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left free play for the exercise of man's natural faculties. It is both the divine prompting and the divine response to man's seeking after God; the taking of man at each stage—even the earliest stage—of his intellectual and moral progress as he then was, in order to make him what as yet he was not. It is not the dictating of ready-made truth, scientific or theological, such as man, on receiving it, would be unable to assimilate and unfitted to understand. The Old Testament, interpreted in accordance with the view which modern knowledge has enabled us to substitute for this, so far from being denuded of its significance, its interest, its abiding value, becomes a much more living literature than it could have been when inspiration was more mechanically conceived: when too hard-and-fast a line was drawn between natural religion and revealed, or between reason and revelation. It becomes the record of a progressive revelation of God to man as man was able to bear it. In its opening chapters the Bible implies the fact of divine intercourse with the mind and conscience of humanity. At first through illusions, then through faulty conceptions and crude beliefs, necessitated by the very nature of primitive thought and language, God was mediated, we are taught; yet all the time with sufficient clearness and certainty to make some sort of spiritual life possible, to render myths an inspiring and elevating influence, the beginning of a religious bond between God and man. *From the very first* 'He left not himself without witness.' The primitive religion from which Hebrew monotheism is descended was rudimentary but none the less real, a necessary first stage of a progressive development. The subsequent books of the Old Testament

describe the successive stages of national religious aspiration; the gradual emergence of a many-sided Messianic hope, of yearnings after life and light which were afterwards, comprehensively and in particular details, satisfied in Jesus Christ. And thus, to every one who believes in Divine Providence, the Old Testament still supplies a corroborative argument for the Christian Faith; and, what is more important—especially in these days when development is our ruling category of interpretation—a proof of its unbroken continuity with the most primitive ethnic religions of the world. Herein, it would seem, largely consists the abiding and essential value, the theological significance, of the early narratives of the Old Testament, which we can no longer regard as communicating factual knowledge about the origin of the world or the beginnings of human history. And there is surely a grandeur in such a view of the record of the religious history of mankind, the appreciation of which precludes all desire to return to bondage to the weak and beggarly elements of an unhistorical method of interpretation. May we not rejoice that in the opening chapters of our Bible, regarded retrospectively from the point of view which we have now won, we see the sign, not of a beginning late in time of the Father's education of His children, but of His condescension from the first to humanity's earliest groping after an as yet 'unknown God'; that we are pointed, on the one hand, backward to God's response to man's first lispsings of the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, and, on the other hand, onward to the dayspring from on high, to the seed of Abraham in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed?

Literature.

PLOTINUS.

'If Plotinus had been studied with half the care that has been bestowed on Plato and Aristotle, the continuity of philosophical and religious thought in the early centuries of the Christian era would be far better understood, and the history of Greek philosophy would not be habitually deprived of its last chapter.'

We quote the words from *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, the Gifford Lectures at St. Andrews, 1917-1918, by William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's (Longmans; 2 vols., 28s. net). They express the lecturer's estimate of the value of Neoplatonism as a religion and as a philosophy. They show that the Dean of St. Paul's has the first qualification for estimating a man or a religion—sympathy. Indeed, Dr. Inge does not refuse to

say that he is a Neoplatonist. So this book is the most sympathetically thorough study of Plotinus and his religious philosophy that has yet been given to us in English. Dean Inge had already contributed the article on 'Plotinus' to the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*, and had proved his mastery. This is more popular, as becomes a Gifford lecture. Both the article and the lectures appear in attractive English.

One may say that this book continues Dr. Inge's studies in Mysticism. And in that light it is of interest to hear him on one of the most perplexing experiences of the mystic—dereliction. He says: 'There is not a trace in Plotinus of the "dark night of the Soul," the experience of dereliction. This tragic experience has received much attention from modern psychology. Many writers have regarded it as merely pathological, as a violent reaction from nervous overstrain. There is no doubt that the unnatural life led by the contemplative ascetic, cut off from almost every healthy relaxation, must often produce morbid conditions. Intense introspection is sure to cause fits of melancholy; and some mystics, like Madame Guyon, cannot be entirely acquitted of a sort of spiritual self-importance which makes them enjoy retailing their inner joys and miseries. Those who fancy, with Miss Underhill, that these sufferings are the privilege of the higher order of mystics, the "great and strong spirits," will probably experience, or think they have experienced, something like what they have read of. I think this writer exaggerates the emotional side of religion. But I agree with her that the "dark night of the Soul" is not to be disposed of as a phenomenon of morbid psychology. As a rule, one may rather distrust the ecstatic who has had no experience of it. As Delacroix says, "the dark night condenses the whole vision of things into a negative intuition, as ecstasy into a positive." The Christian struggle for spiritual victory is more intense than the Platonic, because the contrasted blackness of evil is felt far more vividly, Plotinus knows of no devil, and no active malignancy in the nature of things. There is no sense of horror in his philosophy from first to last. The temper of the Neoplatonic saint is to be serene and cheerful, confident that the ultimate truth of the world is on his side, and that only "earth-born clouds" can come between him and the sun. It is a manly spirit, which craves for no divine caresses and fears no enmity from "the

world-rulers of this darkness." The Christian may be reminded that the words of the Johannine Christ, "Let not your heart be troubled," reflect the whole tone of Christ's teaching better than the more sombre outlook of many Christian saints.'

There are many things in the book that clamour for attention—the Dean's comparison between Neoplatonism and Christianity, his own practice in prayer, his dark outlook into the future. But the notes and footnotes are not to be neglected. This occurs in one: 'I have often thought that we may be wrong in not admitting a sense of humour in the Creator. The absence of this sense is accounted a defect in a human character; and there are some animals, such as the mandrill, the hippopotamus, and the skunk, which surely can only have been made for a joke. We may have the same suspicion about some members of our own species. If this is so, the laughing philosophers may be nearer the truth than their always solemn rivals, and we may allow ourselves to smile at some misadventures which worry the pure moralist.'

THE DISEASE OF SIN.

The Rev. W. Mackintosh Mackay, B.D., has been able to rejoice in a great discovery in theology. It is a pure joy, few are purer, and in this case it has had momentous consequences. His discovery, stated barely, is that sin is a disease and must be treated medically. Let us see what that means.

That sin is spoken of throughout the Old and New Testaments as a disease we all know. Mr. Mackay scarcely had occasion to offer such elaborate evidence. But we thought the language was metaphorical. When the psalmist speaks of God healing all our diseases, or when Christ says that they that are whole need not the physician but they that are sick, we thought they were using the language of the body to illustrate the facts of the soul. Mr. Mackay says no. The facts are the same in both cases, body and soul, and the same language is applicable. *Sin is literally a disease and has to be treated as a disease. God does heal all our diseases; Christ is a physician to the sin-sick soul.

The conception is a little difficult to catch. But if it is true in its simplest sense, then we are no more responsible for sin than for sickness. To which Mr. Mackay answers at once, But we are responsible for sickness. We may have brought it

on by the exercise of our free will just as we commit sin, and we may accept or reject the physician's remedies for the cure of it in the same exercise. We are just as responsible in the one case as in the other.

