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especial reference to His Deity, reveals the exegetical foundation of his theological teaching, burns with zealous conviction and absolute loyalty, and will have a permanent place in Christological literature. *Counterfeit Miracles*, the last book he published, is a thoroughgoing study of religious thaumaturgy from early Christian times to the present day, and deals with the whole varied and complex problems in a judicious, comprehensive, and intensely interesting manner.

Had he lived longer he might have been induced to follow the example of his illustrious predecessor, who, after he had passed his threescore years and ten, published the garnered wisdom of his life in a three-volume work on Systematic Theology; but regarding this work as the greatest system of dogmatics in the English language, having used it during the whole period of his professorship as a text-book, he evidently felt that there was little need for a similar treatise. Conservative by nature, he gave himself whole-heartedly to the defence of the Reformed Faith as embodied in the Westminster Standards. A lover as well as a defender of the truth as it is in Jesus, he was a strong and convincing preacher, whose published sermons and conference addresses will long be treasured for their deep spiritual insight and lucid apprehension of Biblical truth.

His culture was broad and his tastes varied. As a boy on his father's farm in Kentucky, he became interested in the breeding of shorthorn cattle, and edited one of the first scientific books on that subject published in America. He made a special study of the birds in the region of his home, and was appreciative of everything artistic and poetic. He knew Browning thoroughly, and with a marvellously retentive memory could quote freely from all the great poets; and he published a collection of his own poems and hymns. His acquaintance with prominent Church leaders was most extensive, and he carried on a wide correspondence, following all his old students with an interest and affection that never waned.

During the long years, when the lovely and gifted companion of his life was a confirmed invalid, he gave himself continuously and without reserve to her care and comfort, and in his will directed that the residue of his estate should found a lectureship in the seminary as a memorial to her faith and love. Following a serious illness during the Christmas holidays, he recovered sufficiently to be able to enter the class-room once more and give an exposition of a chapter in John's First Epistle. The same evening he retired to rest, happy in the thought that he was still able to teach and minister in Christ's name. Shortly and quietly he passed into the presence of the Great Teacher, whom he loved and served. The Reformed Theology and the cause of evangelical religion have lost one of the ablest interpreters and defenders which America has ever produced.

Literature.

THE GIFFORD LECTURES.

A WEARY reader has been speaking in one of the daily newspapers about the flood of books issued or about to be issued from the press this winter season. The truth is, the time has come when we must give our mind, not to the buying of books, but to the buying of such books as will dispense with the buying of books.

There, for example, are the Gifford Lectures. What a host of books. Who can read or buy them all? Yet they cannot be ignored by any man who seeks to keep in touch with the thinking of his time. Let us look out for the book that condenses the best of the Giffords into one volume, tells us all we need to know of their contents, relates them to one another, strengthens their strength and casts away their weakness, and then gives us a clear telling account of the progress of theistic thought since they were first established. That book has been written by Professor W. L. Davidson, LL.D. Its title is *Recent Theistic Discussion* (T. & T. Clark; 7s. 6d. net).

A GREAT HISTORY.

'The Centenary History of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was projected as an integral part of the

celebrations of 1913, and the work of abstracting reports and manuscripts was entrusted to the Rev. W. C. Bourne. A considerable amount of preparatory work was thus accomplished. The work then passed into the hands of the Rev. G. G. Findlay, D.D., at that time the Professor of New Testament Language and Literature in the Headingley College. This appointment at once met with hearty and universal approval. Dr. Findlay brought to the work, not only the trained mind and finished style of the scholar, but also a sympathy with foreign missionary work, and a comprehensive outlook upon the whole range of Church activities, such as commanded the reverent admiration of all. His capacity for research, his appreciation of the value of detail, and his grasp of the whole, indicated an ideal historian, and the depth of his personal devotion ensured that the work of recording the sacrifice and service of faith would be worthily accomplished. He gave himself up to the work with whole-hearted enthusiasm, assisted by his talented daughter, who had herself served as a Missionary in India.

'The work of examining and collating the manuscript records which contained the earliest history of the Missionary Society was enough to baffle most men, but Dr. Findlay's industry and skill were equal to the task, and his work in this particular alone will remain not the least of many monuments by which he will be remembered. But the thoroughness and completeness of his method became a difficulty, and it soon became apparent that the History would not be ready for publication in the Centenary year. At the same time it was felt—and by none more strongly than by Dr. Findlay—that the Wesleyan Church possessed in these records a wealth of which it was scarcely aware. The story of the spirit in which the Wesleyan Church went forth under the influence of the Evangelical Revival to fulfil her Master's commission, and to "make disciples of all the nations," was seen to be one which was far more than a record of the activities of a Society within the Church. It was part of the religious life of the Church universal, and as such deserved all the labour and pains that could be spent in giving it to the world, while the many examples of heroism and sacrifice it contained were such as to quicken the life of the Church in more materialistic generations. It was therefore decided that an outline History should be brought out as quickly as possible, and that the complete work should be published afterwards. Accordingly, Dr. Findlay prepared and published in 1913 the work entitled *Wesley's World Parish*, and continued his labour of completing the larger work upon which he was engaged. But the long and brilliant service of the scholar-saint was drawing to its close. His health declined rapidly, and this caused several interruptions to his work, until on November 2, 1919, he passed to the fuller life of the unfettered spirit. At that time scarcely one-half of the work as Dr. Findlay had conceived it had been accomplished.'

What then? It was 'decided to modify Dr. Findlay's original scheme to a slight extent, and to issue the work in five volumes. The task of preparing Dr. Findlay's work for the press, and of completing the History, was committed to the writer of this Preface.'

The writer of 'this Preface' (from which we have made that long but luminous quotation) is Professor W. W. Holdsworth. By him three volumes of *The History of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society* have been issued, each volume being complete in itself, with its own index (Epworth Press; 18s. net).

Now for our part we had rather be the historian of a great Missionary Society than of the Roman Empire. It needs no courage to say so now. For we have learned this at least since Gibbon's day, we have learned to estimate values, and to put spiritual things higher than material. As soon as the Kingdom of God is placed in contrast with the kingdoms of this world, the life of a Nero or even a Domitian is seen to be not so great as the life of an Asbury or a Coke.

'Francis Asbury holds a place by himself amongst Methodist Missionaries. His genius for spiritual leadership was of the like order with that of John Wesley, and received in the new country where his lot was cast a marvellous development. He witnessed a religious transformation throughout the North American colonies no less signal and even more extensive than that which Wesley achieved in eighteenth-century England. The Episcopalian Methodism of the United States, which in its present magnitude and resources exceeds all the other branches of the common stock put together, owns Francis Asbury for its father under God. Justly has he been designated "the second greatest man in Methodism."'

