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a high eulogy (Eus. v. 4. 2), and their confidence in him is attested by his being chosen as bishop in succession to the aged Pothinus, who fell a victim to the persecution, after completing his ninetieth year. A later tradition reports Pothinus to have been, like Irenæus, a native of Asia Minor. This is highly probable, as the Gallican Churches stood in the most intimate relation with those of Asia Minor. The famous Letter on the Persecutions at Lyons and Vienne (Eus. v. 1) was sent by 'the servants of Christ . . . in Gaul' to 'the brethren throughout Asia and Phrygia.' In all likelihood Gaul owed its Christian mission to Asia Minor, just as at a much earlier date it was Greek colonies from Asia Minor which were the pioneers of its civilizations.

Irenæus must have been brought into close contact with Pothinus. That meant for him a further link with early traditions of the Church in Asia, for if Pothinus died in 177 above ninety, his birth must be dated at least as far back as 87 A.D. His recollections, therefore, would be almost as valuable as those of Polycarp. Lightfoot (*op. cit.* p. 266) is inclined to identify him with the nameless elder referred to above. There is nothing improbable in the hypothesis. Indeed, the expressions used by Irenæus of the elder, which have been already quoted, give it weight, for they imply habitual intercourse. And when we take into account the fulness of the material as ascribed to this elder, it is natural to associate it with regular discourses which Irenæus had the opportunity of hearing. This would completely tally with his relation to Pothinus.

Literature.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE world has not recognized the loss it sustained on November 14th, 1916, in the death of Professor H. M. Gwatkin. He could do many things, and each thing with a unique approach to the ideal. We speak not of his scientific work. Who could preach the sermons that he preached? We have them now, thank God, in two wonderful volumes. Who could lecture as he lectured—the manner of it, the matter of it? Who could write the encyclopædic article? It is not too much to ask if anything will ever be written on Protestantism and the Reformation which will get to the heart of that mighty fact and mighty movement more nearly than Professor Gwatkin has attained in his articles in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS. He was a controversialist also when the occasion really demanded it.

The issue of a handsome volume on *Church and State in England to the Death of Queen Anne*, with a Preface by the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Oxford (Longmans; 15s. net), gives occasion for new and profound regret. It is a subject in which he is at his very best. He knew he was master of it, and, one might say, revelled in the handling of it. The kindest of men, what a contempt he has for ineffectual kind-heartedness. The most conscientious of men, what a scorn he feels for the men whom conscience drove to persecution and cruelty. The most modest of men, how easily he brings kings and governments to the bar of his self-confident judgment-seat. When he has described a scene it remains with us, rarely even modified by subsequent reading, always central and self-sustaining.

Dip into this book at random. The name of Anne Askew catches your eye. 'Anne Askew was a Lincolnshire lady of some rank and highly educated. She was accused of heresy in 1545, but Bonner obtained from her a confession that saved her for the time. Next year she was arrested again, and this time there was no doubt of her heresy. Her ready wit and sharp tongue and command of Scripture were too much for the Council. But she seemed to have been encouraged by persons of high rank; and this might implicate the Queen. She was in great pain when she was sent to the Tower and racked; and when the Lieutenant refused to do more, the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley and Sir Richard Rich turned the screws with their own hands till they had nearly pulled her to pieces, and then made her sit two hours on the bare floor reasoning with them without their getting any information from her. A month later she was carried to Smithfield, for she could not

stand, and burned hanging by a chain round her middle. Her courage was undaunted to the last —"I came not here to deny my Lord"—and made a deep impression.'

It is the wholeness of the scene that makes the impression upon us. All the elements are in it. Anne's undeniable heresy, Bonner's convenient disappearance, the soldier's defiant pity, the Lord Chancellor's weak and tyrannical heartlessness, the vindication of Paul's great saying, that the weakness of God is stronger than men.

LORD ACTON.

Many letters of Lord Acton have already been published. There are many yet unpublished. Of these a selection is to be made by Dr. J. N. Figgis and Mr. R. V. Laurence. The first volume, containing correspondence with Cardinal Newman, Lady Blennerhasset, Mr. Gladstone, and others, is issued. The title is *Selections from the Correspondence of the First Lord Acton* (Longmans; 15s. net).

The Correspondence is divided into Early, Ecclesiastical, and General. Among the Early Letters there is one to Lord Granville, which contains an impression of Döllinger. It is written from Munich and is dated 1848. 'His personal appearance is certainly not prepossessing. His forehead is not particularly large, and a somewhat malevolent grin seems constantly to reside about his wide, low mouth. Even in conversation his superiority is not immediately manifest. He never makes the least effort to display his powers or his learning, and I am inclined to think that he owes more to his character and industry than to his innate genius. He is unquestionably the most cool-headed man I ever knew, and probably the most dispassionate.'

The ecclesiastical correspondence will be read by ecclesiastics, but the general correspondence has most interest for the general reader. There are some paragraphs which let us understand why his contemporaries rated Lord Acton's ability so highly. There are many paragraphs which gain their interest from that high rating. This estimate of Macaulay as a historian throws light on Acton's own standard. It also throws some light on his prejudices. He is writing to Gladstone: 'I am not so sure as you are of his perfect honesty. There is not that vigilant suspiciousness of his own weakness, that look out for temptation, that betoken honesty. The same conduct, the same qualities, become different things according to the men. He never starts except for the end in view. His hook and bait will only catch a particular fish,—there is no vague cast of the net. I transpose the position, and fancy a man equally convinced of some other truths, which are deeper, more divine, more beneficent, more pure, than the convictions that filled and moved his mind, defending them with the same blinkers on, with the same narrowness and acrimony—and I should say that those are not the fruits of true and sincere convictions, that it is not the worship of the true God. Fancy More, or Laud, or Burke glorified as he glorifies Milton or William III. You would feel that the friend, who might be worshipping at your own altar, had not purified his soul adequately.'

