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is partly different, and different in very important respects, from that which is involved in predicating morality of imperfect human nature. When we are charged, then, to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect, it cannot be meant that we are called upon to change the constitution of our being and to 'become as gods'; for that is essentially impossible. It rather means that we are to order our life in accordance with the ideal of perfect manhood: to use faultlessly, at each successive stage of our moral growth, such necessarily finite and imperfect natural talents as we may have. To be ethically perfect in the sense that God is, as just now described, is not requirable of us; in that sense indeed, 'there is none good save one, that is God'—not even the Incarnate Son of God, for He *increased*, as in wisdom, so also in favour with God. Divine perfection and human moral perfection, we repeat, are quite different things. There can be no one absolute ideal for man, independent of the varying conditions of individual lives, static and fixed, and the same in content for all or for the same man at every stage of his development from infancy to death. Perfection such as is within human reach is comparable to a fixed ratio rather than to a fixed quantity; for human nature itself is not a constant but a variable. Development necessarily involves imperfection, as judged from an absolute standard, in all but its final stage. Moreover, perfection, with us, must admit of degrees, though at first sight this may seem paradoxical. And it must also admit of different kinds. The usual denial that perfection can be applicable at all to developing beings is founded on the assumption that development is but a means to an end. This, however, may be wholly a mistake. There may be perfect progress, and therefore progress from one perfection to another. There is one perfection of the rosebud, another of the rose; there was a perfection of the Child Jesus, and a perfection of the Man of Sorrows. Rosebud and childhood have a perfection of their own, and both may realize the purpose of God, quite apart from their being necessary stages on the way to expanded flower and to mature manhood.

If we thus recognize that perfection is no one fixed thing, but is necessarily one thing for God and another for man, one thing for childhood and another thing for the mature saint, it is possible to assign intelligible meaning to our Lord's charge 'be ye perfect'; perfect 'even as' God is perfect, though not with the same kind and order of perfectness.

Literature.

WHO'S WHO.

Messrs. A. & C. Black have issued *Who's Who for 1918* (21s. net). It contains 2642 pages—surely one of the 'stoutest' books published in a year of war. It is also one of the most popular books. We are interested in many things, but most of all in one another. Who's Who?—that is the very question everybody asks of everybody else. And there probably never was man or woman or book that could answer it so fully or so accurately as Messrs. Black's wonder. Yes, accurately. Test it wherever you have the ability. The accuracy is due, first of all to the editor [to whom we lift our cap, accuracy is our foible], and secondly to the method. The method is to make every man and woman responsible for his own biography, including his publications, his recreations, and his address or addresses.

It is an excellent method; but it needs to be controlled. The small are too ready to usurp the space of the great, and must not be allowed to do so. Some men are anxious to give the titles (and all the rest of it) of every pamphlet they have published. We would exclude pamphlets—though we must admit that we have been indebted to *Who's Who* for the exact title of a pamphlet when we could find it nowhere else.

Messrs. Black have also issued the 1918 edition of *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book* (2s. net). Its splendidly complete lists of Journals (British, Colonial, American) and Publishers are a great service.

IMMORTALITY.

Canon B. H. Streeter and Miss Lily Dougall have together edited another up-to-date book of

Oxford theology. What is so up-to-date or insistent in its demands for exposition as the life to come? Yet we think the title is not the very best. The five authors whose essays are here, met together to discuss the topics they were to deal with, and they came to agreement on them all. So it may be presumed they agreed to call the book *Immortality* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net). But the *fact* of another life which that title suggests is much less discussed in the book than the nature of it. A better title would have been 'Future Life.'

Canon Streeter himself describes the future life with his very remarkable gift of imaginative and persuasive writing. He is not always orthodox, but that does not disturb him; he is determined to be always in touch with reality. His picture of Heaven is quite plausible. Is it not even attractive? But we think he exaggerates the unattractiveness of the ordinary hymn-book Heaven. Its worth is not in its imagery; it is in its Christ. Paul did not say 'to depart and to be in heaven is far better.' He said 'to depart and to be with Christ.' The 'goodness, beauty, and truth' which make up life, and which Canon Streeter properly insists upon, are all in Him. Christ gives the hymn-book Heaven its reality.

Mr. C. W. Emmet has a memorable essay on Hell. The word signifies punishment, not discipline, and to most minds punishment that never ends. Mr. Emmet is at one with the modern mind in rejecting that idea. But he is a sensitive and trained expositor of Scripture, and he admits that Scripture is not with the modern mind altogether. Well, he will go beyond Scripture. He has Christ's encouragement. Deliverance from the Hell even of St. Matthew's Gospel is one portion of the truth into which he believes it was the Master's promise that the Church should be led.

Three essays are contributed by Miss Lily Dougall, the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*. Their topics are as up-to-date as any—Spiritualism, Theosophy, and the Undiscovered Country—and so is their treatment.

But mention must be made, and that with some emphasis, of an article by an Army Surgeon, Mr. J. A. Hadfield, on 'The Mind and the Brain.' It is crowded with thrilling facts; and it comes to thrilling conclusions.

Last of all—Mr. Clutton-Brock's two articles, especially the one entitled 'A Dream of Heaven.' What does the fact of death do for us?—that is the theme. It does not land us in Purgatory, for Purgatory is purging, and what we need is enriching. 'We shall be purged enough by leaving this world and its phantoms behind us; but we shall be weak and empty after the process. In some cases that thread of self connecting this life with another will be very thin. There will be little reality to remember from the past when all the phantoms are forgotten, but in that small residuum of reality will be the faint beginnings of the future life. Whatever we have known of reality here will help us to recognize reality there. Whatever we have really loved here will be there to be loved again, to be recognised like the sound of bells from an old city church, like the swinging open of gates, like the sunrise over the mountains, like all those things that are eternal to us, that seem to call us into that place when no more time shall be "but steadfast rest of all things firmly stayed upon the pillars of eternity."'

INSTINCT.

Many books have been written on Instinct, many have been written recently, for it is one of the scientific things that at present are most puzzling to scientific investigators. But few books have ever been written on *Instinct in Man*, and Dr. James Drever's fine volume is opportune (Cambridge: At the University Press; 9s. net).

Dr. Drever begins with a series of welcome definitions. He defines Biology, Physiology, Psychology, and above all Instinct itself; and he delimits the boundaries between Psychology and Philosophy. He has proceeded for 150 pages, more than half the book, before he reaches Instinct in man, for there is no hope in a plunge into subjects of this kind; it must be slow progress, every step tested and secured before another is taken. Only in this way can a treatise on Instinct be scientific; in this way Dr. Drever's book is truly entitled to that coveted designation.

The book is valuable to the teacher of Religion. It is a psychological book, and no teacher can ignore the progress of psychology. It touches some of the deepest, or at any rate some of the most difficult, problems of life and conduct—the influence of heredity, human responsibility, the place of the emotions, the value of fear, the struggle between originality and imitation.

