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that therefore our Lord has said, "in my Father's house are many mansions (ἐν τοῖς τῶν πατρὸς μου μοναῖς εἶναι πολλὰς)." A good case can be made out for connecting the passage with Papias. It deals with his favourite subject of eschatology, and it represents his method of blending traditions of

the elders with his own interpretations of Scripture. If it comes from him, there is a presumption that he was acquainted with the Fourth Gospel or one of its sources, but, of course, this saying of Jesus (Jn 14²) may have simply been current in oral tradition.

Literature.

MALORY.

MR. ALFRED W. POLLARD has spent time in modernizing Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*. We envy him the duty for the pleasure of it. We might not have been able to do it, for this is the work that is so easy to do and so difficult to do well. But the longer the labour the greater the pleasure, for you must live with Malory, as Tennyson did, to know how remunerative he is.

Mr. Pollard has done well, but with all his doing the book would have been only half the joy it is had not Mr. Arthur Rackham been enlisted on the illustrating of it. The plates are so characteristic and so artistic that few but Malory could outshine them.

The title is *The Romance of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net).

NATIONALISM.

'Have you not seen, since the commencement of the existence of the Nation, that the dread of it has been the one goblin-dread with which the whole world has been trembling? Wherever there is a dark corner, there is the suspicion of its secret malevolence; and people live in a perpetual distrust of its back where it has no eyes. Every sound of a footstep, every rustle of movement in the neighbourhood, sends a thrill of terror all around. And this terror is the parent of all that is base in man's nature. It makes one almost openly unashamed of inhumanity. Clever lies become matters of self-congratulation. Solemn pledges become a farce,—laughable for their very solemnity. The Nation, with all its paraphernalia of power and prosperity, its flags and pious hymns, its blasphemous prayers in the churches, and the literary

mock thunders of its patriotic bragging, cannot hide the fact that the Nation is the greatest evil for the Nation, that all its precautions are against it, and any new birth of its fellow in the world is always followed in its mind by the dread of a new peril. Its one wish is to trade on the feebleness of the rest of the world, like some insects that are bred in the paralysed flesh of victims kept just enough alive to make them toothsome and nutritious.'

The quotation is from Sir Rabindranath Tagore's book on *Nationalism* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). It is enough to show what opinion Tagore has of patriotism as it is professed by some patriots. It is a book which only a few will be able to read with pleasure before the war is over. But then—

PRIEST OF THE IDEAL.

Mr. Stephen Graham will make what he writes interesting, whatever his subject be. What is his subject in *Priest of the Ideal* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net)? Look at Biggleswade. Biggleswade is a Chaplain to the Forces, home for a short rest. He tumbles into the company whose acquaintance we have made as if his entrance were an accident or an episode. But he represents the demand for a new world when the war is over—new books, new churches, new priests, and new prophets. He stands for the men at the front who are coming back with new thoughts and the resolve to realize them. Does Mr. Graham mean to tell us that we may give way too much to these demands?

An American millionaire, or agent of millionaires, comes to England for the purpose of buying up all the ancient historical monuments for which we no longer care. He would buy a cathedral and transport it stone by stone if he could find one for sale. He does buy gargoyles, jewels, and other things. Does Mr. Graham mean that we may go

too far in insisting on new ways of worship and the like? The advocates of a good classical education think that the cry for Science in the schools is in danger of sweeping away something that has made England great. Does Mr. Graham think that we run the risk of sweeping away all that has made England beautiful? He loves the Prayer Book, the Cathedral lawn, the walk between the hedges to an old old church with an old old parson. The American must not be allowed to carry them away as if we were done with them. When the men come back they must see that they come back to the same old England which they and we have loved all along. 'These old holy places, Glastonbury, Iona, Lindisfarne, and others are holy still. There is spiritual life in them and about them. They must re-emerge as great sources of spiritual redemption and healing power.'

Notice, further, the religious rightness of the book. Mr. Wells? Mr. Wells is an infant in religious thinking, Mr. Graham is a man. The less Mr. Wells knows the more unorthodox he is; Mr. Graham is whole-heartedly with historical Christianity, and intensely interesting.

CARDINAL XIMENES.

