
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

So then—this is what by the grace of God it comes to—amid all the racking agony and bereavement of the present we have a hope that 'putteth not to shame.' It is some lightening of the grief of those who are bereaved to know that their loved ones died well and nobly in a great cause, a cause which is the very cause of God Himself; that they gave what they had to give, and gave it freely, keeping nothing back. This in itself is much, but it is not all. Christ has sanctioned the hope and given it a sure ground of verification that separation from our loved ones is only for a time. In the heavenly home are gathered by the grace of God the brave who loved us and died for us. God has through sacrifice and death taken their lives back to Himself, and we shall find them again in the Father's presence. And if among those who have died in this manner there are some whose lives have seemed unhopeful and unpromising, we remember that it was the Saviour and the Lord Himself who said to the dying thief, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' If this was said to such an one, whose life was touched even in the circumstance of death to more serious issues, what shall we say of those who even if they knew it not were filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ for the sake of a sinful and needy world? Who can tell how many of them have through the struggle and the sacrifice, it may be in the very moment of making the last full surrender, thrown open their lives to the saving energy of God?

Literature.

UNCLE REMUS.

THE biography of the creator of Uncle Remus, a creation that appeals equally to childhood and old age, has been written by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Julia Collier Harris. The title is *The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris* (Constable; 18s. net). Why was it not written by one or other of his own large family, so many of whom had the literary gift, a gift, moreover, that was so carefully fostered by their father? The reading of the book seems to say that, one and all, they gave way to their eldest brother's wife, because she had the gift in greater measure. It is easy enough to see that it was not an easy biography to write. Arresting incidents in the life of Joel Chandler Harris were rare, and there was nothing supremely attractive either in his outward appearance or in his inner personality. Yet the biography is an unmistakable success, most interesting throughout and even deeply impressive.

The biographer had one advantage. Joel Chandler Harris was a writer of letters. An extremely awkward and sensitive country lad, he sought refuge from the very beginning in the writing of letters, and when he had confidence in his correspondents he wrote them at length and intimately. There is especially a long series of letters written in later life to his children at school, which are almost enough of themselves to be the making of a biography.

Sensitiveness was the stake in his flesh all through life. 'With some people,' he says, 'the quality of sensitiveness adds to their refinement and is quite a charm. With me it is an affliction—a disease—that has cost me more mortification and grief than anything in the world—or everything put together. The least hint—a word—a gesture—is enough to put me in a frenzy almost. The least coolness on the part of a friend—the slightest rebuff tortures me beyond expression, and I have wished a thousand times that I was dead and buried and out of sight.' 'I have a suspicion sometimes,' he says again, 'that it is the result of some abnormal quality of the mind—a peculiarity, in fact, that lacks only *vehemence* to become downright insanity. I have been convinced for many years that the difference between lunacy and extreme sensitiveness is not very clear. Like the colours of the prism, they blend so readily that it is difficult to point out precisely where the one begins and where the other leaves off.' When he became famous, concert-managers, including the redoubtable Major Pond, tempted him with large offers of money to give readings from his own books. But in vain.

Mark Twain describes his first meeting with him. 'We were able to detect him among the crowd of arrivals at the hotel counter by his correspondence with a description of him which had been furnished us from a trustworthy source. He was said to be undersized, red-haired and somewhat freckled. He was the only man in the party whose outside tallied with this bill of particulars. He was said to be very shy. He is a shy man. Of this there is no doubt. It may not show on the surface but the shyness is there. After days of intimacy one wonders to see that it is still in about as strong force as ever. There is a fine and beautiful nature hidden behind it, as all know who have read the Uncle Remus book; and a fine genius, too, as all know by the same sign. I seem to be talking quite freely about this neighbor: but in talking to the public I am but talking to his personal friends, and these things are permissible among friends. He deeply disappointed a number of children who had flocked eagerly to Mr. Cable's house to get a glimpse of the illustrious sage and oracle of the nation's nurseries. They said:—

'"Why, he's white!"

'They were grieved about it. So, to console them, the book was brought, that they might hear Uncle Remus's Tar-Baby story from the lips of Uncle Remus himself—or what, in their outraged eyes, was left of him. But it turned out that he had never read aloud to people, and was too shy to venture the attempt now. Mr. Cable and I read from books of ours, to show him what an easy trick it was; but his immortal shyness was proof against even this sagacious strategy, so we had to read about Brer Rabbit ourselves.'

There is much humour throughout the book and very pleasant humour it is, just the kindly sympathetic humour of Uncle Remus himself. And the root of it was religion. 'His religion,' says one of his friends, 'pervaded his whole life, as health pervades a strong man's body. It was more of an atmosphere you felt than a distinct entity you could describe. His home was filled with it. You could never enter his door without a sense of a subtle, genial presence resting on everything about the home. Every child he had did seemingly as he pleased, but grew up to express, in orderly conduct and attention to duty, the sweet music of his father's house, to which he had adjusted himself almost unconsciously.'

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The student of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit needs guidance. There are books in abundance. But it is neither the abundance nor the dearth of books that makes the difficulty. It is the demand for discrimination. For on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit there are two kinds of books, the good and the bad. And the good books are very good and the bad books very bad. It is a doctrine on which a writer is either right or wrong; there is no middle way.

For a long time the bad book predominated. Now the good book prevails. And the latest is one of the very best. It comes from India. Its author is the Rev. J. F. Edwards, one of the editors of *Dnyanodaya*, the English and Marathi organ of five missions in India. Mr. Edwards has written the book for India as well as in India. But that simply means that the student of the Holy Spirit in India needs the same kind of book as the student elsewhere. There is nothing provincial, local, or temporary about it.

