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tion and of human religion there had often been only shadow, and not yet substance, in Christ at last perfectly the substance had expressed itself in the very image adequate to it. It need hardly be pointed out that here the writer goes beyond his Platonic idealism, for in Plato the seen remains, and must always remain, only the shadow of the unseen, and never its very image.

(3) It is this adequacy of the image to the substance that explains the claim of finality ('at the end of these days,' 1²) and permanence for the revelation and redemption in Christ. 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever' (13⁸), because while fulfilling God's purpose in time, He Himself belongs to God's eternity. As is his wont, the writer blends practical exhortation and doctrinal exposition; and so the context of this declaration of the sameness of Jesus teaches that the truth has a twofold consequence for life. The Christian generations can all live by the same faith, because of its unchanging object (v.⁷). The fashions of thought of the passing hour cannot claim the believers' acceptance, because the content of their thought must remain unchanged (v.⁹). But it may be objected that such permanence involves stagnation, and excludes progress for the Christian Church. Some minds to-day are so obsessed by the idea of evolution, that they cannot allow the possibility even of rest, but insist on the necessity of move-

ment in religion and morals. The writer's view does certainly exclude the setting aside of Christ as the object of faith, or the thinking of Him in altogether new and strange ways; but it does not exclude all progress, for on the one hand the object of faith is not a past creed, code, or ritual, but a present living person, and on the other, the subject of faith is a developing mind. Because Christ 'is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them' (7²⁵), the believing community as well as the individual believers have ever fresh experiences of His grace; and the history of the Church, in so far as it proves itself really His body, is the biography of Christ as Saviour and Lord. If we may seek light on one portion of Scripture from another, we may recall Christ's own words about the greater works of the believer because of His ascent to the Father (Jn 14¹²); and conclude that Christ's permanence in includes progress for His Church. Again, if we recall the writer's striking combination, already discussed, *πίστει νοοῦμεν* (11⁸), we may admit progress with permanence no less on the subjective than on the objective side. The *πίστει* is the permanent relation, the *νοοῦμεν* is the progressive understanding of that relation. As the writer used the philosophy of his own age, so has the Christian Church used changed thought to express and explain abiding truth.

Literature.

A. B. DAVIDSON.

WHEN Professor James Strahan undertook to write a biography of *Andrew Bruce Davidson* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Edinburgh, he knew very well that he was undertaking a task of extreme difficulty. Time was slipping past (he died in 1902), materials were scanty (he was neither diarist nor letter-writer), and above all every student of his was ready to criticize, not believing that justice could be done by any biographer to the exquisite combination of gifts and experience which made up his personality. Dr. Strahan undertook the work out of love, love as unquenchable as woman's. In the light of that unquench-

able love for a teacher to whom so much was due that had made life good, the book is to be estimated.

No relative could have written more affectionately. And a relative would have had to discover weaknesses in order to avoid the charge of adulation. When Tennyson's memoir was published, Meredith said it was not a biography, it was an idolatry. One can say that of Dr. Strahan's life of Davidson without offence. For if a student, after four years of that daily attitude towards Professors which so easily passes from criticism to condemnation, still finds his Professor adorable, we accept it without resentment. Besides, in this case those who were never students of Davidson's, but knew him, invariably

wished to be counted among those who loved. Dr. Strahan has discovered but one exception, and characteristically makes something of it—to the disadvantage of the exception. Thus the biography owes its success to its unqualified and unrelieved appreciation.

For, strange to say, that unqualified and unrelieved appreciation offers us a man clearly realized and credible. It is not idolatry. The creature is not worshipped as Creator. This Professor of Hebrew maintains discipline in his class by no miracle. He hears the slightest sound; he knows its origin. He is quick to discover the meaning of a movement and to make use of a situation. The smart man delivers himself into his hands, the insincere finds no mercy. 'An old student, who had to demit his charge under the Inefficiency Act, came to him and said, "It will encourage you to know that I owe all my knowledge of the Old Testament to you." "Oh, it isn't worth mentioning." Another time the same gentleman said to him, "I wish to bring before you an intellectual difficulty, Dr. Davidson." The difficulty having been stated, the Professor said, "I don't know that I would call that an *intellectual* difficulty."

'A young Divinity student, "doubting at every pore," and probably rather proud of the achievement, called upon the Professor. He unfolded the long tale of his difficulties. The Professor must have detected something unreal or affected about his visitor, for he sat in silence. The young doubter came at last to the end of his recital and rose to go. Davidson had no objection, and saw him to the door. There the young man looked up at the sky, and said, "It's a lovely evening." "Oh," said Davidson incisively, with some trace of astonishment, "are you sure of *that*?"'