So the difference is not in the matter of responsibility. If there is a difference anywhere it is in the matter of urgency. We call in the physician readily enough when influenza comes, and unless we are hopelessly ignorant and foolish we follow his directions, doing the best we know of to get rid of it. When we are sin-sick, we do not worry about it. The disease is less dangerous—is it a disease at all, or only a slight derangement to be cured by time and entertainment? So from this point onward Mr. Mackay gives himself to a description of the disease of sin and spares not. It is a diagnosis that is merciless in order to be merciful—who will say that it is overdone or morbid?

The remedy is as fully set forth as the disease. And the remedy is the cross of Christ. For this man is no more ashamed of the cross of Christ than Paul, having himself experienced the power of it for the saving health of his soul.

The title of the book is *The Disease and Remedy of Sin* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net).

ANDREW RICHARD BUXTON.

Is religion ever a *hereditary* force in life? If it is, how could Andrew Richard Buxton escape? On the one side there were the Frys and Gurneys, on the other the Buxtons. He disclosed its influence very early. He never missed an opportunity of showing its power. It made a man of him, a true saint,—though yet young when death came—most manly, most unselfish. From a wood in Flanders he writes to his sister Rosamond, August 29, 1915. 'My prayer for you on your birthday is that God may be more and more a reality to you. It is, I think, a help to practise the consciousness of Him as an unseen Presence Who is conscious of all that comes across us, as David: "The Lord is on my right hand,"—this being the expression of safety, as the man on the right held a shield in his left hand to protect the men on his left.'

He led, at school and elsewhere, in all sports and was a crack shot. He was known in the trenches as Brave Buxton. His love of animals was a passion, and how tenderly he cared for

them! 'Most of my French is expended in talking to people about their dogs. I suppose there is no licence fee for keeping them, hence every one keeps them, and in many cases two or three, and they are most abominably thoughtless. For the most part continuously tied up, sometimes in a little kennel, sometimes just to a wall, sometimes to a little round brick place, one such place where we were two nights ago with entrance at bottom of a slope in the yard, so that the water ran down into it, and a poor little shivering dog lying in the sodden bottom of it.

'It is interesting to note in different parts how the same habits prevail among the people over different things. Here every one feeds their dogs on diluted-looking milk, with just the suspicion of bread in it, and a few beans.

'I found one tied to a wall, a most charming looking fox-terrier, but so painfully starved, and with claws quite worn-down. I gave it an old box as some shelter, and let it out this afternoon, such terrific joy at getting a run round.

'A brute of an old woman in a little house just by has also a nice little fox-terrier, tied short to a fairly decent kennel, but so that it has three bits of heavy chain to its collar, and so that it can only just get its head into the entrance of the kennel, and cannot curl itself up, or get to the back. A real terror of a woman, who says she never gives it "promenade," and feeds it on milk and bread. The poor little dog is frightfully starved. She would not even let me go near it! Some say if they let their dog out "il partie," which of course means that they have a tear round, and I have shown them that they do not run away.'

But his religion was the man. An Eton boy says, 'He was so splendid and "white" . . . whenever I saw him I felt I was in the presence of one who was a true English gentleman, one who feared God.'

The title is *Andrew R. Buxton, the Rifle Brigade: A Memoir* (Scott; 5s. net).

THE PICTS.

When we see a volume of the magnificent proportions of *The Pictish Nation* (Foulis) with its great broad margins and beautiful paper, we feel that the old opulent days of book-making are back again. The Rev. Archibald B. Scott, B.D., the author of the book, is to be congratulated. And

not only because his book has been so splendidly published, but also because it is so excellent a book.

After long and needlessly bitter controversy the historians of the Picts are coming together. Mr. Scott could scarcely have seen Canon MacCulloch's article in THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS, yet he is in agreement on every essential matter of debate. This book has no foolish eccentricities. The author is thoroughly well informed, writes clearly and forcibly, and recognizes the responsibility of a modern historian to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

In the course of his story he has to express his disgust with the old Roman Catholic historians for their deliberate perversions of documents in their hands. He is especially offended with John of Fordun, and not without cause. 'John of Fordun,' he says, 'priest of the Roman Catholic Church, who wrote before A.D. 1385, garbled history, in the interests of the Romano-Gaidhealic Church and the Scots, who had won ecclesiastical and political ascendancy in Pictland, with the object of obliterating the history of the ancient Celtic Church of the Picts and the history of the ancient and independent Kingdom of Pictland, by what the late Dr. Skene called his "fictitious and artificial scheme." The fictions of Fordun and the Aberdeen group of historians make the historical mind reel.' This is perhaps Mr. Scott's chief claim to our gratitude. He spares no pains to ascertain the original truth which lay behind those garbled Roman narratives.

We wish he had begun his book with the ninth chapter. We do not mean that the first eight are dispensable; we mean that the ninth makes the best introduction for the uninstructed reader, whom we strongly recommend to begin there. Nothing could be clearer than the account in that chapter of the division of Britain in A.D. 400 into two parts by Antonine's Wall, the Southern Britons having submitted to imperial Rome, the northern, called Picts, being organized in tribes or clans under chiefs or kings, all federated under a Sovereign. These northern Britons entered the battle stripped, and as they were tattooed the Romans called them Picti, or painted. Thus the story begins, and thus it proceeds with clearness, every other page catching up with some hero or saint to lend it keener human interest.

Much of the book is given to the story of the independent Pictish Church—a Church which, Mr. Scott is careful to point out, lasted longer than the Roman Church did in this land, longer indeed than any other Church that has ever been in it. On its ministry he has this:

'In striving to explain the organization and government of the Celtic Churches, historians have as a rule not been able to prevent themselves from reading into them the forms of Church government familiar to themselves. Episcopalians have persisted in regarding the Celtic bishops as monarchic and diocesan, which they were not. They were members of their *muinntirs*, and were under the government of the Abs, and they had no dioceses; but they had power to refrain from an ordination, even though the candidate were the Ab's nominee. Presbyterians, on the other hand, have professed to see in the Celtic bishop living in subordination to the Ab only a simple presbyter with a special duty relating to the Sacraments, and to solemnities like ordination. But though the bishop was less in authority than the Ab, he was more in the administration of ordinances than the presbyter, because no presbyter was expected to dispense any Sacrament if a bishop happened to be present. Sometimes, of course, an Ab was also an ordained bishop; but some of the greatest Abs deliberately remained presbyters. The relations of bishop and Ab were much like those of the chaplain of a modern British regiment to his battalion commander. At divine services the chaplain is senior officer, but in all other work and service he is subject to his battalion commander; so in the Celtic *muinntirs*, at sacramental services the bishop, if invited to act, was for the time being in command of the community; but in all other work and service he was, with the rest of the community, subject to the Ab.'

HENRY BARCLAY SWETE.

That a short biography can be sufficient and a success is proved beyond doubt by the issue of *Henry Barclay Swete, D.D., F.B.A.: A Remembrance* (Macmillan; 6s. net). Three friends have co-operated in the writing of it, making the success the more surprising and the more sure. One of them is Dr. Bethune-Baker, and he is surely the author of the chapter on 'Dr. Swete's Contribution to Theological Learning,' which

occupies more than a third of the book with so much acceptance.

Dr. Swete in his long lifetime published a very great amount—the Bibliography at the end of this volume is an amazement—but it was all of the ripest scholarship. His edition of the Septuagint, which may never be superseded, is not a whit more accurate than any one of the numerous articles which he contributed to THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. But more than what he produced himself was the work that he encouraged other men to produce. This was his gift, beyond all others. He discovered men who could do good work and he set them to do it. In the same way he started institutions—the Journal of Theological Studies, the Cambridge Theological Society, the Central Society of Sacred Studies, and more—and every one of his institutions flourished.

