
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

the Kingdom of God, which we pray may come, belongs to the end of the world? We want to reign more speedily and to be no longer servants. Even if it had not been laid down in the Prayer to ask for the coming of the Kingdom, we should have uttered the word of our own accord, hastening to embrace our hope. Cp. Rev 6^{10}. May Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, most speedily — the prayer of Christians, the confusion of the heathen, the exultation of angels.'

Cyprian (*Lord's Prayer*, xiii. 10) is comprehensive and practical. 'We ask that the Kingdom of God may be manifested to us. For when does not God reign? we ask for the coming of our kingdom, promised us by God, won by Christ's Blood and Passion, that we who have been servants in this world may hereafter reign under the Lordship of Christ, as He Himself promises (Mt 25^{34}). And it may be that Christ Himself is the Kingdom of God, whom we daily desire to come, whose coming we wish soon to be manifested to us. For since He is the Resurrection, because we rise again in Him, so He may be understood by the Kingdom of God, because we are to reign in Him. But we do well in seeking the Kingdom of God, that is, the heavenly Kingdom, because there is also an earthly kingdom; but he who has already renounced the world is superior to its honours and kingdom. Therefore he who dedicates himself to God and Christ longs not for earthly but for heavenly kingdoms.'

It is possible that the personal application of the clause may go back to a century beyond Origen. Instead of 'Thy Kingdom come,' Gregory of Nyssa and Cod. 700 have in Luke 'May thy Holy Spirit come upon us and cleanse us.' This was read also in Marcion, but apparently in place of 'Hallowed be thy Name.' It is a natural interpretation of either clause. If the Kingdom is interpreted not ecclesiastically nor eschatologically, but of the rule of God in the individual heart and life, the presence and work of the Holy Spirit is a very natural explanation. At all events, this is given quite independently in the paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer attached to the 'Old Version' of the Psalms; it is ascribed to 'D. Coxe,' whom Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology* is inclined to identify with Bishop Cox of Ely; but it is a rendering of a paraphrase of Luther's: 'Thy Kingdom come even at this hour And henceforth everlastingly; Thy Holy Ghost upon us pour With all His gifts most plenteously.'

Thus in these Fathers—at least as far as their comments on passages on the Gospels are concerned —the distinct ecclesiastical interpretation hardly appears. Conceptions vary between the inward rule of God and the manifestation of this rule at the End; the former is more prominent in Origen, the latter in the Latin Fathers. But often the exact idea is not clear; it seems to mean generally 'salvation' or 'the way of salvation.' Some passages are of course obviously eschatological, as in Lk 21^{31}—where Cyprian has a good comment (*Mortality*, 2): 'The Kingdom of God begins to be nigh at hand—the reward of life and the joy of eternal salvation and perpetual gladness and the possession of Paradise, once lost, are now coming as the world passes away. Already heavenly things are replacing earthly, great replacing small, and eternal the transient.'

Literature.

THE ENGLISH POETS.

Possessors of the four volumes of *The English Poets*, edited by Thomas Humphry Ward, will be pleased to hear of the issue of a fifth volume (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net). It is a volume of 650 pages, and gives us estimates of and selections from the poets who are likely to live, from Browning to Rupert Brooke. It would be easy to suggest additions—Sorley, for example, at the very end—but a selection had to be made of poets as well as of poetry, and for our part we are well content.

The selection is left to the writers of the estimates. And that gives the writers of the estimates much importance. Who does Browning?—Mrs. Margaret L. Woods; Matthew Arnold? — the editor himself; Tennyson?—Sir Richard C. Jebb. It does not seem as if Mr. Ward himself had supreme gifts for such characterization as is expected here—short, just, memorable—though he has made

himself responsible for twelve of the estimates. But he writes sensibly enough, and his selections are as representative as any.

The most piquant of all the editors is Mr. John Drinkwater. Sometimes he is a little wicked; he is never dull. Even when he is good he is interesting. Of Frederic Myers he says: 'With secondary poetic qualities he was well equipped; he had an earnest curiosity about life, wide and liberal knowledge, a sensitive and individual rhythmical gift, considerable grace of style, and spiritual dignity; and when he was visited by the clearer poetic mood, and was not misled by his too volatile imagination, these fine natural gifts were ready to the service of his inspiration, and he wrote shapely verse, infused at its best with a generous temper and real tenderness, and now and again moving with great delicacy, as in the subtle arrangement of the last line of:

Across the ocean, swift and soon,
This faded petal goes,
To her who is herself as June,
And lovely, and a rose.'

More than that, Mr. Drinkwater tells us a little about poetry, which the rest of the writers rarely do. He is fine on Philip Bourke Marston. In the middle of his estimate he says this: 'To the expression of an extremely delicate susceptibility and sometimes of a thrilling passion, he brought a just and varied sense of word-values and an artistic discretion that rarely failed him, so that his work is hardly ever without a distinct and personal beauty. But, also, it is hardly ever bracing, and poetry, even in its forlorn moods, should brace. This same central infirmity kept him, in most of his poems, from achieving those radiant touches, living in the use of a word or the turn of a syllable, half chance and almost remote from reason, that so often makes the difference between a poem in which it is difficult or impossible to find a flaw, and one that is of manifest excellence. This is strikingly so in most of Marston's sonnets, of which he wrote a large number. In reading through them we find great technical sureness; more than that, we are constantly aware of a fine poetic temper, that keeps us securely above any feeling of tediousness, and we gladly allow a sweet musical movement. But it is only very rarely that we are stirred to the delighted admiration that greets those fortunate strokes that are a poet's chief glory. We feel constantly that Marston, charming poet as he was, was within a phrase of being a first-rate one.'