Messrs. Grafton of Coptic House, London, W.C., have published a biography of Cardinal Ximenes (10s. 6d. net), in a form that is fit for any drawing-room or the most exclusive shelf in any library. And the book is worth the care that has been given to it. The author is Mr. James P. R. Lyell, a noted bibliographer, who can write as not all bibliographers can. His biography of the great Spaniard is a model of conciseness. Yet the best part of the book and the most original is the long chapter in which Mr. Lyell describes the Complutensian Polyglot Bible. Neither the lover of old Bibles nor the lecturer on Bible Versions can neglect this account of the Complutensian. Mr. Lyell claims quite justly that the facts 'are to some extent presented now for the first time to English readers in detailed and connected form.' Among the rest, there is a new discussion of the Heavenly Witnesses text (1 Jn 5⁷).

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

'The *Lives* of St. Francis Xavier fall into three main classes—the erudite, the popular, and the

pious. An addition to the first or third of these groups would have been beyond the capacity of the present writer, even had they not already had abundant attention from the devout and the scholarly. But since the original letters and documents have been printed no popular Life of the Saint has appeared in England. The present work is an attempt to fill that blank.'

So says Edith Anne Stewart in her Preface to *The Life of St. Francis Xavier, Evangelist, Explorer, Mystic* (Headley Brothers; 12s. 6d. net). It is a modest claim. It is fulfilled and more.

First of all, however, the book is particularly pleasant to look upon. The publishers have recognized its worth and given it an appearance that is fitting. The book-lover will handle it fondly before he reads a word of it; and if he has an eye for art he will be satisfied with the reproductions of the old engravings that are in it.

The author's style is direct and unadorned, very different from the ornamental manner of the authors who wrote our 'popular' books in days gone by. But in her plainness there is often an intensity of feeling which is not far removed from the passion that turns prose into poetry. It is no purpose of the author to write poetry; she is a restrained and responsible historian. But the subject has taken possession of her, and we feel now and then the emotional thrill of the passage from the simple narrative to the epic vision. This is so most often when St. Francis is accomplishing one of his great acts of atonement.

The biography is very circumstantial. That is good. So comprehensive a soul as Xavier's is misinterpreted when only the outstanding events of his life are recorded. And every one of these events is misrepresented unless its circumstances are known. This is the biography that makes the deepest and the only abiding impression. And 'popular' as it is, those who read it through will be able to think that they have made a great man and a great movement in the history of Christianity their own. Now St. Francis is ours as well as Paul and Apollos and Cephas.

TENNYSON.

It is not the subject, it is the treatment of it, that makes the difference. In *Hearts of Controversy*, by Alice Meynell (Burns & Oates; 5s. net), the subjects are Tennyson, Dickens, Swinburne,

and the Brontës; and yet the attention is arrested at once and retained to the end. The more familiar the subjects, the more enjoyment. It is as if a friend had called to talk about some absent dear one, and discovered new aspects for our affection to rejoice in.

Perhaps the Tennyson essay is the most surprising. Is it not itself a surprise that a critic of keenest insight should give Tennyson the highest place? 'He is the captain of our dreams. Others have lighted a candle in England, he lit a sun.' Then there is the distinction between his style and his manner. He 'had both a style and a manner: a masterly style, a magical style, a too dainty manner, nearly a trick; a noble landscape, and in it figures something ready-made.' But again, the style asserts itself against the manner, and—'It is no dishonour to Tennyson, for it is a dishonour to our education, to disparage a poet who wrote but the two—had he written no more of their kind—lines of "The Passing of Arthur," of which, before I quote them, I will permit myself the personal remembrance of a great contemporary author's opinion. Mr. Meredith, speaking to me of the high-water mark of English style in poetry and prose, cited those lines as topmost in poetry:

On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Here is no taint of manner, no pretty posture or habit, but the simplicity of poetry and the simplicity of Nature, something on the yonder side of imagery.'

Turn for a moment to the essay on Charlotte and Emily Brontë, and note this judgment on Emily, and by Emily on us: 'Of Emily Brontë's face the world holds only an obviously unskilled reflection, and of her aspect no record worth having. Wild fugitive, she vanished, she escaped, she broke away, exiled by the neglect of her contemporaries, banished by their disrespect, outlawed by their contempt, dismissed by their indifference. And such an one was she as might rather have taken for her own the sentence pronounced by Coriolanus under sentence of expulsion; she might have driven the world from before her face and cast it out from her presence as he condemned his Romans: "I banish you."'

A SUPER-HARMONY.