His chief devotion was to the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, on which he published several volumes, some pamphlets, and two articles—one in Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, the other in Hastings' *DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE*. Of the latter article Dr. Bethune-Baker says: 'I should be inclined myself to signalize this article as one which exhibits Dr. Swete's highest qualities as scholar, expositor, and theologian, and to see in it the expression of a mind and spirit moulded and permeated by the kind of uplifting experience which he pours.''

He was something of a recluse all his life, due to a hereditary shyness. Yet he was a force, perhaps the strongest theological force ever occupying a Regius Chair in Cambridge. 'He could say "winged words" when he chose.' We recollect how after hearing of a clergyman of large bulk having made a false quantity in one of the names of Romans xvi., he remarked, "You should judge a man by his quality, not by his quantity."'

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

Major-General Sir F. Maurice has written the story of the Retreat from Mons and the Battle of the Marne. His title is *Forty Days in 1914* (Constable; 9s. net). His ability as a writer, well known, was never better manifested. From the first day of the wonderful forty to the last we can follow the fortunes of the British Army with ease and interest. And truly it is a great story. Only

once or twice does Sir F. Maurice turn aside to describe separate incidents. But one of them is fine enough to stand retelling here.

'I well remember on the morning of August 28 meeting in a small French town the commander of a company of a famous regiment, who, to my certain knowledge, had not in the previous sixty hours had more than a few odd snatches of sleep, and had passed the whole of the previous night tramping with his men. He had been told that he would have three hours' rest, and he spent the greater part of it driving round the town in a light cart he had borrowed buying any food he could discover, and paying for it out of his own pocket such prices as the inhabitants liked to ask. This is one small example, but it is typical of the spirit of the British Army. It did not occur to this officer that he was doing anything out of the ordinary; his men had had no food since the previous morning, and his first duty was to look after his men. The food might have been taken by force, and no one would have been the wiser, for the Germans would be in the town in a few hours and would help themselves without payment, but for the honour of Britain—I will not say of England for my friend was a Scot—and for the honour of the Army all things had to be done in order. He had told his men that he would get them a breakfast, so while he went marketing they tightened their belts and waited patiently in the midst of comparative plenty, for the German advance had come like a bolt from the blue, and the inhabitants had had little time to remove their stocks. The Germans boast loudly of the iron discipline of their army, but when we compare the behaviour of their soldiers in retreat with that of our men in like circumstances, we may thank God that British discipline, which depends first and foremost on the relations between officer and man, is of a very different type, and rejoice that it stood better than the enemy's rigid rules the severest test which war can bring.'

It would be a pleasure to repeat in our own words Sir F. Maurice's description of the Battle of the Marne, but it must not be. Enough to say that in his considered judgment it was the crossing of the Marne by the British Army on the morning of September 9 that turned the scale against von Kluck and compelled the retreat of the Germans.

JESUS AND PAUL.

The Rival Philosophies of Jesus and Paul is the title which Mr. Ignatius Singer has given to his new book (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net). It is arresting, and it is meant to be. Then follows a preface by the Rev. J. Cyril Flower, M.A., which is also meant to be arresting. 'The author's attitude to Paul, and his interpretation of Paulinism, is vehement to the point of contempt'—that is a typical sentence. Then comes a Letter to the author from the Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy, B.A., who says, 'Your book, if published, will provoke much discussion, and probably antagonism.' Nor is the author less sanguine of sensation. He believes that he has discovered Jesus. 'I hope to depict (I believe now for the first time) a sage about whose historicity there can be no doubt; whose philosophy will stand the severest scrutiny of modern science; and whose postulates—so much derided even by his professed followers—are the only possible foundation for a sound philosophy.'

But when we enter the book we find that it is simply the old antithesis 'Jesus or Christ' served up again, evidently in utter unconsciousness that the dish was ever on our table before. Ten years ago a bulky book was published under that title and threshed out the subject. The result was collapse. We have scarcely heard again of the Jesus who was a Jewish Rabbi of excellent intentions and the Christ who was a theological manufacture of Saul of Tarsus. But here it is, the motive and meaning of this volume, in all the exuberant joy of an original discovery.

The author must have been asleep all these years. He assures us that the Gospels are not the oldest documents of the New Testament writings. And although he adds a footnote: 'I have learnt since the above was written that I am not the first to have made this discovery,' he afterwards takes space and time to prove it by an elaborate array of arguments. Nor has he brought his discoveries to an end. He has still to discover that Paul was not the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

His method of proof is scarcely less remarkable than his scholarship. He begins by an effort to show that Jesus disregarded the commandment to love God, and laid all the emphasis on the commandment to love our neighbour; it was Paul that emphasized the first commandment. How much

easier would it have been to prove the opposite, if that had suited his purpose. All that was necessary was to quote Gal 5¹⁴, where the first commandment is not mentioned, but we are told that 'the whole law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

We are no more impressed by Mr. Singer's skill as an interpreter than by his learning or his logic. We give a specimen: 'Matt. vi. 26 has been rendered in the A.V. "Are ye not *much better* ('*mállon diapherete*') than they?" and in the R.V. "Are not ye of *much more value* than they?" But should be rendered, "Are ye not *much more capable* than they?" Obviously neither moral worth nor personal merit could affect the "provision made by the Father," and nowhere did Jesus imply or hint any such absurdity. But he did say that "The sun shines, and the rain descends on the just and on the unjust," and that God is kind "even to the unthankful and the evil." It is simply stupid to argue that "because man is better than a bird, therefore he has even less reason to sow or to gather into barns." But it is quite a different thing to say that "inasmuch as birds are fed, though they neither sow nor reap, there is less reason for anxiety about the future for those *who are so much more capable than birds*"; i.e. who know how to raise crops and how to garner them.'

MISS CZAPLICKA'S TURKS.

The Turk is soon to become an object of anti-quarian interest. He has been bolstered up by Britain for the last time. He has committed his last wholesale massacre. Let us hand him over to the ethnologist and the anthropologist. Miss Czaplicka has written the first book of the series.

Miss M. A. Czaplicka is our best authority on the Turks of Central Asia. The names of Turkomans, Sarts, Taranchi, Usbegs, Kaizak, Kara-Kalpak, Kara-Kirghis, Yakut are familiar to her as household words. She is acquainted with their manners (or want of manners), their customs, their trades, their religious rites, and the marvellously rich and promising country in which they dwell.

Rich indeed—listen to this: 'In commercial value this area represents—rich fishing in the sub-Arctic region; rare fur animals in the forest region; valuable timber, of which in Western Siberia alone some 110 million dessiatins were registered by the Russian Government; rich cornfields, almost half

of which are occupied by wheat; steppes swarming with cattle, and lakes abundant in fish; mountains rich in minerals; and finally, the irrigated fields of Turkestan covered with cotton plantations, not to mention such promising industries as butter and eggs, fruit and vegetables. As to the minerals, the "Golden" or Altai Mountains, as well as the Northern Steppes are equally rich in gold, silver, iron, coal, copper, and almost all known mineral resources.'