A bachelor and a student, he brought his widowed niece and her little children to his house in Edinburgh, and 'I think,' says the niece, 'that he was happy in those years. I know he used to sing, as he came up from the tram.' 'Any one who visited him during the last two years of his life might find him with a book in his hand and a slumbering child in her cot beside him.'

PROFESSIONALISM.

What is the opposite of originality? Is it not plagiarism? No, says Dr. F. H. Hayward, it is

professionalism. For professionalism is convention, and originality is creativeness; and these two are deadly enemies. Dr. Hayward feels their enmity so keenly that he has written a book for the sole purpose of exposing the faults of the professional. Its title is *Professionalism and Originality* (Allen & Unwin; 6s. net).

Dr. Hayward does not deny that there is some good in professionalism. 'It is one of the chief agents by which social heredity is handed down. Each great profession represents a certain mass of knowledge, and to enter the profession is to acquire this mass of knowledge.' More than that it is specialization, 'and all the affairs of life demand, at some point or other, specialist training. They are themselves special, not general: extracting teeth; teaching children arithmetic; mending an Otto gas engine; cooking a dinner; making a speech.' And still more, 'professionalism is a necessity for the individual, because it helps to make life worth living. The youth who grows up without the ability to do anything well can take no pride in himself, and can attain no happiness except such as he can extract from sensualism and excitement. This holds good whether he sell newspapers at street corners or patronize Ascot and Monte Carlo; and it holds good also of woman, whatever be the thrills she seeks—scandalmongery, beer-drinking, picture-shows, flirtations, divorcings, consulting West End fortune-tellers, or attending revivalistic or sacerdotal religious services.'

In spite of all that, and more than that, professionalism is an evil—the evil—in education, if not altogether in life. And to its condemnation and death (if possible), Dr. Hayward devotes the pages of this handsome octavo volume. He makes his statement—as that 'professionalism seeks to acquire power, privileges, and emoluments for itself'—and then he illustrates it by examples from the clergy, the lawyers, the doctors, and sometimes also as bureaucrats, critics, journalists, and statesmen. And always the offence is that professionalism is the enemy of originality.

The end is interesting. The one and only purely original person Dr. Hayward has discovered is the Lord Jesus Christ.

IDEALS.

A lecture on *National and International Ideals in the English Poets*, which Professor C. H. Her-

ford, M.A., Litt.D., delivered in the John Rylands Library, Manchester, has been published by Messrs. Longmans (1s. net). 'We may distinguish,' says Dr. Herford, 'three types of national ideal. In a complete and mature patriotism they will all be found; but, in patriotism as it has commonly been, and still for the most part is, one or other falls short. There is first, the "simple" patriotism of the warrior fighting and dying for his native land, and thinking that true glory. The cry of this patriotism is heard in the first beginnings of all national history, and is heard to the end. It was never more alive than it is in Europe to-day. But as a nation grows in strength and complexity, new problems emerge, for which this primitive patriotic passion offers no solution: problems of internal right, the struggle of sovereign and subjects, of privileged orders and the people, of rich and poor; it becomes evident that a nation secure from without may be shattered from within, and then perhaps for the first time fall an easy prey to an external foe. Thus arise more complex ideals of national well-being, which may lead men equally devoted to their country along different, even opposite paths; whole-hearted patriots are found on both sides in every civil war, as well as in the normal antagonisms of parties. But these ideals may still ignore everything outside the nation; they may be national in the narrow sense of those who regard the well-being of other nations only as it contributes to the power, wealth, or glory of their own; and it is possible, as we see in Germany to-day, for an ideal of national life to be extraordinarily developed in respect of its own internal organization, and yet on a very low plane in regard to the well-being of other nations. There remains then a third phase of national ideal, which regards the nation as fulfilling its function only when it acts as a member of the community of Man. This third phase, even from a strictly "national" point of view, marks an advance. For just as a man who wrongs his fellow-citizens will be apt to wrong his family, if only by loading them with privileges or luxuries beyond their due, so a nation which is unjust to other nations will be also deeply unjust to itself, if only by stimulating beyond measure those sides of its life, those elements of its strength, which serve only for aggression and expense.'

The lecture then shows how the English poets have exalted one or the other of these ideals. It

is in Swinburne and Meredith that he discovers the international ideal most clearly expressed.

