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perhaps even more hopefully and effectively, at the work of Church building, Church uniting, Church organizing. We are learning the inevitableness of some of the measures adopted by the first Church leaders, and the folly of supposing that these were necessarily a norm for all time. We are learning that we are true imitators of the apostles, not when we walk blindly in what we suppose to have been their footsteps, but when we bring to bear on the religious problems of our day the same sanity, the same breadth of outlook, the same Christian charity, with which they faced the problems, often the very different problems, of their day. It is one of the tragedies of our religion that Paul, the apostle of liberty, Paul who spent his giant energy in seeking to deliver men from bondage to the law, became in turn a new law, from bondage to which we are only now beginning to deliver ourselves.

(11) It has long been a commonplace that when the patient East with its penetration and its capacity for loyalty has learned to know Jesus, it will find in Him treasures that we have missed. It would seem that part of India's contribution will be the discovery, or rather the re-discovery, of the law of Christian love. On no ethical point are the judgments of the European and the Indian Christian more often at variance than on the relative claims of justice, righteousness, and love; and we are being compelled to ask ourselves how far our emphasis on the sterner virtues is Christian, and how far it is only Anglo-Saxon.

(12) Lastly, on the mission field, we learn the meaning of the Christian sacraments. In old-established Christian communities where baptism and the Lord's Supper are fashionable routine ceremonies with a large admixture of superstition, it is right to emphasize that these are only symbols of the operation of the grace of God. But in a country where the baptism of the adult means the abandonment of all he has hitherto held dear, where sitting down at the Lord's table means adoption into a new community and open fellowship with Jesus, where both mean the end of hesitation and fear, the breaking down of the last barrier that hinders the free in-rush of the grace of God, one can at least understand the measure of truth that is in High Church conceptions of the sacraments, however little one may sympathize with the materialistic form in which they are so often held.

We repeat, the New Testament is a missionary book. There is not a line of it that is not written to lead men to believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, to build up converts in mission churches, to comfort them in their sorrows, to inspire them to new hope or fresh endeavour, or to solve their perplexities, intellectual, spiritual, or ecclesiastical. As we burrow in the sands of Egypt for documents that will shed light on the New Testament, let us not forget the light that comes from living epistles in the lands where the triumphs of the first Christian centuries are being re-enacted before our eyes.

Literature.

'*THE INTERNATIONAL CRITICAL COMMENTARY.*'

Two volumes of 'The International Critical Commentary' have just been published. The one is *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Job*, by the late Samuel Rolles Driver, D.D., and George Buchanan Gray, D.Litt. (T. & T. Clark; pp. lxxviii, 736; 35s.). The other is *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*, by Ernest De Witt Burton, Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the University of Chicago (T. & T. Clark; pp. lxxxix, 541; 35s.). They bring the great commentary within sight of the end. They are worthy of its reputation. No American scholar has or deserves higher honour in Great Britain than Professor Burton. With his *Moods and Tenses of the New Testament* he sprang at once into the front rank, just as Driver did with his *Hebrew Tenses*, and he has kept his place.

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE.

From the Office of the Publishers' Circular has been issued *The English Catalogue of Books for 1920* (15s.). It contains the titles of all the books which were published last year in the United Kingdom, from *A was an Archer* to *Zoology for Medical Students*; and it makes known the month of their publication, their size and price, and the name of their author. But the main entries, in clarendon type, are the authors' names, ranging from Abbay (R., Rev.) to Zymonidas (Allessandro). Then follow appendixes: first, Learned Societies, Printing Clubs, etc., with lists of their publications in 1920; and next a Directory of Publishers, English and American. It is all very useful, to many of us indispensable; and it is all very interesting. Just think for a moment of what one single volume of the multitude of entries from Abbay to Zymonidas has meant to the author—the conceiving of the book, the writing of it, the printing of it (in these days), the reception of it, the future of it. Or look at the variety of output—all the literary activities of mankind represented in all shades of opinion and performance. But this way lie too many mysteries.

Pass to the Comparative Table. How many books were published in 1919?—8622; in 1920?—11,004. It is a very substantial increase. But look again; 766 books in religion were published in 1919, only 679 in 1920. All the kinds are up but Religion and Education—the two that most deserve.

And now, last of all, thank the Editor for his patience and perseverance. He has something very like genius, if that is taking pains.

EDUCATION.

Is there a science of Education? Not yet. But there ought to be. And that there may be, Mr. James Clerk Maxwell Garnett, C.B.E., M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Dean of the Faculty of Technology in the Victoria University of Manchester, has written a book on *Education and World Citizenship* (Cambridge: at the University Press; royal 8vo, pp. x, 515; 36s. net).

What is wanting to make Education a science? A distinct aim, recognized principles, and a definite programme. And all these are furnished in this book, though the author modestly calls it 'an Essay towards a Science of Education.'

First, a distinct aim. What is the aim of Education? There is no agreement yet. Among recent pronouncements two are cited by Mr. Garnett 'by way of illustration of the diversity of view that characterises the age in which we live. Sir William Ramsay, in the course of an article on English Education, refers to "the aim of training, namely, the power of concentration, the exercise of judgment, and, most of all, the development of the inventive faculties." Dr. C. A. Mercier also regards education as having a threefold aim. He writes: "The aims of education are, I take it, these three: It should inculcate first, character; second, a habit of clear thinking; and third, a knowledge of facts . . . it is better to be good than to be wise: it is better to be wise than to be learned."' 'Professor Adams has enumerated some fifteen statements of the aim of education and concludes that "there are two . . . that stand out from the others as embodying all the essentials, and as between them covering the whole field. . . . The first is *self-realisation*, the second *many-sided interest*. These have been frequently treated as antagonistic ideals, and each has its enthusiastic supporters. But . . . far from opposing each other they are really complementary. Neither can be attained apart from the other."' With that Mr. Garnett agrees. The aim of education then is 'interest in other men and things whereby one reaches the fullest attainment of selfhood.'

