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A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

Literature.

J. P. STRUTHERS.

AN appreciative biography of the Rev. J. P. Struthers and the Rev. A. D. Grant, both ministers in Greenock and great friends, was written by the Rev. Thomas Cassels, another Greenock minister, and was published some time ago under the title of *The Men of the Knotted Heart*. Those who feared that Mr. Cassels had put in his thumbs and pulled out the plums will be happily disappointed, so far at least as Mr. Struthers is concerned. For the new book, edited by his wife, called *Life and Letters of John Paterson Struthers, M.A.* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), is all plums. The life is left to be told in the letters and in a curious but attractive letter-diary which Mr. Struthers kept for the entertainment of his wife that was to be.

Mr. Struthers had a widespread fame, founded on a halfpenny monthly which he edited (and his future wife illustrated), and which revealed a man of a fine mixture of solid orthodoxy (even the orthodoxy of a loyal Seceder) and over-bubbling humour. For these two things, though fire and water, did truly blend into one piquant and impressive personality.

Just before his ministry began Mr. Struthers had the chance of a voyage round the world, which did him and the world good. He was called to Whithorn, and spent three years there, making himself everything to everybody if by any means he might save some. He wrestled with drunkards (surely as terrible a struggle as St. Paul's who fought with beasts at Ephesus), sometimes sitting up all night when the worst came, and receiving little apparent reward of the wrestling. But nothing could quench the humour of his outlook. 'The great form of entertainment in this town,' he says, 'is one beginning with high tea at five o'clock, then passing through cards, dancing, music and talk, till it culminates in supper at 10.30. There is a deal of human nature here, and I enjoy watching it. At such a party I was told there was to be some dancing, and I must not object, "because, you know, dancing was a religious ordinance among the Jews." "Well," I said, "of course I won't object, but isn't it rather rough on a fellow when he comes out for an evening's fun to treat him to religious ordinances?"'

Then he was called to Greenock, and spent the rest of his life there.

The letters are clever exceedingly, but we find out what he was doing best from the letter-diary. He had no great visible results of his life's long sacrifice, and he did not look for it. But this is something: 'Mr. Y——, a very godly man, called and told me a story he said he never meant to tell me in this world. One week he had not been well, and had had many things to annoy him. On Sabbath morning he had to go back to bed, he was so weak. He fell asleep and dreamed, and in his dream accused God of not caring for him, of allowing ever so many things to happen to him, and remaining quite indifferent. In his dream there came this answer, "I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands; thy walls are continually before me." With that he awoke. His wife and children came in from church. He looked at his hands and said, "Well, I don't think I could forget a man if I had his name engraven there. I'm only finite, and God is infinite." Then he rose and dressed and came to church in the afternoon, a little late. As he came in I was reading the text, "I have graven thee upon the palms," etc., and I said, "Very possibly there are a number of people here accusing God of not caring for them. I'm certain there is at least one, and God's own answer to him is this—" 'I have,' etc." Then I gave out a Psalm. Isn't that very wonderful? For I hadn't seen Mr. Y—— that week, and wasn't thinking of him. It shows surely that God is willing to use one, and does use one, and I hope it will show God that I am willing to be used.'

If one wonders at the mixture already spoken of one has to remember his father and his mother. He once read a sermon of Newman's to his father, who praised it, but, when told who was its author, was very angry. Of his mother he tells this: 'I bury my mother to-day. She died on Saturday morning. She took influenza seven weeks ago, and seemed to get over it, but her heart was weak. My brother's wife died four weeks ago. I saw my mother last on Friday night, and did not expect her death. Her last words to me were: "I often pray for the damned (this word was said with a wonderful inexpressible tenderness); I don't know whether it is a sin or not; but He has

changed afore now." She would have been eighty-six next May; she was married on her forty-fourth birthday, or the day after.'

As a preacher he was irresistibly attracted by out-of-the-way texts and topics. All the Bible was written for his instruction and that of his people through him. For he had the gift of unction without alloy. One text will serve as sample—it is not an out-of-the-way text:

'Saturday, October 8, 1898.—I have got a fine text for to-morrow afternoon: "For in that she poured this ointment upon My body, *she did it to prepare Me for burial*" (R.V.). That's far stronger than the Authorised Version. I have enjoyed thinking over it. One is apt to think that Christ, so to speak, found out a use for what Mary did, to please her; just as when a mother gets a useless box as a gift from her child, she says it will do nicely for holding stamps or buttons. But the ointment really prepared His body—was necessary to it. (1) It brought about His death. For the loss of the £10 angered Judas so much that it determined him finally to sell Christ. (2) It refreshed Christ's body for all the suffering of that week. It was the finest ointment, and must have had particularly refreshing aromatic power. (3) The richness of its perfume, as well as His look and manner, fitted Him to appear next day during the triumphal entry, and later, before Pilate and Herod, as a *King*. "Art thou a King?" "Behold, your King!" (4) It was partly the means of preserving His body from corruption in the grave. (5) Then think of the effect on His Spirit: (a) It made Him face the King of Terrors all the more vividly. Even when alive He was prepared for burial. (b) It cheered Him as an evidence of a saved sinner's love—the very thing He died for. (c) It was an assurance of God's love. Death was in a sense already conquered. His body was being prepared to be kept from corruption, and so it was a proof of the nearness of the resurrection.'

DOMINUS NOSTER.