It is a long time since we received a Harmony of the Gospels. Now that it has come we do not

wonder that it was long in coming. For the author, Dr. Henry Burton Sharman, who might so easily have reprinted one of the numerous Harmonies in existence with a few improvements; or at the most have caught the best features of each of them and produced a Harmony of Harmonies, has worked over the Gospels for himself, chapter by chapter, verse by verse, according to a plan that is altogether his own, and has given us a Harmony which deserves the description printed by the publishers on the cover, 'A Super-harmony of the Gospels.' Dr. Sharman's own title is simply *Records of the Life of Jesus* (New York: Doran; \$2.50 net). It is an extremely handsome royal octavo volume, beautifully printed on paper which no publisher can print on now in this country.

Dr. Sharman divides his Harmony into two parts, giving the Synoptics first, and then St. John by itself. Of his Method this is what he says: 'At no point throughout the work has any theory or hypothesis as to any literary or other relation of these records to one another had any part in the determination of the arrangement or the showing forth of the material. Mark is placed in the order of Mark; Luke is placed in the order of Luke, and John in its own order. In the case of Matthew only has any departure in order been made, and there for three chapters only (8-9-10) of the twenty-eight of that record. The departure made in that case was not based on any theory as to the source relations of the records, but resulted simply from the decision to conform Matthew in these chapters (8-9-10), as Matthew of itself is conformed throughout the rest of its structure, to that order of events on which Mark and Luke are in complete agreement.'

Then as to the Form he says: 'Those portions of the text that appear in roman type represent each record in its own chronological order, except that chapters 8-9-10 of Matthew, though in roman type, are not in the Matthew order, but are conformed to the order of Mark-Luke. Those portions of the text that appear in italic type are not in the sequence of the records from which they come, but are placed where they stand in order that they may be studied there in relation to the record that does stand chronologically at that point. If, therefore, the reader will pass over what stands in italic type, the book may be used for the independent consecutive study of any one of the four individual records.'

The volume is itself a harmony of Science and Art.

NEW ENGLAND.

A series of lectures on *The Religious History of New England* were delivered in King's Chapel, Boston, in the winters of 1914-15 and 1915-16, and they are now issued in one handsome volume (London: Humphrey Milford; \$2.50 net). The lectures were eight in number; (1) the Congregationalists; (2) the Revolt against the Standing Order; (3) the Baptists; (4) the Quakers; (5) the Episcopalians; (6) the Methodists; (7) the Universalists; (8) the Swedenborgians. Each lecture was delivered by a distinguished representative of the particular denomination who could lecture. Rufus M. Jones lectured on the Quakers; George Hodges on the Episcopalians; William Edwards Huntington on the Methodists—to give three well-known names. No doubt we may trust the facts: the presentation of them is in every case (though with much variety of manner) true and forcible English literature.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HEBREWS.

If Moses wrote the Pentateuch we may speak of Mosaism now in another sense than that of a system of legislation. It is an attitude to life. Its opposite is Darwinism. According to Moses all things came into being at a bound, and by leaps and bounds all things have continued their being. According to Darwinism there are no leaps in the Universe; all is movement forward by imperceptible alterations.

It is therefore no surprise (the Churches in the United States of America having taken to Darwin so heartily) to find Professor Laura H. Wild of Mt. Holyoke College publishing a book on *The Evolution of the Hebrew People* (Scribners; \$1.50 net) and simply ignoring the method of Moses. The whole history of the Hebrews can be explained as an example, and an excellent example, of evolution.

)} We have no fault to find. Moses did not mean to tell us how the heavens and the earth were formed. He meant to tell us that they owed their formation to God. He did not mean to tell us how the Israelites subdued the earth. He meant to tell us that they prospered according as they recognized

the power and the presence of God. And evolution, as Professor Wild expounds it, never leaves out God.

Professor Wild has her weaknesses. They show up most when she comes to Jesus. She has not discovered Jesus yet. But for the history, with all its adjuncts, for the politics, the geography, for all the environment of religion and literature and life, this is the book.

The publishers as well as the authors are recognizing the demand for a religious, a real religious, basis for life. The publishers of the anonymous book entitled *Life's Edifice* (John Long; 5s. net) have hitherto been associated with fiction, and almost identified with it. But this book is religious. True, it is the work of an evolutionist, but it is none the less religious, and ends with a frank acceptance of the supremacy of Christ, the need for repentance, and the vital importance of prayer. Moreover, there are here and there striking passages of religious insight. When he is speaking of the second great commandment, the author says: 'The love of one another, however, goes beyond "the duty to one's neighbour," a factor which has been described as the starting-point of progressive civilization. Love and sympathy are more powerful in their effect than a sense of duty, and, therefore, an exhortation to "love one another" forms an ultimate ideal.' It is a book to be read, and as a sign of the times it is to be welcomed with gratitude.

