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Sermons by Congregational Preachers (2s. 6d. net); *Symbols of the Holy Spirit*, by the Rev. William Smith (1s. 6d. net); *What Congregationalists stand for*, by J. Hirst Hollowell (1s. 6d. net); and *Christ and Conscience*, by the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A. (1s.).

The Sunday School Union has issued a manual of suggestions for Sunday School work with the title, *The Work of a Sunday School Union* (1s. net); and a clever catching book of lessons for infants, by Mr. G. A. Archibald, with the title, *Bible Lessons for Little Beginners* (2s. 6d.).

Among the smaller books and pamphlets of the month the following are noteworthy:—(1) *A Critical Examination of the so-called Moabite Inscription*, by the Rev. Albert Löwy, LL.D., in which Dr. Löwy reasserts and strengthens his demand that the Inscription be called a forgery; (2) *Was Jesus a Carpenter?* by Ernest Crosby, who does not believe it; (3) *Spiritual Culture in the Theological Seminary*, by Dr. B. B. Warfield of Princeton, in his very best manner; (4) *Death and Sleep*, by the Rev. Carleton Greene, M.A. (Stock; 1s.), a collection of quotations from English poetry on their identity; (5) *Harnack and Loisy*, by the Rev. T. A. Lacey, M.A. (Longmans; 1s. net), with an introductory letter by the Right Hon. Viscount Halifax; *Science and Speculation*, by G. H. Lewes, a reprint (Watts; 6d.); and (7) *In Relief of Doubt*, by the Rev. R. E. Welsh, M.A. (Allenson; 6d.), a cheap edition of one of the very best answers to the modern rejection of a Redeemer.

Point and Illustration.

THERE is no sermon in recent literature more terrible in its plainness of speech and in its revelation of 'the brute in man,' than a sermon in Dr. Clifford's new volume, *The Secret of Jesus* (Brown; 3s. 6d.), which has the lamb-like title of 'The World's Coming Peace.' Here is a part of it—

The Brute in Man.—The *Indian Planters' Gazette* reads: 'Should we slay our brother Boer? He should be slain with the same ruthlessness that they slay a plague-infected rat. Exeter Hall may shriek, but there will be plenty of it, and the more the better. The Boer resistance will enable us to find an excuse to blot out the Boers as a nation and turn their land into a vast shambles.'

That is a sentence not altogether lacking in brutality, is it? The correspondent of a London daily writes of looting—

'Next to the fierce joy of fighting, that of satisfying the primeval instinct of robber man is the highest pleasure which war affords. Add the promise of plunder to the certainty of a fight, and you increase by tenfold the efficiency of any army in the world. If war is right, then in any case let the boys loot. If for policy or principle it be wise to let a man murder, then let him for his private gratification be a thief.'

That passage is not altogether wanting in brutality, is it? The correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes thus—

'I felt a joy of satisfaction when the smoke of a rebel's farm went up. These unkempt, ill-conditioned rebels, these human vermin, have been treated as though on a level with respectable Kaffirs. A beast of a rebel was getting his deserts.'

And so I might go on.

It was George Eliot that said, 'Man is by nature an unmitigated savage; let him alone, and he lapses into barbarism.' But Dr. Clifford does not let him alone.

The Rev. T. G. Selby has published another volume of sermons. This time through Mr. Robinson of Manchester. Its title is *The Alienated Crown* (4s. 6d. net). They are such sermons as read well. There is style and a becoming dignity. The reproofs are abundant, but they are not outbursts of sudden fire. Perhaps they move the more that they are so self-respecting. Here are two illustrations—

In his volume of war correspondence, entitled *From London to Ladysmith*, Mr. Winston Churchill tells of a curious incident which arose in the neighbourhood of the besieged city. The commander of the forces whose movements he was following was encamped only a few miles from Sir George White, and wished to encourage him after one of his brave attempts to break through the investing ranks of the enemy. Signals were flashed upon the clouds which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been easy for those in Ladysmith to decipher. But the Boers perceived what was being done, and confused the messages by throwing their own searchlight between the clouds and the eager eyes which were trying to spell out the code. And so the battle of the opposing signals went on mid-heaven. That weird spectacle is not unknown to the human consciousness. Conflicting messages register themselves there, messages from the animal and messages from the spiritual side of our personality, the alphabet of heaven mixing itself up into chaos with the alphabet of the nethermost pit.

