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A child can begin to understand it; but the eyes of faith go searching out the length and breadth, the heights and depths of it, only to be blinded with excess of light.

Standing afar off the remorseful Peter beheld the Cross; and he wrote, long after, of 'the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish, spotless—predestined even before the foundation of the world.' The sight convinced him that the agony which was unveiled there was an agony which slept in the breast of God before the beginning of time. And in the great vision of the consummation of human history, there is seen 'in the midst of the Throne . . . a Lamb . . . slain.' That vision is a reflexion of the mind of the beloved disciple who stood beneath the Cross.

Above, behind, and in the Cross of Calvary there is the Eternal Cross, sin's perpetual wound in the holy heart of God. Calvary was the completing, the filling full of the anguish in the experience of God forgiving. But the moaning undertone of the Divine Pain stretches through all the span of time, and out beyond it, both before and after. The dull ears of the human race, confused with the wandering sounds of earth, have seldom heard it. Once or twice has an echo been caught by some earnest listening

soul, and written by the Spirit of God upon the sacred page. The impulse which prompted the immortal picture of the Suffering Servant was surely a heaving of the anguished breast of God. Then with the coming of Christ, and through the few short rushing years of the Saviour's ministry, 'swift up the sharp scale of sobs God's breast did lift,' till it ended in the mighty yearning sigh which broke upon the earth and made the Cross.

A poet has recently depicted the prayers of the nations, friend and foe alike, borne by the angel Sandalphon into the presence of God:

'With Thee, with Thee, Lord God of Sabacth,
It rests to answer both.
Out of the obscene seas of slaughter hear,
From East and West, one prayer:
*O God, deliver Thy people. Let Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord.'*

Then, on the cross of His creative pain,
God bowed His head again.
Then, East and West, over all seas and lands,
Out-stretched His pierced Hands.
Then, down in Hell they chuckled, 'West and East,
Each holds one hand at least.'

'And yet,' Sandalphon whispered, 'men deny
The Eternal Calvary.'

Literature.

THE GREAT CONDÉ.

HISTORICAL biography is either a hit or a miss. The biography of a contemporary may have elements of interest however badly it is written. But there is no excuse for a badly written biography of one who belongs to the past. It had better not be. There may be only one person who has the knowledge that is necessary to write a contemporary biography, and that person may be unqualified otherwise. A historical biography is the property of any one who takes the trouble to become master of the facts.

The Hon. Eveline Godley has written one of the best historical biographies that we have ever read. Its subject, *The Great Condé* (Murray; 15s. net), is not of absorbing interest at the present moment, and its 630 pages of unusually close type

are not alluring to the eye. But the moment we begin to read we find ourselves taken hold of by an adept in this art. The fulness of detail is found to be the cause of the fascination. And, large as the book is, the reader will be very busy indeed and very strong-willed who will lay it down before he has finished it. Most assuredly this biographer has given us a biography that will live.

How is it that the Hon. Eveline Godley has obtained the military knowledge sufficient for the description of strategical movements and intricate battles so as to put to shame the ordinary military historian? Certain it is that we obtain not only a clear conception of the court of France and of the great Condé's own character, but also a minute and intimate knowledge of the battles and sieges and marches of the end of the Thirty Years' War and the other great campaigns in which Condé

was engaged. No doubt we are much occupied with these things at the present time, and the fact that the places are sometimes those which have become so familiar to us—Ypres, Arras, and the rest—gives the book an advantage. But this biographer has a gift that is independent of any such accidental aid.

Perhaps a short quotation may be ventured. It is taken from the beginning of the second part of the book, at the moment when, on the death of his father, Condé became the head of his House.

‘To the Queen-Regent and her Ministers, Condé, entering upon his inheritance, seemed to stand like the angel of the Scriptures, having a drawn sword in his hand, stretched out over the city. War was his element; the moment he was withdrawn from active service abroad, his very existence became a danger to the State. To Mazarin, in particular, he was an object of acute personal fear and dislike. M. le Prince returned the dislike, with interest; but he feared Mazarin no more than he feared any other living being; and in that respect was ill-advised. Two superior powers he had owned; his father’s, and that of a Bourbon King. Of these, the first had been withdrawn in the course of nature; while the second was in abeyance, so long as the Royal authority was represented by a foreign Regent and her favourite Minister. The idea that he, Condé, a Bourbon, and First Prince of the Blood, should be swayed by any regard for a low-born ecclesiastic, a man whom he knew to be, physically, a coward, appeared to him nothing short of preposterous. Yet if the long duel between them ended, after many years, in the Cardinal’s victory, it was largely because the “Signor Giulio,” as Parisians called him, had too much wisdom to despise his enemies. Condé, in military matters a genius, and on most points a man of more than average attainments, still fell a victim to that deadly intellectual anæsthetic, the Bourbon pride of race. He could never, like some of his later kinsfolk, be reduced by it to a state of positive dullness and apathy; but its effects on such a temperament as his were none the less apparent in an utter want of self-control, and a warped sense of proportion.

