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is thus 'the mediator of a better covenant, which hath been enacted upon better promises' (8⁶). There is much in the detail of the argument that now sounds unfamiliar to us, but the conclusion is one that has universal significance, that Christ

meets a universal need in a universal way, because in His sacrifice and salvation all is personal, ethical, and spiritual, appealing solely and wholly to the moral conscience and religious consciousness of mankind.

Literature.

THE SCHOLAR AS PREACHER.

'THE SCHOLAR AS PREACHER' series could scarcely have been representative without a volume by the Rev. Alfred E. Garvie, D.D., Principal of New College, London. For Dr. Garvie is unquestionably both a scholar and a preacher. He is a scholar in order that he may be a preacher; he preaches as only a scholar can preach.

The title of the volume is timely. It is *The Master's Comfort and Hope*. The sermons it contains are all based on texts taken from Jn 13⁸¹ to Jn 14⁸¹. In short, it is a connected series of sermons on the great comfortable chapter of the Bible, the resort and consolation of all mourning and anxious people in all the generations of the Christian era.

And how admirably Dr. Garvie expounds his text and applies its wealth of consolation. As the dedication tells us, he has learnt in suffering what he utters in sermon. If we were compelled to select a sermon for special approbation, we think we should select the twelfth. Its title is 'The Power of Prayer in Christ's Name.' The text we need not indicate.

THE STUDY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Under the editorship of Dr. Gerald Birney Smith, Professor of Christian Theology in the University of Chicago, a volume has been prepared to which contributions have been made by many of the best American scholars, and of which the purpose is to guide the student of Christianity, or of any aspect of Christianity, to the nature of the subject and the best literature upon it. The volume has been issued in this country by the Cambridge University Press. The title is *A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion* (12s. 6d. net).

In every case the description of the subject to be studied, whether the Old Testament or the New, whether Early Christianity or Mediæval, whether Systematic Theology or Practical, is well done; in most cases it is a triumph of masterly condensation. The lists of literature could, of course, be criticised: who ever saw a list that could not? But the lists of literature also are the product of real scholarship and breadth of outlook.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

'There can, at least, be no doubt that the twentieth century opens with a very remarkable revival of general interest in philosophy; and, as I have tried to show, it is not the least hopeful sign of this movement that the impulse has come not so much from the professional philosophers as from men of science, in virtue of insights reached and problems raised in the progress of scientific thought. There is, doubtless, as always where a movement spreads to wider circles, much crude statement and wild theorizing by philosophically uninstructed writers. But there is a hopefulness even in the determination expressed in so many quarters to be done with academic tradition, and to discuss the universe from its foundations entirely without prejudice. There is a new spirit abroad in the philosophical world, a freshness of outlook, a contagious fervour, a sense of expectancy, which have long been absent from philosophical writing. The greater part of the nineteenth century was, philosophically, a period of reaction and criticism, an age great in science and in history, but suspicious of philosophy, distrustful of her syntheses, too occupied for the most part with its own concrete work to feel the need of them, and otherwise prone to take refuge in positivism or agnosticism. The philosophy of the century was in these circumstances mostly in a minor key, critical and historical

rather than creative, reviewing its own past and demonstrating the necessity of its own existence, rather than directly essaying the construction of experience. But now it seems as if, with a century's accumulation of fresh material, philosophy were girding herself afresh for her synthetic task.'

With these words Professor A. Seth Pringle-Pattison closes the fourth of his Gifford Lectures on *The Idea of God in the Light of Recent Philosophy* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 12s. 6d. net). Now, it would be absurd to give the credit for this recovered interest in philosophy to any one man, but an unmistakable share of the credit is due to two men, to Professor William James of Harvard for his captivating command of language, and to Professor Pringle-Pattison himself for the clear and quiet method of his exposition and the sanity—the wholesomeness, we should like to call it—of his philosophical conclusions. His Aberdeen Gifford Lectures is only one of his works. It is just as comprehensible as the rest, just as clean-sweeping in the progress of its argument, just as convincing.

The Lectures move forward by criticism and construction. It is not possible to separate any number of them (say the First Course) and call them critical, while the rest are called constructive. Still, it is without doubt correct to say that the thirteenth Lecture contains the conclusion to which the first twelve look forward, and that the remaining seven look back to it and are there to strengthen its conclusion. What is the conclusion? We shall answer in a few selected sentences. 'As in the quest of beauty, so in the life of moral endeavour. The best and noblest looks up to a better and nobler; with a strange mingling of ardour and despair he strains his eyes towards an unapproachable perfection. Hence Browning's familiar paradox that life's success lies in its failures, and that the divine verdict, in contrast to the world's, is passed, not upon the paltry sum of a man's deeds and attainments, but upon the visions of goodness which were his own despair :

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.

Such a passage requires, of course, to be read with understanding. The question is not of the casual inoperative wish, or the formal acknowledgment of the more excellent way, on the part of those confirmed in self-indulgence. Obviously, where

there is no attempt, there can be no failure. It is the vision of goodness which has pierced a man with a sense of his own unworthiness, the ideal after which he has painfully limped—it is of these things that the poet speaks. And what I am concerned to emphasize is simply that, according to a doctrine of immanence rightly understood, man's 'reach' as well as his 'grasp' must be taken into account; for the presence of the ideal in human experience is as much a fact as any other. It is, indeed, much more; it is the fundamental characteristic of that experience.'

'Man's ideals are, in a sense, the creative forces that shape his life from within. They have brought him thus far, and they confer upon him the possibility of an endless advance. As Edward Caird puts it: "*Their* prophecies may be truer than history, because they contain something more of the divine than history has expressed as yet, or perhaps than it ever can fully express."

