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Literature.

ARROWS OF DESIRE.

UNDER the title of *Arrows of Desire* (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net), Professor J. S. Mackenzie has issued a volume of essays on our National Character and Outlook. His idea is that we ought to try to understand ourselves before we begin to set the world right. For, however it may be with charity, reformation ought undoubtedly to begin at home. But how difficult it is to understand the English character. Dr. Mackenzie is compelled to run his list of English characteristics up to the number of twenty-seven. How many of the seven-and-twenty would you as an Englishman acknowledge? The list is well mixed. It begins with Individualism and Liberty; in the middle you find Realism and Imagination, Fairness and Snobbishness; it tails off badly, the last five are Melancholy, Sentimentality, Cruelty, Hypocrisy, and Cant.

Professor Mackenzie is not so inquisitive with the Scots, the Welsh, or the Irish. Of the Scots he says: 'Zeal is perhaps their most striking excellence. What their hand finds to do, they do with their might. They are often very generous in their actions, but rather on principle than by a natural instinct, and usually within more definite limits. "The Scotch," says Beddoe, "are a generous race. . . . They may be parsimonious for themselves, but they are liberal for public objects." When they form friendships, their attachments are often singularly warm. Burns and Scott were conspicuous instances of this characteristic; but so, on the whole, was Carlyle—like the dog of Heraclitus and Plato, he attacked only those whom he did not know.' Of the Welsh: 'Enthusiasm is their strong quality, as zeal is that of the Scotch. They have the *perfervidum ingenium*, but it is a more quickly burning fire. It works more rapidly, but is perhaps less persistent. They do not, for instance, brood over injuries, but rather take prompt action, like that of Fluellen, though not always quite so drastic. They are generally described as choleric and impatient, not perhaps exactly of that swiftly moving disposition

> 'That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
> Which much enforced shows a hasty spark,
> And straight is cold again.'

And the Irish: 'Ireland is a land of paradox, and it is peculiarly difficult to make statements about it without falling into self-contradiction. Mr. Chesterton has used the expression "frigid fierceness" to express a common characteristic. I suppose it is not really frigid; or at least it must be compared with the quality that Milton ascribes to the glacial region in Hades. It

> Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.

It is an attitude that may be contrasted both with the quick fire of the Welsh and with the slow fire of the Scotch. It is fire damped down, but all the more intense.' Then comes this comprehensive sentence: 'It is true that the ideals of the four peoples are markedly different—that of the English being, on the whole, the Gentleman, or, more generally, the man who *is* something; of the Scotch the Worker, the man who *does* something; of the Welsh the Seer, the man of insight; and of the Irish the Fighter or adventurer, the man who *struggles*.'

PRAYER.

The Rev. R. H. Coats, M.A., B.D., the author of that excellent book *Types of English Piety*, has now written a book on Prayer. The title is *The Realm of Prayer* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). It is a comprehensive treatise, somewhat after the manner of the volume on *Prayer* in the 'Great Christian Doctrines.' But its purpose is different, and so it gives less attention to the illustration of the subject. Yet there are quotations which illustrate, not a few. There is even a separate appendix of quotations of fifty pages. Of that appendix the author says: 'Most of the following selected extracts have been gleaned from the reading of many years. Some, however, have been kindly contributed by Dr. James Moffatt, and a few others have been taken, by permission, from Dr. James Hastings' *Christian Doctrine of Prayer*.'

The chapter of most immediate interest is that on 'The Psychology of Prayer.' Its central affirmation is this: 'The true way of regarding prayer, on its psychological side, is to look upon it

as a mutual spiritual interaction, in which both divine and human elements are mingled. Prayer is something more than a subjective exercise of the soul of man by which we seek personal self-realization through the affirmation of spiritual values over against the world. Account must be taken of the external spiritual power which calls this faculty into being, and continually fosters, directs, educates, and inspires it. Prayer, that is to say, is the chief means of perfecting spiritual personality through the intercourse of our moral will with the holy will of God.'

But there is an earlier chapter that strikes us as still more useful. It is the chapter on 'The Development of Prayer.' The very idea of development is generally absent from the minds of those who pray. Mr. Coats shows how the great privilege has passed from the prayer of the rude animistic worshipper to the prayer of the Christian saints. We wish he had gone on to show how necessary it is for the saint to pray, not as he prayed when a child, but now with the understanding also, a full-grown man's prayer.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has published a volume on the League of Nations which is the most readable of the volumes we have seen on that subject. It contains ten essays or addresses by men representing seven different nations. The title is *The Nations and the League* (7s. 6d. net). Thus we have the British View (by Sir George Paish and Sir Sidney Low), the French View (by Senator Léon Bourgeois and M. André Mater), the American View (by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University), the Belgian View (by M. Louis Strauss of Antwerp), the Dutch View (by A. Heringa), the Norwegian View (by Johan Castberg, President of the Norwegian Odelsting, and Fridtjof Nansen, the Explorer), and the German View (by Dr. Lujo Brentano of the University of Munich).

The German View is the most unexpected, both in itself and in its contents. For the author courageously and confidently assigns the war to two causes—our refusal to take shares in the Bagdad railway, which was undertaken simply 'to open up Mesopotamia,' and our determination 'to eject the Germans from their position in international commerce, which they have won by decades of laborious work.' It 'is solely because of this aim that they have compelled countries to declare war upon Germany with whom she had never had the slightest difference.'

The most valuable article in the volume is the introduction by Sir George Paish. Its subject is 'The Danger of World Breakdown.' Sir George Paish shows very clearly that the danger of a fearful economic disaster is not confined to the Continent of Europe, but extends to Great Britain, and even to America. 'Obviously,' he says, 'if America cannot sell its surplus supplies of cotton, a large part of the black population of the Southern States will have no income and no employment, and race riots and immense loss of life will be inevitable. Again, if the farmers of the West and of the North-west cannot sell their surplus supplies of wheat and of meal, a considerable portion of the people now employed by them will be without an income. Impoverishment of the South and West will soon affect the East. And America as a whole will be seething with discontent and with revolution. What applies to America, applies equally to all the other nations which so largely depend upon the markets of Europe for the sale of their surplus products. Indeed, it applies to this country in common with the rest of the world.'

His remedy is a guarantee by the governments of the nations (especially Japan and other countries which have profited by the war) of a capital sum of seven thousand million pounds to be taken out in bonds at 5 or 4½ per cent.

