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Literature.

JAMES CAMERON LEES.

DR. NORMAN MACLEAN has written *The Life of James Cameron Lees*, K.C.V.O., D.D., LL.D., Minister of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh; Dean of the Order of the Thistle; Chaplain to their Majesties Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George (Maclehose; 2rs. net). The frontispiece is a reproduction of the fine portrait by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.

It is the portrait of a strong man, a man with imagination, often to be held in restraint, a man capable of deep affection and open to penetrating sorrow, a man of wide sympathy and liable to an indignation that will smite as a two-edged sword. The portrait and the biography go well together.

There were many controversies in Scotland during the ministerial life there of Dr. Cameron Lees, and he had to take some part in most of them. But he had no love for fighting. 'A bonnie fechter,' the admiring description of the typical ecclesiastic, had no attraction for him. He was too much in earnest. Life was too serious and too short. There was too much to do. When he believed that men were fighting for the love of it, or for their own immediate interest, he cut himself clear of them. The Edinburgh Presbytery, to a man, his own Presbytery, did so once, as he believed, and he never went again to a Presbytery meeting. But the people loved him, even the most erring, and so did the Queen. He told them stories, both Queen and people; he sang songs to them sometimes; and he felt with them as if he were one of the wayward himself, as if he had been born to the responsibilities and disappointments of a throne.

Two events gave him his opportunity in life—first, the union of the Free Church of Scotland with the United Presbyterian Church; next, the decision of the lawyers in the House of Lords that by that union all was lost that the Free Church had on earth. To Dr. Maclean the time has come to speak plainly about these events. He sees now, perhaps he has seen all along, that by the part he played in them Sir James Cameron Lees gave himself a place in the history of Scotland.

Great as he was, he does not seem to have been greatly honoured in his lifetime, except by his Queen. When the offer of the Moderatorship of the Church was made, he declined it. 'The fact is the honour has come to me *too late*.' He himself marked those two bitter little words for italics.

THE APOCALYPSE.

The International Critical Commentary on the Book of Revelation by the Ven. R. H. Charles, D.Litt., D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster, is, we suppose, the greatest effort made in our time towards the interpretation of a book of the Bible. Its reception by scholars has been amazingly friendly. For it is a revolutionary book. And in the process of revolutionizing our ideas of the Apocalypse it has to rely upon a vast and intricate mass of facts and inferences. To the ordinary reader of the Bible it is very difficult. Dr. Charles has now, however, supplied an introduction in his Schweich *Lectures on the Apocalypse* (Humphrey Milford; 6s. net). He has at the same time answered those who have criticized the Commentary.

'Since the publication of this Commentary I have read all the reviews that have come under my notice—English, French, German, and Dutch. The greater number of these have pronounced favourably on most of the new departures which I have taken, alike in regard to the form of the Greek text, its Hebraistic character, its translation, and its interpretation.

'As regards my reconstruction of the order of the text there has been less unanimity. But an examination of the objections that a small minority of my reviewers have advanced to my reconstruction and a renewed study on my own part of the subject as a whole during the last eighteen months have further confirmed me in the conclusion that most if not all of my reconstructions of the order of the text are wholly unaffected by their criticisms. To put the matter as courteously as possible, most of their objections have been due to a very incomplete knowledge alike of the manifold problems of the Apocalypse and of Apocalyptic.

'But there is some excuse to be made on behalf of these critics. Their difficulties were aggravated

by the fact that they had to criticize a very difficult work of nearly 1100 pages. It is not strange, therefore, that many of the arguments adduced by me in support of a new departure in textual or literary criticism, in interpretation, or the reconstruction of the order of the text, escaped their notice, seeing that the various converging lines of argument bearing on individual passages have not always been summarized, nor made accessible even in the index. Hence in some important questions this task has been left to the reader to do for himself. Now in the present Lectures, which can, of course, deal only with the main arguments and must perforce refer the reader for the details to my Commentary, I have summarized my new conclusions on the main problems of the Apocalypse, and in some cases the converging lines of evidence on which they are based. The serious student will observe that these conclusions are for the most part logically linked together, and that their evidence is cumulative.'

PSYCHOANALYSIS.