Dominus Noster is the title which Professor Charles Anderson Scott has given to a study of Jesus Christ in the New Testament (Cambridge: Heffer; 6s. net). Jesus Christ in the New Testament has often been studied, sometimes in the Gospels, sometimes in the Epistles, sometimes in

both. The special virtue of Professor Anderson Scott's study lies in this, that it is 'a study in the progressive recognition of Jesus Christ our Lord.' And the moment one reads that description, which is the sub-title, one wonders that this, the most obvious and indispensable of all studies of our Lord, should not have been done before. For it has not been done before, not, that is to say, since it could be done with fruitfulness, not since it was recognized that the thought of the New Testament (to quote Dr. Anderson Scott's Preface) does not lie on one level plane, and that the ideas about Christ are not constant from Matthew to Revelation. What we now see is that, so far from being a smooth lake, to be fished for 'texts' at any offing, the New Testament is 'a sea thrown into turmoil by the wind of the Spirit, or of liquid in a vessel violently disturbed by chemical reaction, and only slowly settling down into crystalline forms. The peace, hope, and confidence of the Church are only attained after the upheaval of cherished convictions, mental and spiritual agitation, and stages of provisional assent, all of which bear witness to the pressure of a tremendous experience. This experience was ultimately due to the invasion of the world by the personality of Jesus. And the character of the experience is a measure of the greatness and the newness of that personality.'

That disturbed sea is Professor Anderson Scott's fishing-ground. Say, rather, it is his expanse of devout exploration. He brings with him all the implements of modern scholarship and a right unflinching reverence. Unflinching, for it demands courage now to be reverent as Dr. Scott is reverent. He is no controversialist. His strength is due to the convictions of a life's study and experience, and he is for the most part able to meet the controversialist by the undeniable facts of scholarship. But he does not once hesitate to stand beside the Apostle in his and our final affirmation, 'My Lord and my God.'

This attitude of adoration (to be distinguished from every kind of adulation) is the result to which the writers of the New Testament came regarding the son of the carpenter. Well may Professor Anderson Scott wonder. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" So did those who had known Jesus of Nazareth from His childhood express their conviction that He was one of themselves. Three years had hardly elapsed before a

considerable body of men and women who had known this same Jesus, who had seen Him die a shameful death, were offering to Him worship such as is due to God, testifying by their lives, and some of them by their constancy under persecution, that they submitted to Him as men do to God alone. Within the next half-century this conviction had become the core of a Gospel, which was preached with wide acceptance in many parts of the Roman Empire. The "carpenter's son" from an obscure village in a distant corner of the Empire was being proclaimed as the incarnate Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and was being worshipped as such by many thousands drawn from different races and creeds.'

It is a book which with singular success illustrates the saying, 'in necessariis unitas, in non necessariis libertas, in omnibus caritas.'

SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

What are the elements that go to the making of the successful man? They are four—ability, energy, self-confidence, good luck. Without one of them the success is incomplete. With every one of them, and a good portion of each of them, the success is perfect and complete, wanting nothing, as in the life of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C.

Sir Edward Clarke has written *The Story of My Life* (Murray; 15s. net). He has written, he says, partly out of vanity, but more that young men of poor opportunities may take courage, and become successful as he has been successful.

Throughout his life Sir Edward Clarke has had great good luck. And one is thankful to see that he calls it good luck. He is a religious man. As soon as he was able to buy a fine property and build a fine house on it, he proceeded further to build a fine church. He encourages other wealthy and religious men to go and do likewise. But he never suggests that he has been the particular pet of the God who is no respecter of persons. He has been lucky, that is all. And so we are able to be generous with him and reply, My dear Sir, it was not luck half so much as the skill and the will to take advantage of an opportunity when it offered. Every time Sir Edward Clarke went out half-way to meet the good luck that was coming.

And certainly he had ability and energy. Of the

fourth element, self-confidence, he gives us a good example. We know that, although a Conservative, Sir Edward Clarke rejected tariff reform, whence strained relations. He began to be left out. 'A meeting was announced to be held at the Cannon Street Hotel against the Government Education Bill. Sir John Puleston was to take the chair and Mr. Balfour was announced to speak. No request to do so had been sent to me, nor any invitation to the meeting itself.

'But at the time appointed I presented myself at the hall, went to the committee-room, and was then asked to second the resolution which Mr. Balfour was to move. I had an excellent reception, and was cheered by the crowd as I left the hotel.'

He is very outspoken in this autobiography. Perhaps the most interesting of all its pages are those in which he retells the story of some of the great cases in which he was engaged, and he is ready enough to express his mind on judge and jury. On Sir Henry Hawkins he is simply merciless—readers of Sir Henry's own self-satisfied autobiography will receive a shock. In regard to the Baccarat scandal he says this: 'Any counsel of experience distrusts his own judgment upon the merits of a case in which he has himself been an advocate. But so many years have passed since the Baccarat case was tried that I think I am able now to form an unbiased opinion, and I think I ought to leave that opinion on record. I believe the verdict was wrong, and that Sir William Gordon-Cumming was innocent of the offence charged against him.'

He was very proud of his election to the City. 'My majority,' he says, 'over the highest Liberal was 10,706. That was the crowning day of my political career, the day when the ambitious hopes which had been with me for fifty years were fulfilled, and more splendidly than I had ever imagined to be possible. The city of my birth, where I had begun so humbly as the errand boy and helper in my father's little shop, the greatest constituency in the world, greatest in the combined characteristics of numbers, wealth, intelligence, and independence, had chosen me for its foremost representative in Parliament. And it had chosen me, not by the mere majority, large as that was, of the votes cast at the election. My sixteen thousand votes represented 57 per cent. of the possible voters at a City election.'

AN UNKNOWN MYSTIC.

Mr. H. R. Allenson is to be congratulated on being the publisher to the world of *The Life of Armelle Nicolas* (5s. net). Armelle, 'the good Armelle' they called her, was a peasant, born in the Bishopric of St. Malo, and spent her life as a family maid-servant. The psychology of her amazing spiritual experiences let psychologists try to explain. They did not prevent her from being an ideal maid of all work, nor from being harshly and horribly treated by her mistress. It is not surprising that the mistress afterwards took much credit for Armelle's sanctity, so well had she disciplined her, she said.