Mr. Edwards has made up his mind on most of the problems connected with the Holy Spirit, and when he has not he says so. He has not made up his mind on the relation of the Holy Spirit to the living Christ, because he does not believe that that problem is explained in the New Testament. But the feature of his book of most prominence is the use made in it of the literature on the Holy Spirit—literature which the author knows well and judges accurately. He has the gift of exposition. And ever as the exposition proceeds it is illuminated by some quotation.

The book is published by the Christian Literature Society for India. The title is *The Holy Spirit the Christian Dynamic.*

THE CENTURY OF HOPE.

The Century of Hope is the title which Mr. F. S. Marvin has given to his sketch of Western Progress from 1815 to the Great War (Clarendon Press; 6s. net). It is more than a history of the hundred years which it covers. It is an interpretation. No doubt history must always be interpretation, but Mr. Marvin sets out to trace the evolution of the ideals which took possession of men's minds rather than to record the external events which affected their material well-being. As it is inter-

pretation, history must always be subject to the historian's personality, and Mr. Marvin does not escape impressing himself, his own outlook and ideals, upon his work. But it does not seem possible for any one to accuse him of narrow-mindedness, still less of deliberate over-statement or suppression. The supreme test is the chapter on Religious Growth, and he emerges from that temptation as victoriously as from any other.

What does he find characteristic of the Century of Hope in religion? He finds first of all a better scholarship than ever before. He finds, further, a recognition of the immediate presence and voice of God. 'To one school it is the voice within us of a Universal Spirit, "more deeply interfused" than man can be in all the phenomena of the universe. To another it is the Human Spirit itself, not to be identified with the external world, but welling up from an unknown infinity behind us and with infinite capacities before. But in taking self-consciousness in either sense as the final note in our review of religious growth, we are in full accord with the whole trend of modern philosophy since Descartes.' In the third place, he finds that the individual has discovered other individuals; he does not stand alone. 'Self-centred in one sense we must be, but not self-contained, and of all the achievements of recent religious thought we should perhaps put first the wider, the more social self. The same century has seen the attainment of the highest point in both conceptions, superficially opposed, inherently but two aspects of the same thing, a completely developing self-consciousness or personality, and a humanity from which that self derives its depth and fullness and with which it is constantly striving to make itself more equal.'

The title is curiously, perhaps we should say cleverly, chosen. The Century of Hope ended in the Great War.

MUHAMMADANISM.

The Christian Approach to Islam is the title which Mr. James L. Barton, Foreign Secretary of American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, has given to his book on Muhammadanism (Pilgrim Press; $2). The book contains the fifth series of the College of Missions Lectures delivered in Indianapolis, Indiana.

It is a volume which enjoys all the interest and delivery of the experienced lecturer, and the loss of the speaking voice is compensated for by the use of illustrations. It is perhaps as pleasant an introduction to the study of Muhammadanism and the right attitude of the Christian towards it as one could find. For not only can the author write pleasantly, he can also write authoritatively. He has studied Muhammadanism thoroughly, in both its words and its works. There is, he tells us, a good deal of dissatisfaction among educated Muslims in the present day. The causes of this dissatisfaction are many. He enumerates fifteen different causes. Perhaps the deepest of all and the most insurmountable is that the Koran is full of detailed commands, full of prohibitions and legalistic and casuistic provisions. The result is that 'already Islam has become largely a service of the lips and obedience to unalterable religious exactions, in which there is little place for the exercise of the spirit of personal devotion and where none is required.' How different all this is from the method of our Lord. How different is our inheritance.

Mr. Barton tells us that the chapter on God in his volume has been contributed by Professor G. A. Barton, the eminent Semitic scholar. It is a chapter of very great value and interest. Professor Barton brings out two things as characteristic above all else of the Muslim doctrine of God. One is that God is absolute sovereign, whence that fatal belief in fate which every one discovers in the Turk. The other is that God is not a God of love and knows nothing about it.

COLONEL REPINGTON.

Lieut.-Colonel Charles À Court Repington, C.M.G., Commander of the Order of Leopold and Officer of the Legion of Honour, has written his autobiography. At least he has written the first volume of it. In this first volume he has carried his story down to the outbreak of the Great European War. We shall look forward with some expectation to the issue of the second volume. The title he gives the book is *Vestigia* (Constable; 21s. net).

It is not exactly an elevating book, though there is no denying the interest of it. Colonel Repington can write, and he goes slashing along without particular concern for anybody's feelings, and certainly without regard to any one's rights of

reverence or honour. He is so familiar with, or at any rate he talks so familiarly about, those whom the world at present delights to honour, that we have sometimes an uneasy feeling that we have been lifting our heroes on to pedestals.

Take an example. 'We were allowed to send officers abroad on official missions, and one fine day there walked into my room, in quest of employment, a smart, good-looking young officer, Captain Douglas Haig of the 7th Hussars, who was an acquaintance of mine. He did well in his first mission, which was, I think, to Italy, and so I sent him out again, this time to report on the French cavalry school at Saumur. Haig did this work extraordinarily well, and I sent in his report with most flattering remarks upon it. The result was that he became A.D.C. to the Inspector of Cavalry, so that I may fairly say that I obtained for the future Commander-in-Chief of our Armies in France his first Staff job.'

The book is full of anecdotes and incidents, in all of which Colonel Repington can say *magna pars fui*, which is quite right and proper in an autobiography, but some of them are—well, just a little difficult to digest. We do not mean to suggest that the book is full of tall stories, but there are stories in it, and Colonel Repington lets them take their chance with us. Speaking of the Battle of Omdurman, he says: 'Kitchener was extraordinarily calm during the battle. He had very slight knowledge of tactics, which he left to Hunter and Gatacre. When I asked him a few days before the battle, how he proposed to attack, he replied that he had brought us 1500 miles into Africa and had fed us, and that he expected us to fight the battle for him.'