Six humorous poets are named and represented —Thackeray, Frederick Locker, Calverley, J. K. Stephen, A. C. Hilton, and W. S. Gilbert. There is also a Canadian representation, when four are named—Isabella Valancy Crawford, William Henry Drummond, Archibald Lampman, and Harold Verschoyle Wrong. Let us quote and close with a sonnet by Mr. Wrong. All we are told about him is that he was born at Toronto in 1891 and was killed in action at Thiepval on the first day of July 1916.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

The travel birds which journey in the spring
Lust after pleasures of awakened sight;
They rout the weather in a truceless fight,
And swell their souls with joy of buffeting
And constant strife. To know the unknown thing,
To see the unseeable in God's despite,
To try his strength against another's might,
This set Ulysses to his wandering.
And this we still desire, we, who live
Clamped to the dulness of an ordered round;
'Tis ours to take the best the world can give,
And if the taking slay us on the way
What loss is that? We too were outward bound
Beyond the narrow shelter of the bay.

CANON BARNETT.

Mrs. Barnett has filled two massive volumes with the story of *Canon Barnett, his Life, Work, and Friends* (Murray; 28s. net). It was not easy to keep within even that limit. Only short and few extracts are given from his letters, though he was a letter-writer. The work done by Canon Samuel Augustus Barnett was prodigious. The variety of it, the difficulty of it, the persistent energy it demanded, the unfaltering faith it exercised—all was on the great scale. And yet the man was always greater than the work he did. A writer in one of the London newspapers spoke of him after his death as one of three really great men whom he had known. He could have known only a fragment of his work, but he knew the man himself.

Barnett never worked alone. The biography is

written by his wife, and it is right well written, quite worthy of a place beside the three great biographies by wives—Kingsley's, Creighton's, Watts'. But Mrs. Barnett was with her husband in everything he did. 'The men pulled (this refers to a holiday in Oxford) and Iffley, Newnham, Godstow, or the Cherwell hearkened to many jokes and much weighty talk—the Canon usually sitting in the bow, and I steering; a parable, perhaps, for in our common work he saw and pointed out where to go, and I knew how to get there.' They even composed his sermons together. 'As in Whitechapel, Oxford, and Bristol we had together prepared the sermons, so the habit continued in Westminster, but there the beauty of the Abbey, the immense congregations, and the contrast between the sounds of the gorgeous music and the one small voice, fanned my husband's ever-active flames of humility until the task seemed to be too great for him.' That seems to say that the sermons were not successful. Evidently Canon Barnett had no gift of delivery, but the sermons always were effective. A hearer says: 'At Westminster Canon Barnett's preaching, though he was never an orator in the ordinary sense of the word, was wonderfully effective. He was heard by crowded congregations with genuine attention. His direct clear speech gave social subjects a reality and interest which even the high standards of the Abbey pulpit too often failed to create.'

But he did his greatest work out of the pulpit. For when he went to St. Jude's, Whitechapel, he found practically no congregation of worshippers, but outside the Church a vast community of sinners and sufferers, and at once recognized the call that his environment made. His biography is a lesson in adaptation.

What did he try? Would you like the list in alphabetic order? Turn to the Indexes—for this biography has three Indexes, one personal, one of subjects, one of names. He tried Children's Country Holiday Fund, Clubs, Educational Agencies, Entertainments, Emigration, Exhibitions, Flower Shows, Garden Suburb, Housing, Lectures, Libraries, Museums, Open Spaces, Relief (with endless schemes), Toynbee Hall Settlement, University Extension. Now one of these 'causes' would have been considered sufficient occupation for any ordinarily energetic husband and wife; they gave personal attention to each one of them, day after day, year after year. And the 'individual dealing' all this involved, the wear and tear of it, the disappointment, the waiting and watching!

'The following letter was written to a young woman whom in her need we had taken into our household during her preparation for emigration. She had repaid us by rifling the plate-chest, and was so scornful of her sin, that she sent us her photograph wearing some of my jewels. After she had been told that we knew of her wrong-doing, she wrote a letter that was both false and flippant, and to that my husband replied:

'"Whitechapel, *March 27th*, 1884.—Your letter expected very anxiously disappoints me. There can be no real repentance when there is still a lie in your mouth. You have now confessed to a theft which has put you in the power of the police, but you have not yet told the truth. We know of other things that you have stolen. I appeal to you to write and tell the truth. It is for your own sake—it little matters about the jewels, for they now can give us nothing but pain—it is for your self's sake you should confess, and make such reparation as you can. Your self is not the wretched, lying creature you now seem; your self as God made you is something good, and it is to your real self I urge you to be true. Be true; dare to tell me everything.

'"I am sending your money as you direct. Your conscience will tell you how it should be used. Often and often are you in our thoughts, and our prayers may have reached you many times. As the girl you write of who died on board was buried, we were kneeling in the dining-room overwhelmed by the discovery of your guilt, and praying that God would break the hard, cold crust about your heart to make you sorry and repentant."'

The book is crowded with incidents. Only one other must be quoted. It reveals Mrs. Barnett's gift of humour:

'Among the friends made in those days was Mr. Brooke Lambert, who had spent four years as Vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, and was then Vicar of Tamworth.