Of the reality of her mysticism there is no doubt. Take this: 'I was,' she said, 'the first eight or ten days of the year in a great assurance that my Love and my All had granted me what I asked of him; for it is impossible to convey the clearness of the faith he gave me of his divine presence. I saw him clearly in my soul and all the operations his divine Love was carrying on there. As for me, I was steadfast, without movement and hardly able to breathe; I had no pulse; in short, I was dead to nature and lived the life of God, attentive to see him, and to burn with a love sweet and delectable, as the Saints burn in Heaven. I had no thought of anything whatsoever, for God it was who thought and did everything. In short, I cannot tell what, or how, I was, except by saying that God alone acted and effected everything; and as for me, I saw him clearly, and remained attentive and on fire with a very great love, in a light which seemed to surpass that of faith, so evident was it, and which increased still more on the Day of the Kings (Epiphany). During all this time I was so feeble that I could scarcely move. I had much difficulty in taking any food save the holy Communion; not that I had any disgust, but I was so full, soul and body, that this alone was more than enough to sustain me. At first when this took place I was exercised by great pains, but these all went off; so that I kept saying to myself, "O, how true it is, that love is stronger than all things; for it absorbs and swallows up all, and makes one feel and breathe only it alone."'

And there was no selfishness in it. 'One day when conversing with a great servant of God, who touched with the same sentiment at seeing him offended, was led to utter these words: "Let us

quit, quit the earth, which is only sin and filth, and let us go to Heaven, where God is no more offended." She replied with an accent full of zeal. "What, my Father, is it thus you love your poor brethren? Do you wish to leave them to perish in their miseries? No, we must remain in this world to aid them to reach Heaven, that all together we may praise and bless Love."

Armelle lived before and after the middle of the seventeenth century. Her book was published in French in 1676. It is now for the first time translated into English (and abridged) by Thomas Taylor Allen.

SOPHIA JEX-BLAKE.

Miss Margaret Todd, M.D., has written *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake* (Macmillan; 18s. net), and it is difficult to say whether one admires most Dr. Jex-Blake or Dr. Todd. The biographer has kept herself completely out of the biography: her name does not once occur. She is the biographer and nothing more. This is the extreme of one form of biography, as Boswell's Johnson is the extreme of the other. But the mere fact that Boswell occurs to mind is enough. This also is a great biography and will make a lasting impression.

It does justice to the saying that the child is father of the man. Dr. Todd quotes that saying once and quite incidentally, but it must have been present to her thought throughout the first part of the book. Never before (unless we have wholly forgotten) has the youth of a strong personality been described so minutely. It has not been described by the biographer: it has been described by the letter and the diary. But so copious have the materials been and so complete has been the biographer's command of them, that not a word can be passed over in the reading. This is one of the signs of the success of the book; only the very greatest biographies must be read every word. There is left no doubt in one's mind that one knows this woman. No man touched her life closely, but many women did, and their influence was bound to tell upon her, for she loved passionately and persistently; yet from childhood to old age she was herself, called, consecrated, endowed for the work that she did; she and no other had come to do it.

Three women especially were factors in her development—first her mother, next Miss Octavia

Hill, and thirdly an American graduate in medicine, Dr. Lucy Sewall.

The intercourse between Sophia Jex-Blake and her mother is one of the most beautiful records of relationship in history or biography. Do not fear that that is exaggeration; it is the soberest statement of the truth. 'No woman ever had a mother like mine,' she said; and *she* spoke the truth always. And the mother said in effect, 'No woman ever had a daughter like mine.' Once the mother said literally that she had learned more from her daughter than her daughter had learned from her, and that was literally true. For the development of the mother is more surprisingly manifest than the development of the daughter. It is probably quite impossible for any one now to realize what it meant in the middle of last century for a woman who belonged to an old proud wealthy English family, to follow a daughter's determined way into the teaching profession (degrading herself, as her father sternly told her, by accepting a salary); or for an earnest evangelical, whose chief happiness was the distribution of tracts, to follow her daughter into a religious toleration which now seemed to be on the edge of perversion to Rome, and again was undistinguishable from unitarianism; and which in any case carried her to Germany, the home of all that was dangerous in doctrine and perhaps in morals; or, again, for a quiet home-loving aristocratic invalid to follow her daughter into one of the fiercest controversies of the time in which, as she pathetically said, it was impossible to preserve the bloom on the peach or restore it when once it was rubbed off. Yet not only did she follow her step after step sympathetically; she continued to be to her, throughout it all, an unflinching strength and encouragement.

Octavia Hill came unexpectedly into her life, and as unexpectedly went out of it. This is the one dramatic episode in the book, and unfortunately the drama was a tragedy. There is no treachery or deep sinfulness attributed to either. There was a strong will on both sides, and an explosive temperament on one side—Miss Jex-Blake suffered from it more than she ever made another suffer. And then, as her mother said, 'with that strange prevision that is given sometimes to the pure in heart,—"God has two great works,—one for her, one for you."' But there is nothing which reveals the depth of her character more surely than the way she 'went

softly all the days of her life' after the rupture took place.

She found Dr. Lucy Sewall in America. She had gone there to study American methods of education. For as yet her one aim in life was to become a good teacher. There were moments, it is true, when the thought of being a preacher held her. For she was sincerely and absorbingly religious. After every defeat and disappointment she found strength in surrender to the will of God. Her friends, who had not perhaps the secrets of her diary in their possession, wondered at her elasticity. And she could speak well. But these were only moments. It was under the influence of Dr. Sewall that she turned her mind to medicine. And so found her work at last.

The story of the struggle to obtain a medical degree for women is told with power and without a moment's weariness. Once she had found her work, Miss Jex-Blake said wisely, 'This one thing I do.' It was great enough. And she did it. Thirty years' terrific struggle was rewarded with complete success, before she died in 1912 at the age of seventy-two.

THE THINGS OF A CHILD.