The most instructive letter, we think, for revealing Acton's own mind is one to Lady Blennerhasset on George Eliot. It must be read in full, and it is a long letter. The striking thing in it is, not that Acton speaks so highly of George Eliot's writing, but that he first calls her an atheist, and then says: 'From the depths of atheism, from its worst school, from the midst of the poorest surroundings, a preacher of lofty virtue arose, not at all perfect indeed, or absolutely consistent, but far more impressive, more true, more elevated, than any but the very best of Christian writers, and capable of reaching those whom no Christian could possibly touch. To me this is one of the most wonderful facts, of the most wonderful feats, in the history of the human mind. Atheism, as a teacher of Life, became, roughly speaking, the equal of Christianity in moral dignity when it became its rival in mental power. And all through this one woman who lived among scoffers, professors of impurity, men ignorant of higher things, philosophers destitute of a moral code—a woman who had never read the books that teach the higher virtues to religious men. For these reasons which seem to me too obvious and too certain to be disputed, I would give all the imaginative literature of England since Shakespeare for George Eliot's writings. She is altogether unique to my mind.'

ACROSS AFRICA.

To his record of journeyings across Africa in the years 1913 to 1916, Professor J. du Plessis has given the title *Thrice Through the Dark Continent*

(Longmans; 14s. net). Wherever he went he was asked (mostly with much politeness) who he was, and what he was about. To the first question he replied that he was a South African Boer of French descent and now a Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church in Stellenbosch. He had more difficulty in answering the second question. For it becomes evident to the reader, and it must have been evident to himself from the beginning, that he was 'out on his own,' as the little boys say, desiring to visit the Mission Stations of Africa, but most of all desiring just to travel.

He visited many stations, but he does not give us much information about them. He had scarcely taken a meal in the house of the missionary when he was asking the way to the next station. But he knew very well when he sat down to write the record of his journeyings that he had a good story to tell. For he took notes of all he heard and saw as he passed through the towns and villages, and he had his kodak with him.

'As I slowly stepped down the street, the inevitable camera depending from my shoulder, I was accosted by a native clad in the most irreproachable European fashion.

'"Good morning, sir," he said, pausing before me with a somewhat deprecatory air.

'"Good morning."

'"Dentist, sir?"—this with a most engaging smile.

'"Dentist!" I exclaimed, unwilling to believe that an Ashanti native knew what a dentist was.

'"Yes, sir: dentist, sir," tapping his tooth in a manner which left no possible doubt as to his meaning.

'"Well, no, my friend, I am not a dentist."

'"Sorry, sir, very sorry, but"—with a glance at my harmless camera—"I thought you came about that tooth palaver."'

He had a good story to tell, and he tells it well. As the scene just quoted shows, he tells it with much liveliness. If we do not receive edification, we certainly receive entertainment. But the edification is not altogether absent.

'I have referred to the houses and granaries of the Mundang, the smelting furnaces and forges of the Lakka, the cattle of the Tuburi, and the ponies and cultivated fields of the Bana. These peoples are self-contained: they are able to supply their own needs. They ask nothing of European civilisation, thankful though they are that settled government prevails, and that slave-raiding is a thing of the past. They have no use for the prints and cloth goods which the trader seeks to introduce, for they belong to "the great unclothed." They do not want European implements and utensils, for their inbred conservatism makes them believe that their own are as good—and better. They have no call to lead the strenuous life, since nature is lavish, hunger uncommon, poverty unknown, and trade competition inconceivable. I do not think that it is our duty to force them to look at life from our point of view. Why should we try to infect them with our feverish impatience, and teach them that life is not life unless they learn to hurry and worry, to bustle and hustle, as we enlightened Westerners do? Of course we should find their fashion of life unutterably dull, but why should we assume that it is unutterably dull to them? They like it: it is suited to their present stage of evolution: then let us leave them as they are.

'All they need is the Gospel. For that they are waiting, as it were with uplifted heads and outstretched arms. Mohammedanism stands ready to swallow them up. Mohammedan emissaries are now knocking at the doors of these nations, hitherto inaccessible, but now open to trade, commerce, and religion. They are nations that are well worth winning. Christianised, they would act as a powerful bulwark to stay the spreading wave of Mohammedanism: Moslemised, they would impart greater impetus to that wave. The Church of Christ to-day stands before a piercing call to action, a solemn duty to act decisively and immediately, and a grave responsibility if she evade or postpone action.'

THE MIDDLE YEARS.

The arrival in London of a reader of books, whether come from the North or the South, from Ireland or America, is an occasion of quite inexpressible emotion. Henry James tries to tell us what it was to him, and certainly his astonishing range of vocabulary gives him a mighty advantage; but even he leaves more unsaid than he says. It was in the year 1869 that he landed at Liverpool 'in the gusty, cloudy, overwhelmingly English morning,' and went to the old Adelphi Hotel, and there found 'the incomparable truth to type of the

waiter, truth to history, to literature, to poetry, to Dickens, to Thackeray, positively to Smollett and to Hogarth, to every connection that could help me to appropriate him and his setting, an arrangement of things hanging together with a romantic rightness that had the force of a revelation.' Then to London. He recalled the emotion of it just before he died, dictating *The Middle Years* (Collins; 5s. net) in the autumn of 1914, a unique fragment of autobiography.

In London he took full draughts of the hero-worship he was then so thirsty for. Was the hero George Eliot? 'To this day I feel again *that* roused emotion, my unsurpassably prized admission to the presence of the great George Eliot, whom I was taken to see, by one of the kind door-opening Norton ladies, by whom Mrs. Lewes's guarded portal at North Bank appeared especially penetrable, on a Sunday afternoon of April '69.' He found her in trouble. A son of G. H. Lewes had taken ill in the house. 'It infinitely moved me to see so great a celebrity quite humanly and familiarly agitated—even with something clear and noble in it too, to which, as well as to the extraordinarily interesting dignity of her whole odd personal conformation, I remember thinking her black silk dress and the lace mantilla attached to her head and keeping company on either side with the low-falling thickness of her dark hair effectively contributed. I have found myself, my life long, attaching value to every noted thing in respect to a great person—and George Eliot struck me on the spot as somehow *illustratively* great; never at any rate has the impression of those troubled moments faded from me, nor that at once of a certain high grace in her anxiety and a frank immediate appreciation of our presence, modest embarrassed folk as we were.'

PROBLEMS OF THE SELF.