Colonel Repington confesses that in his youth he was accounted 'cheeky.' He is less 'cheeky' with Kitchener than with any of our heroes. His picture of him, drawn in the Sudan War, is of a man who held himself apart from other men, solitary and self-sufficing; but the suggestion undoubtedly is that it would have been better for him and the campaign if he had been less aloof and abrupt. Speaking of Kitchener's abruptness, he says: 'There is a story, and it may be true, that on one occasion when the army marched out furtively into the night on a sudden order, Colonel Walter Kitchener, the *mudir* of our transport, an excellent officer but deaf, remained asleep during the flitting. He laid down in the midst of the army, and awakened to find himself alone with the vultures. It is quite possible. All things were possible in the desert and with K.'

By the way, Colonel Repington writes on the whole good English. But notice in the story just quoted his inability to distinguish between the verb *lay* and the verb *lie*. There is another and funnier example of it. In the translation of a letter written by the present ex-Kaiser to Sir Edward Sullivan he makes the Kaiser say about a certain vessel that 'she lays on the water like a swan.'

Colonel Repington has been a newspaper correspondent for a great many years, but he has no opinion of newspapers.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

Mr. William Harbutt Dawson, the author of many books on modern Germany, has now undertaken a consecutive history of *The German Empire* from 1867 to 1914. It is to be published in two volumes, the first of which is already issued (Allen & Unwin; 16s. net).

Mr. Dawson is better than his word. He begins his history long before 1867, as early indeed as 1806, and he has gone half through the volume before he has reached the date he promised to start from. No doubt he found it necessary to trace the origins of events, and especially the making of that atmosphere which immediately preceded the Franco-Prussian War.

But it is undoubtedly when we reach the year 1867 that we become most deeply interested in the history. The author himself becomes most deeply interested then. And, as we proceed, one thing is brought out with unanswerable clearness—the fact that France was taken by surprise. Bismarck was preparing for war and had already determined upon it: Napoleon was working earnestly for peace. It is true that when Lebrun came back from Austria with a rebuff, Napoleon did not tell even the head of his Cabinet with what message Lebrun had returned. But that was not because he also was plotting mischief; it was because of his disappointment and his fear. Even a German historian, Ottokar Lorenz, admits that 'it is justifiable to regard as honestly intended Napoleon's professions of peace at the end of 1869 and the programme of the new Ollivier Ministry.'

One of the first public acts of Daru, the new

French Premier, 'was a proposal that France should invite Prussia to join in a measure of partial disarmament, as a means of relieving the tension between the two Powers and of convincing the rest of Europe that it was their wish and intention to be good neighbours.' Of course Bismarck rejected it. But so little suspicion was there of the working of Bismarck's mind that the French War Minister, when he introduced the Army estimates for 1871 announced 'a reduction of 10,000 in the levy of new men, as Count Daru had promised earlier in the year. Recalling later the Government's action, M. Blondeau, director of the administrative services at the Ministry of War, stated that when in May he asked for a certain vote the Minister made a "lively scene," and declared that "since the *plébiscite* the Government was absolutely bent on peace and there was no anticipation of war." As with the Government, so with the Emperor personally. The Earl of Malmesbury relates a conversation which he had in Paris with Napoleon on May 19th, in which the Emperor "observed that Europe appeared to be tranquil," and he comments: "It was evident to me that at that moment he had no idea of the coming hurricane which suddenly broke out in the first week of June."'

We forget that in 1914 the Emperor of Germany and his advisers had Bismarck's methods and the successful result of them before them, and we blame the Allied Governments for not knowing that the war was at hand.

BRITISH SOCIALISM.

Mr. M. Beer, the author of *A History of British Socialism* (Bell; 12s. 6d. net), is an Austrian. Mr. R. H. Tawney, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, who introduces the book, tells us this without apology, rather with pride. 'At a time,' he says, 'when to speak of the unity of Europe seems a cruel jest, a work like that of Mr. Beer, the history by an Austrian scholar of the English contribution to an international movement, is not only a valuable addition to historical knowledge, but a reminder that there are intellectual bonds which preceded the War and which will survive it.' Mr. Beer has of course spent much time in this country. Still it is a surprising if not a humiliating thing to learn that this, the only thoroughly scientific and satisfactory history of socialism in this country, has been written by a foreigner. Mr. Beer himself would tell us that it is part of the illogicality of the English intellect, part of that haphazard way we have of leaving things alone till some one else forces them upon our attention. But it is pleasant to see that a scholar of Mr. Tawney's reputation has no jealousy and does not even express any disappointment. It is enough for him that the work, when it has been done, has been done well. More than that, 'A foreign scholar,' he says, 'has certain advantages in writing the history of modern England. He is not scorched by the embers of living controversies. He is free from the prejudices of sect or party, and can view his subject through plain glass. The snares of ready-made interpretations are not about his feet, nor conventional judgments upon his lips. His eye for the sharp outline of facts has not been dimmed by a haze of familiar words. He can find a new significance in the obvious and still be surprised at what is surprising.'

This is all in the spirit of true patriotism, which asks the question not to what country does a scholar belong, but what qualifications has he for the work he has undertaken. And of Mr. Beer's qualifications Mr. Tawney has no doubt. 'Only scholarship,' he says, 'of a high order can give him the learning needed to compose a work like the present volume, and only long familiarity can save him from misinterpreting the atmosphere of a foreign nation. Mr. Beer possesses both. He is an indefatigable student, who knows the social history of England from the middle of the eighteenth century, as it is known only to Professor Graham Wallas, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. And his twenty years of residence in England have given him the working acquaintance with the unstated assumptions of English political life which is hardly less necessary than historical knowledge for the task which he has undertaken.'

This is the first volume of the work. The second will carry the story of British socialism into the present century. It seems to have been well on the way when the war broke out, but the outbreak of the war sent its author into other duties. The first volume is therefore published separately, and it is complete in itself and furnished with its own index. It carries the history of socialism in Great Britain down to the rise of Chartism.