Mrs. Blundell (M. E. Francis) has written the story of her childhood, calling the book *The Things of a Child* (Collins; 6s. net). It is a true story. Listen to this example of the manner of it. 'An aunt of ours, the widow of one of my father's step-brothers, who had been very much older than himself, used to pay periodical visits to my mother. She was an Englishwoman, a lady of the old school, very kind and generous, but extremely strict in her views, and prone to point out our faults and failings. She used to bring us very handsome presents, and the day of her arrival was generally one of jubilation. Once she gave us each a doll far too beautiful to be played with. I can see these dolls now. They were very large indeed, and dressed in white silk, trimmed with narrow bands of red velvet ornamented with pearls. We were quite dazzled when they were put into our arms, but we had no sooner carried them off to our own quarters than we looked dubiously at each other. They had wax hair of the kind already lamented in our baby-dolls, but as these dolls were distinctly grown-up, this hair could not be covered

with little caps. Moreover, their gorgeous dresses would not take on and off; not only were they firmly stitched together, but actually to the backs and waists of the wearers. The little lace-trimmed "pantalettes," which appeared to be such as Dickens's "Infant Phenomenon" herself might have worn, were only make-believe. They were stitched to each doll's lower limbs about half-way up the thigh. What could be done with things like that? One could not play with grown-up young ladies, nor even put them to bed in their clothes.

"Gertie," I whispered at length, "I hate my doll!"

"So do I," said Gertie; and then she grimaced at the object in question: "Yah! you nasty thing!"

Is not that true? So is the whole story, not written up at all, told as it was experienced and as a most vivid memory has recalled it. Mrs. Blundell is a child again all through the book. And the purpose? It is that mothers may be able to tell their children 'what mother did when she was a little girl'; and that little girls may be true and good while they are girls, so that when their day comes it may be very pleasant to tell 'what mother did when she was a little girl' to *their* little ones.

RELIGION.

A series of Lectures on *Religions of the Past and Present* have been delivered by Members of the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, edited by James A. Montgomery, Ph.D., S.T.D., and published by Messrs. Lippincott (ros. 6d. net).

The editor's work comes first. He is well known to us, a first-rate Hebrew scholar and a successful teacher. His own lecture is of course the lecture on the Hebrew Religion. He chose the men. He chose them for their special topic. Of the lecturers themselves some are well known—Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., Dr. R. G. Kent, Dr. W. Max Müller. These all have a world-wide reputation already. Some of the rest will win that yet. Let us dare something and select the lecturer on the Religion of Greece as a certainty. His grasp is firm, his insight keen, his knowledge absolutely up to date. One of the others fails in the last point. He has made no use whatever of the

utterly indispensable ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS.

The Lecturer on Early Christianity is arresting. His name is William Romaine Newbold, Ph.D. We have not seen his work hitherto. We shall look out for it now. He is arresting even on 'the Gospel preached by the Apostles.' Like Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, he finds the Resurrection most momentous and the apostolic emphasis on it most characteristic. For the Resurrection opened the door for the Holy Spirit, and it was the entrance of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost that made Christianity. What followed (and still follows) is thus described:

'The most characteristic trait, perhaps, is a genuine distaste for all that is recognized as sin, even for those sins which had formerly seemed most attractive. Often the attraction disappears and is replaced by repulsion. More often, probably, it still survives and wages warfare with the new repugnance.

'The second trait is one of which there are many descriptions, yet all agree that the experience is essentially indescribable. It is felt as an inflow into the deepest depths of one's interior self of a mighty stream of conscious life, independent of and foreign to one's self and utterly unlike anything ever before experienced. It is usually described in terms derived from the emotions—it is a "love" that embraces all sentient beings and even inanimate objects; it is a "joy" beside which all the pleasures of life pale into nothingness; it is a "peace" so profound that no earthly vicissitudes can trouble it. But it has an intensity, a vividness, possessed by no emotion and superior to that of any sensation, a "burning sweetness," which poor fallen human nature finds all but insupportable. To the man who has had such an experience his former life seems like an arid waste, a living death, nay, like death itself.'

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S., Memorials of his Life and Work, by Sir William A. Tilden, F.R.S. (Macmillan; ros. net). It is the biography of a man of science. It is written by a man of science. The readers are evidently expected to be at least interested in science and even to know a little about it. They are expected to know a little of the special science of Chemistry. And

yet the utterly unscientific individual will read the book without a pause and without a moment's lack of interest.

What is the meaning of it? The meaning is quite simple. It is the biography of a right human being whose human nature is allowed to express itself on every page and in every sentence. Professor Ramsay had accomplishments. One of them was whistling. He could whistle more melodiously than most of his friends could sing. And he whistled everywhere and to everybody—if he was certain it would not be a boredom. He never bored anybody. He was there when he should be and always to give pleasure.

He was a great discoverer. But even the biography is not the place to learn about his discoveries, still less is this the place to recall them. This is the place, however, to say that he was a religious man. On the 14th of September 1913 he wrote from Boat o' Garten to Professor Worthington, and this is what he wrote: 'This is Sunday and I am going to continue our conversation of three weeks ago, and give you two quotations, one neutralising the other, I think. The first is from W. H. Howells, and is called "The Bewildered Guest":

I was not asked if I should like to come,
I have not seen my host since here I came,
Or had a word of welcome in his name:
Some say that we shall never see him; some
That we shall see him elsewhere and then know
Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
I have not the least notion. None, they say,
Was ever told when he should come or go;
But every now and then there burst upon
The song and mirth a lamentable noise,
A sound of shrieks and sobs that strikes our
joys

Dumb in our breasts; and then some one is
gone.

They say we meet him, none knows when or
where;

We know we shall not meet him here again.

'The second is in *Paul Kelver*, by Jerome K. Jerome, a book which I strongly recommend, if you haven't read it already:

"What do you believe," I asked, "father, really, I mean?"

