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tive. All things whatever must be correlated to Christ, else they are no blessing. If a man prays to be wealthy, it may be the worst thing for him to have his prayer granted. If the desire is not connected with Christ and subordinated to Christ, the soul's perspective is wholly disordered; the greed, if gratified, would mean 'leanness' to the man's soul. Let it be quite clearly understood that, as God looks on His Son as of more value than all else beside, men must give Him the same place as God has given Him; they must put Him first and value Him more than all. Any deviation from this rule is ruinous. To desire forgiveness and despise Christ is to defeat its own object. To desire holiness apart from Him is impossible.

Now it is the continued experience of what Christ means that leads men up into fellowship with God. The years show how truly 'God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son.' He who sees in Christ the means of all good, who finds his own increasing need and continuing unreliability, will be led to look up and see who He was who provided so for him. He will recognize his God. He will become assured that 'no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The Father he cannot mistake. His confidence and love are drawn out. He can go to God in the assurance that even if he make mistakes he will be received in the same spirit it which he comes; he will not be misjudged; he may even feel that, like Abraham, he can treat God as his friend and do what another dare not, or intercede and press his case. He knows what fellowship with God means in Jesus Christ; and as he looks on every thing only in connexion with Christ, he understands too what it is to be like-minded with God, and to pray according to His will. Such a man's prayers soar beyond the clouds instead of trailing along the earth. He has no doubt as to the answer to them all. What is good the Lord will give, is the rule of his faith. His prayers lift him out of his old self. He could not pray them now. He has come not only to see that God always answers prayer, but he sees in order to that how God does it; for he has been led upwards by God's treatment of his prayers—asking, seeking, knocking.

Literature.

WATTS-DUNTON.

'My experience,' says James Payn in his *Literary Recollections*, 'my experience of men of letters is that for kindness of heart they have no equal. I contrast their behaviour to the young and struggling with the harshness of the Lawyer, the hardness of the Man of Business, the contempt of the Man of the World, and am proud to belong to their calling.'

This tribute to the literary man is quoted in *The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton* (Jack; 2 vols., 30s. net). It is the best introduction to a notice of the biography. Watts-Dunton was a literary man and he was kind. From beginning to end the reader is in touch with authors. If they are artists, they are also authors, as was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who has much of the book to himself. Watts-Dunton was a literary man. But he was also kind-hearted. Let us give an example. 'On one occasion Watts-Dunton befriended an artist with whom he had been on intimate terms in days gone by. This artist, a portrait painter whose genius was never recognized except by a limited circle of friends, lost heart when old age was coming upon him, and fell into evil ways. He squandered the paltry sums he received for his work from picture-dealers and pawnbrokers in drink. He drifted out of sight of all his friends; his condition became so desperate that, homeless and without a soul, he started off to tramp through England, no one, not even his only sister, knew whither. Every one believed him dead. One day, however, there was a ring at the front door of The Pines, and a grimy-faced man, dust-ridden and in rags, inquired of the servant if Mr. Watts-Dunton was at home. Watts-Dunton was out; but it so chanced that his sister, Mrs. Charles Mason, at this moment passed through the hall, and recognized the tramp as an artist who in better days had painted her portrait. She was deeply moved at the wretched plight into which her brother's old friend had obviously fallen. She gave him enough money to provide him with a "square

meal" and a night's lodging, and told him to call again. The artist made his appearance on the following morning, looking somewhat more reputable; and Watts-Dunton, greatly concerned when realizing his distressful condition, took compassion on him. He engaged him as an amanuensis, which proved a failure. He then hit on the idea of fitting up a room at The Pines, with easel, palette, and brush, where he might paint to his heart's content, Watts-Dunton superintending the progress of every picture with the greatest zeal, and providing his old friend weekly with an adequate sum of money to pay for a bedroom in the neighbourhood, it being understood that all "board" would be supplied at The Pines.'

The greatness of Watts-Dunton lay in his capacity for friendship. He wrote much in the way of criticism, and few could write with his incisiveness; but reviews and notices do not live. He wrote poetry and he wrote fiction, but not even his sonnets, and not even 'Aylwin,' will long outlive his own admiring generation. It is as a friend that his name will pass into history. And this book, though the authors of it are not Boswells, will give him his immortality.

The authors are Mr. Thomas Hake and Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett. They are not Boswells, we say. Indeed, the one chapter which Mrs. Watts-Dunton herself has written excels their best; it is the one chapter which carries the reader off his feet, so warm and true and unreserved is it. But they have made it clear to all the reading world that this man had truly what is often foolishly called 'a genius for friendship'; and it is so great and good a thing that we say he will live by it.