Man's greatest mystery is man. And it is greatest, not only to the man in the street, but also to the man in the study. But if he is his own greatest mystery, he is also his own greatest interest. 'Even if the pressure of the day's business leaves the average man but little time for self-reflection, he is still intensely interested in the personality of others, and the most obstinate questionings which beset him concern his soul and theirs. Moreover, the great objects of human interest affect personality and are tinged with personality. It is unnecessary to prove this statement by referring to the drama, the novel, history, biography. The thing is too obvious to require comment, and it is enough to illustrate it by mentioning a curious fact. Even those who in general have no great fondness for the study of biography are more keenly interested in the personal history of the great writers in literature than in their works, or, at any rate, are interested in a degree out of all proportion to the intrinsic interest of the careers of those authors. How else is it possible to explain the mass of literature and the years of discussion devoted to the shadowy author of the *Odyssey*, or to the stray hints which are all that is known of the career of Shakespeare? Nor is the reason very far to seek. As Samuel Butler says, "Every man's work, whether it be literature, or music, or pictures, or architecture, or anything else, is always a portrait of himself, and the more he tries to conceal himself the more clearly will his character appear in spite of him." That is the truth unless, perhaps, such sciences as mathematics or physics are excepted. It may be a rare thing for the artist to be more interesting than the whole body of his work, but his character and career usually excite more attention than those of any one of his creations, and thus it is that the self is central among the things which touch the spirit of man.'

And so Mr. John Laird, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's University of Belfast, chose *Problems of the Self* as the subject of the Shaw Lectures in the University of Edinburgh in 1914, and under that title has now published them very handsomely (Macmillan; 12s. net).

He discusses three principal questions: 'What are experiences?' 'How are they united?' and 'What are the presuppositions of this unity?' The first of these questions is discussed in a general way in the second chapter; the second and third are discussed continuously from the ninth chapter to the thirteenth, which ends the volume; and the interval between the second chapter and the ninth is occupied by the consideration of a range of problems which are too important to be neglected, and must be considered very fully if they are to be considered at all. These questions are the Self and the Body, the Self as Feeling, the Self as Will, the Meaning of Purpose, the Primacy of the Practical Reason, and the Self as Knower.

The last chapter is (to most men and philo-

sophers) the most important. It is the author's answer to the question, What is the Soul? The answer is essentially this: 'The soul is a substance which is not the body. It consists of experiences, not physical reactions. Its unity is a mental unity, not the unity of a physical thing, and not the unity of an organism. The soul exists, and exists on its own account. Consequently the death of the body does not imply the destruction of the soul.'

There follows another question: Will the soul, if it survives the present body, require another body? Professor Laird answers: 'The soul may require the body as a condition of its existence, although there is no convincing proof that it does. Although the body is not part of the self, it is so closely connected with human personality that it is difficult to realise what a discarnate personality would be. This difficulty may only be due to a deficiency of imagination. The poet, addressing his soul, can dream of a time when

> Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
> Nor hear through labyrinths of ears;

he may insist that the body is a tomb, and that our selves may go forth freely and joyously into the unchartered land whose gates are the death of the body. It may be so, and death may be a new birth, not discontinuous with our present personality but only, like physical birth, unfolding a new world. That is the hope of millions, and neither science nor philosophy can prove it to be vain.'

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

One of the questions which the newspaper reader wants to ask since the Russian revolution took place is, What is the attitude of the Russian Church? We get no authoritative answer yet. But if we desire, first of all, to understand what the Russian Church is, we have the best, and almost the best possible, answer in a volume entitled *Birkbeck and the Russian Church* (S.P.C.K.; 8s. 6d. net). The volume is a collection of essays and articles by the late W. J. Birkbeck, M.A., F.S.A., written in the years 1888–1915; and collected and edited by his friend Athelstan Riley, M.A.

It describes the Russian Church in the only satisfactory way. That is to say, not by a sustained narrative, but in a series of sketches. The vestments and ceremonies could be described systematically; the religion can be conveyed only by suggestion and, as it were, at unexpected angles.

In a sense it is all here. And the satisfaction is in discovering, after thinking that we were having no abiding place anywhere, that we have been, all the book through, in the very heart of the religious life of the Russian, both priest and peasant.

Mr. Riley is a judicious editor. He lets Birkbeck repeat himself when it is good for the reader. He and Birkbeck together have produced a book that is assuredly, however unexpectedly, great.

THE HISTORY OF EUROPE.

With all the books which the War has produced on the History of Europe, there is a place for Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw's fine volume entitled *Main Currents of European History, 1815–1915* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). This is the idea of it: 'The lecturer [the lectures were delivered to teachers] sought to give symmetry and coherence to the record of the century by grouping all its incidents round what seemed to him to have been the grand progressive tendency of the period, viz. the tendency towards the constitution of a lawful Commonwealth of Europe composed of democratic national states. The three controlling factors, or "main currents," in this movement, as it appeared to him, were, first, the underlying and inextinguishable consciousness of unity inherited by the peoples of the West from the Roman Empire and Mediæval Christendom; secondly, the democratic impulse engendered by the French Revolution; and, thirdly, the passion of nationality roused during the struggle against Napoleon I. To each of these controlling factors a preliminary lecture was devoted. The remaining seven lectures traced the operation of the three factors—their action and interaction—down to the outbreak of the present great war.'

The skill with which Professor Hearnshaw throws the essential things into sight and hides the unessential, so making history as interesting as it is informing, is a perpetual astonishment. When he comes to the War, he captures us wholly. For every item of knowledge regarding causes and motives is at his command, and he reveals things which with all our reading we still find new and surprising. He classifies the German preparations under four heads, 'viz. (1) diplomatic; (2) military and naval; (3) financial; and (4) moral and intellectual—if those last terms can appropriately be

applied to measures that were always immoral and generally unintelligent.' On the first he says: 'Germany's diplomatic preparations for the War of 1914 were markedly less complete and successful than had been Bismarck's preparations for the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870. The military clique who were organising the campaign seem to have been so confident in the ability of their vast and well-equipped armies to overcome all conceivable resistance that they were comparatively indifferent as to who were allies and who enemies. Not even was a serious effort made to ensure the support of Italy, the third member of the Triple Alliance itself. Turkey, Bulgaria, and Rumania were left to decide their course of action after the outbreak of hostilities. If any really careful cultivation took place it was applied to Switzerland and Belgium. The Kaiser visited Switzerland in the autumn of 1912, and made himself exceptionally amiable to the rulers of the Republic whose territories covered the southern extremity of the fortress-barrier of France. The King of the Belgians was invited to Berlin in the autumn of 1913, and every effort was made to impress him with the irresistible might of Germany, and to make him feel the folly of trying to thwart the German will. He was treated to some most indiscreet confidences, as though he were already a secure ally of the Kaiser. Said Moltke, the Chief of the General Staff, to him: "This time we must settle the business [with France] once for all, and Your Majesty can have no idea of the irresistible enthusiasm which on that day will sweep over the whole German people."'