Occasionally Dr. Drever sets himself against the current. This is an example: 'The importance of curiosity and wonder, as the basis of that "intellectual curiosity" and disinterested love of the truth, which furnish the driving power in scientific research, and philosophical investigation and speculation, has been sufficiently emphasized in the past, and by many writers of all shades of opinion. Perhaps it has been over-emphasized. In education, at all events, the tendency has been to interpret that interest which the teacher must utilize and guide, in order that successful school work may go on, almost solely in terms of curiosity. This involves two educational errors. The one lies in ignoring, or belittling, practical interests, which are sometimes more valuable, and often more fruitful, than theoretical interest. The other is what amounts to an assumption, that theoretical interest is always reducible to curiosity. To interpret curiosity vaguely as the impulse or desire "to know" amounts to a suggestion that the questioning attitude always involves curiosity, when, as a matter of fact, it frequently does not involve curiosity at all, or only to an insignificant extent. A gap in my knowledge may be theoretically of no significance, I may not even be conscious of it as a gap, while practically it may mean the difference between success and failure in something I wish to do. In such a case—and in everyday life there are scores of them—it is some other impulse, not curiosity, that makes me conscious of the gap, that gives it significance, that furnishes the motive force inducing me to strive to fill it up, that gives, in other words, the desire "to know." The other side of the story has been so often emphasized, that there seems little danger in occasionally emphasizing this side.'

TURGENEV.

Mr. Edward Garnett has a great opinion of Turgenev. His book, entitled *Turgenev: A Study* (Collins; 6s. net), is a direct answer to those, in this country and in Russia, who compare Turgenev with Tolstoy and Dostoevsky to the disadvantage of the first. 'They admire his language, his beautiful style: they pay lip service to him as "a poet." They even admit that he was "a great artist," but they do not suspect that his intellectual pre-eminence is disguised from them by his very æsthetic qualities, balance, contrast, grouping, perspective, harmony of form and perfect modelling, qualities in which Turgenev not only far surpasses Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, but any nineteenth-century European.'

The fault found with Turgenev is that his scenes and characters are not taken from life. They are 'bookish,' 'conventional,' even 'unreal.' Mr. Garnett disproves every word of it.

But what a philosophy of life these Russian writers have, and Turgenev most unrelievedly of all. How is it that life has come to mean to them mere misfortune, and duty nothing but patient acquiescence, with only an occasional wild hopeless challenge? Mr. Garnett describes it well. Does he share it? This is what he says: 'Both Turgenev's temperamental melancholy and irony are seconded by, indeed are enrooted in, his calm piercing perception of the ineffectual struggle of virtue in the vortex of worldly power. All the great literature of all the ages warns us that the world is mainly swayed by force and craft, twin-children of human necessity and appetite. Virtue, beautiful in its disinterested impulse, as the love of truth, has always to reckon with the all-powerful law of life, self-interest, on which the whole fabric of society is reared. Goodness is but a frail defence against the designs of force and egoistic craft. We see magnanimity falling before unscrupulousness; while the stupidity of the mass of men is twisted adroitly by the worldly to their own advantage. While Turgenev's philosophy reinforces the experience of the ages, his pictures of life are distinguished by the subtle spiritual light which plays upon the egoistic basis. In his vision "the rack of this tough world" triumphs, but his peculiarly subtle appeal to our sense of spiritual beauty registers the common earthiness of the triumph of force and evil. That triumph is everywhere; it is a fundamental law of nature that worldly craft and appetite shall prevail, whelming the finer forces, but Turgenev's sadness and irony, by their beauty of feeling, strengthen those spiritual valuations which challenge the elemental law.'

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

Mr. Charles Whibley is a 'tory.' How do we know that? Because in his *Political Portraits* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net) he describes a 'whig,' and says: 'Thus has the Whig spoken from the beginning, in those far-off days when he served the

Devil, the first of his kind. Thus shall the Whig speak, until with the smug satisfaction of a false martyrdom he beholds his land in ruins.' Further, because his heroes are Clarendon and Beaconsfield, his villains Gladstone and Cobden. And chiefly because he proves to his own perfect content that *Shakespeare* was a 'tory.'

'Shakespeare, then, perceiving the permanent, unchanging elements of politics, was a wise Tory. He cherished no superstition of universal brotherhood; he did not preach equality for a doctrine; the liberty to which he aspired was liberty of thought, not liberty of the hustings.' Thus Mr. Whibley. And his method is the usual one. He quotes the sayings and sentiments of 'tories' throughout the plays and makes them the sentiments and sayings of Shakespeare himself. So Shakespeare can be (and has been) proved to be a barber, a physician, a dyer, a jack-of-all-trades, and master of them all.

All the same this is a charm of a book, so sound is the author's confidence in his opinions, so unerring is his use of the best idiomatic English.

LOGIC.

Benedetto Croce is nothing if not original. He glories in overturning every previous system of Logic. And his translator, Mr. Douglas Ainslie, glories with him. 'I think that this Logic will come to be recognized as a masterpiece, in the sense that it supplants and supersedes all Logics that have gone before, especially those known as formal Logics, of which the average layman has so profound and justifiable mistrust, for the very good reason that, as Croce says, they are not Logic at all, but illogic—his healthy love of life leads him to fight shy of what he feels would lead to disaster if applied to the problems that he has to face in the conduct of life. It is shown in the following pages that the prestige of Aristotle is not wholly to blame for the survival of formal Logic and for the class of mind that denying thought dwells ever in the *ipse dixit*. Indeed, one of the chief boons conferred by this book will be the freeing of the student from that confusion of thought and word that is the essence of the old formal Logic—of thought that rises upon the wings of words, like an aviator upon his falcon of wood and metal to spy out the entrenchments of the enemy.'

Mr. Ainslie complains that Dr. Croce has not received credit for his originality. 'One of the most stimulating portions of the book will, I think, be found in Croce's theory of error and proof of its necessity in the progress of truth. This may certainly be credited to Croce as a discovery. That this theory of the uses of error has a great future, I have no doubt, from its appearance at certain debates on Logic that have taken place at the Aristotelian Society within the last year or two, though strangely enough the name of the philosopher to whom it was due was not mentioned. A like mysterious aposiopesis characterized Professor J. A. Smith's communication to the same Society as to the development of the ethical from the economic activity (degrees of the Spirit) some years after the publication of the *Philosophy of the Practical*.'

The new book—*Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept* (Macmillan; 14s. net)—is not so difficult to read as its title and its earlier pages seem to promise. The translator has done his work well. The difficulty that exists is due to the subject and the novelty of the author's attitude. Close reading is of course necessary as well as continuous reading. But the tension is now and again relaxed by the discovery of so simple (or seemingly simple) a paragraph as this: '"He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow" is a false saying, because the increase of knowledge is the overcoming of sorrow. But it is true, in so far as it means that the increase of knowledge does not eliminate the sorrows of practical life. It does not eliminate, but *elevates* them; and to adopt the fine expression of a contemporary Italian writer, superiority is "nothing but the right to suffer on a higher plane." On a higher plane, but neither more nor less than others, who are at a lower level of knowledge,—to suffer on a higher plane, in order to act upon a higher plane.'