'"I am sorry to hear that Barnett means to marry before he goes to East London—wrote Mr. Lambert to Miss Octavia Hill.—The work is onerous and continuous, and a wife can only be an incumbrance."

'This letter amused Miss Octavia, who sent it to us. About a year after, during Mr. Barnett's severe illness, Mr. Lambert called; and with his

letter in my memory, I went into the drawing-room to receive him, pretending gaucherie.

'"Well, Missy," he said, "and who are you?"

'"Please, sir," I said, dropping him a mocking curtsey, "I am the incumbrance."

'"God bless my soul, are you?" he exclaimed, in some confusion, and then we shook hands and became real friends until he left this earth on January 25th, 1901.'

PILLARS OF EMPIRE.

Pillars of Empire is the title which has been given to a book of biography written by Mr. W. L. Courtney and his wife, Mrs. J. E. Courtney (Jarrolds; 15s. net). It is a book written with all that charm of style which alone makes a book a book, though we have very often to accept books without it. And it is as instructive as it is charming.

For, after an introduction in which living politicians—Balfour, Asquith, Lloyd George, Churchill, Grey, Chamberlain, Bonar Law, Lord Derby, Walter Long, and Robert Cecil—are hit off with few but unerring strokes, and a further introduction, from which we learn what Imperialism means and must be, the book is divided into sections, and each section gives a short biographical history of the men who made some particular colony or dependency—Canada, South Africa, Australasia, Egypt and the Sudan, India and the Far East. Thus we have history as well as biography, and as easy knowledge of the British world at this present time as one could conscientiously ask for.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney do not flatter. Yet they are fair. No political bias seems to warp their judgment; no religious or irreligious propensity seems to weaken their authority. A fine tribute of unaffected admiration is offered to the memory of that provoking but patriotic Irishman, Sir George Grey. His work in New Zealand is particularly well described, and it was worth it.

Return to the Introduction. The authors of this book have not a high opinion of the British statesmen to whom so much has at this great time to be committed. Certainly Mr. Lloyd George receives the due reward of his good deeds, and Sir Edward Grey's virtues are appreciated. But read this (as introduction to the estimate of Mr. Austen Chamberlain):

'It is the misfortune of the times in which we live that our leading politicians are for the most part second-rate. Perhaps this phenomenon is not peculiar to Great Britain: the whole of Europe seems to be suffering from a want of that supreme leadership which wins wars and moulds the destinies of an epoch. The tyranny of the second-rate is the worst of all tyrannies because it has no excuse for its dominion: its lack of intelligence deprives it of the solitary reason why it should extort submission. Under a benevolent and highly intelligent despotism we may sometimes groan but we cannot protest. We acquiesce because we are so obviously in wise and safe hands. But when the second-rate rule, we are perpetually uneasy. We are not persuaded that our fates are supervised with reasonable skill and prudence; we rebel, if we can: and if we cannot, we grumble. That is our condition under the present regime, for with all the good wishes in the world for our pastors and masters we are not satisfied as to their ability or as to their farsightedness. And they, in their turn, not being first-class men, hesitate to act with masterful decision. They ponder and reflect and ask for advice from this quarter or that: and meanwhile through their hesitation the good moment goes. Our politicians have many virtues, especially of the domestic order. They are diligent and laborious and painstaking and, no doubt, conscientious. But they have not that spark of genius which solves problems, nor yet that electric fire of personality which wins willing and instantaneous obedience.'

HUMANISM.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has published his last book. It is a collection of articles and addresses, chosen from the writing and speaking of one of the longest of literary lives, in order to express what he and his fellow-Positivists stand for. The title is *On Society* (Macmillan; 12s. net).

What, then, is Positivism? Notice first that 'the terms Humanism and Positivism are used as practically equivalent,' but that the Positivist is not a Comtist. 'We are not "Comtists." We have nothing to do with "Comtism." We are not even "believers in Comte." We are Positivists, who hold by conviction to a body of Positive, demonstrated, and demonstrable truth which Auguste Comte had reduced to organic unity and provided with its head and heart. Comte is not to us in any sense that which Christ is to the Christians,

or even Mahomet to Mussulmans, and Confucius to Chinamen. His writings are in no sense a Bible, a Koran, a Book of the Law. Comte is to us one of the greatest and maybe the latest, but only one of the great roll of mighty thinkers by whom man's knowledge has been reduced to principles and grouped in order.'

Well, what is Positivism? It is belief in human nature. That single sentence will suffice. It means that human nature has in it the capacity for the highest things. Now Canon Barnett (say), a Christian, believed that. He agreed with Mr. Harrison in repudiating the doctrine of human depravity. He held that every man and woman had a seed of goodness, and he made it his business to give that seed of goodness room and encouragement to grow. But Canon Barnett believed that there is a God who implanted that seed and who is greatly concerned about its growth. What is the difference? The difference is that Canon Barnett (for love of God) spent his life in the East end of London, and there made the seed of good to spring up in many most unlikely soils, while Mr. Harrison has spent his life in lecturing to intellectual audiences about the future of Humanity. Mr. Harrison believes in Humanity (always with a capital); Canon Barnett believed in men and women and little children.

