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There was a Divine overcoming energy; these apostolic men were in contact with it, and an exuberance of life resulted.

How often as we preach it comes home to us that what people most need is not additional ideas, but elastic power and mounting life! Probably the worst know more than the best are practising. It has to be proclaimed that the triumphant powers of the Spirit are all about them, ready to flood in by the opened channel. There are men in our congregations struggling with evil habit who are weak only because they believe they are weak; there are women languid with neurasthenia and needless mental fatigue and depression; and to such people, and countless others, it is very life from the dead to be assured that they may possess this ample energy of the Spirit. To receive it will cleanse leprous souls, giving them back self-control, for no degrading habit can be named from which immediate and permanent victory cannot be had by one who will lay hold upon the present might of a loving God. To receive it will impart to the nervous and dejected 'that harmony and peace of mind and confidence of soul which is needed to bring health and power.' In the same higher dynamic lies the cure for the comparative impotence of the Church—that is, of ourselves. As in New Testament days, the possession of a Spirit-filled life, always, means glad fearlessness—the most infectious emotion in the world.

IV.

Finally, we must declare the revolutionary character of the gospel. And this needs not so much to be published in special addresses as to form the steadfast background of all we say. The God who touches and saves men in Jesus Christ is not 'the God of things as they are,' but the God who sits upon the throne and says, 'Behold, I make all things new.' New primarily in the individual—granted, but how far can that be carried except as things are new also in society? The drunkard may be converted, but what about his children so long as the public-houses are there to breed young drunkards? The poor slut may by the gospel's power become a thrifty and careful mother, yet her family may perish in the insanitary slum or be corrupted by insufficient house-room. We can never be satisfied, as Christians or preachers, with a social order that produces moral wrecks or poisonously embitters human minds faster than they can be cured. It is our business, accordingly, to see that on this subject the whole body of Church people gets a thoroughly bad and restless conscience.

In the New Testament we are confronted, above all, with Christ; and of Christ it has been pointedly observed the other day that 'if half that is said of Bolshevism is true, He would not have been a Bolshevist; but He was a revolutionary.' He wanted change, and He died to bring it about. What He had to say to men was not just what had been said 'of old time,' but something very different. His message of the Kingdom of God, with righteousness as the substance of its life and order, included the corporate regeneration of society. Hence it will not do for us, who have drunk in His words of life, to sit back timidly or comfortably and say concerning the social order as it is, 'Well, it will last our time.' We have to present Christ's gospel to our fellow-men as containing the only adequate motive and ideal for the continuous reforming work, prompted by the Holy Spirit, of promoting the search for new truth, the brotherhood of men, and the eager fulfilment of the Divine Father's interest in others.

Literature.

NILE AND JORDAN.

It is very easy for a man to throw away the right and title that he has to authority by simply underrating himself. The Rev. G. A. Frank Knight, M.A., F.R.S.E., has written a book on the archæological and historical inter-relations between Egypt and Canaan, and in the preface he says: 'The object of this book is to trace the various links which united these two contiguous territories, from the earliest times till the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70. It is a long story, covering at least seven millenniums, and crowded with detail. The mere collecting of the facts, scattered over more than

1700 volumes and journals, has entailed many years of research, in the scanty leisure available to one with constant professional duties as a minister in a city charge.' Now that last sentence was sure to be seized by the busy reviewer and made the excuse for simply smelling the paper-knife. How *could* the minister of a city charge write authoritatively on such a subject? He could not, and therefore he has not done it, and the book is passed in a paragraph.

But this book *is* authoritative. One reviewer has read it and tested it. He has gone to the trouble of verifying not a few of the enormous number of references to literature in it. The range of the reading is appalling. But it is just the busy man who can do more business and does it well. This is a great subject and this is a great book on it.

The first thing to say about it has been said. It is authoritative. The whole subject has been studied scientifically; every fact has been substantiated by the available evidence; and the degree of certainty has been conscientiously recorded.

The next thing to be said is that as a true historian and scientific observer, Mr. Knight has called upon his imagination freely. The greatest scientists use the imagination first; then the verification follows. The historian must always do so. He must conceive the situation, and then see if the facts fit it. But he must be careful to have so open a mind always that when the facts do not fit he can change the conception. Facts gathered, however laboriously, and however carefully sifted and selected, are valueless for the apprehension of truth and valueless for its declaration, until they are made spirit and life by the imagination.

And the third thing is, that Mr. Knight has the indispensable gift of style. Take at random (for the sense of style is never absent) this description of Thebes: 'The wealth, glory, and magnificence of Thebes in the lifetime of the most splendid of her kings must have been overwhelming. The fabulous riches obtained by the long wars of conquest waged by his fathers, by the tribute from the vanquished territories, by the exceedingly profitable commercial enterprises in which his fleets participated, and by the customs duties levied on all trading ships which converged on Egypt from every part of the Mediterranean, were spent with a prodigal hand on the embellishment of his royal capital. Visitors to the Court of Amenhotep III were dazzled with the grandeur of all they saw. The King's own palace was a gorgeous structure. His vast establishment of wives, concubines, officers, servants, Court officials, and retainers numbered many thousands. His table was laden with plate of the most exquisite design in gold and silver, with crystal goblets, glass vases, and rare porcelain vessels. His sideboards exhibited lovely bronzes worked in the most artistic fashion from the Mykenæan colonies in the Ægean. His walls were hung with priceless tapestries; his armouries were filled with the finest weapons which Phœnician art and Damascene skill could produce: the furniture of the palace was of precious aromatic wood from the East, while the richest embroidered goods, the costliest spices, and the most delicate Oriental articles of vertu made the halls of his Theban home a gorgeous exhibition of the extraordinary refinement and luxury of the age.