In her book on *The Turks of Central Asia in History and at the Present Day* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press; 15s. net), Miss Czaplicka shows us how the Germans struggled to obtain possession of this wealth by means of this Pan-Turanian movement. But beyond the exposure of this scheme, which has overreached itself, the book is valuable for its reliable knowledge of the many tribes inhabiting Central Asia, the unravelling of their complicated relationships, the description of their ceremonies, and above all for the magnificent bibliographical material which occupies a good many of its pages.

GEORGE WYNDHAM AND CHARLES WHIBLEY.

A year or two ago a biography of George Wyndham was written by Mr. Charles Whibley. It was written in the form of a letter, and with all the intimacy of the best letter-writing, together with a most unusual feeling for adequate English idiom. Mr. Whibley has now edited George Wyndham's contributions to literature, and his long introduction is just as original (we had almost dared 'eccentric') as his biography. The title is *Essays in Romantic Literature* (Macmillan; 12s. net).

The essays are on the Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe, the Poetry of the Prison, Ronsard and la Pléiade, North's Plutarch, the Poems of Shakespeare, Elizabethan Adventure in Elizabethan Literature, and Sir Walter Scott. And every one of these essays is described by Mr. Whibley in the Introduction. They are described so fully that one could write a review of the book by reading the Introduction alone; they are described so sympathetically that one is driven to read the book out of sheer curiosity and admiration. Take this short simple paragraph; it refers to the essay on North's Plutarch:

'Scholarship is largely a matter of temperament,

and George Wyndham, though he had left Eton early to go into the army, could not expel the temperament, which nature had implanted within him. He had but to call upon a reserve of strength, half-suspected, to be generously answered. With untiring diligence he read the *Lives* in Amyot's French as well as in North's English. To trace Shakespeare's debt in *Coriolanus*, *Cæsar*, and *Antony* was a task very near to the heart of one whose love of Shakespeare was not greater than his understanding. So he pegged steadily at Plutarch, "in growing terror at his increasing size," and like all good workmen found a real joy in the work. "He is a very jolly fellow to live with," he wrote, "and I shall be sorry to say 'Good-bye.'"

So to the book you go—taking North first, as surest of reward. For North is 'a jolly fellow to live with.' One hard-driven minister of the gospel took him lately on holiday—the whole thing—and came back like a giant refreshed.

THE BOOK OF JUDGES.

When Driver's *Deuteronomy* appeared as the first volume of the 'International Critical Commentary,' it was at once felt that a new era in the interpretation of Scripture had opened. Nor from that day has British scholarship looked back. Now another Oxford scholar comes with a commentary on *The Book of Judges* (Rivingtons; 21s. net), which has all the features that made Driver's *Deuteronomy* so momentous, and carries the same method of interpretation a distinct stage forward.

Everything is taken into account by Professor C. F. Burney, the immediate environment, the history and life of the nations around, the text of the writing, its sources and literary history, the artistic skill of the narrators, their conception of History and their reliability, the geography of the land and the social and religious customs of the people inhabiting it, the English and other versions of the book, and even that trap for the unwary—the change that has taken place in the English language since our familiar translation was made. Not a word, not a phrase, is left unexplained; and where a difficulty occurs, a special excursus is given to its consideration. It is a volume of cxxviii and 528 pages, with seven maps and six plates. We have seen high things in Biblical commenting in our day. This book stands on the height.

Look at two of the judgments reached.

1. *Is the Book of Judges historical?* Dr. Burney says: 'Taking a comprehensive and summary survey of Judges as a whole, we may confidently conclude that the figures of Deborah and Barak, Gide'on-Jerubbaal, Abimelech, and Micah are historical, and that the narratives concerning them contain a very solid substratum of fact. The same may be affirmed with considerable probability of Ehud and Jephthah; though in the case of the narrative of the latter it remains ambiguous whether the enemy was Ammon or Moab. Balance of probability inclines (in the opinion of the present writer) against the historical character of Samson; though in any case the picture which is drawn of relations between Israelites and Philistines possesses a real historical interest. Othniel and the five minor Judges, Tola, Ja'ir, Ibzan, Elon, and Abdon, are undoubtedly not individuals but personified clans. Shamgar, the son of Anath, is proved to be an historical name by the allusion in chap. 5⁶; though, since this bare allusion is probably all that the author of the late insertion in 3⁹ had to go upon, it is at least as likely that he was a foreign oppressor as a deliverer (cf. p. 113). Comparison of the contemporary Song of Deborah with the parallel prose-narrative in chap. 4 affords incontrovertible evidence of the large amount of genuine history which may be found in the old prose-sources (cf. p. 82), even though (as we must probably assume) they were handed down orally for many generations before being committed to writing; and it is a fair inference that other old narratives which contain intrinsic evidence of their appropriateness to the circumstances of the period (e.g. the J narrative of Gide'on, and the stories of Abimelech and Micah) are no less historical. The only narrative which appears not to possess any historical value is the story of the outrage at Gibe'ah and the ensuing vengeance taken by Israel on the tribe of Benjamin; since the oldest form of the story (which we assign to J) is clearly constructed in close imitation of earlier J narratives, and appears to offer marked evidence of a special motive, viz. animosity to the memory of Saul. Even here, however, it would be bold to assert categorically (especially in view of the Shiloh-story in 21^{19B}) that no historical elements at all have entered into the narrative.'

2. *On the maps of Palestine.* We are sorry to see that Dr. Burney is not satisfied with Sir G. A. Smith's Atlas. He says: 'To take some points

which strike the eye—sect. iii. still contains the preposterous identification of Betsaanim with Sahel el-Aḥmâ which depends upon A.V.'s erroneous rendering of 'ēlôn "terebinth" as "plain." In the Orographical map 11-12 the "plain of Zaanaim" still stands; and here and in sect. map vii. we have the "plain of Mamre" (A.V.'s error for *terebinths* of Mamre). In sect. vi. Gibe'ah is identified with Geba', and both with the modern Jeba' (Geba'), in face of the cogent Biblical evidence noted on chap. 19¹² that Gibe'ah is distinct from Geba', and of Dr. Smith's own adoption (*Jerusalem*, ii. p. 92, n³) of the commonly received identification of the former with Tell el-Fûl. Other impossible, or highly improbable, identifications (hardly palliated by the fact that they are marked with a query) are 'Ain-Ḥelweh = Abel Meḥolah, 'Osh el-Ghurâb = Rock 'Oreb, Kh. 'Ermâ = Ḳiriath-Je'arim, Tell Deir-'Allah, north of the Jabboḵ = Succoth (surely, in spite of the Talmudic identification with Dar'ala, to be looked for south of the Jabboḵ). The identifications of Kefr Ḥasan with Ashnah, and of Ta'lat Heisa with the Ascent of Luḥith, which are now (as contrasted with the folding map) marked with a query in deference to Dr. Driver's strictures in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, xxi. pp. 495, 563 f., should surely have been omitted altogether. We also find, without so much as a query, the very questionable identifications el-Lejjûn = Megiddo, instead of (as now established) Tell el-Mutesellim nearly a mile to the north, Ṭûbâs = Thebez, Tell esh-Sheri'ah = Sharuḥen, edh-Dhaheriyeh = Debir (an identification which, though generally accepted, is really based upon a wholly false etymological conclusion drawn by Conder, and is therefore at best nothing more than a guess at the site, apart from any connexion in name.' Students will take note of these corrections. After all they are not very numerous.

