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Literature.

ASSISI.

THE sorest grudge we have against the Church of Rome is that she has made so many saints. There is that decent, kindly creature Francis—how we love him till we remember that he is a saint, how we stand away from him then. It is true that unbelievers utter the same complaint of our making the Lord Jesus Christ a God—it removes Him, they say, from our admiration and our imitation. But that is not true. 'If Jesus Christ is a man, and only a man . . . if Jesus Christ is a God'—it makes no difference in His case, we follow Him as a God as happily as we followed Him when a man. With the Roman Catholic saint it is altogether otherwise. He gains nothing by his sainthood, he loses his human beauty and truth and goodness.

But there are some compensations. If Francis had not been made S. Francis the great painters might not have journeyed to Assisi, and we should have lost some of our best beloved pictures, from Cimabue to Sir William Richmond. Not that it is the capital S. before Francis that has drawn Sir William Richmond so often to the spot. Far from it. The place appealed to him at once, and the man. And it is of the place itself that he has given us the fine pictures in that magnificent volume which Messrs. Macmillan have published—*Assisi: Impressions of Half a Century* (42s. net).

The illustrations are thirty-eight in number. They are nearly all in colour, and the colouring is surpassingly fine. Surely colour printing is the wonder of the sciences. It has leaped in one generation from the crude loud daubs we remember in youth to this, so rich, subdued, harmonious, pleasing.

Sir William Richmond would not have us overlook the letterpress. And that is not likely, even on the part of the enthusiast in art. For it is a well-written and informing narrative, the best 'guide' to Assisi one is likely to discover; and to the illustrations in the volume it is indispensable. One striking fact may be referred to, out of the many that are equally striking—the fact that even in Assisi people have forgotten the quarrel about the temporal power of the Pope. 'Sensible folk have settled down under the new circumstances of Italian unity; one hears no more grumble among the clerics that the Holy Father has been robbed of his estate. Indeed were it possible to poll opinion, even among strong churchmen it would probably result in a minority for the return of temporal power, which is recognized by the younger generation to be a thing of the past and never to be revived. This greater harmony and certainty produces a sober-minded touch between laymen and clerics, who do not glare at one another as they did before the union; now they meet upon common grounds of interest and meet without animosity.'

A WOMAN'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Eden's Letters, edited by her great-niece Violet Dickinson (Macmillan; 18s. net), is a book to send one to sleep. So says the editor. 'A friend of mine read some of the proofs. I found on three occasions they induced sound sleep within a few minutes, which leads me to hope perhaps other readers may find them equally soothing.' It were an excellent service to some of us, quite worth the money. But it is not to be. The letters are too good for that. There is no pose of cleverness; there is no contempt for convention—unless in the letters of the Irishwoman, Miss Ftizgerald (before her marriage with a Scots laird); there is no feminism, and there is no agnosticism. But there is humour, honour, mental health, friendly loyalty, and love.

This is Miss Fitzgerald. She is visiting at the great house of the first Marquess of Lansdowne, and finds the Marquess a worshipped *bore*: 'I have been at some pains to get particulars of this form of idolatry to the god Bore, and have collected thus much: Bore is an evil spirit that, they reckon, commonly doth haunt empty places, but is more terrible when he doth infest crowded places. He doth possess people after the fashion of the Devils in Judæa, and hath, besides, a contagious property, it having been noted that one possessed will generally infect others.'

Miss Fitzgerald married Sir Guy Campbell, and went to live in Bute. 'I cannot bear Scotland, in spite of every natural beauty, the people are so

odious (don't tell Mrs. Colvile). Their hospitality takes one in, but that is kept up because it is their pride. Their piety seems to me mere love of argument and prejudice; it is the custom to make a saturnalia of New Year's Eve, and New Year's Day they drown themselves in whisky. Last New Year's Eve being Sunday, they would not break the Sabbath, but sat down after the preaching till 12 o'clock; the moment that witching hour arrived, they thought their duty fulfilled, seized the whisky, and burst out of their houses, and ran about drinking the entire night, and the whole of Monday and Monday night too. This is no exaggeration, you have no idea the state they are in—men lying about the streets, women as drunk as they—in short, I never was more disgusted. . . .' That is something for Mr. What's-his-name's second edition of *The Unspeakable Scot*.

Miss Eden was one of the many sisters of Lord Auckland, who was at one time First Lord of the Admiralty and later Governor-General of India. She did not marry. Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, would have her marry him, but his language was too lurid. She lived with her brother, went to India with him in 1835, and never got over his sudden death in 1849, though she out-lived him twenty years. For she could love, though she could not love a much swearing Prime Minister. And she had humour. Very amusing is her account of Lady Goderich, the wife of another Prime Minister, who sent out expresses all over the country for doctors because her husband had a bilious headache. The poor dear husband 'got quite well as the day went on and the dose went off, and then Sarah began to be frightened at what she had done; was content to be advised, and a third messenger was sent off to stop all the doctors he could find on the road. He turned back Warren in his chaise and four at Biggleswade; and West in his chaise and four a few miles beyond. Before the express came back, we were living in the pleasing expectation of going in to dinner,—Sister, Anne, Mary, and I—each arm in arm with a doctor—Clarke, Warren, West, and Swan—the Lincoln man. I wanted to make a pleasant evening of it, as there was not much sickness about, and after dancing a quadrille with them that we should take a little senna tea, and then have a good jolly game at Snap-dragon with some real Epsom Salts.'

And then the moral: 'Oh, by the bye, and another thing I have found out and meant to tell you is, that Virtue is *not* its own reward. It may be anybody's else, but it is not its own. I take the liberty of asserting that my conduct here has been perfectly exemplary. I never behaved well before in my life, and I can safely add I never passed so unpleasant a month.'

PSYCHOLOGY AT WORK.

You may first study Psychology as a science and then live psychologically, or you may first live psychologically, that is to say, adapt your life to your environment, and then study Psychology. But wherever you begin you must end with a harmony between your life and the life around you: otherwise you do not rightly live. The whole secret of the healthy life is Adaptation, and Dr. Edgar James Swift repeats the word till—no, you do not weary of it, for every repetition is a fresh case for investigation, but till you see that it is not enough to live, you must live adaptably.

Dr. Swift is Professor of Psychology and Education in Washington University. He has already written three books which have done well. His latest, *Psychology and the Day's Work* (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net), has the merit of being both popular and scientific. It may be read and understood by anybody, and yet it is constructed on scientific lines with scientific accuracy. Perhaps the most remarkable of its characteristics is its readableness. That is at once a gift and an accomplishment. No man could bring out this agreeable result without toil, but no man would toil to bring it out without the natural gift of appreciating it.

There is a curious chapter, specially written for the diner-out, on 'the Psychology of Digestion.' But the chapter on 'Our Varying Selves' is not less curious and more instructive. For its instruction costs us more. What are we to do with a man with two selves? What are we to do with ourselves if there is even the suspicion of a duality in our persons? It may be possible for our friends to see the one, our enemies the other, but what are we to do when we discover that there are two selves to see? Professor Swift does not tell us. He is not a moralist. He leaves us to find the means whereby we shall cast out the old man with his deeds and be wholly renewed. The great moment is the moment of discovery, and that is the moment which Dr. Swift gives us.

There have been some arresting cases of varying selves, in fiction and out of it. There is General McClellan, an interesting but rather disappointing study. There is Sir John Hawkins: 'His love for his fellow-sailors led him to devote his fortune to founding a hospital for indigent sailors. Yet this fortune was made in the slave traffic, in which on his own boats and with his knowledge the most atrocious cruelties were practised, the slaves being treated far worse than cattle.' But when Dr. Swift comes to the Anti-vivisectionists and allows himself a most unjust reflexion upon the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, we wonder if we have discovered one varying self more than the chapter was meant to contain.

JACOPONE DA TODI.

Miss Evelyn Underhill has done another and an immense service to the cause of mystical religion. She has published a selection from Jacopone da Todi's 'Laude,' with a verse translation by Jessie Beck and an Introduction by herself. *Jacopone da Todi, Poet and Mystic* (Dent; 16s. net)—that is the title.