‘Certain passages with his father and with Richelieu, to say nothing of his more recent dealings with Monsieur, show clearly enough that he was well able to rule his own spirit when he chose; and so long as he was in any sense a dependent,

he used this power, from time to time, as a matter of policy. But with the death of the elder Prince even this superficial control vanishes. Condé, believing firmly that the present state of affairs made him answerable to no one, gave himself up more and more to the impulses of the moment; undermining his hold over himself, and also, just as surely, his power over others. Only his soldier’s instinct remained untouched; stronger than any other influence, for good or evil, from within or without; at times a guide and a restraint, when all other principles had failed. In private and civil matters the weaker side of his nature came increasingly into play, passionate and unbalanced; acting on a highly-strung nervous system, which had been overtaxed from childhood. Mazarin noted it; and learned in time to spread his nets accordingly.

‘Retz and La Rochefoucauld, observers as shrewd, though less hostile, were equally alive to the Prince’s failings, and recorded them impartially. “All heroes,” says the Coadjutor, “have their weak points; that of M. le Prince was a lack of order and discipline, in one of the finest intellects in the world.” La Rochefoucauld is even more emphatic: “A genius like that of M. le Prince produces great virtues, but also great defects. He was incapable of moderation; and by the want of it he destroyed all those advantages which nature and good fortune had heaped upon him; yet if piety, justice, and steadfastness had been joined, in due proportion, to the personal valour, the courage in adversity, and the fine intellectual qualities which were to be observed in him, these same advantages would have won him a reputation more glorious than that of any great man in the past.”’

EDWIN A. ABBOTT.

This is not a biography. Dr. Abbott, though seventy-eight, is still with us, working hard and producing at least one large volume every year. The latest, and one of the largest, is the third section of his *Fourfold Gospel*, its special title being *The Proclamation of the New Kingdom* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 12s. 6d. net). It is an exposition of St. Mark’s Gospel from 1¹⁶ to 3³⁵. But although that is all the ground it covers, such is Dr. Abbott’s method that the volume contains more than five hundred pages.

That is Dr. Abbott's method, we say. Who would wish it altered? We may believe in its fundamental idea or not; in the results wrought out of the most minute and scholarly study of the Gospels we are bound to believe. We are not only bound to believe in the results, but we are sure to appropriate them. Every student of the Gospels will find Dr. Abbott at his hand in the future, and will have no hesitation in accepting the work that he has done once for all. The thoroughness of this commentary on St. Mark carries us back to the leisurely days of long ago. We wonder how it has been found possible in our own day. And our wonder only increases as we study it; for not a sentence has been written down that did not first cost research.

It may not be easy to make sermons out of these notes, not even out of the most extensive; like those on Authority or on the Eternal Sin. But if we took the trouble, how great and how fresh would the sermons be.

CROCE.

Benedetto Croce has an opportunity at present of becoming the most popular philosopher in Europe. Eucken is out of it. Bergson has been variously translated and overwritten. Troeltsch, the greatest of all, as some begin to think, is also inaccessible. But Croce is an Italian and therefore much of a *persona grata*. He writes clearly, modernly, connectedly. And he has been exceedingly fortunate in his one translator, Mr. Douglas Ainslie. Once we get over the idea of a great system of philosophy coming from Italy—for Vico has never been more than a name to us in spite of the late Professor Flint—we are likely to take Croce to our hearts and homes. And if he were to visit us now he would receive a better welcome than even Eucken received two years ago.

The latest of Croce's books to be translated is *What is Living and What is Dead of the Philosophy of Hegel* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). The book was issued in Italian in 1906, and contained a Hegelian bibliography as an appendix. That bibliography was afterwards omitted, and it is omitted from the English edition. Dr. Croce proposes to bring it up to date and republish it separately. In spite of its title the book is really an appreciation of the philosophy of Hegel, just such

a critical appreciation as should furnish one with an introduction to that great but difficult writer. Says the translator, 'Hegel has at last found a critic and interpreter equal to the task. Croce has passed beyond and therefore been able to look back upon Hegel, to unravel the gorgeous yet tangled skein of his system, and supply to all future students the clue of Ariadne.'

How has Croce succeeded in turning Hegel's 'Himalayan severity and ruggedness' of style, his 'arid and difficult' system of philosophy, into 'profound yet pellucid clarity' of thought? It has been done by reading Hegel and recommending us to read him *as a poet*, 'that is without paying undue attention to the verbal form, the historical accident of what he says, but full attention to its poetic truth.' 'The cut-and-dried Hegel of the schools is thus to be avoided; and when with Croce's help we have scraped the lichen of his formulæ from the thought of Hegel, we find beneath it the true philosopher, the hater of all that is abstract and motionless, of the should-be that never is, of the ideal that is not real.'

TAUSSIG.