SCIENCE AND LIFE.

Mr. Frederick Soddy, who is now Dr. Lee's Professor of Inorganic and Physical Chemistry in the University of Oxford, was for the last five years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Aberdeen, and during these years he delivered some addresses and wrote some papers beyond the work of his Chair. These papers and addresses he has now collected into a volume with the title of *Science and Life* (Murray; 10s. 6d. net).

The range of subject is not wide. For Professor Soddy is the wise shoemaker who sticks to his last. He has probably not had time, we doubt if he has inclination, to know something about everything. Still, his occasional essays are not occupied entirely with Chemistry. All that we have a right to say is that they are restricted to

Science. Professor Soddy is the very incarnation of that ideal which we have in our minds when we speak of 'a man of Science.' He writes of science, he thinks in science, he lives for science. 'Science and Life' is his well-chosen title, for to him life is science, and science is life.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we should find Professor Soddy quite unable to understand theology. We do not say religion. There is not a word in the book which suggests the absence of personal religion; every word suggests its presence. But like many other men who have given their time to scientific studies, when he speaks of 'Science and Religion,' as he does in one most interesting article in this volume, he does not distinguish religion from theology. He does not separate the experiences of the spiritual life from their interpretation. And the consequence is twofold. In the first place, he is led to speak ill of religion itself, which he has no intention of doing; and in the second place he is led to speak ill of theology, without knowing what theology is.

It is true that at the beginning of his discussion he separates religion from 'the priests,' saying, 'It is the priests, not religion, it is difficult for scientific men to live with, and science cannot co-exist with priest-craft.' But even then he is thinking of religion as identified with 'priestcraft.' And in the opening of the next paragraph he makes the identification openly.

Now it is not true that the 'priest,' that is to say, the modern theologian (whom alone Professor Soddy has to consider), 'teaches that in some remote period of the world God Himself revealed Truth once and for all time, and his profession is to guard it against all comers.' That is merely the traditional conception of theology, handed down in chemical and other classrooms from generation to generation. And just as that conception is wrong, so also is the deduction from it wrong—what Professor Soddy calls 'another important difference between what is understood by truth in the realms of science and religion respectively.' This is the deduction: 'A truth that claims to be a divine revelation must necessarily be supposed to be the absolute or ultimate truth, which, by common consent, is unattainable by any of the methods of human inquiry.' We cannot but ask, however respectfully, if Professor Soddy has read for himself any competent modern volume of theology—any great manual like Professor Adams Brown's, or Professor Clarke's, or Dean Strong's; or even any volume handling a single department of theology, like Mackintosh's *Person of Christ*, or Ottley's *Incarnation*, or Lidgett's *Fatherhood of God*.

Now let it not be supposed even for a moment that Professor Soddy is one of the incompetent or professionally jealous critics of Christianity. He is very strongly sympathetic towards what he believes to be true religion, and he would at once acknowledge that for him true religion is the Christian religion. What his book reveals is the necessity that lies upon modern theology to come out into the open and compel the unprejudiced student of science to see that his notions of 'priestcraft' are (with negligible exceptions) out of date and unworthy.

THE SYRIAN CHRIST.

The Syrian Christ is the title of a book of instructive and illustrative material on the Bible, quite amazing in its volume and its value (Melrose; 9s. net). The author is himself a Syrian. Abraham Mitrie Rihbany is his name. He has lived and preached in America for many years. And thus he knows both what are the customs of the people of Palestine and what is the best way of describing them for us. He throws new light on ever so many texts, and for our part we have not the least doubt of his reliability.

There is a striking chapter on Swearing. Mr. Rihbany shows how frequent it is, and how sacred. It is even a sign of manhood. 'I remember distinctly how proud I was in my youth to put my hand upon my moustache, when it was yet not even large enough to be respectfully noticed, and swear by it *as a man*. I recall also to what roars of laughter I would provoke my elders at such times, to my great dismay. Here it may easily be seen that swearing in the Orient had so lost its original sacredness and become so vulgar, even as far back as the time of Christ, that he deemed it necessary to give the unqualified command, "Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of

evil." This was perhaps the most difficult command to obey that Jesus ever gave to his country-men.'

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES.

The Economic Consequences of the Peace are serious if not disastrous. That is the opinion of John Maynard Keynes, C.B., whose book under that title has been published by Messrs. Macmillan (8s. 6d. net). Mr. Keynes was the official representative of the British Treasury at the Peace Conference up to June 1919. At that date he resigned, because he disapproved of the terms of the Peace Treaty. His disapproval was due to the belief that Germany was required to pay more than she was capable of paying.

What was Germany told to pay? Mr. Keynes says eight thousand million pounds. What is she able to pay? Mr. Keynes says two thousand million. He knows, of course, that the Germans themselves offered to pay five thousand million pounds, but that was on the assumption that they would retain their colonies and merchant ships. Without them, he says, 'a capacity of £8,000,000,000 or even of £5,000,000,000 is not within the limits of reasonable possibility.'

It is all very disturbing, if it is true. But there are considerations. One consideration is the ease with which statistics may be used to prove foregone conclusions. Another is the unmistakable evidence Mr. Keynes has given of his fondness for exaggeration. His estimate of the President of the United States is an obvious and enormous example. 'The first glance at the President suggested not only that, whatever else he might be, his temperament was not primarily that of the student or the scholar, but that he had not much even of that culture of the world which marks M. Clemenceau and Mr. Balfour as exquisitely cultivated gentlemen of their class and generation. But more serious than this, he was not only insensitive to his surroundings in the external sense, he was not sensitive to his environment at all. What chance could such a man have against Mr. Lloyd George's unerring, almost medium-like, sensibility to every one immediately round him?' This is absurd on the face of it, and it becomes ridiculous when the 'clue' is discovered. 'The clue once found was illuminating. The President was like a Nonconformist minister, perhaps a Presbyterian.'

ANDREW HUNTER DUNN.

In the Memoir of the Right Rev. *Andrew Hunter Dunn*, Fifth Bishop of Quebec, by Percival Jolliffe (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net), there is not a very full account of the work which the Bishop did in his diocese. Mr. Jolliffe did not know him there and has to depend upon the knowledge of others. But from what we see of the man we can surmise of the work. And the man is greater than his work always. No doubt it is in the work that we first discover the man. 'Marvellous are thy works,' said the Psalmist, of God Almighty. Why? Because He is greater than His works. But when we have known what God is we know that all His works are done in truth and righteousness.