Secondly, principles. If there is chaos in the aim of Education, its principles are doubly formless and dark. 'When two expert chemists disagree before a court of law, not upon the validity of one of the generalisations which form the principles of their science, but merely upon the question whether a particular fact belongs to one generalisation or to another, their disagreement is sufficiently remarkable to excite comment. But, when the discussion is of education, disagreement concerning first principles is the rule rather than the exception. There is little agreement concerning the end of education, and still less concerning the means. Even the agreement that does appear to exist is often fictitious and due either to the misuse of metaphor or to the absence of any esoteric or symbolic language in which ideas concerning education can be unequivocally expressed. And yet the need for established principles of education and for the general recognition of such principles is beyond dispute. It is only by means of organised systems of ideas that our thinking, whether of education or of any other matter, can make permanent progress; and it is only by the wide acceptance (which need not be other than provisional) of a single set of principles that a coherent and effective system of public education may be built up.' Mr. Garnett furnishes principles—that is the purpose of his writing.

Thirdly, a programme. In the programme or curriculum lies the originality and keenest interest of the book. Look at the matter from the side of the educationist. He has first of all to learn a little physiology. On the foundation of his physiology he erects his psychology, which he must know more thoroughly. On his psychology he builds his teaching. He takes into account the special aptitude of each pupil. Aptitude for what? For social service, or, in our author's phrase, for world citizenship. Every boy and every girl is to be trained for the special place in society which he or she is to fill. 'Thus, for example, the undergraduate course in engineering that is being followed by one who is about to enter the works in which, as a college apprentice, he is to continue his engineering training, should be concerned with the relation of engineering to human society (in overcoming material obstacles to human progress), and so to God. It must also include a study of the principles of mechanics, physics and other pure sciences that have been applied to engineering. That is to say, it should connect to one another and to the central purpose of the student's life—his purpose to serve God and man as an engineer—a number of essences that belong to different branches of the endarchy of science, and whose connexions in that endarchy may not have been completely discovered or, if they have, may have to be short-circuited in the engineer's scientific endarchy.'

How will the special gift be known? The boy or girl must be allowed much freedom of choice, assisted, however, by the teacher, and, in some cases of slow development, wholly directed. And *every* boy and *every* girl must have special training. So the curriculum covers a vast space of ground. Mr. Garnett gives it in a coloured plate. It begins with 'elementary' and ends with 'graduate and research.' There are on the diagram sixteen stages. Not all children are carried through all the stages: they drop out as they find their work. It is a great scheme: how is the money to be found for it? Mr. Garnett says the League of Nations will find it—find it in ten years' time, if you will only give the League your backing.

THE ORDER OF THE ARTS.

It is not easy in these days to provide readers with a sensation that is really sensational. The sensational editors are at their wits' end, and at the end of everything else. But Mr. A. Trystan Edwards, M.A., formerly Scholar of Hertford College, Oxford, Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects and Associate Member of the Town Planning Institute, has done it. He has written a book with the title of *The Things which are Seen* (Allan; 18s. net), in which he assures us that Painting and Sculpture are the 'minor arts,' the great arts being Good Looks, Pleasant Manners, Fine Dress, and a Nice House.

Is it all nonsense? Well, no; there is a considerable peppering of sense in it. The Publishers, not undiscerning, have 'put their money on it,' and have sent it forth to the world furnished as fully and fairly as any art, major or minor, can furnish a book.

For one thing, Mr. Edwards riddles the saying 'Art for Art's sake.' You may just as wisely say 'Butter for Butter's sake.' No. Art is for our sake. And if it is not good for us it is not good for anything. Now the thing in art that is best for us is our own beauty—our own and our neighbours' good looks. So Mr. Edwards begins there. He ranges the arts in order of excellence. That is the most excellent art of all. 'It will help us,' he says, 'to measure the scope and significance of this art if we try to conceive the state of things which would arise if its claims were ignored. Imagine a society composed of citizens who were one and all devoted to painting and sculpture, who had inherited fine cities in which to live, who were exquisitely dressed and whose personal habits were without a fault. If these same citizens, however, owing to a culpable neglect of the means of physical development, were all extremely hideous, exhibiting every possible deformity of face and figure, would we not say that the best was lacking in such a community, that all its excellences could by no means atone for its one conspicuous defect? Contrast with this a society whose members cared little for elegance except the elegance of their own splendid selves, a society devoid of the secondary attributes of civilisation but still a pleasant place because it was the home of lovely children and superbly handsome men and women. It is obvious that the latter is not only the healthier of the two but also the more clear-sighted. For all other sorts of beauty are as dross in comparison with the beauty of the human body, and an abhorrence of ugliness in men and women is a surer sign of an artistic nature than is the ability to criticise a picture or a building.'

Then follows, in order of excellence, the art of manners—good breeding. Its inferiority to good looks is proved by pointing out that good manners can be gained in a single generation, whereas 'it would require a tremendous effort, a great social will steadfastly exercised for hundreds of years, to make personal beauty a common thing.'