SCIENCE AND THE FAITH.

We are not so desperately anxious now as we used to be to hail the approach to God of every possible scientific observer. We understand better what religion is and what science is. Nevertheless it is a good sign, and we shall welcome it, that a man of so distinguished a scientific reputation as Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, the President of University College, Cork, has thought good to write a book on *The Church and Science* (Catholic Truth Society; 7s. 6d. net) for the very purpose of showing that true science never does and never can touch our faith in the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, otherwise than by bowing in reverence before the glory of it.

In the Church of Rome the controversy between Science and Religion is still existent if not acute. And so Sir Bertram Windle goes carefully into the matters in dispute, one by one, not omitting the Days of Creation, in order to show that there is no real conflict. Is he somewhat hampered on the one side by Papal pronouncements, and on the other by the equally infallible declarations of certain scientific observers, that between science and the creed of the Church there can be no possible reconciliation? He meets both sides faithfully. The Catholic Creed is often misunderstood, the man of science often misunderstands himself. Rigidly restricting science to its own business, he shows that where religion touches that province it is never to dogmatize independently but simply to use the facts which science has discovered, or perhaps, without thinking of science at all, to accept the open and popular observation of the senses. He is willing to let science speak with authority within its own sphere of influence; without that sphere he claims that religion is supreme and can speak with no less authority.

Sir Bertram Windle recognizes one antagonism which has not yet been sufficiently dissolved. It is the antagonism between creation and evolution. Is it an antagonism that is irreducible? He does not think so. The Church must accept many small facts which hitherto it has ignored or denied; science must accept one great fact—the fact of a creative God. But it is largely, as usual,

a matter of misunderstanding. So this is the way in which the book closes :

'Above all, let us exhibit humility when we come to regard God as well as His creation. Catholics, of course, exhibit such humility in face of the mysteries of their Faith ; but there is a kind of shallow mind, which thinks—and even sometimes says—that one should not believe anything one cannot understand—an attitude of mind which would certainly limit one's beliefs. It is only common sense to say that if we could understand God and all His ways, either He would not be God or we should all be gods. Tennyson's philosophy on that point was accurate and sound :

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

The quotation may be hackneyed, but it is none the less apposite.

'Let us learn humility and patience from Science if we learn nothing else ; but we shall miss its greatest lesson if it fails to teach us the greatness of the Creator, from whose Idea all these wonders took their origin.'

APPLIED SOCIOLOGY.

'Sociology is the study of man and his human environment in their relation to each other.' There are two departments of sociology, the theoretical and the practical. Theoretical sociology 'studies phenomena, ascertains facts, and establishes laws and principles. It has no object in view beyond the acquirement of knowledge.' Practical or applied sociology takes advantage of the knowledge thus acquired and uses it to serve some human purpose. The one is more of a science, the other is more of an art.

Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild's book is an *Outline of Applied Sociology* (Macmillan). His business is to examine 'the human relationships of modern civilized societies with the avowed purpose of evaluating them, of distinguishing helpful tendencies and forces from those which are pernicious, and of devising means to perpetuate that which is good, to eliminate that which is

bad, and to reshape the social organization the better to serve human welfare. Just as the applied sciences in the material field seek to control and direct the forces of nature for conscious ends, so applied sociology seeks to manipulate social forces to accomplish human desires. Both are absolutely dependent on the forces which exist ; neither can escape from the domination of these forces, nor go a step further than the forces make possible. But both can control and direct the forces, so that they operate as dynamic agents for human welfare, rather than as unconstrained and vagrant powers of evil.'

He holds with Professor Sumner that 'all human action springs ultimately from the feelings, and the resultant social phenomena may consistently be classified on the basis of the feeling from which they originate.' He accordingly classifies social phenomena into 'four great groups of social activities. The feelings are hunger, love, vanity, and what is, in its simplest form, the fear of ghosts. The activities which result may be enumerated as the self-maintenance of society, the self-perpetuation of society, the self-gratification of society, and the mental reactions—religion, science, philosophy, etc.'

Within the last group falls Religion, which is treated as a wholly human product. Professor Fairchild is unaware that the 'ghost-theory' has been given up by anthropologists. He is unaware that no competent student of religion now studies it in its primitive forms in order to obtain the most scientific data for his generalizations. But the phenomena of Religion occupy small space in the book and cannot be said to affect the value of its conclusions. Very useful, on the other hand, are the chapters dealing with sin in its economic aspects. And the distinction between sin, crime, and vice deserves careful consideration. There are only two kinds of economic vice worth mentioning, he says—gluttony and gambling.