It seems only yesterday that we welcomed a great book on the *Principles of Economics* (Macmillan; 2 vols., 8s. 6d. net each), by F. W. Taussig, Professor of Economics in Harvard. A truly great book and easy to read, it has also proved to be a book for students. There is probably not a Chair of Economics in this country that fails to recommend it as the book on the whole subject which ought to be mastered. So already a new edition is demanded, and Professor Taussig has revised the book carefully for it. The chapter on banking in the United States has been entirely rewritten; as it now stands, it includes a description of the Federal Reserve Bank system and a consideration of the principles underlying the new legislation. The chapter on trusts and combinations has been largely re-written, with reference to the laws enacted in 1914. Considerable revision has been made in the chapter on workmen's insurance, calling attention to the noteworthy steps taken of late years in England and the United States. The chapters on taxation and especially on income taxes, and on some other topics, have been similarly brought to date.

PANCALISM.

The word Pancalism has not yet found its way into the dictionaries. It is the name which Professor J. Mark Baldwin of Baltimore has given to his system of philosophy. The name is taken from the phrase τὸ καλὸν πᾶν. It signifies that 'the universe of science is a cosmos, which is not only true but also beautiful, and in some sense good.'

Professor Baldwin is a philosopher. But he believes that philosophy can no longer live alone, it must assume to itself a helpmeet. That helpmeet is science. 'Science tells us what is true; that is science's prerogative: and whatever may be science's final word about nature, that word is in so far the truth of the matter. Philosophy then enters her question: How can such truth be also good, beautiful, livable?' To this question, then, Professor Baldwin gives his answer. 'While others say other things, and many others many other things, I say—using the liberty of this preface—It is good and true *because it is beautiful*. Nothing can be [finally] true without being beautiful, and nothing can be in any high sense good without being beautiful.'

The philosophy called Pancalism will be found expounded in a series of volumes entitled *Thought and Things; or, Genetic Logic*. The fourth and last volume stands by itself, and is issued by a different publisher from the other three. Its title is *Genetic Theory of Reality* (Putnam; 7s. 6d. net). It is dedicated 'to all those who find in Art the noblest instrument of the Spiritual Life.' That dedication is also a manifesto. It declares that while Pancalism depends for its material upon Science, it seeks its directive impulse in Art, and its final aim is the establishment of the Spiritual over all other theories of Life. It is true that Dr. Baldwin is a pluralist. But his pluralism is not a radical pluralism. It is only relative, 'one of the sort that allows at least the comprehension of the diversity of so-called realities in a larger unity of some sort, such as the unity of experience, or the unity of law.'

Most conspicuous of all, however, in the system is the place that is given to Art. How does Professor Baldwin bring Art into the service of philosophy and of religion? By means of the imagination. The value of the imagination, he holds, has been overlooked in recent philosophy. 'The determination of the intellectual factor

necessary to bring feeling into its true rôle as an instrument of epistemology has been lacking. Feeling has been left at the level of impulse or passion, or carried over into the empty form of transcendent reason.

'What has been needed is the theory of imagination, considered as a function partaking of the nature of cognition and capable of informing the affective interest, while free also to embody it. And it is not feeling alone, but will also, that is to be brought into the synthesis of intuition. The imagination must also be the instrument of the ideals of the will. This began to be prepared for in the doctrine of the imagination of Aristotle and the Italian mystics, reappeared in the theories of art of the Renaissance, and was developed in the doctrines of the schema and of art of Kant.'

MACAULAY.

The great library edition of *The History of England from the Accession of James the Second* is completed by the issue of the sixth volume (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net).

Interesting as it is to turn over the pages and glance at the illustrations, it is only when we read the text that the real interest of the illustrations is felt. We opened this volume at the page on which begins the story of Sir John Fenwick, and were led to read that story to the end, discovering that the portraits which came into the narrative at the proper place gave it an entirely new atmosphere. We had formed our own idea of each person's physiognomy—Fenwick himself, Lady Mary, Mordaunt, and the rest,—and the discovery that the idea and the reality did not correspond compelled a reconsideration of the whole event and started new thoughts about every participator in it. Not that a portrait always gives a true conception of a man's personality. But whether it is true to his character or not, it is there, an obvious material fact, with force enough to induce rearrangement of ideas, and even an entirely new attitude to the history as a whole. That is what the introduction of portraits and other pictures into history is doing. The four-volume edition of Green's *Short History of the English People* is a very different book from the single volume we are fascinated by at first. Whether it gives us a truer idea of the history of the English people or not, it certainly gives us a different idea, and we must reckon with that.

The new volume of Macaulay contains six full page plates in colour and one hundred and thirteen other illustrations.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHANGE.

Bergson is not easily read in English. The translators have not always done their best. But even if Bergson had been better translated than he has been, it would still have been necessary for the sake of the multitude that some English author should bring the philosophy into an English atmosphere. That has been done by Mr. Wildon Carr. He has written a book which is as much his own as it is Bergson's. He has written it in excellent idiomatic English. He has made the fundamental principle of the philosophy of Bergson as clear to the ordinary reader as contemporary philosophy can ever be made.