POLAND.

Those who read Major F. E. Whitton's story of the Marne have been on the outlook for another volume on the Great War. Major Whitton has in the meantime, however, turned aside to set us right about Poland. He has written *A History of Poland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day* (Constable; 8s. 6d. net).

We need just such a history as this is, written in faultless English and with faultless accuracy. Was ever a History of Poland written before which kept so free from heroics? The story of Kosciusko is told with sufficient fulness to enable us to follow every movement and understand every man; and Kosciusko is made a hero. But there are no exclamations of admiration over his victories; there are no lamentations of woe over his defeat. The story is told as a historian has to tell it, and the rest is left to the reader.

The impression is not less deep. And it is an almost unrelieved impression of injustice. Poland must obtain justice now. The long dire tale of oppression and brutality must be ended. Let us, each one, read and understand; let us feel and do; the influence of every reader of this book will be on the right side.

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

Are they most to be envied who have all the desirable gifts and graces and pass through life 'like wealthy men, who care not how they give,' or they who have to put out every ounce of their feeble strength merely to win through? Mr. George Wyndham had all the gifts and graces. Rumour has it so, and the new biography by Mr. Charles T. Gatty, entitled *George Wyndham, Recognita* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net), calls rumour for once no liar.

The biography is novel. It is in the form of a letter, a single letter (of 174 printed pages), to George Wyndham's widow, Countess Grosvenor. It is a daring innovation in biography-making. And although this time it is even strikingly successful, it is not likely to be ventured upon often. Mr. Gatty would say, no doubt, that it is no biography, nor intended to be a biography. But it is a biography. Enough of the outward and almost all of the inward life of the subject of it is revealed to us.

George Wyndham will pass into history as one of the Irish Secretaries. When he was Secretary for Ireland King Edward and Queen Alexandra paid their visit, and one of the sweetest incidents in Irish history took place. Mr. Wyndham told the story in a letter to his sister Pamela. 'In St. Patrick's Hall, Arthur Ellis and others coached us. I knew my part pretty well, but it is a strain to cling to the King's reply and learn up all the deputations in their order. There were 82 of them. The roar of cheers, "God Save the King," clatter of the escort, and we process and group ourselves about the Throne. I stood on the steps and presented each of the 82 deputations. They were to present addresses. But they did anything but that; shook the King's hand and marched off with address under arm; were retrieved and address

extracted. The last touch came, when the spokesman of the Lord Surveyors touched the tip of the King's fingers, shot the address into the waste-paper basket (into which I threw the cards after calling the names) and bolted at five miles an hour. The Queen was very naughty and did her best to make me laugh, so that my next was delivered in quavering tones. Yet the Queen did this in such a way as to make every one, including the culprit, feel comfortable and witty. I cannot adequately express the kindness and coolness of the King. He coached them in a fat cosy whisper, "Hand me the address," and then accepted it with an air and gracious bow, as if gratified at finding such adepts in Court ceremonial.

'The only people who approached him in simplicity and charm were the two carmen who presented an address signed by 1200 jarveys. Only the Irish can do these things. They had not put on Sunday best, but their best ordinary clothes, scrupulously brushed. They never faltered, and invented something between a bow and a curtsey that seemed exactly appropriate.'

There is another Irish story—one of the prettiest of patriotic stories you have seen. Mr. Gatty writes: 'George loved a story a lady told me about a journey through Canada. Her train was delayed at some very remote station, and she had to take a night's lodging in a farm. The accommodation was given by a fellow-passenger, an Irish-Canadian farmer, travelling back from a visit to Ireland. When they reached the homestead, her host untied a handkerchief carried from the old country, and one by one a family of five barefoot children were made to stand upon a green sod, cut from a hillside in County Kerry.'

In one of the sermons contained in Dr. W. E. Orchard's volume, *The New Catholicism* (Allen & Unwin; 3s. 6d. net), there is a striking argument for the Atonement taken from the present war. The time will come, Dr. Orchard prophesies, when men will say that all the sacrifice has been in vain, mere waste of humanity, with nothing to show for it but a countryside dotted with white crosses. Now that is just what they say about the death of Christ. It is a tragedy, a moral waste, with nothing to show for it, not even an assured sepulchre. So the value of the death of Christ, involving a true theory of the Atonement, carries with it the value of our heroes' death. Hold the one and you have the other.

It is a book of but twelve sermons; but every sermon is instructive.

Deep calleth unto Deep is the title of this year's popular report of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is as encouraging as ever—more than ever, for there are more cases of need than ever. It is also more enjoyable than ever. One short paragraph may be quoted. It comes from a Belgian colporteur, now in Holland. 'At Kamperland there are a hundred exiles from Belgium, most of them ruined. Here I met a little Belgian lad, eight years old, whose mother had died in Antwerp during the siege. He had found a home with a Dutch pastor. If you asked him where his mother was, he replied, "In purgatory." "There is no purgatory," said the pastor. "Yes," said the child, "there is no purgatory here, at Kamperland; but there is at Antwerp."'

Under the title of *Christ: And the World at War*, Mr. Basil Mathews, M.A., has edited and issued a volume of Sermons preached in war-time (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). The issue of the volume is 'in response to a definite request from a neutral country in Europe.' The desire was to know what is the normal religious outlook of Christian folk in Britain as expressed through the responsible leaders of the Churches. The sermons have been contributed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Winchester, the Dean of St. Paul's, and eight men outside the Church of England—Professor Cairns, Principal Garvie, Dr. Horton, Dr. Jones, Dr. Jowett, Dr. Campbell Morgan, Mr. Rushbrooke, and Mr. Findlay.

Many of us have been much concerned lest the war, and especially the barbarity of it, should be held to destroy our belief in the Universe. To believe in the Universe is to believe in Progress. A book has been published on *Progress and History* (Humphrey Milford; 3s. 6d. net). Its contents are furnished by a group of lecturers who lectured this year at the Woodbrooke Settlement, Birmingham. The editor is Mr. F. S. Marvin, late Senior Scholar of St. John's College, Oxford.

