Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:

Buy me a coffee https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology

PATREON https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb

PayPal https://paypal.me/robbradshaw

A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

Literature.

CONSTANTINE.

It is not Constantine the Great. It is that Constantine who was once the idol of the Greek people, and is now discredited and in exile. When things began to go wrong between him and Venizelos, it came into the head of a Greek woman, who was living with her husband in America, that her duty was to go to Greece and reconcile these two. Accordingly—her name on the book is Demetra Vaka, and the name of her husband, who went with her, is Kenneth Brown—she sailed for Europe, saw Mr. Lloyd George and other men on the way, and, reaching Greece, interviewed King Constantine, Venizelos, and all the great men on both sides. Then she returned and wrote this book, which she calls *Constantine: King and Traitor* (John Lane; 12s. 6d. net).

The title tells its story. The visit to Greece was a disillusionment. She believed in Constantine until he himself dispelled the belief. The interviews with him are told in the first person, and with extraordinary skill. Did these interviews really take place? The vivid narrative, its individuality, and its consistency, drive doubt away. Every man is himself and he is always himself. And every woman is herself also.

Beside the vivid narrative there are photographs of the men whose names were once so familiar to us—not of Constantine and Venizelos only, but of Streit, Gounaris, Zaïmis, Coundouriotis, and all the rest.

REALISM.

'Within the last few years it has become less fashionable to talk of ideals in discussions about art and life. The ideals themselves have not perished—indeed, experience seems to show that the fact which they express is a singularly living one—but we prefer to call them by another name. Where some time ago people would have spoken of ideals as a matter of course, they now talk of values. The change is not to be dismissed at once as a fad or a mere bit of slang or preciousness, for we find it among the gravest philosophers. It does really express a change of attitude towards the things which matter most to us. It is part of the movement towards realization and satisfaction, characteristic of our way of looking at life, our literature, and our thought.'

It is this movement towards realization and satisfaction that Mr. Arthur McDowall, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, describes and commends in his book entitled *Realism: A Study in Art and Thought* (Constable; 10s. 6d. net). He has nothing to say against ideals or idealism. We have always had, we shall always have, our ideals, even those that we scarcely hope to realize—though that may be in the region of faith rather than of philosophy. But for the moment it is the practical value of our ideals that concerns most of our thinkers and also our artists, whether the artists are poets, painters, sculptors, or even musicians. 'People are not different because they talk about values, but they talk about values because they have changed their point of view. The essential difference has been hinted at already; there is a franker movement to define real needs and choices, and to fulfil them. Although ideals and values can be used as if they were interchangeable terms, standing for just the same ethical, æsthetic, or religious experiences, the form which they give to these experiences is not in fact the same. Ideals are above all a creation of the mind, pointing to the best which can be imagined as possible in any sphere. Values are the expression of states of feeling which are actual. While the tendency of ideals is to

'Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,
And say, what is not, shall be bye-and-bye,'

values aim at a good for which the materials are present. It is hard to press the point without seeming unfair to ideals; still, you may conceive an ideal perfection and regard it coldly; but it becomes a value if it embodies what you really feel. The man whose ideals do embody his real feelings will have no inclination to adopt this language. But it is against the abuse of ideals that the argument for values is directed; and in this sense it suggests a return to fact, to the capacities we are actually endowed with and the conditions which invite us to realise them.'

The source of this preference for values is in the strong insistence laid in our day upon Reality.

What Reality is—that is another matter. As Viscount Morley said of a Conservative, 'I cannot define him, but I know him when I see him'; we know Reality when we see it, whether it is in a painting, a poem, or a sermon. We insist upon having it. And it is Realism that lets us have it.

But Realism is not Naturalism. The work of Zola is Naturalism; the work of Flaubert or Tolstoy or Gorki is Realism; and there is an essential difference. 'Both types aim at representing what exists; but naturalism insists that this should be cut to a certain pattern, while realism is, or should be, prepared for all its possible manifestations.' More clearly: Realism is 'a form of art which represents the actual world in such a way as to give a heightened sense of it; an impersonal art, subduing idiosyncrasy to the theme it works on, and yet having, when it is successful, that individual accent by which great art is known.'

BISMARCK.

To the series entitled 'Makers of the Nineteenth Century,' edited by Basil Williams, has been added *Bismarck*, by C. Grant Robertson, M.A., C.V.O., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford (Constable; 10s. 6d. net). No biographical series of our time has obtained a higher reputation, and it will lose none of it through this volume.

Mr. Robertson has a distinction of style which does not captivate at once but which carries one away at last. We stumble at first over sentences with so pronounced an individuality as this: 'His health gave way, and in June he was seriously ill. His case was mismanaged, and for some days he sat on Charon's pier, wondering whether he would be called on to cross to the other side.' Or this: 'The psychology of the statecraft of power reveals one simple categorical imperative of state-reason: never let others do to you what you would do to them, and it is one of the supreme penalties of that statecraft, imposed on its disciples, invariably to expect foul play as the riposte to foul play.' But we are brought into line by the overpowering discovery that there is no knowledge of Bismarck that is unknown to this author, nor any movement of Bismarck's time that is beyond his calculation. Then we find quite appropriate and appreciable a sentence like this: 'The understanding was purely verbal, and verbal pledges from Bismarck without corroboration were as difficult to prove as verbal offers of marriage without an engagement ring.' Or this: 'A *resolution* of the Reichstag, even if unanimous, had as little influence on the royal prerogative and policy in Prussia as tickling the dome of St. Paul's would have on the Dean and Chapter.