On the exposition of the text note two points.

1. Dr. Burney translates Jg 5²² thus—

'Then loud beat the hoofs of the horses;
Off gallop||ed||, off gallop||ed|| his chargers'—

and says: 'The repeated *daharû daharû* is intended to represent the threefold beat of a horse's gallop; and does so most accurately with the main *ictus* on the third beat; as in the final movement of the overture to Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. Virgil represents the gallop by the familiar dactylic line, *Aen.* viii. 596,

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum";

and this dactylic rhythm is adopted by Charles Kingsley in *My Hunting Song*:

"Hark to them, ride to them, beauties! as on they go,

Leaping and sweeping away in the vale below";

but the dactylic measure is not quite so true as the anapaestic. In Ps 68¹¹ we find the measure $\simeq \simeq \simeq$; *yiddôdhûn yiddôdhûn* = "Kings of hosts *are running, are running,*" which is again intended to represent the sound of a cavalcade galloping away in the distance. This reminds us of the rhythm of Browning's *How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*:

"I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three."

2. The A.V. and R.V. translation of Jg 11³⁴ is 'she was his only child.' The reference is to Jephthah's daughter. Dr. Burney renders 'she was absolutely an only child,' and says, 'The Hebrew is extraordinarily emphatic—lit., "and she only was an only child." R.V., by omitting one of the words for "only" misses this emphasis altogether.'

WATSON PASHA.

After his brief administrative career in Egypt, Sir Charles Moore Watson was always known as Watson Pasha. Some of us knew him best as Chairman of the Palestine Exploration Fund, an honour and an office to which he was chosen on the death of Sir Charles Wilson.

Watson Pasha: A Record of the Life-work of Sir Charles Moore Watson, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.A., Colonel in the Royal Engineers—that is the whole title (Murray; 7s. 6d. net). The author is Dr. Stanley Lane-Poole, who has been assisted by Mr. Walter W. Skeat. These very capable writers have written a very successful biography.

But they have had to write it. Sir Charles Watson gave them no assistance. He was never a writer of letters, and the diary he kept consisted of phrases and full stops. That was his character and the biographers had to make the best of it. And yet Watson Pasha was an Irishman. But,

'it is a mistake,' says Dr. Lane-Poole, 'to think that an Irishman's ready talk does not cover a vast reserve. He was just as reserved in his letters as in his conversation, and whilst reading his papers for the purpose of this book I have found myself continually praying, almost always in vain, that he would "let himself go." He himself would say, "It doesn't matter to other people what I think or believe—the only important thing, if "important" is the word, is what I did; so please leave my inside alone and look at my work."'

Well his work was worth looking at. He had several hobbies and rode every one of them. He was first and last an engineer, but he turned his engineering ability to good account in so many ways. His biographers tell us that if the British Government had encouraged him to proceed with his experiments on balloons, if they had even let him alone, we should have had a fleet of airships when the war broke out able to bombard Berlin. That is to say, we should have been before the war began just where we were after it ended.

Watson worked in the Sudan for some time under Gordon, and there are not a few letters from Gordon in this book.

His views were as clear as his work was clean. Long before the war he advocated universal military service, and showed its immense superiority over conscription. 'As we know, the British soldier has too often been refused admittance to the dignified portals of a public-house and of a music-hall. Similarly, those who live in Belgium and Spain, the only countries where conscription still exists, are aware of the contempt with which the well-to-do citizen looks down upon the man whom he has *bought* to take his place in the army. How different is it with universal service, where the uniform is the mark of physical efficiency and the voucher of honourable service to the country, whether it be under the monarchy of Germany, the autocracy of Japan, or the democracy of Switzerland.'

A FIRST HEBREW READER.

We congratulate the Rev. Duncan Cameron, B.D., on his accomplishment of a task which many men have essayed in vain. You would think that nothing could be easier than the preparation of a simple serviceable introduction to the study

of Hebrew. Nothing is more difficult. *Experto crede*. It is not that it costs time and trouble; who would grudge that? It is that it costs something in the nature of genius—first a feeling for language, which is more rare than the feeling for music; and next a sympathetic and imaginative entrance into the mind of the beginner. Mr. Cameron has prepared *A First Hebrew Reader* (T. & T. Clark; 6s. net). Now we shall find fewer students seeking entrance into the Divinity Colleges without knowing anything of this indispensable language. We shall find laymen discovering how easy it is after all to gain a sufficient understanding of this language to enable them to read the Book of Jonah in the original.

LADY VICTORIA BUXTON.

The Right Hon. George W. E. Russell has had much practice in the writing of biography, but he is not yet a biographer. He does not take it seriously enough. He does not let it cost him enough. In *Lady Victoria Buxton* (Longmans; ros. 6d. net) he had a fine subject, but one not easy to handle. He has missed his opportunity.

We do not mean that the book is unreadable. Far from that, though certainly the most readable part of it is the chapter entitled 'A Daughter's Tribute,' by Victoria de Bunsen. What is wanting is not readableness but a clear understanding of the environment in which Lady Buxton lived and a clear vision of herself in her environment.

A wonderful woman she certainly was. Possessed of an exceptional store of vitality—'high spirits' they used to call it—she fell soon after her marriage into a state of physical collapse which must have been hard to bear. But in that state, through all the years it lasted, she was the soul of a large circle, and did an immense amount of philanthropic work.

A Noel, she was an Evangelical by her very birth and more so by her training. Her mother reproved Queen Victoria for travelling on Sunday. And when she became a Buxton her religious beliefs were only given more scope and encouragement. But she had the gift of humour, and could laugh at the phraseology we so easily fall into and which expresses so little. There were days when she could not hear the word 'sweet' without shaking.

This is what the Bishop of Durham says of her :

'How much I wish I could fill this paper with the details of memory, with incidents of our intercourse, and particular talks! For indeed the talks, when they came, had a sweet yet strong charm and interest all their own; who ever surpassed her in the *life* she gave to every reminiscence, enquiry, or kind discussion? But what I can do is to pay my tribute of reverent love to that wonderful, moving, uplifting phenomenon, so natural, so supernatural—dear Lady Victoria's tranquil triumph all through her latter years over the tremendous burthen (is the word too strong?) of physical constraint, searching and exhausting pain, and the untellable bodily weariness which incessant and growing malady was always bringing. Such was her cross. I think, as I recall it, of the beautiful French motto, "*Que l'âme pleinement à Dieu porte sa croix avec amour.*" That was just what she did. And I think that when at length the Master tells up His "gains by trading," brought in by His beloved servants, it will be found that He received great wealth, the golden revenue of countless lives, taught and inspired by this most dear and admirable and self-forgetting sufferer, till they too learnt—for crosses, probably much lighter, of their own—the hidden sweetness of pain loved for Christ's sake.'

A history of Presbyterianism comes from New Zealand. Its author is the Rev. W. Gray Dixon, M.A., minister of Roslyn Parish, Dunedin. The title is *The Romance of the Catholic Presbyterian Church* (Dunedin: Adams). Two words in the title arrest the attention. 'Catholic' is chosen to signify that this history is of the Presbyterian Church throughout the world, and also incidentally that it is a branch of the pure Church of God. The other word, 'Romance,' means that to Mr. Gray Dixon the history of the Presbyterian Church is a history of heroic deeds and heroic men. And he shows that it is both Catholic and romantic. He tells its story accurately, courtously, enthusiastically.