'Dr. Coke had long entertained the idea of

universal evangelization as the exponent characteristic of the Methodist movement. The influence of the movement on English Protestantism had tended to such a result, for in both England and America nearly all denominations had felt the power of the great revival, not only during the days of Whitefield and Wesley, but ever since. Anglo-Saxon Christianity in both hemispheres had been quickened into new life, and had experienced a change amounting almost to a moral revolution. The magnificent apostolic idea of evangelization in all the earth, and till all the earth should be Christianized, had not only been restored as a practical conviction, but had become pervasive and dominant in the consciousness of the churches, and was manifestly thenceforward to shape the religious history of the Protestant world. The great fermentation of the mind of the civilized nations —the resurrection, as it may be called, of popular thought and power—contemporaneous in the civil and religious worlds, effected in the former by the American and French Revolutions, in the latter by the Methodist movement, seemed to presage a new history of the human race. And history is compelled to record, with the frankest admission of the defects of Thomas Coke, that no man, not excepting Wesley or Whitefield, more completely represented the religious significance of those eventful times.'

Perhaps the most absorbingly interesting volume is the second. Not that it is written with more power than the others, but that its field—it is wholly occupied with the West India Islands—is so filled with contrasts. It is the Epistle to the Romans writ large—the opening so dark, the close so brilliant with sunshine. As a study of human nature, what may be, has been, and is, first under the bondage to sin and then in the liberty that belongs to the children of God, it is not to be easily surpassed. And here let it be said that the writers of these volumes have risen to the height of their great argument. Endowed with a liberal portion of that genius for historical writing which is now so common that even Gibbon would have found it difficult to lift his head above the multitude, they have not omitted prayer for guidance or the complete surrender of their gifts to the service of God.

WITCHCRAFT.

First in occasional articles, and now in a volume, Miss Margaret Alice Murray has given to the world her revolutionary ideas about witchcraft. The title of the book is *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press; 16s. net). What are her ideas?

Her central idea is that witchcraft was a *religion*, with its gods, its beliefs, its times and places of assembly, its organization, and its rites and ceremonies. It was a religion, a developed and practised religious cult, a religion for which men and women were prepared to die. It was probably the religion of an earlier race. The more powerful race that came and conquered that race drove it to the inhospitable north and into the mountains and glens. If the original race was smaller in stature, it may then be that the witches and the fairies are all one. But that is only conjecture. What is certain, in Miss Murray's judgment, is that witchcraft is simply a banned and persecuted religion, a religion banned and persecuted by the conquerors and dispossessors of those who practised it.

Being banned and persecuted its god became a devil—'the devil' in later popular phrase—just as to the apostle Paul the gods whom the nations worshipped so basely were properly devils, enemies of the only living and true God. And the witches' god was no far-away unconcerned deity; he visited his worshippers, sometimes in one shape, sometimes in another, often in the shape of a most proper gentleman, dressed well and fashionably, but always to be recognized by his worshippers by some peculiar mark, most frequently a cloven foot.

The assemblies were of two kinds. One, known as the Sabbath, was the general meeting of all the members of the religion. The other, for which Miss Murray accepts de Cambrue's name of Esbat, was more local and was chiefly a business meeting, whereas the Sabbath was purely religious. Why was the religious assembly called the Sabbath? No one knows. Certain it is that it had nothing to do with the Jewish Sabbath. Miss Murray suggests a derivation from *s'esbattre*, 'to frolic'—'a very suitable description of the joyous gaiety of the meetings.' Even the Esbat, though meant for business, was often a scene of 'sheer enjoyment only.' 'Marie Lamont (1662) enjoyed her meetings; the first at which she was present was held in Kettie Scott's house, where the devil "sung to them and they dancit; he gave them wyn to drink, and wheat bread to eat, and they warr all very mirrie. She confesses, at that meiting the said

Kettie Scott made her first acquaintance with the devill, and caused her to drink to him, and shak hands with him. Shee was with Katie Scot and others at a meitting at Kempoch, wher they danced, and the devil kissed them when they went away."'

Of the organization let us mention only the Covens. 'The special meaning of the word among the witches is a "band" or "company," who were set apart for the practice of the rites of the religion and for the performance of magical ceremonies; in short, a kind of priesthood. The Coven was composed of men and women, belonging to one district, though not necessarily all from one village, and was ruled by an officer under the command of the Grand Master. The members of the Coven were apparently bound to attend the weekly Esbat; and it was they who were instructed in and practised magical arts, and who performed all the rites and ceremonies of the cult. The rest of the villagers attended the Esbats when they could or when they felt so inclined, but did not necessarily work magic, and they attended the Sabbaths as a matter of course.'

LAWS OF LIVINGSTONIA.

It was a terrific task that was set Mr. W. P. Livingstone when he was appointed by the Foreign Mission Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland to write the *Life of Laws of Livingstonia* (Hodder & Stoughton; 15s. net). Dr. Laws was not too favourable to the enterprise—for he is still alive—but when he did at last agree—he placed at the biographer's disposal all the available material in his possession. Now 'for half a century he has methodically filed every letter he has received and a copy of every one he has written, and since he entered Africa has kept every document bearing on the work of the Mission. As these forty-six years have been crowded with incident and administrative activity, the accumulation has assumed vast proportions. The author does not profess to have gone through it all. Nor was this necessary for the purpose of the popular biography he was commissioned to write. His aim has been to give a straightforward narrative of the chief events in the Doctor's career, with the emphasis laid more upon the pioneer days as being less known, and touching lightly on the later years, which were largely occupied with the development of mission policy and the treatment of African social questions. As it is, he has read over 13,000 pages of letters, which is probably less than half the total quantity.'

Less formidable certainly, but still formidable enough, is the task which Mr. Livingstone has set his readers. He has written and published an octavo volume of nearly four hundred closely-printed pages, and there is no escape. To skip a page is to lose the way. You go right on with it, page after page, reading every word (for there is not an unnecessary word in the book) until you reach the end. And then? Then you shake hands with yourself. You have accomplished the most rewarding spell of reading of your lifetime.

If you say that no man's Life can mean all that to you, we answer that the Life of Robert Laws of Livingstonia means more than that. His essential worth is unmistakable from the outset. But it was the work God called him to that made him truly great. Faced by his gigantic duty a weak man would have gone under, a strong man would have held his own, Dr. Laws grew steadily greater in all that makes for moral and spiritual manhood.

THE LEGENDS OF SMOKEOVER.