This is the one clear and significant fact about the Positivists. They believe in man and in man only, yet they do nothing for man that can be compared with the work done by Christians who believe both in God and in man. Mr. Harrison criticizes the commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' and calls its motive low and selfish. He takes it as it is expressed in the Old Testament, ignoring the meaning which Christ gave it; and he forgets that even to the Old Testament Israelite it was one of two commandments. Obey 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' and your obedience of 'and thy neighbour as thyself' will be a different thing from the selfish obedience of Mr. Harrison's criticism.

HUDSON TAYLOR.

If Hudson Taylor had not been a missionary what a sensation would have been caused by the publication of this volume with the title of *Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission* (Morgan & Scott; 9s. net). If Hudson Taylor had been a statesman, for example, there is no doubt whatever that he would have been reckoned one of the few great British statesmen of all time. But if one were to write down the four names, Pitt, Gladstone, Hudson Taylor, Lloyd George, nearly every reader would pounce upon the third name with an astonished, 'Who's that?' And yet Hudson Taylor was a statesman, exercising legislative and administrative authority surpassed in extent and influence by no statesman, at any rate of our time. And it does not make him less a statesman, less foreseeing, less able and wise and influential, that he was backed by no physical authority, but rested entirely upon a moral authority. Nay, the physical authorities were for the most part arrayed against him, and that just because he was a missionary. If he had gone out to China with money and enterprise and had succeeded in covering that vast land with British traders, as he did cover it with British evangelists, his name would have been as familiar to the man in the street as the name of Strathcona or Cecil Rhodes. And yet his influence in China, and through China on the world, will be greater than that of either of these men, and an influence, moreover, that is altogether for good.

There is only one missionary who has obtained a great reputation in the world, but he lived so long ago that it costs us nothing now to build his tomb. We build the tomb of the missionary Paul, and we do not take the trouble even to read the life of the missionary Taylor. And yet the labours of the later apostle were on a vaster scale than those of the earlier. And his sufferings by land and by sea might be described in the well-known catalogue of the earlier martyr's sufferings, with something over as his own peculiar marks of the Lord Jesus. Like the apostle Paul his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible, and yet, like him, his personality was more than all his works, and did more for the evangelization of the world.

It is a bulky book this that Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor have written, and, as we know, it is only the second half of Hudson Taylor's life. But it must be read right through for the good that is in it. Let your mind bathe in the influence of it. Take the plunge right into the godly atmosphere of it. There is a Presence which pervades it from beginning to end, and which gives rest and peace. To read this book sympathetically is to live in close fellowship with that Presence.

We have compared Hudson Taylor with St. Paul. Let us make one deduction. He did not, and probably could not, write letters like those to the Romans and the Ephesians. His theology was extremely simple and quite unspeculative. Perhaps you might say that some of it is already out of date. On the other hand, he had some characteristics of which we read nothing in the apostle Paul. He had a passionate love of nature, and he had a wonderful way of winning the hearts of little children.

'"He was just beautiful with little ones," wrote his hostess, Mrs. Fagg, formerly of Singapore. "He took each child in our home, and, kneeling with them apart, presented them one by one to his Heavenly Father for definite blessing. . . . Two of those children are now engaged in missionary work, one in India and one in China." It was the latter, little Edith, only three years old at the time of Mr. Taylor's visit, who remembered him with special affection. A year or two later, when she achieved the triumph of knitting a doll's garment, nothing would do but that it must be sent to China, to Mr. Taylor—"'Cause I love him so!"'

THE GERMANS IN THE MAKING.

Under the title of *Rhyme and Revolution in Germany*, Mr. J. G. Legge has published a history of Germany from 1813 to 1850 (Constable; 15s. net). The history of Germany, he says, 'since the War of Liberation in 1813, when the German peoples rose as one nation to shake off the yoke of Napoleon, may be conceived of as a vast trilogy, the subject of which is more tremendous even than that of Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*. The first part dramatically complete is that which covers the period between 1813 and 1850. The second part covers the Bismarckian regime, when the constitutional strife died down, but by blood and iron a German unity was achieved, a lesser German unity, for the German provinces of Austria were deliberately excluded. Moreover, the basis was not popular but dynastic, with one dynastic rod, the Hohenzollern, turned serpent, and devouring the others. The third great drama is now unrolling itself before our eyes.'

His work covers the first part of that drama. That is the period, he believes, in which the character of the Germans as we so unhappily know it was formed, and not under Bismarck. But he does not wish to force his opinion upon us. He gives us the opportunity of judging for ourselves, by reprinting extracts from the literature of the period, well translated and carefully fitted together. He has been able to do this and retain readability. His book may be read as history or used as a storehouse of historical and literary knowledge.

As a mere specimen of his (or his friends') ability in translation take Herwegh's ode on Shelley:

To win his God he double forfeit paid,
Therefore the God he won was doubly dear;
The Eternal never saw a soul so near,
No faith was e'er more strong and unafraid.
His pulse beat warm for all whom God hath made;
Hope ever sat beside, his course to steer;
And when his anger broke, the flame burnt clear
And tongues of fire on slaves and tyrants played.
A spirit of steel in fleshly body pent,
A glowing spark from Nature's altar sprung,
Whereat his England's vulgar scorn was flung;
A heart made drunk with sweet celestial scent,
A father's curse, a woman's love he won;
At last, a star in the wild waves fordone.

One of the strangest chapters is that on Hate. Lissauer had a predecessor in Arndt, the hymn-writer. In 1813 Arndt 'wrote a poem entitled "The Boy Robert's Vow," of which the two following verses, translated almost literally, form part:

I swear a hot and bloody hate,
And anger that shall ne'er abate,
'Gainst Frenchmen all, the giddy crew,
Whose injuries my land may rue.