So is it with man. So was it with Bishop Dunn. We know him from the work he did as Vicar of All Saints, South Acton. That story Mr. Jolliffe knows well and tells it well. It is not the ordinary tale of the parish priest. It is a quite extraordinary narrative of a self-denying consecrated servant of God, making himself the fit instrument for God's hand in a most trying situation. One wonders how he got through all the work and, still more, all the worry.

But he owed much to his home life. Here is a pleasant picture of the home. It was written by the Archbishop of Rupertsland, who had been Dr. Dunn's guest during the meetings of the Pan-Anglican Congress: 'I hope you and yours are very well. I shall never forget the extensive kindness of you all, and I shall ever look back with the pleasantest recollections to my stay at Bishopthorpe. It *was* so nice. I was just remarking to my daughter that the strain of the Synod seemed nothing to me for the reason that I had such a "home" to come to at your house to be *built up* with kindness. I hope that Mrs. Dunn and Miss Dunn are none the worse for all that fell upon them. Remember me most kindly and gratefully to them both, and also to the ever capable Arthur, and to the interesting *smoking* son, who guided me to comfort in the side-room upstairs, where we fumigated together, and where he listened to our "yarns."'

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

We thought we knew most of the things that were as yet to be known about the origin of the

war. But Dr. William Herbert Hobbs, Professor of Geology in the University of Michigan, has discovered things we did not know, and he has set forth all the things that are known in admirable order and clearness in his volume of lectures on *The World War and its Consequences* (Putnam; $2.50 net).

So set forth, these things together form a terrible charge. How the Kaiser, if he is tried, can escape their guilt, it is difficult to see. Professor Hobbs evidently counts him guilty of the Archduke's death. 'On June 12th, a fortnight before the murder of the Archduke, the German Kaiser accompanied by Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, paid a visit to him in his castle at Konopisht in Bohemia. Nothing but rumour is available concerning what passed between them at the meeting, but the Kaiser's remark when the news of the assassination reached him is most significant. So is likewise the fact that the always efficient police force of Sarajevo was instructed by the military authorities not to make any special arrangements for the Archduke's protection, and the military made none themselves. The Archduke rode from the railroad station to the city hall without an escort, and though a bomb was then thrown at him without success and he made protest, he was allowed to drive away from the hall without an escort, and with his wife he was then killed by revolver shots of the assassin Princip.'

'The news of the double murder of the Archduke and his morganatic wife reached the German Emperor at Kiel on board his yacht *Meteor*, where were many guests with him, including Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador to Great Britain. Says Lichnowsky in his memoirs: "His Majesty expressed regret that his efforts to win the Archduke over to his idea had thus been rendered vain. Whether the plan of pursuing an active policy against Serbia had been determined upon at Konopisht, I cannot know. As I was uninformed about views and events at Vienna, I attached no far-reaching importance to this event. Not until later was I able to establish the fact that among the Austrian aristocrats a feeling of relief outweighed all other sentiments. One of His Majesty's other guests on board the *Meteor* was the Austrian Count Felix Thun. Although the weather was splendid, he lay all the time in his cabin suffering from seasickness. When the news arrived, he was well. He had been cured either by the shock or the joy."'

Professor Hobbs is no hot-blooded partisan. Witness his words about Britain's sea-power: 'The fact that Great Britain has not misused her control of the seas to break up the commerce of her neighbours, is no doubt in some measure to be ascribed to the Anglo-Saxon ideals of fair play. It is perhaps quite as much to be explained, however, by the fact that as the one great Power which had adopted the policy of free trade, England had seen no advantage to her national prosperity in ruining her trade rivals, who must also be her customers. Were the seas to fall under the domination of a nation which aims to build up its state upon the destruction of its rivals, there is little reason to doubt that the *mare clausum* in peace times which prevailed in earlier centuries would once more become a *fait accompli*.'

A SHORT HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

Education has at last become popular. Well, it has become popular to talk about education. And when 'society' begins to talk about a thing, get your good book ready, that society may talk less ignorantly and less mischievously. Mr. John William Adamson, Professor of Education in the University of London, is ready with *A Short History of Education* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 12s. 6d. net).

It is a book to read right through. For there is progress. You may dispute about the fact of progress in other lines, talk about its cycles and so forth, as you will; in Education there has been progress unmistakably, and it is best by far to trace its history step by step. Doing so, you see pretty clearly where blunders were made and why, the chief blunder being, as usual, disregard of the actual human nature which had to be educated. And thus you are led on to the wonderful stride made by Thring of Uppingham and his imitators, with whom the history closes.

But you may pick up the book even at an odd half-hour and open it at almost any chapter, with some interest and some profit. In chapter ix. there is a description from Cordier's *Libellus* of 1530 taught at Geneva in the sixteenth century. You will observe how in that school and at that time prayer and performance went together.

'Whilst we are in making an end of our breakfast, the second peal rings, every one takes his books; we go into the common hall. The bills

[*catalogi*, class-rolls] of every form are called, as the custom is; they that are there answer to their name. I make answer too. They that are away are noted by the Monitors in their bills. After the bills have done calling, the master goeth into his pue to pray; he bids us to mind and then he prayeth publicly. When he hath prayed, he saith, Get you every one into his hearing place. They all come together, I also come with my schoolfellows; I sit in my place. The master comes in. He enquires concerning them that are away. And then he sits in his seat and bids the Author's writing to be read up ["jubet pronuntiari auctoris scriptum," orders the passage set from the author in use to be read aloud]. We say three and three [that is, by threes in turn] with a loud voice, as we use to do every day. Then he bids us construe. Some of the more ignorant sort read one by one; we other-some say three and three, and that by heart [*memoriter*] except him that goes orderly [*ordine*, in his turn] before us repeating the very words of the author. At the last, the master exacts the English signification of the words. The better scholars [*doctiores*], to whom he giveth that in charge by name, make answer, I also being commanded by him to answer. He commends them that answer well; of the number of whom (be it spoken without boasting) I was one. Afterwards he commandeth every part of speech to be orderly parsed according to the grammar rule. Last of all, he doth openly appoint what is to be repeated after dinner. When it hath struck eight of clock, he commands us to prayer; which, when it is done, he adviseth us to do diligently what we have to do. At the last he dismisseth us. As he looks upon us, we go forth in order and without noise, and we depart merrily.'