Near the end, Professor Fairchild makes an appeal for the modernization of the language in which the Gospel is offered to the people. We live in cities now, and the 23rd Psalm is scarcely intelligible. We must call Christ, not Lord, Lord of Hosts [where is He so called ?], Master, King, Prince, Leader ; but employer, manager, president, entrepreneur, representative. 'The great problem,' he says, 'is how to interpret religious truths in the light of new conditions, how to disseminate new

views without the loss of devotion and the sense of authority, and how to enable the everyday man to abandon cherished religious concepts without abandoning religion itself. In the way of progress stands ever the hide-bound sectarian, singing at the top of his lungs, "It's the old-time religion, and it's good enough for me."

He gives this illustration: 'On a busy street corner in Boston stands a large brick church building. Its architecture is solid and sober, its walls are adorned with stained glass windows, and its towering spire points heavenward. But covering the sides of the building are flamboyant posters announcing to all that pass by that within may be seen "The World in Motion," that there is a "High-Class and Refined Entertainment for Man, Woman, and Child," and that the "Program is Changed Daily." The temple of the Most High is now dedicated to the Genius of the Movies. And the most significant aspect of the matter is that whereas, when the edifice ceased to be devoted to its original purpose, it was probably attracting a few scattered handfuls of attendants once or twice on Sunday, it now draws crowds every afternoon and evening—and they pay to get in. It is evident that the managers of the building are now "giving the people what they want."

'How shall the church give the people what they want, and how shall the people be made to want what the church ought to give them? These are the problems of the Christian church in an industrial democracy of the twentieth century.'

A LITERARY LIFE.

Authors and travellers are soon forgotten. We believe that we have seen the name Charles MacFarlane in an occasional biography. But the recollection is not definite. And yet he wrote a considerable number of books, including, he tells us, five-sixths of Knight's Pictorial History of England, which appeared, as we know, in eight large, closely printed volumes in double column, 'equal to at least thirty-two volumes of the common octavo editions of Hume and Smollett.' He died in 1858, in somewhat embarrassed circumstances, as the euphonious phrase is, which he himself attributed to this very History of England and its editor, Charles Knight. His words are: 'Through him—and I may say almost entirely through him—I find myself, in fast-

coming old age, and with many and increasing infirmities, *dépourvu de tout*, a ruined man. But I repeat, I nourish no spite, I scarcely feel resentment. I would say, "May peace be with my old ally!"—but Charles Knight will never know peace on this side the grave.' Before he died he wrote his reminiscences, but did not find a publisher.

In the spring of last year Mr. John F. Tattersall, running over the catalogue of an antiquarian bookseller in Derby, came upon the offer of two quarto MS. volumes containing the reminiscences of Charles MacFarlane. He had never heard the name, but he looked into the MS., to find that it contained recollections of Shelley, Keats, Hartley Coleridge, Harriet Martineau, and others whom he *had* heard of. He determined to edit the book, and Mr. John Murray undertook the publication of it. The title is *Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By Charles MacFarlane, 1799–1858, Author and Traveller; with an Introduction by John F. Tattersall* (10s. 6d. net).

It is the best kind of autobiography. For the author rarely says anything directly about himself, but never says anything about any one else without revealing his own character. As traveller and author and good story-teller he met many of the literary men and women of his day, and dined often in the houses of the well-to-do. He took no notes, having a conscientious objection to the whole Boswell tribe. But he had a retentive memory. And he is able to record conversations that are likely enough. And of course he tells many stories that are both good and true.

Here is one—it is told in the words of his friend Stewart Rose: 'I could tell you many stories about this crazy squire. Like myself, he belonged to the Hampshire Yeomanry—I was Captain and he a Lieutenant in that warlike corps; and I remember that he was always tumbling off his horse, or breaking our line, or riding over the trumpeter, or getting into some other scrape. When all the Forest, and all the country along that coast, was ringing with alarms of invasion and reports that Bony was coming, he said to me, one fine hot summer's day, as we were riding home from exercise, "Rose, let them come! I will settle them. I have hit upon such a plan!" "What is it?" asked I. "Listen," said he; "you know something of our Forest flies, and how they sting? Well, I have bottled a pretty good lot

already; I shall bottle more as my people catch them. I hope soon to have a binful." "I see," said I; "when the French cavalry land, you will meet them near the beach and uncork your bottles?" "Just so," replied my squire exultingly, "and I should like to see how they would stand it!"

