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in the ordinary intercourse of the drawing-room or the workshop? The right principle seems to be to take it as it comes; neither to seek it nor to avoid it; to go where your duty sends you, to receive those who naturally come to your house. Here, again, at each moment we may have with us the Lord of wisdom and goodness. We should be so thoroughly imbued with His benign temper, His friendly sympathy for humankind, His scorn of lies and hatred of wrong, that wherever we go His Divine Presence checks ungodliness and folly, and purifies and sweetens the atmosphere.

I have said nothing about the help received through the ordinances of the Church, because that consideration is something different from the right use of ordinary life. It is only necessary to say that the ordinances of the Church are all directed towards strengthening in us this spiritual faculty of being conscious of the indwelling presence of the Father and the Son in the Holy Spirit, of hearing the voice of our Saviour as the sheep hear the words of the good shepherd, and of following him in and out and finding pasture. This is not once in our lives only, it is not once every day; it is at every moment that we are to look to Him for guidance and light, and obey His gracious invitation—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

Reviews.

The Philosophy and Development of Religion: being the Gifford Lectures for 1894. By OTTO PFLEIDERER, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. In two volumes. Blackwood and Sons. Price 15s.

THIS extremely clever and excessively one-sided book, though it is made to hang together in a somewhat artificial fashion, is in reality two separate books, of which the first gives us Dr. Pfleiderer's Philosophy of Religion, and the second his account of the evolution of the Christian faith. There is nothing new in the Professor's pages, for everything he says here has been said by him before, either in his four-volumed "Philosophy of Religion," or in his "Paulinism," both of them excellently translated into English.

Pfleiderer's position as a loyal adherent of the Tübingen school, which has fallen into disrepute of late, is so well known that one need only restate it here in brief. He is, frankly and consistently, an anti-supernaturalist; and, therefore, in his view Christianity is not a Divine deposit of truth put into the world at a given time and place by the hand of God, but the highest revelation of man's spirit to itself, the final

culmination of untold centuries of religious toil and effort. Miracle, according to Pfleiderer, has been rendered incredible at once by the progress of science and of historical investigation; naturally, therefore, he dismisses any notion of the *external* authority of the Divine will. But surely the true end of our own will is the exact correspondence between it and the will of God; and, if so, why shrink from this idea of external authority? Pfleiderer's criticisms (vol. i., p. 43) seem to me singularly inconclusive on this point.

On pp. 102 *sqq.*, may be read the Professor's interpretation of the origin, not of Christianity, but of religion itself, which is frankly rationalistic. The origin of all religion, he believes, may be discovered in the interaction of nature-spirits which have been humanized, and ancestral spirits which have been deified. First the family God, then the tribal, then the national, lastly the universal God—these are the steps. In this explanation—if explanation it can be termed—Pfleiderer is, of course, following in the steps of the purely rationalistic school of theologians, who, because they cannot comprehend how in primitive days any spiritual religion can have existed, promptly deny its presence altogether in those early "seekers after God." Such methods seem painfully uncritical, and savour of theories framed in order that facts may dovetail into them, not that they may illustrate the facts themselves. In any view of the case, such an account as Pfleiderer gives us of the beginnings of religion wholly fail to account for this stupendous fact in the history of humanity, that the consciousness of the being of God, *in some form or other*, is a primary element in the spiritual constitution of man.

When we turn to vol. ii., we are at once enveloped in a tissue of hypotheses, all built up to account for the great *fact* of Christianity in human history. Nothing could be more conclusive evidence of the frailty of so many of the theories we have at one time or another imported from Germany, than to note how completely Baur's treatment of the Apostolic history has of recent years fallen into the background. At present a new school, that knows not Baur, is in the ascendant, and everybody is anxious to do homage to it; I allude, of course, to the school of Ritschl, which is exercising considerable influence in the theologic circles just now. With all its insufficiencies and its positive blunders, this school is more wholesome in its doctrine than the school to which Pfleiderer belongs; it has at least recognised that mankind will not rest upon purely negative criticisms, and that construction of some sort is imperatively demanded. Ritschl in matters doctrinal is the very antithesis of Baur.