One surprise goes with us to the end. The book has been written, or largely written, during the war, yet it is free from war prejudice. That astonishing detachment has been possible to a man hotly engaged in war work. It adds emphasis to the judgments pronounced, and above all to the judgments pronounced on Bismarck. These judgments fall at last with inevitable severity when the death of William I. takes place. 'Bismarck's devotion to his sovereign was limited to the King-Emperor. The dignity, self-respect, and patriotism of those concerned prevented the public, as distinct from a narrow circle of the initiated, from knowing the full truth of the Chancellor's conduct and relations to the Empress, the Crown Prince and Princess, their relatives and friends. But if that chapter is ever written, it will assuredly not weaken the certainty that in the man were elements of jealousy, vulgarity, meanness, pettiness, insincerity and unscrupulousness, ineradicable and detestable. And it is desirable to remember that the material for that chapter was piled up by Bismarck himself, who knew that it could not, and would not, be given to the world, in its repellent entirety, during his lifetime—perhaps never.'

Again, 'Death can be very bitter. Had Frederick's three months of rule been dogged by prolonged physical pain and the knowledge of failure to realise his dreams, they would have been a martyrdom; but to the bitterness of pain and defeat were added, in the mystery of human things, the rebellion and treachery of an ungrateful son, and the unpardonable tyranny of his Chancellor to all whom the Emperor loved or cared for—and his own helplessness to protect or to punish. Insolence, intrigue, defamation, and defiance are never so detestable as when they are employed against the dying and by those who reckon on the security that the Angel of Death at the door will bring to their authors. There are black pages in Bismarck's record and black places in his character, but the blackest that no extenuation can obliterate are recorded in the three months from March 13 to June 15, 1888.'

It is often asserted that Bismarck disapproved of the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. Mr. Robertson has another story to tell. 'The evidence is sound that the first victories decided Bismarck's intentions to annex Alsace and Lorraine, gilt-edged by a swinging indemnity. Where exactly the frontier line would be drawn would be determined by the extent of the victories and the advice of the military experts. Throughout the prolonged negotiations he never wavered from these two conditions—the indemnity and the annexations. After 1871 Bismarck "confessed" more than once that the soldiers were responsible for the retention of Metz, and that he himself would have been content with Alsace and a strip of "German" Lorraine. The sincerity of such *obiter dicta* is more than questionable. The contemporary evidence of 1870–1 points to a wholly different conclusion. Bismarck was just as remorseless as the most truculent militarist at Headquarters. His insistence on the bombardment of Paris, his scorn at "the English catchwords of humanity and civilisation," his jeers at the sufferings of the civil population and the children in Paris, the dinner-table ridicule of the appeals and tears of Favre and Thiers—by these and fifty other similar self-revealing acts recorded and gloated over by Busch and the jackals of the back-stairs, he proved that he neither wished nor intended to be generous. Generosity would have been an unpardonable weakness. Behind the impressive record of achievement lies an unforgettable chronicle of envenomed pettiness and coarse brutality, and the pitiable part of it is that Bismarck was unaware of the depths to which he could sink; and that the Germany of Bismarck's Chancellorship could read and approve—even praise—the qualities and traits revealed in these intimate and degrading chronicles.'

THE DRAMA.

If the question is asked, What have we to do with the modern drama? the answer is 'quicquid agunt homines,' at least in books. The book before us is Mr. W. L. Courtney's *Old Saws and Modern Instances* (Chapman & Hall; 10s. 6d. net). The change of 'wise' into 'old' is due to Mr. Courtney's modesty.

It is a book about the Drama—the ancient Greek Drama and the modern English Drama—with a few articles about Patriotism, Poetry, and Oratory. These articles may be the most popular of all. For in them we have an inspiring study of Demosthenes as an orator, a glowing study of Sappho as a poetess, a devout study of Marcus Aurelius as a diarist, and a generous study of Aspasia as a woman.

The study of Sappho is most congenial, but the study of Aspasia is most creditable. Never before has Sappho found a more unrestrained admirer, nay, not in the days of her flesh; and never before certainly has Aspasia had so heroic and unanswerable a vindication. These two papers alone give the book distinction and may give it immortality.

But its subject is the Stage. And it does not matter whether you are interested in the Stage or not; it does not matter if you are keenly antagonistic, you will read these articles on the ancient Greek and the modern English dramatists with delight and profit. Especially if you are a preacher. Mr. Courtney might have written the book for the pulpit, so many hints has he, so much direction and encouragement does he offer.

Is it the delivery of Sermons that is on your mind? It is a subject of much heart-searching to-day—read the latest Report of the Archbishop's Committee. Well, here is instruction. Here is Demosthenes and what he did for delivery. Oh, it is an old story, but have we conned it and committed it yet? We dread the preaching of Sermons because of the difficulties of delivery? Have we done as Demosthenes did? Let us hear again how he did.

'Demosthenes was not a born orator. He laboriously educated himself for his high career in spite of natural disadvantages. Probably he had as a boy some sort of impediment in his speech. His voice was not strong, and we know that his rival Æschines derided him for not being athletic or a sportsman. Numerous stories are told of his rigorous self-discipline. He is said to have shut himself up in an underground chamber, having shaved one side of his face to prevent any temptation to come out in the light of day and to ensure close and continuous study. He put pebbles into his mouth and then tried to speak against the roar of incoming waves, he recited while he ran uphill, and, according to report, wrote out with his own hand Thucydides' history eight several times. We know also that he took lessons from Isæus, an

orator of distinction, and there is also a tale that he was an eager listener to Plato. His earlier efforts at oratory were disastrous, and on one occasion after a failure while he was roaming in the Piræus he was encouraged by an actor, who took him in hand and gave him some valuable hints. There seems no question that he was not born great, but rather achieved greatness by persistent industry.'

