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it may encourage us in our hope for the future to realize that this duty is not even now entirely unrecognized or unperformed in Germany. I will close, therefore, with the expression given to the belief to which I have just referred in the closing words of Professor Gunkel's recent book. He cites that noble prophecy in which by substituting the names of modern nations we obtain an ideal such as we do well to cherish. The prophet's words are these:

> In that day Israel will be a third,
> Along with Egypt and Assyria,
> A blessing in the midst of the earth
> Which Yahweh of Hosts hath blessed, saying:
> Blessed is my people, Egypt,
> And Assyria, the work of my hands,
> And Israel my inheritance.

Thus, says Professor Gunkel, 'recognition of the equal rights of nations, and, therefore, peace on earth, is the last thought of the Old Testament religion. The hope that to Israel the empire of the world will one day fall, that fervent hope of the Jewish heart, here finds a place no more. And yet the prophet has not abandoned the thought of a kingdom of God. . . . But the ideal of a military world power yields place to the thought of a peaceful dominion of the Spirit. So, then, may the Christian nations of Europe, too, when, please God, the present world war is ended, once again reflect that there is a higher aim than violent subjection. And may our people even in victory not forget that there are many nations on earth, all of them a thought of God, each possessing its own individual right and reason for being. For, as in the social, so also in the political sphere, the end of strife is righteousness.'

Literature.

HAZELL.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL is now issued jointly at the Oxford University Press and by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, and it goes by the title of *The New Hazell and Almanack* (5s. net). The editor (T. A. Ingram, M.A., LL.D.) is giving himself body and soul to make it indispensable. And now this year's issue, divided as it is into the two great sections of Peace and War, contains so much information—well-digested, well-arranged, well-presented information—on everything connected with the welfare of the Empire, and on everything connected with the War, whether in the Empire or out of it, that we should like to see the man who can do without it.

The interest of some sections is immense—the section on 'Aviation in 1917,' for example, ending, as the other sections do, with a first-rate bibliography.

The price has been slightly raised, but it is amazing value for the money.

STOPFORD BROOKE.

The *Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke* have been edited by his son-in-law, Lawrence Pearsall Jacks, M.A., LL.D., D.D., Principal of Manchester College, Oxford (Murray; 2 vols., 15s. net).

Stopford Brooke was an artist. That one word explains every act of his life; it explains himself. It is true that he did not begin to paint till he was nearly sixty, but then he painted straightaway and had his pictures hung immediately. The art he practised all his life was preaching. He was an artist in the pulpit. Speaking of his home in London (No. 1 Manchester Square) Dr. Jacks says: 'Had a stranger been suddenly introduced and asked to guess the calling of the master he would have said "artist" immediately. On learning that he was a clergyman the stranger might have experienced a momentary surprise. But there would have been no ultimate incredulity. With a little patience he would have found the true perspective, and perhaps read much of the story which these pages have endeavoured to tell. I think he would have concluded with some such reflexion as this: "If a clergyman is to be also an artist it is well that he should be the kind of artist which the contents of this house reveal. For there is nothing here that is not excellent."'

He was not a theologian. His volumes of sermons are many, but there is no theology in them. Let no one say that they will perish while

his books of literary criticism will last. They will all last together. For they are all together the creation of the imagination. Does this account for his secession from the Church of England? He seceded on doctrine—eternal punishment, miracle, the incarnation—but he never studied the evidence in favour of these doctrines. They did not appeal to his imagination, and what did not appeal to his imagination he disliked, and what he disliked he would have nothing to do with it—as is the way of artists always.

He did not enjoy Newman. 'Everything is settled by logic, and his conscience obeys what he calls and believes to be right, but which, in reality, is his logical conclusion from premises which he assumes. His progress to Rome is the march not of faith, but of reasoning; and he took his own process of thought to be the driving of God.' He did not appreciate George Eliot. 'George Eliot at root was a Philistine. She was an artist *by the way*, and never a real one. She had great human sympathy, she had keen observation and she had a fine intellect, and over and above, she could put what she felt, observed, and thought into form, but the predominance of intellect in her, or shall I say the predominance she chose—most foolishly—to give it, spoilt her formative power, and again and again made her commonplace. Above all, it gave that tone to her work, which more and more increased upon her—of teaching rather than feeling, of *first* thinking and *then* feeling a matter out, and of a consequent tentativeness in all she did—which is wholly apart from the work of a true artist. And I think she felt this herself. She ought to have followed her heart alone. Then she might have been truly great in art.'

Principal Jacks calls him a mystic. And certainly he had curious dealings with Nature, which first he personified and then apparently worshipped. There were times when he ran close to being what he more than once quotes as if he wished to be—'a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn'—so much does he make of Nature (with a capital N) and so little consequently of the Christ of God. He even declares once: 'Nature now amuses me more than humanity—what she does, not how or why she does it. Therefore I feel with you that out of London and in the woods, but with racing streams always in them, is the better life, and I hope I may have it in full and undisturbed possession before I die.'