Third in order comes the art of dress. And after that the writer's own art—architecture. 'Even architects, who imagine that they are totally absorbed in their profession and who are accustomed to exalt its claims, would really far prefer to live in an ugly house than to go about with objectionable clothes; and they often show that, in spite of their devotion to architecture, they know less about it than they know about dress, for while their clothes are in the best of taste, the buildings for which they are responsible may be exceedingly vulgar.'

But why does Mr. Edwards separate painting and sculpture from the rest and call them the minor arts? The reason is that the other arts are expressed in terms of reality, they are only reflexions of reality. 'However much the painter may conventionalise a theme, however skilfully he may manipulate the elements of his picture in order to create a pattern, his work must always have an imitative character.'

When he has finished arranging the arts in the order of excellence, but half of his heavy task is done. He has still to deal with the nature of Form and with the Grammar of Design. And then, when all that is described and done with, he gives himself to the pleasant duty of describing the artist in society—the artist and the statesman, the artist and the engineer, right down to the artist and the metaphysician.

CHANCELLOR NEWBOLT.

The Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's, has written his autobiography. It is true that in the Preface, and in the very first sentence of it, he protests against our calling the book an autobiography. *Years that are Past* is the title that he gives it (Wells Gardner; 12s. 6d. net). All the same it is an autobiography, or that word must be given a meaning unheard of. It is a modest autobiography. Canon Newbolt is in much fear lest the printer should run out of the letter I, and varies its use with expressions like 'the present writer.' It is modest to a fault. Canon Newbolt could easily have claimed more in the way of work done, and good work. There is one work especially which he has done, and done better than any other Canon in the Church. He has emphasized the value of preaching. He has spoken about it, and written about it, and he has himself persistently practised it. For this alone the Church of England owes him a debt of gratitude which may never be appreciated or paid.

Canon Newbolt's interest is in music and ritual. He had no theological training, none whatever. 'I received no professional preparation such as a year at a Theological College could give, and even the one short term which I had been allowed to look for at Cuddesdon had to be abandoned on account of a severe illness which threatened at one time to put off my Ordination.' And theology did not come to him by nature as the love of ritual did. He does not once discuss a theological question in this book, nor see it from afar. But he can write this about the special services in St. Paul's: 'There are also two other great acts of devotion in the year, as they may be called, Spohr's "Last Judgment," or Brahm's "Requiem," sung in Advent as a special act of devotion, and the wonderful Passion music of Bach in Holy Week, which in its deep religious setting and exquisite rendering is looked forward to by thousands, as a profound and solemn refreshment in that sacred season. Few who have heard it will ever forget the marvellous rendering of the treble solos by the whole boy-choir singing, as it were, with one voice, or the fierce rush of the dramatic choir narrative as, for instance, in the cry for Barabbas and in the terrible shout "Crucify Him." And most of all the heart is stirred by the solemn and profound hush for private prayer at the moment when the description of the Agony in Gethsemane is reached. It almost helps one to realise the mysterious words of the Apocalypse of St. John, "There was silence in heaven." This service has been kept up all through the War, and is eagerly looked for each year as Holy Week comes round.'

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

It is with particular pleasure that we receive a new historical work by Dr. Henry Osborn Taylor. His reputation is now well assured, and as well assured in Britain as in America. The new book carries on the history of Europe from the time when the previous book left it off. First there came *Ancient Ideals*, a Study of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth from Early Times to the Establishment of Christianity. This was followed by *The Mediæval Mind*, a History of the Development of Thought and Emotion in the Middle Ages. The new book is entitled *Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century* (Macmillan; 2 vols., $9 net).

There is the same recognition of principle, reserve of expression, and compass of scholarship in all Dr. Taylor's work. There is certainly no parade of scholarship: the footnotes are few and often obvious. But the scholarship is there, to the last item of value. The language is in no sense provincial; not even is the spelling peculiar to one country; the right word is found easily and the right sentence follows. Most important of all, the attention is never lost in blind alleys. That which is essential, whether in personality or in prophecy, is seen at once to be essential, making the history a great lesson-book for mankind. And in and through all there is the unseen but felt presence of the Most High.

Much of the present work is biographical. No doubt all history is biography. But in the sixteenth century, men were thrown up out of the mass more evidently than in less momentous times, and upon them—upon such men as Erasmus, Luther, Calvin—the less gifted men depended more than will ever again be possible in Europe. This fact demands a gift of swift characterization, which Dr. Taylor does not possess in any eminent degree. Yet it will be necessary to quote from his character sketches as the most accessible means of showing how his imagination goes to work. Let us take first a portion of what he says about Erasmus:

'The purposes, the opinions, the qualities of Erasmus reveal themselves in his works. These reflect his environment and his nature, making a very adequate self-expression of the man Erasmus; and the self-expression of a man is always true. Had Erasmus possessed the Titan nature of a Luther, convulsed with convictions as violent as they were trenchant, his self-expression would have appealed to us more pointedly than it does from out the compass of those huge ten folios of the Leyden edition. His innumerable writings did their work in their time, and still interest us historically. They spread the Erasmian personality before us. He who may bring himself to read them will note everywhere facility of presentation, broad, proportioning scholarship, not too exact, nor always profound; balanced common sense and clear intelligence which grasp the veritable point; interest in well-authenticated fact, linguistic, historical and rational, which is the scholar's truth; care for what is truly ethical, dependent on motive and interest, and not bound up in ceremony and observance; insistence on unhampered study, on the rights of scholarship, on freedom to reach the most rationally verified result; recognition also of mutually tolerating differences of sensible opinion, but no patience for wilful ignorance and stubbornness; a cherishing of piety and rational religion, but with no taste for dogma or metaphysics, and as little for the transports of religious rapture.'