Miss Underhill gives her judgment of Jacopone's 'Laude' at once. 'His *laude*,' she says, 'when we have learned to read them rightly, constitute a human document as complete as the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, or the autobiography of Suso; perhaps more trustworthy, since they record his immediate reactions to experience, and are not—save in a few instances—the fruit of reflection upon emotions that are past.'

But first a few facts. Jacopone was born at Todi of an old Umbrian family about '1228 or 1230, soon after St. Francis died and whilst St. Clare had still twenty years or more to live, and dying in 1306—when Dante was forty-one—the span of his life covered the most impressive period of the Middle Ages: the last years of the Emperor Frederick II., and the whole reign of St. Louis, the careers of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura. He saw the short papacy of Celestine V., the hermit saint whom Dante placed in hell. Living in the world until he was about forty years of age, a brilliant lawyer, a man of strong passions, wide cultivation and fastidious tastes, he is then said to have experienced a sudden and dramatic conversion: and, after following for ten years, like the English mystic Richard Rolle, the roving career of a missionary hermit, he entered the Franciscan family as a lay-brother in 1278. He therefore brought to the service of religion an acute intellect, great knowledge of the world, and all the powers of a developed manhood.' For his satirical poems on Boniface VIII. he was condemned to imprisonment and spent five years (1298 to 1303) in the dungeons beneath the castle of Palestrina. He died on Christmas Eve, 1306, in the convent of Poor Clares at Collazzone; a small hill-town between Todi and Perugia.

There are probably not a few who know his name only in connexion with the authorship of the 'Stabat Mater.' The authorship lies between him and Pope Innocent III. Miss Underhill seems willing to let it go to the Pope. Jacopone's numerous 'Laude' or Songs are sufficient reputation. Miss Underhill, as we have seen, gives them a high place as mysticism; they deserve a high place also as poetry. Even those who 'may not sympathize with his religious attitude, cannot fail to admire the magnificent poems in which it is expressed: mystical love-songs matching in the sphere of spiritual passion the most beautiful lyrics of his Tuscan and Bolognese contemporaries.'

It is not easy to give examples in translation. In the early stanzas of 'La Bontade se lamenta' he gives a vivid picture of the emotional fervours of the soul touched by grace.

For when Desire that food doth taste,
  —The sweets of grace, and given for nought!—
New life in all her being wakes,
  In mind, and memory, and thought.
  The will to wondrous change is wrought;
Her former sins she doth lament,
With yearning grief most vehement;
  She finds no comfort and no cheer.

Now a new language doth she speak,
  'Love, Love,' is all her tongue can say.
She weeps and laughs; rejoices, mourns,
  In spite of fears, is fair and gay;
  And though her wits seem all astray,
—So wild, so strange, her outward mien—
Her soul within her is serene;
  And heeds not how her acts appear.

THE BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

It would be no disparagement of the author, Professor John Franklin Genung, if we were to say that *A Guidebook to the Biblical Literature* (Ginn; 10s. 6d. net) is a popular Driver. But it might suggest undue dependence, and there is no such thing. Professor Genung's position is even a little in advance of Driver's here and there, and everywhere he has his own judgment to give, though of course he has studied Driver diligently.

Take it then at that—a popular Driver. To how many students has Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* been the gift of a new Bible? To how many has it been the recovery of a lost faith? Let Professor Genung's book be to the lay reader what Driver's has been to the student.

Professor Genung covers the whole ground, for it is a book of nearly seven hundred pages; yet of the many topics he touches there are few that he fails to throw some fresh light upon, or at least to emphasize some forgotten aspect of. He brings out the sense of national solidarity in the Hebrew prophets: 'As the message of the prophets was rather to nations than to individuals, their conception of character is in the absolute and in the mass,—a whole nation's traits at once. The nation or race, with the large resultant of its inherited and cultivated traits, was its unit of character; its fortunes and destiny those of an organic community. The religious and moral principles inculcated are indeed the same for individual and nation; but it is with the kind of nation that the sum of individual traits produces, the whole nation as it were a solidarity and composite personality, that the prophets are concerned. The Hebrew race's survival and mission in the large movements of the times, accordingly, depend on their character and stamina as a people educated in Jehovah's ways and moulded morally to his will.'

He recognizes the positive character of the Mosaic Law: 'We look at its central ordinance, that digest of commandments that can be counted on the ten fingers (the "Ten words," Ex. xx., Deut. v.), and at first thought they look like mere prohibitions, what *not* to do. But do they not thereby do human nature the honour of taking for granted that men, the negative barriers removed, will go on to *do* the positive good of their own motion? That is how Moses seems to regard it when, after his Deuteronomic recounting of the ten words, he goes on to give its spiritual appeal in its attitude toward God. "Hear, O Israel," he says; "the Lord our God, the Lord is one. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might" (Deut. vi. 4). He resolves it into a commandment of love,—a positive relation only possible to the inner life.'

DAVID W. FORREST.

Dr. J. H. Leckie has written a short memoir to introduce to us the sermons and theological papers which he has selected from the manuscripts of *David W. Forrest, D.D.*, Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics in the United Free Church College, Glasgow (Hodder & Stoughton; 12s. net).

The photographic frontispiece is extraordinarily good. You look again and again at the short face with its broad forehead, straight nose, and searching eyes. You judge that you have a man of self-discipline, who will be just toward all men but will not suffer fools gladly. Dr. Leckie knew him well. The portrait does *not* belie him.

But there was another strain—the photograph should have been taken twice. In this you do not see the man who was so gladly received at the sick pillow; nor do you see the man of this 'characteristic incident': 'I recall one characteristic incident of a visit paid to a worthy woman—a widow in humble circumstances and advanced in years whom I used to visit as the Elder of her district. She was in feeble health, and was lying down when Dr. Forrest called. No time was lost in inviting him to take a cup of tea with her, to which he gladly assented. She then wished to rise to carry out her hospitable intention; but this he would not allow, protesting that he was quite able to make the preparations himself. And accordingly (under instruction) he proceeded to infuse the tea and collect the other materials necessary for the meal. And then, after serving her, he sat down by the bedside, and they took tea together with much laughter and enjoyment.'

There are fifteen sermons, including two or three Communion Addresses. They are quite worthy of the man, and they give us the whole of him. The Communion Addresses are as fine in spiritual sympathy as in scholarship, and their expression is faultless. There are surprises. Who would have

expected the condescension to anecdote? But in the sermon on 'Wonder' this tells well: 'An African chief was once invited to the Court of Queen Victoria: and he was asked afterwards, "What of all things he had seen had most impressed him?" He replied: "The splendour of it all, and many things else, impressed me: but the greatest surprise of all was to find myself there."' There is his love of poetry too, poetry that some would call sentimental, and his impressive rendering of it. But he was a man of surprises, invigorating, redeeming.

SOCIALISM.

Mr. J. A. Hobson introduces to us *The Meaning of Socialism*, by Mr. J. Bruce Glasier (Manchester: National Labour Press; 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.). And in introducing it he says this: 'In choosing words one would say that the most profitable labour for Socialism is in the field of "humanism." If the term sounds a little "precious" or "pedantic" that can't be helped. It can and ought to be rescued from these contemptuous implications. For it is wanted to express the need and demand that Society shall be so transformed as to furnish for all its members a fully human life. From such a Socialism there easily and inevitably falls away the charge of materialism, based upon an overstressing of distinctively economic conditions, the charge of regimentalism and loss of liberty based on magnifying the State, and the charge of proletarian violence as the instrument of reform.'

He adds: 'It is the high and peculiar merit of this book of Bruce Glasier's, that it expresses more fully, more freely, and, I think, more successfully than any other of our time, this humanist interpretation and outlook.'

It is true. If this is Socialism there is no fear for real religion. Mr. Glasier will not accept any sacerdotalism in religion. He will have nothing to do with 'sacerdotal beliefs.' And he brings under the name of religion, 'all forms of educational and benevolent propaganda, all pleadings and preachings of ideas of right against wrong, of truth against error.' But 'Socialism, in truth, consists, when finally resolved, not in getting at all, but in giving; not in being served, but in serving; not in selfishness, but in unselfishness; not in the desire to gain a place of bliss in this world for one's self and one's family (that is the individualist and capitalist aim), but in the desire to create an earthly paradise for all. Its ultimate moral, as its original biological justification, lies in the principle, human and divine, that "as we give, so we live," and only in so far as we are willing to lose life do we gain life.'