Books on psychology, or on psycho-this-and-that, are pouring from the press. The subject is new and it is personal—the two unfailing paths to popularity. But the more discerning public is suspicious. There is so near a neighbour called Spiritualism, which is mostly if not wholly charlatany. So it is well that a scholar of the position of Dr. A. A. Brill, Lecturer on Psychoanalysis and Abnormal Psychology in New York University, should come and tell us what we may believe about it all and what we may not believe.

And first, Dr. Brill writes with most agreeable clearness and charm. When he has a story to tell, and he tells a great many stories, it loses nothing in the telling. Next, he is an enthusiast. He believes heartily in psychoanalysis (which you see he spells without the hyphen—a straw to show how the wind blows). He has seen great deeds done by it, beneficent deeds, deeds which he dares compare with the work of our Lord Himself, the work which He Himself offered as testimony to His Messiahship—'Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached.' Dr. Brill has seen that, he sees it every day, he believes we shall see it beyond

all present conceiving as the days pass and the methods of psychoanalysis are perfected.

The dumb speak. 'A very intelligent stammerer, for instance, came to me for treatment. He stuttered in different ways, with the arms, body and mouth. He could not touch a glass of beer or a plate of soup without a fatal result: his hand would turn down and the contents would be spilled. Of ice cream he could have as much as his heart desired, but for some mysterious reason, beer and soup were absolutely tabooed. He also stammered badly, and as his position demanded much telephone conversation, he was compelled to give it up. I treated him and he did very well; in the course of time he was able to drink all of soup and beer he wished, much to his great delight. But I could not make any headway with his stuttering, and it finally occurred to me that there must be something definite connected with it.'

It was a disappointment in love. But how was it discovered? The stuttering was worst with the letter *h*, then with *c* hard, then *c* soft, then *s*, and so on. Dr. Brill insisted on knowing the lady's name. It was Keith, and the patient had vowed never to utter the name again. 'After I explained to him the deeper meaning of these psychic processes he gradually began to improve in his speech and finally recovered.'

Dr. Brill's book is entitled *Fundamental Conceptions of Psychoanalysis* (Allen & Unwin; 12s. 6d. net).

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

When the question of the validity of Anglican Orders was submitted to the Pope Leo XIII., he issued the Bull *Apostolicae Curae*. Two arguments against the validity were possible, one historical and one theological. The Pope based his decision on the second: the form of service employed had been insufficient to hand on the grace of Holy Order. He did not touch the historical argument.

That argument is now offered by the Rev. Arthur Stapylton Barnes, Domestic Chaplain to H. H. Benedict xv., in a volume entitled *Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders* (Longmans; 12s. 6d. net). Mr. Barnes knows that his task is to prove a negative, for all turns on whether or not Bishop Barlow was ever consecrated; but he thinks that

he can prove it. Dedicating his book to Cardinal Gasquet, he says: 'I flatter myself, even so, that you will find something new in the linking up of various facts and controversies and the demonstration that all alike, disconnected as they seemed, are really all portions of one continuous story, involving more bad faith and more discreditable actions than has hitherto been supposed. That Henry himself was the moving power in the matter has not, I think, been previously suggested, but it seems clear enough when the full force of the "Signed Bill" of April 1535 is considered. That the singular absence of documentary evidence was due to deliberate action on the part of the authorities is also, I think, a new point, and seems to follow inevitably from the mutilated Patent Roll of 1536. The anachronism contained in Parker's Register, in the account of his consecration, seems to destroy all possibility of that document being of the same date as the ceremony whose details it records. These perhaps are the most important of the new points I have been able to bring forward.'

It will not be taken as offence if we say that it is a very clever book. It had to be clever. No particle of probability, none of possibility, is let slip if it tells one way. And all the things great and small which tell another way are just as carefully noted—and discounted. We are all quite convinced already; no one will be converted by it. But every one will acknowledge that the best book on the matter from the Roman side is just this book of Pope Benedict's chaplain.

But what are we to think of it all? A book of this size and cleverness, and for what? Let not this book fall into the hands of the enemy and the avenger.

THE SEMAS.

Mr. J. H. Hutton, C.T.E., M.A., has made a scientific and prolonged study of the habits and beliefs of the Semas, a branch of the Naga tribes, occupying part of the watershed which divides Assam from Burma. His results have been published, in a volume of immense interest, under the title of *The Sema Nagas* (Macmillan; 40s. net). The volume must have been very costly to produce in these expensive days, for it is large and handsomely furnished with maps and charts and illustrations.