A number of papers on *Women and Church Work* have been edited by the Rev. Cyril C. B. Bardsley (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). They are partly historical—Women in the New Testament, by the Rev. F. S. Guy Warman, D.D.; Women in History, by Margaret G. Brooke. They are partly social—Co-operation between Men and Women in Social Work, by the Rev. W. Temple; Women and Social Purity, by J. E. Higson. And they are partly religious—Women in the Church on the Mission Fields, by M. C. Gollock; Women and Church Work at Home, by the Editor; Women and the Spiritual Life of the Church, by Elaine Thornton.

Have we run away to the lantern and the cinema before we had exhausted the possibilities of the

black-board? The Rev. W. Fairlie Clarke, M.A., Vicar of St. Andrew's, Watford, can use the black-board to some purpose. Just look at the Devil here in the form of a roaring lion—and yet a few strokes with the chalk have done it. He tells whole stories, fascinating stories, with his bit of chalk. And he tells other teachers how to tell them. His book is *A Black-board Catechism* (Longmans; 2s. net).

Mr. A. H. Walker's title is a little clumsy: *The Catechism in the Bible: Baptism—Our Profession* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). He wanted to make it cover the contents of the book, which had to be varied, being 'Sunday School Lessons on Modern Lines designed to give children love for the Saviour, knowledge of the Catechism, and instruction in the life of a Christian.' It is a book with much matter in it, all well arranged, and clearly exhibited to the eye by large type and small type, clarendon type and roman type.

The Rev. Homes Dudden, D.D., has preached his war sermons, twelve in number, and published them. The title is *The Heroic Dead* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net). It is the title of the first sermon, of which the text is from the Book of Wisdom (3¹): 'The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.' Dr. Dudden does not haggle over the word 'righteous.' They are righteous who give their lives willingly, not counting them dear unto themselves, that they may win liberty for the nations of the earth. And so

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,

England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal

Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

Part iii. for 1917 of *Ancient Egypt* (Macmillan; 2s.) contains four or five papers of most unusual interest. Clearly there is no exhaustion of treasure. The most valuable paper has been written by Professor Flinders Petrie himself. It is an article

on 'The Geography of the Gods,' illustrated by maps.

Messrs. Macmillan have published *Sacrifice, and Other Plays*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore (5s. net). It is a surprising book, after all the surprises which this Indian author has given us. It is almost a folly to call him an Indian, so human is his genius. He is an Indian as Isaiah and Job are Hebrews. Perhaps it is the unexpectedness of so great a dramatic gift in one's own time that dares this comparison. But let any one read *Sacrifice*, and write coldly.

The book called *The Consciousness of Jesus*, by Horace M. du Bose (New York: Methodist Book Concern; 75 cents net), is undoubtedly difficult reading, but it is well worth the difficulty. The author is as profound as he is wholesome. He might have expanded this into a great volume, but he prefers to write like Tacitus. And it is not—mark that—it is not a foolish comparison to compare him as a theologian with the historian Tacitus. The book is new, and we are sure it is true. Here is the Saint, and here also is the Saviour.

The argument is this: 'Jesus having removed himself from the limitations of his earthly life, during which his consciousness was manifested in many extraordinary ways, is succeeded by universal and continuous manifestation of himself in the Word, from which, in even more extraordinary ways than during his earthly life, his consciousness affects and engulfs the lives of men.' Does that convey nothing? Then read the book, and read it the second time.

During a great war the State controls the individual so frequently and so severely that liberty-loving men take alarm. Will the State continue its control when the war is over? Has it really the right to so terrible a pressure now? These are the questions that have sent Mr. E. F. B. Fell to the writing of *Personal Liberty* (Methuen; 5s. net). It is an earnest and strongly worded plea for the liberty of the individual—and that not only against the State, but also against secularism and socialism. But indeed Mr. Fell finds that 'a Socialist is one who asserts or implies the absolute supremacy of the State over the individual; the assumed "Good of the Whole" is his sole criterion of right and wrong, and (consequently) the signific-

ance of the Individual is to be regarded as exhausted in his relation to the State.' Perhaps Mr. Fell is carried by his argument further than even the most sympathetic reader will follow him. 'If,' he says, 'the State, if and when it is acting unfaithfully to Liberty, should desire to compel our fellow-citizens to do even things that we approve and practise spontaneously in our own lives, we must on moral grounds resist such legislation, even though it should seem at first that we should gain wealth, culture, ease, virtue, or whatever else by thus winking at the violation of a principle. The violation of a principle is like a rent in a sail—it does not end where it began.' And he gives as an example an agitation some years ago in Canada to prohibit the consumption of alcohol.