MISSIONS AFTER THE WAR.

The Rev. A. J. Macdonald, M.A., made so favourable an impression on the student of political Christianity by his first book that the volume entitled *The War and Missions in the East* (Scott; 7s. 6d. net) which he has now published is sure at least of a careful reading. And that is what it needs and all it needs. The subject is vast and difficult. Mr. Macdonald has a good sound style; he says clearly what he clearly sees; and we have to give him time to impress us. We must read slowly, especially the great chapters on India, and read some of them again.

The result is likely enough to be a conviction that the time has come for a complete revolution in our missionary methods. For we have to recognize that the East *is* the East, as Kipling has been telling us, and must be left to follow Christ in its own way. The fact is—we quote Mr. Macdonald—'the fact is that the East possesses its own methods of thought, its own means of interpretation, its own way of self-expression. Our part is to give it universal concepts and leave it to work them into its own life in whatever manner seems best. Our business is to give to the Oriental Christ, to teach Christ as we were taught Christ from the lesson book of the Gospels, to teach Him as the universal Man, to speak of His Spirit as the universal God. For the rest the East can find its own dogma, its own creeds. There is nothing save our patronizing lack of confidence in the Oriental Churches to prevent our standing aside while an Indian, a Japanese, a Chinese scheme of belief or dogma is drawn up.'

There is the danger of all sorts of sects and heresies appearing. We must risk it. And we should remember that such modern movements as the Indian Samajes 'aim a more effective blow at their own religious systems than at Christianity. For the present the Samajes may be making converts, they may even prevent people from becoming Christians, but they are also weaning their people away from ancient tradition which

presents the most effective opposition to the Gospel. They are accustoming the East to the idea that a man can be saved without adherence to the old religious teaching.' Our Gospel teaches that Christ 'is the Spirit of life, and from this teaching the Western Church should take confidence that the life which is Christ cannot be stifled or lost by the Oriental mind when it seeks to interpret Him, nay that life will vivify and invigorate the intellect of the East as it has given life and movement to that of Europe.'

JERUSALEM.

How Jerusalem was Won is the title which Mr. W. T. Massey has given to his record of Allenby's campaign in Palestine (Constable; 21s. net). It is a good title. For the capture of Jerusalem was to us the centre of interest in the campaign and its own climax. We are very proud of the capture of Jerusalem by Allenby; we are very proud that when captured he entered it as a Christian.

One has sometimes wondered whether the captors themselves shared the excitement of those who were not there. Mr. Massey tells us: 'I have asked many men who were engaged in the fight for Jerusalem what their feelings were on getting their first glimpse of the central spot of Christendom. Some people imagine that the hard brutalities of war erase the softer elements of men's natures; that killing and the rough life of campaigning, where one is familiarised with the tragedies of life every hour of every day, where ease and comfort are forgotten things, remove from the mind those earlier lessons of peace on earth and goodwill toward men. That is a fallacy. Every man or officer I spoke to declared that he was seized with emotion when, looking from the shell-torn summit of Nebi Samwil, he saw the spires on the Mount of Olives; or when reconnoitring from Kustul he got a peep of the red roofs of the newer houses which surround the old City. Possibly only a small percentage of the Army believed they were taking part in a great mission, not a great proportion would claim to be really devout men, but they all behaved like Christian gentlemen. One Londoner told me he had thought the scenes of war had made him callous and that the ruthless destruction of those things fashioned by men's hands in prosecuting the arts of peace had prompted the feeling that there was little in civilisation after all, if civilisation could result in so bitter a thing as this awful fighting. Man seemed as barbaric as in the days before the Saviour came to redeem the world, and whether we won or lost the war all hopes of a happier state of things were futile. So this Cockney imagined that his condition showed no improvement on that of the savage warrior of two thousand years ago, except in that civilisation had developed finer weapons to kill with and be killed by. The finer instincts had been blunted by the naked and unashamed horrors of war. But the lessons taught him before war scourged the world came back to him on getting his first view of the Holy City. He felt that sense of emotion which makes one wish to be alone and think alone. He was on the ground where Sacred History was made, perhaps stood on the rock the Saviour's foot had trod. In the deep stirring of his emotions the rougher edges of his nature became rounded by feelings of sympathy and a belief that good would come out of the evil of this strife. That view of Jerusalem, and the knowledge of what the Holy Sites stand for, made him a better man and a better fighting man, and he had no doubt the first distant glimpse of the Holy City had similarly affected the bulk of the Army.'

We have spoken of our pride in the manner of Allenby's entrance into Jerusalem. Our pride is no less in the behaviour of our troops after entering. Says Mr. Massey: 'When Jerusalem was won and small parties of our soldiers were allowed to see the Holy City, their politeness to the inhabitants, patriarch or priest, trader or beggar, man or woman, rebuked the thought that the age of chivalry was past, while the reverent attitude involuntarily adopted by every man when seeing the Sacred Places suggested that no Crusader Army or band of pilgrims ever came to the Holy Land under a more pious influence. Many times have I watched the troops of General Allenby in the streets of Jerusalem. They bore themselves as soldiers and gentlemen, and if they had been selected to go there simply to impress the people they could not have more worthily upheld the good fame of their nation. These soldier missionaries of the Empire left behind them a record which will be remembered for generations.'

How many of us have ever realized the difficulties of this campaign? We cannot realize them. The one difficulty of water we cannot realize. Before the great movement began the troops were taught

to live on as little water as possible. A systematic water-abstinence training was gone through, which lasted three weeks.

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY.

The first half of Mr. Stephen Paget's Life of *Sir Victor Horsley* (Constable; 21s. net) is so medical, more than that, so surgical, that the general reader will get little out of it. He will be interested in the stamping-out of hydrophobia, and perhaps in the progress made towards the stamping-out of cretinism, and will be glad to see that he can understand some of the surgical experiments. But the real interest will begin with the second half of the book.

For then we come to Sir Victor Horsley himself. And great as the surgeon was—the greatest it would seem of his day—the man was greater. '"I was lucky enough," says a well-known surgeon, who was his assistant in private practice, "to be associated with him for many years; and my admiration for him steadily grew throughout the time, and under conditions in which bogus 'greatness' could not fail to betray itself. There was in him a hint of the archangel that I never discovered in any other man, and that made one feel that he could never be anything but young and strong." It is the exact phrase, "a hint of the archangel in him"; or the look of a head of Apollo on a Greek coin: but the upper part of his face was stronger than the lower part. His eyes were dark blue-grey, deep-set, and keen; he had perfect vision, but a touch of colour-blindness: and he and his brother Gerald had a little "flare" of white hair above the forehead. The tone of his voice and laughter was very musical; and he and Gerald had a way of pronouncing *th* as *v*. In the use of his hands, he was absolutely ambidextrous: he had been left-handed to begin with. He could even draw on wood equally well with either hand. His movements were quick and purposeful. Always, he held his head up and his shoulders back: no tricks, no pose: he was just himself, wherever he was. He neither showed off his gifts, nor could he hide them; and when he came into a dull roomful of guests, there was an odd effect as if the lamps went up of their own accord.' That is most impressive from a biographer who had no sympathy for the 'causes' to which Sir Victor Horsley gave up so much of his life and energy.

Then of course there comes the weakness. What was it? A determination to see his own side of the picture too exclusively, an impatience with the other man's side. It is true the other man was likely to be easy-going or even incompetent, but there is need of patience. 'Like Ajax raging to himself in his tent, and mistaking a flock of sheep for his enemies, he was unwise in his wrath, and would attack harmless people with strange misunderstanding of them. He bewildered and exasperated us: he shook us up: he shone us down. It all comes back to the phrase that there was nobody like him: as it was said of him, at some German festival dinner, "Und da steht Horsley wie ein Gott." One can hardly imagine him in old age, slow and infirm and past work: he did not have to face it.'