'Each of the nobles in his entourage had his superb villa, his gay summer chateau, his gardens blazing with brilliant parterres of flowers. The King's gifts to his friends were on a royal scale of generosity, and evidenced the immensity of his financial resources. Each New Year's Day the Pharaoh dispersed abroad chariots of gold and silver, statues of ivory and ebony, necklaces of every costly stone, splendid battle weapons, ivory whips, sunshades, carved chairs, and so on. The impression upon the mind of every new arrival at the Imperial City must have been overpowering. His eyes would behold the miles of imposing sphinxes that lined the roads, the forests of tapering obelisks, all carved out of single blocks of stone: the immense temples on both sides of the Nile: the stately quays on which the royal fleets disembarked the rich bales of goods from every quarter of the then known world: the gigantic statues of the Pharaoh towering into the blue sky like white mountains of stone: the dazzling brilliance of the State pageants when Amenhotep and his wife sailed in the Royal Golden Barge on the huge artificial lake: the blaze of colour when every ship, and galley, and boat in the river was aflame with parti-coloured bunting: the stateliness of the priestly processions: the sacred choir of Amen sonorously chanting hymns to the Sun-god assisted by the overpowering resonance of the music poured forth by the Royal Court Orchestra.

Never did Egypt display such imposing worldly glory: never were seen such luxury, such prodigality of treasure, such pomp and splendour as in the reign of Amenhotep III the Magnificent.'

The title of the book is *Nile and Jordan* (James Clarke; royal 8vo, pp. xi, 572, with maps; 36s. net).

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND.

We are not satisfied with Mr. Stephen Paget's biography of *Henry Scott Holland* (Murray; 16s. net). It is quite good to read—we have read it from cover to cover. But we have the impression that Scott Holland was a bigger man than this. There is truth in the saying that no man is a hero to his valet, but 'valet' should be 'distant relative.' If this biography had been written by a wife or even a sister, or again if it had been written by one who was unrelated altogether, we might have seen its subject in his proper stature.

For Scott Holland was one of the great men of our day. Not only one of the greatest preachers, but one of the greatest men. His mental—or shall we say his moral—proportions were gigantic. Mental and moral were inextricably blended in him. What he knew he willed. And because he willed he knew. Of him, beyond most men we can think of, the great saying of Jesus was true, 'If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know.'

What was his driving power? It was Faith. Few men have needed faith more; few men have more unhesitatingly used it. There was a heroism in his use of it, like that of Abraham when he went out not knowing whither he went, like that of Moses when he endured as seeing the invisible. Could there be a greater trial of faith than the parting in early manhood between him and Nettleship? Most pathetic is Nettleship's cry, inevitably reminding you of the Gethsemane prayer, 'If it be possible let this cup pass from me.' He could not follow Holland in his faith and could not pretend to follow. Holland knew whom he had believed. When Nettleship perished on Mont Blanc, Holland wrote: 'I can think of nothing but that white silent body waiting for its burial, under the snows. It is such a strange end for him—he who never made a mistake, or got into a wrong place, or did the wrong thing, or slipped into any unsteadiness, or caused trouble. He was so reliable: he was sure to come through everything right. Then, he was so bent on never making himself out heroic, or tragic. He would never startle anybody; or rouse interest; or evoke sympathy. He would always abhor doing anything that made demands on other people. And now, there comes to him this striking, terrible, lonely tragedy. It is horrible to me to think of that day and night: it must have been ghastly. I long to know more.

'Where the intimacy has been so close it cannot ever *grow* under the cloud of difference. But the old sense of it never failed on his side, or mine. And he was so loyal, and so supremely noble, with such high delicacy. . . . I cannot tell what he finally thought of Christ. I am given to accepting a fixed position, and not expecting it to alter. The line of thought which sometimes disturbed me in him was a sort of spiritual fatalism. But I know few whom one could leave so quietly to the mercy of God.'

THE NEW CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.

There is an old Cambridge Shakespeare. It was edited in ten volumes by Aldis Wright, and having been long years out of print, besides being as fine a bit of scholarship as ever was done on Shakespeare, it has been held as a precious possession by the comparatively few who possess it. If it was to be superseded, it was reasonable and right that only another Cambridge Shakespeare should supersede it.

It was also proper that the chief feature of the new should be its text, for that was the great feature of the old. Two editors are responsible for 'a New Edition of the Works of Shakespeare edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press'—Sir A. Quiller-Couch and Mr. J. Dover Wilson. The former is responsible for the Introductions, the latter for the text. And the text includes the notes, for they are almost altogether textual. In other words, this is a Shakespeare for the student and lover, not for the schoolboy.

It is a pocket edition. And so, there being much in it, the type is small. But it is clear and clean and the paper is good. There are in *The Tempest* (7s. 6d. net) two fine illustrations, one the Droeshout Portrait, the other the famous portrait of the Princess Elizabeth. Why the Princess Elizabeth? Because at her nuptials the *Tempest*

was played on December 27, 1612, and may have been written expressly for the betrothal night.

The editors' claim for their text is that it supersedes *all* other texts. And why should it not? But we pass to the Introduction and to the end of it. This is Sir A. Quiller-Couch:

'The lights in the banqueting house are out: the Princess Elizabeth is dust: and as for the island conjured out of the sea for a night's entertainment—

> From that day forth the Isle has been
> By wandering sailors never seen.