The author has a good command of the English

language. He is not content to offer a dry chronicle of events. He has the gift of imagination. He never counts his space wasted by a quotation from Wordsworth.

THE STATE IN PEACE AND WAR.

The war, we have often been told, was a war, not of nations, but of ideals. We have also been told that in the one ideal the State was supreme over conscience, and in the other conscience was supreme over the State. The antagonism was often otherwise expressed, but usually came to that. But such undiluted contrasts are rarely true to fact. That to the German mind, or at any rate to the German military mind, the State was supreme over all things is undeniable. But that, let us say, the British and American ideal was the supremacy of the conscience is far from demonstration. Let the conscientious objector tell us how far. We need to study the subject. We need to give it far more study than we have ever given it. We need to study the whole relation of the State to the individual and of the individual to the State.

Now for that purpose there is no better book than Professor John Watson's *The State in Peace and War* (Maclehose; 7s. 6d. net). With that ringing clearness of statement for which Professor Watson is famous, every problem is placed before us briefly enough to be compassed if not always wholly comprehended. For no doubt some problems are still open to discussion. One is the relation between public and private morality. Let us hear what Professor Watson says about that.

'Machiavelli,' he says, 'is no doubt right in maintaining that there is a distinction between public and private morality, and that a patriotic statesman may do many things which in a private individual would call for severe reprobation. But it is one thing to say that a nation, responsible for the whole life and prosperity of the subjects, cannot be judged in the same way as we judge an individual in his comparatively limited sphere of action, and another thing to say that it is absolved from all moral law and may employ fraud, deceit, treachery and violence under all circumstances and as a regular principle of action. Nor can a statesman be exonerated if he employs as a settled policy such methods to secure the aggrandisement of his own people, and even apart from any real danger to the existence of the nation.'

JAPANESE BUDDHISM.

The Charles F. Deems Lectureship of Philosophy in the University of New York may not be so well known in Great Britain as some other American Lectureships, but it has great names and good books attached to it. The first series was delivered by Principal Iverach, and was published under the title of 'Theism in the Light of Present Science and Philosophy.' Other lecturers have been Professor Borden P. Bowne, Dr. Horace Grant Underwood, Sir W. M. Ramsay, Professor Eucken, and Principal Fairbairn. The author of the latest series is August Karl Reischauer, M.A., D.D., Professor of Philosophy and Systematic Theology in Meiji Gakuin, Tōkyō, Japan. The title of the volume as published is *Studies in Japanese Buddhism* (Macmillan; $2).

The lectures are seven in number, so arranged that they cover the whole subject without serious overlapping or omission. The first lecture deals with Buddhist origins; the second traces the development of primitive Buddhism into Mahāyāna Buddhism, that form of Buddhism which is most prevalent in Japan; in the third lecture the historical development of Buddhism in Japan itself is described; the fourth discusses the Buddhist Canon; the fifth sketches the Japanese sects; in the sixth there is an estimate of Buddhist ethics; in the seventh Buddhism and Christianity in Japan are brought into contrast.

Professor Reischauer has no very exalted idea of the value of Buddhism in Japan. Speaking of woman, for example, he says that Buddhism has done comparatively little for woman, much less than woman has done for Buddhism. Still he finds that it has made some contribution to the religious life of Japan and that in three ways.

'First of all, Buddhism elevated and enlarged the conception of the Divine. Shintō was a rather puerile animism and crude polytheism, and the Japanese had not yet advanced to the idea of the universal or the monistic whole. The elements of monism or monotheism found in present-day Shintō were not there when Buddhism first reached these shores; for, as we have said above, not until Buddhism had made itself felt was there even an attempt made to build up the various legends and myths of the native religion into a connected and reasoned whole. But it is the very breath of the philosophy of Mahāyāna Buddhism to reduce the

plurality of being to an all-embracing Divine Whole, and to regard the myriads of gods and individual beings as in some way the expression of the All-One.'

'Secondly, Buddhism greatly enlarged the conception of man's destiny. The early Shintō ideal went very little beyond the conception of man as a creature of sense-experience. The gods were implored or propitiated in order that they might bestow upon the suppliant what he wanted for a prosperous and happy existence. And the happiness of existence lay not so much in the realm of enriched personality, as in the realm of those things which satisfy the desires of the senses. What lay beyond the realm of sense or the point in time when the sense organs are dissolved in death, did not concern the early Shintōist so much. Buddhism, however, taught Japan that man's present life is but a moment of his existence and that the real life is more than the life of the body.'

'A third great contribution which Buddhism made to the religious life of Japan is the conception, or conceptions, regarding the way by which man can reach his higher destiny. Whatever have been the perversions of these conceptions—and they have been gross and many in popular Buddhism — the higher Buddhism has always insisted that it must be by way of obedience to the truth. Man must know the truth, and the truth shall set him free from the bondages of his little self into the liberty of the greater Something.'

ST. COLUMBA.

In June 1916 the Irish Fellowship Club of Chicago determined to encourage Irish studies in the universities of America. A society was organized under the name of the 'Irish Foundation of Chicago.' 'The aim of the Foundation is to foster the publication of Irish texts in America by offering academic stipends to train scholars in the Irish language and to enable scholars already trained to devote themselves to the work of editing.' A fellowship 'was established with a stipend of twelve hundred dollars to enable a Research Fellow in Gaelic to give his entire time to the editing of Irish manuscripts. Rev. A. O'Kelleher, of the parish of SS. Peter and Paul at Great Crosby, and Lecturer in the University of Liverpool, was offered the appointment in November 1916. He came to Illinois at once and has since that time devoted himself exclusively to the work of editing. Under the generous auspices of the Graduate School of the University of Illinois it has been possible to publish this *Life of Columcille* after somewhat less than two years of his tenure of the fellowship.' The title of the book is '*Betha Colaim Chille, Life of Columcille.* Compiled by Manus O'Donnell in 1532. Edited and translated from manuscript Rawlinson B. 514 in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, with introduction, glossary, notes, and indices by A. O'Kelleher, Fellow in Gaelic in the University of Illinois on the Irish Foundation of Chicago, and G. Schoepperle, Associate in English in the University of Illinois' (University of Illinois; $3.50).