Must we defend the Virgin Birth because it is in the Creed? Some feel that they must. Others defend it because they believe heartily in it. The Bishop of Norwich is one. His little book *The Virgin's Son* (Murray; 2s. 6d.) is a believer's book out and out. Hence Dr. Pollock can speak with edification as well as with persuasion.

Sir Francis Darwin has issued in book form a number of essays and addresses with which he has charmed readers and hearers in years gone by. He calls the book, after the first essay, *Rustic Sounds* (Murray; 6s. net). Sounds are to him more reminiscent than sights. 'Wendell Holmes claims the sense of smell as most closely associated with memory; for me it is that of hearing.' Accordingly that first essay is a delightfully free-and-easy talk about sounds, and how to make them. There is a full description, with diagram, of the manufacture of a whistle out of a slip of chestnut—very pleasant for a country boy to read. Sir Francis is himself a musician and has studied the history of the pipe and tabor.

The rest of the papers are biographical, with just a flavour of Science—Francis Galton, Jane Austen, Stephen Hales, George Darwin. He says: 'The power of endlessly re-reading the novels of Miss Austen is the only advantage conferred by a bad memory. I do not imagine that Macaulay, greatly as he admired her, could have endured to read her as often as I have. Nor am I willing to allow that this is intellectual idleness, for her works like those of Nature, always yield something new to

the faithful student.' Not to omit all reference to science, notice Sir Francis Darwin's preference for Mendel, much as he admires Galton and his work on heredity. 'Nevertheless, it seems to me that Mendelism, the main facts of which are no longer in dispute, will compel the world (if it has not already done so) to look at variation in a very different way to that of Galton.'

M. Deshumbert has written *An Ethical System based on the Law of Nature* (Open Court Pub. Co.; 2s. 6d. net), and he has had it translated already into seven languages, while translators into other three are busy. The translator into English is Mr. Lionel Giles, M.A., D.Litt. The idea is that Nature has definite and ascertainable laws along which she has caused all things in the Earth (and probably in the Universe) to develop, and by living in agreement with these laws, plants, beasts, and men live morally and happily. For M. Deshumbert believes that plants and animals are moral or immoral as well as man, and gives many marvellous examples. That may be so. In any case here is a strong encouragement to man to live the life of highest morality, which includes the practice of all the virtues.

Among the gains of the war one is the turning of literary men to thoughts of God. We have Mr. Wells for one, vivid enough if uninstructed; Mr. Stephen Graham, penetrating and imaginative; and Mr. Coulson Kernahan, earnestly evangelical and outspoken. Mr. Kernahan has published a strong plea for the practice of intercessory prayer. Its title is *More than this World Dreams of* (R.T.S.; 1s. net).

The Rev. A. Patrick McNeile, M.A., Vicar of Heybridge and formerly Chaplain to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, has published a series of letters written to a boy who is preparing to be confirmed. *Letters on Confirmation* is the title (Scott; 1s. 6d. net).

Canon J. H. B. Masterman has worked right through the *Sunday Gospels* and explained them one by one (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). The explanations may serve as models for addresses on the Lessons. Or they may serve as hints and helps to the making of sermons on them. For in every one there is fresh thought as well as clear order.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has undertaken the issue of a new Commentary. We have already noticed the volume on the Epistle to the Romans. Now we notice the first volume of the series on the Minor Prophets. Its subject is *Hosea* (1s. 6d. net), and its author is the Rev. A. Lukyn Williams, D.D. The prophecy is divided into short sections, and each section has its introduction and notes. The introduction (in large type) is really an exposition, so that the notes (in small type) can be very few. All is the work of a scholar and a teacher.

Six addresses on *The Life of the World to Come* given by the late Professor H. B. Swete in Hitchin have now been published (S.P.C.K. ; 2s. 6d. net). It was Dr. Swete's hope to live to issue a last volume on the Creed, dealing with the life everlasting. These lectures were no doubt a clearing of the ground for it. So it was well to publish them. In their simpler and more popular form they may appeal even to a larger public than the projected book would have done. They have all the marks of accurate scholarship and the close walk with God.