Ariel has nestled to the bat's back and slid away following summer or else "following darkness like a dream." But still this play abides, after three hundred years, eloquent of Shakespeare's slow sunsetting through dream after dream of reconciliation; forcing tears, not by "pity and terror" but by sheer beauty; with a royal sense of the world, how it passes away, with a catch at the heart surmising hope in what is to come. And still the sense is royal: we feel that we are greater than we know. So in the surge of our emotion, as on the surges rounding Prospero's island, is blown a spray, a mist. Actually it dims our eyes: and as we brush it away, there rides on it a rainbow; and its colours are chastened wisdom, wistful charity; with forgiveness, tender ruth for all men and women growing older, and perennial trust in young love.'

JOHN MARTINEAU.

John Martineau is worth adding to the round of our acquaintance even though the acquaintance is posthumous and on paper. But his biography written by his daughter, Violet Martineau, and entitled *John Martineau: The Pupil of Kingsley* (Edward Arnold; 12s. 6d. net), is of interest chiefly on account of the letters it contains. There are letters from Kingsley and Mrs. Kingsley, from Hughes (*Tom Brown's School Days*) and from Maurice—all new and nearly all keenly characteristic. Take this one from Tom Hughes:

'I am glad you are going to help boss the next Church Congress, but don't feel like taking up my parable again there. The two or three times I have attended and spoken I have only exasperated the parsonic mind and, I expect, done more harm than good. I am such a convinced Erastian in Arthur Stanley's sense that I can't stand the Congress view, which regards the State (or nation, including all the good Christians who don't believe in or care a fig for Apostolic Succession) as a sort of antagonist to the Church.

'Congress has been going on for twenty years and more, and I don't see that we are a bit nearer getting rid of the Athanasian Creed, or getting an exchange of pulpits with Dissenters, or offering them any terms of admission into the National Church which they can seriously look at. If any one of my school can do any good, it is Llewellyn Davies, who is far the deepest and broadest theologian now living, and so, of course, is carefully passed over by dispensers of patronage. He has imperturbability as well as sagacity, in both of which qualities I am deficient, especially the first. Wherefore I am not sorry to have been shouldered out of active politics, though I take as deep an interest as ever in them and should like to have a good talk with you, though we should probably quarrel.'

In early youth Martineau became a private pupil of Kingsley's at Eversley and was set on his feet for life thereby, though one may easily see that he owed more to Mrs. Kingsley than to Kingsley himself. He wrote a chapter of Kingsley's biography. His only other literary work was the biography of Sir Bartle Frere. But while administering his property as a proprietor should, he did valuable public service, both as a County Councillor and in assisting the Charity Organization Society in its emigration work.

THE DEMONSTRATIO EVANGELICA.

It is astonishing that until now the Demonstratio Evangelica of Eusebius has never been translated into the English language. According to Lightfoot it is 'probably the most important apologetic work of the Early Church.' And it has very close affinities with the problems of the most modern Church. What could be more modern than this?—

'But there was a divine side to Christ, as is shown by His Miracles of mercy and love; He died voluntarily, rose again, and ascended to heaven. The miraculous in the life of Christ is in line with the miraculous in Christianity. Those who deny it must either prove that it was invented, or the result of sorcery. Now the type of teaching Christ gave His disciples is utterly opposed to

their inventing falsehoods. It was ascetic, and made truth and purity the first essentials of conduct. If you admit the fanciful hypothesis that He really taught them fraud and specious lying you are landed in absurdities. Deceit could afford no corporate cohesion, κακῷ κακὸς οὐ φίλος, οὐδὲ ἀγαθῷ: and again, what had they to expect but a death like His? After His death, too, they only honoured Him the more! They were even ready to die for Him. It is inconceivable that they knew Him to be really vicious. And equally impossible that, if they were, they should propose to convert the whole world, and actually do so, poor and uneducated as they were. You must imagine them meeting secretly after the Crucifixion, admitting Christ's deceit, and yet conspiring to propagate the Gospel-story: "Let us see," they say, "that our freak lasts even to death. There is nothing ridiculous in dying for nothing at all." "What could be finer than to make both gods and men our enemies for no possible reason? . . . And suppose we convince no one, we shall have the satisfaction of drawing down upon ourselves in return for our inventions the retribution for our deceit." Such theories are ridiculous, for there is no doubt that persecution and death faced the Apostles. Yet there was no traitor among them after the Ascension. And they actually succeeded in their adventure. Now this hypothesis of a conspiracy to deceive might be used with equal force with regard to Moses, or the Greek philosophers, and indeed all those whose lives history records.

'The simplicity, devotion, and ascetic lives of the Apostles guarantee their honesty. They faced all for truth and the Name of Christ. The Gospels reveal their modesty and straightforwardness in unexpected ways. It has been well said: "We must put complete confidence in the disciples of Jesus, or none at all"; distrust of them logically means distrust of all writers. Why allow invidious distinctions? The Passion is the crowning *crux*, how could they have invented a story which would handicap all their efforts? That they gave a true account of it really authenticates their accounts of the Miracles, and glorious manifestations of Christ.'

That is a fair summary of part of the third book. Now take a modern book. Mr. Gilbert T. Sadler, a clever and copious writer of the rationalist order, has just published a volume entitled *Behind the New Testament* (Daniel; 3s. 6d. net). It is mainly an answer to the commentary edited by Professor Peake. Which of Peake's arguments does he find most telling? It is this: 'No movement arising out of Judaism and led by Jews could have invented the story that its alleged Founder (the Messiah) had been crucified.' That is just the argument of Eusebius.