Return to the translator. 'It is my hope,' says Mr. Ainslie, 'that this original work, appearing as it does in the midst of the great struggle with the Teutonic powers, may serve to point out to the Anglo-Saxon world where the future of the world's civilization lies, namely, in the ancient line of Latin culture, which includes in itself the loftiest Hellenic thought. It is sad to think that the Germans have relapsed to barbarism from the veneer of cultivation that they once possessed, particularly sad when one comes upon the German names that must always abound in any treatise on the development

of thought. Their creative moment, however, was very brief, and the really important names can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, that of Emmanuel Kant being corrupted from the Scots Cant. Of recent years the German contribution has been singularly small and unimportant, such writers as Eucken being mere compilers of the work of earlier philosophers, and without originality. The foul-souled Teuton will need a long period of re-education before he can be readmitted to the comity of nations upon equal terms—his bestiality will ask a potent purge.'

MAGGIE BENSON.

Mr. A. C. Benson's books usually arrest you at once. Not so the biography of his sister—*Life and Letters of Maggie Benson* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net). Almost half of the book, the first half, is uninteresting and unimportant. But when you discover that this is really a remarkable woman and lay yourself out to observe her ways, the interest becomes keen enough and never lets you go till the end.

Miss Benson was not a letter-writer. As she says, her letters are mostly 'too short and tell you nothing.' But sometimes they are long and valuable — valuable for the intellectual force of them and their utter sincerity. The best are those written to Mr. Stewart McDowall. And perhaps the best characterization of Miss Benson is by him: 'I remember her clear-sighted, humorous, and epigrammatic summaries of acquaintance. She was a quick, and generally, though not always, a very sure judge of people, and not naturally expansive. Some people were rather afraid of her. I think she was even more appreciative on the intellectual than on the personal side. She didn't suffer fools very gladly always, though personally I never felt a touch of intolerance or impatience. She was always extraordinarily *bracing*, especially in times of illness or anxiety.'

Her father's influence does not seem to have been good for her; she was too much afraid of him. Then at the end the sensitiveness which shrank from his 'heavily-loaded gun' became altogether a disease, and she suffered greatly from depression and suspicion. Nevertheless it is a life of encouragement—a bracing life, as Mr. McDowall says.

There are two good stories of Queen Victoria.

'A lady was presented to her, and some one said afterwards to the Queen that the lady had been very much impressed by her. Upon which the Queen said "It doesn't matter what she thinks of me: what matters is what I think of her."'

'Miss Hodgson described how her great-aunt was doing lessons with Miss Croker, the adopted daughter of the First Lord of the Admiralty, on the day of Queen Victoria's accession. The Queen came in and said: "Miss Allworth, I am Queen of England, and I wish my first present to be to you. What shall it be? I shall rule my kingdom on Bible principles, so I will go out into High Street, Kensington, and buy you a Bible." She did so, and wrote in it "Victoria Regina, 1837." That Bible is bequeathed to Miss Hodgson.'

And this description is Miss Benson's own: 'What an unexpected and splendid character for a Queen—that little straight intelligent vigorous girl, with enough appetite for pleasure to be healthy, and enough sense of duty for a regiment, and a warm and simple heart, and the dignity of reality.'

SIR COLIN C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

One of the proposals sure to be made when the war is over is that certain countries should be placed under the control of more than one Power. So let us hear what a man of experience and judgment and strictest integrity has to say about dual control. Sir Colin C. Scott-Moncrieff was an engineer. He did memorable engineering work in India, but he will be longest remembered for his irrigation triumphs in Egypt — unless posterity should regard the abolition of *corvée* as a greater benefit to the world. He knew Egypt as few have known it, and he knew it under the dual control of Britain and France. Well, this is what he says:

'If you mean that the Great Powers in congress should some day resolve that the tottering Ottoman Power is no longer to curse so much of God's fair earth, and if they should mutually agree to divide the spoil among them, and give the European provinces, say, to Austria and Greece, and Armenia to Russia, and Syria to France, and Egypt to us, if such a thing is possible and could ever be justified, I think it might work all right. But I must emphatically disbelieve in a united control of several Powers in the same place.'

The Life of Sir Colin C. Scott-Moncrieff has been edited by his niece, Mary Albright Hollings

(Murray; 12s. net). It is unexpectedly interesting. That is due mainly to two things—his letters and himself. He enjoyed letter-writing and wrote often, and his correspondents kept his letters. But he was greater than his letters. And his greatness appears to have been due, not to extraordinary intellectual ability, but to sincere faith in Christ, which expressed itself in conscientiousness and courtesy. He did everything as well as he could do it, and he took no credit for the result. When the merchants of Alexandria presented him with an address, he replied: 'I must be permitted to take all the too flattering expressions used towards me as intended equally for those officers who have worked with me. For it is not by attending office in Cairo (which is all that I have done) that good irrigation is produced, but by daily inspections and perpetual travelling, by constant watchfulness over a large staff of subordinates, by total indifference to exposure to the sun, by the disregard of all personal comfort. This is the life my officers have led, and it is no little satisfaction for me to know that the merchants of Alexandria appreciate their work.'

When he proposed to leave Egypt, Nubar Pasha called upon him, and said: 'Is it true that you are thinking of leaving Egypt? Don't do it. If you go, the *corvée* comes back; many bad things come back, all goes back. If ever you must go, see that you send a man of heart; mind not about his being a clever engineer; that is work easily got, but, after all, send a man of heart.' Lady Scott-Moncrieff overheard this and proudly sent it home to her parents.

When he first went to Egypt, Nubar Pasha sent for him: 'After repeating that he could not make me Minister of Public Works, and that he must put in a native, he said: "Voulez-vous avoir un homme capable, ou une nullité?" "Une nullité, s'il vous plaît, Excellence," I replied. "Ah, mon cher, vous avez raison, vous avez raison, je vous chercherai une nullité." And he was as good as his word, and appointed a very nice old fellow—Rushdi Pasha—to be my nominal chief.'

REALITY.

'In this volume'—the volume is *Reality and Truth*, by John G. Vance, M.A., Ph.D. (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net)—'I have attempted to lay bare the last supports on which everything must rest. The questions are deeply technical, but at the same time of such abiding interest to all thoughtful men, that I have deliberately laid aside the technicalities as well as the useful but inhuman jargon of the multitudinous schools, in probing and establishing this doctrine of Critical Realism. This vision of the problems and their solution depends upon no name, no tradition, no authority, no assumption, no postulate. It stands or falls by its own intrinsic arguments, and by the plain facts which tell their own tale. For the rest I have endeavoured to set forth the whole sequence of ideas with all the clearness and precision of a geometrical proposition; while, as a lover of English, I have tried to remember the suppleness, wealth, and beauty of our language. There is little enough reason why clearness in thought and structure should not go hand in hand with concision, simplicity, and grace of expression.'