Among the rest, Baron Friedrich von Hügel has an essay in the book. His subject is 'Progress

in Religion.' He finds religion marked by four stages of development—the Synoptic, the Johannine, the Augustinian, and the Thomistic. This is what he says respecting the last stage: 'St. Thomas Aquinas, Norman-Italian Friar Noble, a soul apparently so largely derivative and abstractive, is more complete and balanced, and penetrates to the specific genius of Christianity more deeply, than Saints Paul and Augustine with all their greater directness and intensity. We saw how the deepest originality of our Lord's teaching and temper consisted in His non-rigoristic earnestness, in His non-Gnostic detachment from things temporal and spatial. The absorbing expectation of the Second Coming, indeed the old, largely effete Graeco-Roman world, had first to go, the great Germanic migrations had to be fully completed, the first Crusades had to pass, before—some twelve centuries after Nazareth and Calvary—Christianity attained in Aquinas a systematic and promptly authoritative expression of this its root-peculiarity and power.'

A remarkable little book on *The Religion of the Body* has been written by the Rev. T. H. Dodson, M.A., Rector of Wootton and Canon of Lincoln (Cope & Fenwick; 2s. net). It contains five sermons following one another in a compact series, and packed individually with high thought. 'Our vile body?'—no, Paul never said so, and Canon Dodson shows how impossible it would have been for him to say so. If young people could be got to read this book and think over it!

Messrs. Dent have published the first volume of *The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy*, translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth and A. Sirnis (5s. net). The volume contains a record of his youth, 1847 to 1852, with a Preface by C. Hagberg Wright.

Tolstoy's diaries are necessary to a full understanding of his life and opinions, and they are necessary in their entirety. They were committed by the Count himself to M. Tchertkoff, but they never fell into his hands. M. Tchertkoff was compelled to trust to a copy, the diaries themselves having been sent by the Countess Tolstoy to the historical museum of Moscow. The copy is in some places suspected, in others manifestly defective. And the editor found it necessary to omit even some passages that were contained in the copy. All that is matter of regret, but probably not at all a serious loss. In any case the diary of Tolstoy's youth, as we have it here in this the first of the four volumes of the English translation, is of so great importance for the student of 'Tolstoyism' (if there is such a word), and of so great interest to all mankind, that we cannot do other than express our cordial thanks to Dr. Wright and the translators (not forgetting the publishers) for letting us have it in so accurate and enjoyable a form.

It is a perpetual revelation of the great man himself, and of the little world he lived in. 'Played a game of chess, had supper, and now am going to bed. The pettiness of the life worries me. True, I feel this because I myself am petty; but in me I have the capacity to despise myself and my life. There is something in me which forces me to believe that I was not born to be what other men are. Whence proceeds this? From a want of agreement, an absence of harmony, among my faculties, or from the fact that in very truth I stand on a higher level than ordinary men? I am grown to maturity, and the season of development is going, or gone, and I am tortured with a hunger . . . not for fame—I have no desire for fame; I despise it—but for acquiring great influence in the direction of the happiness and benefit of humanity.'

The Tolstoy we know is only emerging into sight in this volume. But there are occasions when we see him clearly. 'Punishment is injustice. It is not possible for man to determine retribution. He is too limited; he is too much man. And punishment, as a threat, is unjust, since man is ever ready to sacrifice a certain evil for a doubtful good. Removal, however, even death, is just. Death is not an evil, for it is an undoubted law of God. The idea of God comes of man's recognition of his own weakness.'

Professor Charles Foster Kent proceeds with his Historical Bible. The new volume is *The Work and Teachings of the Apostles* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). One volume more is promised; it will deal with the Social Teachings of the Prophets and Jesus.

The translations in this volume are worthy of comparison with Dr. Moffatt's. They are fully as literal; they make the narrative almost as clear. Then the Introductions are packed with the results of the best scholarship, and every sentence tells.

Mr. Frank B. Short is a successful Bible Class teacher. The teaching that he has found to make for success most certainly is a defence of the Christian religion. He has accordingly published a series of addresses with the title *Christianity: Is it true?* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net).

The merit of the book is in the cleverness with which appeal is made to the average man, particularly the average young man. Mr. Short does not make his own discoveries in Christianity; he uses the discoveries of others. But he knows how to use them. He makes the driest theologian interesting, the stiffest apologist plain. He even makes plain and interesting the subject of miracles, almost compelling the average man to believe in them, so fair is he and yet so firm.

The most suggestive sermon in Dr. John A. Hutton's new book, *Loyalty: the Approach to Faith* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), has for its text our Lord's question to the sons of Zebedee, and their reply, 'Are ye able. . . . We are able' (Mt 20^{22}). The late Dr. Ambrose Shepherd has a sermon on the same words, in which he urges with much force the value of self-confidence. Dr. Hutton's title is 'That Daring which is of more Value than Wisdom.' Its note is struck in the first sentence: 'It is the very nature of faith that it commits us to more than we were aware of at the time.' In committing us, however, it also discovers to us new powers. And this commitment and discovery go with us throughout the life of faith. This is the secret of that daring by which love so often surprises us. 'We learn to love, and in the joy of that high faculty we form our dearest ties, and come under obligations to other lives which give a new depth and seriousness to our own.'

In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

So Ben Jonson. So also Dr. D. M. Ross, in his sketch of the life of *A Scottish Minister and Soldier*, the Rev. Peter Ross Husband, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). Christianity is strength not weakness, courage not cringing—that was the first article of Mr. Husband's creed. And when the war came, so righteously, he would not be kept from the battlefield, though 'few young men seemed to their friends to be less fitted for combatant service.' The end came very soon. But he had time to fulfil his life.

This quotation from one of his sermons is his message:

'Let each of us display in a way that is unmistakable the high, heroic elements in Christianity. Let it be made manifest by our own lives that Christianity is not the religion of weaklings; that Christ saves men from becoming soft and flabby, and brings into their life something tough and sinewy—a real Spartanism; that the coming of Christ into the heart is like the winter's wind—pure and keen and bracing.'

Some Records of the Life of Edmund John Kennedy have been written by his wife and a friend (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). How shall we identify him? By his delightful book, *With the Immortal Seventh Division*, or by his offices and work? He was General Secretary, Y.M.C.A., London, 1884–1894; Vicar of St. James', Hatcham, 1896–1900; Vicar of St. John's, Boscombe, 1901–1915; Chaplain to H.M. Forces, 1914–1915.