But we doubt if this is mysticism. The immediate sense of the presence of God, the living God—that is the note of mysticism. But here that place is taken by the imaginative creation of a presence which is felt most surely in running water. How is it that he who knew his Browning so well and (in spite of Browning's intellectualism) could appreciate so highly, missed the warning elsewhere and in 'A Bean-stripe' against the worship of the lower, the servant, the mere instrument, when the great God Himself was there to accept it and absorb it?

Suppose thou visit our lord Shalim-Shah,
Bringing thy tribute as appointed. 'Here
Come I to pay my due!' Whereat one slave
Obsequious spreads a carpet for thy foot,
His fellow offers sweetmeats, while a third
Prepares a pipe: what thanks or praise have they?
Such as befit prompt service. Gratitude
Goes past them to the Shah whose gracious nod
Set all the sweet civility at work.

But it is a wonderful biography for utter attractiveness.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Is it possible to make a synopsis readable, and not only readable but entrancing? The Rev. Alfred Davenport Kelly, M.A., of the Society of the Sacred Mission, has done it. His book, with the title *Values of the Christian Life* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net), is simply a Synopsis of Christian Doctrine. It is divided up into chapters and sections, all numbered and furnished with headings, after the most approved methods of instruction; and yet it is a book of the most unusual and absorbing interest. What is the explanation? The explanation is that Mr. Kelly has put himself, his own conviction, his own personality, into every chapter, every section, and every sentence.

The first result is that the notion, so popular at present and so pandered to, that only departure from the doctrine of the Christian Creeds can attract attention, is knocked on the head. Mr. Kelly is orthodox. His theology is the theology of Nicæa. All that he does, all the novelty that he is

guilty of, is to put it into the language of to-day and to emphasize certain somewhat overlooked aspects of it. Three aspects in particular he emphasizes. They are thus expressed and approved of by Mr. William Temple, who writes the Preface to the book: '(1) Self-perfection is not the true end of human life, whereas half, or perhaps nine-tenths, of popular devotional books assume that it is; (2) Christ is not only a revealer of the truth about God, but is God manifested; (3) Reason has the right, and indeed the duty, to inquire into all questions and determine all answers, though, of course, it has to work upon experience and cannot manufacture its own data.'

On one doctrine only is Mr. Kelly disappointing. But it is the central doctrine of the Atonement. He has made the mistake of taking over Moberly's curious speculations about Christ's vicarious penitence. That is the only theory that he has not made his own. And the result is unfortunate. He is compelled to admit failure, saying that 'the objector has the best of the case.' But he makes one thing clear. We shall never be able to find a satisfactory reason for the vicariousness of Christ's work until we obtain a better doctrine of the Universe. That doctrine is the most urgent need of our time, both theologically and practically.

LETTERS OF NEWMAN.

A volume of the *Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and Others, 1839–1845*, has been edited at the Birmingham Oratory (Longmans; 15s. net). It is an addition to the two volumes of letters edited by Anne Mozley, and makes that work more nearly complete and more fully illustrative of Newman's puzzling mind and peculiar experience. For not only are there letters here which ought to have been there, but sometimes also a letter is given in its entirety here, only a part of which is found in the earlier collection.

Apart from Newman himself, the interest is not intense. A vast host of his correspondents are already forgotten—gone for ever into the devouring mouth of that monster of monsters, the unhistorical past. At the Birmingham Oratory their names are preserved, as ticketed documents are preserved in a lawyer's office, and the necessary information is supplied in footnotes. But they will never any more be part of the life of the world. Not only so. A great change has come over the attitude of the world to the things that were counted most important in those days, and to the controversies into which men threw themselves with so much zeal.

And yet more. A great and welcome change has come over the spirit of controversy itself. It is not clear that that change is recognized yet at the Birmingham Oratory. Certainly the criticism that must be passed on the editing of the book is just this, that its controversial tone and temper is out of date. A single example will suffice.

'Thomas Mozley had just taken over from Newman the editorship of the *British Critic*. Under his tolerant and genial auspices, this Review practically became the organ of the extreme men, such as Ward and Oakeley. His first number (July 1841) led off with a contribution for which Newman had declined to be responsible. This was Oakeley's famous article on Bishop Jewel, of which it is enough to say here that more than anything else it marked the parting of the ways between the old and new school of Tractarians. The editor's own contribution was a castigation of Dr. Faussett, the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, for a blatant piece of rhetoric which he had just shot off against Tract 90. It was a castigation having the supreme felicity of being very witty and richly deserved. The victim, of course, could not have liked it, and Pusey, Keble, and Newman felt that it transgressed the bounds of charity. But nearly every one else seems thoroughly to have enjoyed it. The passage which it was such a relief to Newman to learn was not intended to be physically personal, is as follows:

'He [Dr. Faussett] confesses to a great difficulty in mere reading, not to speak of understanding what he reads. Two or three pages of quotation or argument he speaks of as a "long," "wearisome," "tedious," "perplexing," "irksome task"; "a prolixity well calculated to bewilder the reader and cause him to lose the thread of a disjointed argument"; "an entangled web of sophistical reasoning." So often do such expressions recur, that one is painfully reminded at every other page of headache, plethora, drowsiness, vertigo, depression of spirits, and other apoplectic symptoms. Knowing, therefore, the extreme difficulty some people find in mental operations,

we are willing to suppose the delay before publication was no more than the Professor's constitution required. But for his own avowals on this point, we might have thought some explanation necessary.'