His friends are here as well as himself. Whole chapters are given to them. And in the glow of his warm friendship for them they are at their best—better sometimes (as Swinburne) than we thought it was in them to be. This is about Rossetti. 'To say that any artist could take a deeper interest in the work of a friend than in his own seems bold; yet this could be said of Rossetti. The mean rivalries of the *littérateur* that so often disgust us found no place in that great heart. To hear him recite in his musical voice the lyric of some unknown bard—recite it in such a way as to lend the lines the light and music of his own marvellous genius, while the bard sat by with head bowed low so that the flush on his cheek and the moisture in his eye should not be seen—this was an experience that did indeed make the bardic life worth living.'

THE MYTHICAL INTERPRETATION OF THE GOSPELS.

What becomes of the lad who takes to the reading of the Rationalist Press Association sixpennys? He is not the worst kind of lad. He is not incurably sensual, nor as a rule indolently self-indulgent. Yet we lose sight of him. He goes to swell the numbers of the non-churchgoing, he often becomes fiercely anti-Christian, and sometimes he remains so until the end.

What ought we to do with such a lad? Leave him alone? That is the easiest thing to do. But we flatter ourselves if we think that by leaving him alone he will come back to us of his own accord. The Rationalist Press sixpennys are far too plausible for that. And they are far too radical in their plausibility. They set the Church and Christ in an atmosphere that is peculiarly difficult to get out of—an atmosphere of deception and sham.

What are we to do with him? We cannot meet him in argument, for we know less of the Rationalist Press than he does. We know next to nothing of the elaborate system by which Christ and the Gospels have been resolved into myths—every feature of the character of Christ, every event in His history, every text of any consequence in all the Gospel records. The thing has been reduced, we say, to an elaborate system, one writer following another until to-day its conclusiveness to an uneducated lad's mind is irresistible.

What are we to do? We have first of all to make ourselves acquainted with this system. We can do that by reading the works of Professor Drews of Karlsruhe, Professor W. B. Smith of New Orleans, Dr. Jensen, Mr. J. M. Robertson—without going further back, and without scattering ourselves over too wide a field. All these men have given themselves within recent years to the elaboration of the proof that Christ and the Gospels are a product of a myth-making tendency inveterate in the human race. If that is too heavy an undertaking—for all these men have written voluminously—the study of a single book will reach the same end. Dr. J. T. Thorburn's volume on *The Mythical Interpretation of the Gospels* (T. & T. Clark; 7s. 6d. net) contains

everything that is of any importance in all these writers, and it has the advantage of offering an unbiased answer to every one of the arguments which they employ.

Dr. Thorburn's method is to go through the history of Christ contained in the Gospels from incident to incident and tell how the mythological interpreters have explained each incident and what foundation there is in fact for their explanation. He begins with the names Mary and Joseph, and a more amazing, more entertaining chapter than this first chapter on Mary and Joseph is not to be found in the book, or in any other book that we are likely to be able to turn to. The ingenuity is amazing, the pseudo-scientific credulity is most entertaining. Speaking of Mr. J. M. Robertson, Dr. Thorburn says that his 'excursions into the field of theology all bear the marks of great haste and extreme recklessness of statement.' We have an example on the very first page.

'The whole birth-story,' writes Mr. Robertson (*Christianity and Mythology*, p. 319), is indisputably late, and the whole action mythic; and the name [Mary] is also to be presumed mythical. For this there is the double reason that Mary, or Miriam, was already a mythic name for both Jews and Gentiles. The Miriam of Exodus is no more historical than Moses; like him and Joshua she is to be reckoned an ancient deity Evemerised, and the Arab tradition that she is the mother of Joshua (= Jesus) raises an irremovable surmise that a Mary, the mother of Jesus, may have been worshipped in Syria long before our era.'

One characteristic of that paragraph is the vagueness of its statements; another characteristic is their confidence. These two characteristics distinguish this writer's work throughout. But sometimes even a writer of this type has to condescend upon a definite statement, and then Mr. Robertson is sure to come to grief. And that ludicrously, as Dr. Conybeare showed not long ago. But the other men, who have studied the subject more, are not in any way happier. Very plausible as long as they are allowed to proceed unmolested, they do not seem to make a single statement which escapes the charge of inaccuracy or irrelevancy. And Dr. Thorburn has no mercy. He has made so special a study of the subject that nothing escapes him. He brings out their contradictions and incredible blunders with the calmness and precision of a trained detective.