It is the Life of a converted man, and with him conversion was consecration. He did not need, as so many of us do, a second conversion. And being converted and having put off the old man, he did not put on the old woman; he had humour and courage, and both abundantly. For his courage:

'On one occasion he was travelling to Cambridge to speak at a meeting there, when another man entered the compartment in which he was. Having in his pocket some tracts, with which he was always provided, and being ever mindful of the great blessing he had himself received by means of one, he felt impelled to hand one to his fellow-passenger. Fighting down a natural timidity, he took courage in both hands and boldly asked his companion to accept the little booklet. To his great surprise, he discovered his companion had been passing through the same inward battle, and each offered a tract to the other simultaneously. Naturally this circumstance led to pleasant and profitable conversation; at the end of the journey the two gentlemen exchanged cards, when Mr. Kennedy discovered his fellow-traveller to be no less a celebrity than General Gordon.'

Now for his humour:

'One day, when Mr. Kennedy was speaking to

the children on the text "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," he wanted to impress upon them that each one is included in that "whosoever," also that when God promises anything He means what He says, and it only rests with us to believe and take Him at His word. To illustrate this Mr. Kennedy took a shilling from his pocket, and holding it up before the children, he said, "Now, whoever would like this shilling let him take it," and forthwith he passed along in front of the children holding the shilling before them. None ventured to take it, however, until he reached the end of the row for the second time, when a little maid timidly put out her hand and took the shilling. Then a boy near, who had let it pass, said, "Ugh, I never thought he really meant it!" Mr. Kennedy often related this incident to show how reluctant we are to believe God's promises when all the time His wonderful, loving gifts and blessings are for us if we only put out the hand of faith and receive them.'

It is only nine months since the Rev. E. A. Burroughs issued *The Valley of Decision* (Longmans; 5s. net), and already it is passing through its fourth impression. That is no wonder. Mr. Burroughs has come to be accepted as a most earnest, reliable, and up-to-date Christian teacher. His theology is all religion.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Henry Newbolt to write a book for Christmas and call it *The Book of the Happy Warrior* (Longmans; 6s. net). The motto is of course Wordsworth's. Who is the warrior? There are many happy warriors—Roland, Richard Cœur de Lion, St. Louis, Robin Hood, and more. And every warrior's story is told and illustrated with the last excellence of literature and of art.

It is one thing to obtain the right to give religious instruction to the young, it is another thing to be able to do it. Our secular teachers are trained to the last ounce of efficiency; our sacred teachers are left, for the most part, in their natural state. What, as actual education, as the evolution of intelligence, as discipline and self-control, as reverence for God and sympathy with man, does the ordinary Sunday-school teaching amount to? We are repeating questions that are for ever asked, and never answered.

Let us answer them at last, and let us begin at the beginning. Let us begin with the personal study and encouragement to wide propagation of a book by a master in education who has given time and thought to the particular problem of religious education—such a book as *Means and Methods in the Religious Education of the Young*, by John Davidson, M.A., D.Phil. (Longmans; 2s. net). Every man and woman who is induced to make that book a mental possession will do something to rescue the religious teaching of the young from the slough of inefficiency into which it has fallen.

The latest word in Psychology is a very simple word. It is intelligible. It is intelligible to the utterly uninstructed. And it is authoritative. Most particular has Professor E. B. Titchener been in *A Beginner's Psychology* (Macmillan; 6s. net) to say nothing that he may have to unsay even in so progressive, and one way so unstable, a science as Psychology. So particular has he been that he has avoided the use of the word 'consciousness' altogether. Experimental psychology, he says, 'made a serious effort to give it a scientific meaning; but the attempt has failed; the word is too slippery, and so is better discarded.' This book, then, first, and in safety: after it the ocean, with mines and submarines on every route.

Sir J. G. Frazer has selected certain *Studies in Greek Scenery, Legend, and History* from his great edition of Pausanias, and Messrs. Macmillan have issued the selections as a volume of their attractive Eversley series (5s. net). What is the purpose of the selection? 'Slight and fragmentary,' says the author, 'as these sketches are, I am not without hope that they may convey to readers who have never seen Greece something of the eternal charm of its scenery. To such as already know and love the country they will yet be welcome, if here and there they revive some beautiful or historic scene on those tablets of the mind from which even the brightest hues so quickly fade.'

Even those who possess the Pausanias will buy this book. It is so handy, it is so readable, it is so characteristic of Sir J. G. Frazer.

You go to Westminster Abbey when Canon R. H. Charles is preaching because you love strong meat. It may be theological or it may be critical; it is

most likely to be the latter, but it is always strong meat. More than that, you know that you may get only half the sermon to-day, and must go back 'next Sunday afternoon' for the other half. So those who can read have an advantage over those who can hear. In the volume entitled *Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey* (Macmillan; 5s. net), it is possible to read a sermon twice, and it is easy to read it all at one sitting. But even in the book, Dr. Charles gives no assistance. There are texts but no titles; there are arguments but no illustrations. Every sermon is a scholar's finest scholarship, and it is good that we should be called upon to think.

Brahmadarsanam is the title of a volume by Śrī Ānanda Āchārya which he announces as an 'Introduction to the Study of Hindu Philosophy' (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). The title is formidable, but the lectures are easily overcome. They were delivered in Christiania, but in what language we are not told. They make good reading in English. Certainly the author is a Hindu. His dates and his estimates are Hindu. And his belief in his ancestors is Hindu. He says: 'European historians and antiquarians firmly believe that their ancestors were savages and that they are far more enlightened than their forefathers, but we in India believe exactly the opposite. We think that our ancestors were gods and Rishis, endowed with superhuman wisdom and holiness, and that we Indians of the present day are their unworthy descendants. The illusion of European historians consists in judging our history from a knowledge of their own past. I should like to remind them that the law which they deduce from a study of the history of Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire cannot be held to account for the civilisations of ancient Egypt, Greece, Persia, India, and China. In those countries civilisation, instead of developing, has degenerated, while in Europe civilisation has progressed from very unpromising beginnings. India looks back, while Europe looks forward to the Golden Age.'

