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

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

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

Literature.

THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL.

Dr. George A. Barton, the distinguished author of 'Semitic Origins' and of many great articles on Semitic Subjects in the Dictionary of the Bible and the Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics, has written a volume on *The Religion of Israel* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net). The volume belongs to a series entitled 'Religious Science and Literature,' of which the editor is Dr. Hershey Sneath of Yale; and its idea, in conformity with that series, seems to be to furnish a manual of the subject for those who are not to specialize in it, but who desire to know its facts with brevity and authority.

In any case that is the purpose of this volume, and that purpose it fulfils without a fault. Professor Barton knows his subject from the first scientific adventure upon it to the last discovery or speculation. But besides that he knows his audience—both what they desire and what they are able to receive. And he has great skill in adaptation.

He is not easily turned aside by the thought of the homilist. Nevertheless the things he says about Ps 139, and again about Ps 51, are right good for sermon making. We take the liberty of quoting the latter. 'The most spiritual conception of religion in the whole psalter, not to say the whole Old Testament, is expressed in the fifty-first psalm. Its author alone of all Old Testament writers saw that sin is of the heart, and that it is the insuperable barrier to communion with God.

For my transgression I know:
And my sin is continually before me.
. . . . . .
Lo, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;
And in the hidden part thou wilt make me to know wisdom.
. . . . . .
Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy holy spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation:
And with a free spirit uphold me (Ps 51[3. 6. 10-12]).

In no other pre-Christian writer is there so keen a consciousness of sin, or so real an appreciation of the fact that the essence of wrong-doing is in the attitude of the inner nature to God. Of all Hebrew writers this one alone anticipates the teaching of Jesus, that God requires not only a moral outward life, but a clean heart. To him as to the Master both morality and the joy of living flow from a heart cleansed by God and indwelt by the Spirit. The psalmist, too, when he sings:

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit;—
A heart broken and contrite,
O God, thou wilt not despise,

anticipates in principle the parable of the prodigal son. The Father needs no propitiation except the penitence of the son for whom he has watched so long. The Old Testament contains no more spiritual view of religion than this. Here is the finest flower of its piety.'

SCENES FROM ITALY'S WAR.

What a joy it is to read a book by a master of the English language. It really does not matter what he writes about. But when he writes about Italy (for it is Mr. G. M. Trevelyan that we are thinking of), the romance of the subject and the beauty of the style afford one that thrill of enjoyment which belongs to the writing of prose as surely as to any other art of man.

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan has made Italy his study and the history of Italy his life's work. It is safe enough to say that he has done more than any other man to make Italy known to his countrymen. He loves the Italians with an almost passionate love. And when Italy joined the war he succeeded in being sent from England at the head of a British Red Cross Unit. With the exception of one short visit to England he was there till the very end, a witness of the terrific difficulties under which the Italians had to fight and a sharer in them. When they went forward he went forward with them. When the great retreat came he retreated also. And when at last the great victory arrived he was there to share it and to rejoice.

In *Scenes from Italy's War* (Jack; 10s. 6d. net),

Mr. Trevelyan really tells the whole story of the Italian struggle with the Austrians, so far as a single participator could tell it. His place was the Isonza front, his earliest 'perch,' as he calls it, Quïsca; but when Gorizia was captured his unit was established there. And he describes the incidents of the war along the front which these places represent with unsurpassed vividness, with unchallenged accuracy, and with unbelievable interest. Many books have already been written about the war, and many of them have we read, but this book excels them all.

PUBLIC RIGHT.

On September 25, 1914, Mr. Asquith made a speech in Dublin in which he said, 'I should like, beyond this inquiry into causes and motives, to ask your attention and that of my fellow-countrymen to the end which, in this war, we ought to keep in view. Forty-four years ago, at the time of the War of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said: "The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has as yet been made towards that good and beneficent change, but it seems to me to be now at this moment as good a definition as we can have of our European policy. The idea of public right—what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means, first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of States, and of the future moulding of the European world. It means next that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States—they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbours—more powerful in strength and in wealth—to a place in the sun. And it means finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambition, for groupings and alliances, and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership based on the recognition of equal right and established and enforced by common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not, or will not, be realized either to-day or to-morrow, but if and when this war is decided in favour of the Allies it will at once come within the range and before long within the grasp of European statesmanship.'

The editor of *The Nation* was much impressed with that speech and with that passage in it. He offered prizes for the best essays on it. Prizes were offered in three divisions, the first division being open to all men and women in Great Britain and Ireland, the second to men and women in Great Britain and Ireland who are engaged in teaching, and the third to working men and women. Two men undertook to assist the editor in reading the essays and awarding the prizes—Professor A. J. Grant, M.A., and Professor L. T. Hobhouse, D.Litt. The first four prize essays in each of the three divisions have now been published in the volume with the title of *The Idea of Public Right* (Allen & Unwin; 8s. 6d. net).

The judges write an introduction to the volume. They are struck with the individuality of the essays. Many men, many minds. But they are struck also with one remarkable and momentous agreement. They say, 'The writers, one and all, either tacitly assume or strenuously contend that the maintenance of commercial relations, Free Trade, not in the sense necessarily of the abolition of tariffs, but in the sense of the repudiation of any economic boycott, is the necessary presupposition of any harmonious relations between the States of the future; and many point out that Free Trade in the full sense of the term is, if not absolutely essential, at least a most favourable factor in the settlement of national problems and the establishment of peaceful intercourse. Many writers remark, for example, that the problem of delimiting State boundaries, so complicated by questions of access to the sea, would be rendered comparatively simple if there were no question of the interference with the transit of goods. The continual tendency to return to this point in writer after writer who takes up the question, cannot fail to impress the reader with its fundamental importance.'