How to give a notion of its wealth is the question. For all the features of a great book on Anthropology are here—Domestic Life, Social Life, Religion and Ceremonies, Language, Folklore. Turn to Religion.

Here is *Mūzāmūzā*, the Echo of the Semas. '*Mūzāmūzā*, Echo, is no attractive nymph, but a malicious spirit of the woods who leads men astray in the jungle. Anyone who is lost in the forest is taken by *Mūzāmūzā*, who sometimes causes them to disappear entirely, and sometimes drives them permanently or temporarily mad. Either way it is the ruination of them, for even if they recover from their madness they are not the same men again that they were before. A man who merely loses his way in the jungle cuts off a bit of the fringe of his cloth and sticks it in a tree. This apparently satisfies the spirit, for after this the lost man finds his way home. The Changs in similar circumstances cut off a bit of hair and put it on a fork of a tree for the rock python that has bedevilled them. *Mūzāmūzā* makes a man do all sorts of unpleasant things—eat worms, for instance, make and wear a necklace of huge worms, or put them in his ears. He makes a man think the level ground the brink of a precipice and go hesitating in fear and trembling lest he fall over; or again a cliff appears level ground so that he runs up it—or falls over it. The searcher for a man taken by *Mūzāmūzā* lets go a chicken into the jungle and sings "*Mūzāmūzā*! Show me where So-and-so is!" and so goes on his search singing thus. The finder of the lost man becomes rich in worldly goods. Vutahe, of Sakhalu's village, was lost in this way and found. Similarly, a man of the same village named Kocheke was transported by *Mūzāmūzā* to a distant place—how, he cannot say, but he was eventually found.'

The Semas, like all the Nagas and most other folk, are puzzled about the soul. 'The Sema word for "soul," *aghongu*, is the same as the word for "shadow" and the word for "reflection" and the word for any likeness or image, and at times the soul is probably still confused with the shadow cast by a man or an animal or object, for it follows that if the shadow be the soul the possession of a soul is not confined to human or even animate beings. The more intelligent, however, though applying the word for shadow to the soul, probably do not really confuse the two any more than they would confuse with the soul the wooden image

that might be made of a man. Nor do most of them object to being photographed, though the daughter of the Chief of Philimi was in much trepidation, and was with difficulty reassured that the writer had not deprived her of her soul when he took the photograph reproduced in this volume. She was only really satisfied when it was given back to her to keep in the form of a print.'

The Sema fear concerning the soul is that it 'may be left behind or lost, or may go straying off on its own account. Thus if a Sema away from home build a temporary shelter, he will always burn it when he leaves it, for fear it should take the errant fancy of his soul, which might linger behind or leave him in his sleep to return to his temporary habitation. It is the same conception of the soul which prompts the Sema when migrating to make a hole in the roof of his house just above his bed in order that his *aghongu* may find its way out and accompany him to his new village.'

'It is well known that death is caused by the soul's leaving the body, more or less, it would seem, at the former's own desire. Thus when a man is even unconscious from any cause or when he is seen to be dying, he is held up in a sitting posture, and two persons, by preference those with the strongest lungs, bawl into the dying man's ears, one into one ear, the other into the other ear; one yells the name only of the dying man, the other "o-o-o-o"—in the manner of a man calling from a distance to attract the attention of another. Meanwhile a third takes a piece of smouldering wood from the fire and applies it to a piece of cotton wool held under the dying man's nose; he then blows the smoke from the cotton wool up the nostrils to make the patient sneeze. The dying man is kept sitting up and made to drink liquor or water unless he is obviously dead, in which case he is allowed to fall back and covered with a cloth. Meanwhile all present are crying and howling, and as long as there is life in him are reasoning with the dying man, telling him it is better to live, and asking why he behaves in this untoward way. It seems clear from this procedure that the soul can perhaps be induced to remain in the body if convinced of its folly in leaving it. On one occasion the writer saw the eyes of the corpse carefully closed and the lips compressed and held together for a long time, as though to prevent the dead man's soul from escaping.'