A book comes handicapped with two introductions. When one of the introductions tells us that it is 'the most rational and intelligible presentation in general outline of Biblical Revelation, so far as it is as yet complete, that it has been our privilege to discover in extant literature'; and the other begins with exclamations: 'A wonderful book; and timely too. The world's theological crisis calls, and has long called, for just such a work; comprehensive, detailed, and exact'—it is weighted indeed. The book has been written by Mr. William Pascoe Goard of Vancouver, B.C. Its title is *New Light on Old Paths and the Fifth Gospel* (Marshall Brothers). It is not nearly so wonderful as its introducers prophesy. Yet it is noteworthy. The author has no scholarship to speak of, but he has ideas. Some of them are familiar enough, but even into these he has thrust his own unmistakable originality. The book is a sort of running commentary on the Bible. To do it justice we shall quote a rather long passage. It begins a section called 'The Heraldry of Judah and Israel':

'The basis of the heraldry of Israel seems to have been the signs of the Zodiac.

'As that heraldry has developed it is necessary only to speak of three such signs, namely, The Man, The Lion, and The Bull.

'It was evidently intended that the Man should be the leading and royal sign of the tribes of Israel. This was the sign of the standard of Reuben.

'Reuben sacrificed his right to the leadership of the tribes of Israel by criminal action; such action as would in the days of Israel or in these days of British law, have subjected him to the death penalty. His sentence was the forfeiture of royalty for ever, and subordination as a tribe through all the ages that Israel shall endure.

'The Man as an emblem was a failure therefore.

'The Lion of Judah assumed the royal place. Evidently this honour came to Judah as a reward for having saved the life of Joseph when his brethren would have slain him.

'The Lion has always been Judah's standard, though now confined to the house of David, and has been the leading sign in the heraldry of Israel ever since.

'The Bull was the sign of the house of Joseph, which directly included the two tribes, Ephraim and Manasseh, and which attracted under its standard the other eight tribes of the ten-tribed house of Israel.

'The Golden Calf, set up by the Israelites at the foot of Sinai, was not a reversion to Egyptian idolatry, but was rather a deification of the symbol of the house of Joseph, if indeed it did not partake of the nature of ancestor worship, and constitute

the deification of Joseph by whom they were saved from the famine in Palestine, and by whom they were established in Egypt in the richest part thereof; and what more natural than they should say, by him they were now being delivered from Egypt. Or, as the form of expression seems to have been plural, "These be thy gods which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt," that deification may have been addressed to Ephraim and Manasseh, Joseph's sons, and the founders of the two tribes. These alone, it will be remembered, were of Egyptian birth, and, on their mother's side, of Egyptian parentage, although there is strong reason to doubt whether the priest of On, Joseph's father-in-law, was of the Egyptian race.'

It is not easy even to mention Sir Oliver Lodge and his book *Raymond*. There is around it an atmosphere in which spirituality and even mental sanity have difficulty in drawing breath. Moreover, it is for the most part useless criticising it. Those who have read it and approve will remain unaffected by fact or argument. But if there are any who are wondering if they may read it, or, having read it, are wondering if they may give way to it, then before they go further let them read Dr. Charles A. Mercier's *Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge* (Mental Culture Enterprise, 329 High Holborn).

For a satisfactory understanding of what is meant by the *Holy Communion and Reservation*, there is nothing better than a book with that title written by the Bishop of Norwich (Murray; 1s. 6d. net).

The volume of *The Sunday at Home* (R.T.S.) opens with an article on the King and Queen—well written and well illustrated. There are other illustrations of both. One of the King presenting the Victoria Cross to the mother of a fallen hero is a true portrait and a fine picture. We observe a larger conception of Christianity in the volume, a wider comprehension. The men at the front are clamouring to be included and are not cast out. With that there is a deeper sense of responsibility. The Cross is at once richer and fuller. And always the art agrees with the literature.

When a man fails in life, what is the cause of his failure? The authors of *Getting a Start* (Grant Richards; 3s. 6d. net) put that question to a number of men who had succeeded. The answers were various. But the cause of causes was declared to be *laziness*. If N. C. Fowler and G. E. Whitehouse, who have written the book, had put the question to men who had failed, the answer might have been different. But they have taken that answer and made it the text of their book, which consists of many short chapters, each urging us to be up and doing something.

Mr. David Somervell has written *A Companion to Palgrave's Golden Treasury* (Grant Richards; 2s. 6d. net). He has not written it for the use of schools, but it ought to be used in schools. It is just as good for those to whom the *Golden Treasury* has been a long life's friend and comforter. This companion goes with us right through the book and tells us something about poem after poem as we go. The criticism is kindly though acute; the appreciation is veritable insight. Mr. Somervell makes good one serious shortcoming of the *Golden Treasury*. Blake appears not at all in the first edition, and gets only four little poems, not all of these among the best, in the last. Mr. Somervell gives us thirteen. In an Appendix he directs us to the formation of an ideal anthology for ourselves.

One volume of the 'Quiet Hour' series is called *Be of Good Cheer* (Simpkin; 1s. net). Its contents are selected by the same anonymous and well-read compilers, whose initials are J. E. and H. S. Here is one of the quotations: 'Every man and woman trying to be honest, pure and helpful in this world finds that the very highest work set before them is self-sacrifice. Very few of us have the chance of heroic self-devotion, but every day brings the petty, wearing sacrifice which weighs full weight in God's scales.—S. Osgood.'

Into the midst of the multitude who shout like Diana worshippers the collapse of Christianity, Mr. J. K. Mozley casts a book on *The Achievements of Christianity* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net). There!—Christianity has at any rate done something. And Mr. Mozley is very careful. He has verified his facts. There is no possibility of transferring the credit elsewhere. He can estimate values also. The things that Christianity has done are things that were worth doing.

In *St. Paul to the Romans* (Student Christian Movement; 1s. 3d. net) the Rev. R. L. Pelly, M.A., C.F., Lecturer at Ridley Hall, Cambridge, offers a really helpful guide to the study of that great Epistle, a study which for young or old is so difficult.

No books are more difficult to write than Bibliographies. They demand wide knowledge, particular accuracy, and a good English style. And who is sufficient for all these things?

Lilian Stevenson is sufficient. *A Child's Bookshelf* (S.C.M.; 1s. 6d. net) is a great book. The style is chiefly in the Introduction; the accuracy and the knowledge are on every page. We could add to it—that is nothing—but we could not take away.