Less important, but interesting, is the attitude of the writers to the League of Nations. 'Many essays have dealt with this proposal in a sympathetic and reasonable spirit. The fundamental difficulty of the League is the application of force, and on this issue we have found, as might be

expected, a variety of views. The more pacifist writers have repudiated force altogether. At bottom it would seem that their hope for the future lies in an aspiration after a change of heart in men and nations—a very desirable event, but not one which it is easy to promote by any definite act of statesmanship. Some, however, have argued, not without force, that the mere provision of an adequate and permanent machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes may engender the habit of mind for which they hope, and have laid stress upon the historical development of arbitration during the two generations preceding 1914.'

We have not been able to read the book right through. We have discovered that that is not the right way with it. An essay here and an essay there is better. But in our reading one thing has struck us forcibly; it is the literary as well as the philosophical ability of the essays written by three working men and one working woman.

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

Has the present Archbishop of York read *The Life and Letters of William Thomson, Archbishop of York*, by Ethel H. Thomson (Lane; 16s. net)? If he has he must have joined in singing with the Psalmist: 'The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.' For this book is a record of controversies, hot, bitter, protracted, some of them, and all of them trying enough to the temper of an Archbishop and severely testing his gifts of government. First came Essays and Reviews, then Colenso, then Ritualism, then the Voysey case, and then the Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

Nevertheless there is no evidence here that Archbishop Thomson found life a burden too heavy to be borne. If ever a man had honours showered upon him, it was he. And if ever a man enjoyed the honours when they came, again it was he. He had a fine presence, an equable temper, and on the whole a sound judgment; while his motto, though perhaps he never consciously quoted it, was from beginning to end of his long career *in mediis tutissima*. He wrote sharply, it is true, to the Rev. Charles Voysey, for he had a real horror of heterodoxy. But only once do we notice the expression of a strong opinion on one side of a public question. It was in a debate in the House of Lords on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Of the proposed Act he said, 'Its operation will be in the last degree shamefully oppressive and cruel, and it will injure men in that which they feel most deeply, viz. their conscience, their religion, and their liberty of worshipping their God.'

Archbishop Thomson was popular throughout the whole of the Northern Province and he thoroughly enjoyed his popularity. Writing to Mrs. Thomson, he says, 'My doings have not yet by God's goodness laid me up, and they have been successful. The Bolton papers pile it up very high; the people had not seen an Archbishop, and one paper says, "I saw and was glad." Saturday at Hull was a great day; I had to make three speeches, and of one of them I had no warning at all. It was to 4000 or 5000 workmen out of doors. There is no doubt they liked it; they gave me a great reception, before and after.'

Thomson married Zoë Skene, whose father was an Aberdonian and whose mother was a Greek. Mrs. Thomson's *Life* was published some time ago, a delightful book. For indeed she must have been a delightful as well as a beautiful woman, and, in spite of all expectations to the contrary, proved an ideal Archbishop's wife. The home life, as both books reveal it, must have been very pleasant. There were nine children, all healthy, all happy, every one of them growing up into manhood and womanhood without causing father or mother an hour of anxiety. One of the finest things in the whole book is a letter which Thomson wrote to Lady Mary Currie, and in which he describes his children one by one. It ends in this way: 'The two youngest are the idyll of our existence at present. Their untiring sprightliness, their mutual devotion, the chivalry of the boy, and the feminine ways of the girl, make them very amusing. They have slight tiffs, but crying and fighting are in our nursery quite unknown. This applies to them all, I think. What a good and joyful thing it is indeed!'

There are many anecdotes in the book, some good, some not so good. And of course, there is the inevitable case of second sight. Here it is in all its unimpeachableness. 'Dr. Blakeney's married daughter, Lillie Williams, died at Oxford about February 3rd. The week before last two and a half years ago, in July 1879, she had a dream; a white and bright figure came to her, by the side of some water, and said: "Lillie, give your heart

to Christ; in two years and a half He will come to take you." The date is exactly fixed, by the date of a visit of Mrs. Blakeney, of Sheffield. She was not at all an invalid. Scarlet fever carried her off, exactly two years and a half after. The vision had a good deal of effect on her mind from that time.'

CHRISTIANITY IN THE NEW AGE.

Of those who have taken in hand to instruct us in the methods of reconstruction, few are better equipped, whether with ideas or with the power of expressing them, than Mrs. E. Herman. A Presbyterian, with a wide outlook, quite unexpectedly wide as we shall see, she has a good grasp of the essentials of religion, and never finds herself 'in wandering mazes lost.' And then she lives in the centre of things, and knows what is being done in the way of reconstruction, and how much yet remains to be done. Two things are prominent in Mrs. Herman's book, *Christianity in the New Age* (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net). The first is a demand for more *instruction* in the pulpit, the second for a clearer recognition of the place of the *altar*.

The supreme need of the ministry to-day, she says, is to recover its teaching function. And again, 'The teaching function of the Church is essential to her very existence. Unless that function is recovered speedily, she will find herself plunged into endless difficulties during the period of reconstruction now before us. She will soon be confronted with men who have had a vital religious experience in the trenches, and who found in the camp services something that really corresponded to that experience—something they can understand and appreciate and *feel*—in sharp contrast to the dull, unintelligible, decorous service they yawned through (or avoided) at home. Many of these men will wish to connect themselves more closely with the Church, and this will imply a legitimate demand for a change in her services. But woe unto us if we interpret that demand as a call to make our services as superficially attractive and intellectually threadbare as the men find agreeable at this initial stage. The first thing to do is to make them realize that Christianity is a bigger thing than they thought, that it takes long growing into, and that the things they understand and care for least now may prove a year or two hence to meet their deepest needs, and fit their most vital instincts as the key fits the lock.'