In *England To-day* (Allen & Unwin; 5s. net), Mr. George A. Greenwood gives a vivid account of the conditions of life, high and low and all between, in this land of ours at the present time. It is a most disturbing account—not to the fearful of revolutions, but to the lover of his country, to the believer in Christ. Wretchedness untold and untellable among the very poor, godlessness and selfishness incredible among the very rich—that is the story. And from that great body of respectable people between—'Suburbia' they call it—so silent hitherto, now comes a voice as insistent as any, and with wrongs as surely needing righting.

Is Mr. Greenwood to be trusted? Not wholly. On one significant subject he is so far astray as to shake our confidence all round. He believes that the public-houses will reform themselves yet!

Auld Nicky-ben!

O wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!

But what is his gospel? It is a new mind—a new mind all round. Wherein he is right. Would he only tell us how to find it? 'The new England, the better England which is undoubtedly the call of large numbers of men and women, involves not only with the new orientation of power a new education but also a new mind. The vital question is how far we can get a new fidelity among human beings that will submerge the ego in the recognition of society, and establish mutual obligation as the rule of individual and collective life. The spirit of the time seems to suggest that this is our great need, and that indeed we can do with little less.'

But—the question, "How are we going to get this new fidelity?" is hardly within the scope of a book which professes to be mainly analytical. But as this is a description of facts, moods and needs, it does call for some reference to existing agencies which seek to influence men by uplifting them.' And then follows a criticism of the Churches, with this as the last word: 'If the Churches can galvanize themselves into dynamic and fearless energy, and can go out to the people untrammelled by the charge that they represent privilege, I believe there is a great amount of human material ready to respond to a faith which sets forth a plain and elevating way of life for all mankind. Taking that to the people, and teaching it free from creed, the Churches might gather a rich harvest, and definitely set the nation upon an upward march towards an inspiring and desirable goal.'

Cardinal Gasquet has at last gathered together a variety of articles contributed by him to periodicals and much in request for many years. To the collection he has given the title *Monastic Life in the Middle Ages* (Bell; 8s. 6d. net). For only one of the articles falls outside that title—the article on ‘Great Britain and the Holy See, 1792–1806.’

The articles are but slightly controversial. They are for the greater part either historical or literary. One, on ‘Roger Bacon and the Latin Vulgate,’ is a contribution to the critical study of the New Testament of distinct value, its only fault being its brevity. But the two papers of most permanent value are probably that on ‘Abbot Wallingford’ and that on ‘Monastic Constitutional History.’ In ‘Adrian IV. and Ireland,’ Cardinal Gasquet vindicates that Pope from the charge of having sold Ireland to the English—a charge which has placed the innocent Pope (if he was innocent) beside the arch-traitor himself in the minds of patriotic Irishmen.

Mr. W. H. V. Reade, M.A., Tutor of Keble College, Oxford, has written *A Criticism of Einstein and his Problem* (Blackwell; 4s. 6d. net). It is more than a criticism; it is an exposition. It is a remarkably clear and evidently accurate explanation of what Einstein has said or wants to say. And at every step the Einstein theory is sent through a fire of acute convincing argument.

The Rev. John MacDougall, B.D., minister of Wick, has published a volume of addresses on the Epistle of James which he gave to his Bible class. They are worth publishing. Mr. MacDougall has studied the Epistle, and he has interpreted it for his own time. Let us look upon the book as the cuckoo promise of a summer of expository preaching. On another page will be found the greater part of one of the addresses. The title of the book is *The Modern Conflict* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net).

In *Wonders of Missions* (Doran; \$2 net), Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason tells the story of how some missionaries were called to their work, and how they did the work to which they were called. The longest story is Carey's—almost a biography. Of the rest the most striking incidents are selected. There is no lack of interest, for it is a great record, and this author has the gift.

We are receiving much advice in these days on the training of a child in the way he should go. But better advice has not been offered us than that which is contained in a book entitled *Your Boy and Girl* written by the Rev. A. T. Jamison, D.D. (Doran; \$1.25 net). Dr. Jamison has for one-and-twenty years been Superintendent of an Orphanage. He has taken every motherless child in it to his heart. And he has never let his heart run away with his head. The chapter on ‘Discipline’ is just as tender as the chapter on ‘The Child at Play’ is true.