The book is full of such instruction. It is not often so direct: perhaps it will be the more persuasive. Take one thing further. Is the modern preacher careful to adapt his preaching to the time he lives in and the people he ministers to? The dramatist is careful. Read this and think over it: 'Romance pursued up to a certain point produces a feeling of satiety or unreality, and therefore naturally gives place to an opposite theory which calls itself logical and scientific. After Victor Hugo came Zola, Ibsen, and Brieux, just as in an earlier stage of the process of development the remoteness and frigidity of the classical drama gave place to Victor Hugo's romantic enthusiasm. The important thing, however, to notice is, that the different artistic attitudes correspond to different periods in the evolution of a nation or of humanity at large. Nothing is clearer than the fact that what we sometimes call the Victorian outlook, that is to say, the attitude towards men and things congenial to the nineteenth century, is in large measure superseded, and it is interesting and important for us to recognise how the generation which we may call Georgian reacts against its predecessor. It would have been impossible in the Victorian era to produce for the public plays like *Les Avariés* and *Ghosts.* Why? Because the theory of art was different: the temper of the public was different: the atmosphere was different. The appeal of the nineteenth century was to the heart: that of the twentieth century is to logical processes of the intellect. The office of drama is to popularise, as it were, scientific conceptions, to make use of scientific principles, to illustrate them in some imagined scheme, and thus to convert and metamorphose drama into a tract for the times.'

FREEMASONRY.

The Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, Litt.D., who succeeded the Rev. R. J. Campbell in the ministry of the City Temple, was already, before he came to this country, the author of an official handbook of Freemasonry. He has now issued the book in this country. The title is *The Builders* (Allen & Unwin; 7s. 6d. net). It is just such an account of the subject as the uninitiated require, simple, sufficient, and straightforward. No one need be ignorant of the meaning or the worth of Freemasonry after the issue of this satisfactory and accessible volume.

What is Freemasonry? This is the definition which Dr. Newton adopts from the German Handbuch. 'Masonry is the activity of closely united men who, employing symbolical forms borrowed principally from the mason's trade and from architecture, work for the welfare of mankind, striving morally to ennoble themselves and others, and thereby to bring about a universal league of mankind, which they aspire to exhibit even now on a small scale.'

Another question. What are its ethics? This is the ideal: it is quoted from the Constitutions of 1723: 'A Mason is obliged by his Tenure to obey the moral law; and if he rightly understands the Art, he will never be a stupid Atheist nor an irreligious Libertine. But though in ancient times Masons were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country or nation, whatever it was, yet it is now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that religion in which all men agree, leaving their particular Opinions to themselves: that is, to be Good men and True, or Men of Honour and Honesty, by whatever Denomination or Persuasion they may be distinguished; whereby Masonry becomes the Centre of Union and the Means of conciliating true Friendship among persons that must have remained at a perpetual distance.'

The last question. Is Masonry antagonistic to the Church? This is Dr. Newton's own answer: 'Masonry has never at any time been opposed to Christianity, or to any other religion. Far from it. But Christianity in those days—as, alas, too often now—was another name for a petty and bigoted sectarianism; and Masonry by its very genius was, and is, *unsectarian.* Many Masons then were devout Christians, as they are now—not a few clergymen—but the order itself is open to men of all faiths, Catholic and Protestant, Hebrew and Hindu, who confess faith in God; and so it will always remain if it is true to its principles and history.'

THE HISTORY OF A CHILD.

Mr. W. H. Hudson (is he the author of *Rousseau* in the 'Epoch-Makers' series?) has written the story of his early life. The title is *Far Away and Long Ago* (Dent; 15s. net). He has written it with a simplicity and sincerity, with a vividness of memory and a sympathetic tolerance, which make the book fit to be named along with that wonder of autobiography, Serge Aksakoff's *History of my Childhood*.

Mr. Hudson's early life was spent in the pampas round and about Buenos Ayres, and it is life in the pampas that he describes. It is far enough away to be a perpetual surprise, and the interest is easily maintained from chapter to chapter. But one thing is ever present to give distinction. It is the author's delight in nature. He says: 'I have told how after my fifteenth anniversary, when I first began to reflect seriously on my future life, the idea still persisted that my perpetual delight in Nature was nothing more than a condition or phase of my child's and boy's mind, and would inevitably fade out in time. I might have guessed at an earlier date that this was a delusion, since the feeling had grown in strength with the years, but it was only after I took to reading at the beginning of my sixteenth year that I discovered its true character. One of the books I read then for the first time was White's *Selborne*, given to me by an old friend of our family, a merchant in Buenos Ayres, who had been accustomed to stay a week or two with us once a year when he took his holiday. He had been on a visit to Europe, and one day, he told me, when in London on the eve of his departure, he was in a bookshop, and seeing this book on the counter and glancing at a page or two, it occurred to him that it was just the right thing to get for that bird-loving boy out on the pampas. I read and re-read it many times, for nothing so good of its kind had ever come to me, but it did not reveal to me the secret of my own feeling for Nature—the feeling of which I was becoming more and more conscious, which was a mystery to me, especially at certain moments, when it would come upon me with a sudden rush. So powerful it was, so unaccountable, I was actually afraid of it, yet I would go out of my way to seek it. At the hour of sunset I would go out half a mile or so from the house, and sitting on the dry grass with hands clasped round my knees, gaze at the western sky, waiting for it to take me. And I would ask myself: What does it mean? But there was no answer to that in any book concerning the "life and conversation of animals." I found it in other works: in Brown's *Philosophy*—another of the ancient tomes on our shelves—and in an old volume containing appreciations of the early nineteenth-century poets; also in other works. They did not tell me in so many words that it was the mystical faculty in me which produced those strange rushes or bursts of feeling and lifted me out of myself at moments; but what I found in their words was sufficient to show me that the feeling of delight in Nature was an enduring one, that others had known it, and that it had been a secret source of happiness throughout their lives.'

Thus it is the autobiography of a naturalist, but the naturalist is a boy with a boy's delight in all life, not a scientist occupied in classification. He owed much to his mother. 'There was a secret bond of union between us, since she best understood my feeling for Nature and sense of beauty, and recognized that in this I was nearest to her. Thus, besides and above the love of mother and son, we had a spiritual kinship, and this was so much to me that everything beautiful in sight or sound that affected me came associated with her to my mind. I have found this feeling most perfectly expressed in some lines to the Snowdrop by our lost poet, Dolben. I am in doubt, he wrote,

"If summer brings a flower so lovable,
Of such a meditative restfulness
As this, with all her roses and carnations.
The morning hardly stirs their noiseless bells;
Yet could I fancy that they whispered 'Home,'
For all things gentle, all things beautiful,
I hold, my mother, for a part of thee."'