But at last the Demonstratio Evangelica has been translated. The translator is the Rev. W. J. Ferrar, M.A., a Sussex vicar and a scholar. We owe the book, however, to the enterprise of the present Secretary of the S.P.C.K., the Rev. W. K. Lowther Clarke, who not only secured its publication but assisted the translator, who says that 'but for his help it would be far more imperfect than it is.'

The translation is literal. But it is a translation. The Introduction also is well done, as the quotation made from it shows. The title is *The Proof of the Gospel* (S.P.C.K.; 2 vols., 30s. net).

BURMA.

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!

So Browning; and so Captain F. Kingdon Ward, B.A., F.R.G.S.: 'There is perhaps no more lovely experience on earth than to awaken slowly to life after a long illness, much of which was a dark blank, with vague shadows projected on it from time to time; to see again the blue sky overhead, the golden paddy-fields, green forests and distant snow-clad mountains; to wake in the radiant dawn at the cry of gibbons shrilly calling from the jungle, when the mist hangs over the river and the first rays of the rising sun are sparkling across the blue mountain-tops; to hear the birds whistling and trilling and the silver-throated gong vibrating in the monastery. A vast peace seems to have enfolded the whole world in its embrace. You tread on air with winged feet, and sing, nay shout, for the very joy of living. Every leaf and flower, every bird and beast, every cloud in the sky, is revealed as an object of beauty, welling life and love. Happy the man to whom such revelation is permitted.'

Captain Kingdon Ward has explored that Triangle which is formed by the rivers Mali hka

and 'Nmai hka in Burma. Hitherto it has been one of the few still unexplored places of the earth. In the course of his exploration he endured considerable hardship, once being brought to the very gates of death. It is his recovery that he celebrates in that prose poem on the joy of living.

Captain Ward is a naturalist. His object was not exploration only, but also the discovery of plants and animals and especially insects. And it is when he has made an entomological discovery that he becomes most eloquent. 'Presently we came upon a remarkable sight. Some carnivorous animal had left its droppings in a rock pool amongst the boulders, and the poisoned water had tainted the atmosphere for yards around with its acridness. From all directions this reeking cess-pool had attracted the most gorgeous butterflies imaginable, and they had come in their dozens. The pool was a quivering mass of brilliant insects, and still others hovered to and fro over the unsavoury meal, awaiting their turn to alight; from time to time a butterfly, impatient of waiting, would push itself amongst the already packed multitude, causing a flutter of painted wings as the group rearranged itself like the colours in a kaleidoscope. Is it not curious that such beautiful, delicate, and outwardly dainty creatures should be attracted by such loathsomeness? It is apt to start a cynical train of thought on the corruption which underlies all material beauty and the empty vanities of life. But it was while watching, fascinated, those heaven-born insects that for the first time I realised the full magic beauty of Mendelssohn's *Papillon*, which ran in my head even as I watched the oscillating wings at the butterfly meet.'

Then follows an account of the different species of butterflies seen. 'Most lovely of all are the swallow-tails, of which there are a considerable variety in the hot, sunny valleys. These, as they probe the flowers for honey, scarcely settle, or if they do, touch with so light a caress the damask petals that they seem poised on air; and as they hover over, or tread with fairy pressure the bell-like convolvulus and trumpet flowers, their wings quiver and tremble like aspen leaves shivering in a zephyr breeze, never still for a moment. One of the most beautiful of these was a species of Leptocircus, with gauzy wings trailing out behind like fluttering ribands. How full of life they look, what restless energy in those slender bodies borne aloft on gorgeous wings! and how exquisitely the first movement of *Papillon* represents to our ears the quivering, restless vitality here seen with the eyes! This music will ever carry me back to the Burmese hinterland, where I shall see again that rancid pool with its burden of butterflies by the thundering Mekh!'

The book is admirably written and as admirably illustrated. Its title is *In Farthest Burma* (Seeley; 25s. net).

CARDINAL MANNING.

Another biography of Cardinal Manning was inevitable. It has been written by Mr. Shane Leslie—the title, *Henry Edward Manning: His Life and Labours* (Burns Oates & Washbourne; 25s. net). A handsome attractive volume it is, with six illustrations.

Another biography, we say, had to come. For Roman Catholics were offended with Purcell's book, and non-Roman Catholics were puzzled. But now that it has come we wish—surely we must all wish—that it had not been written. Mr. Leslie has had access to many letters to and from the Cardinal which Purcell either did not know of or ignored, and he has made free use of them. What is the result? We simply see that the picture which Purcell drew was a true picture. Cardinal Manning was from first to last selfish, ambitious, jealous, vindictive. The true story of Archbishop Errington is even more objectionable than the story which we hoped was a false one. And although Mr. Leslie rushes over the relations between Manning and Newman, told at such painful length by Purcell, there is nothing in what he says to remove the feeling that Manning persistently misrepresented Newman at the Vatican (through the instrumentality of Mgr. Talbot) and prevented him from obtaining his Cardinal's hat, until the English Catholics rose in anger and went direct to the Pope about it. His vindictive persecution of Lord Acton is even emphasized. It is most disappointing, and even dismaying. How can a man be a Christian and be this?