'The night had fallen. My father put his arm round me and drew me to him, "That we are

God's children, little brother," he answered, "that what He wills for us is best. It may be life, it may be sleep; it will be best. I cannot think that He will let us die; that were to think of Him as without purpose. But His uses may not be our desires. We must trust Him. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

'We walked awhile in silence before my father spoke again.

"'Now abideth these three: faith, hope and charity'—you remember the verse—faith in God's goodness to us, hope that our dreams may be fulfilled. But these concern but ourselves—the greatest of all is charity."

"Be kind, that is all it means," continued my father. "Often we do what we think right and evil comes of it, and out of evil comes good. We cannot understand—maybe the old laws we have misread. But the new law that we love one another—all creatures He has made—that is so clear. And if it be that we are here together only for a little while, the future dark, how much the greater need have we of one another!"

'I think there is little more to be said. Indeed, it is all the Law and all the Prophets.'

That this found response in his own soul there can be no doubt. He took the trouble to write it all out again in a letter to Mr. Hebner about the same time.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

This was the practical precept of his life.

We have never had anything in this country like the Manual for Men preparing for the National Army Camps issued to the American recruits. It has been prepared by Arthur H. Brown and Frank Wade Smith. The title is *The Call to Arms* (New York: Abingdon Press: 10 cents net).

Divine Psychology (Bell; 3s. 6d. net) is a daring title. And the book is as daring as the title. It is an attempt on the part of a learned woman, Mrs. Kate Simmons, to prove that if we understood our own nature and followed her directions

for the treatment of it we should easily and inevitably reach Perfection. 'Divine Psychology teaches that the true law of growth is the unfolding of divine Good; that death, ignorance, and hatred are "the inhibiting factors" hiding true man; and states how these can be eliminated by the action of the law of Good.' Thus the author's subject is not the psychology of God, but the psychology of man who becomes perfect as God is perfect. 'The point of view of an evolving God is not here brought forward, but that of a supreme and perfect Godhead, an infinite, eternal glory; of a divine Principle—Life, Truth, Love—which is the intelligent creative Mind, governing its perfect creation, a race divine, expressing and reflecting immortality.'

The perfection is realized through Sonship. 'The human Jesus demonstrated and proved the Christ (perfect man) or spiritual idea of divine Sonship, and revealed in the power of the Holy Ghost the relationship between God the Father and God the Son—spiritual creation. Therefore "he that believeth on the Son of God" involves the recognition of man's spiritual selfhood which is the "witness in himself" of his own true nature, and demonstrated in experience his active relationship to God. Here is the whole principle of healing the sick, or the restoration of law and order; and casting out devils, or the delusion of life apart from God; and restoring to man the consciousness of the Trinity in Unity from everlasting to everlasting.'

We have often had the argument for Immortality stated from the side of science. But Mr. Charles A. Hall, in *They do Not Die* (A. & C. Black; 3s. 6d. net), does more. He describes the future life. He tells us what Heaven is and what Hell is, and all from the scientific point of view. The surprise of it is that the findings of science, both on the fact and on the nature of the life to come, are very like the findings of the New Testament. For example, science says that there will be no relationships in the future life.

'The declaration,' says Mr. Hall, 'carries reason on the face of it, for the fact is a matter of experience here. Family ties are in some instances very real, but in many cases they are palpably only legal, conventional and superficial. Intimate soul relationship is commonly sought and found outside the family circle, and, in practice, blood relation-

ship does not invariably yield community of thought, aspiration and character. A David finds a Jonathan who is spiritually closer to him than a brother, and who loves him as he loves his own soul. And Jesus indicated a wonderful spiritual brotherhood in His memorable reply to those who interrupted Him in His work by the declaration that His mother and His brethren stood without, desiring to speak with Him: "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" He asked. Then pointing to His disciples, He said, "Behold my mother and my brethren! for whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Family loyalty is a fine thing and worthy of all encouragement, but the members of any family circle are not alike in temperament or mental outlook, and it invariably happens that each individual forms his own circle of friends and intimates outside of the domestic community. We find no fault with this state of things; we take it for granted, and even rejoice in it, because we realise that it tends to wider experience, broader thought, and the defeat of stupid prejudice. A condition which contents us in our present life ought certainly to please us in its inevitable continuation in the spiritual world. Let us be happy in the thought that the departed ones are as near to us in spirit as they ever have been, or could be; that all that is really theirs infallibly gravitates to them; that they have spiritual friends who contribute to their progress and joy of living.'

Francis Thompson has now a great popularity. But his books are expensive. Messrs. Burns & Oates have met the desire for a cheaper edition of his poems by issuing a volume of *Selected Poems* (6s. net). The selection is so extensive that we doubt if anything is omitted that has to do with his reputation. And the book is as attractive as the three-volume edition of his works.

Two papers have been contributed by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed, Ph.D., to the University of Chicago series entitled 'Historical and Linguistic Studies in Literature related to the New Testament.' One is on *The Haskell Gospels*, the other on *The Harvard Gospels* (Cambridge University Press; 25 cents net). There is in each case a beautiful facsimile page.

In the University of Chicago the study of Heredity has been added to 'the curriculum of the church school.' That is to say, it has been made part of the child's religious education. So we make progress. And, be well assured, it is no pretence of study. It is taken seriously, and serious scientific manuals are prepared for it. The first is by Mr. Elliot Rowland Downing of the School of Education. Its title is *The Third and Fourth Generation* (Cambridge Univ. Press; \$1 net). The book is purely a work of science; there are no concessions to popular prejudice. Clearly as well as tersely expressed, the meaning is driven home by means of diagrams. There are pedigrees of trotting horses together with family trees of geniuses and of wastrels. Perhaps the religious teacher should study the subject a little before introducing it into the 'church school.' This is the book for the study of it.

The Church Missionary Society has issued a Missionary Study Text-Book on Nigeria. The title is *Nigeria the Unknown* (1s. net).