What do you call the writer whose place is between the essayist and the novelist? Is it allegorist? His purpose is as ethical as the essayist's, but he does not openly acknowledge it. His characters are as fictitious as the novelist's, but they are not presented as living beings, types they are and tendencies under half-disguised names. Of this literary class Dr. L. P. Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, is the best living representative.

His new book goes by the title of *The Legends of Smokeover* (Hodder & Stoughton; 12s. 6d. net). Smokeover is a large manufacturing city in which there is a most prosperous firm of gamesters, directed by Mr. Rumbelow. Mr. Rumbelow was as a boy attached to a coco-nut shy. There he worked out the theory of averages, reduced the price of the shy, drove other coco-nut shies off the field, disappeared for a time, returned with 'My Lady,' and established the most wonderful Betting House that ever Smokeover or other great city saw.

In Smokeover there dwelt also a clockmaker, Mr. Hooker, who, much against his will, became a millionaire during the War. Thereafter the

problem of the book is, How will Mr. Hooker spend his millions? To cut a long story short, he divides them into three. One million he gives to Professor Ripplemark of Oxford—the first and last Professor of Virtue in that home of lost causes. One million he gives to Miss Margaret Wolfstone, Headmistress of the Girls' High School in Smokeover, and once a member with him of the Ethical Society there. One million he retains for himself. Professor Ripplemark and Miss Wolfstone unite their hearts and their millions, and both Ripplemark and Hooker become partners in the great betting and gambling firm, now known as 'Rumbelow, Hooker and Ripplemark.'

What is it all about? On that it is probable that no two readers will agree. Professor Jacks himself knows, for he is no weak-willed author whose pen runs away with him. Like Ophelia's pansies, it is for thoughts. Is there no sentiment in it? Oh yes, there is sentiment:

'Miss Wolfstone now rose and went to the window, looking out upon the scene of the recent accident. Ripplemark remained where he was.

'Presently he said: "Would you mind repeating your definition of one's neighbour?"

'His manner in saying this was that of a Professor catechizing a pupil. She saw the mockery, but answered quite gravely,

'"The man who comes next."

'"But what if the next-comer happens to be not a man but a woman?"

'"Then the difficulty will be reciprocal. The woman will have met a man."

'"And supposing that these two suddenly discover that they do not love, but hate?" said the Professor.

'"Then one of them must immediately leave the room," said Miss Wolfstone.

'Instantly he crossed to where she was standing.

'"I am not going to leave the room," he said.

'"Neither am I," she answered.

'It was done; and that, too, in full view of whatever observers there may have been at the opposite window.'

SIR EDWARD FRY.

A Memoir of the Right Honourable Sir Edward Fry, by his daughter, Agnes Fry (Humphrey Milford; 12s. 6d. net), is one of the most successful of recent biographies. It is successful because it reveals the personality of the man, and lets you see that he *is* a personality. You come to know him and you find him worth knowing.

First of all he was a man who kept his conscience as the noonday, clear. This was known to those who knew him before he became a Judge. After he became a Judge it was known to all the world. His conscience insisted on justice being done, to all comers, at all costs. 'A beast,' the disappointed claimant called him, 'but a just beast.' When some one said that Tom Hughes would never decide against a workman and in favour of the employer, Sir Edward's daughter remarked that at any rate his failing leaned to virtue's side. Then Sir Edward's eye flashed, and his words were as swords.

His conscience was no accidental acquisition. It came from God. Some notes were written last month on his habit of prayer. Yet he was not an ordinary Church member. Why not? He speaks sadly (for much of the book is autobiography) of his loneliness in religion; yet there is not an instructed Church member who would not accept his creed—accept it wholly and be content with it. He did not a little for the recognition of God, but he might have done more by taking his place in organized religious life in the land.

Though he had home-loving virtues he had no home-keeping wits. He loved a story and could tell one. 'One was of a boy who appeared to explain why his father could not appear as a witness. "The doctor said he has a confusion in his abominable parts which will probably result in absence."' Another came from Exeter: 'The ancient church of St. Mary Major, in the Cathedral Close of this city, was rebuilt (A.D. 1865–8) from the designs of the late Mr. Edward Ashworth. When the roof was nearly all covered in, it was found by Mr. Ashworth that the copper nails specified for the slating had not been used by the contractors. Mr. Ashworth firmly told the builder that all the slates would have to come off again, and be properly fixed according to the specification. The same evening a dozen bottles of prime port were delivered at the architect's residence, accompanied by a polite note from the builder asking his kind acceptance of the little present. Mr. Ashworth, ever as tender-hearted as he was honourable, was the last man to hurt any one's feelings, even if he did not agree with them, so next morning he dispatched his servant to the builder's house with another hamper of wine and

a note that ran something as follows: "Thanks for your kind present. Favour me, in return, by accepting the accompanying dozen of dry sherry. You will have to use the copper nails."'

EUROPEAN ARCHAEOLOGY.

The first volume of *A Text-Book of European Archaeology*, written by R. A. S. Macalister, Litt.D., F.S.A., Professor of Celtic Archæology, University College, Dublin, has been published at the Cambridge University Press (50s. net). It covers the Palaeolithic Period. It will be followed by three volumes more. The second volume will deal with the Neolithic and Early Bronze Ages, the third with the Late Bronze and Early Iron Age, and the fourth with the Late Iron Age. The scheme is well arranged and moderate. The difficulty will be to compress the vast accumulation of material into four volumes, even of the magnificent dimensions of this volume.

One thing is certain. Professor Macalister is the man for it. His long experience as an explorer added the necessary personal training to the gifts he was endowed with—love of the subject, unquenchable enthusiasm in the pursuit of it, and a singularly happy command of appropriate and perspicuous language. He calls his book a text-book, and a text-book it is, but he has written it so that, the age of examinations long past, we can read it comfortably and enjoy it thoroughly to the end. The illustrations are numerous and remarkably well chosen.

Turn to the subject of religion. Professor Macalister's business is with facts, but facts are nothing without their interpretation. Of the religion of the men whose skeletons or skulls have been found little can be said with certainty, though something can be surmised. One thing is sure: they all had a religion. 'It is now believed that just as there is no race of people, however low in the scale of civilisation, without language or without social order, so there is no tribe or race, however low, without some form of religion. A completely religionless community does not exist, and probably never has existed.'