What an asset his face was—is still, indeed—see the portrait placed as frontispiece to this book. But his face did not deceive everybody. Ollivier left a sketch of him at the Vatican Council: 'The love of domination is about him, and when his thin lips smile, it seems to be out of pure condescension. He is certainly pious and sincere,

wrapped in God, but he is not the emaciated monk he looks. Under his seraphic beatitude he retains a wheedling and energetic policy.' And his face was not his only asset. What a gift of persuasive speech he had. After his 'conversion' (Mr. Leslie makes the freest and fullest use of this word) he set himself to convert others, and he had gratifying success. He 'sought converts by letter and Apostolic visit. He must have posted a complete commentary on the Creed every week. He used a peculiar knock of four raps, and sealed his letters to seekers with the motto *qui patitur vincit*. "I promise you to become a Catholic when I am twenty-one," said a young lady. "But can you promise to live as long?" was the reply. Confession he called "fishing with a single line." Between 1851 and 1865 he kept a list of his converts in a locked book. They numbered 346, and though the titled names seem to justify his nickname as "Apostle to the Genteels," there were poets and parsons, and also the poor and the pariah.'

What was the secret? John Sterling (Carlyle's Sterling) met him in Rome when he was in the rush of it. This is Sterling's answer: 'He is one of the most finished and compact specimens of his school of manhood and of theology that I have ever fallen in with, and it was amusing to see how by faultless self-command, dialectic acuteness, coherent system, readiness of expression, and a perfect union of earnestness and gentleness, he always seemed to put in the wrong the gentlemen of the so-called Evangelical class, who muster strong here, and whom he frequently met with. He could not play quite the same game with me, for I knew better than most of them what I meant by my words. I conceive him to be, in his own place and generation, one of the most practically efficient and energetic men I have ever known, and in a state of freer and more fluent life in the ecclesiastical polity he would rise high and do "considerable things."'

He did not scruple, for the ends of 'conversion,' to conceal his feelings. Says Mr. Leslie: 'Manning was publicly fighting Pusey and privately converting Lady Herbert, to whom he wrote (December 10, 1864): "The truth, beauty, sweetness, self-evidence of the Catholic Church is beyond all I ever dreamed before I entered it. I wonder when those who enter it grumble and complain, and doubt whether they have souls or at least hearts."' But at that very time he was engaged in a bitter struggle with his fellow-believers. 'It was Manning's novitiate in the sublime strife of ecclesiasts, and he suffered great depression. A haggard look, the hawk-like look of his antagonist, came into his own features. He could not understand the opposition of the Old Catholics to him, and when a convert remarked that he had expected them to have wings, Manning "smiled an exceeding bitter smile, and, as it were in spite of himself, let fall the words under his breath, 'Wings with claws!'"'

So. We have said enough, no doubt, to send our readers in a rush to the book. Be it so. It will give things to think about. This among other things, that the Kingdom of Heaven cometh not by observation nor yet by machination.

In *The Future Life* (Abingdon Press; $1), Mr. F. B. Stockdale uses some plain, telling arguments for immortality. 'We have millions of birds that migrate every year. It would be a very foolish bird that argued, "There can be no Southland because I have never seen it." When we study birds we see that the *desire* is the answer. The scientist will tell you that if you find an instinct for the Southland, the Southland must be. You can have no native instinct for which there is no answer. What we wish now to notice is that the answer is a silent one. It has no words; it makes no argument; it simply *is*.' That is one argument, and a good one.

No form of literature has been harder hit by the War than sermon literature. It is a rare thing to receive a volume of sermons now. There is compensation, no doubt. If it does come it is likely to be worth reading. So is it with a volume which has been issued from the Cambridge Press, the preacher being Professor John Oman, D.D.

Professor Oman calls the book *The Paradox of the World* (9s. net). The title is taken from one of the sermons, a sermon on 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.' It is a favourite text, and its favourite divisions are—(1) all things work; (2) all things work together; (3) all things work together for good; (4) all things work together for good to them that love God. These are not Dr. Oman's divisions. They are: (1) It is the most unlikely

affirmation—'We know that all things work together for good'; (2) It is the most unlikely affirmation about the most unlikely persons—'to them who are the called according to his purpose'; (3) It is the most unlikely affirmation about the most unlikely persons and for the most unlikely reason—'to them that love God.'

To a series of small books entitled 'The Church's Message for the Coming Time,' a volume has been contributed by the Rev. J. G. Walker on *Religion and Human Progress* (Milford; 2s. net). Mr. Walker is very fair. He is so fair that he states elaborately the case of the anti-Christian and finds his space too short sometimes for a full answer to it. But at least he lets us see what we are up against.

Behind the New Testament, by Gilbert T. Sadler, M.A., LL.B. (Daniel; 3s. 6d. net). This book is mentioned on another page. The author's position is that 'Christianity was the pre-Christian Jewish Gnostic Gospel set into the Jewish mould of Messianic thought, and humanized as if it were a story of a Man on earth. The Gnostic gospel in Alexandria came first, telling of the Heavenly MAN in men, the Logos sown as the Saviour into souls. Such was the crucifixion or self-limiting of the Eternal God, called the Son of God, only-begotten (Plato used this term), and the Son of Man or MAN (as described in *The Book of Enoch*). This gospel was run into the Messianic mould of thought, and was humanised or historised by the outer circle of Christians after A.D. 70. Then the New Testament was written, A.D. 80–130.' No proof is offered. In a foreword, however, we are told that 'owing to the present conditions of production, it is impossible to elaborate the arguments given in this little book, or to make long and balanced statements on various subjects.' But for whom does Mr. Sadler write? Not for any one who is not already of his own way of thinking. For certainly no independent student of history holds by his dates or his developments.