But we must not leave the book on a note of disapproval. A fair example of the way in which it supplements Miss Mozley's volumes is the following. It is also a fair vision of Newman's affection for his friends. 'On September 12 Newman wrote a long letter to Keble which has been published by Miss Mozley with the omission of the two concluding paragraphs. Any reasons for withholding the first of these which may have been felt in 1890 have certainly lapsed by now. The second is merely one of the many touching proofs which we have of the writer's love for Pusey, and his anxious forebodings, too well justified in the event, about the health of the young Puseys.

'With you I have but subdued expectations of the Scotch Church—Copeland first broke one's hopes. There will be no good there, or anywhere else, till the doctrine of post-baptismal sin is recognised. N., N., and the Bishop of Exeter combine with the Cambridge Camden in making a fair outside, while within are dead men's bones. We shall do nothing till we have a severer religion.

'Pusey is pretty well—looks better—but has had the influenza—children, *he* says, better on the whole. I don't believe it. He is sorely harassed by a Romanising case on which he has gone out of his way to waste his strength, and which seems interminable.'

ABDUL HAMID.

It required some courage to include Abdul Hamid among the 'Makers of the Nineteenth Century.' Yet here he is—*Life of Abdul Hamid*, by Sir Edwin Pears (Constable; 6s. net). The general editor (Mr. Basil Williams) anticipates the objection. He quotes:

For, in a world where cruel deeds abound,
The merely damned are legion; with such souls
Is not each hollow and cranny of Tophet crammed?
Thou with the brightest of Hell's aureoles
Dost shine supreme, incomparably crowned,
Immortally, beyond all mortals, damned.

And then he says: 'Thus wrote Mr. William Watson in a sonnet apologising to the late Sultan for having once called him simply "Abdul the Damned." A word of apology on my part may, perhaps, be expected for having included this sorry creature, Abdul Hamid, among the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century." It will be seen by those who read this volume, written by one who has spent most of the working years of his life among the Turks, who saw and made others see what was good in them, and who has always lifted up his voice against the cowardly oppression of their rulers, that, far from gaining as a personality from intimate knowledge, Abdul Hamid loses even the little credit he had with those who judged him from afar as, at any rate, an astute and able ruler. All this is true enough, and yet as an influence on the political thought and action of Europe in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, as one who has handed down that evil influence to the Europe of this century, Abdul Hamid may justly lay claim to be included among those who have helped in large measure to make or mar the world into which we were born.'

Well, we read the book—it is not written with the literary finish of Lord Charnwood's *Lincoln*, but it is reliable as to fact and inference, and never errs in preventing the reader's explosions of wrath by making them for him—we read the book, and we conclude that in all the history of the world known to us we have not met a less attractive human being. Abdul Hamid had all the vices of the Oriental and none of his virtues. He was Muhammadanism at its worst—except that he might have been more sexually sensual—but he had no vice in any strong positive degree. His whole life, and it was a long one, is history's fearful judgment on political human nature. He existed (he never lived) by playing off one 'Great Power' against another. If this biography is largely read, surely that terror 'the balance of power in Europe' will end its hideous course when the War ends.

SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Edward Clodd, the well-known folklorist and agnostic, has written 'a brief history and examination of modern spiritualism.' Professor H. E. Armstrong, to whom the book is dedicated, writes a postscript and describes it correctly:

'Written with utmost sincerity of purpose, straight from the shoulder, in conversational style, without attempt at Stevensonian polish, the book appears to me to be a cumulative and forceful gravamen against a movement every aspect of which is pernicious—pernicious alike to the prime movers and to the public; one which, at all costs, in support of sanity of human outlook, we should seek to stamp out with every weapon at our command.' Perhaps no objection would have been raised to a little more 'Stevensonian polish.' But it may be that the purpose of the book will be served best by its very want of form and finish.

Readers of spiritualistic books, such as Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*, will notice how different is the impression made by an incident according as it is read in the atmosphere of belief or unbelief. The greatest service which Mr. Clodd has rendered is to destroy the spiritualistic atmosphere. He holds up to ridicule the words and phrases used by writers on spiritualism to create a congenial atmosphere. A collection of them would be a fine study in the hypnotizing power of the English language. He has no belief in the Medium—none whatever. He gives a list of Mediums who have been detected and exposed—others are suspected but not actually detected. And Professor Armstrong adds his contribution on the credulity of their victims: 'As I write this, a letter appears in *The Sunday Times* (16th September 1917) under the title, "Sir Oliver Lodge's Innocence," written by Mr. Douglas Blackburn. After telling how he and a confederate hoaxed Messrs. Myers, Gurney, Podmore, and others by sham telepathic demonstrations, and after commenting on "the extraordinary gullibility displayed by Messrs. Myers and Gurney," he thus concludes: "I say deliberately, as the result of long acquaintance with and personal knowledge of most of the leading Occultists of the past forty years, that, while I acknowledge their absolute honesty and intent, I would not lay a shilling against a ten-pound note on any one of them not being roped in by the venerable Confidence Trick at the first time of asking." No more telling statement could be made."