It is a handsome imperial octavo volume with wide margins and clear open printing, the Irish text and English translation being on opposite pages. To say that it is a curious book is to utter the obvious. Here is one of its curious sections. 'On a time that Columcille was in Iona writing, there came to him one of the brethren that had the task of being over the kitchen of the household. And he had a knife in his hand, and he asked Columcille to bless it for him. Then Columcille raised the hand where the pen was, and he turned his back upon his book and blessed the knife. And when the monk had departed, Columcille asked his disciple Diarmaid what was the iron gear that the monk had brought to be blessed by him. Then said Diarmaid that it was a knife for the killing of oxen and sheep.

'"I trust in God," saith Columcille, "that the iron I have blessed will do no hurt to man or beast from this time till judgment."

'And it fell out as Columcille had said, for the monk went straightway to the kitchen, and he laid the knife to the throat of an ox. And it might not redden thereon. And not only that, but of no other beast in the world might blood be drawn with that knife forever. When the monks saw that it was in vain, they bade a smith of the place melt it again, that it might be made anew, and have a good edge. And when the smith had melted it, he said it was iron very hard of kind, and it would be well for the other tools that the monks had for killing oxen and sheep that had need of hardness, to have a portion thereof put in each tool. And thus it was done. But no tool wherein was put aught of that knife hath reddened on man or beast

from that time. So God's name and Columcille's were magnified thereby.'

There are many paragraphs quite as curious as that, and some of them are much more edifying. Let us read another. 'Another time after that when Columcille was in the monastery in Iona listening to the service of God, he beheld an angel above the heads of the brethren. And exceeding brightness came into his face when he perceived this, for it might not be that the passing great angelic light that was within his heart should not show itself outwardly in his face when he beheld the angel. And certain of the brethren that were with him in that place asked him what was that great light that had come over his countenance. And he told them that it was an angel he had seen above the brethren. And he said further that wondrous was the subtilty of angels, for he had seen the angel passing through the walls of the monastery outward and inward doing no hurt nor harm neither to himself nor to the walls. And he told them that it was to bless the brethren that the angel had come thither, and to look upon certain treasures of his in the monastery the which he was in point to take away with him. And the brethren understood not what treasure Columcille had said the angel should have, for he construed not his words to them at that time. But the treasure whereof Columcille spake then was his own soul, for he died at the end of six days space right on the eve of Whit-sunday.'

Everything has been done by the editors to make this edition of Manus O'Donnell's *Life of St. Columba* complete and final. At the end of the volume they add a glossary of rarer words, an index of places and tribes, an index of personal names, an index rerum, an index of first lines of quatrains, and a list of chapters in the English translation.

The Secret of Progress is the title which Archdeacon W. Cunningham, F.B.A., F.S.A., has given to his latest volume (Cambridge: at the University Press; 5s. net). What is the secret of progress? It is the consciousness throughout the ages of the hand of God in human affairs. And so Archdeacon Cunningham traces the presence and recognition of God through the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and then through the history of the Church from Revelation to the present day. It is a popular volume, and one is not troubled with questions of authorship or integrity. There in the traditional order the narrative stands, and the progress of the spiritual consciousness of man can be traced. 'The conviction as to the reality of Spiritual Power, which is felt personally, has been confirmed because this belief renders the progress of the human race in the past intelligible. It is also confirmed because it gives insight and guidance for the doing of duties in the present; its truth is exemplified in so far as it works. By conscious endeavours after collective effort, we may be able to give the most effective united witness to Christ.'

A new volume on *The Life of Paul* (Cambridge: at the University Press) will be made welcome. The author, Dr. Benjamin Willard Robinson, Professor of New Testament Literature and Interpretation in the Chicago Theological Seminary, is a good scholar and a clear writer. He has written briefly, with the Sunday School teacher, perhaps, in view, but consecutively and readably enough for any one who wants to spend a quiet hour refreshing his memory with the events of the great apostle's life.

Note one point. On the great problem of the Jerusalem Council and its decrees Professor Robinson has an idea of his own. He believes that St. Luke got indirect information about it which he misunderstood and misplaced, and that in reality no such Council was held or decrees issued until long after the date assigned to them in the Acts.

In many ways we begin to realize what the War has cost us. Will it ever inspire new poets to make up for the poets we have lost? Will it bring us new theologians to take the place of men like Lieut. Alec De Candole? He was only twenty-one years of age when he was killed in battle, yet he was able, in a period of convalescence in that same year 1918, to give an account of the faith that was in him in a series of chapters on God, Jesus of Nazareth, the Church, Dogma, Infallibility, Reason and Faith, Miracles, Atonement, Morality, Immortality, and Christianity, and these chapters have been considered by the Dean of Bristol to be well worth publishing. Nor is there a reader of them but will agree. The title of the volume is *The Faith of a Subaltern* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 2s. 6d. net).