Messrs. Duckworth have under issue a series of volumes on present-day topics, religious, ethical, and literary. They would have appeared in cloth before the War. Now they have to be content with paper binding and small type. But each volume is on a live subject, and each author is an authority on it. This is the list—*Outline-History of Greek Religion*, by L. R. Farnell; *The Latin Culture*, by E. A. Burroughs; *The Study of Roman History*, by Bernard W. Henderson; *Treatise on Law*, by Edward Jenks; *Syndicalism*, by J. A. R. Marriott; *British Aspects of War and Peace*, by Spenser Wilkinson; *An Introduction to the Reading of Shakspere*, by Frederick S. Boas; *The Bodleian Library at Oxford*, by Falconer Madan (2s. net each).

We are glad to see Mr. Boas again, even though he sticks to his spelling. In the course of his entertaining Introduction he succeeds in imparting much useful information. Thus, at random:

'In *Much Ado* (II. i. 77–8) Beatrice warns Hero that "wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace." The sting of the comparison lies in the character of the three dances. The Scotch jig was a wild round-dance; the measure was staid and formal; the cinque-pace had five steps, "like the tottering and uncertain steps of old age."

'Again the names of the coins mentioned in the plays are usually different from those familiar to-day, and Shakspere often puns upon them, as in *Henry IV.*, Part II. (I. ii. 187–91):

Ch. Just. You follow the prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Falstaff. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing.

'The fat knight adroitly interprets "angel" as the gold coin, worth about ten shillings, which would not pass if it fell below a certain weight.'

No doubt you have that in Aldis Wright or in Verity, but the informality here is its virtue.

Dr. Farnell, Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, is the author of the article on 'Greek Religion' in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS. Those who read that article will read this book. It is quite independent.

Dr. Arthur S. Hoyt, Professor of Homiletics and Sociology in Auburn Theological Seminary, has written a considerable number of books on preachers and preaching, and every book is true and telling, full of enthusiasm and free from extravagance. The latest is not the least. Its title is *The Pulpit and American Life* (Funk & Wagnalls).

The literary critic of a New York daily, reviewing

a book by Bishop Potter on Eminent Churchmen he had known, said: 'It was a pity so much ability and labor were spent upon men whose work was "entirely aside from the main currents of human interests."' Professor Hoyt's answer to that is a short biography and critical estimate of the great American preachers—Jonathan Edwards, Lyman Beecher, Channing, Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks—and a demonstration of their influence over 'the main currents of human interests.' Then follow chapters on the Old and New Evangelism, some Distinctive Contributions to the American Pulpit, the Present American Pulpit, the Pulpit and Social Welfare, the Pulpit and the Nation.

And to-day? 'The absence of striking figures is not due to the poverty of the pulpit but to its excellence. We have many representative men—preachers that are men for occasions like Dr. Cadman of Brooklyn, Bishop McDowell of the Methodist Church; men that preach to special audiences as College men, like Hugh Black or Dr. Fitch or Dean Brown of Yale; preachers to the reason and the conscience, like Dr. Parkhurst and Dr. Jefferson; men who address the common needs and instincts of men, like Bishop Brent; men who appeal to the emotions, like Bishop McConnell; men who unfold the Scriptures, like Dr. Kirke of Baltimore. Men of the old theology, like Dr. Goodell and Dr. Woelfkin; men of the newer theology, like Dr. Gordon and Henry Sloan Coffin; men of rich rhetorical gifts, like Dr. Hillis: men of scientific plainness and precision, like Lyman Abbott; men with the social message, like Bishop Williams and John Haynes Holmes and Rabbi Wise. Such names suggest the fullness and many-sidedness of the American pulpit. The man who sees in the modern pulpit signs of decay, and talks of the giants of former days, must be singularly lacking in appreciation.'

Professor George Milligan pursues his tremendous task without even thinking, apparently, how tremendous it is. He has now issued Part IV. of *The Vocabulary of the Greek Testament illustrated from the Papyri and other Non-literary Sources* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net). It runs to the end of the letter L, and the letter L is the middle of the alphabet. Unfortunately for the editor, as the work proceeds it becomes more difficult, for new discoveries are being made, and with every new discovery fresh examples are furnished; and more than that, fixed conclusions run the risk of being upturned. But the New Testament student knows all that, and we hope he also realizes the value of the Vocabulary, its quite indispensable worth for his work.

Tempting illustrations abound. Under κλῆρος we read: 'The difficult κλήρων of 1 Pet 5^3 is probably best understood of the "portions" or "congregations" ("parisshes," Tind. Cranmer) of God's people assigned or allotted to the presbyters.' This is Moffatt's 'charges'—'not by way of lording it over your charges but proving a pattern to the flock.' R.V. has 'the charge allotted to you.'

Grimm-Thayer calls κυριακός in 1 Co 11^{20}, Rev 1^{10} (ἐν τῇ κυριακῇ ἡμέρᾳ, 'on the Lord's day'), a biblical and ecclesiastical word; but examples from the inscriptions are plentiful. It means 'imperial.' Hence it has been suggested 'that the distinctive title "Lord's Day" may have been connected with conscious feelings of protest against the cult of the Emperor with its "Emperor's Day."'