JERUSALEM.

Let us seize the occasion and learn more than we yet know of Jerusalem. Let us go round the city with so enthusiastic a guide as the Rev. J. E. Wright, B.A., and tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces. For assuredly, as the Psalmist hints, it will be expected of us who have entered with Allenby even in imagination to tell all about it to the

generation following. Mr. Wright, in his letters from the Holy Land, published by Messrs. Jarrolds (7s. 6d. net), tells us about Jerusalem and much more. He calls his book *Round About Jerusalem*. For he has chapters even on Samaria, Petra, and Galilee.

There is a refreshing simplicity and directness in the letters, the immediate impression recorded without reserve. 'The next day we rested. I determined not to go to Damascus as many travellers do, because I wanted to get to know one country well. Besides this, as it happened all Syria was in quarantine, and there would have been much difficulty in getting back. I just spent the day in wandering over the Galilean hills. The following morning three of us started off on horseback before sunrise to see the Lake of Merom. We descended by a very steep path into the valley of the Jordan and then galloped over the plain to the south end of the lake. Horses here do not trot or canter, they either walk fast over the rough tracks, picking their way between the rocks, or when they do reach an open and level stretch like their native desert, gallop madly for the sheer joy of the sensation. You should have seen us going over the plain that morning. I have learnt to ride like the natives, getting free of the stirrups, crouching down and gripping on to the horse's flanks with my heels. My ! ! ! it was grand.'

Here is the description of a moment in the ceremony of the Holy Fire in Jerusalem: 'Suddenly the Patriarch pushes a light out of each of the holes and a fearful state of confusion ensues; every one is fighting for the light, way is made for the special runners to dash off at full speed to the men on horseback outside, who ride furiously to Bethlehem, Nazareth, etc., and even to Jaffa, where there are special steamers to carry it on to Constantinople, Egypt, etc. In less than one minute the whole church is one blaze of light, every one has a bunch of from twenty to thirty candles blazing away, and bundles are being handed up by strings into all the galleries, the place is filled with smoke, and you can well imagine you are in a burning church. It is a stupendous scene. The pilgrims believe that this fire will not hurt them, and it seems as if it is so, for you see them passing the flames of their candles all over their faces and washing their hands in it. It is said that they believe it is miraculously sent down from Heaven, but apart from this deception I think the idea is very fine—the Light of Life coming from the tomb and spreading from church to church throughout the world. When once you get accustomed to the confusion which always attends these services, you see that the underlying idea is usually very fine.'

The East may still be the unchanging East, but to eyes like Mr. Wright's it is full of life and movement.

The aim of every editor is to make his magazine readable from cover to cover. Mr. Holbrook Jackson, the editor of *To-Day*, reaches his aim. More than that, the half-yearly volume is readable from cover to cover. We have read it. It is more than the reading of a number. It means that there is both excellence and variety enough to carry the reader right on from one month's issue to another.

It is a literary magazine. And like one's familiar newspaper, all the items every month are where you expect them to be. First the emblem—always about 'to-day.' This, for June 1918, is from Julius Hare: 'Nobody has ever been able to change to-day into to-morrow—or into yesterday; and yet everybody, who has much energy of character, is trying to do one or the other.' Next the portrait. There are portraits of Sturge Moore, Blake, Cyril Scott, Herbert Trench, Siegfried Sassoon, and Rupert Brooke. Then comes the magazine with its Editor's Notes, Poetry, Articles, Maxims, Reviews, and End Papers all in order and appetising.

There is an article on Siegfried Sassoon. Do you know Sassoon and his war poems? This is his:

Good-bye, old lad! Remember me to God,
And tell Him that our Politicians swear
They won't give in till Prussian Rule's been trod
Under the heel of England. . . . Are you there? . . .

Yes . . . and the War won't end for at least two years;
But we've got stacks of men . . . I'm blind with tears,
Staring into the dark. Cheero!
I wish they'd killed you in a decent show.

To Day is a sixpenny monthly, published at 29 Bedford Street, Strand. The volume costs 6s. 6d. net.

Dr. Henry Burton Sharman has condensed his Studies in the Life of Christ into a compact carryable volume and called it *Jesus in the Records* (New York: Association Press; 75 cents).

The story of the work of the Bible Society for 1917–1918 has been told, under the title of *For Such a Time as This* (Bible House), and a very fine story there is to tell. Take this: 'The fortunes of the Society's depot at Jerusalem read like a page of romance. Early in 1915 our representative was forced to withdraw to Egypt, and for nearly three years no certain news came from the Holy City. But an American resident, who was allowed to remain in Jerusalem, promptly stepped into the breach; he took up his quarters in our depot and slept behind the counter, and for thirty-four months held out bravely amid many hardships, living on his sales until relief arrived. A British officer writes: "When I entered Jerusalem with the first British troops in December, I was met by a quaint old man, seventy years of age, who told me he represented the Bible Society, and presented me with a beautiful copy of the Scriptures." About 30,000 volumes, in some fifty languages, were safe at the depot; and all the English editions were swiftly bought up by our British soldiers. The society hopes to commemorate the deliverance of Jerusalem by erecting there a new Bible House, which shall not be unworthy of the city, and some special gifts have already been received for this object.'

Mr. E. Williamson Mason is a conscientious objector and he has suffered for it. He does not complain that he has suffered for it; he does not even complain of the severity of his sufferings. In the book which he has written, and to which he has given the title of *Made Free in Prison* (Allen & Unwin; 2s. 6d. net), he simply sets down his experiences. He was allowed to write letters, and he wrote long letters to his friend and benefactor, the late Mr. H. Litchfield Woods. These letters form the book. They are graphic, straight, manly. Under the circumstances their complete absence of outcry is marvellous. But why was it all necessary, and why was it all so hard to bear?