A good contrast, but also only a part of the whole picture, is this on Latimer:

'Latimer could not have been one of the greatest of all English preachers, had he been more of a systematic or logical or scientific theologian. The Bible is free, unsystematic and spontaneous. Its living current of religious inspiration cannot be made to flow through one who has immured his soul in logical definition and metaphysical formulation. At all events, not in the sixteenth century, which was not a century of constructive theological metaphysics, like the fourth, but one when the advancing energies of life, with their renewed evangelical and Biblical inspiration, were beating on the potent conjoined scheme of dogma and ecclesiastical authority. Latimer was impassioned with his own acceptance and understanding of the Bible. Affected, of course, by the thoughts and controversies of his era, he nevertheless drew his convictions from the Scriptures as spontaneously as he drew their illustration from the world about him. His sermons reflected and absorbed the habits, the demands, the hardships, the very implements and incidents of English life, all presented in the homely imagery and vigorous Anglo-Saxon that carried straight from the preacher to his audience. Here was indeed an English Gospeller, whose thoughts and phrases seemed to echo Wyclif: "right prelating is busy labouring, and not lording," might have been Wyclif's or Latimer's. The latter was not from Wittenberg or Zurich or Geneva, but something of a Lollard preacher and bishop of the English Church.'

A PEOPLE'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Forasmuch as, in our day, many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us, it seems good to Professor Paterson-Smyth also to write *A People's Life of Christ* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net). His qualifications are not more knowledge of the facts and their interpretation than many other men among us possess, but a singular sense of what will appeal to the multitude. It is claimed for him that he is the most popular religious writer of his time, and this Life of Christ is not in the least likely to diminish his popularity.

There is a style of writing on the New Testament which has come much into fashion recently. The fortunate possessor of it lets his fancy roam over the narratives, picking up here and there as it pleases, and plentifully embellishing what it picks up. Sometimes the fancy is so free that a new New Testament is the outcome. It is like the fascination which textual emendation has for some scholars. You can turn every word you come upon into 'Yerahmeel' if you please. Professor Paterson-Smyth has the gift, but he does not indulge it without measure.

'I can see'—this is after the words, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world'—'I can see the two young fishermen starting down the path shyly, timidly, awkwardly, half hoping, half fearing that Jesus might speak to them. And Jesus, hearing the footsteps, turned round and beheld them following, as surely through all the ages He turns to timid disciples where He beholds them wishing to follow Him. Kindly, encouragingly He asks them, "What seek ye?" Perhaps He is testing them, making them ask their own hearts what they seek. He wants them to know. He does not mind ignorance, weakness, stupidity, anything, if only one can feel "I seek God. I seek service with Thee."

'The embarrassed young countrymen hardly know what to reply. "Master, where dwellest Thou?" Ah! Jesus knew what they wanted. "Come with Me," He said, and He took them to His poor little lodging, and they abode with Him that day. John remembers so clearly, looking back over half a century. "It was about the tenth hour" (four o'clock). How could he ever forget? Think what it meant in the light of after-days to have been all that evening there alone with Jesus, sharing His simple hospitality, questioning Him, talking to Him easily and naturally, listening as He told them perhaps of His pain for men's troubles and sins, of His enthusiastic plans and hopes for this Kingdom of God. And, as His sympathy drew them out to talk shyly of their own aspirations, I feel sure that He said—it would be just like Him to say it—"One day I shall want you both to stand by Me and help." That is the sort of appeal that draws out the best in a man.

'Think of these two young men coming back that night under the starlight, their pulses stirring with wonder and enthusiasm, their hearts swelling with a great reverent affection for their new friend. "Aye, they would follow Him, follow Him to the death!" The whole world was changed for them that night. Earth was never the same again.'

HEGEL'S LOGIC.

Mr. Francis Sedlák undertook some time ago to translate into English Hegel's *Wissenschaft der Logik*. But he could not arouse interest in it. Then the thought came to him that better than a word-for-word translation might be a free paraphrase of Hegel's meaning. But what did that involve? It involved doing over again for himself the work which Hegel had done. The thought and what it involved both came to him in the reading of this paragraph in Lord Haldane's *Pathway to Reality*: 'You cannot stand still by the side of any one personality, however great. You must try, however inadequately, to do the work over again for yourself, and thus, notwithstanding the debt which the world owes to Hegel, we have each of us in this generation to try, if we would comprehend the true meaning of his teaching, to think it all for ourselves, in the light he has given us, but still for ourselves. Otherwise we should not really make any progress.'

He saw that 'to cease to adhere to the literal context of the original, means to do the work over again; and in that case the original author must not be made responsible for a possible deviation from his own meaning. So comes it that my primary intention of simply paraphrasing Hegel's Great Logic converted itself finally into the present work.'

This, then, is the first volume, not of a translation, but of an interpretation, of Hegel's Logic. And this much can be said of it at once, that it is readable. Was there ever a worse writer than Hegel? We know all about his difficulties, the necessity of creating a new language and all that. But he created half his difficulties along with his language, and he simply could not write. Mr. Sedlák can write.