Mr. Carr has called his book *The Philosophy of Change* (Macmillan; 6s. net). The title was suggested by Bergson himself. It is not a perfect title. Though it expresses the fact which Bergson claims as his great discovery, it suggests at the same time to the English reader that that fact is rather a superficial one. Now Bergson is never superficial. It is not easy, however, to find a better title. Let us take and use it; but let us beware of regarding Bergson's philosophy as a frivolous thing. Why is it called the Philosophy of Change? This is the reason: 'While science is demonstrating by direct and indirect experiment that there is no rest, but that all natural phenomena must be interpreted in terms of relative movement, in philosophy a new doctrine is maintaining that it is impossible to conceive movement to be derived from things, but things may be derived from movement. Movement is original, all else is derived. Bergson has stated this doctrine of original movement most clearly in *La Perception de Changement*, from which I will translate two passages. "Movement is the reality itself, and what we call rest (*immobilité*) is a certain state of things identical with or analogous to that which is produced when two trains are moving with the same velocity in the same direction on parallel rails; each train appears then to be stationary to the travellers seated in the other." And again: "There are changes, but there are not things that change; change does not need a support. There are movements, but there are not necessarily constant objects which are moved;

movement does not imply something that is movable."

A LECTURER.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen is certainly racy in his *Reminiscences* (Seeley; 10s. 6d. net), the last of his long list of books. He died just as the book was ready for publication. It is evident that the lecturer is born not made. No man could go through the ups and downs, or suffer what Shakespeare calls 'the whips and scorns,' of the lecturer's calling unless he were born to it. There are pleasures if you can appreciate them. There are pains which even Mr. Frank Bullen did not always appreciate.

He tells his story with joyful frankness. We should say his stories, for his story is a succession of anecdotes. And he tells them just as joyfully when he is the victim as when he is the victor. The anecdote which follows is entirely typical:

'It will be a little relief to get my mind off this business of foreign hotels to recall an experience which if it did not amuse me at the time certainly did both interest and amuse my one fellow-passenger. I booked first class, as I usually did in these days, from Huddersfield to Manchester, where I was due to lecture at the Athenæum at eight, but where I had no offer of hospitality. The train by which I travelled was timed to arrive in Manchester at about seven, ample time for me to find a hotel, change, get a meal, and arrive at the Athenæum by 7.50. But by some accident or stupidity I got into the wrong part of the train and after a long wait at Stalybridge I became disagreeably aware that something was wrong. Indeed, I was past the time I had reckoned on arriving at Manchester before we left Stalybridge, and the train was going very deliberately.

'At last I saw plainly that if I was going to get to my lecture in time it was all I should do, and turning to my sole fellow-passenger with whom, after the custom of Englishmen, I had not as yet exchanged a word, I said:

"Excuse me, sir, but do you mind if I change my clothes? I am due to lecture at the Athenæum at eight, and I fear that I have made a mistake in the train."

'He replied instantly: "Go ahead, for this train isn't due in until 7.55. Don't mind me."

'I thanked him and began, but oh, just then the

train began to cut capers and my corresponding movements about that compartment must have been amazing. My fellow-passenger laughed himself ill, especially when, struggling into a "biled" shirt, I was hurled, with both my arms prisoned, from one side of the compartment to the other. Indeed, his merriment had little cessation, for similar evolutions took place 'as I got into my trousers, fastened my collar, and made my white bow. When at last I had finished and he lay utterly exhausted on the cushions, he gasped out :

"Well, sir, I've never laughed so much in all my life and I'll come to hear you lecture, for I feel anxious to know how such a preparation will affect you. Besides, I need a sedative and I guess a lecture is the sort of thing to quiet the most edgy nerves."

I nodded, smiling grimly at his awkward compliment, so typical of the north, and just then the train rolled into the station on time. Giving my bag to a porter and telling him to get me a cab, I bolted to the refreshment room, where I got a glass of port and snatched a couple of hard-boiled eggs. The hall couldn't have been many yards from the station for half the second egg was in my fingers and the other half in my mouth when we arrived there. And I am afraid I was still swallowing when I stood up and faced the audience.

'Of course the lecture went off all right, they always did somehow, but my greatest triumph that night was being met by my railway acquaintance, who lugged me off to his favourite hotel and insisted upon footing my bill, because, he said, I'd given him the jolliest half-day's entertainment he'd ever had in his days, and one that would serve him with experiences to tell at his club, etc., for the rest of his life.'

The Rev. W. M. Grant, M.A., who wrote so excellent a Text-book for Bible Classes on Genesis, has wisely been chosen to write a similar Text-book on Exodus and the books associated with it. The title is *The Founders of Israel* (Office of the United Free Church of Scotland; 6d.).

Mr. Grant has the necessary gifts for the writing of text-books. He is a scholar, acquainted with the work done before him and sensitive to the least addition made to our knowledge of the period. He is a preacher, aware of the necessity of making the Bible an instrument in the building

of character. He is a teacher, alert and experienced. And he is a master of the English language. These gifts are all necessary to the highest success in the writing of such a book as this. For the day is for ever past in which the introductory books were the most abstruse of all books and the most unreliable. Every page of this excellent manual is instinct with life and reality. Let us quote a single passage :

The Song of the Sea.—The Deliverance from Egypt was celebrated in the Song of Moses, the first Te Deum in history and one of the finest of the Bible odes of victory.