It was some prominent politician—was it the Prime Minister himself?—who said that when the war is fought and won problems will face us which will tax our energies as utterly as the war itself. How are we to meet them? With a sensitive conscience. There is no other way. And it must be, not the conscience of one here and one there, but a universal or at least a European conscience. The purpose of Mr. Alexander W. Rimington, late Professor of Fine Arts in Queen's College, London, in writing his book on *The Conscience of Europe* (Allen & Unwin; 3s. 6d. net), is to tell us what such a conscience means and how we may have it. Here is a pregnant paragraph:

'Too many preachers deliver sermons upon the war in which they dwell (truly enough) upon the noble spirit of self-sacrifice shown by the nation and the devotion of its men and women; upon its great achievements, the unselfishness of its aims and its determination to go on to "the bitter end"—without any counterbalancing statement of its sins, private and public, of the evils of greed, envy, luxury, dishonesty, grasping diplomacy and national selfishness which helped to make the war possible. They too often infuse a pleasant glow of self-satisfaction into the minds of their congregations and fail to awaken that sense of responsibility towards humanity at large and towards God which comes before a narrow nationalism and which is of the essence of Christ's teaching.'

Professor Rimington agrees with Lord Hugh Cecil that we need a new conception of nationality, and he strives to give it. For (he quotes from Dr. Homes Dudden), 'what sort of triumph would it be if we were to emerge from this ghastly struggle, victorious indeed in our arms, but embittered, intolerant, arrogant, revengeful, more inclined to believe in the effectiveness of bluster and brute force, and less regardful of moral and religious considerations—if, in a word, we were to exchange the soul of England for the soul of Germany?'

How we envy the wealth and magnificence of the American Universities. And with how much reason. We have only to see some of their publications. Where is the British University that could produce great handsome volumes on Semitic Philology like those which issue at steady intervals from the University of California? The latest is an imperial octavo of four hundred and forty-four

pages, and the title of it is *Studies in Biblical Parallelism.* There are two parts. Part I. is on Parallelism in Amos, by Louis I. Newman; Part II. on Parallelism in Isaiah, chapters i.–x., by William Popper.

It is a study in Hebrew poetry then—the most searching and significant study surely that has appeared since Lowth, and that is a long time ago. It is what we should now call a scientific study, for every part is wrought as if it were a proposition in Euclid. And the end? There are two ends in view. First, an accurate acquaintance with the laws and licences of Hebrew poetry. Next, and not less, a new apparatus for the more reliable criticism of the Old Testament literature, its authorship and relationship. Did ever editors of Old Testament books have a keener temptation offered them freely to amend the Hebrew text? These editors have not fallen before it.

The Oxford University Press has issued a *Wide Margin Bible for Students.* It is printed on a specially prepared Oxford India paper, which is not only opaque but also non-absorbent. The margin is not *very* wide, the size of the volume being a consideration, but there is writing paper at the beginning and at the end. The paper at the beginning is prepared as an Index to the Notes. The copy in our hands, beautiful and rich, costs 18s. 6d. net. There are other bindings and other prices. It is an important addition to the long series of Students' Bibles issued from Oxford.

The Schweich Lectures hold an honourable place among lectureships. The first course, delivered by Professor Driver, set a standard which every succeeding lecturer, well chosen, has striven to maintain. The latest lecturer is Leonard W. King, M.A., Litt.D., F.S.A., Assistant Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, and Professor in the University of London. His subject is *Legends of Babylon and Egypt in relation to Hebrew Tradition* (Oxford University Press; 3s. net).

It is a handsome (though at present unbound) volume, well printed on good paper, and furnished with excellent indexes. It contains the most recent and assured results of research, set forth in a clear and even popular English style. It is crowded with matters of interest and even of necessary knowledge for the student of the Old Testament. Take this emphatic and somewhat disconcerting statement about the Flood: 'To the Sumerians who first told the story, the great Flood appeared to have destroyed mankind, for Southern Babylonia was for them the world. Later peoples who heard it have fitted the story to their own geographical horizon, and in all good faith and by a purely logical process the mountain-tops are represented as submerged, and the ship, or ark, or chest, is made to come to ground on the highest peak known to the story-teller and his hearers. But in its early Sumerian form it is just a simple tradition of some great inundation, which overwhelmed the plain of Southern Babylonia and was peculiarly disastrous in its effects. And so its memory survived in the picture of Ziusudu's solitary coracle upon the face of the waters, which, seen through the mists of the Deluge tradition, has given us the Noah's ark of our nursery days.'

The Rev. A. C. Headlam, D.D., who succeeded Canon Scott Holland as Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford, delivered his inaugural lecture on June 18, and has now published it with the title of *The Study of Theology* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press; 1s. 3d. net). The study of theology to-day makes four demands: (1) it must be the interpretation of a deep and simple religious experience; (2) it must be the recognition of the full stream of Christian tradition, that throughout the centuries the Christian Church has been taught by the Spirit who will lead us into all truth; (3) it must have freedom; and (4) it must be the spirit of reverent criticism. Under the last demand Professor Headlam says: 'I am inclined to think that a chief task for Oxford theology at the present time is the criticism of modern methods of literary criticism. A study of much that is written nowadays about the Old and New Testaments must reveal the absence in many of those who claim to be critics of anything approaching a scientific method, a serious incapacity to distinguish between what I may call "guess-work" and scientific proof. Let me take some illustrations. A few years ago we were all attracted by a brilliant book on the history of German Research on the Life of Christ, published under the title *Von Reimarus zu Wrede.* We admired, no doubt, the prodigious and serious intellectual effort of which it narrated the history, and marvelled, as we have often done since, at the sustained mental energy

and the equally strange mental limitations of a remarkable race. But a second thought that must have arisen in many minds was, how little progress had been the result of this century and a half of toil, and when we come to examine the cause of this we find that nowhere is there any discrimination between the brilliant hypothesis and the scientific proof. Have you ever attempted to study the German rationalistic theology of fifty years ago and discovered how unconvincing it now seems? The current philosophy, or the political situation, or the theological movement of the time created a certain mental atmosphere. In harmony with this atmosphere the Gospel narrative was reconstructed. To minds with certain presuppositions the distinction between true and false seemed easy, and our theologians did not perceive that often, if I may use the expressive language of my old master Ridding, they were trying to hoist themselves by their own belts. They built their reconstruction on their historical criticism, but the criterion of their criticism was harmony with the reconstruction. A study of the failures of the past ought to make us cautious in accepting the theories, however brilliant, of the present.'