RUHLEBEN.

The name of Ruhleben will be known to every schoolboy in every country, except Germany, for generations to come. And it will be a symbol of man's inhumanity to man. *The History of Ruhleben* has been told by Joseph Powell and Francis Gribble (Collins; 10s. 6d. net). It has been told with great thoroughness and a manifest British determination to be just. Hence it is not the painful reading that one expects it to be. There are episodes and incidents that are painful enough, degradingly painful and diabolically cruel. But there are also acts of consideration and kindness. On the whole the record is black, far too black, but it is not so disgustingly sordid as was feared. Let us quote the authors:

'This part of our story, therefore, ends, as it began, with the exposure of a scandal which Germany will find it difficult to live down. The record of the military authorities at Berlin in the matter, is bad from first to last, though not quite so bad at last as it was at first. They never initiated reforms, and they never quite ceased to obstruct them, passing only by slow degrees from a policy of active cruelty to one of more or less tolerant indifference. Some of their individual subordinates, as has been shown, fought a good fight against them, and succeeded in doing something to save the good name of their country; but even their good will would have accomplished little if it had not been for the help sent from England, and the energy, enterprise, and power of organisation displayed by certain men within the camp. But for these things the death rate would have been appalling, and the whole story of Ruhleben a tragedy. As it was, tragedy was averted and the death rate was kept low. The work which, in the prison camps in England, was done as a matter of course by the military administration, was there left to the resources and initiative of the prisoners themselves. This chapter has shown in what a spirit they grappled with their task.'

The volume is admirably printed and illustrated.

SCOTTISH CLERICAL STORIES.

The Rev. Charles Jerdan, LL.B., D.D., has been best known by his children's sermons. He has published five large volumes of them. And they *are* children's sermons. As one feature of the true children's sermon, they overflow with anecdote. But the anecdotes are so truly children's anecdotes that no one was prepared to find in Dr. Jerdan the Dean Ramsay of a new day. Here he is, however, with an amazingly cheap and an amazingly good collection of *Scottish Clerical Stories and Reminiscences* (Oliphants; 7s. 6d. net).

He has good stories to tell, and he tells them well. They are almost wholly of the ministers of Scotland, and mostly of the ministers of the United Presbyterian Church. They are old and new. But the surprise will be that so many are

new. They are nearly all humorous, for, in spite of the idea which has obtained entrance into the Englishman's head so easily and stays there so tenaciously, the Scotsman's head needs no surgical operation to appreciate a joke. Says Dr. Jerdan: 'There is no more humorous nation in the world than the Scots. Although by no means a demonstrative people, they are full of fun and fond of joking. Their humour is dry—the humour of restraint; but it is natural, spontaneous, and sometimes even unconscious. Occasionally grim, it is seldom boisterous; but, when it is, it shakes the sides with laughter. Often it is *pawky*, that is, sly or arch; and now and then, instead of being pleasantly cheery, it is biting or sarcastic. Take it all in all, this is a peculiar feature of the national character.'

Sometimes the humour is in the situation. The Rev. Alexander Thomson of Haddington had a sermon on Heb. 11^{25}, 'Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' He preached it 'on a Sacramental Fast Day in Junction Road Church, Leith, of which the Rev. Francis Muir was the much-respected minister. The congregation present on that day was extremely small; and at the close of the service, in the vestry, Mr. Muir said to the preacher: "Thank you very much, Mr. Thomson, for that admirable discourse. I enjoyed it exceedingly. My only regret is that so very few of my people were present to listen to it. It is too painfully evident, Mr. Thomson, that most of the families of the congregation, on a day which ought to be observed with solemnity, have preferred to enjoy the pleasures of sin rather than to *suffer affliction with the people of God.*"'

Sometimes the humour is in the language. The same Mr. Thomson had been on holiday and returned unexpectedly. 'When he appeared in the vestibule of the church as the bells were beginning to ring for the morning service, the face of Saunders Porteous, his old elder, and also a noted character in the town, became wreathed with smiles of welcome. "Come awa', Maister Thamson," he shouted, "come awa': the hale congregation 'ill be maist delighted when they see it's yersel' the day." "What's the matter, Saunders? Has the supply not been satisfactory?" "Maister Thamson, if you hadna been here yersel' the day, by next Sawbath they wud hae been a' sperfled, past the poo'er o' man ever to gether them thegether again." "What was wrong, Saunders? Tell me what was wrong." "Maister Thamson, what sort o' a man was yon first ane that you sent us? A perfect mountain-bank, a screeching fule! Yon man canna preach. And then we had Maister C——. We a' ken Maister C——. He was born and brocht up amang us in Heddinton. If there's a godly man walks the earth, it's Maister C——. Nae doot o' that. But, Maister Thamson, God Almichty ne'er intended Maister C—— to gang intil a poopit. He's refuised him gifts: *he* canna preach ony mair than the ither roarin' man. If ye hadna been wi' us yersel' the day, there wud be nae congregation ava next Sawbath."'

The subject of *Clerical Incomes* has at last caught the attention of the public, and it is well to have it thoroughly discussed. The Rev J. Howard B. Masterman, M.A., Canon of Coventry, has edited a volume with that title (Bell; 6s. net). Each chapter relates to a different diocese, and is written by one who knows the condition of affairs in the diocese. The startling and humiliating figures need not be repeated. What remedies are proposed?

The first remedy is a better parson. There are some good parsons already—the first remedy is an increase of their number. The second is a keener sense of responsibility on the part of church members. The third is a more efficient executive. But these remedies take time; what can be done at once? Two suggestions are made—one, more active generosity by Diocesan Boards, the other, bursaries to enable lads of poorer parents to go through a University training and then enter the ministry.

'If I am right in my interpretation of the realities of politics and in my diagnosis of history, then the irresistible conclusion must be that there is only one way of giving us the necessary security and of removing the German peril, and that is to undo the political work of Bismarck, to sever the political bond with Prussia, to disintegrate this formidable and compact German structure—in other words, to substitute a decentralised Germany of small states for the unified and centralised and Prussianised empire.'