'Whence, then, are these ideals derived, and what is the meaning of their presence in the human soul? Whence does man possess this outlook upon a perfect Truth and Beauty and an infinite Goodness, the world of empirical fact being, as Bacon says, in proportion inferior to the soul? Man did not weave them out of nothing any more than he brought himself into being. "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves"; and from the same fontal Reality must be derived those ideals which are the master-light of all our seeing, the element, in particular, of our moral and religious life. The presence of the Ideal is the reality of God within us.'

'There can be no true doctrine of God which is not based on a true doctrine of man. Now the essence of human nature is just, as the poet expresses it,

Effort and expectation and desire
And something evermore about to be—

the contrast between the actual present and the unrealized future, passing into the deeper contrast between the "is" and the "ought-to-be," and the duality of what is commonly called the lower and the higher self, with the discord and the struggle thence resulting.'

'As soon as we begin to treat God and man as two independent facts, we lose our hold upon the experienced fact, which is *the existence of the one in the other and through the other*. Most people would

probably be willing to admit this mediated existence in the case of man, but they might feel it akin to sacrilege to make the same assertion of God. And yet, if our metaphysic is, as it professes to be, an analysis of experience, the implication is strictly reciprocal. God has no meaning to us out of relation to our own lives or to spirits resembling ourselves in their finite grasp and infinite reach; and, in the nature of the case, we have absolutely no grounds for positing his existence out of that reference.'

We have allowed the philosopher to speak for himself, brokenly, no doubt, but perhaps not mistakenly. We shall close with a short paragraph from a much earlier lecture: 'One thing at least the sequel should teach us—the faithlessness and the foolishness of despairing as to the future of the instincts and beliefs which constitute man's higher nature. These are indeed imperishable, the supreme example of that power of self-maintenance and of adaptation to changing circumstance which, science teaches us, is the characteristic of all that lives. Changes in our conception of nature may be fatal to one formulation after another; accidents of expression may drop away in deference to historical criticism, nay, much that *seemed* of the very essence of religious faith may have to be left behind. But each time that the earthly body of a belief is laid in the dust, it receives a more glorious spiritual body, in which it continues to function as of old in the heart of man. Timid theologians who tremble for the ark of God at every advance of scientific knowledge do but repeat the sacrilege of Uzzah in the sacred legend, smitten by the anger of heaven for his officious interference. Faith, which is an active belief in the reality of the ideal, is the very breath by which humanity lives, and it will reconstitute itself afresh as long as the race endures.'

SWINBURNE.

It is important, we are told, that a man should choose his parents well. It is scarcely less important that he should choose well his biographer. What some biographers would have made of *The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne* we shudder to think. What Mr. Edmund Gosse has made of it (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net) gives us the pleasure of a perpetual astonishment.

For Swinburne was simply an oddity. And he was an oddity not in appearance only, and not only

in manner, but also in mind and in spirit. Listen to Mr. Gosse himself—and remember that he never gives Swinburne away. This is their first meeting in 1870. 'I have to confess that there was something in his appearance and in his gestures which I found disconcerting, and which I have a difficulty in defining without a suspicion of caricature. He was not quite like a human being. Moreover, the dead pallor of his face and his floating balloon of red hair had already, although he was but in his thirty-third year, a faded look. As he talked to me, he stood, perfectly rigid, with his arms shivering at his sides, and his little feet tight against each other, close to a low settee in the middle of the studio. Every now and then, without breaking off talking or bending his body, he hopped on to this sofa, and presently hopped down again, so that I was reminded of some orange-crested bird—a hoopoe, perhaps—hopping from perch to perch in a gait. The contrast between these sudden movements and the enthusiasm of his rich and flute-like voice was very strange. In course of a little time, Swinburne's oddities ceased to affect me in the slightest degree, but on this first occasion my impression of them was rather startling than pleasant.'

About his outward appearance, and the occasional effect of it, there is a good story. 'Jowett determined that it would be best that Algernon should leave Oxford for a season, soon after entering his twenty-third year. He found an excuse for sending him to read modern history with William Stubbs, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, but then known as a learned young clergyman who had taken a country living that he might devote himself to the study of ecclesiastical registers. His parish was the strictly agricultural one of Navestock, near Romford in Essex, where he had quite recently married the mistress of the village school. To this amiable couple the republican was duly sent as a private pupil. Swinburne, a little in disgrace, but absolutely imperturbable, arrived at Navestock on a summer Saturday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, on the supposition that he must be tired, kindly suggested that he should have his sleep out, and be excused from attending morning service in the parish church. The poet's breakfast was served in his bedroom, but when the vicar started for church Swinburne perceived that it was a glorious day, and reflected that it was a pity not to be out of doors. The vicarage of Navestock stands

close to the churchyard, and to approach the church from the village every one must pass the gate of the vicarage garden. Swinburne, who had a preference for strong colours, slipped his feet into a pair of scarlet slippers, arrayed himself in a crimson dressing-gown, and sauntered out into the garden. The bell now summoned the parish to its devotions, and it occurred to Swinburne that it would be interesting to see what sort of people went to church in Essex on Sunday mornings.

'So, with the sun lighting up his great head of hair like a burning bush, with his robe all crimson to the ankles, and his vermilion shoes on his feet, he leaned pensively over the gate. The earliest worshippers began to come along the lane, but one and all stopped at a respectful distance, nor dared to pass the flaming apparition. Swinburne grew more and more interested in the silent, swelling crowd that now began to block the lane. Meanwhile there was an ecclesiastical deadlock; not a worshipper appeared in church, until Stubbs, at a loss to account for the absence of his parishioners, bade the clerk to ring again. Still no parishioners! But at last the boldest man in Navestock, fixing his eyes on the poet and hugging the farther hedge, made a bolt past for the churchyard, and the entire congregation followed him in a rush. Swinburne reflected "how oddly the Essex yokel takes his Sunday service," and then strolled back to the vicarage to dress for luncheon. This was his version of the incident, which Stubbs on his part was wont to tell in more or less similar terms.'