Professor Davidson used to say that the best thing he ever wrote was the article on Jeremiah in the DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. On being asked why it was the best thing, he answered, because he had most affection for Jeremiah and his book of all the men and books of the Bible. The Rev. W. R. Thomson, B.D., has discovered Professor Davidson's article, and (perhaps by means of it) he has discovered Jeremiah and the Book of Jeremiah. His volume on *The Burden of the Lord* (Clarke & Co.; 6s. net) deals with certain aspects of Jeremiah's personality, mission, and age in such a way as a capable and successful teacher and student who had come to appreciate Jeremiah might be expected to do. His book may be taken as an example of the best modern expository discourse. Let us quote three sentences. 'No one had a higher place among the men of whose work the Master could say, "I came not to destroy but to fulfil." How great he was, of whom it can be said that there was that in his work which awaited its due recognition and completing until He appeared who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. Of this greatness we have caught, it is hoped, some glimpses as we have followed the career of our prophet. By receiving a prophet in the name of a prophet we shall have, at least, something of a prophet's reward.'

In his Ingersoll Lecture for 1918 on *Pagan Ideas of Immortality During the Early Roman Empire* (Milford; 3s. 6d. net), Professor C. H. Moore of Harvard brings out one fact which is not often, if ever, clearly recognized by the student of early Christianity. It is the fact that the eschatological ideas of the early Christians—for which we now attempt to apologize—were of immense service in the propagation of Christianity. For similar ideas were widely current in the Mediterranean world and created an atmosphere which made the reception of Christianity easier. The little book is the work of a true scholar and right pleasant to read.

It is the recorded experience of an Encyclopædia editor that there is no topic of human interest but some one has made a special study of it. Cary F. Jacob, M.S., Ph.D., has made *The Foundations and Nature of Verse* his speciality. Under that title he has published a volume at the Columbia University Press. And one's first thought in glancing through it is that a more uninteresting book for the eye of the average reader could not be written. But get into it and all that is altered. Tone, Pitch, Quality, Intensity, Time, Rhythm, Duration, Accent, all these things become of supreme moment. Your appreciation of poetry seems to depend upon a mere mechanical thing like scansion, and yet, without being able to scan, consciously or unconsciously, you see quite clearly that you can neither write poetry nor understand it. It is an enthusiast's book and he is sufficiently enthusiastic to compel you to share his enthusiasm. No doubt it is written not for the average reader but for the student of literature. It is sane enough and thorough enough to take its place as the best student's manual on the subject.

There are, it seems, four ways of regarding our Lord Jesus Christ. So Mr. Gilbert T. Sadler tells us in his little book *The Gnostic Story of Jesus Christ* (Daniel; 1s. net). There is first of all the view that no such person ever existed. That is Mr. Sadler's own opinion. Next, there is the view that He was a good man and the Messiah. He calls that the 'liberal' view. Thirdly, there is the review of Schweitzer, that He was not necessarily a good man, and certainly not the Messiah, but a dreamer, who promised that He would rise again from the dead and appear in glory as the son of man. Last of all, there is the view that He was the Son of God come in the flesh to be the Saviour of the world. Mr. Sadler admits that that is the view of the New Testament.

The Rev. C. J. Cadoux, D.D., has made a special study of *The Early Christian Attitude to War*, and has published a volume under that title (Headley; 10s. 6d. net). He was not aware probably that at the same time Professor Moffatt was engaged upon the same study. There is no reference in the book to Professor Moffatt's article in the DICTIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH, although it is of more value than any of the recent literature to which Mr. Cadoux refers. Perhaps it is well that both men should have worked over the subject independently. Both are thoroughly competent, and it is an extremely interesting exercise to compare the book and the article together. It is enough here and now to say that both authors find the testimony of the early Church too mixed to be of any authoritative value for the present

day. We must still go back to Christ, and according as we understand Christ shall be our attitude to war.

Is there any difference between the ancient and the modern essayist? There is this difference, that for the most part the modern essayist takes his task more seriously. It costs him more. There is Francis Grierson, for example. In order to write the very short essays in *Illusions and Realities of the War* (Lane; 5s. net) he prepared himself by time and travel and money. 'My purpose,' he says, 'at this juncture is to state what I know concerning social and political conditions touching Anglo-American unity. This knowledge has cost me nearly four years of time and a large outlay, having sojourned in all the leading States between New York and Colorado, and between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. It requires time and patience to learn anything worth knowing.'

And so these essays are worth studying. There is more in them than the superficial reader will find. But every reader will find that their expression is supremely delicate and carefully adapted to the matter to be expressed.

A sketch has been made by B. J. O'Rorke, D.C.O., of the life and work of Lieut.-Colonel H. Storr, D.S.O. The title is *A Soldier and a Man* (Longmans; 3s. net). Colonel Storr went through the Boer War. Then in the days of peace he left the army and became Lay Secretary of the Church of England Men's Society. After two years and three months of strenuous work the European War broke out, and he went out to the front as second in command of the 4th Middlesex Regiment. He was wounded in March 1918 and died in hospital.

It is the record of a silent strong man who gave every ounce of his energy to the cause of Christ.

The Rev. John Pitkin, F.R.G.S., Rector of Teigh, Rutland, and formerly chaplain of various of His Majesty's prisons, had a sensational subject in his hands when he sat down to write on *The Prison Cell in its Lights and Shadows* (Sampson Low; 6s. net), but it must be confessed that he has made a poor affair of it. A story-teller is born, not made, and it is very clear that Mr. Pitkin was not born to tell stories. He has used the Police News or whatever other spicy periodical details the doings of criminals, but all the colour evaporates in his clumsy hands. It is a disappointing book. Give it to the first boy you meet whose imagination has been perverted by the reading of penny dreadfuls and he will soon become disgusted with the whole tawdry business.

We have been rejoicing in the return of both science and philosophy to some serious recognition of religion. We do not know whether Roy Wood Sellars, Ph.D., is a scientist or a philosopher, but certainly there is no sign of repentance in him. He does not believe in miracles. He does not believe in immortality. He does not believe in God. And he does not believe in religion. That is a pretty clean sweep. What does he believe in? He believes in reason and art. It is a curious combination. Perhaps it is meant to be comprehensive. But what is reason? If it is the use of the intellect (and if it is not that, we wish he would tell us what it is), does he imagine that the intellect is not made use of in religion? The title of his book is *The Next Step in Religion* (Macmillan; 8s. net).