In August 1918, Mr. Clement Hankey (brother of 'A Student in Arms') spent his holiday, along with a fellow-officer, in a walking tour through Palestine. They visited Gezer, Hebron, the Dead Sea, and Jericho. Then they passed to Carmel, and were most anxious to discover the exact spot at which Elijah had his altar erected. They crossed the Kishon and encamped on the reputed site of Harosheth of the Gentiles. Afterwards they went north to the Sea of Galilee and visited Nazareth. 'Presently, as we wound round the side of a hill, the great mass of Tabor came into view, rising like a camel's hump out of the plain. By eleven o'clock we were ascending its precipitous slopes by a broad path that rose from terrace to terrace, winding by easy stages to the top. Two convents, one a Latin the other a Greek, crown the heights of Tabor, having been built there in the pious belief that Tabor is the Mount of Transfiguration. Unfortunately the practical certainty that at the time of our Lord the summit of the mountain was occupied by a flourishing village entirely destroys the theory. In reality the ancient traditions of Tabor are military rather than spiritual, the place having been an important fortress during the later Jewish era.' The story is told simply and sincerely. There are few

raptures and no disappointments. The title is *Walks in the Holy Land* (Melrose; 4s. 6d. net).

Mr. E. Burney is a Christian layman who thinks that the Church as now organized is very near the end. He writes sympathetically, almost sorrowfully. What gives the Church its continued existence? It is public worship. But most men and many women are tired of worshipping. And what will the Church do then? Three things will be open to her—'(*a*) Teaching in such subjects as influence and are influenced by any religion that is alive—*e.g.*, philosophy, psychology, political science, biology. (*b*) Research work in those and other subjects, of which astronomy might well be one. (*c*) Last, but certainly not least, healing. The existence of pain, disease, and lunacy are a perpetual and almost insulting challenge to the Church. It is her task to lead humanity to their conquest. The existence of the medical profession is a challenge to the Church. It is her task to swallow the medical profession.'

It all sounds odd, almost lunatic. But Mr. Burney is not a fool. Only we do not think that he realizes that the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation. His book, which he calls properly enough *Christian Revolution* (Melrose; 5s. net.), should be read, probably more than once.

The leader of Bible Class, Literary Society, Fellowship Guild, or whatever the name is, should not fail to see *New Life* (National Adult School Union; 1s. 3d. net). It is the Adult School Lesson Handbook for 1921. Up to date and accurate, it is full of ideas that will fertilize in any active mind.

Mr. Fred Rothwell has translated and abridged a volume by Barthélemy Prosper Enfantin. The title is *Life Eternal: Past—Present—Future* (Open Court; 6s. net). Enfantin was a disciple of Saint-Simon and is spoken of as one of the founders of Saint-Simonism. But by and by he and the other Saint-Simonists disagreed over Enfantin's proposal to supersede the formula of Saint-Simonism, which was, in substance, 'the greatest good of the greatest number,' by another worded: 'to each man according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its works.' The breach was widened by Enfantin's announcement of his theory of the relations between man and woman, which would have substituted for the 'tyranny of marriage' a system of 'free love.' Bazard hereupon separated from his colleague, taking over with him those whose chief aim was politics and philosophy. Enfantin then became sole 'father,' new converts were found, and he announced that his followers in France amounted to the number of 40,000. He wore on his breast a badge with the title of '*père*,' was spoken of by his disciples as 'the living law,' declared himself to be the chosen of God, and sent out emissaries in quest of a woman destined to be the 'female Messiah' and the mother of a new Saviour. He regarded himself as not only the bearer of a heavenly message but as actually the Word of God incarnate. Then the authorities interfered and imprisoned Enfantin. This proved a deathblow to the society, and Enfantin, released after a few months, went with a few followers to Egypt, where he stayed two years and might have entered the service of the Viceroy had he been willing to profess himself a Mohammedan, as did some of his friends. He returned to Paris, and died there in 1864.

Life Eternal was his last work. Its idea is that we cannot die, for we were never born—as we understand birth. We had no beginning and so shall have no end. Eternal Life is of all the past as well as all the future. We are in God, who is all in all and always. 'God lives in all that is, He is Himself all that lives: the vine and the husbandman. The creator is the living creation; nothing exists apart from or outside of it, before or after it. God is one and manifold, although infinite; He is all relation, though absolute; all duration, though eternal; all space, though universal; all progress, though perfect.'

Under the title of *Purpose and Transcendentalism* (Kegan Paul; 5s. net), Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S., has published an exposition of Swedenborg's philosophical doctrines in relation to modern thought. In modern language it is a plea for the symbolical interpretation of Scripture. Take the story of the Creation. The 'theologian' first regarded it as a literal historical narrative. Then science showed that it is not historical, and the theologian was at his wits' end. Why did he not see from the beginning that it is purely symbolical?

Because it is not. And no man not a Sweden-

borgian can be persuaded that it is. The Swedenborgian ignores the fact that the same story is found in Babylonian literature and that the Hebrew narrative is an improved (that is less mythological) version. To ignore historical fact, which is at any rate bread, is not to live by the Word of God, it is to live on air.

Mrs. Marie Carmichael Stopes has been induced by responsible medical men to write the *Truth about Venereal Disease* (Putnam; 1s. 6d. net).

No one who knows the book will be surprised at the success of Mrs. Brightwen's *Side Lights on the Bible*. For it touches the most interesting things in the archæology of the Bible and always with illumination. A third impression is issued (R.T.S.; 3s. net).

The Rev. J. R. Cohu, M.A., indefatigable author, has written a book on the manifesto of the Lambeth Conference. *Addresses on the Lambeth Conference* he calls it (Skeffingtons; 5s. net). Opening with a good account of the Conference itself, he then discusses its pronouncements on the Reunion of Christendom, the Ministry of Women, the League of Nations, Capital and Labour, Marriage and Divorce, New Religions, Spiritualism, and Christian Science. He is in hearty agreement with the bishops on every point but one. On that one point, however, he is utterly out of sympathy. It is the use of the phrase, 'but also the commission of Christ' in the manifesto on Reunion. The whole sentence is: 'The Episcopate is the one means of providing such a ministry as would be acknowledged by every part of the Church as possessing not only the inward call of the Spirit, but also the commission of Christ and the authority of the whole body.' In a footnote he says: 'This one short clause, "commission of Christ," is likely to prove fatal to Reunion with non-episcopal churches. It emphasises that "divine right" and "Apostolic Succession" claim of Bishops which non-episcopalians will have none of. Moreover, Lightfoot, Gwatkin, and scores of able Biblical scholars to-day agree with them that there is not a tittle of historical evidence for such a claim.'