As for Swinburne's mind and spirit, we have the poems, and we have many an outrageous scene described in the biography. He was apparently without either moral or religious sensibility, or as nearly so as a man outside a lunatic asylum can be. 'In the summer of 1862 a distinguished party assembled at Fryston [Lord Houghton's place]; it included Venables, James Spedding, the newly appointed Archbishop of York (William Thomson), and Thackeray, the latter having brought his two young daughters, afterwards Lady Ritchie and Mrs. Leslie Stephen. Lady Ritchie recalls for me that the Houghtons stimulated the curiosity of their guests by describing the young poet, who was to arrive later. She was in the garden on the afternoon of his arrival, and she saw him advance up the sloping lawn, swinging his hat in his hand, and

letting the sunshine flood the bush of his red-gold hair. He looked like Apollo or a fairy prince; and immediately attracted the approval of Mr. Thackeray by the wit and wisdom of his conversation, as much as that of the two young ladies by his playfulness. On Sunday evening, after dinner, he was asked to read some of his poems. His choice was injudicious; he is believed to have recited "The Leper"; it is certain that he read "Les Noyades." At this the Archbishop of York made so shocked a face that Thackeray smiled and whispered to Lord Houghton, while the two young ladies, who had never heard such sentiments expressed before, giggled aloud in their excitement. Their laughter offended the poet, who, however, was soothed by Lady Houghton tactfully saying, "Well, Mr. Swinburne, if you *will* read such extraordinary things you must expect us to laugh." "Les Noyades" was then proceeding on its amazing course, and the Archbishop was looking more and more horrified, when suddenly the butler—"like an avenging angel," as Lady Ritchie says—threw open the door and announced, "Prayers! my Lord!"

That touches his moral sense. This his religious. It is a quotation from a letter addressed in 1875 to E. C. Stedman: 'A Theist I never was; I always felt by instinct and perceived by reason that no man could conceive of a *personal* God except by crude superstition or else by true supernatural revelation; that a natural God was the absurdest of all human figments; because no man could by other than apocalyptic means—that is, by other means than a violation of the laws and order of nature—*conceive* of any other sort of Divine purpose than man with a difference—man with some qualities intensified and some qualities suppressed—man with the good in him exaggerated and the evil excised. . . . But we who worship no material incarnation of any qualities, no person, may worship the Divine humanity, the ideal of human perfection and aspiration, without worshipping any god, any person, any fetish at all. Therefore I might call myself, if I wished, a kind of Christian (of the Church of Blake and Shelley), but assuredly in no sense a Theist.'

What has Mr. Gosse made of such a man? He has made him attractive, and even lovable. And he has written a biography that is quite likely to be read long after Swinburne's own writings are forgotten.

COMMUNITY.

Whatever else the future will demand of the Christian ministry, it will demand an interest in society. Already 'the social problem' has become the chief concern of some ministers, those especially who live in the great cities. It may be that it should never have become the chief concern of any minister of the Word and Sacraments. But in the future it will certainly become a concern, and a deep concern, of every person who is set apart for the gospel, wherever his lot is cast.

It would be wise therefore if ministers would prepare their minds by immediate study for the calls to be made upon them. What is Society? What is a Community? What is an Association? What is a State? These questions are all answered by Professor R. M. Maciver, D.Phil., in a very full and, we believe, very reliable volume of sociological study entitled *Community* (Macmillan; 12s. net). Dr. Maciver deals with those very terms throughout his book, and he begins with a definition of them. For it is just because they are familiar to us that they demand definition. The science of Sociology has its language already made; it is the language of the people, but it is used without precision. The first thing is to give a definite meaning to each word in common use.

What then is Society? 'Wherever living beings enter into, or maintain willed relations with one another, there society exists.'

And what is a Community? 'By a community I mean any area of common life, village, or town, or district, or country, or even wider area. To deserve the name community, the area must be somehow distinguished from further areas, the common life may have some characteristic of its own such that the frontiers of the area have some meaning. All the laws of the cosmos, physical, biological, and psychological, conspire to bring it about that beings who live together shall resemble one another. Wherever men live together they develop in some kind and degree distinctive common characteristics—manners, traditions, modes of speech, and so on. These are the signs and consequences of an effective common life. It will be seen that a community may be part of a wider community, and that all community is a question of degree.'

What is an Association? 'An association is an organisation of social beings (or a body of social

beings as organised) for the pursuit of some common interest or interests. It is a determinate social unity built upon common purpose.'

And what is a State? A State is a community, but the term is not synonymous with community. 'Every State has rigid territorial limits, but the modern world, marked off into separate States, is not partitioned into a number of isolated communities. We have already seen that community is a matter of degree, that it is a network of social interrelations, here denser, here thinner, whose ever new-woven filaments join men to men across countries and continents. The State, unlike community, is exclusive and determinate. Where one State ends, another begins; where one begins, another ends. No man can owe allegiance to two States, any more than he can serve two masters, but he can enter into the life of as many communities as his sympathies and opportunities will allow.'

These definitions are explained and defended, and their explanation and defence may be said to be the book. Many matters of most urgent moment arise in the course of it. Has the Community a mind?—that is one matter. 'Community is not an organic, it is a spiritual unity. It rests on the common and interdependent purposes of social beings. But community is not therefore to be thought of as a greater mind or soul. There are two forms of spiritual unity, one the indissoluble unity of the single mind, the other the unity—or rather the harmony—of minds in social relations. The two forms of unity are totally disparate, yet nothing is more common, or more fatal to a true perspective of community, than the confusion of them. Because a community is a union of minds, it is not therefore itself a mind. Such a statement seems so obvious, and yet the contrary statement is explicitly made by distinguished sociologists such as M. Durkheim, and distinguished psychologists such as Mr. William M'Dougall.'