Not often is an author so successful in estimating his own creation. Not always has he imagination enough, not always courage. The offer of a book of philosophy with the clearness and precision of a geometrical proposition is surely a courageous offer. But it is more nearly realized than human efforts usually are. The secret of the success lies in Professor Vance's gifts. These are sharp clear telling phrase and clear unemotional thinking. These gifts are enough to make any scientific book successful, if it deals with a subject worthy of their exercise. Assuredly Dr. Vance's book will be read. Since Professor William James left us, no philosophical volume has been offered to the public in which sound sense and captivating language have been more victoriously united.

THE CONVERSION OF EUROPE.

Dr. Charles Henry Robinson is the author of a History of Christian Missions in the 'International Theological Library,' and by the writing of that book he has made himself known as one of the great historians of our day. For even the most determined *laudator temporis acti* will surely admit that we have a few great historians in our day. Canon Robinson has now written a history of *The Conversion of Europe* (Longmans; 18s. net), which will certainly take nothing away from the reputation which he has obtained. It is a volume of serious history, written in a style of sustained elevation and yet surprising simplicity, and dis-

tinguished on every page by the tolerance and good judgment of the scholar.

There are passages in the book which some of the circumstances of the war have made exceptionally interesting. In telling the story of the conversion of Belgium, Dr. Robinson says: 'Early in the fifth century the development of Christianity in Belgium was interrupted by the invasion of Huns, Vandals, and other tribes who in 407 crossed the Rhine and devastated the land, destroying the churches and killing or reducing to slavery its inhabitants. Jerome, in a letter written in 409, refers to the cities destroyed by these marauders in Belgium and France, specially mentioning Tournai, Thérouanne, Rheims, Arras, and Amiens. The final result was that a large part of the work of the Christian missionaries had to be done over again, as was the case in England after the invasion by the Saxons. Remigius bishop of Rheims, after baptising Clovis and his warriors on Christmas Day 496, sent Vedast to Arras and Antimond and Athalbert to Thérouanne, but for at least a century no extensive missionary operations were carried on within the limits of what is now Belgium.'

Still more significant is Dr. Robinson's account of the way in which the Teutons came into Prussia with a profession of Christianity in their hands. He says: 'There is a note of pathos, not to say tragedy, in the story of the conversion of Pomerania and of Prussia, inasmuch as in both cases the land did not become Christian till the inhabitants whom it was sought to convert had been practically exterminated, and this as a direct result of the process of conversion. In both instances the Church which was eventually established was in chief part composed of Germans or men of Teutonic race who forcibly supplanted the earlier Slavonic inhabitants. In the case of Prussia the methods employed and the results attained remind us painfully of the missionary activities of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and the West Indies. The judgment, moreover, which Prescott passes upon the Conqueror of Mexico is the judgment which the charitable student of the conversion of Prussia will be inclined to pass upon the Christian knights who forced upon that land a profession of Christianity. Prescott writes: "When we see the hand red with blood . . . raised to invoke the blessing of Heaven on the cause which it maintains, we experience something like a sensation of disgust at the act, and a doubt of its sincerity. But this is unjust. We should throw ourselves back into the age—the age of the Crusades. . . . Whoever has read the correspondence of Cortés . . . will hardly doubt that he would have been among the first to lay down his life for the faith. . . . There can be no doubt that Cortés, with every other man in his army, felt he was engaged in a holy crusade." The only other country in Europe in which the forcible conversion of the people was accompanied by cruelty similar to that which attended the conversion of Prussia was the kingdom of Norway, but in this case the oppression of its non-Christian inhabitants was of comparatively short duration and was followed by religious tolerance, which did much to obliterate the effects of the period of persecution.'

THE ART OF DYING WELL.

The Art of Dying seems to have been studied in the Middle Ages more than it is now. There was one book in Latin (*De arte Moriendi*) which became very popular, and there were block-books which were more popular still, especially in England, Germany, and France. These block-books contain illustrations 'depicting the five great temptations which beset the soul at death. These temptations are embodied in the forms of hideous demons, which are repelled by angels and saints, and by Our Lady, who is the great interceder and last resource of the Dying Creature.' The Latin treatise was translated into English by Richard Rolle. At least it has usually been ascribed to him. There are three manuscripts of it in existence. The MS. in the Bodleian has been turned into modern spelling and edited by Frances M. M. Comper, and has been published under the title of *The Book of the Craft of Dying* (Longmans; 6s. net). Within the same volume the same editor has included 'other early English tracts concerning death,' taken from MSS. and printed books in the British Museum and Bodleian libraries. The whole has been introduced by the Rev. George Congreve, S.S.J.E.

The first thing that strikes one is the workmanship of the book itself. Whatever the ancients could do in the art of dying, moderns can do something in the art of book-making. In spite of the war and the scarcity of paper pulp, this volume is beautifully printed on beautiful paper, and daintily

handled in every way—quite a delight to the lover of books as books, whatever the contents may be.

Mr. Congreve's preface is not remarkable; it is indeed somewhat obvious and ordinary. But originality is scarcely to be looked for on such a commonplace subject as dying. Quotations are made from several writers, from Bunyan among the rest; and it is a pleasant surprise to find Bunyan so familiar to a Roman priest. But the best quotation is from this very book, and becomes quite an appetizing introduction to it. Much of the book is more curious than comforting; fortunately it is also more quaint than terrifying. If it does not help us to die well upon whom the end of the ages has come, at any rate it gives us a vivid picture of the manner in which the mediæval Christian prepared himself to meet his God. It was an elaborate and often absurd preparation; but God knows how to translate our utmost absurdities into acceptance, if only we are humble-minded and sincere.

THE DOCTRINE OF CREATION.

The doctrine of Creation demands new exposition. We have been fighting shy of it far too long. To disregard Evolution was impossible. To accept Evolution seemed to be to disregard Creation. The Right Rev. J. E. Mercer, D.D., formerly Bishop of Tasmania, has at last done what should have been done long ago. He has done it well. Accepting the evolutionary process without reserve, he has shown conclusively that we can and must retain all that is worth retaining in Creation.

His single axiom is *Ex nihilo nihil.* With that he discovers in the Universe a conscious, purposeful, rational Will—and he is content.

Will you grant his postulate? He gives grounds for claiming it: 'Our reason demands, on the one hand, that Nothing shall mean Nothing; and science demands, on the other, that we shall trace back all that exists to what previously existed. *Ex nihilo* needlessly outrages common sense, trained reason, and scientific postulates. It is assuredly simpler and more natural to hold that the Creation is, in some mode of externalization, the expression and embodiment of the will, the mind, the love of an eternal God. Such a doctrine does not in any wise interfere with emphasis on the transcendence of the Creator; and it gives content, full and rich, to emphasis on His immanence.'