The Rev. Clement F. Rogers, M.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London, is a better apologist than a pastoral theologian. How can a man who makes little of preaching be a good homilist? In *Why Men Believe* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net) there is nothing but wisdom, and it is wisdom well spoken. Belief touches the whole personality — emotion, intellect, will — and Mr. Rogers treats of each separately.

The Rev. J. M. Harden, B.D., LL.D., has compiled a *Dictionary of the Vulgate New Testament* (S.P.C.K.; 4s. net). He has used H. J. White's *editio minor* (Oxford, 1911), as he was bound to do. And one of the discoveries he has made is that that critical edition contains forty-four new words—words, that is to say, restored to the Vulgate which the former editors had dropped out. Three of them are not even in Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary—*bithalassus* (Ac 27^{41}), *secundoprimus* (as one word, Lk 6^{1}), and *suprascriptio* (Mt 22^{20}). Dr. Harden in his Dictionary gives the Clementine word in brackets when it differs from the Oxford text. And 'in order that the Dictionary may to some extent answer the purpose of a Concordance, the verses where a word is found are given, except in the case of the most frequently occurring words. An asterisk after the last reference indicates that all the passages have been mentioned where the word in question is found in the Oxford edition.'

Some of the addresses which were delivered at the Student Christian Conference held in Glasgow last January have been published under the title of *Christ and Human Need* (S.C.M.; 3s. net). What has become of the others? None of Bishop Temple's are here. That is disappointing. It is also disappointing that there is not more grip in some of those chosen for this volume. We could have taken less of the attractiveness of Jesus if we could have had more of His power. But Mr. J. H. Oldham's address and Professor W. M. Macgregor's are gloriously strong and true.

The Rev. H. E. Fosdick, D.D., is the author of three books which have followed one another at intervals and may be said together to express his conception of Christianity. One is *The Meaning of Prayer*, one *The Meaning of Faith*, and one *The Meaning of Service* (S.C.M.; 4s. net). They are written for students; and for that reason

their contents are arranged in the form of Daily Readings, with a Comment at the end of every week's Readings. Each Reading contains a short passage of Scripture, a short comment thereon, and a short prayer. For all but the young and diligent student the worth of the book lies in the Comment. There are twelve weeks and so twelve comments. Each of them is an exposition of some topic—uselessness, the strong and the weak, the abundant life, self-denial, justice, and so on—all the topics being connected together as orderly parts of the life of service. The whole thing is extraordinarily well done.

The Highway of God (S.C.M.; 4s. net) is a comparatively small book (crown 8vo, pp. 176), but if we mistake not it is likely to become the power of God for salvation. It has been written by Kathleen Harnett and William Paton, Missionary Secretaries of the Student Christian Movement, and we take it that the purpose is to create in young men and women an interest in foreign missions. How is that purpose accomplished? In two ways. First by showing the need of a Gospel in India, China, Japan, the Moslem World, and Africa; and then by declaring what the Christian Gospel is. Now we have never had the state of affairs in these countries more credibly or more convincingly described, and we have never had the Gospel more truthfully or more persuasively set before us.

A certain pastor met one of his deacons after he had been round his district collecting for missions for the first time. 'Well, how did you get on?' 'All right; but James Brown says he does not believe in foreign missions.' 'Then you will have to score off his name.' 'Oh no, I won't do that. I told James Brown that I would continue to call upon him until he did believe in them.'

This book should be given to James Brown; and he should be told to read the last chapter first. For if he does not believe in foreign missions it is because he does not believe in the Gospel.

There is not a great deal of novelty in *The Social Function of the Church* (S.C.M.; 6s. net). How could there be? But the author, Mr. Malcolm Spencer, M.A., has studied the whole thorny subject with more care than most of us; and as he has also consulted other students, he deserves to be read with deference. The most generally appealing part is the third on 'Applied Christianity.' It is also the most difficult part. What is a man of business to do? He is a follower of Christ and yet he cannot see his business go to the wall. It is in that 'yet' that the difficulty lies; for Christ and business in our day seem to be simply irreconcilable. 'The truth has seldom been more concisely put than by Lord Hugh Cecil in his book on *Conservatism*. "The competitive system," he says, "is certainly not a Christian system. The governing motive of those who are engaged in industry or commerce is self-interest, not love, and Christianity indisputably requires that the mutual relations of all men shall be controlled by love. To buy as cheaply and sell as dearly as possible; to obtain labour at as low a wage as it can be got; to work only as much as is necessary to obtain employment; to strive, whether as employer or employed, to gain for oneself at the expense of others—these are not the acts characteristic of Christianity."'

Mr. Spencer's way out is by appeal to the individual. 'Without prejudicing the question what ultimate changes in the system of business and industry may be required, we come now to the problem of individual Christian action amid the difficulties of the present situation. The watchwords of Christianity are co-operation, service, character and fellowship, as opposed to competition, self-seeking, gain and strife. The Church has to insist on these ideals against the contrary philosophies and standards.'