Mr. Leonard Green, the author of *Dream Comrades*, has written a similar book of sketches—'prose studies' is his own title—and called it *The Youthful Lover* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net). There is no plot, no tale even; there is simply a psychological situation. But that is written down

with a fine command of rhythmic prose, and is always captivating.

The Christian World Pulpit pursues its victorious way in spite of war and paper shortage. The 94th volume, containing the numbers from July to December 1918 (Clarke & Co.; 6s. net) has outward signs of stress and struggle, but its contents are as representative as ever. Rather more than ever. For no preacher is allowed more than three sermons, and only two are allowed three—Dr. Horton and Dr. John Macmillan of Belfast. There are two sermons by ladies, Mrs. E. Herman and Miss Maude Royden. Mrs. Herman preaches a good sound evangelical discourse with three divisions. Miss Royden is more daring. She discusses the subject of Miracles.

Dom Savinien Louismet, O.S.B., is, in respect of Mysticism, the Dean Inge of the Roman Church. He has already written three books, *The Mystical Knowledge of God*, *The Mystical Life*, and a volume just issued, *Mysticism True and False* (Burns & Oates), and he has a fourth on the way, *Divine Contemplation for All*.

Dom Louismet writes as a Roman. And a very fine example of the Roman manner is to be found in this book. We shall quote the passage: 'Out of the Church there is no Mysticism just as "Out of the Church there is no salvation."

'This may appear at first sight not only an intolerant, but also a preposterous and unjustifiable proposition, and yet, when we look closely into it, we find it to be as sober a scientific statement of the matter in hand as was ever formulated, whether in the abstract sciences or in those of observation.

'First of all let us see the meaning of these words: "Out of the Church." They mean out of the one and only Church which God made, out of the Church which Jesus built; out of the Church which is One, and Catholic, and Apostolic, whose visible head is the successor of St. Peter, the Pope of Rome; out of the Church of the seven Sacraments and of the true Sacrifice of the Mass. Out of that Church there is no real Mysticism, no mystical life, no salvation.

'On the Day of General Judgement all the redeemed will be found to have been, whilst in life, real Catholics at heart, whether they knew it or not, whether other men knew it or only God.

They will be found to have been saved by no other agency than the grace of God through faith in Jesus Christ and incorporation, public or secret, in His mystical body the Church, and to have lived the life supernatural, the life of grace: thus, and in no other way, shall they be proclaimed worthy of admission to the eternal Nuptials of the Lamb. None but such shall find an entrance there.

'Taken in this sense and with this qualification, that many who are not known to men as children of the household of the faith are nevertheless really so in the eyes of God, are really in the Church and not out of it, these propositions: Out of the Church no salvation, and Out of the Church no Mysticism are absolutely uncontroversial and intolerant of any addition or subtraction.'

It is enough to add that the three volumes already written by Dom Louismet give us the best popular account of Mysticism as practised in the Roman Church that we know of.

Professor Shaw's article on the Resurrection of our Lord in the DICTIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH has been described by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll as 'the best and most comprehensive handling of the august theme which is accessible to the English reader.' Along with that article should be read a book on the same subject by Mr. Joseph Palmer, entitled *The Central Event of Universal History* (Sydney: Christian World Office). The book is very different from the article—that is why it should be read with it. This is a devout believer's delight in the narrative and all that it means for life and conduct here and for life and joy hereafter. It is a handsome book and well illustrated. We welcome it from the other side.

To the accessible and excellent literature on *The League of Nations* elsewhere named add a brochure under that title by Mr. A. F. Pollard (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press; 1s. net). Three points are discussed—the Conditions of the Problem, the League of Nations on Paper, the Lesson of History.

The Organist of Westminster Abbey, Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson, has written a practical handbook of *Church Music* (Faith Press). Everything that choirs or clergymen have to attend to is

handled, and all with a steady hand. The sections on Intoning, above all, should be considered with care, and not by those who intone only. Mr. Nicholson makes a sharp distinction between secular and sacred music, at a time when we are abolishing that distinction elsewhere. There was no such distinction in music until the middle of the sixteenth century, but then he thinks it had to be. Would he call an oratorio sacred or secular?

Few books on the future life have been so successful as Dr. J. Paterson Smyth's *The Gospel of the Hereafter*. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have issued a new edition, the sixteenth, revised and enlarged (4s. net).

The Rev. John A. Ireland, minister of Gartsherrie, was a strong man with eccentricities. He was a power in his parishes—he had two of them, first Whitburn, where his reign as 'Provost is still green in the memory of the older townspeople, who now readily acknowledge that one was then among them with ideas far in front of his time, and a will that knew not how to yield until they had been put into effect'; and then Gartsherrie, where he 'gave himself wholly to the work of the ministry, and especially to the perfecting of his forms of service for both young and old.' At Gartsherrie there was a row of cottages with a high brick wall in front of them and very little church-going out of them. After a visit one of the women said, 'He's an awfu' queer man, Mr. Ireland. Dae ye ken what he said to me the other day? "Aye, Mrs. —," says he, "and you don't attend the meetings. I'm truly grieved to hear it; but, mind you, I'm not surprised. I am quite sure it can't be easy to believe in God with a wall like that always staring you in the face." Aye, he's an awfu' queer man, Mr. Ireland, an awfu' queer man.'

His sermons and addresses were as practical as his conversation. There is one in this book in simple and sole condemnation of 'the present state of the Whitelaw fountain'; and another as exclusively denouncing box-beds. Even the Communion Addresses are his own.

The title of the book is *A Legacy from a Scottish Manse* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net).

What are the easily accessible books to read on the League of Nations? First *The Peace Confer-*

ence and After, with a preface by Lord Grey of Fallodon (Macmillan; 1s. net); next Lord Grey's own *League of Nations* (Oxford Press; 3d. net); and then Bishop Gore's *The League of Nations* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). Dr. Gore writes from the point of view of the Church's opportunity.

Those who are interested in *Dreams* (and their number is not decreasing) should read a book under that title written by J. W. Wickwar (Jarrolds; 2s. 6d. net). It has reached its third edition, and deserves its popularity. Mr. Wickwar's theory is that 'dreams are revivals of actual sensory impressions either in whole or in part.'

The author of *The Cultivation of the Spiritual Life* (Kelly; 1s. net), the Rev. J. Ebenezer Howard, is evidently a devout man, a scholar, and a writer. Style, learning, spirituality—they all go together to the making of a volume which we shall keep beside us, yea, also carry with us where we go, for our encouragement and growth in grace.

Dr. Frank Ballard has written a smaller book in support of his Fernley Lecture on God's Fatherhood. *Father of All* he calls it (Kelly). His faith in God's universal Fatherhood is undaunted, but he says: 'Divine Fatherhood does not necessarily involve true sonship on the part of human beings. Any father may have a child who is unloving and disobedient and so is far from being what a child should be. Thus the paradox is true that such a one is at once a child and not a child. The truth can only be expressed by means of some qualifying term. He is naturally a child, but morally, ethically, spiritually, he is not a child, and must change his attitude before he can become one. Here, as Dr. W. N. Clarke, quoted above, has said, all controversy on this matter might well end, and ought to end.'