Mr. Clodd's title is *The Question: 'If a man die shall he live again?' Job xiv. 14* (Grant Richards; 10s. 6d. net). Does it imply that there is no other and no better answer to that question than table-dancing and elongation?

JOHN KEATS.

Sir Sidney Colvin has written his great book. It is at once biography and poetical criticism. To bring both together into one volume, to make the biography interpret the poetry and the poetry illustrate the biography, and all in such richness of detail and elevation of style, is an achievement which a man might well be content with as the sufficient end of his literary life's whole discipline. The title is *John Keats: his Life and Poetry, his Friends, Critics, and After-Fame* (Macmillan; 18s. net).

There is much in the book that is new. There are new facts and a new orientation of facts that are old. Sir Sidney Colvin has given his strength to the presentation of a portrait that shall be true. And he believes that a true portrait of Keats is the portrait of a true man. This is the great discovery that the reader makes—the discovery of Keats's supreme worthiness. All emotionalism, all the passion of love poured out unrestrainedly, all weakness of self-criticism, all fear of the opinion of men, all doubt of the future—all is swallowed up in a character that claims our interest, a character that waits, not for our indulgence but for our admiration.

Sir Sidney Colvin believes in Keats. He believes in his manliness. He believes in his place as a poet. Of 'Hyperion' he says, 'the fragment which in our language stands next in epic quality to Paradise Lost.' He has taken time and space to make us share his faith. There is a long and most welcome analysis of 'Endymion,' a very triumph of poetical interpretation. Then he says: 'But why take all this trouble, the reader may well have asked before now, to follow the argument and track the wanderings of Endymion book by book, when everyone knows that the poem is only admirable for its incidental beauties, and is neither read nor well readable for its story? The answer is that the intricacy and obscurity of the narrative, taken merely as a narrative, are such as to tire the patience of many readers in their search for beautiful passages and to dull their enjoyment of them when found; but once the inner and symbolic meanings of the poem are recognized, even in gleams, their recognition gives it a quite new hold upon the attention. And in order to trace these meanings and disengage them with any clearness a fairly close examination and detailed argument are

necessary. It is not with simple matters of personification, of the putting of initial capitals to abstract qualities, that we have to deal, nor yet with any obvious and deliberately thought-out allegory; still less is it with one purposely made riddling and obscure; it is with a vital, subtly involved, and passionately tentative spiritual parable, the parable of the experiences of the poetic soul in man seeking communion with the spirit of essential Beauty in the world, invented and related, in the still uncertain dawn of his powers, by one of the finest natural-born and intuitively gifted poets who ever lived. This is a thing which stands almost alone in literature, and however imperfectly executed is worth any closeness and continuity of attention we can give it.'

To the power which he finds most characteristic of Keats as a poet Sir Sidney Colvin gives the name of 'evocation.' He says that 'both by gift and purpose it was the part of Wordsworth to meditate and expound, while the part of Keats was to imagine and evoke.' And again, 'Wordsworth's poetry is intensely personal and "subjective," Keats's intensely impersonal and "objective." Wordsworth expounds, Keats evokes: the mind of Wordsworth works by strenuous after-meditation on his experiences of life and nature and their effect upon his own soul and consciousness: the mind of Keats works by instantaneous imaginative participation, instinctive and self-oblivious, in nature's doings and beings, especially those which make for human refreshment and delight.'

HAWARDEN.

A wonderful woman was that daughter of W. E. Gladstone who became known as Mrs. Mary Drew. The men who came to Hawarden all took to her, wrote to her, confided their secretest secrets to her. And she corresponded wisely with them all. The letters—some of the letters—of Lord Acton to Mary Drew were published a year or two ago. Now a volume has been published entitled *Some Hawarden Letters, 1878–1913*, edited by Lisle March-Phillipps and Bertram Christian (Nisbet; 15s. net), and it contains more letters from Lord Acton, as well as letters from Ruskin, Burne-Jones, George Wyndham, Sir Arthur Gordon, Canon Scott Holland, Professor James Stuart, and others—all worth reading, some of them worth reading again and again, till they become a memory and an inspiration for life.