The signs of a belief in a continued life are clear enough as to the fact, but not so clear as to the nature of it. 'Several facts may be adduced to prove the existence of a *fear*. The summary disposal of the body in the case of the La Ferrassie interment, in which the survivors did not venture to touch the body but simply heaped earth over it where it lay, is suggestive of some such feeling of awe: or else, possibly, of the existence of a hope that the wandering ghost might in time find its way back to the bodily habitation which it had tenanted, if the latter remained undisturbed in the spot where the spirit had left it. We shall meet in the next chapter with traces of similar ideas among the Upper Palaeolithic people; the victim of an accident (?), as at Laugerie Basse, or the victims of an act of violence, as at Cro-Magnon, are left where they fell, and no one dares to enter the cave to disturb the bodies. The most reasonable explanation of the common crouched attitude of the dead, with the knees drawn up, sometimes very tightly, under the chin, is a desire to hamper the movements of the dead, and to prevent it from coming back to disturb the living. It is probable that the body was actually bound with thongs in that position.'

Again: 'The remarkable rite of painting the bones red should be specially noticed.' 'The purpose of the rite is perfectly clear. Red is the colour of living health. The dead man was to live again in his own body, of which the bones were the framework. To paint it with the colour of life was the nearest thing to mummification that the Palaeolithic people knew; it was an attempt to make the body again serviceable for its owner's use. In this connexion it is instructive to recall a familiar incident in folk-tales, in which the hero having come to grief, the flesh of his body is restored from the bones, or even from a small splinter of bone, and then resuscitated. In Irish hagiography even animals can be restored to life by miracle-working saints in the same way. In the tale *Krošečka-Khavrošička*, a Russian version of Grimm's *Einäuglein, Zweiäuglein und Dreiäuglein*, the heroine collects, buries, and each morning waters the bones of her friendly cow, after it has been slaughtered by the cruel stepmother; from them an apple-tree grows, which is of course a re-birth, so to speak, of the cow, and through the apples the ultimate happiness of the persecuted girl is attained.'

A HERETIC.

'A Heretic'—the word has an old-world flavour about it. There are no heretics now. But Dean

Fremantle of Ripon, who died in 1916, was a very old man when he died, and he was really regarded as a heretic. And persecuted. The Master of the Temple has edited the *Recollections of Dean Fremantle* (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net), and has taken pains to show that he was regarded as a heretic and persecuted. What was his heresy?

First, he was said to deny the Virgin Birth of our Lord. He did not deny it; he only denied that it was a miracle. 'Not many grasped this point, and those who did were not satisfied. Hence it was held generally that the Dean was not sound on the Incarnation.'

Next, he hobnobbed with Dissenters, and even led in prayer-meetings in which Dissenters took a leading part. No excuse is offered for that.

Thirdly and lastly, his doctrine of the Church was supposed to be Erastian. The Master of the Temple refutes that supposition. It is a supposition that went right against the Dean's whole theory of life. There was no secularizing of the Church with him, for there was no secular. All life was sacred, the least act as the greatest institution. Perhaps that was heresy once; it is orthodoxy now.

It is a biography with a moral. The moral is that the only actual heresy is the discovery and persecution of heretics.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY'S ADDRESSES.

If we said that the Essays and Addresses which Professor Gilbert Murray has gathered into one volume (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net) were thoroughly provoking, we should not fear their author's displeasure. For there is a provoking to love and good works as well as to other things. And one of the first and best services which any book can render us is to provoke us to thinking. So this book does.

For instance: 'I will confess my own private belief, which I do not wish anyone to share, that of all the books and all the famous sayings that have come as a revelation to human beings, not one is strictly true or has any chance of being true. Nor, if you press me, do I really think it is their business to be strictly true. They are not meant to be statements of fact. They are cries of distress, calls of encouragement, signals flashing in the darkness; they seem to be statements in the indicative mood, but they are really in the imperative or the optative—the moods of command or prayer or longing; they often make their effect not by what they say but by the tone in which they say it, or even by the things they leave unsaid.'

If you accept that unthinkingly you will give no pleasure to Professor Murray. If you resent it in well-aimed words he will begin to smile on you. But first, what is his example?—for he gives an example. 'Do you remember Garibaldi's speech to his men when his defence of Rome had proved fruitless, and the question was whether to make terms with the Austrians or to follow him? "Let those who wish to continue the War against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay nor quarters nor provisions. I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death." The force of that appeal was in what he did not say. He obviously offered them something else too; something so glorious that as a matter of fact most of them followed him; but he did not mention it.'

Now that is all wrong. The force of the appeal was *not* in what Garibaldi did not say: he said everything. He said that they who went with him would be rewarded with hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. *That* made them go—no reward, no thought of reward or recompense. Forced marches, battles and death—it was enough for them. It was enough for thousands of our young men who went to the great War.

We have our example also. We have found it in a fine volume written by the Editor of *The Children's Newspaper* and entitled *Arthur Mee's Hero Book* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net). The particular chapter is called 'The Heroism of Science.' It is the story of the cutting of the Panama Canal. The yellow-fever scourge had first to be met and conquered. 'Two men were wanted for experiments, and two young privates in the army came forward and offered themselves. They were to be bitten by suspected mosquitoes. Major Reed talked the matter over with them, explained the danger and suffering, and then, seeing that they were still determined, promised that they should be generously compensated for their sacrifice. It must have thrilled Dr. Reed to find that the moment he mentioned money these plain American men held back. Both declined to undergo the experiment except on the sole condition that they should have no money reward.

Major Reed touched his cap to the privates and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you," and he said afterwards that, in his opinion, this exhibition of moral courage had never been surpassed in the United States Army.'

THE EVOLUTION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Mr. John Elliotson Symes, M.A., sometime Principal of University College, Nottingham, was a student of the writings of Maurice, on whom he wrote the article in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS. No one knew Maurice better or loved him more. And that stands for much—among the rest for personal loyalty to the Redeemer and the open mind. His last book and his greatest, *The Evolution of the New Testament* (Murray; 18s. net), was finished, and the proofs were coming in when he died. His widow has competently seen it through.

'The Evolution of the New Testament' means chronological handling of the books, but no other constraint. Each book or group of books is discussed separately. And always independently. This is the feature of the volume. Mr. Symes knew the masters, but calls no one Master but Christ. He goes his own way and gives his reasons.

The Epistle to the Philippians is a collection of five letters, or fragments of letters, written by St. Paul at various times, the main part (1^{1}–3^{1} with $4^{21\text{-}23}$) being the fifth letter.

The Epistle of James is a collection of sayings (either of our Lord's brother or another of the name) gathered together and edited by an admirer shortly after his death, with 'the sort of result that would be produced by stringing together extracts from Bacon's Essays, and providing them with a superscription and a few connecting links.'