No man in the world has done more 'exploring' than Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, and when he writes of *Eastern Exploration Past and Future* (Constable; 2s. 6d. net), he writes of what he knows. He can write too. His story is a good one; he tells it with striking effect.

Messrs. Gowans & Gray have issued a revised and enlarged edition of *Prayers*, by the Rev. James Robertson Cameron, D.Phil. That is a sign of the times, and there is not a better.

Under the title of *The Father of the Red Triangle* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams has reissued his Life of Sir George Williams, first published in 1906. It contains a large number of new portraits and other illustrations.

John Brown of Haddington deserves a capable and appreciative modern biographer. He has found him in the Rev. Robert Mackenzie, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton; 12s. net). The volume is a crown octavo of nearly four hundred pages, and there are about twenty illustrations. To do it at all at this time of day was to do it thoroughly. For we know the leading facts and we have general impressions of John Brown and his life. What we need is such a minute loyal study as this, so that in the reading of the book one learns to love as well as know him and to desire to be like him—surely the test of the biography of a good man.

In some respects it is an astounding story. It is so in two respects at least. First in the fact that because John Brown, the hero, learned Latin and Greek and Hebrew on the hillside, he was charged with witchcraft and lay under the terrible stigma for five years—his own minister refusing even then to sign his certificate of Church membership.

The other astonishing fact is the way he learned these languages. Let us hear Mr. Mackenzie about that:

'His browsing in Latin fields led him to seek the richer pasturage of Greek, and acquaintance with the very words of the New Testament. He was too modest to ask guidance in this more exclusive region. Latin then was common property; not so Greek; and he conceived a plan to reach his goal by himself, rather ingenious and entirely original. He took his *Ovid*, an old Latin grammar, and the names of the New Testament, especially the genealogies of the first chapter of Matthew, and the third chapter of Luke. The last he divined to be transcripts of the Greek, and to suggest the key to unlock the door between the two languages. "Reason told me," he argued, "that at least an unaccidented tongue could not much change names from what they were in the Greek." With these he made a discovery of the Greek characters, as true a *discovery* as Dr. Young's of the characters of the Rosetta stone, or Rawlinson's of the cuneiform letters. He compared the names and the letters verse by verse with the English. He treated the Greek as an expert uses a cypher, and bit by bit with wonderful patience and ingenuity, he learned the sound of the letters. Though only making guesses at the meaning, yet, by comparing it with the English, he was able to read the Greek. Then, having acquired so much Greek, he pushed on to Hebrew.'

Mr. Harold Owen has an intense antipathy to pacifism and he has the literary power of expressing it. His book entitled *Disloyalty: The Blight of Pacifism* (Hurst & Blackett; 6s. net) is a terrific onslaught on the British pacifists; it can be ade-

quately compared only with Marshal Foch's onslaught upon the German armies. For you never know when or where he will strike; you know only that he will strike hard.

Mr. Owen is not greatly enamoured of a League of Nations. He does not scoff at it. Nobody does so now. But for his part he will approve of it when (some time hence) he sees it working successfully. 'Indeed,' he says, 'it is to be doubted whether the world at present possesses the statesmen who could carry through such a gigantic reconstruction of the world's polity, for assuredly it would put to the test higher qualities of constructive statesmanship than are at present revealed to our admiration in any country.' And no wonder, for 'the League of Nations, however attractive because of its ideality—just as is the Millennium itself—appals by its difficulties.' But Mr. Owen does not object to the idea of a League; what he objects to is the putting of the idea into practice. 'In one sense,' he says, 'this is indeed the most favourable time within the history of man to talk of a "League of Nations," because never was the desirability and the necessity of any plan to make war difficult of recurrence more manifest to the slow intelligence. But the slow intelligence becomes dangerously rapid when it wants to take a single leap from Armageddon to the Millennium—man does not progress by such violent jumps and recoils. And in a much deeper sense this is the most unfavourable time within the history of man for *attempting to put the idea into practice.*'

The Unitarian Faith in Unitarian Hymns is the title of an attractive small volume compiled by the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie (Lindsey Press; 1s. 6d. net). They may be Unitarian, but they are hymns that we can all sing; two of them are in all our hymnaries. A short account of its author is added to each hymn.

The Essex Hall Lecture for 1918 was delivered by Mr. Claude G. Montefiore, M.A. The subject chosen by him was *The Place of Judaism among the Religions of the World* (Lindsey Press; 1s. 6d. net). It is really the place of Liberal Judaism, for Mr. Montefiore believes in that form of Judaism only, and believes it has a future. What is its message? 'The function of Judaism among the religions of the world is, then, as I conceive it, to preserve, and, as occasion may serve, to proclaim and make known, an ethical Monotheism, historic, upon the one hand, yet independent of criticism, upon the other; already rich, yet capable of becoming richer. This Monotheism of reconciliation and balance, while subject to peculiar difficulties, is also possessed of peculiar qualities. I would not for a moment aver that the most orthodox Trinitarian cannot love God as keenly and as profoundly as the most convinced Jewish Unitarian. I would not for a moment deny that many such Trinitarians may love Him a great deal better than many such Unitarians. But I do believe that it is true to say that the full resources of the Father are only known to those for whom all that Son and Spirit may be to others are for them concentrated in Him. In other words, the God of Judaism may be—I quite admit—a thin God, a poor God; but He can be also amazingly rich. And if one is to judge the real value of a religion, one must take its God idea, not at its poorest, but at its best.'