The biographical stitches which sew the letters together are well inserted. We see the guests as they talk in the library (the 'Temple of Peace') or walk in the garden. Among them one day we see Henry Drummond. It is Professor James Stuart who writes: 'After that I "foregathered," as the Scotch say, with Mr. Drummond, with whom I went a walk. He is delightful. We talked of Christianity. He is full of it. We talked of the unending presence of the Holy Spirit among men as making an objective reality, and affording proof and testimony in its various manifestations of the nature of observed facts, as a more immediate proof of all we hope and wish for than is given by logical or intellectual proof. . . .'

Sir Arthur Gordon writing from India tells this story: 'In one of the numerous cave-temples is preserved in a crystal phial, resting on a golden lotus, and covered by a series of caskets richly jewelled, a small relic of a bit of one of Buddha's bones. The jewelled caskets are much too precious to be exposed to the vulgar eye, and are swathed in an infinite number of wrappings of every description. These were slowly stripped off in order to show me the relic. Countless coverings were thus removed. Old silk and cotton rags, woollen bandages, tattered *chiffons* of every description, when behold we came suddenly on a whole layer of red cotton Manchester handkerchiefs, each adorned with the well-known portrait of the G.O.M.'

THE UNIVERSITIES' YEARBOOK.

Last year no issue was made of *The Yearbook of the Universities of the Empire*. This year's issue accordingly covers 1916 and 1917 (Herbert Jenkins; 7s. 6d. net). It is in many respects abnormal. And it is on that account the more interesting. A comparison with the first normal year after the war will be instructive.

In view of the great changes that will then inevitably have to be made, would it be possible to extend the scope of the Year Book and include the colleges? The line may be difficult to draw between colleges and schools, but there are colleges which are at present omitted although they stand on an equal footing in respect of work and estimation with those that are included. This is so with the

theological colleges in Scotland. To take in the theological faculty of the University of Edinburgh, for example, and leave out the New College is indefensible.

Perhaps we might be allowed to suggest also that the book could be packed better and the size reduced. The use of a clarendon type would often save spacing.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

The Right Hon. George W. E. Russell writes biography easily. This is his fourth volume. It is the biography of *Basil Wilberforce* (Murray; 8s. net).

Already we have had a sketch of Archdeacon Wilberforce's life. This also is a sketch, but it is fuller and more varied. All the eager activities of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce's youngest son are touched. They are touched lightly enough, but we see him in them, and perhaps we should see him only less clearly if there were more details or descriptions. The truth is, Archdeacon Wilberforce's life was not for detailed description but just for the flash which reveals the spirit of the man. He did many things and he did them enthusiastically, and God will not be unmindful of his work and labour of love. But his influence came from what he was. Says Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, 'One felt that he was one of those rare souls that are unaffected by the laws of gravitation, and so rise superior to and are untouched by the attractions of the earth. I never met anyone who made me feel more intensely the reality of the things which are unseen.' . . . 'But perhaps one of his greatest charms was the fact that his inside and his outside were in perfect harmony with each other—a somewhat rare combination in this world of paradoxes. The beauty of his spirit was expressed in the beauty of his outward appearance: he looked exactly the manner of man that he was. One is so accustomed to meet, if not exactly "white souls clothed in a satyr's form," still white souls which are garbed in anything but becoming bodies—and, on the other hand, angel forms which clothe souls that are anything but white—that it is a joy to see anyone whose bodily presence is an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace within.'

C. H. H. WRIGHT.

Those initials and that name used to be familiar to Old Testament students. But Dr. Wright was always just on the conservative side, and it is nine years since he died. It is necessary now to say that he was the Bampton Lecturer who took the Book of Zechariah for his subject, the Donnellan Lecturer who lectured on the Book of Koheleth, the author of *Biblical Essays*, *an Introduction to the Old Testament*, and other books, and the editor (along with Mr. Neil) of *A Protestant Dictionary*. His biography, by the Rev. James Silvester, M.A., is called *A Champion of the Faith* (Thynne; 4s. net), less because Dr. Wright was conservative on Biblical criticism than because he was a keen anti-Roman controversialist. Keen enough, he had no personal animosities, and he was a sound scholar.

It is long since the discovery was made that instruction proceeds better by example than by precept. The difficulty has always been to find the examples. Arthur and Dorothea Ponsonby have passed by the overworked great men in action—Wellington, Nelson, and the rest—and have spent their days among the men of thought, preferring those of them who were *Rebels and Reformers*. With that title they have issued a book for young people, in young people's language, and just sufficiently above young people's thinking to be educative (Allen & Unwin; 6s. net). The Rebels and Reformers are Savonarola, William the Silent, Tycho Brahé, Cervantes, Giordano Bruno, Grotius, Voltaire, Hans Andersen, Mazzini, William Lloyd Garrison, Thoreau, Tolstoy.

The question of a League of Peace, now so suddenly become matter of popular discussion, is dealt with ably and practically in *The Framework of a Lasting Peace*, a volume edited by Mr. Leonard S. Woolf (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net). No other volume which we have seen gathers together so conveniently the various proposals which have been made for the preservation of peace, or offers so fair an estimate of their worth. There is much hopefulness to be found in the tone of the discussion, but there is also much necessity for Christian resolution. The book, however, is not occupied so much with the spirit that must be created as with the machinery that must be invented. But

the machinery, the editor clearly sees, must be worked by men of a right spirit. The questions which arose out of the Baghdad railway extension could have been settled quickly and quietly if they had been 'entrusted to the mediation of a Board of Conciliators, composed, for instance, of the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Norway.' Let all such questions be settled so in future.