On Genesis and its cosmology he is firm and courageous. 'I cannot but agree with Driver in his conclusion that when we turn to the Mosaic Cosmogony for supernatural information on points of scientific fact, we mistake its whole purpose. I also agree with this reverent and cautious critic in his further conclusion that there is nothing in the cosmogony of science that is in conflict with the deeper teaching of the Genesis narrative, nor anything which can obscure the wonder of its insight and speculative power. There must be few nowadays who cannot unite keen appreciation of the larger harmony with hesitation to force it into perfect consonance.'

The title of the volume is *The Problem of Creation* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net).

A DIPLOMATIC DIARY.

The name of Hugh Gibson will be read henceforth in all the great records of the great war. For he it was who fought so hard for the life of Nurse Cavell, and was beaten at last only by incredible meanness and deception. The guilt of that deed will not be wiped out for many a day, nor the memory of the man who tried to prevent it. Mr. Gibson was Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels. He kept a diary in which he recorded the day's happenings just as they happened. The diary has now been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton under the title of *A Diplomatic Diary* (7s. 6d. net).

It is one of the most valuable sources of information for the actual state of affairs where Germans held sway, and for the actual crimes they committed, that we possess. The author's sympathies were with the Belgian people, but his accuracy and openness are unassailable. He has more of the gift of literature than Mr. Gerard, and his book is more interesting, in spite of the Kaiser's letter and other sensations which the American ambassador to Berlin had to thrill us with. Indeed, nothing could possibly thrill one more than the quiet intense narrative of every hour's endurance as the struggle was being maintained for Miss Cavell's life. That is the climax of interest, but the book beats with expectancy from cover to cover.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

'A Doctor of Hermetic Science,' whatever his name may be, has done a difficult enough thing in

condensing into one volume the writings of Andrew Jackson Davis, known as the Seer of Poughkeepsie —*The Harmonial Philosophy* (Rider; 10s. 6d. net). For the writings of the Seer of Poughkeepsie extend to twenty-seven volumes, and they are 'full of repetitions, verbosities and extraneous material.' That he has correctly represented the Harmonial Philosophy in his single volume has been disputed, as the author himself tells us. In particular, it has been asserted that 'an undue space has been given to descriptions of the Summer Land, as Davis claims to have seen it in his "superior condition"'; to which the reply is that these descriptions have 'been always the chief attraction of his "revelations," and that his "harmonial philosophy," apart from these as a title or warrant in seership, would scarcely demand presentation in a new form, its great occasional insight and suggestion notwithstanding. It is in connexion with these more especially,' says the author, 'that this work has been undertaken, and to mark the philosophical aspects of the claim respecting intervention between the physical and spiritual worlds.'

Who was Andrew Jackson Davis? He was the first spiritualist. Born of very poor and ignorant parents, he met in his teens a mesmerist, and discovered that under mesmerism he could do and say astonishing things, that, in fact, he was an adept in clairvoyance. The 'scenes' took place at the town of Poughkeepsie. With the help of a lady who afterwards became his wife, he published a volume which was the most readable and became the most popular account of his visions and trances, and of the philosophy fastened thereon. The title of the book was *The Principles of Nature*. But the philosophy was called the Harmonial Philosophy, from its character, and from the title of a later book, *The Great Harmonia*.

What is the Harmonial Philosophy? Says this Doctor of Hermetic Science: 'The doctrine, in a word, was that the world beyond is as natural as this world of ours; that it is neither the heaven nor hell of official Christianity; that it is simply this world spiritualised, and that men and women in their psychic bodies are as men and women here in the bodies of flesh, but with better opportunities of progress and a far better environment. They are encompassed by helpers innumerable, so that those even who pass from the life of earth in a state of hardened criminality have every encouragement to amend and ultimately never fail to do so. In a word, the gospel of Davis, in common with that of Spiritualism, cast out all fear concerning the life to come.'

GIBRALTAR.

The present Bishop of Gibraltar, the Right Rev. Henry J. C. Knight, D.D., has written a History of *The Diocese of Gibraltar* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net).

It is a curious name to give the diocese which Dr. Knight oversees; for besides the Rock, it covers Malta, Northern Africa, Austro-Hungary, France, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Spain, Turkey, and Asia Minor. If Gibraltar is his own Cathedral, the Bishop of Gibraltar cannot be much at home. And when he travels he does not travel for health or pleasure. There is an idea that the best thing for a sickly or weary clergyman is to obtain a chaplaincy within the Diocese of Gibraltar. The Bishop refutes that idea. 'The work of the Church in this field is of an exacting and a unique character. The idea that it can be adequately done by tired or delicate clergy is, with very few exceptions, most misleading. Certain features in it make it spiritually exacting, and call for constant ministerial alertness. To minister to a flock living in unsettled and artificial conditions, without the wholesome regular occupation of life, separated from home and children, of a fluctuating and migratory character, on one side; on another, the amount of ill-health, anxiety, grief, bereavement, which escapes the notice of those who have eyes and minds only for landscape or art, and the amusements and gaiety of the hour, but which ever grows in volume as years of residence and work reveal what is often bravely and studiously concealed, make great demands on ministerial patience and nerves. When the resorts are full, the number of services on Sundays, and especially on great Festivals and holy Seasons, and the ministrations called for during the week, demand not only spiritual energy, but also real physical strength in many chaplaincies. The atmosphere of pleasure-seeking, and of much thoughtless and selfish worldliness, and the casting off of conventional restraints especially in regard to the observance of Sunday, and the ever-present gambling problem, tax the spiritual standard of life and Christian faithfulness and wisdom.'

How does the Bishop of Gibraltar find time to

write books? And to write so well? This book is well written and of wider interest than the wide diocese. It is also, we are sure, an utterly reliable history. For Dr. Knight is not the man to be content with superficial research or general observation. He is a trained scholar, with a conscience for accuracy to the minutest fact and figure.

The volume contains illustrations, including portraits of the Bishops of Gibraltar from Tomlinson to Collins. Why is there no portrait of the author of the book?

The entry of America and the speeches of the President have given democratic ideals a fine advertisement and impulse. Mr. J. A. Hobson would spread that advertisement and intensify that impulse. His book on *Democracy after the War* (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net) is an intensely earnest, almost fiercely earnest, appeal to anti-militarists everywhere to have done with militarism and all its works, and give democracy at last an opportunity of showing what it is and what it can do. The language he uses about the mere imperialist, especially when he is found among the clergy, knows neither restraint nor reserve; and if there *are* clergy of so imperialistic a mind and so anti-democratic an influence, they deserve to be spoken of with some force of language. For if, after the war, these men are to have their way with us, it were just as well for us that we had never entered into it. But Mr. Hobson is too sweeping; he must discriminate. We do not know one single person whom his description would fit entirely. Nevertheless it is a book on the right lines, and whatever it is it is that emphatically.