While American politicians are hesitating which side to take on the League of Peace, American Christians are every year taking a deeper, wider, more intelligent interest in Missions. And as the interest in Missions spreads the League will come to its own. This we take to be the most significant movement in American society. It is a measure of any society and of any man. Yes, measure your man by his interest in Missions.

While the chief Lectureships in Great Britain are occupied with social questions at home, the great Lectureships in America are given to the encouragement of Christian Missions abroad. And as we read the lectures—the lectures of a man like Bishop John Monroe Moore, for example—we see that the lecturer is living in ‘a wealthy place.’ No home interest, however enthusiastically followed, gives this sense of largeness and liberty. The discussion of the great missionary problems in *Making the World Christian*, the Fondren Lectures for 1921 (Doran; \$1.75 net), conducted with such knowledge, sanity, and freedom, acts on and probably determines a man's attitude to the problems of theology and of criticism. Certainly Dr. Moore shows himself open-minded as he touches these problems on his way, and yet to the central loyalties as true as the Sun is to his course in the heavens.

Let us commend, and let us do it heartily, a volume of Sermons by the Rev. John Porteous, B.D., of Paisley. He calls it *Studies in the Life and Teaching of Jesus* (Paisley: Gardner; 5s. net), and he is entitled to call it so. For every sermon is a careful study of its text, and has behind it a careful and prolonged study of the Gospels. The astonishing thing is that there is nothing in these sermons that has passed with the years; the very language is of to-day.

Two additions have been made to the Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity Publications: *The Place of the Laity in the Administration and Work of the Church*, by the Right Rev. J. A. Kempthorne, D.D., Bishop of Lichfield (1s. 6d. net), and *The Moral Argument for Theism*, by the Rev. Vernon Storr, M.A., Canon of Westminster (Longmans; 2s. net).

Messrs. Longmans have published a new and much cheaper edition of *The Life of William Morris*, by J. W. Mackail. It is in one volume (10s. 6d. net), each of the two original volumes retaining its own paging. It is just the biography one may read over again, so many-sided is the interest of it, and so admirable is the way in which it has been written. The type is small but clear. To begin is to go on, with ever-increasing enjoyment and ever-growing wonder.

The Ven. A. Theodore Wirgman, D.D., D.C.L., Archdeacon of Port Elizabeth, wrote down his recollections of life in South Africa, and left the manuscript to be edited and published by another. It appears, with a Foreword by the Bishop of Grahamstown, under the title of *Storm and Sunshine in South Africa* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net).

The book has been edited with care. The division into short sections, each with a heading, is troublesome to the steady reader, but may be attractive to the book taster. It gives us a short history of life, especially ecclesiastical life, in South Africa during the last half-century. The Archdeacon had his sympathies and antipathies. He worshipped Sir Bartle Frere and he detested Mr. Gladstone. An amusing point is that he lived long enough to see the result of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's policy, yet the only reference to Sir Henry and his government is—not complimentary.

Some amusing incidents are recalled. 'Sir Gordon Sprigg grew gradually to imagine that he was indispensable. "What will become of South Africa if I resign?" he once asked Rhodes in a political crisis. Rhodes gravely replied, "There is still left the Almighty."

'In a debate on Religious Education a Cabinet Minister, who sat as a lay representative, electrified the Synod by a most extraordinary *lapsus lingua*, for he was a highly cultured man and the son of a Bishop. He was warning the Synod not to ask for too much religious teaching. "Be content,"

said he, "with the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the eleven Commandments!" We were sitting in the Cathedral, so loud merriment was hushed, but the whole Synod smiled, whilst our honourable friend wondered what he had said to cause it. A neighbour pulled his sleeve, and said in a loud stage whisper, "Ten, you mean, there aren't Eleven!" "Oh, well! I am content with Ten. We will leave it at that," and he continued his speech, with the same imperturbable *insouciance* which made him one of the most formidable debaters in the House of Assembly.'

Archdeacon Wirgman has forgotten Dean Stanley's story of Archbishop Ussher. So had the Synod. The Cabinet Minister scored.