That is the central sentence in Dr. Charles

Sarolea's new book, *Europe and the League of Nations* (Bell; 6s. net). He believes in the small nation; he does not believe in the large. Even the confederations which the Peace Conference has blessed—Jugo-Slavia, Checko-Slovakia—he does not believe in. Their heterogeneous elements, he thinks, will never be able to pull harmoniously together. The larger the nationality or confederacy the more unworkable will the League of Nations find it, and Dr. Sarolea is truly anxious to see the League a success. The League of Nations is the Peace Treaty. 'To a superficial observer the Covenant may as yet appear only as an empty form and an elusive shadow. On the contrary, to a thoughtful observer it is the Provisional Treaty which is the shadow. It is the League which is the substance.'

Mr. W. H. V. Reade has written a handy useful book on *The Revolt of Labour against Civilisation* (Blackwell; 3s. net). The danger ahead is in the assertion of mere class selfishness. Me and mine, especially me—it is the return to chaos. How is such a doctrine possible? It is made possible by insistence on the fallacy (or by taking for granted the fallacy) that 'labour' is manual labour, all other labour being idleness; and that the working-man is the man who works with his hands, all other workmen being hangers-on. Says Mr. Reade: 'The whole philosophy of Bolshevism is latent in the cant-words "labour" and "working-man," with their curious implication that outside an area rather vaguely described no one properly can be said to work.'

Mr. George Jeffery, F.S.A., Architect, has written *A Brief Description of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, and other Christian Churches in the Holy City* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 10s. 6d. net). It is the latest word on a great subject and a great history. A new chapter is opened in the history of Jerusalem, and the Holy Sepulchre will begin a new career of interest and awe. This book is up to date; it brings the whole history up to date; and it describes minutely and most capably the present state of the Holy Sepulchre. There is even a dip into the future.

The most unexpected part of the volume is that which describes the reproductions of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as a Pilgrim Shrine in Europe, the chief of which is the Church of San Stefano in Bologna. 'In England—with the exception of the chapel of the Sepulchre in Winchester Cathedral—very few examples seem to have taken the form of separate buildings or chapels, and but a few parish churches were dedicated in honour of Saint Sepulchre.'

The work is illustrated with plans and other drawings by the author.

The Rev. Charles Reynolds Brown, D.D., LL.D., Dean of the School of Religion in Yale University and Pastor of the University Church, is the right man to invite to address young men. For he is a complete man. The trouble with young men, even when they have just completed their University course, is that they think they are complete men though in fact they are but half-way on the road to completeness. It is only the man who has passed middle life that is complete. He only has had all the experience of manhood and is a man. The young man, having but half the experience yet, counts what he calls 'manliness' manhood. He extols the active virtues, the courageous virtues. When Dr. Brown gives his *Yale Talks* to young men (Humphrey Milford; 4s. 6d. net) he makes contact with their minds by taking the courageous virtues first. But before he is done with them he tells them that there is a place in the complete life for meekness and gentleness, and that he that ruleth his spirit is more than he that taketh a city.

The Power of the Spirit, the new book of the Rev. Percy Dearmer, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical Art in King's College, London, is an appendix to the books which treat systematically of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost (Humphrey Milford; 3s. 6d. net). It is deliberately an appendix. For (this is the Preface and the whole of it)—'In one of the chief text-books of theology used in our theological seminaries, the following references are given by the index: "Holy Ghost, addition of Article on, 198; Divinity of, 199; distinct personality of, 201; history of the doctrine of, 204; procession of, 209; blasphemy against, 446 *seq.*" This seemed to leave room for a little more upon the subject. I therefore ventured to choose "The Power of the Spirit" as the subject for the Page Lectures, at Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Connecticut, this year.'

We get a start when we find Dr. Moffatt's name docked of a letter on the first page, but it is something that the short spelling is maintained throughout, and it is the first and last departure from strict truthfulness. Not another word would we have altered, and not a word would we spare.

First there is a protest against the Holy Ghost being thought of as a giver of consolation. 'Comforter' we call Him, but not in that sense. Dr. Dearmer would have us say 'Paraclete' instead. He quotes the 'Veni Creator' (especially in the Poet Laureate's translation) as expressing the right 'military virtue' of the Holy Spirit. Then he discourses, learnedly and most suggestively, of the Gifts of the Spirit, the Talents of the Spirit, the Fruits of the Spirit.

One of the fruits is Peace. 'A good Christian is never disturbed or fearful, he does not fret or worry. (Oddly enough, as I wrote the last word a telegram arrived which announced that a registered manuscript had taken six days instead of twelve hours to arrive at the publisher's, thus effectually destroying my plans and breaking up my morning's work.) Well, a Christian must never worry, and the gentle "Bother!" is just as much out of place on his lips as the other more pronounced and more theological expletive.'

The Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, Mr. Arthur Gray, tells certain *Tedious Brief Tales of Granta and Gramarye* (Cambridge: Heffer; 4s. 6d. net). They are wild and weird enough for instant credence; for what else but such a life as this could have been lived in the Cambridge of the bad days of yore? The Master tells them well, without approval or disapproval, with just the antiquary's interest. The volume is illustrated by E. Joyce Shillington Scales, and that most charmingly.

Bishop Charles Gore has reissued his *Roman Catholic Claims* (Longmans; 4s. net). This is the eleventh edition. He says of it: 'I have rewritten the account of the early history of the Roman Church (pp. 93–4) in view especially of the investigations of Mr. Edmundson's *Church in Rome in the First Century* (Longmans, 1913), a book, which has not, I think, received sufficient attention.'

Our Lord's ministry in Galilee is the subject of the chapters in the Rev. F. W. Drake's new book, *Galilean Days* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net). 'It is not an analysis, nor a complete record of the work and teaching of Christ in Galilee, nor does it deal in any way with the problem of the sources of the narrative. It is a devotional study of some of the chief events of our Lord's ministry in Galilee, written by one who believes that no humanitarian view of Jesus can meet the demands of the Gospel story, any more than it can satisfy the deepest instincts of the human heart.'

Those who have studied the Benedictus have made a discovery. On the face of it the Song of Zacharias is simply a compilation out of the Old Testament. The phrases are memorable, the thought is prophetic, and that is all. But the study of it, such study as Canon E. A. Burroughs has given to it, is a discovery of strength and wisdom for all time and most of all for the strange time that now is. Canon Burrough's book *The Way of Peace* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net) is an elaborate (but never over-elaborated) exposition of the Benedictus. He quotes one who calls it 'the last prophecy of the Old Testament and the first in the New.' He himself calls it 'the earliest programme of Christian Life.' And it is as a programme of Christian life that he treats it so fully and so helpfully. The central thought is that the way of service is the way of peace.