The Fourth Gospel was probably written by the Apostle John, but edited by another, possibly of the same name. One of the editor's additions is the 21st chapter. 'Among other editorial additions I should include that amazing passage in which it is implied that Jesus uttered His thanksgiving "because of the multitude which standeth round" (xi. 42). It comes in the sublime story of the raising of Lazarus. It is Johannine in the sense that some of the Ephesus school, in asserting Christ's Divinity, went dangerously near denying His Humanity. Here the object seems to be to explain away His human instinct to pray and praise. One almost wonders that the editor did not omit the words "Jesus wept," as unworthy of His Divinity; or at least explain the tears as only for the benefit of the spectators. But even theological editors are human.'

The Apocalypse in its present form is the production of an editor. 'His materials were the documents of a single seer, whose visions had been coloured by the reading of both Jewish and Christian Apocalypses, as well as by at least one story from Babylonian sources. They were also much affected by the politics of his time.'

Those are the most important of Mr. Symes's independent conclusions. He writes carefully and dispassionately, and he writes readably. As is the way in the DICTIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH, he carries his discussion beyond the New Testament Canon, finding some account of the Epistle of Barnabas, the Didache, 1 Clement, and the Shepherd of Hermas necessary for the understanding of the Canon itself.

CENTRAL EUROPE.

A clear and, we believe, thoroughly reliable account of the conditions of life in Russia and the Central States of Europe has been written by Dr. L. Haden Guest, M.C., M.R.C.S. The first chapter is on *The Struggle for Power in Europe*, and that chapter has given the volume its title (Hodder & Stoughton; 16s. net).

Two long chapters deal with Russia. Dr. Guest was with the Labour Delegation which visited that country in 1920 on the invitation of the Soviet Government. 'As Secretary and Physician to that delegation I had remarkable opportunities for collecting information. It was part of my duty to arrange interviews with leading Russians of all parties, collect documents and draw up programmes of investigation. All the people's Commissariats were open to our investigation, all Institutions also. We interviewed most of the People's Commissars, and although no doubt we were "officially" shown the better instead of the worse places (which would happen equally in London or New York), we were able unofficially to see just as much as we had energy enough and *nous* enough to see for ourselves.'

Although a Democrat, Dr. Guest is not a

Bolshevist, and he has little good to say of Lenin. 'Lenin's attitude to the peasant, regarded as an inferior kind of being, is as typical of Bolshevist opinion as is his airy dismissal of the financial question of paper money by saying "it costs us nothing, we only print it."'

He gives an encouraging account of progress in Tcheko-Slovakia. But the condition of Austria is appalling. In Vienna—'The mistress of the house was an old woman, bent and dirty, clothed in blouse and skirt hanging raggedly on her, as they might have hung over old tins, bottles and débris on a city rubbish heap. The mattress and clothing on the bed was brownish grey with dirt and speckled with little black marks and with spats of blood where vermin had been crushed. And on the bed was a child with big eyes and forehead wrinkled with pain, its arms stretched out in front of it, its belly blown up to a great size by tuberculous disease, its skinny legs drawn up to its body and its breathing rattling uneasily—between the bouts of a sobbing, whining cry—with acute wheezing and bubbling of bronchitis, probably also of a tubercular nature. How can one translate statistics that mean hundreds and thousands of cases of this type with every possible human variety of suffering more or less, with dirt more or less, with death more or less near.'

'And there were many cases of consumption, too. To nurse these cases of consumption came a voluntary worker, a sturdy-looking, fresh-faced girl of eighteen with long flaxen hair. But the sickness of the town system of Europe had stricken her before she came and in six weeks the hard work of the hospital had brought on acute consumption. The kind and pitiful doctor who was looking after her took me into the separate little room where the girl lay. She had recently had a hæmorrhage and had to keep very still. As we entered the room and the sister with us said some kind word, the girl—not yet used to the Angel of Death—turned her head a little on one side on the pillow—her yellow hair covered nearly all the other side—and the tears flowed slowly down her cheeks out of the closed eyelids.'

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

If the biography of *Charles M. Alexander* was worth writing it was worth writing well. And it has been well written. The biographers are two, Mrs. Helen C. Alexander and Mr. J. Kennedy MacLean (Marshall Brothers; 10s. 6d. net). There is no indication of the method of co-operation. The style indeed is the same throughout, a good, clear, forcible style which carries you on, over innumerable meetings here, there, and everywhere throughout the world, and never lets you go until you have read the last sad and sudden scene. Then the book is profusely, even lavishly, illustrated. If there is immortality in it, there is immortality for very many good men whose unmistakable portraits appear along with those of Alexander. The most surprising of the illustrations, however, are those of the great audiences. How was it done? It was certainly done successfully.

The life of Charles M. Alexander needs no repetition. He was born, not to sing, as we were about to say, but to make others sing. It was not his solos, as with Sankey, that carried away the great audiences, it was their own voices encouraged and led by his genius.

'As the leader of a choir he has an amazing and almost magical influence, not only over the trained choir; he simply makes everybody sing, and sing as he wants them to. "Watch my hand!" he calls, and the men's unaccompanied voices rise and fall in crooning cadences with an effect any conductor might be proud of. Watch his hands? Why we are watching every part of him; we cannot take our eyes off him; we are fascinated, hypnotized, bewitched. Never for a moment is he still. Now we see him "fine down" a passage from *fortissimo* to *piano*. All done by a turn of the wrist! That marvellous magic hand of his thrills with the feeling he wants to put into the music. "Sing it as if you meant it!" he cries to the choir. But they *do* mean it. This is no pretence; no artistic make-believe. That is why the singing is unlike anything I have ever heard before. That—and the wonderful conducting of this astonishing young man. Mr. David Williamson, writing later, said: "An interesting thing to remember was a visit from Sir Henry J. Wood, the famous conductor, who came to the Royal Albert Hall to watch Alexander's methods with the great choir. Sir Henry was practically won to the system employed by Mr. Alexander of using both hands rather than a baton."'

That is from an article in the *Daily Mirror* of February 6, 1905.

He was a leader of song. He was also a soul-winner. No, again, he was less that than an encourager of others to go and win souls. One characteristic scene has been quoted. This is the other. The two make up his life:

'One night, as the after-meeting was proceeding, Mr. George Davis stood upon the platform, eagerly looking out over the crowd, on the watch for striking incidents. Alexander was leading the choir in songs of invitation, which should form a suggestive background to the entreaty of the personal workers. His quick eye caught sight of Mr. Davis, and at the first chance between the hymns he was down beside him. Several people below the platform had come forward to take their stand for Christ, amongst them some boys. All the personal workers seemed busy, and no one was at hand to talk and pray with these waiting seekers for Christ. Alexander made a call for more workers at the front, and then said to Mr. Davis, "What are you doing here, Davis, while people are down there waiting to be led to Christ?" "I'm watching for incidents for my articles," was the reply. "Get off the platform and lead some of those people to Christ," said Alexander, "and you'll have some first-hand incidents to tell." A firm, though gentle, push accompanied the words, and almost before he knew it, Davis had descended the steps, and with Bible in hand stood ready for business.'