More significant, if it is really representative, is Mrs. Herman's demand for recognition of the altar. 'One of the most momentous religious tendencies of to-day, she says, is the movement towards the recovery of the sacramental principle, which is beginning to find its way even into the Free Churches. We are coming to recognize that at the centre of our religion is not a Cross only, but an Altar. The Saviour we worship is not merely One who once accomplished a great redeeming Act on our behalf, but One who gives us day by day His Body and Blood, broken and poured forth, that we may live. It follows that the centre of our worship cannot be mere praise and adoration, or confession and intercession, or teaching and inspiration; cannot be anything less, indeed, than united partaking of the Body and Blood of Christ, and the offering of our own bodies and souls as a living sacrifice.'

THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

Is there anything that reveals a man's personality more inevitably than his attitude to the Fourth Gospel? Personality (as we use the word for the moment) is the outcome of many influences. It is due to heredity, home life, education, early associations, one's mental outfit, emotional response, spiritual apprehension. There are those to whom the spiritual appeal of the Gospel is immediate and overwhelming. They can never in any real sense become its critics; they are too much absorbed in its consequences. There are others to whom it makes no spiritual appeal whatever. It is simply a piece of literature, artistic or inartistic as the case may be; but at the most fine writing, and at the least the strained and unsuccessful effort of some Christian philosopher to represent a figure and reproduce an epoch, both of which were ancient to him and inconceivable. These are the men who are considered to be rightly equipped for the criticism of the Gospel.

But the true critic of the Gospel is none of these. He is neither so overpowered by its spiritual appeal as to be unable to exercise his mental faculties, nor is he so impressed with its fictitious artificiality as to refuse it any truthfulness of history or of personal character. Of its true critics one of the most eminent is Professor Benjamin

Wisner Bacon, of Yale. Throughout his long literary life Professor Bacon has been a student of the Fourth Gospel, and its critic. When he first began to write upon it, it was to him a composition neither of the Apostle John nor of any other single individual. And to both of these positions he has held throughout. He has now published a volume in which, in a series of essays, he gathers up the results of his researches into all the main points of debate. Its title is *The Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate* (London: Humphrey Milford; 17s. net).

The book opens with a most instructive preface. That preface, short as it is, reveals the writer's personality. 'The assailant of the traditional authorship of the Fourth Gospel,' he says, 'has no real success unless he can obtain a hearing from men profoundly interested in the cause of revealed religion, above all in the religion which has Jesus Christ as both teacher and Lord.' At once there rise before his mind certain examples 'not only of consecrated scholarship, but of dignified and noble Christian courtesy,' to whom the results of his long and laborious study are inconclusive and untrue. He names Lightfoot, Sanday, and James Drummond. And he says, too modestly but quite sincerely, 'Only the conviction that his cause is just can lead a comparative novice into the lists against such as these. If one venture, it can only be in the full realization of relatively imperfect scholarship, less extensive learning, less accurate knowledge on many important facts.'

This attitude commends both the man and the book, and if after reading the book throughout, which every student must do, we still believe in both the integrity and the apostolicity of the Fourth Gospel, we feel not only that for once we have heard all that can be said on the other side, and said with consummate ability and fairmindedness, but also that we ourselves have not been hindered by any initial prejudice from giving the author's arguments an openminded audience. Let us therefore close without fear by quoting the paragraph with which Professor Bacon himself closes the book:

'Acceptance of the critical view of the Fourth Gospel involves a great challenge and a great responsibility. There will be no longer the apostolic authority of an eye-witness, a confidant of Jesus' inmost consciousness. Still less will it be possible to present the Christology of the fourth evangelist as the personal testimony of Jesus to himself. Having treated the Pauline incarnation doctrine as representing only Paul's attempt to interpret the eternal significance of this supreme example of the life of man in God, the life of God in man—having treated the fourth evangelist's also as only a further development by unknown hands a full generation later of Paul's deepest thought, we are brought face to face with the problem in our own independent thinking: What significance for the human race has the person and career of Jesus? What rational account shall our philosophy make to itself of the life which first made the filial relation to God actual in itself, and is to-day making of it a reality for multitudes of "brethren"? What the Church of the second century did for its generation should be done again for ours. The story of God in Christ, "changing the relation of the world to himself," should be so told by modern historical research, so interpreted by modern philosophic thought, that men "may believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and in believing may have life through his name."'

ANNESLEY OF SURAT.

Round the figure of Samuel Annesley and under the title of *Annesley of Surat and his Times* (Melrose; 10s. 6d. net), Mr. Arnold Wright tells the story of Surat and of Bombay throughout the most disastrous and disappointing period of their occupation by the British. It is really a shameful story, so badly was everything managed, and so bad were the men who were supposed to manage it. There is not a single hero among them, native or British, and there are only a few men who could be passed as respectable. No doubt the situation had much to do with the making of the men. The East India Company sent out servants with only one invariable instruction—to look after the commercial interests of the East India Company. They sent them without sufficient salaries to live upon, as if they expected them to do some dishonest trading on their own account, an expectation which very few disappointed. Samuel Annesley was probably one of the most respectable of all the servants that the Company had throughout all the years of his long life there. Yet this is what his biographer says about him:

'Samuel Annesley was not a man whom it is possible to regard with any feeling of respect. The

littleness of mind revealed in his will was the distinguishing feature of his entire career. He had not the despicable personal traits of Waite, but he was quite as unscrupulous where money was to be made; and the openings for corrupt dealings were numerous enough in the India of those days. As the years of his exile lengthened he yielded in increasing measure to the enervating influences of Surat. At a later period Sir James Mackintosh described Jonathan Duncan, the then Governor of Bombay, as "Brahminised." The phrase may aptly be applied to Annesley, whose mind worked in the devious grooves of an Indian mentality with a readiness which became very pronounced in the last years of his life.'