Sister Agnes Mason of the Community of the Holy Family has been encouraged by her fellow Sisters to write a book on *The Way of Beauty* (Longmans; 5s. net). She hopes 'to shew (1) that there is a distinctive pleasure given by beauty, and to shew in what its difference consists: (2) that beauty is what is commonly called *objective*: (*i.e.*), that there is, with great but more or less accountable variations, a certain agreement or consensus of judgment as to the conditions which things must fulfil in order to be beautiful, and as to the great things which do most perfectly fulfil them: (3) and most important, that Beauty is in the truest and deepest sense *objective*, being of God just as Truth and Righteousness are of God: and certain consequences which follow from this: that is to say, (4) that crimes against beauty are plain sins, just as lying is a sin against truth, and stealing against righteousness; and that our nation is grievously sinning in this way: (5) how, as

beauty flows from God, so it may help us in the way of God, and how we can try to put our children in the way of this help: (6) and lastly, what beauty costs.'

That is an appetizing programme. The book is its fulfilment. Central of all, however, though not directly promised, is the thought of the beauty of God. Yes, He is a beautiful God, and Sister Agnes rejoices in the thought, with a joy that makes her writing itself quite beautiful.

Are all the saints and mystics dead? How careful we are to investigate the right of any man or woman of our own day to be called a saint, how careful to consider the claim to be a mystic. After investigation we find that there are better saints to-day than any that the Church of Rome has canonized; after consideration we discover that there are truer mystics than any previous age of Christianity has left on record. Why should we be astonished at the statement? It ought so to be. It is all a matter of the presence of Christ—its realization and its practice. And it is not to be supposed that Christ should be content to be present to any generation in just the measure in which He was present to the generation before. He is a progressive presence. He records progress. He makes it.

We need not therefore retain the name of mystic for St. John of the Cross and refuse it to Mr. Jesse Brett. *The Hidden Sanctuary* (Longmans; 5s. net) is a volume of 'Devotional Studies.' That is the modern modest title. But it is the old claim to intimacy, and makes the claim good. Moreover it is modern—yes, just because it is modern it is good to read. For we send the half of our faculties to sleep over the ancient mystics, content with a little comfortable pious emotion and forgetting that 'thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind.'

Where should one seeking seriously to study the New Testament begin? With the writings of St. Luke. And the Gospel comes before the Acts. For it is the deliberate opinion of the Rev. H. McLachlan, M.A., B.D., Lecturer in Hellenistic Greek in the University of Manchester, that 'the key to New Testament study lies mainly in understanding aright the nature and purpose of Luke's writings.' Mr. McLachlan is right. Textual criticism, historical criticism, exegetical criticism, psychological criticism—all tend to-day to gather round the writings of that man whose nationality, profession, and even personality are so difficult to define.

Mr. McLachlan has written a volume on *St. Luke: The Man and his Work* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net). That volume is an introduction to the subject, the best that the serious student can find. There is no problem unvisited or uninvestigated; and the discussion is always marked by candour as well as ability. The linguistic problems are most prominent, but the man himself is always to Mr. McLachlan more than all his writing. He finds Luke himself even in the arrangement of his paragraphs. 'The more the words of Luke are pondered, the clearer becomes the evidence for his possession of a singularly bright spirit. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous. The medley of great things and little, of things mundane and things celestial, of things low and things awful, is plainly shown in the juxtaposition of a parable of the Kingdom with foolish pleas of guests invited to a feast, of the Lord's Prayer with the unwelcome Friend at Midnight, of the thrilling scene at Ephesus and the part played by an ignorant mob, of the lofty address of Paul at Athens and the contemptible newsmongering of the citizens. It is in such contrasts that humour and satire have their place, pointing out an intense, unspeakable incongruity.'

The study of Man is still the most popular study, and we cannot have him old enough. The pursuit of the oldest human being is as keen as the search for the North Pole. And the difficulty is the same at the end. Is this really the oldest, or have we still to look for another? In his manual entitled *An Introduction to Anthropology* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net), the Rev. E. O. James, B.Litt., F.C.S., writes the history of the Neanderthal and all other types of prehistoric man, including the Grimaldi Race discovered at Mentone and called after the Prince of Monaco, and a fine exciting history it is. The latest sensation is the Ipswich skeleton, discovered in 1911, but now, alas, admitted by its discoverer to be of quite moderate antiquity. The book is an Introduction to the whole science of Anthropology. Mr. James is one of the most enthusiastic of its students. His manual is up to date and excellent.

The Rev. E. F. Braley, M.A., LL.M., Organizer of Religious Education in the Diocese of Southwell, has written a book on the religious education of the adolescent, and called it *Sir Hobbard de Hoy* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). It is really a book on the Bible Class—the first great book written on that great subject. Mr. Braley knows all about the Bible Class and has great faith in its possibilities. But it must be recognized, prepared for, taught, nursed, and nourished. Let not any Bible Class teacher go on teaching without reading this book. If the class is doing ill it will then do well, if it is doing well it will do better.

The Testing of a Nation (Macmillan; 6s. net) is the title which the Archbishop of Canterbury has given to the collected volume of his war sermons and addresses. In a true sense they are a history of the war, for they are a history of our public religion. This is what we felt about God and duty, interpreted for us by a man of true discernment. And it is comforting now to see that we were neither revengeful nor afraid. Dr. Davidson never said that we were sure to win—he left that to the prophets among our generals. But he said that we were in God's hands, and if we would but be true to the knowledge of God given to us, whatever the issue it would be well with us. Faith and courage—those are the notes that recur quite steadily throughout the volume.

Sir James George Frazer owes his reputation to his scholarship and his style. When scholarship and style are found together and in such measure of excellence as in him, the combination is irresistible. For if it is Frenchmen who can write well, it is Englishmen who can enjoy good writing; and if it is Germans that can investigate, it is Scotsmen that can appreciate the investigation. In his 'Golden Bough,' Sir James Frazer is the scholar first; in his *Sir Roger de Coverley, and other Literary Pieces* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d. net), the first charm is the purity of the English idiom. Never has Addison had a more loyal lover. The story of the visit to Coverley Hall was first told in the Introduction to a selection of Addison's Essays. It is now magnified, literally and metaphorically, by the publication of four papers discovered among the manuscripts still preserved in the Hall. They are delightful papers, quite worthy of a place in the *Spectator*, which they may only accidentally have missed.