'At the Rectory I met Archdeacon Croghan, who was afterwards Dean of Grahamstown. We were discussing the ritual of the marriage service. The Archdeacon, who was an ascetic-looking priest, with a remarkable resemblance to Cardinal Manning, told us that he valued the ancient custom of the priest kissing the bride in the vestry. I think he said that it was the use in the Irish Church, paralleled by the custom of the Viceregal Court at Dublin where the Lord Lieutenant kisses all the *débutantes* who are presented for the first time. One of us asked the Archdeacon whether he observed the custom when he married Kafirs and coloured people. He gallantly replied, "I make no exceptions. I kiss them all."

In *The Restoration of Israel* (Marshall Brothers; 3s. 6d. net), Mr. J. Llewellyn Thomas, F.R.C.S., has proved to his own entire satisfaction, and to yours if you are already an Anglo-Israelite, that 'the Anglo-Saxon race can be none other than the House of Israel.' Others will wonder what the House of Israel was about that it allowed the Anglo-Saxon race to degenerate into the savages which the Romans found here.

The day is not yet dead, nor the men, for a complete belief in the historical accuracy and moral perfection of every part of the Bible, Old Testament and New—Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon, as the Gospels and Epistles. Nor will that day or these men die until it is seen that if it were true it would be of no use to us. An infallible Bible is not what we need; it is a Bible that brings us to God in Christ. 'Ye search the Scriptures,' and ye miss the Christ. Out of one

chapter, or even one verse of a chapter, we may find Christ. But He has passed by while we are wandering through the 'acknowledged difficulties' of Koheleth or the platitudes of Zophar the Naamathite.

Mr. B. Colgrave, M.A., and Mr. A. Rendle Short, M.D., are good scholars, but they have attempted the impossible and the unnecessary. They call their book *The Historic Faith in the Light of To-day* (Marshall Brothers; 8s. net). But the light of to-day is to them darkness. The only Lucifers or light-bringers they believe in, for the understanding of the Pentateuch, are Wright, Orr, Finn, and Kyle, together with the 'Journal of the Transactions of the Victoria Institute' and the 'Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statements.' Why will they not allow the knowledge of the Bible to grow like other knowledge?

Under the title of *Old Testament Studies* (Marshall Brothers; 6s. net), the Rev. G. Harold Lancaster, M.A., F.R.A.S., C.F., Vicar of St. Stephen's, Bow, London, has issued a volume in which he gives a sketch of the purpose and contents of every book of the Old Testament. Occasionally he discusses the meaning of larger spaces like the Pentateuch, Solomon, the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah, and occasionally smaller, as the Recall of Judah, Cyrus, the Birth-right of Israel. His position is distinctly conservative, but he has not banned Driver, no, nor even Cheyne. You will find yourself most out of touch with him in Daniel, most in sympathy with him in Job and the Psalter. How courageous he *can* be you see to your surprise on reaching the Song of Songs. 'The Song of Songs,' he says, 'is a series of Canticles of human love, beautifully yet delicately pictured and painted in Oriental thought. If some Christians regard the imagery as being somewhat luscious, and the detail rather too complete for modern appreciation, it must not be forgotten that its Orientalism in this respect is intended to portray the fact that the mutual attraction of the sexes is Divinely ordained, and that pure love is of God, for "God is love."'

'Where there is no vision, the people perish.' And so does the individual. And a better example will not be found than Professor Kirsopp Lake with his book on *Immortality and the Modern Mind* (Humphrey Milford; 4s. 6d. net). In Christ

Professor Lake sees no beauty that he should desire Him, and he sees none in a life to come. He has not gained even the height of the hill which the ancient Israelites had climbed. They knew God, held fellowship with Him, and so reached the faith in a life beyond the present; for it was intolerable to them, and at last incredible, that their fellowship should be forever ended by death. Professor Lake has no such concern. He knows as much about immortality, he tells us, as any of the writers of the Bible, and as he knows nothing there is nothing known. 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' But, to Professor Lake, Jesus was as ordinary and ignorant as the rest.

In *The Well of Life* (Nisbet; 1s. 6d. net), Lady Brownrigg endeavours to explain to girls and boys of twelve to sixteen the great truths of religion and the great duties of life. Her success will be best with the brightest.

Mr. Dudley Wright has written a book on *Woman and Freemasonry* (Rider; 6s. net). He does not say so, but one surmises that he looks forward to the gates so rigidly closed to women all these centuries, the gates of the mysteries, being opened not many days hence. For what gate is likely to remain closed? But it seems that even in the dark past there have been gates that were left sufficiently ajar to allow a woman to squeeze in occasionally. When she did so surreptitiously, the Freemasons, with characteristic prudence, accepted the fact accomplished and initiated her—especially if she was a woman of some consequence.