O Thou who, throned above the skies,
Bid'st hearts to beat and suns to rise,
Almighty God, be near me now
And help me keep intact this vow!

Arndt *meant* that this was the right sort of doctrine to instil into a child. About the same date he published a pamphlet entitled *Ueber Volkshasse*, "On a Nation's Hate," subsequently expanded by the addition "and on the Use of a Foreign Language." In this essay occurs the following passage, which many will find it difficult to accept as a genuine extract from the work of any responsible writer:

'A man who has the right sort of love must hate evil and hate it until death. That was Christ's way, who none the less was the meekest One and like a child of Heaven walked joyfully on earth. Know ye not how He rebuked and mocked the hypocrites, the Pharisees; how He was angered when He saw the Temple built at Jerusalem profaned, and overthrew the table of the merchants and the money-changers and drove them out? Can ye feel what a deep and exalted anger was His that enabled Him even on the cross to triumph over wickedness and sin? Did He not say, I came not to send peace, but a sword?'

CHRISTINA FORSYTH.

'He is the greatest of biographers,' says Mr. Frederic Harrison in a pleasant chapter of *Among My Books*, 'because he thoroughly grasped and practised the true principle of biographic work—to make a living portrait of a man's inner nature, not to write the annals of his external acts. The conventional biography records what the person *did*; the true biography reveals what the person *was*.'

By this standard Mr. W. P. Livingstone is a great biographer. With amazingly little material to work upon, he has written the biography of *Christina Forsyth of Fingoland* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net), and shows us what she was—nay is, for she is still with us. She gave herself to a turbulent, treacherous, degraded, and debased tribe of South Africa, spending thirty years of her life all alone in an almost inaccessible valley at a village called Xolobe. Why did she do it? 'Mrs. Forsyth,' remarked a trader's wife, 'is a marvellous woman, living all alone like that; it is wonderful what some people will do for a hobby!' That trader's wife's name should have been given. It is the world in one. Why did she do it? The love of Christ constrained her. And if you ask next how she did it and was successful, the answer is, By the prayer of faith.

The Rev. Harry Ranston, M.A., of Kingsland, Auckland, New Zealand, has gone through the New Testament to find what is there said about the Holy Spirit. He takes book by book and sets down its references to the Spirit. Then he begins again and shows the Spirit at work before and after Pentecost constructively. Finally he goes over the whole ground once more, but now for doctrine and for life. It is a scholar's painstaking and reliable contribution to a difficult subject. No student should be without it, for it will save much toil and give much instruction. The title is *Outline Studies in the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit in the New Testament* (9d. from the author).

At the Cambridge University Press is published a volume of *Studies in Early Indian Thought*, by Dorothea Jane Stephen, S.Th. (6s. net). Some of it has been delivered as lectures in India, and all of it has the swing and go of the successful lecture, as well as the local colour and accuracy of the lecture delivered on the spot. No longer can we afford to be ignorant of the religious ideas which sway the minds of our friends and fellow-fighters in India. It is the first step to our own enlargement; it is the first and a most necessary step to our accomplishing that great task of guidance to higher things which has been laid by God's strange providence upon us. And this small, clear, competent book is as good a general introduction as we are likely to find.

Bishop Azariah and Dr. Farquhar, who jointly edit the 'Heritage of India' series, are choosing their writers skilfully. Dr. A. Berriedale Keith, Regius Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology at the University of Edinburgh, has contributed a volume on *The Samkhya System* (Milford; 1s. 6d. net). It is an admirably written book. It gives this Indian philosophy into the hands of the multitude. To missionaries it will be invaluable.

The world is probably of a mind now to listen to 'a discussion of pacifism and the prevention of wars.' So Mr. W. E. Wilson has written a small book and called it *The Foundations of Peace* (Headley; 2s. 6d. net). It is a carefully considered and temperately written book. Mr. Wilson may not have searched the mind of Christ fully. He may make too much of the form of His words and thereby accept as rules of conduct what was given as words of life. But his strong sense of the evil of war will do much, if he is dispassionately and widely read, to strengthen the hands of those

who now desire (with the Old Testament as well as the New) to see wars cease till the end of the world.

The Mary Slessor Calendar (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net) has been gleaned partly out of the well-known biography but more out of letters which have not been published. Its dominant note is trust—trust in Christ which is trust in God. 'Fear not! All is in the hands of loving wisdom.' 'Christ sent me to preach the Gospel and He will look after results.' 'Shall I not follow my Master because my way is not easy and nice?' Those are three of the days' mottoes.

The first sermon published in Dr. W. M. Macgregor's volume *Repentance unto Life* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) is an appeal to preachers to preach the essential things. For 'in a world where every one has his allotted time and no more, his measured and numbered chances of helping or of being helped, it is needful that a choice be made, and that life should not be left to straggle out vaguely amongst matters insignificant.'

What are the essential things? 'What is it that counts? What must be taught though much besides be left unspoken? Paul's summary of the essentials of Christian teaching, on its human side, is repentance and faith.' The text is Ac $20^{20.\ 21}$.