Miss Bertha Condé, Senior Student Secretary for the National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations in the United States, has heard the call 'Go and make disciples.' In a book entitled *The Human Element in the Making of a Christian* (Scribners; \$1 net) she works her way systematically through all the stages that lead to Christ and to the fulness of manhood in Christ Jesus. The subtitle of the book is 'Studies in Personal Evangelism,' but the evangelism is much more educative and much less hortatory than we are familiar with. At the end of each chapter there is a Bible Study and Questions for Thought.

How early may we begin to give our little ones religious instruction? Miss Mary Everett Rankin, Instructor in Kindergarten Education, Teachers College, Colombia University, says at the age of five. And for the age of five she has prepared *A Course for Beginners in Religious Education* (Scribners; \$1.25 net). It is no child's play. A substantial book, it is planned and prepared with skill and thoroughness. Even apart from the illustrations, which are beautiful but not indispensable, every page could be used in school or

at home, and a distinct lesson taught. Much is made of music. It is no child's play, we say; and yet we can easily believe that, with all its seriousness and thoroughness, this method of giving religious instruction would be enjoyed heartily by the children, and give them a love of God and goodness priceless in value for their future life.

Mr. W. Asquith in his book *The Power that is Life* (Universal Pub. Co.; 2s. 6d.) speaks of himself as 'still young in years, but old in experience.' Whether it is his youth or his experience that encourages him, he makes 'attacks upon established religion,' and confesses it. He will be forgiven. For his whole soul is set upon arresting the advance of materialism; and for all that he does in that way we give him thanks. It may be that there are those to whom his very conspicuous distance from 'established religion' will be a recommendation, and they will be the more likely to join him in his spiritual crusade.

Forty years ago, when young men left the county towns to go to the University, they carried with them a copy of *The Student's Manual*, by the Rev. John Todd. It was a little dumpy book with much in it, the type being very small, for eyes were of no consideration in those days. And it was most merciless. Did the Rev. John Todd follow his own instructions? Some of us dared to doubt it even then.

Professor John Adams, of the University of London, is more merciful. Todd's *Manual* is out of date: Professor Adams has written *The Student's Guide* (Univ. of Lond. Press; 3s. 6d. net). He does not demand that the student should get up at an unearthly hour in the morning and that he should live all day on the rack of duty. And what he does demand he demands in much less peremptory language. Indeed, his guide is a fine literary work, good to read as well as possible to obey.

Professor Adams does not cover so much ground as old John Todd did. He is not so inquisitorial. There are secret places in life into which he does not attempt to enter. But the great change, as we have said, is that he comes to us by way of love, not of commandment. The difference between Todd and Adams is the difference between the Old Covenant and the New. Professor Adams has more authority because he is less authoritative.

The young men of the future will carry this attractive book to the city with them and thank God.

Mr. A. S. Mories has hitherto been known as one of the very aggressive band of rationalists who publish with Messrs. Watts, the publishers of the Rationalist Press books. Now he comes before the world as a man who has passed through a sudden and complete conversion. He has discovered that God is in close affinity with man, and man with God, through Jesus Christ. The great saying for him is, 'I and the Father are one,' with this other, not less great, 'That they all may be one, as we are.' And he is determined now to give himself to the delivery of this, the true Gospel of the Grace of God. His new book is also published by Messrs. Watts. Its title is *Christ's Secret Doctrine* (1s. net).

Dr. Warde Fowler illuminates everything that he touches. This gift of giving light he possesses beyond most of the scholars of our day. Is the subject of his new book beyond your horizon? It is *Aeneas at the Site of Rome*, further described as 'Observations on the Eighth Book of the Aeneid' (Blackwell; 4s. 6d. net). You have not read the Introductory Note before you are in earnest to read the book through. And every additional note is a new delight.

It is very pleasant to see a volume of unashamed exposition again. It is very satisfactory to find that it is an excellent volume. The author is the Rev. David Burns. The exposition is of the Epistle to the Philippians. The title of the volume is *Philippians: Expository Sermons on the Epistle of St. Paul* (James Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d. net). May it be the first sheaf of a great harvest.

The volume of sermons which the Rev. H. W. Morrow, M.A., of Omagh, has published, is undoubtedly one of the most reliable and restful of the books of comfort called forth by the war. Not a sentence seems to have been uttered without anxious thought—probably not without actual suffering. But over it all rises faith in Him who spared not His own Son, a faith as sympathetic as it is victorious. The title is *Under the Shadow of God* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net).