Does he represent his author or does he misrepresent him? He has at any rate read him. He has also read round about him. He is quite familiar with the last word that has been spoken respecting him. We think he represents him. The title is *Pure Thought and the Riddle of the Universe* (Allen & Unwin; 18s. net).

DIVINE IMAGINING.

Mr. Douglas Fawcett has written a supplement to his book 'The World as Imagination.' He calls it *Divine Imagining* (Macmillan; 15s. net). His purpose is to furnish a solution of the riddle of existence which shall be more acceptable than materialism, or idealism, or any other ism yet propounded. He tells us that he prefers the word 'Imagining' now to the word 'Imagination.' What the solution is we have already tried to make known. Now, however, we are able to test it by some of its results. He calls it '*Divine* Imagining'—well, what sort of Divinity does he offer? This is the answer: 'We will reserve the term "God" for the supreme society of sentients which constitutes the greatest conscious power of this world-system. There is one such power for every mature or maturing world-system. It is not a single experient, but a "coalesced existence," as Sir Edwin Arnold would have said. But in other respects it fills the place in the system of the finite or limited God argued for by John Stuart Mill, William James, F. C. S. Schiller, R. H. Dotterer, and others, and is thus the "invisible King" of H. G. Wells. If there are, as we believe, innumerable world-systems, there are also innumerable such Kings, but none so potent as to command all the conditions that compass Him about. The actual occurrences of life suggest or show that He is a struggler or striver who cannot mould everything after His desires. This planet, for instance, is a place of foulness and filthiness, of which no power, worthy of being called divine, can be the all-sufficient source and support. We have seen *why* it is so foul. In God we recognize a great agency which is helping, perhaps against many gods, to make it better. He is not all-powerful, not, perhaps, as regards even His own world-system, all-wise; just the highest expression of the conscious life which obtains within the system which is His body. And, like all sane sentient powers connected with a body, He is concerned for its excellence, as also for that of the subordinate sentients which are active in it. He is engaged, as Bernard Shaw suggests, "in a great struggle to produce something higher and better" within His province. And this province? It is that of the content-whole which we discussed as the Grand Imaginal: the primitively segregated whole which buds off from Divine Imagining: Blake's "disorganized immortal" passing into temporary conflicts that it may be the generating-place and nursery of sentients. As the Grand Sentient God might be called the Child of Divine Imagining: but we must not use metaphor in a spirit of compromise with vulgar faith. The resemblance between the evolution of God and the genesis of a human child is not a close one.'

In publishing a criticism of Bergson's philosophy, Professor Ralph Tyler Flewelling, of the University of Southern California, has taken the opportunity of publishing also an account of that philosophy with which his name is so honourably associated, Personal Realism. The volume has accordingly the title: *Bergson and Personal Realism* (Abingdon Press; $2 net).

Both parts of the book are well written. Personal Idealism, called by the late Professor Bowne, its founder, simply Personalism, is shown quite manifestly to have one advantage over the Philosophy of Change—the place it finds for and the emphasis it places upon *personality*. And just this is the sting of the criticism of Bergson. 'For it is readily seen that, apart from personality, freedom can possess no meaning.' A testing case is the doctrine of immortality. Bergson has no such doctrine. 'This will to some minds seem quite unimportant, to others it will appear a grave defect in any system of philosophy. Our own feeling is that, aside from the demands of religious faith, there is a certain pragmatic demand which insists that philosophy shall at least not be inimical to the claims for personal immortality. Usually, that which is a universal demand of the human spirit will be found to reach root deeply into reality and life. This demand will increase if we assume that personality is necessary to all duration. If there be no personality in the creative "elan," we can have neither progress nor intelligibility in the universe, and it might be that the preservation of those personalities which are the feebler and lesser lights of itself would be the supreme demand in its experience of duration. If human personality has any light to throw upon the problem it is all in this direction. The supreme interests of our own duration cluster about other personalities which are bound to us by one tie or another. Certain it is that when these relations are broken we are filled with a sense of the futility and emptiness of life. The intensity of this feeling has been profoundly expressed in the poem of an Indian woman:

Lamp of my life, the lips of Death
Have blown thee out with their sudden breath;
Naught shall revive thy vanished spark . . .
Love, must I dwell in the living dark?

Tree of my life, Death's cruel foot
Hath crushed thee down to thy hidden root;
Naught shall restore thy glory fled . . .
Shall the blossom live when the soul is dead?

Life of my life, Death's bitter sword
Hath severed us like a broken word,
Rent us in twain who are but one . . .
Shall the flesh survive when the soul is gone?'

Under the title of *In Touch with God*, the Rev. Joseph Sunn has published a small book on Meditation, or Mental Prayer as he prefers to call it (Burns Oates & Washbourne; 1s. net). It gives both the theory and the practice.

Messrs. Burns Oates & Washbourne have published 'A Catholic's Criticism of the *Outline of History*.' The title is *Some Errors of H. G. Wells* (1s. net). The author is the Rev. Richard Downey, D.D. Mr. Wells should take time to read it before he issues the next edition of the Outline. But then perhaps he would not issue another edition.

Two useful volumes of *Readings in English Social History from Contemporary Literature* have been issued by the Cambridge University Press (4s. net each). The first volume begins in pre-Roman days—with Strabo and Diodorus Siculus—and ends in 1272; the second carries the story down to 1485. The editor is R. B. Morgan, M.Litt., Inspector of Schools to the Croydon Education Committee.