The Lord is my strength and my song
And He is become my Salvation.

A chorus of women joined in the praises of the glad day, with Miriam 'the prophetess' at their head leading the refrain :

Sing ye to the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously,
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

Though there are words and phrases in the Song that imply later additions, 'nothing else disturbs the impression that the vivid verses are the celebration of the scene by one who has witnessed it.'

Is it lawful to rejoice so exultingly as the Song does over a fallen enemy? Dr. Maclaren asks the question that has such an intense interest for us at this time,—'Does Christianity forbid us to rejoice when some mighty system of wrong and oppression, with its tools and accomplices, is cleared from off the face of the earth?' And the great preacher answers his own question,—'When the wicked perish, there is shouting.'

Yet, while we rejoice over a victory, we should have no 'hymns of hate.' In the *Odyssey*, Ulysses forbids his old nurse to exult over the dead bodies of enemies who were most justly slain. 'Within thine own heart rejoice, O nurse, and be still, for it is an unholy thing to boast over slain men.' The Jewish Rabbis have a beautiful legend, which shows the heart of chivalrous humanity that is found in the Hebrew religion. 'When the Egyptians were overthrown and drowned, the Angels of God were about to sing for joy. But God checked them, and said, "My creatures are lying drowned in the sea, and do ye desire to sing before Me?"' This is the nobler way. In time

of war, when unworthy passion is easily roused, though we praise God for victory, we should not, 'like lesser breeds without the law,' forget the humanity and generosity we owe in the presence of death.

In the Book of Revelation the Song of Moses is lifted up from earth and taken into the praises of the Upper Sanctuary. The Saints of God, standing on the shore of the new Life, sing 'The Song of Moses and the Song of the Lamb.' Thus the beautiful figure of the Psalmist is fulfilled:

Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.

The Schools Personal Service Association has brought itself into notice by the issue of a Handbook of Personal Service. The title of the book is *I Serve* (A. & C. Black; 1s. 4d.). The author is Mr. George H. Green. In a short preface the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton commends the 'admirable little book' highly. 'The teaching is simple and simply expressed—the book is in itself a preface to wider reading and study—and it is also a guide to the right ways in which quickened impulses should be used.' Every teacher and every sensible parent will secure the book and approve of the recommendation.

The Rev. H. P. V. Nunn, M.A., has published a *Key to the Elements of New Testament Greek* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. net).

Dr. Alfred Plummer has written the volume on *The Gospel according to St. Mark* for the new issue of 'The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges' (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. net). He holds that it is undecided yet whether or not Mark used Q; but the hypothesis of an *Ur-Marcus* he emphatically rejects. In his notes he uses all the great books, but the ideas (as well as their expression) are his own. They are, as always, well considered and weighty. For fuller knowledge he refers at every point to the Dictionaries, most of all to the *DICTIONARY OF CHRIST AND THE GOSPELS*.

Lord Rosebery is most himself in character-sketching. His address on *Dr. Chalmers* is a masterpiece. It may be had from Mr. David Douglas (6d. net).

At Drummond's Tract Depot in Stirling there is published a batch of little books, including *Talks on Personal Testimony* (3d.), and *The Soldier's Text-Book* (3d.)—the latter fit to enter the pocket, any pocket, after it is full.

To say that *The Hope of the Kingdom of God*, by the Rev. George C. Walker, B.A. (Edgeley Press, Stockport), reminds us of a work with a similar title by Professor A. G. Hogg, is to say a good deal. But we can say more. Set it beside Professor Hogg's book and it will not suffer. Mr. Walker has read carefully, and it will repay any student to spend time on these Bible Study Notes.

Lady Dunboyne has published a small volume of *Essays for Girls* (Wells Gardner; 1s. 6d. net). Dedicating the volume to her granddaughters, she says: 'Years ago, before most of you were born, I wrote the following essays for the *Girls' Own Paper*. The Editor at the time kindly gave me leave to republish them, but instead of availing myself of his permission I put them away with other papers for which I had no use then, but for which I thought I might have use in the dim future.' And the dim future has arrived. The essays are not above the average intellect, and they give good advice pleasantly. The topics are Reading, Indolence, Study, Calmness, Empire Day, and so on.

To Messrs. Kelly's 'Manuals for Christian Thinkers,' Professor W. F. Lofthouse has contributed a volume on *The Making of the Old Testament* (1s. net). The Old Testament is not Professor Lofthouse's special subject, but the Wesleyan professors are compelled, or it is their pleasure, to be conversant with the whole Bible, together with all the theology and ethics that flow from it. No Old Testament specialist could write a better book for the beginner than this, a clearer, saner, or more reliable book.