Another pressing question is the meaning of Nationality and its future. 'The intense consciousness of nationality, like the intense consciousness of race with which it is so easily confused, represents a stage in social development, and is the means by which a widened form of social unity is maintained. It fulfils a double service. Negatively, it is an important protest against false universal claims, the claim, for instance, of political Rome over the world, or, again, the claim of

ecclesiastical Rome over the world. It was largely through the spirit of nationality that these claims were overthrown. Positively, it provides a ground for the union of localities and for the reconciliation of classes, often in the past so widely separated in interests, giving a somewhat vague though often very effective sentimental community to those divided by hard distinctions of class, station, and culture. The idea of nationality is thus, on the other hand, an expression of the widened social thoughts of men. Again, and in consequence, the principle of nationality enables those who share it to unite effectively for the common pursuit of the concrete interests which also they share. It is the basis on which men build the association of the State, on which, through its aid, they realize in harmony that community of human interests which is deeper than all the differences of men.'

These references and quotations are enough to show that Professor Maciver is a clear thinker, and that a careful study of his book will give the necessary knowledge and confidence to those who have to apply the principles of sociology to daily life.

BALDER THE BEAUTIFUL.

Dr. Rendel Harris, before going out to the East, to be torpedoed, both going and coming, published a volume and gave it the title of *The Ascent of Olympus* (Longmans; 5s. net). It is an inquiry in Dr. Rendel Harris's manner, both erudite and alluring, into the origin of two Greek gods and two Greek goddesses, the gods being Dionysos and Apollo, and the goddesses Artemis and Aphrodite.

They are all traced to vegetables. They *are* vegetables. Dionysos is the ivy, Apollo the apple, Artemis the mugwort, Aphrodite the mandrake. For these vegetables had all healing properties, even magical and supernatural properties, and what is supernatural is to be worshipped, and what is worshipped (being personified) is a god. It is simple, the astonishment is that it is convincing. Dr. Rendel Harris never confounds his facts with his theories. He tells us plainly when he knows and when he speculates. And as we follow him breathlessly we gather stores of useful information and, better, stores of fruitful suggestion. It is impossible to quote his facts within a short compass, they are so indissoluble. Let us quote one of his speculations.

'Every one knows the Norse story of Balder the Beautiful, and of his death at the hand of the blind god Holdur, who, at Loki's malicious suggestion, shot him with an arrow of mistletoe. No one has been able to explain the myth of the death of Balder, but there have been various parallels drawn between the beautiful demi-god of the North and the equally beautiful Apollo among the Olympians: etymology has also been called in to explain Balder in terms of brightness and whiteness, and so to make him more or less a solar personage: but nothing very satisfactory has yet been arrived at. The Balder myth stands among the unsolved riddles of antiquity, complicated by various contradictory story-tellings, and apparently resisting a final explanation. Grimm was of the opinion that there was a Germanic Balder named Paltar, who corresponded to the Norse Balder, thus throwing the myth back into very early times indeed; and he brought forward a number of considerations in support of his theory, of greater or less validity.

'It has occurred to me that, perhaps, the *Apel-dur*, *Apel-dre*, and *Appeldore*, which we have been considering, may be the origin of Balder, and of the Paltar of Grimm's hypothesis, in view of the occurrence of the corresponding forms mentioned above in the Middle High Dutch. If, for instance, the original accent in *apple* (*abál*) is, as stated above, on the second syllable, then it would be easy for a primitive *apál-dur* to lose its initial vowel, and in that case we should not be very far from the form Balder, which would mean the apple-tree originally and nothing more. That the personified apple-tree should be killed by an arrow of mistletoe is quite in the manner of ancient myth-making; and the parallels which have sometimes been suggested between Balder and Apollo would be not parallels but identities. Apollo would be Balder, and Balder Apollo.'

LIVELY RECOLLECTIONS.

The Rev. Canon John Shearme has named his book of memories *Lively Recollections* (Lane; 5s. net), and he has named it well. There is not a dull page in it. The personal element is always present, giving human interest. And it is always present inoffensively. For in all the book there is neither foolish vanity nor mock modesty, to disturb the reader's enjoyment.

Canon Shearme has had to do with celebrities

not a few, right up to the highest in the land. When he was an undergraduate in Oxford he had this experience: 'One day I was hurrying to drill. Swinging along St. Aldgate's, rifle in hand, I suddenly came into collision with a young man rounding the corner of Carfax, and my rifle ran into him and momentarily deprived him of his breath. I apologized profusely and helped him to recover himself. It was not till he had walked some paces on his way that I recognized the dog and the person of His Royal Highness [the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII.]. When next we met in the street, the Prince smiled good-humouredly and said, "I think I will give you a wide berth!" He knew me very well by sight, as I belonged to a glee club which often sang before him.'

If you think that that points to awkwardness or ungallantry, listen to this. The Queen and Prince Albert came to Oxford to see their son. 'They paid a visit to Christ Church, and the great gates of Tom were closed to prevent the crowd from following them. I, however, having made friends with a detachment of police, who furnished me with a long staff, entered with them into Tom Quad, and from thence found my way to the library, whither the Queen had gone; and I waited on the steps outside. Just before Her Majesty reappeared from the library, a slight shower of rain fell, wetting the pavement. Inspired by the example of Sir Walter Raleigh, I hastily whisked off my gown and spread it out for the Queen to step on, which she did, to my great pride and delight. Small wonder that my gown, hallowed by the touch of Her Majesty's feet, became a coveted treasure. It soon mysteriously disappeared from my possession, and I saw it no more!'

Such lively recollections as these run right through the book. In later years Canon Shearme preached before Her Majesty, dined with Her Majesty, and after dinner told Her Majesty stories, so that 'the Queen laughed very heartily and the Empress Frederick drew near to join in the fun.'

Here is an illustration of a Scripture text—have you ever seen a prettier? 'In August, 1880, Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, being somewhat out of health, came down to Holmbury to recover, and on one Saturday during his stay a Cabinet Council was held there, at which the Duke of Argyll; Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary; John Bright, and several other members of the Government were present.