The newest addition to the Oxford series of Standard Authors is a volume containing *The Poetical Works of Gray and Collins* (Oxford Univ. Press; 2s. 6d. net). The editor of Gray is Mr. Austin Lane Poole. And Gray never had a better editor. This is the edition to rely upon. Not a few facts are discovered and questions settled by Mr. Lane Poole's patient research. The Collins is by Mr. Christopher Stone with the help of Mr. Lane Poole.

Dr. Kelman has written a fine frank appreciation of a volume of short war sermons by the Rev. John A. Patten, M.A., which is called *The Decoration of the Cross* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. net). Is it a volume of sermons? We hope it is. For just such as these are the short earnest emphatic illustrated sermons we need in these days. The illustrations are out of the preacher's own experience as a Chaplain. What does the title mean? The soldier who 'makes good' receives his honourable mention, perhaps his D.C.M. or even his V.C. The soldier of Jesus Christ bears about with him the marks of the Lord Jesus. That is *his* decoration.

The Bruce Lecturer for 1914 was the Rev.

William Manson, B.A. His subject was *Christ's View of the Kingdom of God*. And under that title the volume containing the lectures has now been issued. Says Professor H. R. Mackintosh, introducing the volume: 'Those into whose hands this book may come for serious study—and they will, I trust, be many—will find that it does for them a great service: it enables them to understand in a new and more satisfying way how Jesus' message of the Kingdom, in spite and by means of its apocalyptic vesture, is in essence "an expression of the urgency, immediacy, and inevitable triumph of God's will to reconcile the world to Himself.'" It is well said and truly, and it is all that has to be said.

It is a particular pleasure to find Mr. Manson reject the German 'Interims-Ethik' idea so decidedly. 'Take, for example, the principle of loving enemies. We are to love our enemies, not because the time is short, but because the loving-kindness of our Father in Heaven endureth for ever. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father who is in Heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, etc." (Matt. v. 44, 45). No one reading this passage could possibly think that the nearness of the end had anything to do with it.'

There is a dainty square volume published by Messrs. Constable under the title of *Trivium* (4s. 6d. net). Its author is Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith. Its broad margins and white paper, with sometimes only a single short paragraph of printing on a page, is more than we had hoped to see again for many a weary day. And the reading is all in harmony with the fine fastidiousness of the binding. But what is its purpose? To glorify idleness? All this beauty of form and finish of style, yea, even all this subtle simplicity of thought, just to glorify idleness? No doubt the author apologizes for his idleness. And then he sails away with widespread wings as if he had proved his right to be and to do nothing in this world.

'Oh to be becalmed on a sea of glass all day; to listen all day to rain on the roof, or wind in pine trees; to sit all day by a waterfall reading the "Faerie Queene," or exquisite, artificial, monotonous Persian poems about an oasis garden where it is always spring—where roses bloom and lovers

sigh, and nightingales lament without ceasing, and white-robed figures sit in groups by the running water and discuss all day, and day after day, the Meaning of Life.'

Messrs. Headley Brothers have begun the issue of a series of 'Papers for the Present.' The third number (which seems to have been issued first) is called *Spirit Creative* (6d.). It contains two articles by Mr. George Sandeman, one entitled 'Spirit Creative,' the other 'The Spiritual City.' The series is reconstructive.

In the Swarthmore Lecture for 1918, of which the title is *The New Social Outlook* (Headley; 1s. 6d. net), Lucy Fryer Morland, B.A., gives an historical account of the Social Service rendered by the Society of Friends. When will other communities of Christians search their records and make as frank a statement of failure? But for the future she has hope. Two things have to be recognized—the right of every man and woman to *self-determination*, and the necessity of *co-operation*. When these have their way, caste in all its forms must go. 'In the schools class distinction must be obliterated; money and social position must confer no special privileges. The people have the right to give to their own children the best opportunities that are available, and no one can claim more.' It is a sane and a courageous book, the sanity of Christian courage.

Sir George Adam Smith's *Syria and the Holy Land* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net) is one of the best and cheapest of the literary products of the war. The map is itself worth the money, and well worth it. The pamphlet contains all that the newspaper reader needs to know of the country, its history, geography, politics, and promises.

We do not believe that a better book for boys has ever been published than *Captain Ball, V.C.* (Herbert Jenkins; 6s. net). We have read many books for boys, and this excels them all. It is well written. For that we give due thanks to the double authorship, Walter A. Briscoe and H. Russell Stannard. It is the life of a hero, the hero of all boys, whatever their antecedents or upbringing. It is packed with adventure, the most thrilling imaginable. It is true, every word of it. And last of all its tone is reverent and

religious, without a sensation of mawkishness. For this wonderful boy (he was a boy and only a boy to the end) who beat all others in beating German airmen, never missed an opportunity of attending the worship of God, never omitted to ask God's help, never feared to confess his faith in God. And, most wonderful of all, he put to shame those who ought to have been his betters, in his attitude to his and our enemies. Take this one paragraph from a letter: 'You ask me to let the devils have it when I fight. Yes, I always let them have all I can, but really I don't think them devils. I only scrap because it is my duty, but I do not think anything bad about the Hun. He is just a good chap with very little guts, trying to do his best. Nothing makes me feel more rotten than to see them go down, but you see it is either them or me, so I must do my best to make it a case of *them*.'

Professor Morris Jastrow, jr., the Assyriologist, has given himself to a study of the German aims in the Near East, and has published the result in *The War and the Bagdad Railway* (Lippincott; 6s. net). Every aspect of the subject seems to be taken account of—scientific, commercial, political, military. For whatever Dr. Jastrow does he does thoroughly. He has all the advantage of intimate knowledge of the past history of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and he has been able to enliven his book by the use of a series of fine photographs.