But there is of course the full story of Adoptive Masonry and of Women's own lodges. It is a big enough subject for a considerable volume, and Mr. Dudley Wright knows how to make the most of it.

Canon M. G. Glazebrook has issued his *Lessons from the Old Testament* in a new edition (Rivingtons; 3 vols., 6s. net each). He now uses the text of the Revised Version and carries his story down to the end of the Maccabean struggle. First comes the text, with various readings at the bottom of the page. The commentary, almost entirely rewritten, follows. 'The notes on each lesson are introduced by a short essay, discussing some of the larger questions, religious, ethical, historical,

or literary, which arise out of the text.' The whole work is well done, critically, exegetically, historically. The maps and illustrations are as scholarly as the Notes.

The Resurrection, and even the Resurrection of the Flesh, is one of the matters of keenest discussion at the moment—thanks more immediately to the Modernists. So Professor Alexander Souter has issued his translation of *Tertullian concerning the Resurrection of the Flesh* opportunely (S.P.C.K.; 12s. 6d. net). He is not altogether ignorant of its opportuneness, but it is not the Modernists he has in mind, it is the War. 'At the present time its reading may be especially commended to the bereaved, at least to such of them as value Scripture teaching, as being likely to afford them much more solid comfort than they will get from spiritualistic séances.'

But the treatise *De Carnis Resurrectione* is worth reading at all times. 'It is one of the most significant and valuable of its author's writings.' And again: 'I cannot name a more suitable introduction to the study of his works.' And this is the edition to use. Dr. Souter has annexed Tertullian as surely as Davidson made Job his own.

A popular biography of John Williamu, the

missionary, has been written by Ernest H. Hayes. The title is *Williamu, Mariner - Missionary* (Teachers and Taught; 1s. 6d. net).

What is to be done with Africa? What policy is to be pursued by the British Government, to which so vast a part of that continent has been assigned? It depends on the understanding and attitude of the British people. And that the British people may understand and take up the right attitude a small volume has been prepared by the United Council for Missionary Education. The writer is the Rev. H. D. Hooper, and the title *Africa in the Making* (2s.).

Take the question of alcohol. The mischief it has done hitherto is appalling. How is it to be dealt with now? The natives want prohibition. And they could enforce it with little difficulty, as the coast has few harbours where smuggling could be successful. But the British residents want their 'spirits,' believing that they are beneficial and even necessary. The immediate movement is with the doctors. Let them say at once and emphatically that alcohol is harmful, not helpful, and the difficulty would be solved. Some of the provinces would suffer in revenue, but only for a time. A rebound in prosperity would follow and would be maintained.

The Chaldee Father=God and the Pillar of Cloud.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL L. A. WADDELL, C.B., C.I.E., LL.D.

THE title of the Father-god of the Semitic Chaldees of the lunar cult, namely, *An, Anna, or Anu*, was probably, I find, a title of the god of the early Israelites; and presumably explains the metaphor of 'The Pillar of Cloud' in the early manifestations of that deity.

This Father-god An of Ur of the Chaldees was essentially a lunar deity, as Abraham's conception of God is considered to have been (Sayce and others). He was regarded by the polytheistic Semitic Chaldees, from about 3000 B.C., as the primordial god, the head of their pantheon, and father of all the other gods and goddesses and mortals, and was placed in the sky; whilst the Earth and the Deep with all beneath the earth were placed in charge of his sons Baal (or Bel)

and Ea, who formed with him a triad. Previous, however, to An's first appearance in inscriptions, about 3000 B.C., the chief deity of the early Chaldee and Akkadian Semites was the Earth-Mother with her son, who were expressedly lunar and residing in the Earth, Hell, and Darkness. The substitution for this Mother-Son dual-deity of the idea of the Father-god in the sky was presumably borrowed from the civilizing Sumerian invaders of Chaldea, whose god or gods were essentially masculine and solar in character, with the idea of residence in the Heavens, and in the realms of Light.

Although in the later developments of his cult An was promoted to be 'King of Heaven,' it is clear, as I observed from the word-sign for his