'Early on Sunday morning, August 15th, I received a note from Mr. Leveson-Gower asking me to reserve two pews for his guests. Now our church was a free and open one, and so strongly did Mr. Street, its founder, feel with regard to this matter that he had placed a marble tablet in the ante-chapel with the following text engraved upon it:

"If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; Are ye not then partial in yourselves, and become judges of evil thoughts? Jas. ii. 2, 3, 4."

'This being the case, I referred the matter to my churchwardens, Mr. Street and Mr. Frank Walton, R.I., the well-known landscape painter. They consulted together, and feeling that a principle was involved, courteously replied to Mr. Leveson-Gower that no seats could be reserved, but that they would undertake to find sufficient room for his guests if they arrived in good time before the service. And so it happened that, on that and many other occasions, peer and peasant were seated side by side in the church.'

Once, we think, Canon Shearme's memory must be at fault. One of those who attended church on the occasion just referred to was John Bright. 'I could not help noticing the enormous size of John Bright's broad-brimmed hat, which he deposited on the floor outside his seat. I think it would have taken any two ordinary heads to fill it.' The 'enormous size' is all right, but not the 'broad-brim,' for Mr. Trevelyan in his *Life of John Bright* assures us that he never wore a broad-brimmed hat. Canon Shearme has got the idea from *Punch*, where (in order to show that Bright was a Quaker) the broad-brimmed hat always appeared.

A MYSTICAL LIFE OF CHRIST.

A mystical Life of Christ has been written by 'Elizabetha,' and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul under the title of *The Prophet of Nazareth* (6s. net). It is neither historical nor critical; it is neither devotional nor practical. It is mystical. Every act of the Life of the Master is dealt with

mystically, the outward fact being always considered of any account solely because it contains the inner secret.

Take the chapter 'Concerning the Resurrection.' It opens in this way: 'Taken literally, the "resurrection," the arising, or *reappearance* of the Master after the "decease"—though in His case disappearance of the purely physical form—was no new thing. Such manifestations, in lesser degree, had occasionally taken place long before, and have taken place since. After the cruel murder, for instance, of Thomas à Becket, he showed himself in vision to one of the devoted monks who had sought to protect him from his assailants, saying, "I am not dead," and pointed to his partly healed wounds. The monk was able to see the martyr and to hear his message. For the wounds of the physical body remain for a time as scars upon the more spiritual astral form. And in the case of a Master, a phantasmal body, appearing and disappearing, can be used at will. The "perfect" possess these powers. But a far deeper truth lies here. And it lies in the "resurrection" of the God within the man, the victory of the divine life—through sacrifice—of the Eternal One, the triumph of the true Life over Death, as casting out the perishable surroundings of earth. For the "dead" are they who slumber in the physical world, amid its fleeting dream-illusions, and who realize not the high planes of life and being to which man may attain when he overcomes the lower lives, and realizes and enters into the true kingdom of spiritual existence.'

Again, and a little further on: 'When the great work of initiation is in process, and little by little the outer and lower world to which we cling (knowing no other through the physical senses) recedes before the power and glory of a higher estate dawns—then comes the darkness. "*Why hast Thou forsaken me?*" is the cry of him around whom all things seem to fade and fall into ruins; and even in that supreme hour of sacrifice and renunciation the work of transmutation is achieved, and "*it is finished.*"

'From that time the man is a son of the Father, and appears and lives under other conditions. And he attains ever higher planes of knowledge, perception and power. The matter of the physical world at last is in his grasp; he comes and goes at will, and whither he would, knowing no hindrances, and no barriers. He knows how to use

his vehicles, to wear this garment, or that. By the "perfect" the phantasmal form can be used which appears and disappears, and can assume solidity. He has won true wisdom and an eternal victory, and "as within, so without."

Has this ever been done before, or done so minutely? It is a very closely printed octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages.

ST. OPTATUS.

St. Optatus was Bishop of Milevis. He wrote a book against the Donatists. It is a scarce book. It is scarce in any language. Until 1870 even the original Latin was out of reach of all persons who had not access to the largest libraries. It could be found in Migne's *Patrologia Latina*, but how many persons possess a Migne? Now, however, the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, B.A., has published an English version with Notes and Appendixes of *The Work of St. Optatus, Bishop of Milevis, against the Donatists* (Longmans; 12s. 6d. net), and the least known of all the Fathers of the Church may be well known easily.

Why should Optatus be studied? Because he wrote so emphatically about the Church. That is his subject. He wrote that the Church, 'she and she alone is One; she and she alone is truly Catholic. In fact this is her name—*Catholica*. She alone is Apostolic—Apostolic for this reason, that all over the world ("ubique") her children are in communion with the *Cathedra Petri*, the See of that Apostle to whom alone the Lord promised the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven—the See "against which to contend is sacrilege." And writing so about the Church, he wrote similarly about the Sacraments. He 'affirms explicitly the truth of Baptismal Regeneration; again and again makes reference to the Sacrifice of the Altar; states the doctrine of the Real Presence in words that are incapable of any misunderstanding.'

That is the reason why Mr. Vassall-Phillips has translated St. Optatus and annotated him. In some other matters he does not approve of his saint. St. Optatus 'argued that "perchance" the sufferings of the Donatists were "by the will of God," and endeavoured to justify them by several parallels from the Old Testament.' That seems to his translator 'exceedingly regrettable,' but even for that he finds excuse in the circumstances and in the clearness of his declarations about the Church.

The translation is well made, not too literal and not too fine: we have compared it here and there with Migne. The notes, too, are scholarly and useful. Look, for example, at the long note on page 50 on the different meanings of the expression 'Catholic Church.' At the end of the volume there is a fine reproduction of a map of ecclesiastical Africa: the date is 1702.