It is a striking thing that Professor Morris Jastrow is so antagonistic to the German aims. It has cost him something; for he was educated at the German Universities. He was compelled at last to see that it was not a place in the sun that the Germans were after, but tyrannical usurpation of every other nation's place. And it is clear to him that the Bagdad railway is the key to the question of the world's freedom or slavery.

How fascinating is the story! 'Can any romance be stranger than the streets of Bagdad, only sixty miles distant from the ruins of ancient Babylon, with memories of past glory reaching back to Harun al-Rashid, resounding to the steps of European soldiery, and Mosul, opposite which lies all that remains of Nineveh "the great city," once mistress of the world, at the mercy of a European power! What does it all mean? It is reported that on the top of the remains of one of the ancient towers that formed a feature of the

temples of Babylonia a "wireless" station has been installed since the beginning of the war. This particular tower is the one, curiously enough, which tradition associates with the famous Tower of Babel.'

Dr. Jastrow is a firm believer in internationalization. The Turk must be sent out of Europe, and Constantinople must be under the protectorate of an international commission. 'Mesopotamia, Palestine and Arabia should likewise be placed under an "international" protectorate, and its populations be given the opportunity of developing their capability for autonomy, which at present they do not possess.'

The friends of the late Dr. John Hunter of Glasgow intend to publish a volume of sermons, addresses, and prayers, together with a memoir. Meantime they have chosen six addresses on the 23rd Psalm, and have issued them, along with a sermon on the true measure of life, under the title of *Faith in Stormy Days* (Maclehose; 3s. 6d. net). And let it be said at once that the exposition of the psalm of psalms contained in these six addresses is the outcome of a lifetime's study. Dr. Hunter bought and read all the books he could find on the Psalter, and as he read he thought, and as he thought he recorded his thoughts on paper. It is no ordinary volume of sermons. The Psalter appealed to his mind in a marked degree, and to his experiences, and the 23rd Psalm most of all. He literally walks with the Psalmist through the valley of the shadow; he is as sure as the Psalmist that goodness and mercy shall follow him all his days.

Alcohol and Life is the title of a Manual of Scientific Temperance Teaching for Schools which has been written by John A. Hunter, M.B., C.M. (Edin.), and issued by Messrs. Macmillan. It has already been sanctioned by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland for use in Schools, and ought to be sanctioned and insisted upon everywhere. For it is utterly free from bias, it is charmingly written and as charmingly illustrated; and although little more than a pamphlet it contains all the necessary knowledge.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore's new book contains two meditations. So it is called *Lover's Gift and Crossing* (Macmillan; 5s. net). These two differ. The one is earthly; the other is heavenly. But

both are of the spirit, neither is of the flesh. Sometimes one thinks a progressive method is to be traced in the thought, and then again it is lost. Take one swallow-flight from each meditation.

'I dreamt that she sat by my head, tenderly ruffling my hair with her fingers, playing the melody of her touch. I looked at her face and struggled with my tears, till the agony of unspoken words burst my sleep like a bubble.

'I sat up and saw the glow of the Milky Way above my window, like a world of silence on fire, and I wondered if at this moment she had a dream that rhymed with mine.'

'None needs be thrust aside to make room for you.

When love prepares your seat she prepares it for all.

Where the earthly King appears, guards keep out the crowd, but when you come, my King, the whole world comes in your wake.'

Bishop Herbert Hensley Henson has published another volume of Sermons. The sermons were preached during the last two years, and mostly in the Cathedral of Durham. The first six deal with the subject of Christian Liberty and give the book its title: *Christian Liberty, and Other Sermons* (Macmillan; 6s. net). There is no reference in any of them to the controversy which arose over his appointment to the See of Hereford; but at the end of the volume he prints the correspondence which passed between him and the Bishop of London regarding his occupation of the City Temple pulpit. He also mentions in the Preface that the English Church Union has issued a sixpenny pamphlet entitled *Dr. Hensley Henson's Opinions*. And he says: 'A series of quotations from works of mine published during the last fifteen years is set forth under various headings, and the reader is assured in a prefatory note that "a reference to their context will rather aggravate than extenuate their gravity." I have been at the pains of testing this assurance by reading the contexts, and I must needs record a protest against misrepresentation, none the less gross and hurtful for being cleverly masqued by a profession of scrupulous fairness. A protest is the more requisite since it cannot be thought an extravagant assumption that this pamphlet will have vastly more readers than any of the books it claims to quote from.'

In one of the sermons Dr. Henson deals with a matter which has caused much searching of heart and some misunderstanding. Its title is 'The Failure of Lutheranism no Disproof of the Reformation.' The subject is too large for a sermon. It is perhaps impossible in any way to deal with it satisfactorily at present. When our hands are free we shall find that it is Prussianism that is the devil, not Lutheranism.

God's Book of Hope; or, Back to the Bible and the Angels of the Fearnot is the complete title of an anonymous book published by Messrs. Marshall Brothers. It is an earnest plea for a more devout and more frequent reading of the Bible. The author is much impressed with the occurrences of the words 'Fear not.'

In an introduction to *Spiritual Churchmanship*, by the Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A. (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d. net), the Bishop of Liverpool denies that Evangelicals belittle the Church. Their difference from certain others is this. They believe that the Church is a means, not an end. The Church for Christ, not Christ for the Church—that is their motto and their motive. And that is the meaning of Mr. Webster's book. His whole aim is to promote union with Christ, the union of the individual, that in that union the individual may find himself a Churchman.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have issued two books on the Second Advent. The one is called *The Prophetic Outlook To-Day*; its author is the Rev. E. P. Cachemaille, M.A. Mr. Cachemaille uses 'prophecy' as equivalent to prediction. But that is too narrow a use of the word. It is now recognized by students of Scripture that prediction is quite a subordinate element in prophecy, and is often altogether absent. Nevertheless an author is entitled to use a word in his own way if he makes it clear what his own way is. And Mr. Cachemaille makes it perfectly clear.