When we have read Dr. Thorburn's book, we shall know what it is that leads so many of our young lads astray, and we shall know how to prepare them beforehand for resistance.

CREEDS AND CHURCHES.

When Dr. Alexander Stewart, Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity, St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, died, there passed from earth one of the most accomplished of theologians as well as one of the best of men. For some years he had been hampered by illness. He delivered the Croall Lectures in the winter of 1901–1902. They dealt with *Creeds and Churches*, a subject which he had at his finger-ends. Yet it is only now that they are published (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

Let us listen for a little to the delivery of them. Let us hear the lecturer tell the story of how the Apostles' Creed obtained its authority. 'A legend had grown up to the effect that on the day of Pentecost, the apostles, before dispersing on their several missions for the conversion of the world, gathered together and agreed upon a common form of belief, that they might carry it as the glad tidings to the remotest ends of the earth. Each, it was said, contributed a clause, and the result was the Apostles' Creed as it was received at the time. There are several versions of the order in which the apostles made their contributions. According to one of the most complete, St. Peter said, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth"; St. Andrew added, "And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord"; St. James, "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary"; St. John, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried"—and so on to the end, all the twelve taking a part; and though, as we have said, the order varies, in all the versions St. Peter begins and St. Matthias ends the list. From a historical point of view the tradition is worthless. It probably originated, partly at least, in an etymological mistake, the word Symbol which had begun to be applied to the Creed being connected, not with *σύμβολον*, a mark or sign, but with *συμβολή*, which, especially in the plural, signified the contributions which were made to provide a common meal. So the

"Creed was regarded as a collation or epitome of doctrine contributed by the twelve Apostles."' 'This tradition,' he says, 'which afterwards received the sanction of the Roman Catechism, 1566, is to this day current in the Church of Rome, and her clergy are required to teach it to the people.'

The whole book is as pleasant to read, and as well worth reading. It is not a volume of theology; it is a volume of history. And so easy is the author's mastery of his subject that even when he comes to the classification of Confessions, he loses neither himself nor his reader. His position is never in doubt, though it is never expressed with the least approach to an *odium theologicum*. Thus he says: 'Creeds are subordinate to the Bible. They are not substitutes for it; they do not intentionally add anything to it, or take anything from it. They are helps to the understanding of it, and they are means by which man may learn from man, and Church from Church, how far they are agreed in the interpretation of it in matters which concern their highest interests, and how far they can co-operate in the work which lies before them.'

Dr. John Morrison has so edited the volume that for once we have a posthumous book which suffers nothing from being posthumous.

BUDDHISM.

Messrs. Harrap are the publishers of a large and extremely handsome volume on Buddhism, of which the title is *Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism* (15s. net). The author is Mr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, D.Sc., a good Buddhist scholar, who has already done much literary work, most of it on Indian Buddhism.

The great difficulty of describing Buddhism in a single volume is the diversity of its creed and practice in different countries. So serious is this difficulty that in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS it was found necessary to take up each country separately and have its Buddhism described by a scholar who had given himself to the study of Buddhism in that particular country—Ceylon, China, Burma, Japan, and the rest. But Dr. Coomaraswamy is writing here for the uninstructed. The book is popular. He is not careful to preserve distinctions which are necessary for the scholar. His study has been of Buddhism in its great principles, and of the Buddha himself in the experiences of his life and the hopes (if they could be called hopes) which clung to his service for mankind. In short, he has given us a sketch of Buddhism which we can place beside a similar sketch of Muhammadanism or Christianity, and make comparisons, if we care to do so, between them.

The temptation of the Buddhist enthusiast is to claim an excessive antiquity for the Master and his work. There are Buddhists who will take five hundred years more than they are entitled to. Dr. Coomaraswamy has read too much in Western literature on Buddhism to fall before that temptation. Then he writes well, having an excellent command of the English tongue. His story of the Buddha's wanderings is a fascinating narrative.

The volume has been counted worth the very best that the publisher could do for it. There are forty plates of illustrations, and eight of them are in colour.

ASSYRIOLOGY.

Under the title of *Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria* (Harrap; 8s. 6d. net), Mr. Lewis Spence has published a volume in which he has succeeded in presenting a fairly complete account of what is known as Assyriology. He has written the story of Babylonian excavation. He has distinguished the Babylonian from the Assyrian religion and estimated their comparative worth. He has told tales of the Babylonian and Assyrian kings, and in such a way as to make the tales serve the purpose of a history. He has described the magical practices and superstitious beliefs of the Babylonians and Assyrians in respect of animals and demons. He has brought the great gods within sight and lost no touch of their greatness in the proximity; and he has introduced us to the priests at their elaborate worship in their gorgeous temples. What is there that he has left out? And it is all told in plain English, for the series is a popular one.