The other papers are a children's tale, 'The Quest of the Gorgon's Head,' four biographical sketches (Cowper, Robertson Smith, Fison, and Howitt), and fifteen shorter essays.

What is the theme of the Second Epistle to Timothy? The Rev. Harrington C. Lees says *The Promise of Life*. And under that title he has published an exposition of the Epistle in a series of Keswick addresses (Morgan & Scott; 3s. net). Mr. Lees was born to be an expositor, and he has made good his birthright by hard study. It is in the original language of the Epistle that he makes his discoveries, and then it is with a fine sense of idiomatic English that he makes them ours. His titles are: 'The Music of Memory,' 'The Securities of Faith,' 'The Heroism of Faith,' 'The Cost of Favour,' 'The Secret of Staying Power,' and 'Facing the Facts of life.'

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have published a new and revised edition of the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton's book on *The Practice of Christ's Presence* (2s. 6d. net).

The Church We Forget, by the Rev. P. Whitwell Wilson (Morgan & Scott; 7s. 6d. net), is 'a Study of the Life and Words of the Early Christians' by an evangelist for evangelists. Mr. Wilson is interested not so much in the things that befell St. Paul or any other of the early Christians, as in the use that can be made of them for the propagation of the Gospel. His scholarship is supplemented by his enthusiasm. If he is unconcerned about the great problems of the Acts, he is much concerned about the Gospel according to St. Paul. His historical allusions may need revision, but they never fail of their application. 'Paul,' he says, 'made friends in one place, only to tear himself from them. Repeatedly, as he was settling down, the call came to move elsewhere. Little need we wonder if he yearned for an abiding city, the place prepared for him, where he might be seated happily, with the Saviour Whom he loved. Yet as a figure in history—hunted, persecuted, maltreated—he was an utter contrast to the wandering Jew of poetry and drama. Shylock, dreaming of his ducats, is pitifully a smaller man than Paul, who being of the same race as Shylock, of the same education, the same tenacious obduracy, dreamed of an inherit-

ance, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven—note the exquisitely unselfish touch—not "for me" but "for you"—for others than himself."

Dr. Samuel A. B. Mercer, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament in the Western Theological Seminary, is one of the most enthusiastic teachers of our time. He is well furnished and he is practical. His volume on *The Book of Genesis* for Bible Classes and Private Study has no nonsense whatever about it. He tells you in it what books to have beside you, and then how to use them. He teaches, he catechizes, he sets you essays to write. Messrs. Mowbray are the British publishers ($1.25 net).

To his 'Biblical and Oriental Series,' Professor Mercer has added two volumes—the one on *Religious and Moral Ideas in Babylonia and Assyria*, the other on the *Growth of Religious and Moral Ideas in Egypt* (Mowbray; $1.50 each).

Dr. Mercer sees what he wants done and does it. This series is unrivalled for the purpose of introducing the educated but inexpert reader to the Comparative Study of Religion. One religion at a time is the best method.

Sir Francis Darwin's new volume of essays, which he calls *Springtime* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net), is quite as light and airy as the first was. Flowers have the best share, as is right and proper. But pleasant things are said about the names of characters in fiction, extracts are made from the voluminous diaries of Thomas Hearne, and there are recollections or sketches of Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir George Airy, Sydney Smith, and Charles Dickens. The best of all is an essay on 'Old Instruments of Music.' It is full of curious captivating information, and it is effectively illustrated. The puzzled Bible reader will find a picture as well as a description of shawms and sackbuts. The name 'shawm,' says Sir Francis, 'is believed to be derived from *calamaula*, a reed-pipe, which was corrupted to *chalem-elle*, and then to *shawm*. Shawms were made of various sizes, from the small treble instrument, one foot long, to the huge affair, six feet in length. The name Howe-boie, *i.e.* probably Haut-bois, was applied to the treble instrument as early as the reign of Elizabeth; while the deeper-toned instruments retained the name shawm.'

Quite a number of the persons who come into the Gospel story are—worse than Melchizedek for he had a name—nameless. Miss Hilda Parham finds one for every day of every week in Lent. One of them is the little child whom Jesus took and 'set in the midst.' We pass on to Miss Parham the interesting suggestion made in this magazine last month that he was Peter's son and that his name was Simon. Miss Parham gives two or three pages to each of them. The title is *Nameless Notables of the Gospel* (Skeffington; 3s. 6d. net).

The Rev. E. W. Barnes, Sc.D., F.R.S., Canon of Westminster, has written a judicious little book on *Spiritualism and the Christian Faith* (S.C.M.; 1s. net).

To make the Old Testament ours again, and ours with all the gain those years of study have brought—that is a task worthy a strong man's adventure. The Rev. Hugh Martin has attempted it. And he has not failed. The book is small but it is well filled. The title is *The Meaning of the Old Testament according to Modern Scholarship* (S.C.M.; 4s. net).

The Student Christian Movement is not to be accused of goody goodiness. The publication of the Rev. John Bretherton's book on *The Purpose of Prayer* (6s. net) is enough to answer the accusation. The problems of prayer are all discussed in it. And the conclusions are not all orthodox or ordinary. Nor are the illustrations. 'In connection with the founding of Carthage the story is told how that Dido, requesting a site for the city, was assured that as much land would be given as could be encircled by an ox's hide. It was intended that only a restricted space of a few yards should be given, but the hide was cut into thin strips, and formed into one long cord, which enclosed sufficient ground to build the first city upon. And when we seek material gifts from God we can be sure that He would rather we ask according to the larger measurement than the smaller.

> Large petitions we would bring,
> We are coming to a King;
> And His grace and power are such,
> None can ever ask too much.'

That Friend of Mine is the title of a biography

of Marguerite McArthur by Josephine Kellett (Swarthmore Press; 7s. 6d. net). Marguerite McArthur died in her twenty-sixth year, yet she had had a full life. 'She had seen and heard most of what was fine in modern life. She had heard the greatest musicians in Montreal and London and Dresden; she had seen the best operas and the most famous actors; she had learned to love the best in art, in the galleries of Dresden, Paris, New York and London. Above all, she knew, as one of her soldier-pupils afterwards said, almost everything that is good and beautiful and true in literature. In sport she had seen the big matches in most games, the best skaters, the most exciting boat-races. She had thrilled to the grandest scenes in Nature, and, in her work for the First Seven Divisions, as well as later in France, she had felt the exaltation and pride of knowing all that was finest and bravest and best in humanity. She was ready for the new life: not its semblance, but itself.'