There is information about the Church of Scotland in *The Church of Scotland Year-Book* (R. & R. Clark; 9d. net) that is not to be found anywhere else. The volume for 1918 is out, edited with extreme accuracy by the Rev. Arthur Pollok Sym, B.D., minister of Lilliesleaf. If the paper is war paper, the editing is the very best of war work.

Mr. Ernest Rhys has included in 'Everyman's Library' Victor Duruy's *History of France* in two volumes (Dent; 1s. 6d. net each). They are value for the money. Only the largest circulation could make it possible to issue two volumes of over five hundred pages each, well bound, and of the greatest historical value, for three shillings—and that in the severest time of the war. Duruy is best known in English by his great *History of Greece*. This *History of France*, admirably translated by L. Cecil Jane and Lucy Menzies, will give him a wider popularity. The History ends with the year 1815, but there is a sketch of events to 1871. An Appendix has been added by Miss Menzies carrying the record to 1914, the outbreak of the war. Dr. R. Wilson writes an Introduction.

For realizing what German ruthlessness is, there are no books to dispute the supremacy with those of Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee. First came *The German Terror in Belgium*; now comes *The German Terror in France* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). The pictures are enough. They are more than enough.

Dr. J. D. Freeman's book *The Edge of the Age* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net) is a book of comfort, not of consolation. It gives strength, not pity. It rouses to do, it does not help to bear. Dr. Freeman has found the bitterness. He dedicates his book 'To the Revered Memory of Lance-Corporal William Dakin Freeman, who fell in Flanders "while splendidly doing his duty," 15th May 1915, aged eighteen years and six months.' He has found the bitterness of the cup. But he has drunk it in faith. And his triumphant faith gives him the right as well as the resource to strengthen others. He is not argumentative. If he asks 'Why does not God stop the war?' it is not to answer. Every man must find his own answer. Dr. Freeman gives the spirit to find it. He passes out of the war, forgetting the bitterness, into life. He reads poetry and recommends it. He compares the poet with the preacher. And it is not that life *has* to be lived; it is for the joy of living, the joy of the new-found life that is hid with Christ in God—with Christ, who has gone to prepare a place in God for us and has not left one of us comfortless or unable to comfort.

The Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., has now published in book form some papers contributed to 'The New Statesman' on *The War and Liberty*, and has included in the volume an address on Reconstruction (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. 6d. net). Its words are well weighed and worth weighing. Notice one debated matter. Mr. Samuel is convinced that every person of education or understanding should take part in public life. 'There are,' he says, 'still some who deliberately keep themselves aloof from public action. Sometimes they regard themselves as superior to politics. It may be suspected that in fact it is often the other way about. If they are lacking in judgment or goodwill their abstention may, indeed, be a service. But if they have those qualities, then it is an act both of desertion and of folly. There is an epigram, connected with the name of Simonides, which has a good moral:

"I never interpose in high debate:
Simonides, what think you of my rule?"—
"If you're a fool, I think you very wise;
But if you're wise, I think you are a fool."

And in any country where it becomes the custom, as was the case not long ago in the United States, for people of education and good intention to keep aloof from politics, to take no share in working the machinery which is an inevitable part of a democratic system, the effect is soon seen. One of the greatest of Americans has summed it up in a sentence. "The punishment," says Emerson, "which the wise suffer who refuse to take part in the government is to be under the government of

worse men." He might have added that they bear the reproach of leaving the less wise under worse government as well.'

It is right, and probably it is necessary, that the story of the origin of the war should be told fully in a popular form. And it is clear that the man to do it is the author of *J'Accuse*. For he has studied the matter as few have been able to study it, and he is himself of German nationality. That he fixes the responsibility upon the military advisers of the Kaiser is for him a sorrowful enough responsibility, but the evidence is overwhelming. He has been taken to task by various German writers and speakers, and now to all his critics he makes reply in the first of two large handsome volumes under the title of *The Crime* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net).

The volume is at once a store of information and a rousing condemnation. To the original crime of hurling the world into war is added the abominable crime of lying. And very clumsy the lying is. For the spirit of arrogance takes little account of verisimilitude. The author of *The Crime* knows how to conduct controversy with such men.

There is one fact that in all discussion of peace terms is never forgotten and yet is never remembered enough. It is the fact of the Turk. For the Turk is treated as if he too were to have a place at the Council table and a vote in the disposition of peoples and countries. They who read Mr. E. F. Benson's *Crescent and Iron Cross* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net) will know better. Lord Aberdeen at the time of the Crimean War called the Turk the sick man of Europe. Mr. Benson calls him the sickness of Europe. He is its disease, its cancer. And you can give a deadly disease no place, you can come to no terms with it. If there are those who would restore him Armenia, let them read 'The End of the Armenian Question'; even if Constantinople, let them read the chapter entitled 'Deutschland über Allah.' 'Be Russia's decision what it may, the Turk will hold sway no longer in Thrace or Constantinople, or on the shores of the Straits of the Sea of Marmora.'