The Rev. Josiah Flew, Ph.D., does not think that the only men and women worth preaching about are contained in the Bible. In *Saints of Yesterday* (Kelly; 2s. 6d. net) he has published a series of Addresses to Young Men and Women on the lives of men, some of whom are quite modern, like Henry Drummond, McLaren of Manchester, and Dr. Arthur Jackson of Manchuria. Others, as Wesley and St. Francis, are not so modern. But

all are of like passions such as we are, and they call us to love and duty almost as strongly as Joseph the son of Jacob, or Andrew the brother of Simon. Dr. Flew has a keen sense of what will appeal to youth; and whatever he wishes to do he has words to do it with.

The Rev. W. Forbes Leith, S.J., has compiled a list of the names, writings, and public services of *Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the XVIIth Century* (MacLehose; 6s. net). His object is not purely, perhaps not primarily, scientific, but apologetic. He desires to show that the Reformation is not to be regarded simply as 'the creation of light to illuminate a previous period of darkness.' He admits that 'after years of anarchy and destructive wars, ignorant and unworthy men did find their way into the Church.' But 'that the ignorance of the Scottish clergy was either so crass or so general as some writers would have us believe is,' he says, 'contrary to all analogy, and may be proved to be unsupported by impartial and contemporary evidence.' We need not trouble with the apologetics. The facts are really well known and indisputable. What we welcome is the fine scholarly work of a bibliographical kind which the volume contains. So well has that been done that to the historian the book is of priceless worth. It is, moreover, a handsome volume, fully and expensively illustrated.

Under the title of *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas* (Macmillan; 6s. 6d. net), Professor A. C. McGiffert of Union Theological Seminary, New York, has written a short history of those forms of religious life and thought which are most familiar to the present generation. The book will be very useful to the young. Those who have been at or near the beginning of such movements as Agnosticism will receive enjoyment. But for the rising generation the book will be full of instruction.

The topics which Professor McGiffert deals with are divided by him into two classes. Under 'Disintegration' he brings Pietism, The Enlightenment, Natural Science, and The Critical Philosophy. Under 'Reconstruction' he has a larger list: The Emancipation of Religion, The Rebirth of Speculation, The Rehabilitation of Faith, Agnosticism; Evolution, Divine Immanence, Ethical Theism, The Character of God, The Social Emphasis, and Religious Authority.

These topics are so handled that we see their

individual worth and yet recognize their relation to one another. Nor does Dr. McGiffert draw a hard-and-fast line between *modern* religious ideas and ideas that are not so modern. It is one purpose of his book to show that, as Bergson would say, there is perpetual change, but that change is never abrupt or inconsequential.

The faith which St. Paul believed in was 'faith which worketh by love.' That kind of faith is brought before us, at work in the world, in a series of seven lectures delivered by Dean Hodges before the Lowell Institute, and now published in an attractive volume under the title of *Faith and Social Service* (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net).

What are the topics? They are: (1) The New Forces; (2) Indifference; (3) Doubt; (4) Poverty; (5) Labour; (6) Moral Reform; (7) The City; and (8) The Divided Church. There is progress in the thought. The chapters are not independent. The book is a whole. We should say that it is better to read the book than it could have been to listen to the lectures, because you can read the book at a sitting and recognize the strength of it. There is little theory and much practice. Into all the pain and privation of poverty, for example, Dean Hodges carries his faith in Christ, not to say 'Depart in peace, be ye clothed and fed,' and not to clothe and feed indiscriminately, but to show what consideration and co-operation can do, and bid us do it. For the most part the style is quiet; now and again it rises into passionate appeal.

The idea of Evolution has completely captured the popular mind in America. 'Evolution,' says Professor A. G. Keller of Yale, 'is the fashion, and to affect evolutionary terminology is one method of lending a pseudo-dignity to the trivial.' It is long since sociological subjects were subjected to its dominion. And now it is little surprising to receive a book, written by Professor Keller himself, on *Societal Evolution* (Macmillan; 6s. 6d. net).

Unlike most of the writers who use evolutionary language, Professor Keller began by asking himself what Evolution means. He took the word, as so many do, as equivalent to Darwinism; and he tells us that in order to obtain some clear conception of what that is, he went to the works of Darwin and of Darwin's interpreter Huxley, and read what he thinks very few people read now.

Having read Darwin and Huxley, Professor Keller 'came to the question as to the validity of extending Darwinism and its terminology to the life of human society. As to this matter, I have come to believe that the Darwinian factors of variation, selection, transmission, and adaptation are active in the life of societies as in that of organisms. Selection, for example, is none the less selection—not merely *like* natural selection in a vague way—because it is observed in another field and is seen there to act after another mode characteristic of that field.'

Accordingly we have in this book an application of all the Darwinian methods and of all the Darwinian terms to the relationship of man to man. The progress of social life is due, as the progress of organic life is due, to selection, transmission, adaptation, and the rest. And it cannot be denied that a good case is made out for the method. The book has the merits of carefulness in the choice of facts and the clearness almost of conviction in their arrangement. If its attitude is unfamiliar, that will only compel its conclusions to be more severely criticised; it will not disprove their validity. Sometimes the reading is a little difficult. This is not because the style is bad, it is due to the scarcity of illustrations. A concrete case here and there would greatly relieve the strain of a long course of reasoning.