But the writing is not all. The illustrations are very many and very remarkable. Some of them we know well, but they are well drawn here. Some of them—we mean those plates by Evelyn Paul—are amazing in their audacity of conception and colouring. The scene on Carmel (to mention the only illustration which touches the Bible story) has

never in a printed book been more daringly devised or more effectively coloured.

SCOTLAND.

Dr. William Law Mathieson has concluded his History of Scotland. The fourth and final volume is entitled *Church and the Reform in Scotland* (Maclehose; 10s. 6d. net). It covers the years from 1797 to 1843.

Dr. Law Mathieson's History has its features. It is social more than political. It is ecclesiastical more than social. But the word 'ecclesiastical' must not be used with that smack of contempt now frequently heard upon its utterance. Dr. Law Mathieson is not an 'ecclesiastic.' His chief interest is in the religious life of his country, but not in the political aspect of its religion, though that was so pronounced in the period covered by this volume. His inmost delight is in the life of the people who believed in God and Calvin, the people who were at their best in their homes, in such homes and at such exercises as Burns describes in his 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'

It follows that he should speak kindly of the Moderates. And it follows that he should deplore their moderatism. If they had continued to have their way—and how easy it seemed to be for them to continue to have their way, the whole momentum of the State and most of the heavy impetus of the aristocracy being with them—Scotland would have been unable to-day to meet the German menace. For she would have lost her ideals. Therefore in ending his History with the year 1843, the year of the Disruption, Dr. Law Mathieson has been well guided. For if he has left us with a rent Church, it is a Church with a healthy and vigorous conscience. The controversy then was the Headship of Christ or the Headship of Caesar. Spell Caesar in the German way, and it is exactly the contest we are engaged in at this moment. And it was the issue of that controversy, in which the government of the land was morally beaten by being legally victorious, that made it possible for a great and conscientious liberal statesman like Sir Edward Grey to declare himself on the side of Christ.

It is a trying time in the history of Scotland that is described in this volume. Yet to read the story again is for any Scotsman to say with Jeffrey that he is proud of his country. Dr. Law Mathieson is no partisan. If he recognizes, as he does, the greatness of the issues at stake, he sees clearly enough that not all the men nor all the methods were faultless. But he sees that even the wrath of man was used to the furtherance of that work which was God's.

The Rev. J. O. Bevan, M.A., has written a *Handbook of the History and Development of Philosophy* (Chapman & Hall; 5s. net). Its contents are (1) a list of writers on philosophical subjects—in chronological order; (2) brief notices of prominent men associated with philosophic thought—in alphabetical order; (3) alphabetical list of the various philosophical systems—with concise definitions of the same; (4) a History of Philosophy; (5) an account of the Inception of the Idea, and the Correlation of Thought to produce new Combinations; (6) a similar account of other philosophical subjects, as the Influence of Modern Thought on Philosophy and of Philosophy on Modern Thought; and (7) an exposition of Casuistry. It is a miscellaneous gathering, and it is meant to be. If the student of philosophy finds it accurate, and we think he will, he should be grateful to Mr. Bevan for gathering it all together so conveniently.

Professor Sanday has published another pamphlet on the War—its origin and its issue. He calls it *In View of the End: A Retrospect and a Prospect* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 1s. net). Need we say that it is of absorbing interest? Need we say that it is the last word of Christian wisdom and impartiality?

One of the most unexpected things is discovered at the very end. Dr. Sanday believes in German veracity. It is of a kind, certainly, and not exactly *our* kind; but it is veracity.

To the lover of poetry—not a great army—an irresistible appeal will be made by Mr. E. A. Greening Lamborn's book on *The Rudiments of Criticism* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 2s. 6d. net). Not a great army, we said. So also says Mr. Lamborn: 'Every one, almost, finds pleasure in music; yet delight in poetry is an enjoyment revealed but to a happy few; so that I have known a professed lover of music whose knowledge of poetry was limited to a line or two of Shakespeare's description of "the man that hath no music in

himself," with which he used to taunt people who had not learned to play the piano.'

Mr. Lamborn is a wise critic—usually. But he is too hard on Eliza Cook and her old arm-chair. He has ideas on education—new and also true. There is too much reading aloud in public schools. Children should be trained to write poetry: he offers specimens, and they prove his principles. He is distressed over optional Greek, 'for optional Greek will lead to optional Latin, and then the last stronghold of liberal learning, where so many generations of men have learned the meaning of humanity, will be transformed into a great technical school where clerks learn book-keeping and druggists learn dispensing.'