Mr. Wright goes on to say that he had some good qualities to counterbalance his notorious shortcomings. But they do not amount to much. 'His philosophic acceptance of all the shrewd knocks that a hard fate administered to him, and his independent bearing in the face of his Mogul oppressors, showed a strength of character which deserves to be remembered to his credit. Few amongst his contemporaries would have come so well out of the crises in which he became involved, and none certainly would have complained less about the personal hardships which they involved. He was a product of his time—a corrupt, distracted period in which an unscrupulous scramble for money went hand in hand with dissolute manners and a generally slackened *moral* in the ranks of the European community in India.'

Annesley's sister Susanna married Samuel Wesley and so became the mother of John and Charles Wesley. There was a curious tradition in the Wesley family that Annesley had left a great fortune in India, if only some enterprising member would go in search of it. Mr. Wright shows that he left no fortune, and that, even if he had, none of it would have gone to the Wesleys. For he has discovered Annesley's will, in which the members of the Wesley family were individually cut off with a shilling.

INTERNATIONAL WAR.

The discussion on the League of Nations has taken so unexpected a turn, and American politics and the American constitution have entered so momentously into it, that a book on the subject by a competent American writer is sure of immediate attention. Mr. Oscar T. Crosby, LL.D., F.R.G.S., is not exactly a specialist in international law. Probably he would refuse to be called a specialist in anything, preferring, like Wesley, to take the world as his parish. But he has very decided ideas about *International War, its Causes and its Cure*, and in a volume under that title he expresses them with unmistakable emphasis. We imagine that in this volume (Macmillan; 12s. net) we have the opinions of the average American, to whom a League of Nations, like everything else under the sun, presents itself purely as a business proposition.

Moreover, he is a man of courage. After writing his book he has had the courage to make the first and second halves of it change places. This he has done in order that the reader might enter at once upon the discussion of the League of Nations. But he has made a mistake. The second half of the book, which was originally the first half, is really the best and most interesting half of it, and we strongly advise the reader to begin with chapter xxii. If he does so he will read the book through and get the good of it.

THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

It is so many years since Dr. E. C. S. Gibson published his Commentary on the Thirty-Nine Articles that another, if we were ever to have another, is due. We say, if ever we were to have another Commentary on them. For proposals have been made from time to time, and more persistently of late, that the teaching of doctrine in Theological Colleges in the Church of England should no longer be centred in the Articles. But the Rev. E. J. Bicknell, M.A., Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College, disapproves of these proposals; and he has done the best thing he could possibly have done by way of answering and ending them. He has written *A Theological Introduction to the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England* (Longmans; 21s. net), which is so well suited for teaching that there is not a theological tutor but will be tempted to buy the book and give the Articles another lease of college life.

Mr. Bicknell does not deal with each of the Articles separately. As it is a theological Introduction that he has written, he groups the Articles together which have to do with one theological

doctrine. The method avoids overlapping; it enables him to deal in great thoroughness with every one of the doctrines set forth in the Articles, and all within the compass of a single manageable volume. Thus Articles XI–XIV and XVII–XVIII are expounded under the one title of Salvation, the separate sections being (1) Justification by Faith, (2) Sanctification, (3) Predestination and Election. Similarly, under the title of the Nature of Man are included Articles IX–X and XV–XVI, the divisions being, (1) the True Nature of Man, (2) Man's Present Condition, (3) Grace and Free-will.

Apart from its thoroughness, perhaps the most striking characteristic of the book is its soundness. There are no eccentricities at all. How easy it would have been for some men to have made a fiasco of the doctrine of Justification by Faith. How easy for other men to have dealt as perniciously with the doctrine of the Sacraments. This is the true comprehensiveness of the Church of England. It is the comprehensiveness of scholarship and of truth.

FRANCIS PLACE.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin have issued a new edition of *The Life of Francis Place, 1771–1854*, by Graham Wallas, Professor of Political Science in the University of London (8s. 6d. net). It is twenty years since the first edition appeared, but it is the record of so remarkable a life, and itself so excellent a record, that it will easily hold its own with the most recent and most entertaining biographies.

Francis Place 'was born on November 3, 1771, in a "sponging house," or private debtor's prison, in Vinegar Yard, near Drury Lane, kept by his father, Simon Place, who was at that time a bailiff to the Marshalsea Court.' 'When Francis was nearly nine years old the sponging house was given up, and Simon Place took a tavern with the savings which he had made by legalised blackmail. Place describes his father as a bony, muscular man, about five feet six or seven inches in height, of dark complexion, and very strong." "He was a resolute, daring, straightforward sort of man, governed almost wholly by his passions and animal sensations, both of which were very strong, and careless of reputation, except in some particulars in which he seems to have thought he excelled. These were few, mostly relating to sturdiness and dissoluteness. . . . He never spoke to any of his children in the way of conversation; the boys never ventured to ask him a question, since the only answer which could be anticipated was a blow. If he were coming along a passage or any narrow place such as a doorway, and was met by either me or my brother, he always made a blow at us with his fist for coming in his way. If we attempted to retreat he would make us come forward, and as certainly as we came forward he would knock us down."'

How would a boy thus treated understand the words, 'Like as a father pitieth his children'? or how would you commend to him the opening petition of the Lord's Prayer? Certain it is that Francis Place found attraction neither in the Old Testament nor in the New, but became an agnostic, bitter, immovable.