Others of the sermons have a special appeal, but for the most part they are addresses to ordinary congregations to repent and live a life worthy of repentance. And always there is the direct vision and the telling word. The note of this preacher's preaching is timelessness. You do not ask if he is up to date, for he preaches that which is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

The Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D., is an optimist. He would not otherwise be the popular preacher that he is. But he is a serious optimist. His 'God's in his heaven' means the recognition that comes from submission and service. He dares not to doubt because he does the will of God. And so we are not surprised that he looks forward, as he does in every one of the sermons in his new book, *Our Only Safeguard* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), to a good time coming. Nor that it is to be a restrained and strenuous time. 'In the new time towards which we are looking—upon which, indeed, we have entered—let us take care not to hanker too much after the merely marvellous or miraculous, as though it were only the presence of the mysterious and unnatural which are the signs of God. It may very well be, and this is my own view, that the next generation is going to be marked in its finer souls by a return to serious thinking, modest speech, self-control, patience—the mood, in short, which men display who are aware that they are dealing with a difficult matter, but a matter by no means hopeless. I think that we are going to place our confidence not so much in lightning-flashes of the Presence of God, as in the steady growth of good sense, forbearance, kindness, industry. For faith stands to reason. God is Light: though there will always be reserves of lightning about His throne.'

The last book of the Rev. George Congreve, M.A., of the Society of S. John the Evangelist, is appropriately occupied with the hope and joy of old age. It is partly a selection of passages from other writers, partly a record of the author's own thoughts. There is, as the editors say, a certain incompleteness in the book, but somehow that adds to its attractiveness. We seem to prefer that an old man should wander at will among his memories and hopes. To fix them into a system of thought would seem unnatural, almost inhuman. The point is that each chapter is good enough to take by itself—has good things in it, and especially a good atmosphere. The title is *Treasures of Hope for the Evening of Life* (Longmans; 6s. net).

A remarkably clear and reliable description of *The Greek Orthodox Church* — its doctrine, worship, organization, present state, and relation to the Anglican Church—is given in a small book, written by the Rev. Constantine Callinicos, B.D. (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). Our question about any part of the Orthodox Eastern Church is not how learned, but how ignorant, are its priests? Mr. Callinicos answers: 'The Science of Theology is not neglected. The Faculty of Theology in Athens University is steadily improving and keeping pace with the country's general regeneration. Students reading for it are required to have passed examinations in Greek, Latin, Greek and General History, Philosophy, and other ordinary subjects. Then follows a four-year course in Hebrew and Christian Archæology, Christian Art, Comparative Theology, History of Christian Doctrine, History

of Missions, Biblical History, Modern Greek Theological Literature, Church History, Patristics, Old Testament Hebrew, Biblical Criticism and Exegesis, Dogmatics, Symbolics, Apologetics, Ethics, Catechetics, Pastoral Theology, Rhetoric, and Canon Law. The degree D.D. is conferred on candidates who have specially distinguished themselves. The Board of the Faculty consists of twelve theologians, *i.e.* eight professors and four lecturers. Besides the Theological School of Athens there are the two Patriarchal Schools of Constantinople and Jerusalem. They are of equal merit, and their graduates enjoy exactly the same privileges as graduates of Athens.'

In all our efforts at religious reconstruction let us not forget the preaching of the Gospel. Canon Cyril Hepher fears we may forget. If we do, what will all our other remembering and reconstructing come to? But it is a great subject, demanding the forth-putting of all our powers, the down-treading of all our prejudices. We must learn to preach, some of us must learn to preach in the open air. And we must know what the Gospel is.

It is an interesting book that Canon Hepher has written on *The Re-evangelization of England* (Macmillan; 5s. net). It is notable for its harmonious combination of enthusiasm and level-headedness.

The Story of the Scottish Church from the Earliest Times has been written by Mr. Ninian Hill within the compass of one convenient volume (Maclehose; 7s. 6d. net). That is itself an achievement. More than that, however, it has been written so artistically that it is a pleasure to read the book, a pain to lay it down; and yet so accurately that the volume may well serve for future educational purposes—when the time comes that the history of the Church of Christ is thought worthy of a place in our schools. For title we should have preferred 'the Church of Scotland,' or still better 'the Church in Scotland,' all the more that 'the Scottish Church' is the name used by Scottish Episcopalians. Mr. Hill is a member and admirer of the Church of Scotland, and it is significant that he uses the word Disruption and does justice to it. And yet (this one criticism) we doubt if he has discovered the cause of the Disruption.

We ought to add that the book is beautifully printed on beautiful paper and as beautifully illustrated.

One of the greatest research works of our time was done by *Charles Booth*, of whom a memoir has just been published (Macmillan; 5s. net). A prosperous business man, he was able to attend to his business, to do a little painting, and to carry through the immense task of discovering by personal inquiry the state of 'Life and Labour of the People in London.' He was of course assisted by others. The inquiry and the writing of the volumes occupied twenty years. There are three sets of volumes—Poverty in four volumes, Industry in five, and Religious Influences in seven. They are well-thumbed by all the men and women who take an interest in the life of their fellows and want to know the facts. The memoir is short and pleasing. We lay it down with a grateful, 'Well done!'

'Quotability' is the title of one of the essays in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's collection which he calls *For Second Reading* (Maunsel; 4s. net). 'For Second Reading' means that the essays have already been read in periodicals. 'Quotability' is the subject of one of the essays, and we see clearly that the author took care to be himself unquotable. For the quotable writer is the writer of platitudes—at least they become platitudes when quoted. And quotability is no evidence of greatness. The most quoted poet in the world is (or used to be) Horace.