Under the title of *Preparing the Way* (Macmillan; 5s. net), the Rev. Frank Streatfeild, B.D., has written a volume in which he describes the influence of Judaism of the Greek period on the earliest developments of Christianity. First he describes its influence on life and thought and then on language. The most frequently discussed topic at present is Apocalyptic Thought and Literature, and that aspect of his subject is clearly and accurately and yet briefly set forth by Mr. Streatfeild. But simplicity, brevity, and accuracy characterize every part of the book. Very useful will be the bibliography at the beginning, and not less valuable are the discussions at the end and the various lists and references.

What do *Baptism, Confirmation, and the Eucharist* mean to a liberal Churchman? The Rev. John Gamble, B.D., will tell you if you read his book with that title (Murray; 3s. 6d. net). The Eucharist means (1) Fraternity; (2) Thankfulness; (3) Communion; and (4) Sacrifice. On the last Mr. Gamble says: 'Even when such a theory is rejected as destroying the nature of a sacrament by effacing the outward sign and leaving only the thing symbolized, the Eucharist may still be truly described as a *sacrifice.* Our union with Christ is a union with Him in sacrifice.'

The *Tales of the Sorbonne* which Mrs. Rachel Fox has written (Methuen; 2s. 6d. net) are studies rather than tales; studies in experience. And in that lies their interest. Whatever of incident there may be is of no account, and is made nothing of; all is of aim in life, and its end, with a surprising insight into the character that aims and ends. The end is failure for the most part. Was it not bound to be?

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have issued a new edition of Dr. Grattan Guinness's *The Approaching End of the Age*, edited and revised by the Rev. E. H. Horne, M.A., Rector of Garsington, Oxford (6s. net).

The lecture which Mr. Charles H. Thompson, Curator of the Watts Picture Gallery, has published under the title of *Some Pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A., and their Message* (Newton; 1s.), is an easy and excellent introduction. Have it in your hand when you go.

In your reading on the Holy Spirit discriminate. *The Holy Spirit and the Individual*, by Canon Arthur W. Robinson (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net), is safe. It is also stimulating. If there is not much of it, it gets home every time.

Canon J. H. B. Masterman's *Studies in the Book of Revelation* (S.P.C.K.; 4s. net) are a real aid to the understanding of the Apocalypse. For the author is aware of the progress which has been made in the study of Apocalyptic and has a scientific as well as a devout mind. Lay aside for the present all the 'prophetic' books and read this book carefully. Then return to the prophets if you can.

Of that most welcome though most modest series, 'Texts for Students,' issued by the S.P.C.K., number two is *Selections from Matthew Paris*, by Miss Caroline A. J. Skeel, and number three *Selections from Giraldus Cambrensis*, also by Miss Skeel (9d. net each). We are a lazy lot; we want translations 'on the opposite page.' There is no encouragement to indolence here.

The Archbishops have determined to set their house in order. Not that they or theirs may die, but that they may live. They appointed a Committee to inquire into the way in which Christianity was taught in the Church. That Committee has issued its Report, under the title of *The Teaching Office of the Church* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net). It is an unsparing exposure of ignorant clergy and ineffective teachers; and yet the Archbishop of Canterbury has not flinched from sending it out with a recommendation that it be read throughout the land.

The charges are three. The Committee states them as coming both from outsiders and from members of the Church. The first is a charge of intellectual failure, the second of practical failure, and the third of social failure. 'More particularly is the charge of failure directed against the clergy of the Church of England. On the one side, they are said to be often deficient in conviction and force and spiritual vitality; they fail, owing to their professional habit of mind, to understand the religious life of their people. On the other side, they are said to be out of touch with the normal intellectual life of the time. Compared with the modern standard of intellectual attainment in the country, they relatively take a much lower place than they did; for this reason amongst others their preaching is felt to be commonplace and ineffective; and they fail as teachers because, while the standard of teaching has been raised, they have taken no advantage of new methods. They are deficient in intellectual alertness and intellectual courage.'

What does the Committee say? 'We desire,' they say, 'to guard against an exaggerated view of the failure of the Church in the delivery of its message. In spite of some alarming features we recognize the wide influence, both direct and indirect, of Christian teaching and morality in this country, the spiritual power and intellectual ability of many of the clergy, and the existence of a large body of loyal laymen. Yet we feel that there is much truth in the charges. The Church has not the influence it ought to have attained in the general life of the country. There are many in every class throughout the nation who do not come under Christian influence, and would resent the guidance of the Church. There are others who are ready to listen and yet feel that they do not get what they need. The Church often fails to give its message effectively, and many of the clergy are deficient in spiritual earnestness, in intellectual capacity and outlook.'

The two volumes of the S.P.C.K.'s Greek Texts in their series of Translations of Christian Litera-

ture have been issued. One is *St. Dionysius of Alexandria: Letters and Treatises* (3s. 6d. net). The editor is the Rev. Charles Lett Feltoe, D.D. The choice of editor was almost inevitable, for Dr. Feltoe edited this Father's writings for the Cambridge Patristic Texts. Since he published that edition in 1904, Dr. Feltoe has learned more about Dionysius than he knew, and so this volume is not only a welcome selection well translated, but also a Supplement to the Cambridge edition of the Works of Dionysius.

The other volume, edited by the Rev. W. K. Lowther Clarke, B.D., is *The Lausiac History of Palladius* (5s. net). This time the Cambridge editor was not available, and Mr. Lowther Clarke had an extremely difficult task. Its difficulty was not only in mastering and translating a great book, but also in making modern and acceptable a very ancient and very peculiar product of Christian life. The Introduction is right well done, an enjoyable piece of writing and a true entrance into the book. A short paragraph may be quoted. It contains an apology for monasticism. 'If we believe in prayer as the noblest and most fruitful activity of man's nature, we shall probably be led to believe that God separates some to a life of prayer, and that the mass of mankind dwell in greater security, thanks to the protecting wall of the prayers of these separated ones. It is because the monks of Egypt put spiritual things first, albeit sometimes in an exaggerated and strained fashion, and believed in the life of prayer, that their example is of permanent value to Christendom.'