Professor Theodore de Laguna of Bryn Mawr College has written an *Introduction to the Science of Ethics* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). It is his belief that the science of ethics is making progress as surely and as rapidly as any other science, and his secondary purpose is to record that progress. But his primary purpose is to introduce the student to the science. He has written a book that covers the whole ground, and with sufficient fulness to meet the demands of degree and all other examinations except the highest.

His book is divided into three parts. In the first part Professor de Laguna surveys the field of ethics in well-pruned but quite intelligible language, and in carefully printed paragraphs. In the second part he describes in chronological order the great classical schools, beginning with the Sophists and ending with the Hedonists. In the third part he discusses the Evolutionary Theory of Moral Values. Within this last part fall the results of recent study. The two parts which precede it give the necessary

data for the history of ethics: this part sets the student down in the ethical world of his own day and shows him how present discussion is related to the past and what problems it is leaving for the future.

Being an American, Dr. de Laguna is of course an evolutionist. But evolution is no accident; not even a happy family of accidents. 'The contrast,' he says, 'between the ethics of to-day and that of the eighteenth century is, in fact, typical of the relations between our science and theirs. Men had not yet learned to think in evolutionistic terms. And so long as they were limited to a choice between eternity and immutability on the one hand, and capricious change on the other, they were generally right in choosing the former alternative. When, for example, it was suggested that once upon a time man went on all-fours, the sober science of 1750 could not do otherwise than reject the theory as ridiculous. The manner in which the head is joined to the body; the disproportionate length of the legs as compared with the arms; the structure of the feet and ankles; these and a host of other considerations made it reasonably certain that man had always been a biped. Shall we nevertheless say that this was a mistake? If we do, our judgment is a shallow one. It is true that in the dim geological past our ancestors were quadrupeds; and this the eighteenth century did not know. But the modification that has taken place has been no superficial change of habit, but a continuous and profound evolution of the human organism.'

A book for the young, on the Apocalypse, inspired by the work of Dr. J. A. Seiss, has been written by the lady who calls herself 'Aunt Kate.' Its title is *Heaven on Earth and How it will come* (Marshall Brothers; 3s. 6d. net). With our experience of popular books on the Apocalypse making us extremely cautious, we have been much drawn to this book. Its leading thought is sound. John did desire to give us a heaven on earth; he did wish to tell us how it might come. The explanation of the details is a different matter. But there is no foolish extravagance here.

The Free Church Year Book for 1915 (Meyer; 2s. 6d. net) is, of course, much taken up with the War. Some of the best war sermons yet published are to be found in it. There is much thought

given to the first question of all—whether war is ever justifiable. But there are also many good papers on the effects of this war—its effect on temperance, on co-operation, and the like.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have published (1) *The World War, and After*, by Mr. Alfred E. Knight (2s. net); (2) a new edition of *George Whitefield*, a short biography by Mr. J. R. Andrews (1s. 6d.); (3) *God Manifest*, by Mr. F. Orton-Smith, B.A. (1s. net); and the first volume (Genesis to Numbers) of an edition of *The Holy Bible* according to the Authorized Version, to be completed in eight volumes (1s. net).

So much has been done in the scientific study of sex during the last ten years that Dr. Havelock Ellis, in preparing his classical book on *Man and Woman* for a new edition, has found it necessary, even after omitting certain portions, to enlarge the book considerably. It now occupies 563 pages (Walter Scott; 6s. net). Yet, he says, 'notwithstanding all pioneering activity in the world of science and all practical activity in the world of affairs, we may rest assured that the outlook remains the same. Some years ago I came upon a remarkable book written nearly a century ago by the Vicomte J. A. de Ségur, *Les Femmes, leur Condition et leur Influence dans l'Ordre Social*. "The object of my work," he stated, "is to prove that the two sexes are equal though different; that there is complete compensation; and that if one sex seems to possess essential qualities that the other lacks, we cannot refuse to that other not less precious qualities which are peculiar to it." It was, expressed in almost identical words, the conclusion I had reached in the present book. It is a conclusion I hear to-day from voices that speak with authority on many sides. "Each sex," asserts the anatomist Professor Giuffrida-Ruggeri, "is perfectly adult in all its characters." "The equality of the sexes in the human species," remarks the anthropologist, Professor Manouvrier, in his latest discussion of the question, "may be regarded as an equivalence which involves equal duties as well as equal rights. But equality or equivalence by no means implies resemblance." The extravagances of a section of one sex may evoke counterbalancing extravagances in the other sex. The serenity of those whose vision is wide enough to embrace all the factors at work will remain undisturbed.'