The criminologist who is also an idealist is worth listening to, though he may have to be watched. Dr. Maurice Parmelee, whose book on *Criminology* has been published by Messrs. Macmillan ($2), is thoroughly scientific in both his processes and his products. But he is not content with the enumeration and classification of bare facts; he draws conclusions from his statistics which have a scientific interest and something more. We said he was an idealist. Perhaps we had better say plainly that he is a forward-looking and determined social reformer. He is not the kind of man who botanizes on his mother's grave. He studies the criminal in order that there may be, as soon as possible, no more criminals to study.

Does the last sentence sound Utopian? Dr. Parmelee is not hopelessly an idealist. He cannot bring crime to an end entirely, and he does not think that he can in this world. He will do what he can to bring as much as possible of it to an end. And so he warns us against many of our present ways of treating the criminal. One way is imprisonment. 'It should,' he says, 'be the aim of every penal administration to diminish as rapidly as possible the use of imprisonment as a form of

punishment. It will never be possible to abolish imprisonment entirely, because there will always remain a residuum of criminals who are so dangerous to society that it is necessary to incarcerate them for the protection of society. But substitutes should be devized as rapidly as possible for most of the forms of imprisonment.' Corporal punishment he would abolish at once, 'except possibly for a few young offenders for whom it should be prescribed by competent scientific authorities.'

The Rev. James H. Snowden, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in the Western Theological Seminary of Pennsylvania, asks the question: *The Coming of the Lord: Will it be Premillennial?* and answers his own question in a book with that title (Macmillan; $1.75).

'There is general agreement among Christian believers,' he says, 'in accepting the fact of Christ's coming, though there is diversity of view as to its time and mode. Some interpreters take all these declarations in the literal sense that Christ will come in bodily form in the clouds in glory with the angels so that all the people on the earth shall see him with their eyes; and others take the same language in a figurative and spiritual sense, very much as we now interpret in a spiritual sense the equally materialistic descriptions of Christ's first coming in the Old Testament. But the point now before us is that practically all students of and believers in the Bible accept the fact of Christ's return in some sense to this world in glory. This is "that blessed hope" which has been cherished through all the Christian centuries and which gives final value to the reign of Christ and kingdom of God. Amidst all our differences we are to hold on to this central fact and follow this hope as a star that leads us on and lifts us up during our earthly pilgrimage and service.'

At this point, however, he continues, 'there emerges the divergence known as the postmillennial and the premillennial views. Both of these theories hold that there is to be a period of prevailing righteousness and reign of Christ in the world, commonly known as the millennium. This word is not found in the Bible, but is from the Latin word for a thousand years, the period in the vision in Rev 20^{1-7} during which the souls of martyrs and confessors reign with Christ. The terms "premillennial" and "postmillennial" are unfortunate and misleading as they depend upon the word "millennium," which refers to a highly figurative passage and greatly disputed subject; but they have become so established in usage that they cannot well be dispensed with or replaced by others. The vital point of difference between the two theories is that postmillenarianism holds that the world will be converted to Christianity before Christ comes in his final advent, and premillenarianism reverses this order and holds that Christ must come before the world is converted.'

Professor Snowden is a postmillennialist. In his volume he gives his reasons. He gives them temperately and at length. The book is sure to find many readers in such a time as this.

There is a form of literature which is much enjoyed by the initiate. It is not the old essay or the new short story. Nor can it be called a co-operation between these two, though it partakes of both—its admirers say of the best of both. In any case it is a thing by itself, and Mr. H. M. Tomlinson is one of its most accepted exponents.

It is literature, we said, for the initiate. *Old Junk* (Melrose; 4s. 6d. net) is disappointing at the outset. But proceed. You began with the idea that you were to enjoy a short story with adventure in it. Travel there is, but no adventure worth speaking about, and no story at all. All that seems so is mere dramatic setting for the description of character, say rather for the psychological analysis of character, which makes the book. After a little its interest becomes quite absorbing, and when you lay down the book you feel that you have had a good time.

One of the most vivid descriptions of Jewish life that we have ever read is contained in *The Shadow of the Cross* (Melrose; 5s. net). It is also one of the most intimate studies. The book was written by Paul and Jean Tharaud. It has been translated by Frances Delanoy Little. It is an amazing narrative. If it were not so minutely and manifestly true to life it would be incredible. It is the story of a Hungarian village and the Jews who live in it. It resolves itself at last into the story of one little boy whose lot it was, in the inscrutable providence of God, to be born in that village and of Jewish parents, parents to whom love was nothing and the Law everything. They thought themselves the special favourites of the God of Glory

and their life the only religious life upon earth. It is surely the most irreligious form of religion ever believed in by man.

The Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A., is one of the most accomplished but least dogmatic of our present-day writers in theology. He is a student of the Bible, and out of that treasury he brings forth things new in surprising abundance and surprising felicity. His little book, *Not Dead, but Living* (Morgan & Scott; 6d.), is 'for thoughts.'

The name of John W. Stevenson may never be as famous as the name of Hudson Taylor. But as a force in the China Inland Mission he was a good second, and in faith, if not in works, sometimes first. Surely he deserved this little biography by Marshall Broomhall, M.A. It is small enough beside the two mighty volumes of Hudson Taylor's biography. Its title is *John W. Stevenson: One of Christ's Stalwarts* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. 6d. net).

The late Dr. Paul Carus edited and translated Virgil's Fourth Eclogue, and had his work published in an extremely attractive little volume under the title of *Virgil's Prophecy on the Saviour's Birth* (Open Court Publishing Co.; 2s. net).