Apprenticed to a leather breeches maker, he found that leather breeches were going out of use, and after marriage suffered agonies of starvation, agonies never really forgotten, or even overcome, by him or his wife. But by and by he prospered as a tailor and became a man of means and influence in London.

Without any chance of early education, he educated himself so thoroughly and so widely that he became a close friend of James Mill, and then a disciple of Bentham, one of whose curious heterogeneous volumes he rearranged and wrote. But as time passed he gave himself more and more to politics, and became an almost incredible power in the making and unmaking of members of Parliament. It is as a politician that he became known to the world, yet the world never knew the tremendous influence that he exercised over the House of Commons.

Assuredly he had his limitations. 'He was absolutely wanting in humour. Writing in 1836 to Mrs. Grote, he mentions Walter Scott, and says, "I could never read even half of any one of his novels. I tasked myself to it; I tried several times at different stories; I never could succeed; I became wearied, and grew angry as often as I made the attempt." And when describing his boyhood, he says, "I read Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and parts of equally absurd books."'

But he could suffer. 'His wife was buried in the churchyard of Angmering, the little Sussex village where she died. "On the day of her funeral," Place wrote, "I suffered more than I had ever before done, and more than I believed I could

suffer on any occasion, more, I am sure, than I can again suffer. I held up against it all I could, I resisted as much as man could do, but it was useless, and I was utterly subdued, so much so, indeed, that I could willingly have died also. . . . All that was in my power was hiding myself in a barn to indulge my sorrow. Go to the funeral I could not; I had no power left equal to such a purpose, and here, therefore, in the barn I remained . . . a mere child without a particle of resolution or self-control left in him."' Ah! if only he had had a different father!

The Tragedy of Labour (Abingdon Press; 50 cents net) is the title of a small book which handles the present industrial situation. It has the puzzling sub-title, 'A Monograph in Folk Philosophy.' And its style is quite as puzzling. But as soon as you get over its puzzling style, you discover that the author is a thinker and begin to wish that employers and employed could be induced to study the book. You even discover the meaning of Folk Philosophy. It means that this is wisdom and the pursuit of it for the man in the office as well as the man in the mine. The author is William Riley Halstead.

Satire was once an important branch of English literature. But for a long time it has been out of favour. Edward Garnett would restore it. The object of his satire is the militarist. And of course he finds him much nearer home than Prussia. We have not found his book easy reading. Satire is like sweetmeats—you can easily take too much at a sitting. The satires in this volume were well enough when they appeared individually in some weekly newspaper. Nevertheless it is good to have them together; we can take the volume in our hand and read one at a time, whenever we feel the risk of returning to the joy of the kettle-drum. The title is *Papa's War, and Other Satires* (Allen & Unwin).

The missioner is born not made. There was a mission attached to, or in some way connected with, Clifton College. Several men had tried to control it, but lawlessness held the upper hand. One day a young man came, named Thomas William Harvey. Mr. Harvey had been in three comfortable curacies within a very short time. But it was discomfort he was out for, and when he found it in the St. Agnes Mission he was at home. The St. Agnes Mission prospered. Buildings were built, clubs formed, libraries, all sorts of effective agencies. And then at last St. Agnes Mission became St. Agnes Parish, with a magnificent new church.

Is there a secret in the success of the missioner? Mr. Harvey was not a good preacher. But everybody in the district knew him, and he knew everybody. Then there was no humbug about him; and he would have nothing to do with humbug in others. 'Rev. Sir, I am somewhat interested in an old man who comes here with vegetables, who lives in your parish. His wife is very ill, and has been for a long time, and he tells me that no clergyman visits her; their name is Wilkins, 12 Byron Street, Newfoundland Road.

'I think a visit now and then would be appreciated, if you will pardon my suggesting this. They are very poor, but seem very deserving people. The wife, I should fear, will never be any better.'

All his reply was, 'Dear Madam, I have known Wilkins, of Byron Street, only too well for some years.'

'I gave him the Dispensary Note for his wife, and have regularly assisted him for many weeks past. Either he or his wife or his donkey is always ill, and I fear that only the donkey is really deserving.'

By and by Mr. Harvey was transferred from St. Agnes, Bristol, and made vicar of various other parishes. But he does not seem to have been so successful anywhere else. It is more than doubtful, indeed, if he would have had half the success he had, perhaps in St. Agnes parish itself, certainly in some of the others, if he had not married the wife he did. His wife was a sister of Canon J. M. Wilson, who was then headmaster of Clifton College, and a woman who clearly deserves to be enrolled in that calendar—the finest calendar of saints in the world, when it is made up—the calendar of the wives of ministers and missioners. The title of the biography is *Thomas William Harvey, Prophet and Priest*, by the Rev. H. C. A. Colvile (Bristol: Arrowsmith; 5s. net).

The January number of the *Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society* (Baptist Union Publication Department; 3s. 6d. net) is out. We record its contents: (1) Bunyan's Licence under the Indulgence, by G. Lyon Turner, M.A.; (2) Baptist

Ministers in England about 1750 A.D., by A. S. Langley, F.R.Hist.S.; (3) South Wales till 1753; (4) Loyal London Ministers, 1696, by Earnest G. Atkinson, F.R.Hist.S.; (5) Why Baptists Dissent, 1728, by Sir W. J. Collins, K.C.V.O., M.D., etc.; (6) Anabaptists in London, 1575.

Mr. Theodore Maynard has published a volume of short essays and given it the title of *Carven from the Laurel Tree* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net). The essays are just as short as essays can be. And it is undeniable that there is an attraction in their shortness. No man would publish a volume of essays so short as this unless he knew that he had something worth saying in each of them, and had not wasted one word in the saying of it.