Mr. J. S. Fletcher has written a series of short biographies of *Yorkshiremen of the Restoration* (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net). The men were worthy, and their biographer is well aware of it. Every man of them was a hero and suffered well. You read their history here so briefly yet so impressively told, and you are proud of them. 'For all the saints who from their labours rest' you give thanks to God, though some of them were not by any means conventional Roman Catholic saints.

One thing only mars your full enjoyment of the book. Mr. Fletcher cannot name the name of Cromwell without a shudder. 'The usurper' is the invariable adjunct. And he did only evil continually. It is an obsession, neither less nor more. Whereby Mr. Fletcher shows himself to be not a historian by any means, but an appreciative and enthusiastic biographer.

The gift of strong language is the only gift which is understood to carry no responsibility with it. If you have it exercise it, whether in Billingsgate or in Fleet Street—that is the only law of this Jungle. Whence come wars and fightings among us. Not all Mr. Hesketh Pearson's *Modern Men and Mummers* (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net) have the gift, but all who have it exercise it. There is Mr. Bernard Shaw, and there is Mr. H. G. Wells, and there is Mr. Frank Harris, and there is Mr. Stephen Phillips; and when you read their letters you praise God that you are not endowed as these men are.

But not all, we say. In this lively and entertaining book you will find humour that is inoffensive, and hero-worship that holds out right to the end. There is Sir Francis Galton and there is Mr. Lytton Strachey the biographer. 'But it isn't really of the least importance what particular subject Lytton Strachey chooses for his next work, or his next dozen works. He can relume the pageant of history and give its personalities the breath of life. In his hands a second-rate man like Cardinal Manning or Dr. Arnold can shine with all the lustre of an immortal character in romance; and a great figure like Gordon or Florence Nightingale can assume epic significance. The tedious becomes fascinating when touched by the magic of his pen.

'One can only compare him with himself. He is the Strachey of biographers.'

One thing is certain, the book is written to be read, and you will not weary in the reading of it.

The Rev. G. H. Charnley talks very well about the birds and the flowers, and makes them talk very well. The thirty-seven talks in his book, *The Skylark's Bargain* (Allenson; 5s. net), may not be easy to preach, but they are very pleasant to read.

Messrs. A. & C. Black have added to their indispensable series of red reference books *The Book of Saints* (12s. 6d. net). It is described as a Dictionary of the servants of God canonized by the Catholic Church: Extracted from the Roman and other Martyrologies. The volume has been compiled by the Benedictine monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. The biographies are of course very brief. After Mary (the Blessed Virgin), the longest is—

'JOAN OF ARC (THE MAID OF ORLEANS) (St.) V. (May 30).

(15th cent.) Jeanne d'Arc, a peasant girl, born at Domremy in Lorraine (A.D. 1411), was distinguished from childhood for her virtues and singular piety. While watching her flock of sheep she ever sought union with God; and was by Him raised to those high degrees of prayer which seem reserved to but few even of His Saints. In Joan's time, France was torn by Civil War, and in great part subject to the English king, Henry VI. In repeated visions of Angels it was shown to Joan that she was to be instrumental in freeing and pacifying her Fatherland. She was directed herself to take up arms in its defence, and to lead the French soldiers to victory. The compelling the English Generals to raise the siege of Orleans, and the conducting Charles VII. of France in triumph to his Coronation at Reims, were her chief achievements. But (as she herself had predicted) Joan was to be betrayed and to die in the accomplishment of her work. Taken prisoner, she found herself at the mercy of the English and Burgundians. The Bishop of Beauvais presided over the Court which condemned her to death, mainly on the pretext that she had donned man's attire and had fought in defence of her country. Every other charge brought against her utterly broke down. She was unjustly condemned to death and burned at the stake at Rouen, May 30, A.D. 1431. Her last words were the Name of Jesus thrice repeated. Within a very few years the Ecclesiastical Courts annulled the judgment of the Bishop of Beauvais; and the more the history of the Holy Maid has since been looked into, the more clearly has the genuineness of her Divinely inspired mission been shown. After the lapse of nearly five centuries, the Catholic Church has formally canonized the "Maid of Orleans."'

The Rev. David Burns has gone right through the Bible and picked out all the best Nature texts from Gn 1^{1} to Rev 21^{25}, and has preached from them. He calls the volume which contains these sermons, *God's Poem*, after the title of the first sermon (James Clarke; 6s. net). It is all for the purpose of declaring the grace of God in Jesus Christ. And if men and women are drawn to God in Christ by preaching the example of Jesus, why not by preaching the testimony of the rocks? But you must have the gift. Mr. Burns has it.

Professor J. A. Robertson, D.D., has issued a volume of sermons and addresses. As they have all more or less directly to do with the soul, he calls the book *Concerning the Soul* (James Clarke; 6s. net).

Now the soul is not an interesting part of our personality. Preachers used to preach about it continually, but without ever telling any one what it was or where it was; and it fell out of favour. We do not want to hear about the soul now, we want to hear about ourselves, we want to hear about one another. If Professor Robertson had given us a volume of sermons in which the soul was not once named, what a pleasure we should have found in it. For not many are the preachers of to-day who can reveal us to ourselves as he can.

It will surprise some people to discover that the relation between Capital and Labour can be discussed competently by the Principal of a Theological College. Of the competence of Principal W. M. Clow's discussion in *The Quest of Industrial Peace* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) there is no doubt. More than that, it is a clear discussion. Every issue is set forth with perfect frankness and with perfect command of lucid language. And at such a time as this it is necessary that every one of us should have the facts and arguments before us, that we may go forward conscientiously. We speak too easily of giving this and that social scheme a trial. That is the policy of drift. Give it a trial if you see that it is worth a trial, and if it is worth a trial it will be worth more. Dr. Clow declares for Capitalism against Communism unmistakably enough. But his declaration is not yours, and has no business to be.

Those who are interested in the love affairs of Lord Byron will find some new material in a book which Mabell, Countess of Airlie, has written and called *In Whig Society* (Hodder & Stoughton; 15s. net). For one thing they will find the story of his courtship of Miss Milbanke, told in letters from himself to Lady Melbourne. They will see, clearly enough, that what made Byron most

anxious to marry her was her indifference to him. He was no more in love with her than she with him. But no woman must say that he did not conquer her. How could such a marriage turn out otherwise than it did?