The translation, it is needless to say, is reliable. It is also readable.

Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has written a book on *The Meaning of Faith*. It is published in this country by the Committee of the Student Christian Movement (3s. 6d. net). Though it is a small book it has much in it. And all is admirably conceived and set forth. To suit the study circles it is divided into twelve weeks with portions for every day of each week. The relevant passages of Scripture are quoted; and prayers, taken from good sources, are interspersed throughout.

The Sunday School Union has issued its series of books for the use of teachers of the Lessons for 1919. There are three books.

First, *The International Lesson Pocket Notes* (1s. 6d. net) is written and printed and cut down to the lowest limit that eyes can see or hands can handle. The full text of the lesson is given; then follow a short Introduction, brief expository Notes, a table of Topics, and two or three illustrations. The illustrations are the weakness, the only weakness.

Next, *Notes on the Morning Lessons* (1s. 6d. net). This book is larger, the type much larger. The text of the Lesson is omitted—wisely, all teachers of the Morning Lesson possess hand Bibles. The other is a book for the pupil (through the mouth of the teacher), this is a book for the teacher. To see the manner of it, read this paragraph from the comments on 'The Story of the Good Samaritan': '"Christ's greatest teaching is surely His own example. To Him came the poor, the sick, the halt, the lame, the blind, the sinful, the lonely; and He healed and helped them all. Indeed, His presence here at all is His greatest act of compassion. 'He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor.' In the light of His own life we must read this parable. The story needs no explanation. He means to say that wherever on life's rough road we meet with the broken, afflicted, troubled ones, then our attitude must be one of self-forgetful love; we must spend and be spent in ministering to our brothers and sisters of sorrow." (This extract is from *Religion, Morals, and Manners*, a book of Bible Teaching (3s. 6d.), which then proceeds to give several beautiful illustrations of this lesson. Teachers should get the book. In the same chapter is given *Abou Ben Adhem*, which certainly ought to be read to a class studying this parable, and Matthew Arnold's story-poem, *St. Brandan*. Indeed, it collects Bible teaching on "Our Attitude to the Distressed." Teachers should quote, also, war stories of Germans helping wounded Englishmen, and Englishmen risking their lives to save Germans. Thank God, there have been hundreds of such cases.)'

Lastly, there is the large well-bound volume entitled *Notes on the Scripture Lessons* (4s. 6d. net). It is the Pocket-book magnified and much improved. The reading is better and it is better to read. The illustrations now are modern, virile, and to the point.

General Allenby is pleasing us all with his victories. We should seize the moment to read a book called *The Riddle of Nearer Asia*, written by Mr. Basil Mathews, and published by the United

Council for Missionary Education. It is about the easiest way we know of following the armies with understanding, and it is so well written that we should read it for the mere delight of the reading. Where will you find a picture of Arab life or an estimate of Arab character more vivid or comprehensible? And you had better understand the Arab. For 'his leaders begin to-day to dream of a Pan-Arabian programme that shall somehow unify the scattered tribes that lie under French and British protectorates in Africa and in Aden, in Mesopotamia, and under ineffective yet cramping Turkish control in Syria and Cilicia. That programme is necessarily vague, but it springs from a desire for a fuller life that will more completely realize the great possibilities that lie concealed within the Arab race.'

The fullest Notes on the Sunday School Lessons are to be found in the *Methodist Sunday School Notes* (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Department). That much can be said at once on a comparison between this volume and the similar volume issued by the Sunday School Union. Another thing can be said. The authors of the Notes are given in the Methodist book, and those who know their work already, the work of Mr. C. F. Hunter, B.A., for example, or the work of Mrs. E. E. Whimster, will understand the advantage of that. All the lessons are annotated and illustrated in this generous volume—the Morning Lesson of the Sunday School Union List, the Afternoon Lesson of the British International List, the Standard Graded Course, and the Missionary Lesson. As for illustrations, the most difficult field to cultivate is the Missionary literature: Mrs. Whimster has a genius for it—the genius, no doubt, that consists in taking pains.

Comparative Religion—and After.

By Stanley A. Cook, M.A., Cambridge.

It is hardly necessary at this time of day to enlarge upon the nature or the value of the comparative study of religions as it is now pursued. The interest in it, and the importance attached to it, are sufficiently indicated by the numerous works devoted to the accumulation of material, the investigation of special points, the solution of particular problems and so forth. Need one do more than recall the voluminous *Golden Bough*, or refer to so symptomatic a fact as an Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics? The study itself, and the spirit in which it is conducted, are in harmony with that aspect of 'democracy' which—to a certain extent at least—respects the existence of every religion, but also permits nothing to lie outside the scope of criticism. Both are significant also of the prevalent anxiety to find *some* satisfying answer to the perplexing and often somewhat novel questions which are raised by one's reading, by reflexion upon current events, or as a result of personal experience.

But when religions have been 'compared' and the resemblances and differences duly registered, much still remains to be done. The mere comparison of religious data, the impressions we gain, the conclusions we draw and the theories we formulate, do not bring us to the goal of our labours, if only for the reason that individuals find themselves in hopeless conflict touching their results. In fact, the study of religions soon leads to a new stage; the comparison of religions is found to involve that of religious attitudes and of attitudes to religion, and at a stroke the whole subject becomes more intimate and personal. Attitudes to religion or to religious 'data' (in the widest sense) are no less important than the data themselves. When religion is in any way involved—be it Australian Totemism, the Golden Bough, or the Angels of Mons, etc. etc.—what we feel or think, what we express by our conduct or remarks, become veritable data for a deeper study of what religion really betokens. Ancient or savage ritual and myth are not the only data on which to base a clearer conception of religion: modern conduct, attitudes and arguments—whether we consider the conscientious objector, Bolshevik atrocities, German 'hypocrisy,' or the occultism, magic and false mysticism in our midst—these, in a word, are of