Another essay is on 'Reading Aloud.' That you *can* do with Mr. Gwynn, and it is one of the rarest peculiarities. What is it that makes a writer readable aloud? Not the perfection of his style. Try Newman, for example. There has been just one great writer of English who must be read aloud—Thomas Carlyle. But there are many small writers.

Among the rest (it is difficult to pick and choose) there is a long sensible essay on 'The Modern Parent.' A most encouraging essay, too. In Mr. Gwynn's experience the modern parent is vastly better than last century's parent. He has discovered his duty, and he does not take it too seriously. His duty is himself to see to the training of his children, and he does not take it too seriously because he knows that the best training leaves them largely to themselves. 'The one

thing to be avoided is fear—habitual fear. If you cow a puppy you can do nothing with it, and some children are cowed—oftenest by a stinging tongue. Let us concede to the modern parents that this evil is far less common than it would appear to have been even half a century ago; the father is not that awe-inspiring personage he once was. Human nature being what it is, one need not be seriously afraid of his becoming in many cases a sort of amateur schoolmaster, like Mr. Edgeworth or the model Froebelian parent.'

It is not every commentary, not even every devotional commentary, that you can read right through. But you can and very likely will read the commentary of the Rev. J. M. E. Ross, M.A., on *The First Epistle of Peter* (R.T.S.; 2s. 6d. net), from beginning to end, if it falls into your hands. For it is written to be read, and not once does this scholarly and devout editor cease from clear fresh thinking and clear captivating expression. His exposition of the Descent passage is a triumph of modernity and unction.

A good many years ago Canon Bell wrote a book on the Gardens of the Bible. The book 'caught on,' though it has passed away now with its style of exposition. The Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A., is more ethical. He does not describe all the gardens. He has a talk first of all about them. But then he holds to the one ideal garden and tells us what it contains. It contains honeysuckle, that is love; roses, that is joy; lilies, that is peace, and so on. And the point is that none of it is told for its prettiness, but all for its discipline and demands. The title is *God's Garden and Ours* (Scott; 3s. 6d. net).

The Church Impotent here in Earth: A Constructive Critique on the Inefficiency and Unpopularity of the Church in this hour of the world's supremest need of God and Guidance, with a plea for A Rational Readjustment of The Relationship between Religion and the Race.

That is the title. The author is the Rev. W. H. T. N. Rainey, Vicar of St. Paul's, Avenue Road, Hampstead (Scott; 10s. 6d. net). What are we to think of it?

If the introduction is unpromising there is no device or division in the book itself to restore confidence. Yet is it a book well written and thoughtful. One great aim is its inspiration, the desire to give us a true conception of God. And that aim is never lost sight of; though there are many subsidiary issues introduced. It is a thoughtful book, even original and arresting here and there.

Among other discussions we find a discussion of the meaning of death. Strongly is it held that the death we know is only one of many deaths we are to pass through. 'If the ascent of man involves the development of his mentality, a wider, fuller capacity for life in a wider, fuller sphere, the necessity for the abandonment of a restricted and restricting organism is obvious. And if that be so, then death is not only not an isolated experience in life here, it is probably not an unknown or isolated fact in life beyond the grave, though there unattended by pain or sorrow. For in the immeasurable and infinite range of Eternity, development—expanded capacity—is still in progress, the Spirit-Mind is widening uninterruptedly and passing on from sphere to sphere, each transcending the last as nearer and nearer it approaches the Æon where GOD will be All in All. May not that evolution or ascension involve many a change, many a discarding of effete organisms, and the investiture of more exalted ones? And what is each but Death?'

Another defence of *The Virgin Birth of our Lord* has been written. The author is a scholar, the Rev. Leonard Prestige, M.A., Fellow, Lecturer and Dean of Divinity, New College, Oxford (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). Every item of evidence has been examined by him, the textual variations obtaining particular attention. This is the conclusion: 'The theology of the matter was stated once and for all by St. John, when he said, with ultimate reference to the supernatural birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, "begotten not out of physical elements, nor through natural instinct, nor by a man's will, but of God." In such wise we believe that God was born into human nature. His mother was maiden not only in her relations with her espoused husband, but also in the most secret mysteries of her own body.

He came al so still
  There his mother was,
As dew in April
  That falleth on the grass.

He came al so still
To his mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

He came al so still
There his mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Goddes mother be.'

A Short History of S.P.C.K. has been written by the Editorial Secretary, the Rev. W. K. Lowther Clarke, B.D. (1s.) It is a business-like document, but it is also literature.

Canon A. E. Humphreys has made a study of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and found that it contains a missionary and social Gospel for to-day. He has published his results under the title of *The Spirit of Jesus* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net). The volume is written that it may serve for instruction, whether for those who go to foreign countries as missionaries or those who serve at home as social workers. Moreover, it is a scholar's exposition of the Epistle, faultless in tone and in language.

Professor J. P. Whitney, B.D., has written short chapters on the men who lived in the second century of our era and the life they lived. His hope is that the book may be used for readings in Lent and at other times. And it would be well if in this easy way our classes and families could learn a little more than the mere names of Ignatius, Polycarp, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and the many more who are here. The title is *The Second Century* (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net).

