to our being wise in our own eyes, to our thinking we know everything and can do everything? The Rev. Edward Casaubon of Middlemarch fame was greatly concerned with details of mythology of little concern to him or any one else, but the seed of his great useless concern was just a great conceit. He was wise in his own eyes and a fool. Or, if we look at the question not from the point of view of mistake, but of success, we find that the people who are wise enough to gather peace and general satisfaction out of life are not for the most part of great intellect, or striking capacity, or outstanding force, but are of humble heart, grateful spirit, and reverent will. The real expert in life, the true artist in living, the genuinely wise, is the man of virtue and fear of the Lord. The whole appearance of the world and its civilization has changed from what it was two thousand or more years ago, but wisdom is now just what it was then. Men may progress, but man and his wisdom remain the same.

But how is the true wisdom of life to come to us? Experience seems to be the natural avenue, but, as Coleridge says, 'Experience is too often

like the stern lights of a ship, it illuminates only the path over which we have travelled, and it gives no enlightenment or guidance for conduct in the future.' We say, 'Experience teaches fools'; but it teaches them too late, when the teaching is of no value. It is not at the end of life, nor even in the middle, when wisdom is the most desirable thing, but in youth (see Prov. *passim*). And wisdom is there at the beginning, present and accessible to youth. 'Those that seek her early shall find her.' She is not only present and accessible—she is

urgent with her claims. She cries out on the street, asking acceptance. The wisdom of God stands at the door and knocks. The Spirit of God seeks an entrance. 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask,' and go on asking, for the hour to receive her is never too late, and never too early. Wisdom is eternally present. She comes down from above, and is as keen to enter the heart as the heart is to receive her. The wisdom of God, which is the wisdom of man, besets our very life.

Entre Nous

The Mount of Vision.

Miss Adeline Cashmore has selected and arranged a Book of English Mystic Verse, and it has been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall under the title of *The Mount of Vision*. What is *mystic* verse? Well, it is simply religious. So says Alice Meynell quite frankly in the pleasant Introduction which she writes for the volume. The value of the book, therefore, depends on the genius of the editor. And the mark is visible. But for us it is easier to judge by example than by precept. So here is one of the lyrics: it deserves quotation because of the Introduction to the book.

I AM THE WAY.

Thou art the way.

Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,

I cannot say

If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see—

I, child of process—if there lies

An end for me,

Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach

The way that goes, my feet that stir.

Access, approach,

Art Thou, time, way and wayfarer.

Alice MEYNELL.

Across the Years.

This is another volume of poetry—lyrics and sonnets chiefly. They are not a selection from

other poets' work, they are all the work of Fanny Elizabeth Sidebottom. The title is *Across the Years* (Madgwick; 1s. 6d. net). Often there is the echo of some older poet, as in this song of sorrow.

A SONG OF SORROW.

We do not sing because our hearts are glad,
But when the strain
Of bitter pain

Becomes so great that we should else go mad!
And then we tell the world that we are sad.

Joy cannot reach man's deepest self-like woe.
Our happiness

Would scarcely bless

The sad heart of humanity to know;—
Our song of sorrow sanctifies some blow.

And thus our sharp distress hath work to do,
And its wild cry
Will never die—

Wrung from our tortured lives it echoes true,
And when God hears He pities us anew.

Dulce Domum.

Dr. George Moberly, who was headmaster of Winchester College from 1835 to 1866, and Bishop of Salisbury from 1869 to 1885, has had his home life described by his daughter. The volume is called *Dulce Domum* (Murray; 10s. 6d. net). Is there any other country in the world where such a home could be found, where such a book could be written? It is not at all the gush of family