A Puritan Idyll (Longmans; 1s. net) is the title of a Lecture which the Rev. Frederick J. Powicke, M.A., Ph.D., delivered at the John Rylands Library in Manchester last March. It is Richard Baxter's love story, told very skilfully. The audience must have found it a pleasant change from the severe scholarship of the ordinary John Rylands' lectures. But there is scholarship here also.

The *Journal of the Manchester Egyptian and Oriental Society, 1917-1918* (Longmans; 5s. net), contains a report of the Society's proceedings during the year and five special papers. These papers are (1) by Professor E. H. Parker on the Chinese philosopher Kwan-tsz, (2) by Professor William H. Bennett on the Arrangement of the Old Testament, (3) by Professor G. Elliot Smith on the Giver of Life (an account of certain 'life-giving' amulets), (4) by Miss Winifred M. Crompton on a Stamp Seal from Egypt, and (5) by Mr. Maurice A. Canney on the Hebrew word translated 'rush upon' in Am 5⁶ and elsewhere.

Under the title of *Sainthood*, the Rev. Jesse Brett, L.Th., Chaplain of All Saints' Hospital, Eastbourne, has published a volume of Retreat Addresses (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net).

Have you noticed how often the saint is referred to now? We were shy of the word before, the Roman and the worldly saint being the most conspicuous examples. We have recently recovered the word with the presence of the true saint. It is the sainthood of the true saint that is described by Mr. Brett.

Another volume has been published of *Father Stanton's Sermon Outlines*, edited by the Rev. E. F. Russell, M.A. (Longmans; 6s. net). Two-thirds of the texts are taken from the Gospels—a sign of the times and a hint to evangelists. One text we have hit upon is misinterpreted. The words are 'He shall not speak of himself' (Jn 16¹⁸). The 'of' is Old English; the Greek (as R.V.) means 'from himself.' Nevertheless the sermon is so peculiarly Father Stanton's that the misunderstanding scarcely matters.

Under the title of *The Increase of God*, the Rev. A. H. McNeile, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, has written a book which will certainly drive those who read it to serious thought (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). The Bishop of London confesses that *he* has been made to think. In his racy preface he expresses the main idea of the book by quoting this sentence: 'My growth is God's life straining after *self-fulfilment*, physically in my body, spiritually in my soul.' The book is written brightly, freshly, and with the responsibility of the best scholarship. It is not on any account to be lost in the rush of

after-war theology. It introduces a conception of God which will surely have its influence on the theology of the future.

Lord Hugh Cecil has written a pamphlet on *Nationalism and Catholicism* (Macmillan; 1s. net). He believes that the League of Nations will find its chief difficulty in the national sentiment, and that there will be no way of overcoming it except by making it Catholic. Make the Church not the Nation the ideal—that will supply the necessary moral impulse.

The writings of Dr. Alexander Smellie have that 'flavour,' incommunicable and indescribable, which makes a book (in Keats's memorable though much-quoted phrase) a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. His very titles have it. The latest is *The Well by the Way* (Melrose; 4s. 6d. net). It is only a volume of sermons. But so, a volume of sermons may last and charm as any other work of art. Is it not, when truly a work of art, the highest form and fullest flower? For, in the hands of a master, words are the most pliant of all instruments of art, fit for higher uses than the finest musical instrument. These words give the impression of power without effort. And then they are consecrated to the noblest ends—created in Christ Jesus unto good works.

At the Methodist Book Concern of New York (150 Fifth Avenue) there has been published a charming book on *The Old Home* (\$2 net). It is charmingly written by Charles Coke Woods, and it is as charmingly illustrated by Almina Martindale Woods.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have published two attractive booklets for devotional reading. Mr. David Williamson, the author of *Bear ye One Another's Burdens*, we know. He is here at his anecdotal best. Kingscote Greenland we do not know, not even whether man or woman, but *The Victorious Child* is such a beautiful and touching book that we shall look out for the next by the same author.

In his *Ruling Lines of Progressive Revelation* (Morgan & Scott; 4s. 6d. net) the Rev. W. Graham Scroggie uses the old terms—dispensations, types, etc.—but he is well aware of the

change that has come over them. Even the chapter on Typology is quite up to date and acceptable.

Mr. Robert W. Mackenna, M.A., M.D., who wrote lately on *The Adventure of Death*, now writes on *The Adventure of Life* (Murray; 6s. net). Is there an aspect of life or of any of its manifestations that he has forgotten? We remember none. And on every aspect he writes with knowledge and optimism. He is no unbeliever. He believes in religion and he believes in science; and he believes that life to be life must be both scientific and religious. He has courage also. He dares to tell us what is the probable origin of life and how we may one day capture it and keep it. And never die? Well, hardly ever. This is what he says:

'Since the days of Newton the study of the solar spectrum has had perpetual interest for the physicist and the chemist, and their studies have given to the world much rich information. But beyond the violet rays in the spectrum there is a long series of rays about which, as yet, science has little to tell us. They may be rays with infinite potentialities. Some of them, we know, have powers of heating. The others, though this is unlikely, may be inert and valueless. But it is known they are there, although their function is as yet unguessed. And there is presumptive reason for believing that there come to our little corner of the Universe, out of the vastnesses of space, other rays than those of the solar spectrum, to which as yet we are completely blind.'

'Now, I suggest that protoplasm, wherever found, becomes the receiver of the energising activity of this special ray, and the manifestations of life appear. It will at once be urged that, if this be so, death either of plant or animal becomes an impossibility. Protoplasm is an essential part of the structure of both, and if this special ray automatically seizes upon protoplasm wherever found and charges it with life, how can anything die? The objection is a perfectly fair one, and it is well it should be advanced; but it is far from presenting an insoluble difficulty, and in its solution we may discover why it is that disease can destroy life.'

One of the greatest authorities on education is the Rev. Herbert Branstons Gray, D.D. Dr. Gray has travelled twice in the United States of America

for the sole purpose of studying the methods of education in use there. And now he has written a book entitled *America at School and at Work* (Nisbet; 5s. net). The title is neither haphazard nor catch-penny; it is chosen to express the fact that in America education is directed deliberately and persistently to the equipment of the pupil for his work in life.

What of British education? His answer is 'chaos.' And then he asks, 'Is it too much to hope that there will emerge from the present chaos a British statesman, or set of statesmen, who can see that a nation whose education is crystallized is doomed to decay industrially and socially, that the whole of the education of the prosperous classes is at present outside the scheme of a national education, and must be brought into it, however rooted in exclusive traditions, and however organic the revolution may be, and that (finally) no safer escape from the economic, industrial, and social downfall of Great Britain can be imagined than to follow the example of the Federal Government in the United States, and to pour with unstinting (and indeed lavish) hand millions of State Funds annually into the lap of education for the establishment of a thoroughly democratic and truly national training for all future citizens?'

The Rev. Colin Campbell, D.D., has revised his volume on *The First Three Gospels in Greek* and has issued it in a third edition (Oliver & Boyd; 9s. net). Dr. Campbell's idea is that the Gospel according to Mark is not the earliest of the Synoptic Gospels (as nearly everybody now believes) but the latest, the other two having been employed in its composition. Apart from that theory, however, which is as unlikely to be adopted now as the belief that Christ spoke in Greek, the book is valuable as a Synopsis Evangelica.