She was gifted beyond most, even beyond those whose gifts are manifest. Health of body was hers, soundness of mind, spiritual apprehension. She was a keen sportswoman, a diligent and successful student, a good friend and even with her years a safe guide in life. The soldiers to whom she ministered so pleasantly and so untiringly in Etaples adored her, and were deeply moved by her unexpected death. She died of pneumonia after the war had ended.

It is a book for young girls beyond all other persons and almost beyond all other books, so enterprising is it, so healthy, so right.

'Definitions,' says Mr. Watts-Dunton in his article on 'Poetry' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'are for the most part alike unsatisfactory and treacherous; but definitions of poetry are proverbially so.' Yet Mr. George O'Neill, S.J., M.A., Professor of English Language in University College, Dublin, defines poetry. 'Poetry,' he says, 'is the language of passion and imagination expressing themselves under control of the laws of beauty.' And having defined it so, he defends his definition, first by taking its phrases one by one and expounding them, next by giving examples of poetry and commending them, and finally by giving examples of 'the reverse' and condemning them. All this in the first of the essays which make up a pleasantly readable volume, entitled *Essays on Poetry* (Dublin: Talbot Press; 5s. net). The rest of the essays deal with poets—Aubrey de Vere, William Allingham, Thomas Boyd, and Gerard Hopkins—all Irish, all half forgotten, all unforgettable. Take for recollection this from Gerard Hopkins's strange piece entitled: 'That Nature is a Heracleitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection.'

Enough! the Resurrection
A heart's clarion! Away grief's gasping joyless days, defection,
Across my foundering deck shone
A beacon, an eternal beam. Flesh fade and mortal trash
Fall to the residuary worm; world's wildfire, leave but ash;
In a flash, but a trumpet-crash,
I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am.

The fragments of manuscripts found so long ago by Dr. Schechter in the Cairo Genizah are still being published. The Jewish Theological Seminary of America has added a volume of them to their 'Texts and Studies.' It forms No. 6 of that Series. The editor is Dr. Israel Davidson, Professor of Mediæval Hebrew Literature in the Seminary. The title is *Mahzor Yannai*. In addition to the Notes which, like the work itself, are in Hebrew, there is a long and informing Introduction. In the Preface Dr. Davidson says: 'The texts, edited for the first time in this volume, represent the remains of a large work of religious poetry, composed for every Sabbath of the year and grouped about the weekly portions of the Pentateuch, according to the divisions of the Triennial Cycle. The importance of these compositions for the history of mediæval Jewish liturgy lies not only in their being the residue of a work lost for many centuries and up to recent times entirely unknown, but also in the fact, that through them we are able to get a clearer idea of the rise and the development of the liturgical poetry known as Piyyut. Yannai, the author of these religious poems, flourished in the seventh century and is, therefore, next to Yose ben Yose, the oldest Payyetan. He is also reputed to have been the teacher of Kalir, the best known of all mediæval liturgists.'

Quality in Life (Watkins; 3s. 6d.) is a good title for a volume of essays, and the essays are as good as the title. They are thoughtful and suggestive of further thought, and they are expressed in faultless English with an occasional arresting illustration. The short essay on 'The Growth of Sensibility' is particularly incentive of thought. 'We are not children, but let us always cleave to our child nature; let us hold fast our day-dreams; let us treasure our sense of wonder in the universe; let us cherish in all its freshness the child faculty of hospitality to those flashes of wisdom and feeling which are too wayward in their coming and going, and of too delicate a nature, to pierce the adamantine crust with which habit and convention, if we watch not, will imprison what should be a free and ever-enlarging life.'

Dr. Arthur Keith comes nearest in our generation to the Huxley of last generation in the power to popularize the results of Science without loss of those results. He has Huxley's knowledge of human nature, more than Huxley's knowledge of scientific fact, and almost all Huxley's enviable gift of exposition. Who will forget his first reading of the book entitled 'The Antiquity of Man'? Its wonderful tree of evolution, a great work of science and art combined, is a possession for ever.

Dr. Keith, who is the Hunterian Professor in the Royal College of Surgeons and the Conservator of the Museum, has written already on 'The Human Body,' and so lucidly, learnedly, and reverently that, however we may be troubled by the thought of the way the body has come in the course of the millenniums, it is impossible for us to do other than regard it with awe, so fearfully and wonderfully has it been 'shaped in the lowest parts of the earth.' Now he has added to our debt in that respect by a volume on *The Engines of the Human Body* (Williams & Norgate; 12s. 6d. net) in which he describes its parts and their functions as lucidly, learnedly, and reverently as before, and just as memorably.

The Practice of the Spiritual Life.

By Professor the Reverend Hugh Ross Mackintosh, D.Phil., D.D.,
New College, Edinburgh.

There is always a danger of supposing that some magic formula, some new crystal phrase, if only we could discover it, would solve all difficulties of the Christian life. Just as at the moment people are looking round for a panacea to cure the Church's ills, and suggesting that it may be found in better Biblical criticism or none at all, enthusiasm for social reform or quietistic renunciation of social interest, more ornate or more simple worship—so also it is with the individual. People wonder whether the remedy for mischiefs, personal or corporate, may not lie in some novel, mysterious idea; 'if only,' as the old preacher said, 'it would occur.' In point of fact, however, the sources of Christian goodness are known, and have been long open. They are as familiar and as great as the perennial themes of poetry—Nature, Love, the conflict of good and evil in human life. We Christians need not hunt about for the secret; it is an open secret. Our sufficiency is of God. Jesus said, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,' and in that said everything. Not more knowledge is wanted, but a better will. God is *there* for us in Christ; the only question is, Shall we take Him in? The cure for our ills, social and personal, is just to be better Christians.

Again, we can have Spiritual Life if we long to have it. I recall an address by Dr. John R. Mott, in which the refrain came at intervals, like a strong hammer-stroke: 'You can be holy if you wish to be holy.' Not that there is anything automatic in religion. But there is the promise of God to faith, and His promises get themselves fulfilled.

In the Spiritual Life, we need the true *inwardness* and the true *outwardness*. There is reception, and there is expression. Probably most people have always been in agreement about reception, about the ways in which we are given the life of