What is a Dogma? will not be an attractive title to everybody, but everybody will be attracted by the appearance of the little book in which the question is answered. The author is Edouard Le Roy. It is translated into English by Lydia G. Robinson (Open Court; 2s. net). What is the answer? It is given in two propositions: '(1) The intellectualist conception which is current to-day renders the greater number of objections raised by the idea of dogma unsolvable. (2) On the other hand, a doctrine of primacy of action permits a solution of the problem without abandoning either the rights of thought or the requirements of dogma.'

Mr. Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S., is one of the most voluminous writers in the medical or any other profession. The reason is partly no doubt that he has the gift, but partly also that he has chosen as his own that borderland which lies between science and religion, and is of all tracts of territory the most interesting to the greatest number. His latest book is on *Nerves in Disorder* (Pickering & Inglis; 2s. 6d. net). It is more purely scientific than usual, but it is addressed to the same class as before. Should neurasthenics read it? Surely, if they will follow its advice.

Mr. Alfred Forder is one of our best equipped Palestinian scholars. We think he has written more serious and more scientific books than *In and About Palestine* (R.T.S.; 3s. 6d. net), but not one that is more delightfully illustrated or more agreeable to read. Read carefully, however. You will find that every pleasant chapter has something scientific in it—a new discovery perhaps, or the confirmation of a doubtful site.

The great idea in education now is to offer the child nothing but what it can understand. Well, the Rev. Charles Brown, D.D., offers it Bunyan's *Holy War*. Will it understand that? It will not understand a word of it. What sense is there, then, in delivering addresses to children on Bunyan's *Holy War*? There is plenty of sense in it. We know a parent who read the *Holy War* to his five-year-old. The one enjoyed the war, the other the allegory. But the five-year-old remembered the story and he knows and understands the allegory now. Dr. Brown calls his addresses *The Oldest City in the World* (R.T.S.; 3s. net).

Lieut. the Rev. Edward Vernon, M.A., has published a volume of children's sermons under the title of *Through* (Scott; 3s. net). 'Through' is the title of one of the sermons, and it does not give a good idea of the book. For all the sermons, including the one on 'Through,' are bound together by a single striking idea. It is the idea of signalling. There is variety enough in the duties of the signalman to furnish the text for nine delightful addresses.

Two lectures by I. Wassilevsky, Phil.B., F.S.P., the one on *Hebrew Poetry of To-day*, the other on *Ezekiel*, have been published by Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes of Manchester, with a preface by Professor C. H. Herford (2s. net).

When the soldier is invited to accept Christ he sometimes asks for reasons why. And the chaplain has not always the reason ready to hand. Henceforth let all chaplains and others who have to do

with men who ask the reason why possess a copy of the Rev. F. W. Butler's book entitled *The Grounds of Christian Belief* (Skeffington; 3s. net). They will have no more hesitation. It is a book of distinct ability, and of clear insight into the problems with which we are now so urgently exercised.

The Rev. Thomas Allen Tidball, D.D., sometime Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of the South, Sewanee, has long been in the habit of delivering lectures on *The Making of the Church of England*. These lectures have now been issued by the Stratford Company of Boston ($2). They are addressed not to special students of ecclesiastical history but to the average churchman and churchwoman, and they are written in clear simple nervous English. Professor Tidball is a loyal son of the Anglican Church and brings out very clearly its original independence of Rome. But no one can honestly accuse him of prejudice or passion.

Mr. A. Osborne Eaves is a follower of that form of religion which is known by the name of New Thought. He is the author of many books. One of them entitled *Your Powers, and How to Use Them* has been revised and issued in a second edition (Harrogate: Talisman Publishing Co.).

Every man who has formed a library considers himself able to tell others how a library should be formed. But now at last we have come upon a man who can do it. Mr. Reginald R. Buckley tells us *How and What to Read* (Williams & Norgate; 2s. 6d. net) in a volume of most unattractive outward appearance, but of quite extraordinary interest and effectiveness within. First of all, he makes no mistakes. As Professor Moffatt writes his name with two *t*'s he does not cut one off, and he allows Dr. Denney the use of his second *e*. Not one single misspelling have we detected after a considerable and careful search. Next, he is a lover of books. He speaks about them not as if they were dry goods or blocks of timber, but as if they had life and a capacity for friendship. But best of all, his acquaintance with every department of human knowledge is intimate and his discernment unerring.

The Possibility of Temptation in the Life of our Lord.

By the Rev. H. J. Wicks, B.A., D.D., Loughton.

In what way could such an one as Jesus Christ be really exposed to the force of temptation? This is an old question, and one which inevitably arises in the mind of every thoughtful reader of the Gospels. It is a question to which every preacher needs to give careful attention that he may answer it wisely, that he may help men and women to realize the actuality of the Lord's temptations. Every one realizes the difficulty. We are tempted because there is that in us which has some affinity with the evil, because at some points there is defect of goodness in us which makes us vulnerable when we are assailed. But we all understand the thought of the schoolboy to whom his master said, 'Why are you not a good child like William Channing?' 'Oh,' he said, 'it is easy for William Channing to be good.' The lad was not wrong. It *is* easier for some to be good than it is for others. One man in circumstances might be sorely tempted to lie, and if he should resist we would applaud him as a hero. A second man in the same case would have no battle at all to fight. An inward, intense scorn of falsehood would make him immune. The evil thing would make no appeal to his nature. For the loftier a man is in character the less accessible he is to the seductions of the evil one; and so, how could any temptation really assail Jesus? We must certainly affirm that a temptation to some line of conduct nakedly and plainly wicked could not have had any power at all with Him for a moment. He was too pure for that, too high-souled. The temptation which could be a real peril to Him must have derived all its force against Him from the limitations inherent in His manhood. Mr. B. H. Strachan is surely right when he says: 'The expressions "guise of sinful