And yet how considerate he could be. It is Dr. H. Huxley who says: 'I met him constantly in work, and learned more from his methods than from any one I have ever known. The kindest of men—he was ever ready to operate on or see the needy folks, with or without a nominal fee.' And there is a letter from the father of a child on whom Horsley operated for microcephaly. 'In the autumn of the year 1897, I took my child, then about nine months old, to seek the doctor's advice, the baby's forehead being contracted, there being no fontanelle. Sir Victor strongly advised an operation: and as I was not well off it was a great relief to me that he never charged me a penny either for the two consultations or for the two operations (my wife's brother and my own brother being doctors), besides which he gratified my wife's longing to be with her child—her first—by procuring a private ward for her at University Hospital. Two pieces of bone were removed at an interval of a fortnight. The child rapidly recovered. . . . He has been a comfort to us all our life. . . . He has been a year in charge of a trench mortar battery, and has been especially commended for repelling a raid in the trenches. So that I have much to be thankful for, that under God I met with Sir Victor.'

His death in the Mesopotamian expedition is recent history. Many have said he was foolhardy. No. He was hardy, that is courageous, even to self-sacrifice on behalf of others, but he was no fool.

One of the most unexpected results of the comparative study of religion is to establish the fact that in the most primitive society to which we can penetrate the custom was to reckon lineage from the mother. It has been long discussed and disputed, but Dr. E. Sidney Hartland has assuredly settled the question now. You will find the evidence most lucidly set forth in a paper read before the American Anthropological Association and entitled *Matrilinial Kinship and the Question of its Priority*.

The first number of 'The Pilgrim's Books,' a new series attractively printed and conveniently bound for the pocket, is a translation by 'a Graduate of Cambridge' of Johann Zimmerman's famous book. *The Pleasures of Solitude* is the title (Philip Allan & Co.; 5s. net). Not a word is said about the author; we are simply offered the book. We might have been reminded—for who can remember the facts of even so great a man's life?—that Zimmerman was born at Brugg, near Berne, in 1728, became public physician to his native town, and then was appointed physician for Hanover to George III. He attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. He published many books (two of them about Frederick, and one about himself), but only the book on Solitude is known to the world. It is elaborate, but the meditative reader can take time and rather prefers elaboration. His eulogy on Hume, with whom he felt a strong affinity, is well known and it is well worth knowing. This is the beginning of it:

'This profound philosopher and historian possessed a mild temper, a lively sociable disposition, a high sense of friendship, and an incorruptible integrity. His manners, indeed, appeared at first sight cold, for he had sacrificed little to the Graces; but his mind was invariably cheerful and his affections warm, and neither his ardent desire of fame nor the calumnies of his enemies was capable of disturbing his serenity. His life was passed in the constant exercise of benevolence; and even those who had been seduced by the artifices of others wantonly to attack his character with obloquy experienced his kindness and acknowledged his virtues. He would never, indeed, confess that his friends had ever had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of his conduct, or that he had ever been attacked either by envy or by civil or religious faction. His company was equally agreeable to all classes of society: young and old, rich and poor listened with pleasure to his conversation; for although he was deeply learned he had the happy art of delivering his sentiments upon all subjects without the slightest appearance of superiority.'

Those who intend to lecture on the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or even to read it intelligently, should first look into a booklet called *Whence? Whither?* written by Constance Nankivell (Allenson; 6d. net).

Peter, James, and John are the *Three Comrades of Jesus* of whom the Rev. Albert D. Watson gives his well-considered appreciation in one of Messrs. Allenson's 'Heart and Life Booklets' (1s. net).

The Great White Trail is the title of a little book for boys written by the Rev. F. T. Salter, B.A. (Allenson; 9d. net). It is written in language which boys will read; it has thoughts in it which will be for their salvation.

Train the children in observation and train them in imagination, but especially train them in imagination. The Rev. George Critchley's new book, *The Legend of the Sanctuary Flowers*, will serve (Allenson; 5s. net). Some of it will be best after good progress has been made, some will do to start with.

'The Science student learns that, however much he may wish a thing to be true, his wishing will not make it so; and also that, if he attempts to run counter to natural laws, those laws will assert their predominance in the end. In other words, he begins to learn what is surely the great lesson of all Science, namely, that the conditions under which we live may be controlled by knowledge, but cannot be subverted by ignorance. To take but a single example: it was ignorance, the self-sufficient ignorance of people in high places, which was directly responsible for the terrible mortality among our soldiers during the Crimean war; and it was the willingness of people in high places to be guided by knowledge that conferred upon the Japanese armies in Manchuria an immunity from disease and mortality such as had never before been experienced in warfare. Bearing this great fact in mind, our army medical service set to work during the early stages of the great war and overcame such diseases as typhoid fever, tetanus, and trench fever. But, even now, most of the heads of the medical profession are more interested in,

and give their chief attention to, chronic and incurable diseases, such as cardiac disease, diabetes, and nephritis, than to common fevers; and yet it is practically certain that it is to an "infection" in early life with one of the epidemic fevers that incurable diseases are often traceable. If the medical profession would only make a systematic search for the germ of influenza, of measles, of scarlet fever, of whooping-cough, and of rheumatic fever, cures for these pestilential diseases might perhaps be found. At present there is nothing even remotely resembling a cure for any one of them. Medicine, as distinguished from surgery, is sadly lacking in Scientific Method. "Research does not pay."'

The passage is worth quoting. For it is not the medical profession only that requires the use of the scientific method. In theology research is as necessary as in physical science, and as remunerative. Not in big stipends, but in the character that is wrought by discipline. And in theology as in science it is by the use of the scientific method that our great gains have been made these thirty years or more. The Bible is a new book to us, as Bishop Ryle pointed out in these pages a few months ago. And how? By the use of the scientific method. So when Mr. F. W. Westaway issues a new edition of his book on *Scientific Method* (Blackie; 10s. 6d. net), it behoves us all—philosophers, scientists, theologians—to give it our special attention.

What is scientific method? It is induction. It is gathering the facts first and then drawing the conclusions. It is working from below upwards, not from above downwards. It is saying, not this is so and let us see what follows, but let us see what this is, and then what follows.

The Rev. F. A. M. Spencer, M.A., author of *The Revival of Christianity* (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net), holds that a thorough change is taking place in our religious thinking. We are no longer to endeavour after salvation from the fear of Hell. We are to give ourselves to service for the Kingdom of God.

The authors of *Materials for the Study of the Apostolic Gnosis* (Blackwell; 15s. net) are the Rev. Thomas Simcox Lea, D.D., Vicar of St. Austell, and Mr. Frederick Bligh Bond, F.R.I.B.A., author of 'The Gate of Remembrance.' They believe that they have discovered a proof of the Resurrection of our Lord and of other early events in the history of Christianity, a proof of a gnostic character, which has hitherto been unknown or disregarded.

The Gospel story was presented at the beginning in two forms, one simple and suitable for beginners, the other symbolic and fitted only for adults. One —to quote their own words—'was the "sincere milk of the Word" spoken of by the Apostle, and it is provided for those who are as babes in the Faith. This was rightly offered by the Church to all converts from heathendom in the early days, but for the instructed there was the solid nourishment which was ordained to satisfy the advanced Christian. And this could only be imparted by those who had the apostolic gift of the Gnosis.'

Now this gnosis, they say, was conveyed to the advanced Christian mathematically. Each word had a certain value numerically, obtained by reckoning up the value of its separate letters. 'The Greek language, which is the appointed vehicle for the transmission to us of the Christian Mysteries, is the most perfect instrument yet devised for the expression of inspired thought, since not only is it superabundantly rich in its vocabulary and choice of terms, but, as can now for the first time be shown, it enables the scribe under the inspiration of the Spirit, to give effect to the most intimate spiritual meanings by the perfect union of letter and number which subsists in it.'

This idea is worked by the authors through words, phrases, and even sentences with results which it will take some courage to attribute to mere accident. The matter is at any rate worth looking into, especially when we see what the writers of the book claim to be able to prove by means of their discovery.