But the most interesting person in the book is Lady Caroline Lamb. 'She was tall and slight in her figure, her countenance was grave, her eyes dark, large, bright, her complexion fair. Her voice was soft, low, caressing, at once a beauty and a charm, and was responsible for much of that fascination that was so peculiarly hers. She was eloquent, most eloquent, full of ideas and of gracious, graceful expression, but her subject was always herself. She confounded her dearest friends and direst foes, for her feelings were all impulses worked on by a powerful imagination.'

'And Lady Caroline was a woman gifted with the highest powers, an artist and a poetess, a writer of romance, a woman of society and of the world, the belle, the toast, the star of the day. She was adored, but not content. She had a restless craving after excitement. She was not wicked, not even lax, but she was bold and daring in her excursions through the debateable land between friendship and love. If she never fell, she was scarcely ever safe from falling.'

Lady Caroline came across Byron. Then indeed was she near falling.

Canon Anthony C. Deane has written a book on the Teaching of our Lord. *Rabboni* is the title he has given it (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). For Rabboni means simply teacher, he tells us.

Canon Deane does not occupy himself with single precepts. It is the Teacher Himself, the Background, the Method, the Records, and then the great topics—God, Man, the World, Life—that he is interested in and explains. He is courageous enough to take in the Fourth Gospel among the available Records. 'The Fourth Gospel is not to be held of less account than the others as a record of Christ's words. Biblical criticism, indeed, is apt to be swayed by fashion, and the habit of belittling the Fourth Gospel is soon to lose its vogue. We begin to see that the theories of scholasticism are not really infallible because, with a strange assurance, they are set forward as proven facts. We begin to understand that more than scholasticism must equip the critic of the New Testament, that literary questions need a literary sense for their decision, and that spiritual values are not to be judged apart from spiritual insight. It seems likely, indeed, that in time to come the admitted "lateness" of the Fourth Gospel will be understood to enhance, rather than to lessen, its worth. Because it is late, it represents a maturer understanding of Christ's message. From the memoirs of the beloved disciple its writer was free to choose those records of word and deed which two generations of Christian experience had shown to be of the most enduring import.'

The Essay maintains its popularity, especially in America. The Rev. Frank Crane, D.D., is an American essayist, and he hits the popular taste unerringly. The essays are short, the paragraphs are short, the sentences are short. We do not add, the words are short. For, curiously enough, the essay-reading public loves long words. But the most successful feature is the title. First the title of the book. *Just Human* it is called (John Lane; 6s. net). Then the titles of the chapters—'The Courtesies of Intimacy,' 'Harmonies of our Hidden Selves,' 'Hidden Love,' 'The Heart has no Wrinkles,' 'The Other Side of the Street,' 'The Higher Intoxication'—there are a hundred and nine in all, and there is not a miss among them.

Messrs. Macmillan have issued in one volume Myers' 'Classical Essays' and his 'Modern Essays,' which were originally published as two separate volumes in 1883. The title is *Essays Classical and Modern*, by F. W. H. Myers (12s. net).

One is right glad to receive them so well printed in this handy volume. For they are of the books that we keep near us always. Their style is incomparable. They contain estimates of men which have done much to fix finally the world's estimate. Is it not so with Mazzini, and Victor Hugo, and George Eliot? No doubt the first of the Classical Essays, that on the Greek Oracles, is the most surprising and informing. But what a picture of a modern prophet is the essay on Mazzini. Read it slowly. You are in touch all the time with whatsoever is true, lovely, and of good report. There are also memorable scenes and sayings. Supreme is the short description of the conversation with George Eliot. It is often quoted. Let us quote it again.

'I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men,—the words *God*, *Immortality*, *Duty*,—pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest-trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls,—on a sanctuary with no Presence to hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God.'

There is still some doubt if Rabindranath Tagore is a prose writer or a poet. Not to solve the doubt prematurely the reviewer has called his writing prose-poetry. Another volume has appeared. The title is *The Fugitive* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). A fairly long quotation is necessary:

'In the depths of the forest the ascetic practised penance with fast-closed eyes; he intended to deserve Paradise.

But the girl who gathered twigs brought him fruits in her skirt, and water from the stream in cups made of leaves.

The days went on, and his penance grew harsher till the fruits remained untasted, the water untouched: and the girl who gathered twigs was sad.

The Lord of Paradise heard that a man had dared to aspire to be as the Gods. Time after time he had fought the Titans, who were his peers, and kept them out of his kingdom; yet he feared a man whose power was that of suffering.

But he knew the ways of mortals, and he planned a temptation to decoy this creature of dust away from his adventure.

A breath from Paradise kissed the limbs of the girl who gathered twigs, and her youth ached with a sudden rapture of beauty, and her thoughts hummed like the bees of a rifled hive.

The time came when the ascetic should leave the forest for a mountain cave, to complete the rigour of his penance.

When he opened his eyes in order to start on this journey, the girl appeared to him like a verse familiar, yet forgotten, and which an added melody made strange. The ascetic rose from his seat and told her that it was time he left the forest.

"But why rob me of my chance to serve you?" she asked with tears in her eyes.

He sat down again, thought for long, and remained on where he was.

That night remorse kept the girl awake. She began to dread her power and hate her triumph, yet her mind tossed on the waves of turbulent delight.

In the morning she came and saluted the ascetic and asked his blessing, saying she must leave him.

He gazed on her face in silence, then said, "Go, and may your wish be fulfilled."

For years he sat alone till his penance was complete.

The Lord of the Immortals came down to tell him that he had won Paradise.

"I no longer need it," said he.

The God asked him what greater reward he desired.

"I want the girl who gathers twigs."'

Now that the cab-driver is departed, every ambitious boy is resolved to be an engine-driver. Well, the engine-driver has to know about engines. Something also about railways and signal-boxes. It is all to be found in *The Romance of Modern Railways*, written by Mr. T. W. Corbin, richly illustrated, and published by Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co.

In *The Divine Initiative* (S.C.M.; 3s. 6d. net) Professor H. R. Mackintosh, D.D., D.Phil., publishes four chapters of practical theology—the Need for God, the Divine Initiative, the Response of Man, and Christianity a Corporate Life. Each chapter treats its topic clearly and sufficiently; together the four chapters form a short and reliable presentation of the Gospel as it is in Christ Jesus. Dr. Mackintosh is a scholar; he does not offer any modern substitute for the Gospel.

The very Rev. Philip Carrington, M.A., Dean of Christchurch, New Zealand, has written a book on *Christian Apologetics of the Second Century, in their Relation to Modern Thought* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net). It was originally written as the Hulsean Prize Essay for 1917, and so is both scholarly and popular. Not mere research work, and not mere popularizing of other men's labours, but the results of patient personal investigation mastered and made into good readable English—that is the book. And all is done with the twentieth century in mind. What have those early Apologists accomplished for Christianity that we can stand on? How can we, standing on their accomplished work, carry the proof of Christianity forward and make it more sure? These are the questions ever in the author's mind.