The Gospel according to Thomas (Daniel; 3s. net) is not an apocryphal book newly discovered. It is the Gospel according to Will Hayes. The Gospel narratives are given and the teaching of Jesus, but all supernaturalism is left out. Thus: 'And straightway coming up out of the water, he went into the wilderness to think of those things which he had heard and seen.' But to attribute such a gospel to Thomas is a curious misfit—to Thomas who first of all the disciples made the great supernatural affirmation, 'My Lord and my God'!

A book on *Patriotism* (Daniel; 6s. net) is a timely book. What else do we more urgently need to be instructed upon? And the time for instruction may pass. Mr. E. K. Fallowfield has the right way of it and can write forcibly. One thing, however, bothers him and us. Evidently he is anti-Christian. He is ready to give William Wilberforce credit for patriotism, in his efforts to abolish the slave-trade. But 'Wilberforce's activities were limited by his being a Christian first and then a man, that is, a man of the right kind—kind-hearted, sympathetic towards the suffering of others, liberal in mind, aware of his own short-comings and tolerant in respect of those of others. His claim to be considered a true patriot was spoiled by the possession of that hard, cruel disposition of the relentless, not to say ruthless, Christian who can brook no opposition; who demands that in religious matters all shall see eye to eye with him; and considers anyone, particularly if badly dressed, who has opinions of his own, equal to a criminal, and it only right that he should be treated as such.' It is clearly an obsession, and has to be discounted right through the book.

Mr. Joseph Conrad is an acceptable writer of essays. The Reviews and even the Daily Newspapers gladly publish them. A discerning public will as gladly receive them in the volume into which he has gathered six-and-twenty. Half are on 'Letters' and half on 'Life.' The title is *Notes on Life and Letters* (Dent; 9s. net).

The essays on Letters are a wonder for a man who for twenty years spent his life at sea, as seaman, mate, and master. They are no amateur's work. How did he find the books that fitted him for a critical estimate of Henry James, Alphonse Daudet, Anatole France, and Turgenev? But the essays on 'Life' come home to us most assuredly. Even when his subject is 'The Loss of the *Titanic*,' after all that we have read about that disaster, and in spite of the more recent and more awful sinking of the *Lusitania*, even then we read Mr. Conrad's story with strong feeling. What has become of his suggestion that great ships should carry cork-fenders? 'One of them (he is speaking now of the loss of the *Empress of Ireland*), hung judiciously over the side at the end of its lanyard by a man who knew what he was about, might perhaps have saved from destruction the ship and upwards of a thousand lives.'

Messrs. Herder of 68 Great Russell Street have issued an edition of Genesis in Hebrew and Vulgate Latin. *Liber Geneseos:* Textum Hebraicum Emendavit Latinum Vulgatum Addidit Godofredus Hoberg, Philosophiæ et Theologiae Doctor Professor P.O. in Universitate Friburgensi Br. (3s. 6d. net).

Three volumes in theology written by the Rev. Oscar L. Joseph, B.D., have reached us together. They follow one another in experience. First comes our knowledge of *The Faith and the Fellowship.* Then comes the duty of making the Faith known to others by our knowledge of the *Essentials of Evangelism.* And then comes the thought of the End or *The Coming Day.* The volumes are published in this country by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton ($1.25 net each).

The volume on the Faith is introduced by Dr. S. Parker Cadman, who says: 'Mr. Joseph has enjoyed special advantages which are herein displayed. He hails from the foreign and non-Christian world, where he witnessed the problems and the victories of missionary effort. The great literary productions of Hindu and Buddhist faith and practice are contrasted with the operations of the teachings of the New Testament. Indeed, the book casts a welcome light on the study of comparative religion. The author's residence in the British Empire and in our own Republic has given him a conception of Christian obligation which to be felt aright must be experienced at first hand, and which arises from actual contact with the realms we propose to conquer for the Kingdom of our Master. This sense of obligation prevails throughout his book and lends weight to its conclusions.'

Let us test his belief and his power of expressing it by a quotation from that volume. The test is a keen one.

'So many-sided is the character of Christ that we can regard Him in several ways and honour Him for the opulence of His grace. But let us be careful that we do not confuse any partial aspects, however valuable, with that which is central and vitally supreme. A Christianity which holds up Christ as a Pattern, however symmetrical and complete in character; or which exalts Him as a martyr even though the noblest of them all; or which praises Him as a moralist of exceptionally high and exacting ethical standards; or which honours Him as a teacher with charm, wisdom, and authority—a Christianity which does only these things appeals to the world as a humanitarian system, the best of its kind; but it falls far short of being the religion of full and far-reaching redemption. It is lacking in the Divine afflatus which has given holy courage, irresistible energy, the swing of conquest, and the experience of achievement so characteristic of those who have accepted the Divine-human Christ of the entire New Testament testimony. The lesser message has always proved to be ineffectual. It has no word of cheer to the despondent, nor of peace to the disconsolate, nor of pardon to the distracted. The soul which has been lashed by sin and whose life has been scarred by evil passions and which is suffering from moral anæmia and a paralysed will surely needs something far more dynamic than wise counsels, gracious ideas, or beautiful sentiments. This necessary divine energy is obtained by men not at Bethlehem which tells of the Incarnation of Christ, nor at Capernaum which reminds us of His teaching, nor on Mt. Tabor which holds us in confusion as we witness the Transfiguration, but at Calvary, where the bleeding heart of the Son of God can stay our wounds and heal our sorrows and strengthen our purposes of righteousness and enable us to translate them into deeds which breathe the spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity, raised to the highest power. This experience is not only that of the first century; it belongs to all the Christian centuries. If we take the time to listen we can hear a vast multitude whom no man can number, speaking in their several languages and dialects, rejoicing in the knowledge that they have been brought out of darkness into light by the merits of Christ's redemption.'