We do not know that we have ever had a more courageous book or, curiously enough, a more clearly written and convincing book, than *Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War* (Burns & Oates; 9s. net). The words are strong but they are well considered. The book is written by the Rev. Walter McDonald, D.D., Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. And its purpose is to show that the policy that is identified with nationalism in Ireland at the present moment—a policy, you must remember, which has the bishops behind it—is suicidal. Bishops, Professors, other great leaders,

all are named without hesitation and shown to be wholly in the wrong. For a man to do as this man has done out of the heart of Roman Catholic Ireland is a fact of immense significance as well as singular virtue. Do you say he has a Highland name? He anticipates you, and shows that he is Irish of the Irish. 'Let these islands do their best,' he says (this is out of the middle of the book),—'standing loyally back to back, dealing equal justice, man and master making equal sacrifice,—and still they will find it hard to live and keep their trade in the days that anyone can see coming. Let us pull against one another,—Labour against Employers, Briton against Irishman; each striving to get the other to bear more than his share of the common burthen,—and we are all sure to go down together. Should the trade of Britain fail,—as is but too possible,—I do not know how ours is to maintain itself. And I, for one, do not want the Self-Determination that is allowed to rule a bare cupboard and an empty purse.'

Professor J. P. Whitney, Gwatkin's successor in the Dixie Chair of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, has published his inaugural address. The subject is *The Study of Ecclesiastical History To-day* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 2s. 6d. net). After a word, well chosen, on each of his predecessors, he goes on to say that the great historians must be studied as well as the original sources; that the sorest need is for cheap text-books; and that sound scholarship is the true pontifex. 'There is one thing which I have learnt, even more, perhaps, at Cambridge than elsewhere: I have learnt that sound scholarship is a wonderful bridge-maker over streams of difference. I recall some discussions, for instance, of Reformation History where you cannot tell to what ecclesiastical camp the investigators belong. Scholarship has a brotherhood and a unity of its own, and in its pursuit one learns a tolerance which is a step to more.'

O Hana San is the title of a book published by the Church Missionary Society (2s. net), in which the story is told of a bright attractive Japanese girl who became a Christian. The local colour is so well *told* by Constance C. A. Hutchinson that it scarcely needs to be painted, yet there are coloured pictures by H. E. Payne as well as etchings by J. M. Muriel Carlile.

Since Professor J. H. Woods of Harvard and Mr. C. B. Runkle of Cambridge, Massachusetts, translated Paul Deussen's *Outline of the Vedanta System of Philosophy*, a translation has appeared in English of Deussen's whole 'System der Vedanta.' It is Dr. Geden's fine translation, published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark. That, however, is only an encouragement to the translators of the Outline to issue it in a new edition. For it is what it is called, an outline, and an outline is what every student has to start with. The new edition is published in an attractive binding at the Oxford University Press (2s. 6d. net).

The Moorhouse Lectures for 1917, delivered in Melbourne by the Rev. David J. Davies, M.A., have been published under the title of *The Church and the Plain Man*, and copies may be had at the Oxford University Press (5s. net).

The plain man (he calls him also 'the average man') is coming. In Australia he has come. And the question which Mr. Davies answers is, What is the Church to do with him? So far, in Australia, as elsewhere, we have lost hold of him. We had him as a child, we lost him as a youth, we have not got him again. Well, the first thing is to understand him.

Now 'the plain man is a man after all. As a man of the world he admires efficiency and progress, the current catchwords of business. Tangible and visible success appeals to him. Effective organization and good business management, healthy finances and "push" are taken as signs of a justified existence. The Church is not a business, but if it does its real business with energy and decision, the plain man is ready to respect it, and to see something in it. An active philanthropy always appeals to the plain man. The church that cares for the poor, houses the orphan, ministers to the sick, and makes life brighter and easier in slum areas, will not lack support from men who rarely go to public worship.'

That for the Church. Then for the clergy: 'As to the clergy, a high educational standard, earnestness and sincerity, personal self-sacrifice, and the halo of romance that adorns devoted idealism, arouse a response in the plain man's mind and heart, for he, as a human being, is susceptible to the personal touch, and can appreciate and absorb truth when it is presented to him, not as an abstract proposition, but through

personality in word, deed, and life, that is, in purity and nobility of character.'

What does the plain man desire for himself? Three things: first a religion that can help him, next a religion that comes with authority, and then a religion that has reality, especially the reality of holiness.

It is astonishing how much a careful scholar can put into a primer. You can read the primer on *The Gospel and the Epistles of St. John*, by the Rev. James Alexander Robertson, M.A. (T. & T. Clark; 9d. net), in a short hour, and you wonder if anything has been left out and why everything is so fresh. It is the gift of scholarship, of style, of consecration. Mr. Robertson (who is United Free Church Minister at Ballater on Deeside) made a reputation by his first book. This little book will give his reputation a still wider and more intimate acceptance.

Professor Alexander R. Gordon, who writes a primer at the same time on *The Prophetical Literature of the Old Testament* (T. & T. Clark; 9d. net), has an already established reputation both as a scholar and as a popular expositor. Neither he nor Mr. Robertson has given us what some flippant reviewer once called 'pemmican'; it is fresh food, delicious and desirable, and not too much of it.

Mr. Edward Grubb, M.A., has brought into one volume two years' issues of his 'Bible Notes,' the issues for 1911 and 1912. They deal with the Person of Christ, one in the New Testament, the other in Post-Biblical thought. The title is *Christ in Christian Thought* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net).

Two strong courses of lectures are contained in *The Life Here and the Life Hereafter* (James Clarke & Co; 6s. net). The preacher is the Rev. John Waddell, B.A., Minister of Egremont Presbyterian Church. The first course, consisting of twelve sermons, is on 'Problems of the Present Life'; the second course of ten is on 'Problems of the Future Life.'

For the present life the topics are: the Child, the Youth, Woman, Intemperance, Luxury and Waste, Patriotism, the Vote, the Right to Live, Business, Industrial Relations, Is the Church out-of-Date? a League of Nations.

In the second course the topic of most popularity is spiritualism. Two quotations go to the heart of the matter. One is from Mr. T. W. Rolleston: 'On the whole we seem to get in this field of inquiry precisely what the medium has to give us and no more. Of anything like a new spiritual wisdom there is never a trace. Does this not suggest an answer to the problem why spiritualism has not proved more acceptable as a response to man's craving for commerce with the unseen? Is it not because this craving is at bottom concerned with far other things than lost property or sealed messages or even the well-being of those dear to us? Is it not really the longing to catch some ray of divine light, to learn some ethic based on a wider and profounder vision, to feel ourselves even for a moment in communion with a love and a wisdom loftier than those of earth? This is just what spiritualism has entirely failed to give.' The other is from Sir William Barrett: 'None will find in automatic writing or other spiritualistic phenomena the channel for the "Communion of Saints," which is independent of material agency and attained only in stillness and serenity of soul.'

Professor Gilbert Murray has written a booklet on the League of Nations. *The Covenant Explained* is its title (Educ. Pub. Co., 9 Southampton Street, Holborn, W.C.). It costs one shilling, and a right well-spent shilling that will be. Every copy contains three application forms for membership.

A substantial volume on *The Person of Christ and His Presence in the Lord's Supper* has been published by Mr. Richard D. Badger at the Gorham Press in Boston, U.S.A. ($1.50 net). The author is the Rev. Jeremiah Zimmerman, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Zimmerman 'was appointed in January 1918 to deliver at Gettysburg the Holman Lecture for that year on Article Tenth of the Augsburg Confession. Later, he was urged to publish the same with important additions in book form. The result of the study is this volume, which is sent forth with the earnest prayer and hope that it may tend to increase our faith in the historical incarnation of the Divine One in Christ; that our fellowship with the personal Christ may become more real by discerning His Presence in the Lord's Supper; that in this Holy Communion there may be

developed and realized the spirit of genuine love for the Church universal; so that whilst we may not all be able to think and express ourselves exactly alike,—though holding fast to the Divine Christ, we may all be able to love one another, even as He hath loved us, and as He hath enjoined and commanded us to love one another.'

This is Article X. of the Augsburg Confession: 'In regard to the Lord's Supper, they teach that the body and blood of Christ are truly present, and are dispensed to the communicants in the Lord's Supper; and they disapprove those who teach otherwise.' And that is Dr. Zimmerman's position. He holds that he and the Article are in agreement with the Thirty-Nine Articles and even with the Council of Trent—until that Council 'ventured to explain their positive statement by declaring the doctrine of Transubstantiation in these words: "this holy Synod doth now declare it anew, that, by the consecration of the bread and of the wine, a conversion is made of the whole substance of the bread into the substance of the body of Christ our Lord, and of the whole substance of the wine into the substance of his blood; which conversion is, by the Holy Catholic Church, suitably and properly called Transubstantiation."'