The Future of the Disabled Soldier (Bale; 6s. net) is the title of a work of very great and very hopeful interest, written by C. W. Hutt, M.A., M.D., D.P.H. It is a book first of all for the disabled soldier himself. Let him read what has been done already in the way of finding work for him, and making him fit for the work. The progress that has been made in the manufacture of artificial limbs is astonishing. And not less astonishing is the ease and effectiveness with which they are used by the disabled men even after a short period of training and experience. Many illustrations are here from photographs. We see the men doing things they never hoped to be able to do again, and doing them comfortably.

But the book is to be read by everybody. Who has a heart unmoved as the men pass on crutches or with empty sleeves? Who does not wish that something could be done to help them? Here is something that can be done. To encourage the work here described is to do good, immediate and undeniable. And it needs just our encouragement to make it effective and far-reaching.

Considering the long and faithful alliance that has existed between Britain and Portugal it is a disgrace to us that we know so little of the country of Vasco da Gama. We may remove the reproach a little by reading the *Portuguese Portraits* of Aubrey F. G. Bell (Blackwell; 5s. net). The portraits are of King Dinis, Nun' Alvarez, Prince Henry the Navigator, Vasco da Gama, Duarte Pacheco Pereira, Affonso de Albuquerque, Dom João de Castro. Besides the pen portraits there are photographic portraits of five of them.

The Rev. C. W. Emmet, B.D., has published *A Plea for a Revised Use of the Psalter in Public Worship* (Milford; 6d. net). It is an earnest utterance, both frank and reverent, the utterance of a man who is loyal at once to the Church and to the truth. Mr. Emmet says plainly what should be done to the Psalter.

The Rev. Harry Smith has sent out the last annual volume to be edited by him of *Morning Rays* (R. & R. Clark; 1s. net). Volume after volume has been noticed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, some good new thing being found in every one of them. We hope the next editor, the Rev. John Muir, will find both pleasure and success in his work.

The Rev. L. Swetenham believes that we are on the eve of a new Renaissance. And it will be better than the first. For it will be spiritual. The first Renaissance was intellectual and rational. What are we to do to bring about so desirable a revival? We are simply to clear obstacles out of the way, and leave the rest to God. What are the obstacles? Worldliness, and the too well-known etcetera. The book which sets forth all this is called *A New Spiritual Impulse* (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net).

'I feel as if I wrote you the dullest letters and

can't help it, and Frdk.'s statement that my letters are the most interesting reading he has at present is an unblushing lie, unless indeed he reads nothing else, which is quite likely.'

Those of us who have enjoyed Frdk.'s privilege will be of his mind. The letters are *Letters to his Wife*, by R. E. Vernède (Collins; 6s. net). You never read letters that were less obviously written to be published, or more obviously written to tell just what the writer was going through. This is realism if you like, and as clean (morally, not physically) as a Highland stream. 'The Boches shelled us twice yesterday after I wrote, but only for a little, I'm glad to say, as everybody had had enough, I think, and several of the oldest hands said it was the worst shelling they had ever been through. Our casualties were remarkably small considering that wherever you crouched two or three shells seemed to split over your head every second. We had only five killed and about a dozen injured. T. sat most of the time with a wounded man across his knees, and the man said he knew it would be all right when the captain came along: which I thought was rather nice. One of our best sergeants was killed—a very nice man who was rather a friend of mine, though not in my platoon. I think the men are wonderful and awfully good to one another. The C.S.M. was knocked senseless by the same shell that injured the man I mentioned, and when he came to, dragged him into the dug-out, to which I traced them by a pool of blood. Even the chef, when I went for the stretcher-bearers, dashed out and leapt an open part of the trench where it had been crumped in to go and help, which I'm afraid will render me weak-minded towards his cookery in future; the shells flying as hard as ever. It's an extraordinary sensation—every portion of the trenches seemed to have shells exploding over them and you were nearly deafened by the near ones. I really was in a great state of funk, but I'm not sure that it's avoidable. The least sensitive of the men, I fancy, are strung up to the last pitch, and I doubt if even T. was as cool as he looked, though looking it is all the battle under the circumstances.'

The last two paragraphs of the book are:

'I think it will be summer soon, and perhaps the war will end this year and I shall see my Pretty One again.'

'Deeply regret to inform you that 2nd Lieut. R. E. Vernède, Rifle Brigade, died of wounds, April ninth. The Army Council express their sympathy. —Secretary, War Office.'

To their series entitled 'Heroes of all Time,' Messrs. Harrap have added a biography of *Cardinal Wolsey*, by René Francis, B.A. (2s. 6d. net). It is a surprise to find that the author has a poor opinion of Wolsey's accomplishments, saying: 'In the most readable of all Zola's works, *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*, the hero is called by his admirers and parasites, so long as he is in power, *le grand homme*, but when out of office and unable to help them in their place-hunting he is called *le gros homme*. One feels inclined, at moments, to apply this comparison to Wolsey, in the sense of calling him a "big" man rather than a "great" man. For the fact of the matter is that Wolsey's was essentially a selfish life, and though it loomed large in the eyes of his generation, it had no wonderful effect for good or utility for England, for his contemporaries, or for posterity.' An estimate of Wolsey which has just been published by Mr. Charles Whibley is the direct contrary, and shows that posterity may differ not less than a man's own contemporaries as to his worth and influence. But the work that Wolsey did is quite faithfully recorded here, and he himself before the end becomes 'the great man.'

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have issued an illustrated gift edition of certain of Laurence Binyon's poems under the title of *For the Fallen, and Other Poems*. The poems are 'For the Fallen,' 'The Fourth of August,' and 'To Women.' They are printed in a special clarendon type on soft white paper with large margins. The illustrations are in colour and very taking in their suggestion of Whistler's most popular work. It is a book for the heart rather than the hand; for the table rather than the shelf.

The Rev. W. Bardsley Brash, B.D., has written and published some *Letters to 'The Happy Warrior'* (Kelly; 1s. net). He has a great opinion of the happy warrior of to-day, as he well might have. The little book has some crisp anecdotes and illustrations in it. Here is one: 'I have been greatly consoled by a story Dr. James Moulton told me of a Didsbury gardener who made many experiments in obtaining new colours in sweet-peas. There was a deep red that he sought, but

could not find. One night there was a storm, with a biting, icy east wind. When the gardener came down in the morning he found that some windows in the greenhouse had been broken. He looked at some sweet peas, and saw on them the colour he had before so long and vainly sought. The icy cold wind had wrought the miracle. He told me that a little time after this the gardener died, and that he went to comfort the family. He did not know what to say. When he reached the house he told them the story, and said, The cold wind has blown, but there will be in our souls a deeper red.'