It is a mistake to know the geography of every country except one's own, the history of every age except the present, the character and work of every literary or other genius except those who live among us. By W. M. Parker we are offered an easy introduction to some of our *Modern Scottish Writers* (Hodge; 5s. net). Perhaps it is no more than a bowing acquaintance that we obtain, but even so it is something, for the men are great enough to make us proud to bow to them — as they pass so courteously across the pages of this book. They are Andrew Lang, Robert Louis Stevenson, William Sharp, Sir James Barrie, and eight others. Is it gossip? No, it is kindly criticism. It is appreciation of the instructive sort. It is genuine enjoyment.

There are many more systematic and even more searching books on *St. Paul's Ethical Teaching* (Humphreys; 4s. 6d. net) than that of the Rev. William Martin, B.D., but there are few that are more practical. Mr. Martin is not interested in St. Paul as a theologian, and he is not interested in ethics as a science. How did St. Paul behave, and how does he recommend behaviour to us?—that is his interest. For he has found disturbance in the war, disturbance to his ideas of conduct. Some actions are greater, some smaller than they were before. One of those that have lost their place is controversy. And on that he does not take even St. Paul as a perfectly safe guide. 'Two objections,' he says, 'have been made to his arguments: one from his use of the Old Testament, the other from his denunciations against his opponents. Both of these must be considered. With regard to the use of the Old Testament, it is objected that he uses texts without any regard to their contexts, and also heaps up proof-texts in a manner which no modern controversialist would adopt. Are we to conclude that he wilfully adopted interpretations to suit his arguments, without any regard to whether they were correct or not? Our reply is that St. Paul was a Pharisee, trained in Rabbinical schools, in which certain interpretations of Scripture were taught. These interpretations were not the result of a scientific exegesis of Scripture, but were traditional and held to be absolutely true. We cannot expect that, in the first century, the interpretation of the Old Testament would be on the same lines as it is in the twentieth century. The Apostle's general character ought to be sufficient to assure us that he believed firmly that his use of the Old Testa-

ment was a right one. Further, it must be remembered that the objection can be urged only against a few texts out of a vast number.'

Mr. W. H. Drummond, editor of 'The Inquirer,' has reissued certain of his war 'leaders,' and they make an attractive as well as a stimulating book. The title is *The Soul of the Nation* (Lindsey Press; 2s. 6d. net). To read these short and pungent articles is to follow the events of the war and experience over again the emotions which these events stirred in us. But did we always rise as this editor did above the fear that weakens the arm?

It is becoming common for the preacher to kick against the demand for interest. The teacher repudiated it long ago, beyond the memory of the oldest. But let the teacher or the preacher come with something to say, and let him say it in a way to awaken interest, and he is the winner. Miss A. G. Caton is an interesting teacher. Her book, *Soldiers of the Cross* (Longmans; 2s. net), is full of scientifically instructive matter, but it is so set forth that we may read it without knowing that we are being scientifically instructed.

'The Epiclesis or Invocation is the most important and interesting part of the Eucharistic Liturgy. It takes somewhat different shapes in different liturgies, but it may generally be defined as a solemn appeal to God to intervene and make the Sacrament what Christ designed it to be when He instituted it. Practically speaking, all known liturgies contain an Epiclesis of some kind or other.' So the Rev. J. W. Tyrer, M.A., has traced the fortunes of *The Eucharistic Epiclesis* (Longmans; 2s. net) through the liturgies and the centuries, and has made a real contribution to liturgical study.

The new number of the *Journal of the Manchester Egyptian and Oriental Society* (Longmans; 5s. net) has five articles of importance, each a distinct and original contribution to its subject. Bishop Casartelli makes public an interest of the late James Hope Moulton not so well known as his other interests — his Iranian studies. This article is immediately followed by one on Dr. Moulton's Hellenistic Seminar, full of points, which are admirably set forth by the Rev. H. McLachlan. There is next a searching discussion of the text of Judges xvii.–xviii. by M. H. Segal, which is followed (to show the variety of the Society's interests) by a very readable paper on the God of the Witches by Miss M. A. Murray. Dr. Canney closes with some reasons for saying that the translation of Mal 3^{20} (4^{2}) should be, 'The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his skirts,' not 'in his wings.'

The little book on *Religion and Common Sense*, by Donald Hankey (Melrose; 1s. net), in which he deals with Miracles, the Value of the Old Testament, and other topics, is of no use for systematic training in theology, but it is of much use for instruction in the way to remove the common man's religious difficulties. They are quite superficial. We blunder badly when we stand in awe of them. But they demand respect and patience. It is interesting to see that 'A Student in Arms' thought three chapters out of his ten necessary for 'Comparative Mythology.' How many of our professional teachers of religion could write one chapter with any confidence? And yet even Viscount Morley in his *Reminiscences* still supposes that Christ and the Gospels are reduced to ashes by that study.