Reunion and Recognition suggests the life to come, but it is ecclesiastical reunion and the recognition of ordination that Dr. P. T. Forsyth discusses in the pamphlet with that title (Headley; 9d. net).

Another of Messrs. Headley's pamphlets must be rescued from the fate that so often befalls pamphlets in this land. It is a right suggestive and moving discourse on the use of Love in fulfilling the prayer 'Thy kingdom come.' The writer is the Rev. Eric Hayman, B.A.

There has been issued the tenth edition, 'entirely revised and enlarged right up to date,' of Mr. Laurence M. Gibson's *The New Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

'What is the outstanding feature of modern Society? Unquestionably it is *social disintegration*, seen in the separation of rich and poor, and the growth of social caste and class feeling.'

So says the Rev. David Watson, D.D., and the saying is the centre of his book on *The Social Expression of Christianity* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). Now disintegration is a big mouthful, and there is a risk of its becoming as blessed as Mesopotamia or Democracy. But Dr. Watson watches his words well. You will find no soothing repetitions in him. He is one of our most outspoken and whole-hearted advocates of a social Christianity. And he has come at a good time. He does not ignore the individual, but he gives him only a third of the whole consideration. 'Christ,' he says, 'is related to society in at least three ways: first, through the individuals who compose it, for He revealed the eternal value of the individual soul; second, through the Christian conception of the Kingdom of God as the social ideal; and third, through the direct bearing His teaching has upon the problems of society.'

How many besides the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy would have sent out a volume with the title *Lies*! (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net)? The book, as the title, is plainness of speech from first to last. A spade is called a spade, except when it is called a damned spade. For this former padre, now vicar, uses the language of the trenches out of sympathy with the men whom he believes to be the victims of lies. He finds lies everywhere, and he wants to kill them one by one. 'It's the only way to deal with lice, and it's the only way to deal with lies.' He finds them everywhere, we say. Indeed, the only truth he seems to have discovered is the truth of the psalmist's saying, 'I said in my haste that all men are liars.' He finds them—but we need not make selections.

What does he propose to do? He proposes to give every liar 'a firm faith in life eternal.' Nothing less and nothing else will do. And he proposes to do it by getting men and women, and most of all little children, 'to pray continually, to commune with God, to worship God.' For he sees that they all acknowledge their duty to man. They recognize the obligation of the second commandment; they do not recognize the existence of the first.

Another volume has been published of Lieut. Coningsby Dawson's letters. It carries the story of the war from the entry of the Americans to the end. The title is *Living Bayonets* (Lane; 6s. net). It is the correspondence of an eminent writer who has the special gift of letter-writing.

Scene after scene is sketched for us in memorable vividness. There are few letters without the record of some moving incident. One striking fact is brought out by the reading of the book right through; the author gradually passes from admiration of the Germans to amusement, to dislike, to hatred, to disgust. The last letters are terrible in their loathing. 'Judas, the front-rank assassin of all times, set an example in decency which it would behove Germany to follow, when he went out into the garden and hanged himself.'

The War Romance of the Salvation Army (Lippincott; 6s. net), even though it is only the Salvation Army of America, is not soon told. Miss Grace Livingston Hill, inspired by Miss Evangeline Booth, the Commander-in-Chief in America, has taken 358 pages to it. Yet it reads as if it were written at a sitting. The style is the author's (or shall we say the Army's?) own, and it is maintained in all its glow and go to the very end. The 'lassies' are 'lassies' and 'lovely lassies,' and the pies and the cakes and above all the doughnuts are as 'lovely' (to another sense) as the 'lassies.' And you feel yourself one of a truly charming company who did well and deserved all the joy they had in the doing.

It was not all fun. Oh no. 'It was very still in the mess hall as the two lovely lassies took their guitars and began to sing. There was something so strong and sweet and pure in the glance of their blue eyes, the set of their firm little chins, so pleasant and wholesome and merry in the very curve of their lips, that the men were hushed with respect and admiration before this highest of all types of womanhood.

'It was a song written by their Commander that the girls had chosen, with a sweet, touching melody, and the singers made every word clear and distinct:

Bowed beneath the garden shades,
Where the Eastern sunlight fades,
Through a sea of grief He wades,
And prays in agony.
His sweat is of blood,
His tears like a flood
For a lost world flow down.
I never knew such tears could be—
Those tears He wept for me!

Hung upon a rugged tree
On the hill of Calvary,
Jesus suffered death, to be
The Saviour of mankind.
His brow pierced by thorn,
His hands and feet torn,
With broken heart He died,
I never knew such pain could be,
This pain He bore for me!

'Suddenly crashing into the midst of the melody came a great shell, exploding just outside the door and causing everyone at the table to spring to his feet. The singers stopped for a second, wavered, as the reverberation of the shock died away, and then went on with their song; and the officers, abashed, wondering, dropped back into their seats marvelling at the calmness of these frail women in the face of death. Surely they had something that other women did not have to enable them to sing so unconcernedly in such a time as this!

Love which conquered o'er death's sting,
Love which has immortal wing,
Love which is the only thing
My broken heart to heal.
It burst through the grave,
It brought grace to save,
It opened Heaven's gate.
I never knew such love could be—
This love He gave to me!'

How do we understand *The Divinity of Christ* now? The answer is brief enough and intelligible enough as given by Canon Vernon F. Storr in the latest issue of the Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity Publications (Longmans; 2s. net).

In issuing an abridged edition of the F. W. H. Myers' *Human Personality* (Longmans; 6s. 6d. net), the editors, S. B. and L. H. M., do not mention that an abridged edition was issued in 1907. They mention only the original edition in two volumes. But they cannot have forgotten it, for it was edited and abridged by one of the present editors, Myers' son, Leopold Hamilton Myers.

The new edition has two advantages. It is shorter than the other and it is cheaper. Much was cut away from the original book in the first abridgment, and it was a better book in consequence. This is the best book of the three.

Trothyonityuncongcor—what is that? It is a familiar sound to the ordinary English worshipper. It is the way in which a phrase of the Prayer for the Church in the Order of the Holy Communion is uttered by many Anglican priests. The phrase as printed in the Prayer Book is 'truth, unity and concord.'

It is an example, a terrifying example, of what careless enunciation comes to. There is so much careless enunciation in *The Conduct of Public Worship*, that the Rev. F. H. J. Newton, B.A., has written a book about it which has been published by Messrs. Longmans under that title (5s. net). He who has to conduct a non-liturgical service is apt to envy the priest who simply 'reads out of his book.' But here is a volume every sentence of which is used to show that the reading out of the book demands natural ability, training, and sleepless watchfulness.

It is well known that the Rev. Peter Green, Rector of St. Philip's, Salford, and Canon of Manchester, is a successful pastor; it is not so well known that he can show other men the way. But a reading of his Pastoral Theology Lectures at Cambridge and King's College, London, will reveal it. The word 'practical' is rarely used by him, but it is in the reader's mind throughout. Ideas and ideals are plentiful, but they are always set to work: if they will not work they are set aside. For this business is the King's and it requires haste.

And yet, if there is anything that Canon Green urges more earnestly than another, it is not to let haste outrun discretion: if there is any man with whom he is himself impatient it is the impatient young curate or vicar. For there is the haste that recognizes the urgency of the work, and there is the haste that recognizes nothing.

Canon Green enters into all the details of parish work and writes out of a long successful experience. The title is *The Town Parson* (Longmans; 6s. net).

Mr. Charles Whibley has published a volume of *Literary Studies* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d. net). It contains three chapters of varied information but uniform entertainment on the Chroniclers and Historians of the Tudor Age, Tudor Translators, and Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Time. In the last of the three we light unexpectedly upon Falstaff, and perceive his superiority over Poins and Bardolph—a hero of poetry he, they of the street and the highway.