Three new volumes have been issued of the 'Short Course' Series (T. & T. Clark; 2s. net each). Professor George Milligan would be glad to recommend the use of the Revised Version, for he believes in it heartily. But that is not his only object in writing about *The Expository Value of the Revised Version*. He desires to encourage expository preaching. And he could have taken no better way to encourage it. This is expository preaching, and there is not a dull page in the book. If the people will not listen to preaching like this they will listen to nothing.

Principal W. B. Selbie has issued some expository studies in the Fourth Gospel. The title is *Belief and Life*. Add Love and Light, and you have all St. John's great words. But Belief and Life are the way of entrance into St. John, and that is into Christ. The simplicity of the exposition will not hide the trained scholarship that it rests upon.

Principal A. J. Tait's book is an exposition of *The Prophecy of Micah*. No prophet offers himself more readily or more fruitfully for a short course of sermons than Micah. Dr. Tait has made good use of his opportunity. Is it not the searchlight of such a prophet on life and on conscience that we most especially need at this time? The confident superficiality of our religious life is made to look very foolish in the presence of a preacher of righteousness like Micah.

Through a Padre's Spectacles is the title which the Rev. J. Golder Burns, B.D., C.F., has given to his memories of work at the Front and in the Camps (Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). The experiences are vivid to him, and in the simplicity of pure English he has made them a living reality to his readers. There is no 'working up'; and yet the humour and the pathos are both very telling. Mr. Burns has much to say about the religion of the British soldier. This is one plain paragraph: 'I don't know how it is at home, but there is a distinct revival of religion among the troops in Flanders. I would not wish to be misunderstood. Our soldiers have not all become saints. But a belief in the truths of religion is more common, and not only so, but men out here are not ashamed of their faith. At home you have an intercessory service every week. Here in this camp we have one every night. When the Church of England chaplain takes the service, I ring the bell, a piece of rail which I strike with a mallet, and, when it is my turn to officiate as minister, he acts the part of handy-man. At these services over five hundred men have made profession of their faith.'

Do not miss the papers which are being issued in connexion with *The War and our Faith* by the Congregational Union of England and Wales at the Memorial Hall (2d. each). They are written by scholars—Dr. Horton, Principal Franks, Dr. Morgan Gibbon, Principal Griffith-Jones, Mr. Thompson, Principal Selbie, Principal Ritchie, Mr. Darlaston—and they enter seriously into the questions that agitate or ought to agitate our minds at the present time. No papers since the war began have impressed us more with the gravity of the moral and spiritual issues that are now before us.

It cannot surely be that after the war we shall go on sinning as we sinned before. If we do we shall not be able to plead ignorance of our sins. What they are is agreed upon among all who have looked seriously into the causes and occasions of the war. Mr. Havelock Ellis, who is no preacher or parson, agrees wholly with Mr. Norman Maclean. His *Essays in War-Time* (Constable; 5s. net) describe with dreadful plainness the abyss of indulgence and wretchedness into which the nations of the earth have been plunging. His scientific response is more startling than any exhortation. If there are those still among us who do not worry about their sins they had better read this book and worry.

The essay on Walter Pater in *Figures of Several Centuries*, Mr. Arthur Symons's latest volume (Constable; 7s. 6d. net)—the essay on Walter Pater, we say, in that charming book is particularly charming. Does it come to any other as it comes to us after reading the voluminous and disconcerting biography by Mr. Thomas Wright? It sets Pater on his throne again. It restores his manhood. It gives him excellence. It makes him once more himself and worth being so.

There are other essays in this book. There are other two-and-twenty. And they are all biographical and all charming. They are not all so redolent of relief as that on Pater. But they have all the light touch, the reserved approach, the sure familiar fireside interpretation, the language in which the right word is always in the right situation.

Who are they? They range from St. Augustine to Thomas Hardy, through Charles Lamb, John Donne, Emily Brontë, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Coventry Patmore; and outside this country, Villon, Casanova, Flaubert, Cladel, Ibsen, Huysmans, Baudelaire, Naidu.

The Rev. W. M. Metcalfe, D.D., late Minister of the South Parish, Paisley, was a 'practical' preacher. That does not mean that he preached 'cauld morality.' He preached morality, but out of the love of a heart that had once said and kept for ever saying, 'I love, because He first loved me.' The new volume has been well chosen. It contains fifteen sermons under the simple title of *Sermons* (Paisley: Gardner; 2s. 6d. net).