His outlook is wide and open. He believes in Mr. George Bernard Shaw. 'Undoubtedly,' he says, 'the most commanding intellectual figure in England to-day is that of George Bernard Shaw; no other English writer has obtained the same European importance. He is distinguished as the last of the great Victorians by his conscientious and honest examination of all the great problems, an examination he carries on with the crusading thoroughness of a Ruskin; such an honourable facing of the whole universe is all too rare now. At the same time, Mr. Shaw faces it from quite a modern (rather than a Victorian) point of view, but with the idea of getting results that are not so much modern as true; and the outstanding feature of his philosophy is his explanation of the universe as a manifestation of will. Now we Christians also believe that the universe is the manifestation of a will, and that it culminated in the Incarnation of our Superman, Jesus Christ.'

From Teachers and Taught (4 Fleet Lane, London) comes *The Concise Guide to the 1922 Lessons*, by Ernest H. Hayes (3s. 6d. net). The book is for teachers. With some incidental information it gives many shrewd suggestions for making the lesson attractive. Get into touch with the boy's mind; then keep in touch—you will instruct him more than you think, you will certainly send him away with the desire for more instruction.

The anonymous author of *The Prodigal Returns* (Watkins; 3s. 6d.) is directly guided in every step of the way. Thus:

'I very badly need a pair of walking shoes, but for weeks I have been so absorbed in contemplation that the pain of bringing myself from this holy joy to do shopping is too great, and I delay and delay; I cannot bring myself to it; but shoes are a necessity of earthly life. Having exceedingly narrow feet, I am obliged always to get my shoes from a certain maker, and now, during the war, he makes so few shoes. To-day a picture of the shop comes before me, and the words "Go to-day, go to-day," urge themselves upon my consciousness. Then a picture comes of the assistant; I show her my foot, and she says, "*There is only one pair left; how fortunate you came to-day!*" So I understand I must go to my shopping and, greatly against my will, I go that afternoon. The assistant comes forward, and I show her my foot, and she says, "*There is only one pair left; how fortunate you came to-day!*"'

'Except ye turn and become as little children.' Surely that experience has been passed through by the Rev. J. Sinclair Stevenson, B.D. How otherwise could he have rewritten the Gospels for little children? The Bishop of Liverpool assures us in a Foreword that he has other qualifications—insight, imagination, sympathetic knowledge. He even analyses his knowledge into three parts—'(1) He knows his Greek Testament, and uses his knowledge easily, naturally, and without ostentation, to illuminate many a saying of our Lord, and many an incident in His life. (2) He knows the East. He can interpret the Gospel story from an intimate and long acquaintance with Eastern life and manners. (3) He has a good knowledge of theology, and brings a well-trained and well-furnished mind to bear on his subject, whereby "the greater is his simplicity of conception, his attitude for exposition, and his direction of access to the open and expectant mind."'

But all these possessions combined would not have made possible the writings of *The Friend of Little Children* (Oxford: Blackwell; 21s. net) if Mr. Stevenson had not had the children's heart, the heart to love and trust. It is a gracious Christmas present. There are original little drawings all through its pages and occasional full-page pictures, some of them in attractive colouring.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have published an amazing variety of Calendars and Cards for 1922. And as amazing as the variety is the beauty of every card and calendar. It is quite impossible in a notice to give any idea of the wealth of artistic effort that has been spent upon them. An order should be sent for the Descriptive List, which is itself a work of art with its miniature illustrations. There are three series, one the Mildmay Series, one the Christian Series, and one the Paternoster Series: the List describes all three. The address is 12 Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

Some practical and very timely temperance literature has been published by the Wesleyan Methodist Church. There are *Temperance Lessons for Sunday Schools* (2d.), *Temperance Lessons for Bands of Hope* (2d.), a *Study Circle Syllabus* (1d.), and other things. They may all be had from the Temperance and Social Welfare Department, 1 Central Buildings, Westminster.

'The Prodigiously Long Ages of the Patriarchs.'

By E. E. Kellett, M.A., Leys School, Cambridge.

Of all the various genealogies, dates, and calculations with which the Priestly writer has enriched or encumbered the early books of the Bible, those of the fifth chapter of Genesis are perhaps the most puzzling. At one moment they assume an appearance of system or reason, only to cast it aside at the next; and if we think we have lit upon the principle on which part of them may be based, we speedily perceive that it will not suit another part.

What has increased the confusion is the fact that our three main authorities differ; and differ in a way which also shows a combination of order and chaos: the Septuagint altering the Massoretic numbers in one way and the Samaritan in another. It is therefore very difficult to know whether we have the slightest chance of unmasking the original P; for even if we solved the mystery of one of these versions, another, or perhaps none of them, may turn out to be the right one. A glance at such a commentary as that of Dr. Skinner is sufficient to show the embarrassment which these and other difficulties have caused to all readers except those to whom Archbishop Ussher's marginal 'B.C. 4004' has the sanctity of a revelation.

If, then, I venture to offer here my attempt at a solution of the problem, I shall not be surprised should it fail to meet with universal acceptance; for a problem which has baffled so many is certainly not an easy one; and in a set of numbers which might have been shaken out of Judas's bags and flung on to the floor, one may well—to mix one's metaphors—mistake a will-o'-the-wisp for a lodestar. But such as my theory is, I here put it before my readers for acceptance or rejection.

Let it first be remarked that we are not in the least concerned, in the following argument, with the questions as to whether the Priestly codifier himself invented these numbers, or whether he derived them from an earlier authority: nor need we fret ourselves over the equally hard question as to which of the three great Versions has preserved the Priestly original with the greatest accuracy. For, even though the Hebrew list be corrupted from the Septuagint or from the Samaritan, it is a *deliberate* and *systematic* corruption, and the man who made it must have had his reasons for thus altering his author. It is those reasons that we are to try to find out.

Again, we must not be surprised if those reasons seem trivial to men of our generation. Before the invention of the Arabic notation, the simplest arithmetical sums were hard, and the results, when obtained, were inevitably regarded with superstitious awe. A Pythagoras, discovering a few easy properties of figures, goes at once to the extreme of founding the universe upon number; and even Plato was more than tinged with the same belief. We must therefore expect that P (to use that symbol for the man with whom we are here concerned) will show a quite childish delight in coincidences which to us may seem too obvious to require notice. Precisely as the Jews, and Shakespeare long after the Jews, appear to have been almost awestruck at the discovery that a word may have two meanings, so that we find