The fifth and last Report of the Archbishops' Committee of Inquiry deals with *Christianity and Industrial Problems* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net). It is as outspoken as any of the reports; it is as revolutionary. That is what it recognizes, that is what it demands—a revolution in the attitude of the Church to work and wages. The plea of the bookish or indolent parson that he has nothing to do with trade disputes is set aside with sternness, even with contempt. The demand is made for special training in Industry at the theological college. The Committee, if they had their way, would stop at the boundary of any parish the man who was not fit and ready to take an interest in the welfare of the working people in it. They would change the very class from which the parson comes, sending him often from the working class itself.

Here is a volume of sermons which has passed its thirty-fifth thousand, and in a new edition begins again. 'A plain little collection of sermons,' the preachers call it, 'that and nothing more.' There are two preachers, William Channing Gannet and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and its title is *The Faith that makes Faithful* (Stratford Company; $1.25 net). The secret of its success lies probably in the lucky title of the first sermon, 'Blessed be Drudgery.' That sermon has been published by itself and has reached ever so many thousands.

Does argument ever convince any one of immortality? There is one argument that convinces. It is Christ. Christ is immortality. 'To me to live is Christ,' not now only but always, and so 'to die is gain.' But if reasons and reasons can do it, Dr. H. E. Fosdick has them. He is a most acceptable writer. He writes on living issues, and never misses the mark. Try his book, *The Assurance of Immortality* (Student Christian Movement; 3s. net).

Sometimes it happens that a man who has done good work in one department of study risks his reputation by entering another in which he is not at home. We have had notable examples lately. The Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing is another. Mr. Stebbing, who is M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., and an honorary Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, has done excellent work, we believe, in zoology. He ought also to know something about theology, for he is a clergyman of the Church of England. But he is a very old man (he was ordained in 1858), and he has no knowledge of theological studies at the present time. Yet he has written a book, and found a publisher for it, in which he attacks what he supposes to be present-day notions about the Bible with great liberty of language. He is much troubled about the unscientific character of the early chapters of Genesis,

and works through them elaborately and unsparingly. He sees no way with the standing still of the sun and moon in the Book of Joshua except to regard it as either a historical scientific fact or a deliberate deception. His standard commentary is the Student's, which was published in the seventies and was then only an abridgment of an older work. When he wants an example of teaching on everlasting punishment he goes back to Bishop Beveridge for it—almost a hundred years before even he himself was born. The title is *Faith in Fetters* (Fisher Unwin; 6s. net).

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

By the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology, Didsbury College, Manchester.

IX.

Archbishop Leighton.

Rarely if ever has it been given to any man to play so large a part in the ecclesiastical affairs of his country, least of all in the ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland, and yet to secure in such large measure the suffrages of good men of all parties, as to Robert Leighton, Bishop of Dunblane and Archbishop of Glasgow. Gilbert Burnet, who was his intimate friend and younger contemporary, and to whom we owe what is still our best portrait of him, counted his friendship as amongst the greatest blessings of his life.[1] Scotsmen have naturally been of different minds as to the course Leighton followed at the Restoration, but few of them would wish to dispute Professor Flint's judgment, that 'a purer, humbler, holier spirit never tabernacled in Scottish clay.'[2] The fiercest duel in modern Scottish ecclesiastical history was fought by Dean Stanley and Principal Rainy, but each man lowered his sword at once at the mention of the name of Leighton. He was, says Stanley, who devotes to him some ten pages of eulogy, 'the one saint common both to the Presbyterian and the Episcopalian Church.'[3] Rainy's touching tribute I give in a footnote.[4] Scottish men of letters are of the same opinion: 'Ian Maclaren' calls him 'the most gracious character in Scots Church history,'[5] and Dr. Walter Smith, 'our Scottish Fénelon,' 'as beautiful a spirit as ever lighted on this earth.'[6] Nor does the stream of tribute slacken when we cross the Tweed. Stanley's judgment has already been recorded. It was Leighton's torch that kindled to a flame the soul of Henry Martyn.[7] Samuel Taylor Coleridge has told to all the world how great was his debt to him;[8] and still more recently, Lord Morley has described him as 'one of the few wholly attractive characters of those bitter-flavoured times.'[9]

It is surely worth considering what it was in Leighton that has called forth notes of praise so loud and clear as these.

I.

Leighton's place in history, it seems clear, is not to be accounted for by his published writings. They have, it is true, been rated very high by men

[1] *History of Our Own Times.*

[2] St. Giles' Lectures, First Series, p. 204.

[3] *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland*, pp. 105–114.

[4] 'Leighton's character and writings have been habitually cherished by those in Scotland who are most averse to moderatism, and who recognize in him the very spirit which moderatism lacked. Among my own very earliest recollections are those of an aged lady, very dear to me, whose life was one continued strain of overflowing piety—a long pilgrimage of faith rising at last into an unbroken Beulah of praise and prayer. It was piety nursed under the purest Scottish and Presbyterian influences. But my impressions of Leighton were formed first by the delight I used to see her take in perusing and re-perusing "that blessed Exposition"' (*Three Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, p. 67). The reference is to Rainy's grandmother (see his *Life*, vol. i. p. 25); the 'Exposition' is of course the famous *Commentary on St. Peter.*

[5] *The Scot of the Eighteenth Century*, p. 288.

[6] Preface to *The Bishop's Walk* by 'Orwell,' pp. xiii, xv.

[7] See Alex. Smellie's *Men of the Covenant*, p. 187.

[8] See following section of this paper.

[9] *Oliver Cromwell*, p. 95.