The Wisdom Literature of the Bible has been more neglected than any part of it. But it seems as if the neglect were to be made good at last. For here come two books, both of first rank scholarship and both of serenest evangelical faith, which seem as if separately, and surely together, they mean to give us all that the Wisdom Literature has to give this present generation. Both books are published by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. The one is *Studies in Life from Jewish Proverbs*, by the Rev. W. A. L. Elmslie, M.A.; the other *The Wisdom Books*, by Professor John Edgar McFadyen, D.D. (4s. 6d. net each).

Professor McFadyen is a translator. He has translated into modern speech and rhythmical form the Books of Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, as well as Lamentations and the Song of Songs. And he has added notes. Of the notes he says: 'I have reduced the notes to the barest minimum, giving only such as justify the translation, explain allusions, or briefly elucidate obscurities: they are in no sense a substitute for exegesis. Commentaries will always be necessary, but too often they shadow the text instead of illumining it. The ideal commentary would be a perfect translation: for then, without intervening explanation, the ancient writer would make his own immediate impression, and speak home to the hearts of his readers as a man speaks to his friend.'

As an example of the translation take Job 16¹⁻⁵:

Then Job answered and said:
 Many things such as these have I heard:
 Ye are wearisome comforters—all of you.
 Shall windy words have an end?
 What is it that provokes thee to answer?
 I, too, could speak like you,
 Were your soul in my soul's stead.
 I could weave words together about you,
 And shake my head at you.
 I could strengthen you with my mouth,
 And encourage you with lip-comfort.

Mr. Elmslie has made a thorough and sympathetic study of the Jewish Proverbs, taking account of them wherever they are to be found—in the Old Testament, in the Apocrypha, and in later literature, some of it tinged with Christian thought. It is a volume that will be found to exceed in interest the highest expectations that have been formed of it, and yet the expectations of those who know the author were quite unusually high.

The fascination of Flying is not for those only who fly. No stories are read with more avidity by the multitude who have never yet been able to 'mount up with wings as eagles' than the stories of our flying men. Well, in the book called *With the French Flying Corps*, written by an American who trained and took service in France, Mr. Carroll Dana Winslow (Constable; 3s. 6d. net), we have the whole theory and practice of flight. The telling is so faultless that the photographs, though excellent, are almost superfluous. Mr. Winslow is not concerned to record anecdotes, but among a few that are good he tells this one over again and authoritatively:

'A bomber had been over the German trenches. The pilot was about to spiral down for the landing, when his passenger looked out to see if everything was in good order. To his horror, he noticed that two of the bombs were still unreleased, having become caught on the chassis or running-gear of the machine. If they landed in this condition, there was every likelihood that there would be nothing to mark their landing-place but a deep crater in the ground. The two men were desperate. To climb down and unhook the bombs seemed impossible. No one had ever been known to do it. It was like clambering up to the main truck of a sailing vessel in the teeth of a hurricane. It was the only alternative left to them. The passenger mustered up his courage and climbed out on the wing and then down on the running-gear. Holding on with only one hand, he leaned down and carefully loosed the bombs with the other. It was a splendid exhibition of nerve and courage, and it saved the lives of both men.'

Messrs. Cornish have published a little book of *Prayers for Boys*, collected and arranged by the Rev. Hubert H. M. Bartleet, M.A. (1s. net). The prayers are taken chiefly from the Prayer Book, but Canon Bright and others have also been culled from. It is an attractive little book, and it is printed in large comfortable type.

The Rev. Thomas Dunlop, of Bootle, was an interpreter of Bunyan to his own generation, very practical and very acceptable. His lectures were delivered many times. And now, much condensed, they have been published with this title: *In the Steps of Bunyan's Pilgrim* (Edinburgh: Elliot; 3s. 6d. net). The editor is the Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, D.D.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan has written the volume on *Freedom for Messrs. Headley's 'New Commonwealth Books'* (2s. net). He is a keen advocate of personal liberty, and dreads the necessities of war. This is outspoken enough: 'From this divergence between the honour of the individual and the honour of the State arises the present apparent incompatibility of their needs and the almost farcical character of Governments all over the world. The individual is more civilized than the State, and this is perhaps one reason why the State attempts to stupefy and brutalise the individual by a narrow and prejudiced education and the callous bullying that accompanies conscription. As an illustration take the position of Viscount Grey, who is in his private capacity a fair type of a nineteenth-century gentleman, but in acting for the State he is constrained to behave like an eighteenth-century duellist. He must go warily, lest he disturb the honour of foreigners in an equally delicate position, and if he is challenged he must fight—not, however, with his sword, which is illegal, but with the lives of millions of his fellow-countrymen, which is legal.'