Mr. E. P. Stebbing was appointed transport officer to a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals going out to Salonika. When they reached Salonika they were sent up to Ostrovo, not far from the fighting line. So the book which the transport officer has written is called *At the Serbian Front in Macedonia* (Lane; 6s. net).

It is written in great detail. But the danger of loss of interest in the multitude of affairs is met by the frequent introduction of 'good stories.' Mr. Stebbing tells these stories, whether new or old, just as they were told to him. Clearly he did not mean his book to be read at mothers' meetings. Rather he raises the question in one's mind whether the introduction of swear words really adds to the humour of a good story.

Much light (some of it lurid) is thrown on the ways of both seamen and landsmen, their courage and their carelessness. For example this on the way out: 'The voyage through the Bay was uneventful. Beyond being picked up by a British destroyer or two there was no excitement save off Cape Finisterre one evening, when from the upper bridge the captain saw, to his indignation, a broad beam of light issuing from the troop deck. Some repair work was being done by the engineers! But why at night? No answer was forthcoming. The captain was furious. It is positively extraordinary how careless or callous people become on this subject of lights if it interferes with their momentary comfort. The captain said that every voyage there would be surely one or more instances of it. On one voyage early in the war he was on a transport carrying 3000 troops. She was a big passenger steamer with rows of portholes in her sides. They were in the Red Sea, and at that stage it was a danger zone, the whereabouts of the Germans being still unknown, all not having been rounded up at that time. Late at night, in his watch he looked aft from the bridge and there lay a broad beam of light issuing from one of the portholes amidships. "Enough to give us away a dozen times over."'

The book is illustrated from the author's own photographs. Evidently he set out to make a book and determined to do it well.

The latest of the Lay Reader's little books on Non-Christian Religions is *Present Day Buddhism in Burma*, by the Rev. W. C. B. Purser, M.A., and *Druzes and the Secret Sects of Syria*, by the Rev. Canon J. T. Parfit, M.A. (Lay Reader Headquarters, 7 Dean's Yard, Westminster; 3d. net each). They are both the work of specialists and well written.

The Rev. J. O. Johnston, D.D., Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral and sometime Principal of Cuddesdon College, has published a number of addresses given by him at Cuddesdon to men preparing for ordination. The title is *Men of God* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). And to urge that those who seek ordination should be men of God is all the object of the addresses. They must be called, prepared, follow Christ, be converted, resist temptation, study, confess their sins, and keep the Commandments. On each of those points there is one urgent address.

The Evangelical also is a Churchman. The Rev. A. E. Barnes-Lawrence, M.A., proves it. In a series of addresses entitled *A Churchman and his Church* (Longmans; 1s. 6d. net) he shows with unmistakable clearness and some warmth of emphasis how 'high' the doctrine of an Evangelical is on the Church, the Ministry, and the Sacraments—how much higher indeed (that is, nearer the mind of the Highest) than any doctrine that tends towards magic or materialism.

When He is Come (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net) is the title of some 'Studies in Retrospect and Forecast' by the Rev. A. C. Bouquet, S.C.F. Mr. Bouquet has no detailed scheme of religious reconstruction to put forward. He is a minister of Christ, and believes that he can render his fellow-countrymen the best service by saying quite honestly what he believes. For 'what people

expect is that the clergy should have a mind of their own, even if it produce something with which the laity disagree. "Tell us what you stand for," they say. "Don't try to keep in tune with the artillery. You may succeed in that at the expense of your principles. Tell us what you stand for, and when this tyranny is overpast we will perhaps try to build Jerusalem upon the ruins which we have made. Don't tell us we were wrong ever to engage in this grim undertaking. You know that we could not honourably refuse it, and we look to you to comfort and sustain us in 'carrying on' until the safeguards be obtained which all sober men who are not blinded by war-lust believe to be necessary. Then tell us to stop, and do so fearlessly without counting the consequences."'

The boldest of the papers is on 'Trying to see Both Sides.' In that paper there is an appreciation of Professor Troeltsch of Heidelberg which anybody might be glad to read. 'Alone of all the German professoriate, he has lifted up his voice to protest against the sentiments of the "Hymn of Hate." He has since lapsed into silence, because, as he is reported to have said: "All my colleagues have gone mad. What is the use of my writing any more?" Yet as a student of history and of comparative religion he has always maintained an independent and temperate attitude of mind, and he has set us a striking example of that national self-criticism which must inevitably precede any efforts at the reconstruction of our religious life.'

The late Judge T. Troward was one of the most distinguished adherents of New Thought. He was also one of its most acceptable exponents. After his death there was published a book which he had written entitled *The Law and the World*, with an Introduction by Mr. Paul Derrick (McBride; 5s. net). No criticism or compliment will explain the character of the book so well as the quotation of the following paragraph:

'In the early part of 1902 Marconi made some experiments on board the American liner *Philadelphia*, which brought out the remarkable fact that, while it was possible to transmit signals to a distance of fifteen hundred miles during the night, they could not be transmitted further than seven hundred miles during the day. The same was found to be the case by Lieutenant Solari of the Italian Navy, at whose disposal the ship *Carlo Alberta* was placed by the King of Italy in 1902, for the purpose of making investigations into wireless telegraphy; and summing up the points which he considered to have been fully established by his experiments on board that ship, he mentions among them the fact, that sunlight has the effect of reducing the power of the electro-magnetic waves, and that consequently a greater force is required to produce a given result by day than by night. Here, then, is a reason why we might expect to see more supernatural appearances, as we call them, at night than in the day—they require a smaller amount of force to produce them. At the same time, it is found that the great magnetic waves which cover immense distances, work even more powerfully in the light than in the dark. May it not be that these things show that there is more than a merely metaphorical use of words, when the Bible tells us of the power of Light to dissipate, and bring to naught, the powers of Darkness, while the Light itself is the Great Power, using the forces of the universe on the widest scale? Perhaps it is none other than the continuity of unchanging universal principles extending into the mysterious realms of the spiritual world.'

The Rev. E. O. James, B.Litt., F.G.S., is one of the younger men who have taken to the study of anthropology and comparative religion. These men are more numerous than some of us think. Mr. James has been trained under Dr. Marett, who contributes an introduction to his book on *Primitive Ritual and Belief* (Methuen; 5s. net). Under Dr. Marett's training Mr. James has acquired not only an enthusiasm for his subject and the skill to discern matters of consequence in it, but also the necessity for strict accuracy in the discovery of facts, and the right use of the English language in setting them forth. We have been particularly struck with the chapter on 'The Beginning of Theism,' from which we see that recent study of religion sets aside the ghost theory of Spencer and also the animistic theory of Tylor, as efforts to explain the origin of religion. 'The evidence,' says Mr. James, 'of the belief in a High God or, as Howitt terms him, an All-Father, in Australia, is sufficient evidence of itself to show that the theory of Tylor and Herbert Spencer which explains the Supreme Being in primitive cult, as merely the idea of spirit or ghost, carried to the highest power, is no longer tenable. It has

already been demonstrated that in the Australian myths the High God is represented as existing before Death entered the world, and that he still exists in the sky. He is seldom conceived as a spirit. He is simply an eternal being, who lived long on the earth, which he is often supposed to have had a share in creating, and then went to his own place, whence he watches over the natives and their conduct, especially during the initiation ceremonies.'