MacFarlane had his likes and dislikes. Of all the literary people whom he ever met he seems to have disliked Harriet Martineau and to have liked Viscount Hardinge the most. Here is a pleasant picture of Hardinge after the battle of Ferozeshah: "When the surgeons and their assistants were preparing to perform the necessary amputations, his lordship, with his son Charles, went through the ward, to comfort and encourage the patients. One poor fellow, quite a young man, said it was hard, at his time of life, to lose a leg. "Oh!" said Sir Henry, "here is my son Charles who lost a leg long before he was your age, and yet you see how well and active he is, and how well he can walk and ride!" Another poor soldier moaned at the idea of having an arm cut off. "Courage, my fine fellow!" said Sir Henry. "You see that I have but one hand myself. I lost the other at Ligny, thirty years ago, and you see I have lived to be Governor-General of India. A man may do a great many things with one hand, and a great many more with only one leg."

The picture of most interest is that which describes Hartley Coleridge. We do not know that there is a more graphic description of that much handicapped genius anywhere.

If a man die, shall he live again? Probably not, thinks Mr. Samuel Waddington. And into his new book, *Some Views respecting a Future Life* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net) he has gathered the opinions of a great many men who agree with him. Most of them are materialists, like the late Sir Hiram Maxim, who says, in Mr. Waddington's quotation, that 'as far as the soul, the mind, or the spiritual part is concerned, this, like electricity, is only a *condition of matter*; it is not eternal in the same sense that matter is.' Those who are not materialists are quoted and refuted, such as Professor Sayce and Mr. A. C. Benson. But here there are omissions, some of them startling. There is no mention of Jesus in the

book, though Confucius is in it and Buddha and Plato and Lucretius.

What is Mr. Waddington's object? Merely to remove all hope of a life to come? Not so. It is to make us live this life well. He thinks that we fail to do our best here in the belief that we will do better there. He would have us do our best here. As for the *necessity* of a future life in order to right the present, he does not believe in it. He agrees with Huxley that 'the ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence.'

In *Records of a Rectory Garden* (Longmans; 2s. net) is told the story of a fine country boy called Christopher, whose life was (lucky for him!) spent among the roses, the limes, the lilies, and the holly-bushes. The boy and the bushes are so friendly and so sincere that you love them all and love them together.

One of the best books ever written on the Ministry is a book entitled 'My Priesthood.' The author calls himself a priest, which some of us may think him foolish to do, but there is no priestly offence in the book. It touches the conscience, it stimulates the will, at every step. The author of that book, the Rev. Walter J. Carey, has now written a companion volume for the laity. He calls it *My Ideals of Religion* (Longmans; 1s. net). Again it is sincere, searching, edifying. There is much personal experience in it, and it is offered with both modesty and conviction.

The Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., who writes a Preface to *Sponsa Christi* by Mother St. Paul of the House of Retreats, Birmingham (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net), approves of nuns writing books for nuns. For 'a woman's piety is not quite a man's piety.' It is, then, a book of Meditations for 'the Religious' who are women. Its aim is to make them true brides of Christ—perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect. Mr. Rickaby says 'There is a refreshing originality about these Meditations, and many shafts are aimed in them that will go home. The best thing about them is the high standard on which they insist.'

The controversy about Reservation has made the interpretation of the Sacraments a matter of

urgent importance. The Rev. Arthur J. Tait, D.D., Principal of Ridley Hall, has taken the occasion to write a book on *The Nature and Functions of the Sacraments* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). It is written from the evangelical standpoint, but Dr. Tait will allow us to say that the evangelical attitude to the Sacramental Principle as expressed by him is very different from that which an earlier generation would have represented it to be. There is no loss of essential truth, we think; there is gain of penetration and perhaps of true devotion. Even the chapter on 'The Real Presence,' firmly attached as it is to the spiritual as the only true Presence, has a temper which is as welcome as it is new.

If any man is likely to commend the doctrines of grace to the student of physical science, that man is the Rev. Stewart A. McDowall, B.D., Chaplain and Assistant Master at Winchester College. His new book is short and superficial—if that word can be used without disparagement. For he deliberately leaves out the difficult things, in order that he may gain a hearing for the essential. He leaves out the difficulties even in the essentials. But he promises to return. The title of the book is *Seven Doubts of a Biologist* (Longmans; 1s. net).