The Rev. E. A. L. Clarke, A.K.C., has 'composed, translated, and compiled' *The People's Missal*, and Mr. Allenson has published it in a form that will at least command attention to it. For it is beautifully printed on India paper, and it is illustrated by charming reproductions of Frederic Shield's pictures in the chapel of the Ascension, Bayswater (5s. net).

But what is the People's Missal? 'The People's Missal follows the Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion, according to the use of the Church of England, with customs appropriate to English worship, as anciently at Sarum; and with private devotions for priest and people, in maintenance of Common Prayer.' It contains (1) the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels from the Book of Common Prayer and other Proper of Seasons; (2) Collects and Lections supplementary to the Book of Common Prayer, suggested for private devotion; (3) Collects and Occasional Prayers for Memorials at the Divine Service; (4) Eucharistic Devotions according to the Day of the Week; (5) Additional Prayers and Personal Devotions; (6) Prayers of the Passion; (7) Cautels from the Sarum Missal; (8) the Duties of the Ministers at a Solemn Eucharist; and (9) the Canon of the Holy Sacrifice.

The new number of the *Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society* (Bapt. Union Pub. Dep.; 6s. net), contains no fewer than ten articles, together with the title-page and index to the fifth volume. Among the articles there is one, most useful, on Baptist Periodicals. We hope the Editor will complete it some day.

Not for war recipes but for most useful and surprising information on food for all time, consult *One Hundred Points in Food Economy*, by J. Grant Ramsay, F.R.E.S. (Bell; 1s. net).

It is no doubt under the influence of the war and its problems that Mr. C. Delisle Burns has written a book on *Greek Ideals* (Bell; 5s. net). From beginning to end he seems to set our ideals by the side of the ideals of the Athenians, and he means that we should learn the lessons of the comparison and the contrast.

What were the Greek Ideals? First, a life in society, and a character completely social. Secondly, society religious, a religious union, expressing its religious life in its festivals. Thirdly, room left for free local development and for the beginnings of individual liberty. Those are the principal matters. But there were other ideals, such as that of a sane mind in a sane body. They are all described by Mr. Burns with easy command of language and of knowledge.

And on the whole with truth. But he has his prejudices. One is violent. Let us have it in his own words lest we misrepresent him: 'Preaching was, happily, unknown in Athens. When Greeks spoke of teaching they generally meant an incitement to creative and spontaneous thought, not an inculcation of precepts or a repeating of information; but preaching as distinct from teaching is generally a rhetorical obfuscation of already obsolete issues by a person secure from immediate criticism or questioning. So great is the confusion of modern terms that those who desire a serious drama seem to imagine that the stage should be used as a pulpit. It may be so; although it seems unfair that those who have escaped from being preached to death by a mad curate should find themselves in a theatre the victims of a tub-thumper. In any case there is nothing Greek about that kind of didactic drama. The whole festival of Dionysus is a repudiation of such dry-as-dust moralising. For when the Greeks looked to the poets for teaching, they expected to be roused to thought and induced to criticise not only their teachers but the gods themselves.'

Who will take offence at such outspokenness? Only those who deserve it. It is a fine sympathetic study of a subject which we cannot spend too much time in studying if we are to be fit to take our place in the social life that is to be ours when the war is over.

Six lectures on 'Ancient Buddhism as a Discipline of Salvation' were delivered by Professor L. de la Vallée Poussin, under the Hibbert Foundation, in

the spring of last year. They are now published at the Cambridge University Press under the title *The Way to Nirvana* (4s. 6d. net). Now Professor Poussin is our very first Buddhist scholar. His knowledge of Ancient Buddhism is not only unsurpassed but probably unsurpassable. His enthusiasm is inexhaustible. And he can speak and write good English. This is the book to read and rely upon. There are more pitfalls for the unwary in the study of Buddhism than of any other religion. What is known is known to Professor Poussin and no one need fear to trust him.

The four lectures on *The Increase of True Religion* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. net), which Dr. W. Cunningham addressed to the Clergy and Church Workers of the Archdeaconry of Ely, must have called upon every ounce of their hearers' mind to follow them. For they carry an argument right through from the beginning of the first lecture to the end of the last; and the sentences are sometimes long and difficult. But they are good to read. The thought is clear, the language is lofty, the subject is of surpassing consequence. What must we do that when the war is over we may be able to preach Christ better than ever we preached Him before? There are four answers, and these four are one. First, we must learn the truth until we know it; next, we must hold it with assurance; thirdly, we must make one truth a stepping-stone to another and higher truth; and lastly, we must be personally powerful and attractive.

A volume of quite unexpected interest (at least to the theologian) has been issued from the Cambridge University Press under the title of *Science and the Nation* (5s. net). It contains a series of papers contributed by leading specialists in scientific research, together with an Introduction by Lord Moulton. The editor is the Master of Downing College, Mr. A. C. Seward, F.R.S.

The purpose of the contributions is to draw attention to the national value of Pure Science. The war has driven us to the necessity of encouraging the Applied Sciences. But every step in the progress of Applied Science depends upon a previous step in the study of Pure Science. This fact is brought out clearly and convincingly by nearly all the contributors, and it is a fact of very remarkable interest. It is imperative therefore

that after the war the State should be generous as never before in the encouragement of Chemistry, Metallurgy, Mathematics, and other forms of pure research work.

The authors of these articles are not only eminent in their own branch of Science; they can also write well, some of them exceedingly well. A more delightful article as pure literature than that of Professor Bragg on 'Physical Research' we have not read for some time. And yet Mr. Rosenhain's article on 'The Modern Science of Metals' is scarcely less delightful. Our Professors of English Literature will have to 'go to the Front.'