Then comes a critical, somewhat stinging, essay on Sir Walter Ralegh. It is followed by one on the Court Poets of the days of Pepys, and that by one on Congreve and some others. The most curious and minute study in the volume is of the parodists who arose on the introduction of Scarron into this country, and the satirists who followed Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*—Cotton, Ned Ward, Tom Brown, and company. It is a picture of a society of letters which surely will be seen but once in this world. Yet it is a descensus which some say we were even lately heading for, when we were rescued by that other hell, the European war.

The last essay is an apologetic for Dean Swift. It is the attack of Macaulay and still more of Thackeray that have sent Mr. Whibley into the lists. And he lays about him with right goodwill. His chief weapon of defence is Swift's capacity for friendship. But why is Swift still so bitterly attacked? For his irony most of all. Even yet we do not understand irony, and as all the unknown is feared we dread it.

A book on Prayer, its practice not its theory, is *In touch with the Throne*, written by the Rev. James Little, D.D. (Marshall; 3s. 6d.). The man who prays well is not always able to discuss the theory of prayer, but he can show other men how to pray. This Dr. Little does.

Sir A. Conan Doyle's book *The New Revelation* is subjected to a sympathetic but searching criticism in a volume entitled *The Vital Choice: Endor or Calvary?* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. net). The author is Lieut.-Col. D. Forster, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.E.

Short addresses intended for steadying and strength are offered by the Rev. J. Taylor, B.D. in *Cameos of Comfort* (Morgan & Scott; 3s. net). They are mostly attached to texts, of which they sometimes give a helpful exposition. But the end is never out of sight—consolation for those who are sufferers by the war. Mr. Taylor had much experience and he touches with a gentle hand.

The Rev. J. C. Carlile, D.D., has gathered into a volume some of the addresses which he delivered in Canada and the United States during the war. The title is *Vision and Vocation* (Morgan & Scott;

4s. net). The addresses are fresh in thought and clear in construction. For the most part Dr. Carlile is attracted by texts with a breath of poetry in them. In the last of all the text is Is 61^3, 'Beauty for ashes.'

What do ashes stand for? In the Old Testament for four things—human frailty, humiliation, grief, and defeat. The word 'beauty' should be 'garland of flowers.' So the idea is that a garland of flowers will be given as power for frailty, as honour for humility, as joy for grief, as victory for defeat. The whole conception is worked out quickly, and the sermon ends with a sense of those very things being received or at least ready for our acceptance.

The Rev. Anthony C. Deane, M.A., has issued a reprint of his charming booklet *A Library of Religion* (Mowbray; 1s. 6d. net). There is no change. The prices of some of the books recommended have changed, but then, as Mr. Deane truly (and we hope hopefully) says, the chances are that if corrections were made now these corrections would soon be incorrect. We could criticise the book. Who could not? One comprehensive criticism is enough now: Fewer books and fuller.

If *Pictures and Stories from Animal Life* (R.T.S.; 4s. 6d. net) should be given to the little ones (not, however, the very least yet) to read as they can and look at the pictures which are so beautifully and accurately drawn by Margaret J. D. Badenoch, they will quite unconsciously store up information which will be good to remember all their lives. And more, they will learn to love all things both great and small—nay, even perhaps that great God who made and loves them all.

But a more original R.T.S. book is Lily Sandford's *Through a Reed Frame* (7s. 6d. net). This is the plan of it. A page occurs at the beginning made up of small coloured pictures which together tell a biblical story. Afterwards a large picture is seen with a boy looking at a space in it. That space is to be filled with one of the small pictures cut out and pasted on. Another picture comes with another space separated off. All the while the letterpress is making matters clear. After a time come questions with space for their answers. But the wise mother will make herself and her boys a present of the book and then——.

In *Historic Struggles for the Faith* (Sands; 3s. 6d. net), the Rev. John Gabriel Rowe has told the story of some Roman Catholic martyrs and movements in the history of our own land. He is well acquainted with his subject. He catches at admissions made by Protestants and uses them effectively.

One most useful feature of Dr. Alfred Plummer's Commentaries is that they are up to date. That does not mean only that he appeals to the modern mind. It means also that he has read and considered the latest relevant literature. No doubt there are scholars who do this and disappear under the billows of their learning. Dr. Plummer keeps his head above water. Every point of importance in the original he considers in the light of all that has been written before, and with his own clear practical experienced judgment he comes to his own conclusions.

Another feature is the new translation. It is a free rendering, its purpose being to place the English reader as nearly as possible in the position of the *first* readers' notice. For the first writers and the first readers used the ordinary language of their day.

The new book is *A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians* (Scott; 7s. 6d. net).

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are the publishers of a booklet on the income tax. Its title is *Income Tax Simplified* (1s. 6d. net). The author is Mr. Arthur Fieldhouse. In your distress try it. There is no iniquity in it, but much clear thinking and good advising.

Causes and Consequences (Simpkin, Marshall; 2s. 6d. net) is a very bad title for a very good book. The author, Mr. G. Gordon Samson, writes for Labour, and shows how easy it is for Labour to go astray regarding wages, wealth, the land, and other things, and how disastrous 'to the greater number' persistent misunderstanding will be.

In an introductory note to *The Church Catechism Revised*, by the Rev C. L. Feltoe, D.D. (Skeffingtons; 1s. net), there occurs this sentence by Canon A. W. Robinson: 'What seems now to be most needed is that we should all of us be helped to understand, with equal clearness, that the Church can only live and do its work truly, as it constantly remembers that it is not an end in

itself, but the appointed means whereby mankind is to be prepared for the speedy coming of the Kingdom of God.'

Mrs. M. Hardy dedicates her new volume of essays, *The Embroidery of Quiet* (Skeffingtons; 4s. net), 'to the Memory of Theodore Bayley Hardy, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., Honorary Chaplain to the King, C.F., 37th Division.' They are quite unique as essays. There is no instruction—not a single scientific fact. There is no artistry—not a landscape nor a seascape, not a river nor a rose. There is no theology. Truth, beauty, goodness, we say, that is the sum of life: then there is no life here. And yet it is just life that is here. But it is life as a whole, not broken into aspects. Sorrow is not separated from joy, pleasure is not felt to-day, pain to-morrow. We do not obey the body to forget the soul, or serve the soul to neglect the body. What differences life brings are differences in life itself, not in its accidents.

'*Daughter.* It's a confession, but I have long suspected that I reign over, but do not govern my hopes. My soul still remains perplexingly young, hopeful.

'*Mother.* Are you surprised? I am not. For the soul by its very essence is ever young.

'Listen, listen while I tell you; the body is born young, and grows old, but the soul is born old, and grows young.

'This is the secret that the old have no power to tell to the young.'

Students of Christianity, whether Biblical or Ecclesiastical, owe an imperishable debt to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Month by month the Society issues books that are of the utmost importance for their studies, and in a form that is both convenient and scholarly. There are books in series and there are books by themselves.

Of the latter is an edition of *The Officium and Miracula of Richard Rolle of Hampole.* It is edited by the Rev. R. M. Woolley, D.D. (5s. net). The introduction is a biography of the hermit—the biography of a most eccentric and successful follower of Christ.

The Epistles of Ignatius have been published in Greek, with introductions, as one of the S.P.C.K. 'Texts for Students' (1s. net). The editor is the Rev. T. W. Crafer, D.D.

If you want to discover a man's bias set him to write a book on *The Emperor Julian.* The Rev. Edward J. Martin, B.D., in his very informing Select Bibliography tells us on which side every writer is to be placed: Alice Gardner in the *Heroes of the Nations*—too friendly; Gaetano Negri—a popular attempt to rehabilitate Julian; P. Allard—too hostile, but the only work to be put beside Gibbon. And so he himself, in his book with that title (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net) is on the watch. He has written such a sketch of the emperor's life and policy as we may rest upon with some confidence. His considerateness does not lessen his grip of fact or of opinion. But he gives fact along with opinion every time.

Take note of the following pamphlets issued by the S.P.C.K.: (1) *What the Church has done for Education*, by D. M. Champion, B.A. (4d. net); (2) *Christianity and Democracy*, by S. P. T. Prideaux, D.D. (6d. net); (3) *What is the Gospel?* by H. L. Goudge, D.D. (4d. net); (4) *The Training of the Clergy*, by H. Maynard Smith (6d. net); (5) *Administrative Reform*, by the same (6d. net); *Christianity and Slavery*, by Arthur H. Tabrum (1s. 3d. net).