Nothing proves more conclusively that 'life and immortality have been brought to light in Christ' than the fact that whenever Christ loses His authority over a man, that man begins to look round for proofs of immortality. Such a man is the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York. Mr. Holmes looks upon Christ as a mere man, who knew no more about the other world than a good man may be expected to do, which is practically nothing. And so, under the title of *Is Death the End?* (Putnam's; 6s. net), he writes a large book into which he gathers all the reasons that can be found in this life in favour of a life to come. The reasons are not convincing, of course. Every one of them could be met by a counter-reason. Even in their cumulation they are not convincing. And yet for the sake of those who 'stretch lame hands of faith' it is well to bring them forward. Mr. Holmes makes always a legitimate use of his materials. He is in earnest, and just because he is in earnest is he careful to press no proof further than it will carry.

The Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A., is an untiring student of the New Testament. Whatever else we read in *The Churchman*, we read his Notes on Passages. But he is not only a commentator, he is also an author. In beautiful language and in as beautiful a spirit he has written a book on *The Divine Master in Home Life* (R.T.S.; 3s. 6d.). Beginning with the life of our Lord in 'His Father's Home' before He came into the world in flesh, he proceeds to tell us how He fared in 'His Mother's Home' in Nazareth. He then shows us His way in all the duties of the family and with all its inmates. The chapter on Christ and the Children gives him an opportunity which he has not missed. It is a book of utmost loyalty, without a suspicion of narrowness. How much might some of those who speak coldly of 'the historical Jesus' give to be able to feel and write about Him as this man does?

The Ven. Algernon Ward, M.A., Archdeacon of Egypt, has compressed his *Meditations on the Cardinal Virtues* into small bulk (S.P.C.K.; 6d.), but he has said memorable things. Every sentence is worth reading twice.

The Coming of the Kingdom of Christ to the

Roman Empire during the First Four Centuries is the long title of a short book by the Rev. W. C. Tuting, D.D. (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net). It contains five popular lectures on the early progress of the Gospel. Good reasons are given for the progress.

It is evident from the contents of his new volume that Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce has been preaching plentifully on the War. The title tells us. It is *The Battle of the Lord* (Elliot Stock; 3s. net). The title of every sermon tells us. And Archdeacon Wilberforce is pursued by no fears that in engaging in this war we are not doing our Father's business. He is much less concerned, in truth, to vindicate the war than to send men to the front. He finds a recruiting text on every other page of the Bible.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., has issued the third edition of *A Short History of Freethought* (Watts; 2 vols., 10s. net). The word 'short' is relative. This 'Short History' now occupies over a thousand pages octavo. What would be the extent of a 'long' history of freethought? The new edition has had a fair amount of care bestowed upon it—as much, we are sure, as Mr. Robertson's political duties could spare—and an effort has been made, not quite successfully, to bring it up to date.

The book is not a history in the ordinary use of that word. It is rather an apologetic. Mr. Robertson is much too keen a 'rationalist' to write impartial history. His aim is to commend freethought. To him it is equivalent to true thought, and there is no other form of thought admissible. He is glad of the help of science in his battle with religion, but he has no intention of being simply scientific himself. He writes his *History of Freethought* with as conscious an ill-will to Christianity as Gibbon had, and with far more numerous opportunities of expressing it. The history of every movement should be written by a believer in it. But the believer should have the courage to doubt, if not its perfectability, at least its perfection.

It must be admitted that Mr. Robertson's apologetic gives him one advantage. He is not lost in the bog of speculation as to what freethought is. To him it is every movement of

thought that is against religion. But that, again, is the greatest weakness of his book. The movements that have been directed against religion are so varied that they cannot be brought under one title. They are, indeed, in some cases more antagonistic to one another than to religion.

Mr. Robertson's apologetic object leads him to look for irreligion where it is not to be found. He gathers art as well as science into his net indiscriminately. One of the most amusing results is that he solemnly claims Shakespeare as a freethinker. Shakespeare has been claimed by all the trades and professions: we think he would have said some interesting things if he had foreseen Mr. Robertson.

As Troeltsch shows in his article in *THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*, the apologetic for freethought has fallen upon evil days. As a system, as any combination of systems that can be brought under one name, it is a failure. In Troeltsch's words it is 'a shallow illusion now finally dispelled.'

Some men preach their sermons, and some men write them. Dr. John Hunter has always done both. A most attractive preacher, every sermon he publishes finds far more readers than can be crowded into church or chapel. His publishers have now re-issued two volumes at a cheap price—*God and Life* and *De Profundis Clamavi* (Williams & Norgate; 2s. net each).

The latest *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Manchester*, is right good reading. The Library Notes and News with which it opens are both literature and philanthropy. They tell us what the Librarian has been doing on behalf of the destroyed library of Louvain. Then there is an article on that library by Dr. Léon van der Essen, the Louvain Professor of History, who has been attached for the present to the University of Chicago. A further article describes delightfully the steps which the John Rylands librarian is taking to reconstruct the Louvain library. But besides that, which is all very good, there are two special articles worth reading, one by Dr. Rendel Harris on 'The Origin of the Cult of Dionysos,' and one by Dr. Mingana on 'An important Old Turki Manuscript.'