Mr. Maynard writes about mystics, and saints, and drinking songs, and other things besides these. He writes as a Roman Catholic. And as a Roman Catholic he is proud of the saints. There are of course no saints without. For he uses the word with that atmosphere around it which makes penetration by Protestants impossible. The saints are quite separate from all the rest of the world, and greatly to be admired by the rest of the world for their sanctity. But like a true Roman Catholic Mr. Maynard remembers the world while he praises the saint. Does the world think that saints are solemn? Oh no! Not the true saint. Not the Roman Catholic saint. And so there is an essay on the Humour of the Saints. More than that there is an essay on Drinking Songs, which he greatly regrets the disappearance of. Or rather the disappearance of their makers. Has he been looking among the saints for a new possible Burns? Well, not immediately. The men he names who have tried to write drinking songs in our day are Catholics, but not Catholic saints—Chesterton and Belloc. But he would certainly say, Why not? For the saints can make drinking songs and sing them and drink to their body's content as they sing. It is the Puritans who cannot do these things.

Henry James was never more fascinating than just before the end. The war roused the soul that was in him. The German brutalities touched him to the quick. He became a British citizen that he might identify himself more closely with those who had set themselves in array against it all. And he wrote articles—article after article—that were most characteristic of the man, and yet showed the man of whom they were so characteristic to be more of a man than he had yet been known to be. The last five of these articles have been brought together into a volume entitled *Within the Rim, and Other Essays* (Collins; 6s. net).

There is no recording the impressions which they make upon a reader. These impressions are made more by atmosphere than by fact. But just one thought might be indicated. The last of the five essays is called 'The Long Wards.' The thought is of the great contrast between the soldier in the field and the same soldier in the hospital ward. The note is of 'the quite abysmal softness, the exemplary genius for accommodation, that forms the alternative aspect, the passive as distinguished from the active, of the fighting man whose business is in the first instance formidably to bristle.' Characteristically, and perhaps disappointingly, he attributes it to the British warrior's good nature.

The settlement of Palestine has given the Conference not a little trouble. Few of its decisions have been awaited with more eagerness. Everybody has an interest in it. One of the questions to be considered, and not the least difficult, is the question of Jewish repatriation. Are the Jews to be restored to Palestine so that they may have a land and be a nation again? It is a most delicate, most difficult, question to solve.

The whole of the facts governing its solution are related by Mr. Herbert Sidebotham in his book entitled *England and Palestine* (Constable; 6s. net). He relates the history of Palestine and the Jews from the time that the Jewish occupation of Palestine became a political question, right down through all the outs and ins of it—Rome, Islam, Napoleon, Britain, Germany — to the present moment. Then he states very clearly, and quite dispassionately, the reasons for and against the Jewish settlement, and even throws his mind forward into the future in order to show us new Jews in a new Jerusalem, a Jerusalem that may not have come down from heaven, but is, to his mind's eye, a city of the great King.

The New Hazell Annual and Almanack for 1919 is out (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). It might be called the 'Inquire Within upon Every-

thing that is Doing.' But add 'that is Doing.' There are a thousand and one things in the world it takes no account of, and very important things too, such as our food and raiment. But when anything begins to move then Hazell is on it. The sun and the moon, the post-office and the public expenditure, the Government of Ireland, and of all the other countries in the world, the new House of Commons, even the House of Lords and the nobility of the country. For they are at least adding to themselves at the one end while time subtracts from them at the other year by year. Every form of sport and amusement is here. There is a wonderful chapter on aviation. And then, for once, and above all else this year, there is a complete account of the war, with excellent maps, and the chief events which have taken place since it came to an end. Notice finally, though we have omitted innumerable items, the selected and classified list of books published during 1918.

Was there any call for a biography of Thomas Spurgeon? The Rev. W. Y. Fullerton answers by *Thomas Spurgeon: A Biography* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. net). And the answer is complete. Mr. Fullerton has written a most readable book; more than that, he has made it manifest that Thomas Spurgeon was a bigger man than the world took him for. He had in his degree all the gifts of his father and some gifts beyond, especially the artistic gift. If it cannot be said that he had a wider gospel, it can be said that he had a larger Christianity. He was as emphatic as C. H. Spurgeon himself that we are Christ's, but he was more actively aware that all things are ours. If his physical strength had been as great we should have heard more of him. The marvel is that with that handicap he accomplished what he did.

The story of his life does not need to be repeated here. It was a happy, prosperous, well-lived life. If his father's greatness sometimes cast a shadow, it was a shadow under which there was great warmth of affection. In the familiar title 'Son Tom' there was much more love than belittlement.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published Sir George Adam Smith's American lectures in an extremely pleasant volume both to see and to handle. The title is *Our Common Conscience* (6s. net). It is the kind of book that no reviewer enjoys reviewing, for there are no deductions to be made from the general impression of ability and effectiveness —none of that shade which throws the light into prominence. Nor is it possible to give any conception of the contents of the book, either by reference or by quotation. Perhaps one may say that the chapter which has found one most is the chapter on the Witness of France. It is a chapter largely made up of quotation from French writers. And so clearly is seen the change from French disunion before the war to French unitedness under it, and from the easy assertion of glory before to the silent performance of duty under, that one recognizes that quotation also is a gift, and one of the marks of the literary master. The book includes a few sermons, which are worthy of it.