Few books combine information with entertainment in larger measure than books on primitive religion, and Mr. James's book is one of the best in both respects.

In *The Holy Spirit in Faith and Experience* (S.C.M.; 4s. 6d. net), Professor A. Lewis Humphries, M.A., discusses the real difficulties of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. There is no easier task than to write on that doctrine. Big bulky volumes have been written on it—without once coming into touch with reality or offering a single profitable suggestion. Professor Humphries has written a reasonably small book, and every word of it is worth weighing.

He arrests the attention at once by offering three chapters on the Old Testament doctrine of the Spirit. There are scholars who say that there is no such doctrine. They will say so no more. These three chapters are true to the best scholarly traditions, and they not only establish a doctrine of the Spirit in the Old Testament, but also expound a richer Old Testament doctrine of God.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has begun the issue of a series of small books on 'The Romance of Missions.' The first volume on *Beginnings in India* (2s. net) has been entrusted to Dr. Eugene Stock. Space, and perhaps the purpose of the series, confine him to the Missions of the Church of England. These he describes attractively, with all the necessary names and figures, and just incident enough to give the book human interest.

The Rev. P. J. Richardson, M.A., late Vicar of Seaton, Devon, has published a volume on *Fellowship with God in Prayer* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net). He works along the history of man's intercourse with God as it is revealed in the Old Testament. He is thus at once an expositor and a writer in devotion. The exposition is perhaps a little out of date scientifically once or twice, but on the other hand it is always very much up to date in spirituality. The devotion is always sincere and instructive.

The Rev. Bernard M. Hancock, Vicar of St. James's, Southampton Docks, has prepared a Manual for Pastoral Visitation, and given it the title of *Pax Huic Domui* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). To repeat what the author says about his purpose is the most satisfactory notice of the book: 'First, we try to make clear to ourselves what is the great purpose for which we have come to the sick man, namely, to bring Peace. Then (ii.) follow some short offices, which leave large scope for *extempore* prayer. (iii.) An arrangement of the whole of our Prayer Book Office as a "Mission" to a single soul. (iv.) Some general readings, including one on the duty of the sick to be helpful to their doctors. (v.) A selection of short sayings, which may be left as last words, and an Appendix containing among other matter an outline of Instructions which may be used for long or chronic cases, as well as generally in classes.'

Very attractive is the centenary edition of *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, translated with notes and an introduction by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d. net). It must be difficult to reissue classics in these times, but there is no sign of paper famine here.

Christ our Sacrifice, by Margaret Perceval, S.Th. (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net), is offered as an introductory study on the Atonement. Short, simple, and unassuming as it is, you will not find a better book for the beginning of the study of any great doctrine—and this is the greatest of all doctrines—whether for the understanding or for the teaching of it.

If the new series of volumes to be published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and entitled 'The Romance of Missions,' is to give us much work of the quality of Bishop Gilbert White's book, *Round about the Torres Straits* (2s. net), that series will be one of the most popular as well as profitable in all the literature of missions. It is quite a small book, within a hundred pages, and it is nothing more than a record of Australian Church missions, that is, missions belonging to the Church of

England. But it is written with so much humanity, so much sympathy and humour and enthusiasm, that one may very well read it more than once. The author's opinion of the Australian aborigines is a surprise. He says: 'It is my deliberate opinion that the aboriginals at Yarrabah have shown themselves as capable of those qualities of discipline, unselfishness, self-restraint, and fixity of purpose which go to make up civilized social life as any other race.' Afterwards he tells a delightful story of an aboriginal, called Neighbour, who was being taken in chains to prison somewhere on a charge of theft although innocent, and who plunged into the flooded river, chains and all, to save the life of the constable who was escorting him.

What is it after all but that the Australians are just a little younger in the world's history than ourselves? Bishop White tells us about an official church awakener, who 'had an ancient black rod with a silver top, originally, I fancy, part of an umbrella, with which he went round and prodded every member of the congregation who fell asleep under the sometimes very long-winded exhortations of the native deacons.' Have we not heard of that official ourselves in the days of our fathers?

In *God, the War, and Britain* (Stock; 1s. net) the Rev. C. C. Dobson, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Paddington, gives the Devil the whole credit for the war (the Kaiser being presumably his instrument). But he gives God the power (over the Devil) to turn the war into good. And we shall see that justice and judgment are always in the earth.

There is a small book published in Edinburgh about *How St. Andrew came to Scotland*, by a writer who knows—knows both history and philology—though he is too modest to give us his name (Turnbull & Spears; 1s. net).

The book which Principal W. E. S. Holland has published, through the United Council for Missionary Education, under the title of *The Goal of India* (2s. net), is unpretending without and within, but we advise those who have any interest in missions or in India to read it. Every word is weighty. Knowledge and responsibility and the love of the Hindu and of Christ make together for exceptional impressiveness.

The *R.P.A. Annual* for 1918 (Watts; 1s. net) is as rationalistic as ever but less warlike. The war is in it certainly, especially in Mr. C. T. Gorham's article 'The World after the War.' The first article is a poem, reminiscent of Lucretius in the length of its lines and some of its antipathies; but Mr. Eden Phillpotts is not calm enough for immortality. Professor Gilbert Murray writes on 'The Essence of Christianity,' and Dr. E. S. Hartland on 'Religion among the Indians of Guiana.' These are the articles that give the Annual its distinction. Mr. William Archer's paper on 'Humanity the Best Policy' is third because of its brevity, but it is a good third.

The Gardener in the Epic of Paradise.

By S. Langdon, M.A., Shillito Reader of Assyriology, Oxford.

Readers of The Expository Times will remember that a somewhat violent discussion has been conducted concerning the writer's volume, *The Sumerian Epic of Paradise: The Flood and the Fall of Man*, a discussion marked with all the vituperation so characteristic of Assyriology. Those among us who steadfastly seek peace even at the sacrifice of truth will venture into this soiled arena with great misgiving, but clothed at any rate with the armour of goodwill towards all those critics who seriously study the facts and honestly seek to understand the author's work. The main points raised by the remarkable six-column Sumerian tablet now in the Nippur Collection of the University Museum of Philadelphia were as follows:[1]

[1] These theses rest naturally upon my interpretation of the Sumerian text as the theses of my critics repose upon their own. When other scholars assert with vehemence that there is no Paradise, or that there is no Fall of Man in this text, they mean, of course, that their interpretation of the text leads them to these results. That would be the truly critical way of stating their case in the interest both of science and of justice. Until the French edition of my volume is ready, the author begs to refer to his corrections in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, 1917, 250-260.