The Rev. C. W. Formby, M.A., is convinced that the British Empire is 'at the Cross Roads.' What he means by that is that we are in great danger from the inrush of materialism. And the evidence again of the inrush of materialism is the Welsh Church Bill. So the first half of his book, called *The Soul of England* (Wells Gardner; 2s. 6d. net), is an earnest plea for 'hands off,' and leave the Welsh Church alone. After the middle of the book, however, he passes to wider issues, and traces the footsteps of the materialistic enemy in nearly all the departments of national life. The warning is wise. Materialism *is* the enemy. We cannot be too vigilant.

The religion of the soldier is sometimes quite primitive. At its highest it is not very theological. When he touches theology at all it is much in the way of the little girl who said, 'I love Jesus, but I hate God.' In *Jesus of Nazareth and the Christian Churches of To-day* (Heffer; 6d. net), Mr. Henry Goodman instructs us all in the true estimate of God. He is the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour.

The evangelist, says Professor W. M. Clow, has left the pulpit and has taken up his place at the street corner. He would have him return to the pulpit. He is himself an evangelist. He is an evangelist, first and last, using the word in the large sense. That is to say, he preaches the gospel of salvation, but it is salvation from sin to righteousness and true holiness. And all his materials he finds in the Bible, especially in the New Testament. He does not need to invent, exaggerate, or even dramatize. His volume of sermons is called *The Evangel of the Strait Gate* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

The first volume of Father Stanton's sermons must have done well, for here is another already. Its title is *Faithful Stewardship* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). Seventeen of the nineteen sermons in the volume were preached within the last year or two of his life, and were reported verbatim by Miss C. Ross. The last two were preached forty years ago. They are here for comparison and for their own sake. The editor as before is the Rev. E. F. Russell, M.A.

Mr. Norman Maclean believes that this war will not come to an end until we are cleansed from the evil ways which were the cause of it. He does not mean militarism only. That is but one of the evil things, and it is more a result than a cause. He means the selfishness that refuses to burden itself with family cares; he means the continuance of the temptations that are offered to the drunkard; he means sin, yours and mine, the sin of the respectable and professedly Christian people of this land. Until we put away our sin and so encourage or even compel others to do likewise, the war will not have fulfilled its mission and will not end. So he writes his book with the title *Stand up, ye Dead* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net) that we may see the evil as it is and repent.

Hurrah and Hallelujah is the title which

Dr. J. P. Bang of Copenhagen has given to his exposure of Germanism (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). An exposure it is. Out of their own mouths has he judged these wicked servants. He quotes the professors, the preachers, and the politicians; and (ashamed as we are to say it) the preachers are the most blood-thirsty. One of the amazing things is the frequency and calmness of their use of the phrase 'the German God.' Says Dr. Bang, 'I have even found a German writer, in perfect seriousness, beginning a prayer with the words "O German God."' Another equally remarkable thing is the completeness with which patriotism is allowed to sweep everything else out of its way. Pastor W. Lehmann ends a sermon with: 'We love our earthly Fatherland so much, that we gladly barter our heavenly for it.'

There are books that fall in value as the years pass. There are books that rise. One can prophesy a rise for *Shakespeare and Precious Stones* by George Frederick Kunz, Ph.D., Sc.D., A.M. (Lippincott; 6s. net). For it has been written by the lover of books as well as the lover of Shakespeare, and it has been made by the publishers as attractive as the arts and sciences can make books now. The war has not touched the quality of the paper, for the printing was done in the United States of America.

The war is suffering. That is its most obtrusive meaning. Is the war therefore evil? Not so, says Mr. Sherwood Eddy. For suffering is not evil, but good. There may be evil in the war—brutal passions let loose brutally—but the suffering as suffering is God's instrument for our progress in all that is worth while. Thus Mr. Eddy argues excellently in *Suffering and the War* (Longmans; 1s. net), as well as in *The Meaning of Suffering*, and even to some extent in *Faith of Honest Doubt* (Longmans; 3d. net each).

Dr. Rufus M. Jones has become so well known as an expositor of Mysticism that any book on that (or indeed any other) subject by him is sure of a wide circulation. His new book entitled *The Inner Life* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net) has been written to tell us, not how to become mystics, but how to make our mysticism a blessing to ourselves and our neighbours. We gain the blessing by the practice of the presence of God; we give it by encouraging others to that practice, but especially by the savour of the life we live. All is described with that singular clarity of thought which finds the clear word instinctively.