The Church of England, its Nature and its Future, is the title of a volume of lectures which were delivered last year in King's College, London, and are now edited by the Dean of the College (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). The lecturers were chosen by the Dean. And he chose them for their diversity. That they are diverse is evident; for here are Bishop Hensley Henson and Professor Headlam. But it turns out that they were deliberately chosen so. For Mr. Matthews wished to show what hope there is for the Church of England in the future in all its comprehensiveness and, if you like to call it, incongruity. But there is no doubt that he had a further purpose in mind. He wished to see what it would be necessary for the Church of England to shake itself free from if it were to face the future with confidence. The last lecture is the most lively; and it is most directly to the point. Its author is the Bishop of Peterborough. Two things, says Bishop Woods, are before the Church, chaos and comradeship, and it must make its choice between them. Chaos—that is another name for Bolshevism. And comradeship—that is another name for the crushing out of caste. It is surely a remarkable sign of the times that a Bishop says the Church of England must choose between these two or perish.

The life and labours of a vicar in the east end of London are described in *Memories of William Wallace* (Longmans; 5s. net). Wallace was an Irishman, born in Belfast, and educated in Dublin. But he came to England soon after ordination and

spent his life as missioner, and then as first vicar of St. Luke's, Stepney. His wife, who has written the biography, is spoken of by the Bishop of London, who writes a short preface to it, as an able lady. The biography reveals her ability. It is well written, with undeviating truthfulness of detail and with just as undeviating admiration and delight.

What is the lesson? It is the need of adaptation. First Christ's man, next Christ's gospel, and then adaptation. Christ's man and Christ's gospel are taken for granted everywhere; adaptation is necessary everywhere. It is absolutely essential in the east end of London.

Adaptation of what? Of oneself first of all—the discovery that you yourself have to be all things to all men in the Pauline sense and with the Pauline vehemence. Next, adaptation of convention and custom in the face of the conditions of life in east end streets. Lastly, the adaptation of the Prayer Book services.

Dr. Wallace was a preacher. 'When I was ordained,' he says, 'the rector, a most able logical preacher from notes, said, "Write for four or five years, then you would have enough sermons to suffer repetition, and you might go on to preach extempore."' He took the advice, and at the end of four years he burned his manuscripts. He gave himself especially to expository preaching and found it fruitful. 'To preach Christ,' he says, 'present His discourses: to be a preacher such as St. Paul, be St. Paul; reproduce his subjects, his way of arguing them, and his illustrations.'

Mr. George Trumbull Ladd, LL.D., has given himself to the writing of philosophy so that those may comprehend it who missed a philosophical training in their youth. In his latest book, *The Secret of Personality* (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net), he undertakes to tell us what we are. We are persons. We have a personality. It may be a strong personality or a weak one. But each of us has a personality which is made up of parts, chiefly body and soul, but which is all these parts taken together and making up the man. This person is rational; he is moral; he is æsthetic (but Dr. Ladd does not use that word, for he is making philosophy popular; he says man is a lover of beauty); and he is religious. All this he tells us in an easy conversational manner; and by and by we discover that he has been edifying as well as instructing us. We are not so rational, moral, æsthetic, or religious as we ought to be. So we find before the end comes, and thank the author for the desire he has given us to do better now.

We have been greatly taken with a Roman Catholic book entitled *The Principles of Christian Apologetics* (Longmans; 6s. net). It is further described as an exposition of the intellectual basis of the Christian religion, specially written for senior students. The author is the Rev. T. J. Walshe. What has caught our interest most is the masterly way in which the author calls upon the physical sciences — physics, astronomy, biology, geology, anthropology—to aid his argument. We do not remember to have seen anything like this before in Roman Catholic writings on apologetic. And if we are not mistaken it will be found to be the opening of a new era. For it is not at all the old idea of the reconciliation of science with religion, though even that had scarcely been reached in Roman theology. It is the capture of science in the interests of a theistic interpretation of the universe. It is the daring but victorious dismissal of each of the sciences to its proper place in support of the great argument for the existence and even the love of God, for the incarnation and even the atonement of Christ. Even the first part of the book is not altogether on the old lines; for clearly Mr. Walshe is an independent thinker. But the second part is a revolution.

Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch is an able and forceful writer, and he has the immense advantage of directing his force and ability along one well-defined channel. He thinks constantly of the social order, and he directs all his energies to the capture of it for Christ. Let others give themselves to the care of the individual; he gives himself to the care of the crowd. He knows that the individual has to be cared for and cared for most. Without regenerated individuals a regenerated society is a castle in the air. But Christianity does not end with the individual. It ends with the society. The redeemed of God dwell together in the City of God. And Dr. Rauschenbusch concerns himself with the City.

The argument of his new book, *A Theology for the Social Gospel* (Macmillan; 8s. net), has its centre in the chapter on the Kingdom of God. That chapter is almost the centre of the book; it is

altogether the centre of its argument. And Dr. Rauschenbusch knows it. 'To those,' he says, 'whose minds live in the social gospel, the Kingdom of God is a dear truth, the marrow of the gospel, just as the incarnation was to Athanasius, justification by faith alone to Luther, and the sovereignty of God to Jonathan Edwards.'

Why has the Kingdom of God been replaced in our thought by the Church? The Church is actual: the Kingdom is ideal. But the consequences of accepting the actual and forgetting the ideal are serious. Theology lost its contact with the thought of Jesus, and especially with His ethical thought. Secular life came to be contrasted with Church life and was belittled in consequence. The prophet was lost in the priest and theologian.

Let us recover the idea of the Kingdom of God. For (1) the Kingdom of God is divine in its origin, progress, and consummation; (2) the Kingdom of God contains the teleology of the Christian religion; (3) it is always both present and future; (4) the Kingdom of God is humanity organized according to the will of God; (5) it is the purpose for which the Church exists; (6) it embraces the whole of human life.

'Africanus,' who writes the book entitled *President Wilson: New Statesman* (Melrose; 2s. 6d. net), ought surely to have called himself 'Americanus.' For no African can know all the outs and ins of President Wilson's career as he does. And only an American can really be so undisguised and undeviating in his appreciation. The eyes of all the world are on this man. 'Africanus' shows that it is by no accident or fling of fortune that he stands where he does. Well gifted by birth, he has been well disciplined by the circumstance of life. And he is a Christian.