Readers must not suppose that because one finds so much that seems either futile or false in the position taken up by a writer so eminent as Pfleiderer, that one can find nothing good and wise and true in what he says. With many of his thoughtful and suggestive comments one may be completely in agreement; but I do regard it as something not only painful, but surprising, that men of the highest intellectual power should have so harnessed themselves to a theory as to be unable to see where that theory breaks down. Thirty years ago Baur's hypothesis (so we are told) was to demolish for ever the opinions anciently and for long generations held, touching the beginnings of Christianity; to-day we are apt to smile rather contemptuously upon that same once-belauded hypothesis, and regard even a German theologian who holds firmly by it as "rather behind the time." So does the learning of one generation become the folly of the succeeding; "whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." What a profoundly instructive book—and how profoundly sad a one, too!—might be made out of a history of human errors, if ever such a book could be written.

October, 1894. E. H. BLAKENEY.

Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram Himalayas. By W. M. Conway. T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1894.

This is a magnificent book of travel and mountaineering, and may well be considered to be the most delightful and novel work on mountain-climbing which has been published for a long time. No one is more fitted to ascend mountains, or to describe their scenery, than Mr. Conway, as his connection with the Alpine Club peculiarly fits him for the work.

The mountain region which he selected for his exploration contains the grandest glaciers in the world, out of the polar regions, and the sublimity of its mountains is almost indescribable.

The Karakoram Mountains are not strictly a portion of the Himalayas, as they lie between the basin of Upper Indus on the south and the wild regions of Chinese Turkistan on the north, so that they constitute the northern boundary of our Indian Empire. Between the rivers Indus and Shayak on the south, and the Karakorams on the north, there is a vast region of stupendous mountains and glaciers, which were first really explored by Colonel Godwin-Austin in 1861, and here it was that Mr. Conway's explorations took place. Mr. Conway and his party journeyed from Srinagar (Kashmir) to Gilgit, passing under the magnificent Nanga Parbat, which is 26,669 feet in height. They then crossed the Indus and entered the Gilgit valley, down which runs the most important road from the upper Oxus to India. Gilgit is our chief outpost, and a garrison is maintained here in order to watch over the frontier territories of Yassin, Kanjut, and Chitral. The expedition explored the glaciers at the head of the Bagrot valley, and the neighbourhood of the great peak of Rakipushi (25,500 feet), and Mr. Conway's party then proceeded up the Kanjut valley. This valley was until lately a perfect nest of robbers, who had filled it with castles, and carried on widespread depredations. We conquered it, however, in 1890, and since then it has been tranquil. After exploring the glaciers of the valley, Mr. Conway crossed the Hispar Pass, and descended upon the great river of ice called the Biafo glacier, which is forty miles in length, and receives enormous glaciers from the north. It took the party several days to cross this wilderness of glaciers, and at length they reached Askole in Baltistan. They now proceeded eastwards and came to the Baltoro glacier, which is more than thirty-five miles long. Around it rise the following giant peaks: K. 2 (28,250 feet), Gusherbrum (26,378 feet), the Hidden Peak (26,480 feet), Masherbrum (25,676 feet), and the Bride (25,119 feet), while enormous rivers of ice flow into the main glacier from north and south. The old Mustagh Pass, lately crossed by Captain Younghusband, descends the Karakorams at the head of the Baltoro glacier, but it has been abandoned because of its dangers, and a new track has been found leading up the Punmah glacier. Mr. Conway in this region scaled the Pioneer Peak (23,000 feet), the highest ascent yet made, and camped for two days at the head of the Baltoro glacier at an elevation of 20,000 feet. After leaving these sublime mountains, Mr. Conway returned to Skardo, the capital of Baltistan, and ascended the Indus to Leh, the chief town in Western Tibet, from which caravans start for Yarkand. From Leh Mr. Conway returned to Srinagar (the capital of Kashmir) along the great road from India to Central Asia, and crossed the Zoji Pass (11,500 feet). This splendid account of mountaineering should be widely read. It contains descriptions of snowy peaks and vast seas of ice, which are almost indescribable in their awful sublimity, and all who wish to gain an idea of the northern mountain barrier of India should read Mr. Conway's delightful and truly magnificent book.