Are the men who return from the battle to return better men or worse? No one, no chaplain who has studied the matter, seems able to decide. A book is issued by two chaplains, able men and unprejudiced, the Rev. T. W. Pym and the Rev. Geoffrey Gordon, but they cannot decide. They call their book *Papers from Picardy* (Constable; 4s. 6d. net). And never did chaplains write with more sense of responsibility, with more feeling for reality. But they do not altogether agree. Both discuss the discipline of the army, Will it be good for the men in the future? Mr. Pym on the whole says No, Mr. Gordon on the whole says Yes. Mr. Gordon does not seem to agree entirely with himself. In one place he says, 'We are often told that the men who have faced death in the trenches will return to civil life with a quickened spiritual outlook. It is possible, and in the case of some it is certain, but on the other hand the material ugliness of war is here so horribly in the foreground that it is just as likely that in many of us, our sense of the spiritual will be, not awakened, but deadened.' In another place he speaks of 'devotion to a cause that outweighs and overrides the claims of self-interest as the main cause of the great uplift that has been given to men's characters in these last two years of war.' Yet it is a book of quite exceptional value—so honest are these two chaplains and so unusually well informed.

Mr. Walter M. Gallichan is a ready writer of popular books on life and conduct. His latest volume he calls *Life Enjoyable* (Grafton; 3s. 6d. net). He believes that we may all enjoy life, but we must set about it in the right way. It is his business in this book to show us what that way is.

There is a Street Children's Union in Birmingham and it has a magazine. To the magazine certain eminent men and women have contributed articles on the treatment of street boys and girls during the war. The most original of the articles is 'The Way to Laugh,' by Mr. W. Pett Ridge. The idea is that the superintendent of a Union or other Mission should be able to make the members (especially if they are boys) laugh 'when he cares to.' It is the way to maintain discipline. And Mr. Pett Ridge is right. But you have first to find your superintendent.

Well, all these articles are now gathered into a volume which is called *War and the Citizen* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). It contains a portrait of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, because he has contributed an Introduction to it.

The new part of *Ancient Egypt* (Macmillan; 2s.)—it is Part I., 1917—arrests the eye at once through the beautiful plate in colour of water lilies of Ancient Egypt which forms its frontispiece. Then comes the article on the water lilies by Dr. W. D. Spanton, well written and well illustrated throughout—quite enough to give distinction to this part and enlargement of circulation to the quarterly. Few quarterlies can afford to offer such fine work as this. There is also, however, in this part 'An Architectural Sketch at Sheikh Said,' by N. de Garis Davies, and an article by Professor Flinders Petrie himself on 'Egypt and Mesopotamia'—not to be missed in the present expectation.

How does Kultur differ from Culture? The best answer is Professor John Burnet's in *Higher Education and the War* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). Dr. Burnet's object is the encouragement of a perplexed nation in the use of Greek and Latin as instruments of a liberal education. And a fine generous case he makes out. But, as the way of the best educators is, he drops valuable information at every step; and amongst other valuable items he tells us clearly the difference between Kultur and Culture. In a word, Kultur is national, Culture is patriotic, and 'it is an ill day for a people when it mistakes nationalism for patriotism.'

Mr. William Scott Palmer is one of the contributors to *Faith or Fear*. He has now written a book of his own, and called it *Providence and Faith* (Macmillan; 2s. 6d. net). A very modern

book it is, and yet it is very loyal to the Christian Gospel. The author is more drawn to the Gospel than to the Churches which offer it or the Creeds which contain it. Yet he has a creed of his own. Perhaps he would accept this prayer as the expression of it. 'I remember,' he says, 'the "Gorsedd Prayer," a copy of which has just been sent me by an Irish friend, and which runs thus:

Grant, O God, thy protection;
And in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, knowledge of the Just;
And in knowledge of the Just, love of it;
And in that love, the love of all existences;
And in the love of all existences, the love
of God and all goodness.'

Part of Mr. Palmer's creed (to be more precise) is the identification of the risen Christ with the Holy Spirit. Will that stand? Turn to the accomplished theologian. In Professor William Morgan's new book on *The Religion and Theology of Paul* we find the identification stated unreservedly. For Paul, says the theologian, it will certainly stand. So this is not a heretical book, but it is very modern and it is very outspoken.

In order to discuss the social problems of the day a small group of scholarly men have formed themselves into a Collegium; and now they have published the first-fruits of their discussion in the form of a volume with the title of *Competition* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). The volume contains ten papers. No names are attached to the papers, but five names are given on the title-page: John Harvey, J. St. G. C. Heath, Malcolm Spencer, William Temple, and H. G. Wood—and we are told that after the papers were written by these men separately they were discussed by the whole Collegium, and accepted as expressing the united opinion.

The social problem is caused by competition. Get competition right and social life will be right. But how? The answer is by fellowship. Explain and encourage fellowship, in the home life and in business life, and the problem will be solved. And that is another way of saying explain and encourage the Christian life. For 'the Christian Church stands for an ideal of fellowship which is ignored and indeed denied and violated by the competitive

system of industry and the existing social order. If she be true to herself, the Church must proclaim her standard, and make men uncomfortable concerning the plain contradictions that subsist between our political and industrial life on the one hand, and our religious and moral ideal on the other.'

It is certainly a notable book. It is notable for much, especially for the unembittered but keenly-felt sense of responsibility that runs throughout it.

The Rev. Charles Jerdan, LL.B., D.D., is a writer of sermons for children. He has written and published so many that he might almost be called the writer of sermons for children of our day. We have been curious to know how he preaches to adults. We know now. He has issued a volume—handsome and attractive—containing a selection of the sermons which he has preached to his adult congregations during fifty years of ministry. 'A Ministerial Jubilee volume, 1867-1917,' he calls it. The title is *The Wells of Salvation* (Oliphants; 3s. 6d. net).

The adult sermons are extraordinarily like the children's sermons. Is it the case, after all, that his children's sermons are really adult sermons? That cannot be, for men have told us that they found his sermons for children the best of any for suggesting sermons to their own children. It must be that he considers his people just grown-up children, and, preaching always the simplicity that is in Christ, can call the sermon by any name he pleases. He could not very well address the sermon on 'We spend our years as a tale that is told' to children, but he can preach it, and does preach it, so that the children also will listen to it.