Dr. F. J. Foakes Jackson has published the Lowell Lectures which he delivered in Boston in March 1916. The title is *Social Life in England, 1750–1850* (Macmillan; 5s. net). They are just what popular lectures ought to be—slightly informing, very entertaining, perfectly wholesome. Well, we have made progress. We are better than our fathers were, and in every way. We are more comfortable, of course, but we are also better behaved. God's in the world, and it is *not* going to the dogs.

Dr. Foakes Jackson is particularly pleasant on Crabbe. In that lecture and in another there is not a little that is quite new.

Among the remedies now so liberally offered for the salvation of the Church (or such remnants of it as may still be salved), the last, and least to be expected, is that of 'more theology.' Yet that is the remedy offered by the Rev. Oliver Chase Quick, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in *Essays in Orthodoxy* (Macmillan; 6s. net). 'It is commonly said,' he tells us, 'that less theology is what we need; but those who counsel thus are surely guilty of a highly dangerous confusion between remedy and disease. Most people, no doubt, prefer that religious teachers should appeal to the heart rather than to the head. They prefer being asked to feel to being made to think. But it does not follow that their preference should be encouraged. As a nation we welcome what we call "the gospel," we dislike theology, and we detest dogma. But the fact that we attach too much importance to feeling, too little to thought, and almost none to authority, is really no ground for supposing that we cannot or ought not to effect any change in our scale of values. As a matter of fact, the unpopularity of theology and dogma springs far more from a misconception of their purpose than from any tenable objection to their use.'

That is all true and demands emphatic declaration. Mr. Quick is right. It is theology that we need, more theology—theology that brings God, and the redemption that is in Christ, and the sanctifying Spirit, and above all the necessity for

a sense of sin and repentance—a theology, we say, that brings all these into our life, into every part of our being, heart and head and conscience and will, that is the theology we need, and we need more of it, not less, than ever we have had before. Mr. Quick is not afraid of being called orthodox. He is not afraid of being what he is called. He is orthodox on the central doctrine of the Faith, the doctrine of Christ's atonement for sin. What he says on that, and on the other great doctrines which he discusses, he says as a wise steward of the mysteries of God.

Messrs. Nimmo have reissued *Poetical Works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox* (3s. 6d. net). In spite of the war the paper is good, the printing clear, and the whole 'get up' of the book most desirable. The illustrations, it will be remembered, are by Alice Ross. They are quite unusually interpretative.

The Rev. Martin Anstey, B.D., is a Bible student. He has been trying to make the Bible his own. And now he tells others in *How to Master the Bible* (Partridge; 2s. net) what his methods are. He is not content to know the Bible scientifically: he must know it also experimentally. He must enjoy it. He must feel the power of it. And again he is not content until others share the joy and the power of Bible study with him.

Plain prescriptions for the securing of *Good Health for All* have been set forth, in 'a series of hygienic chats,' by Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S. (Pickering & Inglis; 1s. 6d. net).

There is room yet for one book, even for a series of books. The subject is Symbolism. A small contribution is made by A. Bothwell Gosse in *The Rose Immortal* (Rider; 1s. net). The symbol of the Rose has penetrated to every land, and this pleasant author discovers the meanings men have found in it. There is the Red Rose of Sorrow, the White Rose of Joy, the Golden Rose of Union, and the Little Black Rose of Silence.

Mr. Charles Mercier, M.D., F.R.C.P., describes scientifically all the variety to be found and felt of *Human Temperaments* (Scientific Press; 1s. net). He writes confidently and has no space for qualifications. But on one of the temperaments he is somewhat at fault. He treats religion as if it were entirely a matter of temperament. He calls it the inclination to self-sacrifice. And self-sacrifice is not altogether and always an admirable thing in his eyes. He has surely forgotten that right religion is the love of God and man. And to love the Lord with all our heart and our neighbour as ourselves is more than a matter of temperament.

Let us array all our Christian forces for the purity and beauty of the home. Prebendary H. P. Denison is ready to do his part. He has written a book on *The Mystery of Marriage* (Scott; 2s. net), in which he shows how urgent an enterprise it is and how urgently Christian.

Miss L. Swetenham has written a book on *War: The Cross of the Nations* (Scott; 1s. 6d. net), which the Bishop of Edinburgh has introduced to us. 'No one,' says Dr. Walpole, 'can read the first two chapters on Man's Spiritual Insensibility and Humanity's Idol without feeling that some terrible discipline that would shake man's being to its foundation was necessary, and so feeling we may be able to enter into God's plan for Europe in the war and to share the hope of the writer that His purpose may be fulfilled.'