But he has great expectations of the time when the war is over: 'We shall not, with the coming of peace, find ourselves in a new world. The stuff of humanity remains the same with this difference, that the secret is out. Ariel is free. The imagination of the childhood of humanity plagues men no more. There is no mysterious authority behind the Governments, but there is some mysterious authority behind the people, more and more becoming clear to the consciousness of all, a potent emanation from the earth, as vast and miraculous as the rhythm of the seasons, a spirit expressing itself in the beauty of flowers, in the song of birds, in the filmy drifting of the clouds, but most clearly in the heart of man.'

After giving us a little book on *Self-Training in Prayer*, which we have found original and encouraging, Dr. A. H. McNeile has now issued its companion, with the title *Self-Training in Meditation* (Heffer; 1s. 6d. net). Only experience—experience that has failed as well as succeeded—could have discovered these practical rules; only the girt loin and the lit lamp could have made them so impressive.

Whether *The Making of a Mystic*, by Aelfrida

Tillyard (Heffer; 2s. 6d. net), will be the making of other mystics or not, it will certainly be enjoyed by its readers. Written in the form of letters, confessed to be fictitious, it will not attract the idly curious, but the reading of a single page will finish the book. What is the way of the making of a mystic? It is meditation. Lie down at night, cross your hands over your breast, think of consecration, or some other big idea. Do it again in the morning. The mystical life will begin and grow, and the visions and revelations will come. So stated it may seem frivolous: it is not frivolous by any means.

Take note of the Calendars issued by Messrs. Pickering & Inglis of Glasgow. One is the *Daily Meditation Calendar* (1s. net); the other the *Daily Manna Calendar* (6d. net).

It is not Irishmen only that will read with pride of the doings of *The Tenth (Irish) Division in Gallipoli* as told by Major Bryan Cooper (Herbert Jenkins; 6s. net). No man on earth, whatever his nationality, be he friend or foe, if he is a man, will be able to read unmoved the story of that rocky peninsula. And the Tenth (Irish) Division, under Major-General Sir Bryan Mahon, had a fine share in its glory. Major Cooper is proud of his men, and would not have their deeds left unsung. He has furnished the facts for the poet who is to come. With surprising clearness he describes the

operations in which the Tenth had a part. Only in this way can we ever understand how wonderful these operations were—every man who has the gift telling us what he himself saw.

And this is the model for the future historian. There is no self-glorification. We do not remember once discovering Major Cooper's own name throughout the book. The Division does everything. And the Division is a reality. 'A unit trained to arms has a spiritual as well as a material being. A battalion of infantry is not merely a collection of a thousand men armed with rifles; it is, or at any rate, it should be, a community possessing mutual hopes, mutual fears, and mutual affection. Officers and men have learnt to know one another and to rely on one another, and if they are worth their salt, the spiritual bond uniting them is far stronger and more effectual for good than the power conferred by rank and authority. In the 10th Division the bonds uniting all ranks were unusually strong. In the first place came love of Ireland, shared in equal degree by officers and men. Second to this, and only second, was pride of regiment, happiness at forming part of a unit which had had so many glorious deeds recorded of it and resolution to be worthy of its fame. The names of the battalions—Dublins, Munsters, Inniskillings, Connaught Rangers—spoke not only of home, but also of splendid achievements performed in the past, and nerved us to courage and endurance in the future.'

The Babylonian Paradise and its Rivers.

BY THEOPHILUS G. PINCHES, LL.D., LONDON.

IN THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for September 1915, Professor Sayce published a most interesting article upon 'The Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man according to the Sumerians.' This is an examination of the details given in Langdon's *Epic of Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man* (Philadelphia, 1915), in which the veteran Assyriologist points out that the situation of the Sumerian Paradise in the land of Tilmun (thus, apparently, not Dilmun) was the same as that of the Biblical Garden of Eden. *Til-mun* seemingly means 'the salt tract' (*til*, 'to come to an end,' and *mun*, 'salt') on the shores of the Persian Gulf. This

district owed its fertility to the rivers—the Tigris and the Euphrates—which watered the tract, and whose efficiency was increased by the many artificial waterways which ran through it, and carried the salt away at the same time as they irrigated the land. In this we have a further indication of the Babylonian origin of the Biblical Creation-Story, which, as a theory, has now been in existence for about 370 years.

As pointed out by Fried. Delitzsch (*Wo lag das Paradies*, p. 38), the earliest localization of Paradise in Babylonia is that of Calvin in his *Commentary on Genesis*—a theory in which he was