Messrs. Marshall Brothers have issued a strongly worded (and no doubt keenly felt) 'tribute to the Grand Fleet and the Grand Fleet's Commander' by Marie Corelli. The title is *Eyes of the Sea* (1s. net). Is it all praise? Not all. There is one weakness which has to be named. But even as she names it, the author is hopeful. For 'Here WE come in!—we of the Sailors' Society—We, who are doing our utmost, and persuading others also to do their utmost, to create bright home centres for our brave defenders and "Eyes of the Sea" at all the large ports of the world, where as we say and repeat over and over again—"a cheery loving welcome, clean beds, good food, baths, healthy recreation and happy environment are offered." In all cases better than the "bottle at home," isn't it! And now Mrs. Lloyd George, one of the kindest, sweetest and cheeriest of women, with her warm-hearted ways and compelling smile, is interesting herself earnestly, prayerfully and hopefully in the prospering of all the useful sections of this radiat-

ing "Society," which, like a lighthouse set on the rocks of peril, sends forth its rays of cheer, indicating "home and safety"—so that perchance the "thief" seeking entrance to "Jack's" mouth may be repulsed at the door and refused admission!

The Rev. J. Stuart Holden, D.D., believes in advertising the Gospel. He commends a book by the Rev. G. C. Beach, M.A., entitled *So Fight I* (Scott; 2s. net), in that the author of it 'sets forth the Truth in an arresting fashion,' using 'the passing incidents and familiar watchwords of the great war to bring home the facts of the greater conflict in such a way as to secure the attention and interest of many who could not be made to listen to the ordinary sermon.' So the book is a volume of sermons, but not of ordinary sermons. If the sermons it contains were arresting to the hearer they are so printed as to be no less arresting to the reader. And all for the Gospel's sake.

Few men have been fitted to speak to their generation words so faithful and true as the Rev. W. L. Walker, D.D. His books are the cherished possession of those to whom they have come publishing peace. Even on the War, and after all that has been written regarding the lessons to be learnt from it, he has something fresh and invigorating to say.

The title of his new book is *The War, God and Our Duty* (Scott; 2s. net). It has two sub-titles, these: (1) 'The Struggle viewed in the Light of the Reality of God,' and (2) 'Comfort for the Sorrowing and Hope for the Slain.' Together, title and sub-titles express its object clearly. And what they promise it fulfils.

Let us see what answer he has to give to one poignant question. 'We reap the benefits of those sacrifices; but surely we ought to ask ourselves seriously, *What of those who made them? Has our gain been their eternal loss?* We think of the thousands who have died, the greater number young lives, many of them by costly toil well equipped for other service, full of rich promise for a future they can never see on earth—a possession and a promise wholly and for ever lost if death ends all for them. But if death ends all for *them* it is also the end of all for the whole of us, and in that case all the sacrifices that have been made will be for no good to any one in the long run.

These lives have been laid down in sacrifice for the sake of others; let us say, for the sake of generations that are to follow. But Science assures us that *all life* on the earth must some time come to an end and the human race itself perish from off it. In that case, what ultimate sense or meaning would there be in those sacrifices that would thus come to nothing and be for no one's benefit in the end? All would be *at last* as if they had never been made. God seems to-day to be making it impossible for us to entertain such a belief. Indeed, what ultimate value or meaning would there be for human life itself if there be no destiny for the individual beyond the grave? We cannot think seriously of those sacrifices and believe that there is nothing remaining for those who make them. We feel it to be far more reasonable, in spite of all appearances, to say:

“For still we hope,
That in a world of wider scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Shall be completed; not undone.”

Under the title of *Mine Hour* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net) Miss Gertrude Hollis publishes a devotional companion to Holy Week. The thoughts that have come to her regarding the incidents of that Week are simply expressed, and the writer never obtrudes herself between us and the Saviour. Let us read and meditate.

The Ven. J. H. Srawley, D.D., Archdeacon of Wisbech, has edited *The Catechetical Oration of St. Gregory of Nyssa* for the 'Early Church Classics' series of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (2s. net). It is a cheap book, but it has cost the author much labour. For Dr. Srawley does nothing without doing it finally. In the Introduction he discusses three things—the Occasion and Date of the Catechetical Oration, Gregory of Nyssa as a Theologian, and the Editions and Text of the Treatise. The translation is occasionally illustrated by footnotes.