Then as a test of his scholarship and his attitude on the Second Coming, take this from the third volume: 'Jesus Christ is the Coming One, but we regard his coming as progressive and not to be confined to any single event. This is really the teaching of the Scriptures, when taken in all their bearings and connections. The Book of Revelation opens with the declaration, "Behold he cometh." The verb is in the "progressive present," which "denotes action in progress." The sentence may then be translated, "Behold, he is coming." The seer beheld "the holy city Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God." It was in process of descent and its career has not yet ended, and will not until "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'"

Mr. Vachel Lindsay, the American poet, is also a prose writer. He has published books of verse and he has published books of prose, and an equal number of both. No; the new book makes the prose production one up. It is 'the review of a book that will appear in the autumn of the year 2018, and an extended description of Springfield, Illinois, in that year.' Its title is *The Golden Book of Springfield* (Macmillan).

It begins in this way: 'There is a woman who is florist of our town, Anne Morrison, a descendant of the Chapman family. She holds in special reverence John Chapman (Johnny Appleseed), who began his labors in a region a little north of Alexander Campbell's diocese, in the Ohio basin. He remains a tradition among the more northern group of those who worshipped Campbell, and among similar pioneers. He is especially honoured by that splendid sect, the Swedenborgians, for he was a preacher and teacher of the doctrines of Swedenborg. But he was even more notably a nurseryman. He was deserving of the laurels of Thoreau, three times and more, and by the test of life rather than writing, to him belongs nearly every worth-while crown of Whitman. He skirmished on the very edge of the frontier, but fought the wilderness, not the Indian. The aborigines thought him a great medicine man and holy man, because of his magical bag of seeds, for along their trails, wherever he tramped, there soon came up pennyroyal and all beneficent herbs. With the tenderness of St. Francis he wept over every wounded bird, and with the steadiness of a nation builder, he planted orchards of apples in the openings of the forest, fenced them in, and left them for the pioneers to find, long after. He wore for a shirt and sole article of clothing an old gunny-sack with holes cut for arms and legs, and winter or summer slept in the hollow tree on the pile of old leaves, and weathered it past seventy years, while the great Whitman lived in houses, and Thoreau was on Walden but a season or two. These men left behind them certain writings, but Johnny Appleseed left behind him apples, orchards heavy with fruit, beauty from the very black earth, and a tradition whose wonder shall yet ring through all the palaces of mankind. He was swift as the dear, and gentle as the fawn—and stern with himself, as the Red Indian. Like Christ and Socrates he wrote only in the soil. He was welcomed more like an angel than a man in the pioneer cabins, and if ever there was an American saint left uncanonized in 1920, it is John Chapman, Johnny Appleseed, and by 2018 he is canonized indeed, and has his niche in the Springfield Cathedral, according to Anne Morrison's revelation.'

The story of Johnny Appleseed is a true story. And in the book truth is the aim always, and historic truth; but not of the past as this, rather of the far future. But of course it is not for that yet to come generation that Mr. Lindsay writes: it is for us. What will his book do for us? It will give us pleasure at any rate: profit also if we will to profit by it.

Messrs. Pitman have under issue in fortnightly parts (2s. net) *The Encyclopædia and Dictionary of Education*, edited by Professor Foster Watson, M.A., D.Litt. Each part contains 64 pages in double column, so that the whole work in 31 parts will run to nearly 2000 pages. A large number of authors are engaged upon the articles, over 800 as we reckon. The articles are generally short, the idea being to furnish a starting-point and stimulus rather than an exhaustive description of the subject. Being short they are very numerous. Some of them are no more than definitions, as—

> '**ALERTNESS** [Italian, *all'erta* (on the watch)].—Readiness to observe, to grasp facts, and to use them.'
>
> '**ALGOMETER** (measure of pain).—An instrument used to test the sensitiveness of the skin to pain by means of the pressure of a blunt point.'

Photographic illustrations in plate paper are a prominent feature. They are mostly of modern educational buildings. There is an air-photo of Marischal College, Aberdeen.

In the Devotional Commentary, edited by the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., and published by the Religious Tract Society, *The Gospel according to Mark* occupies four volumes. And that is good news. For the editor of St. Mark is the Rev. J. D. Jones, D.D., of Bournemouth. The fourth volume is of a fullness of thought and fitness of language rarely even attempted in a commentary. And then it is so experimental. It is the experience of J. D. Jones, yes, and of every one else who has tasted and seen how gracious the Lord is.

To your 'Texts for Students' add: (1) *The Second Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians*, by T. W. Crafer, D.D.; (2) *Babylonian Flood Stories*; and (3) *Babylonian Penitential Psalms*, both by Percy Handcock, M.A. (S.P.C.K.; 6d. net each).

