

"A safe stronghold our God is still," which is nothing but the German version of the forty-sixth psalm.

Nothing could have given the Psalter this phenomenal hold upon the heart of the centuries but its absolute fidelity to the deepest and most manifold experiences of the human soul. It was "out of the depths" that the psalmists cried to God, and the deep of our experience answers to the deep of theirs. In their words we find our own emotions expressed, and see our own experience reflected. They knew what was in man; and that is why they "find" us. They knew the strangeness and the sorrow of life, but amidst it all they also knew God to be their shelter and their strength. Never have there been men who faced more honestly the problems of life, or felt its pathos more keenly. Life was a mystery, and they knew that by searching they never fully find its meaning out; but they searched like the brave men they were, till sometimes their hearts grew bitter and throbbed with pain (73: 21). They voice that "sense of tears in mortal things," which is felt by all who look with fearless and unconventional eyes at the pain and surprises of life. They exhaust the range of metaphor in trying to express their sense of its frailty. It is like the grass or the meadow flower, like a passing shadow, like a fleeing bird, like yesterday when it is passed, like a dark night, like a breath that passes and never comes back (90: 4-6, 10; 103: 15, 16; 78: 39). The psalmists are beset behind and before by enemies. Throughout the whole length of the Psalter you can hear their stealthy tread and listen to their venomous words, and watch them digging their pits for the men who are better than they. And ever and anon there falls upon the ear the sob of a breaking heart that longs to fly away, and be at rest, and lodge in the wilderness, far from the stormy wind and tempest (55: 6-8).

In such a world, or at least with such a mood upon them, the psalmists feel their homelessness; they are but strangers and sojourners in the land (39: 12). They suffer and they toil, rising early, and sitting down late to the evening meal, and eating the bread of sorrows (127: 2). They have no

hope nor comfort but in God. Small wonder that the words of men who looked into life with such stern sorrow in their eyes should have found all through the centuries an echo in the hearts of other men, bowled by the weight of grief and persecution.

The refuge of those men was in God; and more persistently than any other book in the Bible does the Psalter bring home to us the overwhelming sense of the reality and personality of God.—From the Messages of the Psalmists, Scribner's Sons.

The teacher's work is not begun and ended in words. His practice must square with his precepts. More fully than many imagine, the teacher's life is very much of an open book to his pupils. It is in everyday transactions of life that he most truly preaches.

INDIVIDUAL TYPES

By *Frederick Tracy, B.A., Ph.D.*

Precocity and dullness are intellectual traits; timidity and boldness are on the borderland, as it were, of the ethical region. The third contrast which we shall consider is still more directly related to moral character.

Albert and Edward, two boys whom it was the writer's duty to teach some years ago, were both "good" in the sense that it was, no doubt, possible to make something good out of them; they were both "bad" in the sense that there were tendencies in both that sadly needed correction.

THE "GOODY-GOODY"

Albert was one of those prim, self-satisfied little fellows, whose whole outward behaviour betokened a high state of moral attainment within. He seemed to have made a marvellous record in goodness for a boy of twelve. To be disobedient, to tell an untruth, to pollute his lips with any naughty word, even to indulge in games that would soil his clothing or disarrange his hair—these things seemed abhorrent to him.

Such moral precocity as Albert displayed is very rare among children; partly because it requires a degree of self-consciousness of