It is natural that in these days preachers should preach on *The Christian Armour* described in Eph 6¹⁰⁻¹⁸. Not many months ago Dr. J. H. Jowett published a volume of sermons on the subject. Now Dr. J. O. F. Murray, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, issues another

(S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net). It is scarcely a volume of sermons perhaps; it is rather a volume of materials for sermons. Dr. Murray himself calls it 'Studies.' There is, of course, accurate exegesis. There is also illustration, including anecdote. There is the appeal to the conscience, direct and unerring. And there is over all the atmosphere of devotion.

A volume has been published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, containing the 'Christian Faith and Practice' Series of National Mission Papers. The Series is divided into four groups. The first group is collected by the Rev. C. C. B. Bardsley; the second by three members of the English Church Union, whose names are not given; the third by the Rev. W. Temple; and the fourth by Professor Scott Holland. Each group contains from fourteen to twenty-five papers, and as the groups so also the papers vary in length. Let us take the third paper in the first group as a fair example of the whole. Its author is Bishop Moule and its title is Conversion. Within three pages Dr. Moule succeeds in telling us what Conversion is, what it does for us, and the demand that it makes upon the disciple as well as upon the open sinner. The title of the volume is *Christian Faith and Practical Papers* (2s. 6d. net).

Mr. George Preston Mains has written a plain popular conservative and yet modern book on the evidential value of *Religious Experience* (Abingdon Press; \$1.25). It is not a student's book; rather is it written for easy reading by those who, without violence, would have their half-formed ideas completed, or their half-beliefs strengthened. One feature is the appropriate and sometimes very telling use of quotation.

The menace of war has now become *The Menace of Peace*, and under that title Dr. George D. Herron has published a strong protest (Allen & Unwin; 2s. 6d. net). He quotes Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University: 'The one ray of hope out of the darkness is that this war may, because of the inherent forces at work, necessarily end in a draw.' And he answers, If so, the sacrifice has been in vain. The question is, What are the Allies fighting for? They are fighting for the will to love; they are fighting against the will to power.

Divine Humanity is the title which Mr. Alexander Pym has given to a book in which he sets forth a short answer to the chief of the theological problems of our time (Bennett; 5s. net). It is a book for the laity—the laity in theology—well-informed and well-written. It is at once critical and constructive. The following passage on the Fall will make its manner and its worth manifest.

‘In considering the question of sin we must take into account the apparent inconsistency existing between the scientific account of man’s ascent from the animal world and the Biblical account of a fall. Whereas biology regards man as the supreme development of ages of evolution, theology sees in him a partial failure. In the one case sin is the inevitable result of inexperience; in the other of wilful perversity. From the one point of view sin ushers in a new and brilliant epoch, signifying that the animal stage of instinctive action is passing away; from the other it is a terrible lapse of human nature and attended by far-reaching consequences. In any attempt to reconcile these two different aspects it must be remembered—first, that the course of evolution, though in the main upward, was irregular; secondly, that Adam, though sinless, was physically and spiritually undeveloped; and thirdly, that the narrative of man’s temptation and fall, as given in Genesis, is strictly allegorical. It is in this last consideration that the difficulty or solution lies:—difficulty, if a literal meaning is insisted upon; solution, if interpreted according to its obvious character. The truth which the allegory would seem to convey is that sin is a direct act of disobedience; it is hardly fair to press parallelisms in detail. The biological and theological points of view then are supplementary, as always. The one, which regards moral evil as the precursor of a new era of progress and as the unavoidable consequence of an animal ancestry, though true to a certain extent, is inadequate in that it fails to take account of human initiative. This defect is corrected by the other which declares that at some point in the course of evolution, as man stood at the dawn of human history with a newly awakened consciousness and a nascent sense of responsibility, his powers were equal to the task of regulating the fierce instincts of animal passion; but that in defiance of the ruling motive of the universe

he wilfully identified himself with the sensuous rather than the spiritual.’

Picus who is also Zeus—that is the title of one of Dr. Rendel Harris’s recent volumes (Cambridge: at the University Press). Who is likely to read it? Any one. Every one. It is all about the cult of the woodpecker—could anything be further away from your interests and mine? Yet any one may read it. Every one will read it who has the opportunity of looking into it. ‘In such an investigation,’ says Dr. Rendel Harris, at one stage of his progress, ‘our first care is to avoid dulness.’ Yes, that is the secret. He avoids dulness always. Oh that the preacher with so interesting a theme as the Gospel of the blessed God would avoid dulness as surely as this writer with his out-of-the-way and unattractive theme of the cult of the woodpecker!