The latest lectureship is the Pilkington. And the first Pilkington lecturer is the Rev. J. R. Darbyshire, Canon of Manchester. It is a lectureship in Christian evidence. So Canon Darbyshire chose for subject *The Christian Faith and Some Alternatives* (S.C.M.; 2s. 6d. net), the Alternatives being Christian Science, Theosophy, and Spiritualism. It is a fair-minded, sympathetic, short exposition of these three forms of belief, and yet amounts to exposure. For in each of them the element of insincerity is so pervading as to become imposture. But to what is their popularity due? To the facts of pain, sin, and death. And to these facts Canon Darbyshire addresses himself, saying really helpful things after all that has been said.

'Give my love to A. P. B., and tell him I'll fight the Germans with him when the time comes whatever—but expect to be beat. Their civilization is barbarism, their learning a sin against nature, and their religion rank atheism, but as machines they're gorgeous and colossal.'

That in a letter from Marburg in 1909. Leslie Johnston had gone to study there. So when the time came he was not taken by surprise. A scholar—Dean of Magdalen College, Oxford, at the time—he joined up at once, and on May 11, 1915, disappeared. He was known to have been hit: no more was known.

A Memoir of Leslie Johnston has been written by Edwyn Bevan, M.A., Hon. Fellow of New College, Oxford (S.C.M.; 7s. 6d. net). The impression made is of one who, without ever getting over doubt, gave himself with energy (he did everything energetically) to the bringing of men to Christ. Writing at one of the Student Christian conferences, he says: 'Also we had a most puzzling testimony from one Donald Fraser, one of the earlier Students of the Movement, about his own conversion, which gave to think, as such things always do. Quite certainly, as Neville said, we have never been converted in that sense of the word—the only question is whether we have in any other.' Few men have been able to get alongside the undergraduate as he did; and it cost him something. His aversion was the 'modern churchman.'

There is considerable interest for the non-Quaker in *Quaker Aspects of Truth*, by E. Vipont Brown, M.D. (Swarthmore Press; 5s. net). It is so frank; it is so human; it is so loyally Quaker. Where lies its strength? In the fruits of Quakerism to which it can modestly turn our attention. 'How does the Society of Friends stand this test? Has it produced men and women of sterling character and integrity? Good parents, good neighbours, good citizens, good patriots, in the best sense of the word? Have its members shown themselves ready and willing to sacrifice self-interest for the common weal? Have their lives borne witness to a full and practical recognition of the deep and wide obligations of a universal brotherhood?' That is strength indeed. Where lies its weakness? In a certain hesitation as to belief. At first the father of the Prodigal Son seems to be accepted as God enough. But then come the facts of life. 'I well remember some twenty years ago witnessing the death of a man in good position in society who took his own life. At the time he was supposed to have been wealthy, but in reality he had got into financial difficulties; and, in order to extricate himself from them, he acted in a way that was far from honourable; and then, rather than face the consequences of what he had done, he committed suicide, leaving his wife and children to fight the battle of life alone. I shall never forget the terrible scene which followed. It is written indelibly on my memory, and I well remember that, as we talked the matter over afterwards, we anticipated the most disastrous consequences for the children. But as soon as the first shock of the terrible calamity was over, the mother set to work to make a living for her children. Though she had been brought up in the lap of luxury, and had scarcely known what it was to do a hard day's work, she started dress-making, and took in lodgers, and by working day and night she succeeded in giving the children a good education. What she suffered it is impossible for us to realize, but by her sufferings she saved her children from degradation, and turned them out into the world useful and self-respecting citizens. I used to know them well, and was proud to know them. Here, then, we have an example of vicarious suffering—the innocent suffering for the guilty—the mother suffering for the father's sin. But not only was it vicarious suffering: it was obviously vicarious suffering which had in it no small measure of atoning efficacy. By the mother's sacrifice the children were saved from ruin and were made useful and self-respecting citizens. The harmony, jeopardised by sin, was in a large measure restored.'

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A Message from Malachi.

By the Reverend Duncan Cameron, B.D., Director of Religious Instruction, Moray House, Edinburgh.

> 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.'—Mal $3^{16.\ 17}$.

The whole passage of the third chapter of Malachi in which these words occur is well known to the average reader of the Bible, but the interpretation that is usually given is not satisfactory. Principal Sir George Adam Smith in his great commentary on *The Book of the Twelve Prophets* takes this passage as referring to the 'doubters among the pious remnant of Israel.' They had come to say that it was vain to serve God. They were forgetful of the teaching of the prophets about the value of righteous suffering. Principal Smith says that Malachi's message 'is that the Lord remembers them, has their names written before Him, and when the day of His action comes, they shall be separated from the wicked, and spared.'

An explanation along the same line is given by Professor J. E. McFadyen of Glasgow in The Expository Times for February of this year. He says that Judaism in the post-exilic age had a note of intellectual challenge, and he takes the passage in Malachi as illustrating his contention that by the time of Malachi (5th cent. B.C.) scepticism was common. He says that the Book of Malachi unmistakably 'reveals an atmosphere of discussion and challenge even among the circle of the pious.' He goes on to say that the prophet assures them that 'God is writing their names in a book which will keep Him in mind, in the great day, of their fidelity.'

The key to the interpretation of this striking passage in the Book of Malachi lies in the meaning of the phrases 'they that feared the Lord,' 'a book of remembrance,' and 'when I make up my jewels.'

A strong case can be made out for the view that the phrase 'they that feared the Lord' refers to proselytes, to those who had not been born into the family of the Israelites but had accepted the faith of Israel. There are passages in the Old