'The world's great need to-day is for men.' Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy does not refer to the military world. It is not men for the trenches he means; it is men of character and leadership in every sphere of life. Where shall we find them? Following Christ, he says. For Christ is *The Maker of Men*. And that title he has given to his book (Oliphants; 1s. net). It is a history of how Christ made Himself and then undertook to make us as Himself.

Another book by Dr. Andrew Murray is a gift for which to be grateful. *Back to Pentecost* it is called (Oliphants; 2s. net). For it is full of the Holy Spirit. Each chapter may be read and enjoyed by itself; but a purpose is fulfilled by the complete book. That purpose, in the words of Mr. Albert A. Head, is to urge the value of the Holy Spirit first in the believer for holiness and next *through* the believer for service. And never did Andrew Murray speak with more authority than in this posthumous volume. 'The fragrance of his prayer life,' says Mr. Head, 'pervades his soul-stirring entreaty that the people of God should

be up and doing, their loins girded, their lamps burning, awaiting the return of their Lord.' The last is the most searching chapter. It handles hindrances. There is but one. It is unbelief.

The Rev. Walter Searle of the South African General Mission has been in the habit of using 'Brainerd's example as an incentive to wrestling in prayer and the unflagging pursuit of holiness.' Then came the thought—a true inspiration—to prepare a pocket edition of Brainerd's Diary and Journal. He calls it *David Brainerd's Personal Testimony in his own Thrilling Words* (Oliphants; 1s. 3d. net). Dr. Andrew Murray has introduced it. Confident that every praying person who knows of it will use it, he gives a warning: 'Beware of being content, and even delighted, with what you read of the intensity of Brainerd's prayers, and the wonderful answer that sometimes came so speedily and with such power. This delight may tempt you to rest content with the approval and the pleasure of knowing what he did. But this will profit little. Read, and pause, and read again, as in God's presence, until you hear the voice of the Spirit *calling you* to follow in the footsteps of God's servants, and to ask grace to enable you to prove what the secret is of such intense love to souls, and such confident assurance that God will, in answer to your prayer, too, bestow blessing on those for whom you pray.'

The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., has gathered into *A Little Book of Comfort* (Scott; 2s. net) the most comforting passages of Scripture, and has added to them some passages that are only less comforting from devotional writers, sometimes in prose, sometimes in poetry. The divisions are: Comfort in Sorrow, The Sympathy of the Lord Jesus, War-time, Peace, The Death of those we Love, The Communion of Saints, The Comfort of Prayer, The Comfort of the Holy Eucharist, Reunion.

A simple evangelical statement of the meaning of the Eucharist is given by Mr. A. T. Schofield, M.D., in the book entitled *The Lord's Supper as Presented in Scripture* (Scott; 2s. net). Its chapter titles are: The Lord's Supper as Instituted, The Lord's Supper as a Remembrance, The Lord's Supper as a Communion, The Lord's Supper as Spiritual Food.

Those who have the largest library of books on the Lord's Prayer will find reason to add *The Lord's Prayer and the Prayers of our Lord*, by the Rev. E. F. Morison, D.D. (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net). Dr. Morison (as the readers of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES know) has a fresh mind, and he adds to it a scholar's industry. The distinguishing and commanding feature of his book is the way in which the Lord's Prayer is illustrated by our Lord's own prayers. And the surprise is the way in which this comparison throws understanding on our Lord's Person. Thus when we reach the petition 'Thy kingdom come,' the question is raised whether Christ Himself prayed for the coming of the Kingdom. Now, 'though we are not told that our Lord prayed the prayer "Thy kingdom come," yet we find that He uses the petition "Thy will be done," the necessary accompaniment of such a prayer. The Father's will must determine the principles and methods of the Kingdom which His Son was sent to proclaim. "Not my will, but thine, be done." Even the Messiah, the Founder of the Kingdom, God's Vicegerent, must pray in time of trial and temptation lest, by saving His life, He forfeit His soul and with it the Kingdom. The fate of the Kingdom was determined in the agony of Gethsemane, and it was prayer that decided the battle. "Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers" is our triumph-song of thankfulness.'

Mr. Thynne has published the *Advent Testimony Addresses* delivered at Queen's Hall in December (1s. net), and a reprint of Canon Edward Hoare's *Great Britain, Palestine, Russia, and the Jews* (1s. 6d. net), brought up to date by the Rev. E. L. Langston, M.A.

There is not an Annual in existence (or if there is, we have not seen it yet) which packs so much into the space as does *The Church Directory and Almanack* (Nisbet; 4s. net). Yet all is in perfect clearness and simplicity; and the accuracy is 'all a wonder and a wild desire.' That one who has once used this book should ever again buy a more expensive Directory is unthinkable.