A new and enlarged edition has been issued of the late Canon A. C. Cooper-Marsdin's book, *Church or Sect* (Scott; 6s. net).

To the select band of preachers to children add now the Rev. H. J. Essex, M.A., Chaplain of the Bethany Orphanage, Bournemouth. His book is *The Children in Church* (Scott; 3s. net). One feature is prominent—every text is a great text. There is no trifling.

Mr. Scott has issued two books of materials for sermon makers. The one is called *Seed Thoughts* (3s. net). It consists of quotations gathered by J. Ellis from Dickens, Julius Hare, Newman, Fielding, Parker, and many others. The other is entitled *Arrows for the King's Archers* (3s. net). It contains outlines of Sermons, Bible Readings, and Addresses by S. R. Cambie, B.D., D.Litt.

Dr. Alfred Plummer continues his studies on the books of the New Testament and that to some purpose. *A Commentary on St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Thessalonians* (Scott; 6s. net) follows hard on the Commentary on the First Epistle. And it is its fellow in respect of scholarship and utility. Emphasize utility (the scholarship may be taken for granted), for one clear aim is ever before Dr. Plummer in all his work, and nowhere more manifestly than in his commentaries—the aim and end of being of assistance to others in their studies. This is a *student's* commentary; it goes to the making of students.

Of individual points one is the discussion of that much-discussed topic, the Man of Sin. Dr. Plummer has been able to see the forthcoming commentary of Canon Charles on the Apocalypse, and has collated its conclusions with his own. He ends in this way:

'To ask, as some are doing, whether St. Paul and St. John, in their pictures of the Antichrist, were predicting the enormities committed by the German Emperor and his people during the present war, is to ask a futile question. The inspired writers were giving instruction, encouragement, and warning to Christians of their own time. What help would it have been to Christians of the first two centuries to have cryptic descriptions of horrors that were to take place in the twentieth century? And how could teachers who were fully persuaded that Christ would return very soon, and bring this world to a close, be supposed to foresee what would be going on in this world many centuries later? What they did see was this;—that any God-opposing power, however successful for a time in making might prevail against right, and however skilful in adapting miracles of science to its own wicked purposes, must in the end fail, and be destroyed by the righteous judgment of God. Moral principles may be derided and reversed. "We ought, therefore we can" may be transformed into "We can, therefore we ought,"

so that the power to conquer is made to imply the right to conquer; but sooner or later the mills of God accomplish their inevitable work, and the monstrous rebel is ground to powder.'

A small volume of *Daily Thoughts* has been gathered from the writings of Archdeacon Wilberforce (Stock; 2s. 6d. net). There is a thought for every day of the year.

The Infinite Attributes of God is a fine theological title for a book (Stockwell). But the Rev. W. Powell, M.A., B.D., has a practical purpose in writing it, and that purpose he has fulfilled. Men want to know about God; it is the first and most urgent demand at this present time. Mr. Powell meets that demand. He clears away misconceptions and he is intelligible throughout.

The Rev. Clement F. Rogers, M.A., has issued another volume of *Question Time in Hyde Park* (S.P.C.K.; 6d. net).

The new volume of the S.P.C.K. 'Helps for Students of History' is an essay by C. G. Crump on *The Logic of History* (8d. net). There is room enough for it. We read history and write it too, without recognition of its limitations, without even recognizing the difference between History as a science and History as an art. Especially will this profitable little book appeal to the student of the Gospels, who now must use the historical method and not abuse it.

The new numbers of the S.P.C.K. 'Texts for Students' are *Selections from the Vulgate*, arranged by H. J. White, D.D. (9d. net), and *The Epistle of St. Clement of Rome* (6d. net). Both are attractively printed and accurately edited. Professors of Church History, teachers of Greek and Latin, and all private students of these subjects will have to recognize the worth of this series.

If there were those who found the Rev. Alfred D. Kelly's book, *Values of the Christian Life*, too expensive or too difficult, they should read his new book, *The Great Trial and the Christian Life* (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net). It is not exactly an abbreviation of the larger book; it has its own independent value and interest; but it gives the ideas of that book in a simpler and shorter form.

An addition has been made to the S.P.C.K. series entitled *Translations of Christian Literature*. It is a translation by J. H. Freese of *The Octavius of Minucius Felix* (3s. 6d. net). The Introduction tells us all that is known of this early Christian apologist and of his book. The editor gives no opinion as to the date, but makes it probable that the book was written in the beginning of the third century.

As one may gather from its title, Dr. C. H. Robinson's new book, *How the Gospel spread through Europe* (S.P.C.K. ; 5s. net), is a popular history. Dr. Robinson had already written the scholar's book in the 'International Theological Library.' He proves now that he can write for everybody. His method here is to take each country by itself and carry its Christian history

down to the year 1000 or thereby. He ends with a general survey of results and an appreciation of the value of the Christian missionary to European civilization. The maps are excellent, distinctly adding to the reader's enjoyment and advantage.

The Catholic Students 'Aids' to the Study of the Bible (Washbourne; 5s. net), by Hugh Pope, O.P., S.T.M., D.S.Scr., late Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Collegio Angelico, Rome, deserves consideration and even resolute study. The second volume is on the Gospels. Its contents are after the manner of the Oxford 'Aids,' but they are arranged more deliberately for continuous reading or class study. The tables, which are many, have been prepared with care. Among other matters the book contains the text of the Biblical Commission on Holy Scripture.

Christianity the World Religion.

BY THE REV. SYDNEY CAVE, D.D., HENLEAZE.

II.

IV.

It must be admitted that to attempt to make any deductions from the history of religions is a perilous task. The science of comparative religion, as M. Loisy says,¹ 'is not yet very old. It gives the impression of still looking for its sphere and of not yet possessing its method.' Yet, as he adds, 'the chaos is more in appearance than reality. History is history, the knowledge of what has been, and the history of religion is the history of religion, the knowledge of that great human fact, the religions of the world.' Nor are the diversities of religion so illimitable as to make impossible a rapid glance at their characteristics.

Their seemingly innumerable forms resolve themselves into a few classic types. 'It is indeed surprising on how few ideas humanity has had to live.'² Thus the lower forms of religion, apparently so multitudinous, are found to be essentially one

in their conception. That very common form of religion—the animism which peoples the world with spirits good and bad, ignores the good, and worships the evil spirits with abject fear—is the same in principle wherever it occurs. And, in any case, a phase of religion so low is irrelevant to the discussion of whether any religion is of final value. Nor do even the higher polytheisms help. However suitable he may regard the worship of the gods for the common people, every educated man knows that really to believe in a multiplicity of gods would involve the confusion of his thought and the negation of his culture. Polytheisms are inextricably bound up with the countries of their origin. In the nature of the case they can contribute nothing to the quest for the absolute. Historical religions which transcend in thought the place of their origin are but few, and these we find fall into two distinct types.

We have Judaism and Islām, religions of law, and Brāhmanism and Buddhism, religions of redemption.³ The legal religions proclaim a God

³ In a fuller sketch Zoroastrianism would be added to the first division, and Neo-Platonism to the second.

¹ A. Loisy, *A propos d'histoire des religions*, p. 101.

² E. Troeltsch, *Die Absolutheit des Christentums und die Religionsgeschichte*, p. 56—a book to which these paragraphs owe much.