For the study of the Fourth Gospel—not its externals only but its very heart and meaning—read *The Fourth Gospel, its Significance and Environment*, by the Rev. R. H. Strachan, M.A., C.F. (S.C.M.; 3s. 6d. net). With astonishing deftness Mr. Strachan has woven together geography and exposition into a web of strength and of beauty. All questions of scholarship are touched, and by a scholar; all matters of faith are touched, and by a believer. You may take this volume as an illustration of the work being done by the Publication Committee of the Student Christian Movement, work that is triumphantly showing how both grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

Although Science will never again be the terror it was to our fathers, we of this generation may not be so foolish as to think that we have nothing now to fear from it. A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright; but a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

Psychology—religious psychology—which explains the new birth and the consciousness of Jesus as due to emotional disturbance and masterful self-confidence is the half-lie which Miss Ruth Rouse and Dr. H. Crichton Miller have resolutely set themselves to fight. They accept the truth; they repudiate the lie. And they are not outdone either in knowledge or in courtesy by the scientific psychologist. Their book is to be read especially by those who are forming their opinions and deciding their lives. It is issued by the Student Christian Movement. Its title is *Christian Experience and Psychological Processes* (2s. 6d. net).

For the careful and paying study of St. Luke's Gospel (especially in a Study Circle) get *According to St. Luke*, by Hugh Martin (S.C.M.; 1s. net). Suppose the study is the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. Here are the notes:

'The Things We Ought to Have Done.
xvi. 19–31.

'19. *Purple and fine linen: i.e.*, the extreme of luxury.

'20. *Lazarus:* The only instance of the use of a name in a parable. It means "he whom God helps," which may be the reason of our Lord's use of it.

'21. *Dogs.* "The dogs in the East are not pets, but pests." The verse means that he was too weak even to drive these unwelcome visitors away.

'22. This parable must not be used as embodying our Lord's teaching about the details of the future life. The setting of the story is taken from contemporary Jewish ideas. *Abraham's bosom:* The Jews pictured Paradise as a feast. Lazarus is supposed to be reclining next to Abraham on his right in the place of honour.

'The rich man is not represented as an inhuman monster. His sin is that he did nothing. He is condemned not for being rich, but for the selfish abuse of his wealth, and his neglect of the opportunity to serve those who needed his help. The selfish use of privilege of any kind is fatal and brings bitter retribution in the future life. Death does not alter character, and character necessarily determines destiny. Are we indifferent to the crying social need of our day? It is no excuse to say, "I did not know."'

A thoughtful writer is Mr. A. J. Jacobs, and he writes on the theme that will be most urgent of all when the war is over—how to prevent it from beginning again. His way is this. Inside every nation if an individual is attacked the other individuals defend him; for they know that if they are attacked he will defend them: and so the nation is held together. Let nations agree to act as individuals do. Let all the nations form an alliance for mutual protection. So stated the thesis seems childish; yet it is a man's well-considered and, we believe, workable solution of the problem. The book is called *Neutrality versus Justice* (Fisher Unwin; 1s. net).

One of the most amazing phenomena of our time is the discussion that has arisen about the mere historical existence of Jesus. Men wonder what sort of arguments are used by those who deny His existence. Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., is one who denies His existence. Undeterred by the way in which Dr. Conybeare lifted his last book and shook it, Mr. Robertson writes what he calls a restatement of the myth theory, and publishes it under the title of *The Jesus Problem* (Watts; 5s. net).

One of the arguments which Mr. Robertson relies upon for the non-existence of Jesus is the dispute as to the place of His sepulchre. He seems to think that that alone is sufficient to show that there never was a historical Jesus, all that there ever was being a sort of Divine Christ which the pious imagination of some women started about the beginning of our era. But we must let Mr. Robertson speak for himself: 'Colonel Conder, who accepts without misgiving all four gospel narratives, and attempts to combine them, avows that the "Garden Tomb" chosen by General Gordon, in the latterly selected Calvary, is impossible, being probably a work of the twelfth century; and for his own part, while inclined to stand by the new Golgotha, avows that "we must still say of our Lord as was said of Moses, 'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.'" Placidly he concludes that "it is well that we should not know." But what does the biographical theory make of such a conclusion? Its fundamental assumption is that of Renan, that the personality of Jesus was so commanding as to make his disciples imagine his resurrection. In elaborate and contradictory detail we have the legends of that; and yet we find that all trace of knowledge alike of place of crucifixion and tomb had vanished from the Christian community which is alleged to have arisen immediately after his ascension. The theory collapses at a touch, here as at every point. There is no more a real Sepulchre of Jesus than there is a real Sepulchre of Mithra; and the bluster which offers the solution that at Jerusalem every one was buried in a rock tomb is a mere closing of the eyes to the monumental fact of the myth.'

The Religious Value of the Bible Story of Creation.

By the Rev. C. Ryder Smith, D.D., Wolverhampton.

Paul has a great phrase, 'a purpose of God according to election.' Perhaps its easiest application is not to individuals but to nations. Three peoples of old time, small yet great, at once spring to the mind—Greece, Rome, Israel. God purposed to teach the world art through Greece. She had also a system of law and a particular kind of religion, but her greatness did not lie in these. So, as time ran on, they perished. They are of interest now only to the 'specialist.' But the art of Greece lives. Every art-school's models are plaster copies of the remnants of her statuary. It was here that she was to teach mankind eternal lessons. Rome, again, had an art and a religion, but in neither did she 'call the world to school.' Her greatness—that is, God's purpose in her—lay in law. The lawyers of to-day must every one of them study Roman law. This single city laid the great roads of the legal systems of the world. It is by this that she lives. Yet perhaps the wider word 'order' is better than 'law.' For it is not fanciful to claim that the chief value of the study of Roman speech is to give the mind the habit of order. This too was the political legacy of the Roman Empire to the nations that supplanted it. Once more, Israel had an art and a system of law, but neither of these was to become universal. It was in religion that she was to be the world's teacher. 'Humanly speaking,' it is true that, just as Pheidias could not have been anything but a Greek, or Cæsar anything but a Roman, so Jesus could not have been anything but an Israelite. 'Salvation is of the Jews.' There is no need to trace the principle for other nations. The most obvious examples have been chosen purposely. It is not meant, of course, that all Greek law was awry, or that there was nothing true in Roman religion, or that Israelite art was simply ugly. Providence does not isolate gifts, but it does make one man or one nation pre-eminent in one gift, and another in a second. While men will find in the Bible, the Book of Israel, things as manifold as life, yet