Note one point. In his ‘History of Scotland’ (i. 27) Professor Hume Brown says that the Scottish King Girig or Grig who reigned from 877 to 900 earned the title of ‘Liberator of the Scottish Church.’ Then he proceeds: ‘On the strength of this reputation, whatever it may have implied, Girig acquired a posthumous fame far beyond that of his fellows. In the narratives of the later Scottish historians Girig grew into Gregory the Great, a paragon of princes, an Alfred and Charlemagne combined; and is still commemorated in the familiar name of St. Cyrus.’

That is to say Cyrus is a corruption of Girig or Grig, which is not disputed. Nor is it disputed that Girig or Grig became Gregory, for on one of the stones standing where once the ancient church of St. Cyrus stood there may still be read the words ‘Ecclesia Gregoria.’ Moreover the parish of St. Cyrus was once called Ecclesgreig, and the name still belongs to the chief estate in it. Thus St. Cyrus is St. Girig is St. Gregory is Ecclesia Gregoria is Ecclesgreig. And when the omniscient inhabitant, who is always at hand, tells you that Ecclesgreig is Eagle’s Craig, you do not give heed to him.

But then comes Dr. Rendel Harris. And he says that Ecclesgreig is probably Ecclescraig, which is crag or hill of the woodpecker. For the eccle is the omnipresent woodpecker, which has left its name in Ecclefechan (‘little eccle’), Carlyle’s birthplace, and elsewhere, and ‘it will

be seen that the Church will have to retire from the ownership of some of the places.'

In the Time of War (Paisley: Gardner; 6d. net) is the title of a volume containing three sermons 'from a Parish Pulpit.' The preacher's name is withheld. Why is it withheld? He cannot be ashamed of these earnest spiritual discourses. He cannot be afraid that he is not patriotic enough when he dares to be so Christlike.

Must not each one continually be asking himself, 'Am I doing all I can to spread the truth revealed to me, to bring in upon earth that perfect justice and co-operation which Jesus called the Kingdom of God?' The question is asked by Mr. Maurice L. Rowntree, B.A., in a little book which he has called *Co-operation or Chaos* (Headley Brothers; 6d net). He is concerned with the things that have brought this war upon us and the things that will follow after it. How shall we meet our responsibilities when the men return, our industrial responsibilities, our social responsibilities? His one answer is co-operation. And that answer he supports by fact and argument. For he is in dead earnest about the matter and speaks of that which he knows.

The question of the place to be given to women

in the Church is already a burning one, and it is not likely to cool for some time. For many people it is settled by the Apostolic precept and practice. How can we find that out? The answer is by reading a book entitled *Women in the Apostolic Church*, written by the Rev. T. B. Allworthy, M.A., B.D. (Cambridge: ~~Heffer~~; 3s. net). Mr. Allworthy is an exact scholar and a deep thinker. He has his convictions on this subject, formed by study of the New Testament and of the best literature, but he lays the whole of the evidence before us so clearly that we may form our own convictions independently. If this fine book is discovered and widely circulated it will remove much harmful prejudice and sensibly hasten the time when the will of God shall in this matter also be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

That the War will separate us from the German people throughout the rest of our mortal life seems certain now and the pity of it is great. But it is good, and it is true, that it will attach us to our allies. We shall know them better and knowledge will in every case bring sympathy and understanding. Let us welcome every effort that is made to bring us to a better knowledge. Let us welcome most heartily a book on *The Religions of our Allies* which has been written by the Rev. John A. Duke, B.D., Minister of Morningside United Free Church, Edinburgh (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). It is readable and it is reliable.

God's Discipline in the World.

BY THE REV. R. W. HARDING, B.D., CAMBRIDGE.

'Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it tares?'—Mt 13²⁷.

COMMENTATORS are divided about the application of this parable. The older, and more general view is that it refers to the course of discipline in the Church. Long and bitter controversies have raged round it between moderate men, and men of the 'Root and Branch' type who would forcibly purge the Church of all unreal members. A little reflection, however, shows that our Lord had a wider community in view. 'The field is the world,' not the Church. The 'harvest' is the sifting

judgment at 'the end of the world,' and all New Testament analogy points to the fact that that judgment will be for all men, and not simply for those who professedly belong to the community of God's elect. We are therefore justified in supposing that our Lord was here indicating the course of Divine discipline in history, and in the affairs and destiny of the world.

The parable is an illustration of the fact that Jesus was not the idle dreamer, the Utopian visionary, of some of His critics. He was open-eyed to facts. He recognized both good and evil