A man's sermons, however many they be, are like a man's children. How could Dr. Jerdan slay so many innocents as to save alive only thirty out of fifty years' preaching? How could he do it?

It is easy to write short Bible biographies and be interesting. The literature is plentiful, the interest of man in man is unfailling. But just as difficult is it to make progress in such writing. And what is the use of writing at all if it leaves us where it found us? The Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A., has written a book on *St. Paul's Friends* (R.T.S.; 3s. 6d. net), and has made progress. Try the biography of Luke, for example. Every item of knowledge unearthed by the research

of recent years has been appropriated, and in addition to that every text has been independently studied by an alert and furnished mind. The result is a Luke with a new face and a richer personality.

The Rev. Richard Free, M.A., B.D., F.R. Hist. S., Vicar of St. Clement's, Fulham, has written a book about the Church of England, its Parochial System, its Privileges, its Responsibilities, its Workers, and (its) War. And as he has written it for the people he calls it popularly *A Flight of Arrows* (Scott; 2s. net).

Six 'Sermons in Bad Times' have been preached by the Rev. F. A. Screeton, M.A., Vicar of Seacombe, and published with the title *The Nation's Need of Prophets* (Scott; 3s. net). That is really the title of the first sermon, but it serves for the whole; for the others are all national and prophetic. What, then, are the marks of a prophet? These two: Leadership and Reality. With these we shall win the world for Christ.

The Rev. James Stark, D.D., has published many books, mostly biographies. Why has he never until now published a volume of sermons? He knows that he is a preacher, acceptable especially to young men and women. Surely it is a case of mistaken modesty that he who knew all about the making of a book never made a book of his best preaching material? But he has done it at last—*The Lord is my Strength and Song* (Aberdeen: W. Smith & Sons; 2s. 6d. net)—and it is quite up to expectation. Sound in the faith, shot through with a knowledge of the human heart, expressed in chosen language. These gifts go to explain the secret of Dr. Stark's charm for men and women in their early life. But the charm of charms is his sincerity. Every word he utters rings true.

A new edition has been issued of *The Apocalypse of Baruch* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). Rather is it Dr. Charles's edition reissued with a most valuable new Introduction. The author of the Introduction is Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley, who has given himself so unreservedly to apocryphal and apocalyptic scholarship, and who, along with Mr. Box, edits the series of 'Texts important for the Study of Christian Origins,' to which the little book belongs.

In the same volume is printed an English

translation of 'The Assumption of Moses,' by William John Ferrar, M.A., with Introduction and Notes.

Professor H. F. B. Compston, M.A., of King's College, London, has told the story of a great charity, *The Magdalen Hospital* (S.P.C.K.; 7s. 6d. net). It is told in a handsome volume, quaintly illustrated, and no doubt it is good enough for all the care that has been given to it.

The Magdalen Hospital is known in the history of literature, especially Johnsonian literature, through what Mr. Compston calls 'the strange case of Dr. Dodd.' On that case he spends a whole chapter—and it is well spent. What a story! Only the more amazing the more fully it is told. That chapter alone gives the book a strong human interest.

If there was one bad, how many good men and true, and women also (all good), there have been at the Magdalen Hospital. Their portraits and their memoirs are here.

Mr. Israel Zangwill delivered the Conway Memorial Lecture at South Place Institute on March 8, 1917. Its subject was *The Principle of Nationalities*. It is now issued by Messrs. Watts & Co. (9d. net). It is a pressing subject, and far more difficult to understand than we think. Let us try to understand it, that we may take an intelligent interest in the Balkan and other questions when the war is over. Let us read Mr. Zangwill's lecture.

'This is a sad time for the secularist.' There is of course always 'the decay of churchgoing' to rejoice in. But the life of religion, which it is his

business to put an end to, was never more vigorous and never more Christian. How openly Philosophy has come into touch with Christ may be seen in the most recent of the Gifford Lectures by Professor Pringle-Pattison. The approach of Science is still more evident. No doubt the secularist can count his thousands among half-educated youths; but it can be no joy to find that as these youths grow in understanding they leave the secularist literature behind them.

It is the desire of Mr. Joseph McCabe to be read by the philosopher and the scientist. What qualifications has he? He will tell us himself. 'The accidents of life,' he says, 'led me, first, as an ecclesiastical professor, to acquire a thorough command of theology, church-history, and religious philosophy, and then to spend twenty years in the study of science and history. It has therefore been my good fortune to have leisure to study minutely every aspect of the religious controversy.' More than that, Mr. McCabe can put a good face upon things. He knows that the world is not going well for secularism, and so he calls his new book *The Bankruptcy of Religion* (Watts; 5s. net). It is as clever as its title, and as irrelevant. Instead of considering, as so thorough a scholar ought to do, why people will persist in being religious after all that he has written against religion, he spends his space in asserting that they are not religious. Yet the book is far from being a failure. From first to last there is an evidently sincere and even urgent note of concern for morality. And thus the conviction is made stronger than ever that if religion without morality is not true religion, as it certainly is not, morality without religion is incredible in theory and impossible in practice.

Contributions and Comments.

Jael the Blessed.

I.

WILL you allow me a few words of remonstrance with regard to the estimate of Jael in 'A Study in Early Ethics,' pp. 349-354 of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for May? The ancient Semitic law about protecting a stranger who once has gained admission to your tent is surely subordinate to the

equally ancient and still binding law that the said strangers must refrain from passing the curtain or 'purdah' which separates the men's apartments from those of the women. It may be, in truth, only a thin rag which protects the reputation of matrons and maidens alike, quite as effectually as if it were built of adamant. Many Christian writers, even if they have travelled in Eastern lands, cannot rid themselves of Western ideas, and make the same mistake, attributing to Jael