The Schweich Lectures for 1917 were delivered by the Rev. C. F. Burney, D.Litt., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture in the University of Oxford. The title of the Lectures is *Israel's Settlement in Canaan: The Biblical Tradition and its Historical Background* (Milford; 3s. 6d. net).

The choice of subject is manifestly due to the fact that Dr. Burney has for a long time been engaged upon a commentary on the Book of Judges. The Commentary was reviewed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES last month. And when we read the book we say, Here is the Commentary and all that went to the preparation of it (for the Lectures are by no means confined to the period of the Judges) in a most readable and instructive form. No man was ever more anxious to have all the facts before him and to give every fact its weight. But here at least it is impossible to complain that we cannot see the wood for the trees. What a revolution it reveals in our attitude to the early narratives of the Old Testament. And yet how clearly it shows that while much is gained for truth nothing is lost to real religion. No doubt it will be a long time yet before we can preach this book. But any day now we might begin to teach it.

The doctrine of the Atonement is coming to its own again. It is the war that has done it. How could it be otherwise? But it is not the doctrine exactly as we held and taught it before the war. One thing especially is to be emphasized now, the fact of self-denial, even, if necessary, unto some form of death, throughout the whole universe of God, *including God Himself.* The newest book is *The Problem of the Cross,* by Canon Vernon F. Storr (Murray; 5s. net). Canon Storr does not for one moment hesitate to attribute self-denial to God, even unto death. But he is a good theologian and knows the difference between that and patripassianism.

Messrs. Nisbet have published two little books for the strengthening of the spiritual life. One of them contains meditations for all the week-days between Easter and Ascension. It comes from the author of *The Sanctuary of Love.* Its title is *The Way of Glory* (1s. 6d. net).

The other is more important. The Rev. C. H. S. Matthews has discovered a weak spot, perhaps *the* weak spot, in our Church life. Intending communicants are instructed in prospect of their confirmation or first communion, and then they are left to sink or swim. Now every teacher knows that at their first communion his pupils have only passed the first standard in their knowledge of Christ. The difficulty is how to find opportunity for further instruction. Mr. Matthews must leave that to every teacher. He himself meets the further difficulty of how to use the opportunity when it is made. Its title is *The Cross and the Eucharist* (1s. 6d. net).

If you want to know all about it in regard to *The Future Life* read a book with that title which has been published by Messrs. Skeffington (7s. net). It is a translation, and a very good translation too, of Louis Elbé's *La Vie future devant la Sagesse antique et la Science moderne.*

The book is divided into two parts. The first part, to which the author gives the title of 'Future Life in the Light of Ancient Wisdom,' contains a history of the doctrine of immortality from prehistoric indications down to the very latest speculations of theosophy and spiritism. The second part is called 'Future Life in the Light of Modern Science.' If the first part is good, the second is better. Much of it will be quite new, even to those who have read freely in the literature of the subject. Which of us would be prepared for an off-hand explanation of the Odic Fluid, for example, or of the Externalization of the Ethereal Double? These are the titles of two successive chapters. And amazingly interesting, though inconclusive, chapters they are. M. Elbé is evidently at home with the whole subject, and he has the French gift of lucidity. Read this book and there is nothing connected with the doctrine of immortality that you could not give an explanation of.

Notice one thing. M. Elbé believes that death will make a tremendous difference. For, he says, 'at one stroke it robs the disincarnate soul of all its former means of action, and carries it to a new plane where almost all the cares which have hitherto occupied it will be for the future objectless. The needs of material life, the pursuit of wealth and happiness, the joys and bitterness of this world—all that went to make up life has vanished; and perhaps the soul may no longer make the effort to return, even in thought, to its previous condition. The winged butterfly which darts so lightly upwards despises the crawling caterpillar chained to earth, and the chrysalis motionless as in death. Doubtless it has forgotten those dark stages which were necessary to allow of its resplendent reawakening. Even so the state of consciousness of the disembodied soul is no doubt determined by the new life upon which it enters. All that it is permissible for us to conceive is that it may preserve the moral progress which it has realized in the course of earthly existence.'

The Rev. H. L. C. V. deCandole (notice the exact way with the spelling of the name), Canon of Westminster, has written a book upon *Christian Assurance* (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net). He takes the word in its widest meaning. Christian assurance includes the assurance of the existence of God, of the revelation in the Old Testament, of the facts narrated in the Gospels, together with that which is usually called Christian assurance, the assurance of our own personal salvation. Yet it is to the assurance of our own salvation that the greater part of the book is devoted. And the exposition is very well done. Not a point is overlooked. Assurance is through the incarnation; it is through the resurrection; it is through the Holy Spirit; it is through the ascension. Assurance is inner certitude; it is friendship with Christ; it is confession of Christ; it is suffering with Christ. Canon deCandole could have written a huge volume; he has contented himself with brevity and point.

How have the S.P.C.K. 'Helps for Students of History' caught on? To us they are most important and attractive. Let no one attempt to write history without knowing them. Let no one attempt to read history seriously without at least having them at hand for reference. The new issues are *The Care of Documents*, by Charles Johnson, M.A. (6d. net), and *A Short Guide to the Principal Classes of Documents preserved in the Public Record Office, Dublin*, by Robert H. Murray, Litt.D. (8d. net).

Dr. Lukyn Williams has issued the third volume of *The Minor Prophets Unfolded.* It covers Obadiah, Jonah, and Micah (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). As before, the commentary on each prophet is divided into sections for daily reading, difficult passages being explained in a short series of notes at the end of the section.