To some of us the Descent into Hell is no longer credible. It is quite credible to the Rev. R. E. Hutton. In *The Life Beyond* (Scott; 2s. net) he publishes some 'Thoughts on the Intermediate State and the Soul in the Unseen World,' and among them is the thought that when Jesus descended to Hades He rescued the souls of men kept until then in bondage and brought them with Him up to Paradise. 'It was a true instinct,' he says, 'which led the Jews to speak of the righteous dead as in Abraham's bosom rather than the bosom of God; for until Jesus Christ, "the Seed of the woman," had "opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers" and Himself entered therein, the souls of the righteous were excluded from the Vision of God.'

Adeline Campbell, the author of *Scripture Spoil in Sacred Song*, has the gift of remembering the right Scripture passage to illustrate or enforce her argument. In *Scripture Thoughts* (Stock; 2s. 6d.

net), she simply sets down the thought and adds the Scripture passages.

After Death, What? by Archdeacon Wilberforce, is an addition to the royal 16mo purple series (Stock; 1s. 6d. net).

In *The Power of Faith* (Stock; 3s. net), we have probably the last volume of Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce's sermons that we shall ever have. And that is a sad enough thought. For they were more than interesting; they were always strong arguments for some great truth or courageous attacks upon some great evil. This volume is kindred. Think of 'Human Devils' as the title of a sermon; and the sensation is not in the title but in the fact.

It is an old idea of John Caird that every nation has a message for the world and must be encouraged to utter it. That idea is carried out for Britain in *The Vocation of Empire* (S.P.C.K.; 6d.), a small volume containing a course of sermons preached in the Church of St. Michael, Cornhill, in Lent, 1916. The preachers were Dr. J. O. F. Murray, Mr. William Temple, Mr. E. A. Burroughs, Bishop Copleston, Archdeacon Harper, and Chaplain John Ellison.

The Rev. G. R. Oakley, M.A., B.D., has rewritten in his own eloquent and imaginative way the Christian history that lies behind the names of Eadwine, Oswald, Oswine, Eadmund, Ælfred, Eadward, Henry, and Charles. He has reproduced the old Saxon atmosphere, and even to some extent the old Saxon spelling of the names. The title is *The Cross and the Sword* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net).

The Rev. J. M. Wilson, D.D., Canon of Worcester, has published seven sermons on *God's Progressive Revelations of Himself to Men* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net). They make an instructive course, and would certainly sustain the attention. For besides the continuity of interest, there is in every sermon the modern note. The first sermon introduces the idea of progressive revelation. The subsequent sermons deal with God's revelation of Himself as Creator, in the Family and Nation, as the God of Righteousness, as the Fulfiller, in Christ, and as Saviour.

Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley and Mr. G. H. Box, who have often worked together before, have once again joined hands in a most promising enterprise. They have resolved to translate certain early documents that are valuable for the study of Christian Origins. The second volume of the Series is *The Wisdom of Ben-Sira* (*Ecclesiasticus*), translated by Dr. Oesterley (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). Is there any need for a new translation of Sirach? We have the Revised Version. The answer is that the Revised Version was issued before the discovery of the Hebrew manuscripts of the book—one of the most disturbing discoveries of our time. This is a very different book from Ecclesiasticus in the Revised Version. Dr. Oesterley knows the last word of scholarship. His introduction is as workmanlike as are his translation and notes.

If there is man or woman among your friends who has not yet realized the danger we are in from alcohol, give them a copy of *The Nation and Alcohol*, by Vice-Principal Anne W. Richardson. It is published by the Student Christian Movement (6d. net).

What has Christ to offer to the Savage, to the Muhammadan, to the Hindu, to the Buddhist, to the Taoist or Confucianist, to the Shintoist? Mr. William Paton answers in *Jesus Christ and the World's Religions* (United Council for Missionary Education; 7d. net).

Mr. W. S. Urquhart, D.Phil., Professor of Philosophy in the Scottish Churches College in Calcutta, is not a whit behind the best of the German students of Hindu Philosophy. He is in one respect distinctly before the best—he knows the Hindu as well as his literature. Professor Urquhart's book on *The Upanishads and Life*, which has been issued by the Association Press, 86 College Street, Calcutta, must on no account be missed by missionary or man who would know what Hinduism is. Dr. Urquhart is a Christian, and he is never unaware of the fact that the grace of God has appeared to the Hindu also; but he is scrupulously fair to the Hindu faith and the Hindu philosophy. His scholarship and his Christianity make injustice impossible to him. There is a whole life's study in the book, and yet it may be bought for tenpence.