Mr. J. H. Harris has written a most instructive book on Africa. Mr. Harris is Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Aborigines Protection Society, and his interest is chiefly in the labour question. He calls his book *Africa: Slave or Free?* (S.C.M.; 6s. net). But he has given an account of the conditions of native life all round, and that so vividly that we read the book from cover to cover, and then wish some one would write just its fellow on Asia and America.

Very many are the social problems of Africa and very difficult—labour, race, sex, religion; every great social fact seems to rise into acuteness. Mr. Harris sees one thing clearly, that the only way to their solution is the Christian way. But he would have the missionary act wisely and in harmony. Thus:

'The question of polygamy in Africa is one of real urgency for the forces of Christianity. Agreement is probably impossible upon every detail, but there should be general support for main principles. Any violent breaking down of polygamy which involves injustice to and the degradation of certain wives cannot be tolerated. The denial of Church membership to the polygamist at the time

of conversion cannot be defended upon scriptural grounds, and should therefore be abandoned. Monogamy, being the ideal state for social and spiritual peace and enjoyment, should be the condition of holding office in any Christian Community. Given the acceptance of these three broad principles, much of the irritating detail of to-day would vanish from the troubled vision of the African.'

At the Swarthmore Press is published *Letters from India*, by J. S. H. (2s. net). There are two parts. The first part is a missionary's impressions of needs and methods; the second is the record of a missionary's rescue work during the influenza epidemic of last year. The facts are fresh and sometimes alarming.

What is the Christian Ideal? There are ideals, of course, like justice, mercy, love. But there is one ideal. What is that? The Rev. William E. Wilson, B.D., will tell you. Mr. Wilson has written a book with that title: *The Christian Ideal* (Swarthmore Press; 5s. net). He defines the ideal as 'a constantly developing life, always enlarging its powers and scope by harmonious co-operation in a society organically one under the complete control of God.'

Is there not a single name for it? Its name is the Kingdom of God. And Mr. Wilson's book is really an up-to-date exposition of what is understood by that phrase. Could he have written on a more timely topic? He could not. It is also difficult to see how he could have written more helpfully.

A book on *Social Ideals in India* has been issued by the United Council for Missionary Education (1s. 3d. net). The author, Mr. William Paton, answers to the name of 'globe-trotter,' but he has been watchful and he has read widely.

So rare a thing is a new book of mysticism that one opens *The Golden Fountain; or, The Soul's Love of God* (Watkins; 3s. net), with some hesitation. There is no author's name. The claim is quite modest: 'Being some Thoughts and Confessions of One of His Lovers.' Moreover, there is an occasional dash of curious psychology: 'Correspondence with the Divine is accomplished for the creature through the heart and by the uppermost part of the breast, this latter place (above the heart and below the mind) is the dwelling-place of the celestial spark of the soul, which lies, as it were, between two fires—that of the heart and that of the mind, responding directly to neither of these, but to God only.' Again, it is the record of an experience that is quite normal and quite modern in expression. And yet it is a book of true mystical devotion. The writer has through much tribulation washed her robes and made them white even while here on earth, and enjoys the rapture of the saints. She has no visions, but she has ecstasies, for the soul, 'whilst she is able to maintain this most difficult height of contemplation, may be visited by an intensely vivid perception, inward vision, and knowledge of God's attributes or perfections, very brief; and this *as a gift*, for she is not able to will such a felicity to herself, but being given such she is instantly consumed with adoration, and *enters ecstasy*.'

In 1902 Sir G. G. Greenwood published *The Faith of an Agnostic*. Now at the end of these seventeen years he issues the book again (Watts; 12s. 6d. net). He has rewritten a good deal of it and made many additions. But it would have been better if he had written a new book—not because he has greatly changed his mind, but because the things to which his mind then applied itself are no longer the things which most concern us. Some problems are of course with us always. But even on them Sir G. G. Greenwood should have written anew. For they change their aspect as time passes. Huxley and Herbert Spencer were much talked of in their day and talked much, but who goes to the one for science now or to the other for philosophy? In this book we have Huxley and Spencer till we wish they were both, like Huxley's 'bathybius,' at the bottom of the sea. We have no grudge against these conscientious and contentious men, but they are out of date. At the beginning of the seventh chapter Sir G. G. Greenwood quotes a paragraph from Volney and begins the next with 'So wrote Volney at the beginning of the eighteenth century. What says the philosopher of to-day?' Whereupon there follows a long quotation from Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles,' just such a quotation as shows why Spencer and his philosophy are past.

It is a pity. For the author of this book is conscientious, fair-minded, and inoffensive. He

has courage too. He does not hesitate to contradict other agnostics. Of one of Leslie Stephen's proud theories, he says bluntly, 'I do not think the argument will "hold water."' In truth, he is something of a terror to his friends. For he will insist upon being religious and on the necessity of religion for every man, which is just the unpardonable sin in the eyes of the professional rationalist.

When Dr. W. Tudor Jones lectured to our Soldiers, Sailors, and Munition Workers in 1918 and 1919 he discovered that, as a rule, they did not know that they had minds. He found it necessary to prove to them that they had, and then show them how to use these minds of theirs. The demonstration of the fact that they really had minds interested them greatly, and fitted them somewhat for the difficult discipline of the use of them. Into *The Training of Mind and Will* (Williams & Norgate; 2s. 6d. net) Dr. Jones has boiled down many long lectures. And now we too may find out that we have minds and may wish to make some use of them.

An Aramaic Source for Acts i.–xv.

By the Reverend Charles Anderson Scott, D.D., Professor of the New Testament, Westminster College, Cambridge.

There is no book of the New Testament whose reputation in the judgment of scholars has changed so much in the last thirty years as that of the Acts of the Apostles. One looks back to one's student days, when Zeller's *Commentary* was the last word in criticism, and remembers how through the ruthless application of Baur's theory it left the Acts under a cloud of suspicion which deprived it of practically all historical authority and even usefulness. The remarkable change which has taken place in the interval may be measured by the treatment of the subject in Professor Kirsopp Lake's article in the *Dictionary of the Apostolic Church*. There one notices the quiet ignoring of not a few critical positions which used to be taken as almost axiomatic, the careful weighing of probabilities in favour of historical accuracy, where the author used to be dismissed as an unblushing glozer of a painful situation, and in general a tone of respect for the document, which used to be conspicuously lacking in the work of advanced scholars. We owe much in this respect to a foreign scholar who has since become our enemy, more even to the learning, the indefatigable labour, and the candour of Sir William Ramsay, whose slow conversion to belief in Luke as the author, and as an honest and trustworthy authority, has made more impression than the defences advanced by those who never knew a doubt.

The history of criticism as applied to the Acts has entered on a new phase since the publication in 1916 of Professor Torrey's special study on the composition and date of Acts.[1] Professor Torrey is well known through his previous contributions to Semitic scholarship, and especially to the problems of Ezra and Nehemiah. He broke ground in this field of New Testament criticism with an essay on 'The Translations made from the Original Aramaic Gospels,' which he contributed to a volume presented to Professor C. H. Toy.[2] The thesis of this essay was that, especially in the earlier chapters of his Gospel, Luke employed Aramaic originals, and shows himself 'an accomplished translator.' In the present work he carries the same thesis a stage further, and seeks to show that in Ac $1-15^{35}$ we are to recognize the translation of a document originally written in Aramaic, found and translated by Luke between 62 and 64 A.D., and to be interpreted in some of its most difficult passages through the recognition of mistakes or too literal renderings in the translation.[3]

[1] *The Composition and Date of Acts*, by Charles Cutler Torrey, Professor of Semitic Languages in Yale University: No. 1 of 'Harvard Theological Studies.' Oxford University Press, 1916, 72 pp.

[2] *Studies in the History of Religion, Presented to Crawford Howell Toy*. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1912.

[3] The theory is not referred to by Prof. Kirsopp Lake, and by inference he may be said to reject it: 'It is more probable here [c. 3] than anywhere else in Acts that we are dealing with traces of a written Greek document underlying Acts in the same way as Mark and Q underlie the Lucan Gospel' (*D.A.C.* i. 23).