An observant traveller tells us that it is a mistake to

suppose that there is absolutely no life in the waters of the Dead Sea. He had found tiny fish upon the margin, in the little eddies of fresh water formed by the scanty mountain streams as they emptied themselves into the weird welter of desolation. But what a pitiable and a precarious life! One would have thought the fish would have had wit enough to keep well up the stream and avoid this close contact with the realm of bitterness and death.

And do not some of us, while keeping in the little currents of Divine charity and good-will that flow about our daily lives, venture terribly near to the Dead Sea of the world's bitterness?

It is easy to be original in writing about the moral training of children, for few writers have considered it a subject worth writing upon. Perhaps it is not so easy to be original in America as it is here. In any case we have found a book by Dr. Patterson Du Bois the most original and charming book of the month. Its title is *The Natural Way in Moral Training* (Revell; 5s. net). Its chapters are few but very full of matter. Their titles are the Way of the Master, the Idea of Nurture, Nurture by Atmosphere, Nurture by Light, Nurture by Food, Nurture by Exercise, and the Discipline and the Practice. The titles may tell us nothing, because we are so unacquainted with it all. To an educational American the thoughts may be familiar enough. Well, if we are behind, let us try to make up. Let us read this absorbing book to begin with. It is full of good things by the way besides being good itself. Here are two of them—

Gray Breeches and Pillows of Fire.—Two comical instances of the persistency of children to adhere to the ideas which they have gained from a hurried and unexplained reading of the Bible story to them, occurred recently in my class. 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches' was the text. The child learned by ear, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than *gray breeches*.' It was almost impossible to get her to change those last two words, or to make her see that the text as it stands in the original made better sense.

This is the other instance. 'We were having for our lesson the Israelites leaving Egypt. Ten or twelve in the class had heard the passage read at home, probably without comment. As a unit they had taken the word "pillar" to mean "pillow," and when I asked how God led these people, who had never been out of Egypt so far before, one of them replied, "By a *yellow cushion*, which showed them the way." And another added, "It was yellow on one side and black on the other." It took me a few seconds to see the steps in the syllogism which had led to this absurd conclusion. I began a most cautious presentation of my lesson truth, avoiding the word "pillar," using "bright could" and "dark cloud," and describing it as reaching from far up in the sky down to the very ground,—my central lesson being that those who were doing right were in the brightness of God's loving care, and enjoying His smile of approval. For home work I suggested that they draw a cloud with crayons, making half of bright crayon and half of black, and that they put some marks for people on the bright side of the cloud—as many people as they saw doing kind, loving things that week, which showed that they were living in the brightness of God's smile and following His leading. The home work came back, and, to my dismay, every one of those who had gotten that first idea of a "yellow cushion" (but only those few) had drawn a square sofa-pillow, orange on one side and black on the other.'

A new Life of Channing has been written, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale reviews it in *The American Journal of Theology* for January. Or rather, he gossips about it. What he does review is Calvinism, and of that his verdict is short and emphatic. 'But it is hardly worth while,' he says, 'to refer to such passages of a century ago. Calvinism has gone to its own place now. There are a few who do it reverence in a Pickwickian fashion, but practically the fatherhood of God is sought everywhere, and the children of God are awaking to their privileges and their duties.'

And then, in his inconsequential way, he ends his review thus—

Knowing and Doing.—Hero-worship is a very good thing, but hero-worship is not everything. Is it perhaps the greatest thing of all to speak for one's time—to be enough ahead of it to lead men where they falter or are afraid, not to be so far from it that they cannot hear one sound or other appeal? We despise Erasmus because, while he knew so much, he did so little. We are grateful to Luther because he did so much when he knew so little.

> Who dares think one thing and another tell
> My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

There is no more sincere or persistent opponent of Agnosticism than Dr. Paul Carus, of whose philosophy some account is given on another page. In *The Open Court* for January he writes a letter on the subject to Mr. Persifor Frazer:—

Agnosticism.—There are two kinds of agnosticism: one is the agnosticism of modesty; the other, absolute agnosticism. The former is a temporary suspension of judgment, the latter a belief in perpetual nescience. The former is not agnosticism proper, but is the natural attitude of a man who does not dogmatize on a subject which he has not yet investigated. The latter is a declaration of bankruptcy, and it acts as a blight on thought.

Agnosticism is an important epoch in the history of philosophic thought, but it is so inconsistent and untenable that even now it is fast dying out, and will have to be regarded by the historian merely as a phase of transition.