The other book is, however, more edifying. It is a collection of addresses by the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, D.D., under the title of *Behold, He Cometh!* Writers on the Second Advent have a great opportunity at present. May they be guided to the profitable use of it.

Ponnamal, her Story, has been told by Amy

Wilson-Carmichael (Morgan & Scott). Ponnamal was a Hindu widow. The dead husband's family were Christian, but with few of the Hindu customs shed yet; and poor Ponnamal had a hard time with her mother-in-law. Then came 'the enlightenment,' and after that permission to itinerate with the English missionary and a life of amazing courage and sacrifice, till death came of cancer on the 26th of August 1915.

The special service given her was to rescue children devoted to the temples and to the nameless horrors of that devotion. It was dangerous, but it was rewarding work. This young Hindu woman shrank from it at first, and then gave herself to it regardless of all but God's command. Christina Rossetti says that the saint is known by two marks—first, likeness to Christ luminously, and next the faculty of discovering or making saints of others—'Lo! I and the child God has given me.' Such a saint was Ponnamal.

The story is told with rare ability—the English language and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ in harmonious co-operation.

Few authors of books have done more for the reconciliation of science with religion than Emma Marie Caillard, or done it less ostentatiously. One great thought is with her always. It is the thought of growth, growth in doctrine as well as in life. She believes in theology, but not in a theology that is stranded on the shore of the oblivious years. And by every device of the true literary artist she seeks to persuade us to go forward in our belief about God, just as the scientific observer goes forward in his faith in the order of the universe. The new book, *A Living Christianity* (Murray; 3s. 6d.), itself throbs with life.

In the chapter on 'The Life to Come,' the author tells us this: 'Here is the experience, positively vouched for by the writer to be true and as described, of a child of fourteen whose dearly-loved mother had passed into the Unseen three months previously. She woke in the night, and saw through the twilight of her room, the door open and her mother advance towards her bed. The child knew her mother had died, and she felt a trembling awe of this visitant from the life beyond. Her mother came up to the bed and took the child in her arms, every shadow of fear

vanished, and a sensation of unutterable peace and comfort took its place. The mother said no word, the child did not see her face distinctly, but she felt there was no need. "Heart welled into heart." Many years afterwards, when the same child was a middle-aged woman, she had an experience of like nature in regard to a loved sister who had passed from earth a little over two years previously. Both times she was herself greatly strengthened and comforted, but on the rare occasions when in the hope of consoling other mourners she has related what occurred to herself, it is but once or twice that any conviction of the reality of these happenings, that they were more than subjective impressions, was produced upon her listeners.'

The English Catalogue of Books for 1917 has been published (Publishers' Circular; 8s. 6d. net). It is the most wonderful book of the year. For it concentrates the wonder of all the other books. What an astonishing thing that the record of books in 1917 makes a handsome volume, little (if any) less in interest and bulk than that of the year before the war began. And the wonder is the greater that the proportion of purely *war* books has fallen off. Here are many great scientific, philosophical, and religious volumes written, published, and no doubt read while the sorrow and anxiety are so heavy to bear. It is one of the proofs of the greatness of the mind of man, one proof of the greatness of our national mind.

Remember that, besides the record of books published during the year, the volume contains an Appendix of Learned Societies and a Directory of Publishers.

The Rev. Eugene William Lyman, D.D., Professor of the Philosophy of Religion and Christian Ethics in Oberlin Graduate School of Theology, is one of the clearest thinkers and most adequately furnished scholars in the United States. Three lectures which last autumn he delivered at Union Theological Seminary have now been published, with the title *The Experience of God in Modern Life* (Scribners; \$1 net). The question to be answered is, What does religious experience do for progress? By religious experience Dr. Lyman means the experience of an Eternal Creative Good Will. And as there are three lectures the experience is considered in

relation to the individual, to society, and to the universe. In other words, the experience of God is considered 'in its relation to modern life from three points of view—the personal, the social, and the cosmic.'

We have read the book with intense interest, but we can do nothing with it here, for its argument hangs closely together and to repeat it would be to rewrite the book. One point only shall be noticed. Dr. Lyman discusses Mr. H. G. Wells and his notion of a finite God. He says: 'Surely men who in this scientific age are consciously dealing with the universal laws of nature need a God who is infinite in the sense of being able to control those laws to moral ends. This need and the faith which satisfies it are admirably set forth in the following lines of Edwin Markham, who is no more bound by conventional religion than is Mr. Wells:

Keep heart, O Comrade! God may be delayed
By evil, but he suffers no defeat;
Even as a chance rock in an upland brook
May change a river's course; and yet no rock—
No, nor the baffling mountains of the world,—
Can hold it from its destiny, the sea.
God is not foiled; the drift of the world Will
Is stronger than all wrong. Earth and her years,
Down joy's bright way, or sorrow's longer road,
Are moving toward the purpose of the Skies.'

It is not easy to obtain authentic unprejudiced writing upon Swedenborg. So we mention the issue by Mr. Elliot Stock of a paper, *Swedenborg, Servant of God*, by Dr. Charles H. Moore, Professor of Art, Emeritus, Harvard University (rs. net). There is in it much information in little bulk; and there is the insight of perfectly sane sympathy.

In His Strength is the title of a small quarto containing a Selection of Helpful Thoughts and Prayers from various Authors arranged for Daily Reading (Scott; 3s. 6d. net). The editor, Constance M. Whishaw, has ranged widely and has not been afraid to place Emerson beside Frances Ridley Havergal. The quotations are arranged in groups, and there is a serviceable index. Here is the page occupied by April 21:

Dreams pass; work remains. They tell us that not a sound has ever ceased to vibrate through

space; that not a ripple has ever been lost upon the ocean. Much more is it true that not a true thought, nor a pure resolve, nor a loving act has ever gone forth in vain.

The Reverend F. W. Robertson.

All we have done, or nobly failed in doing,

All we have been, or bravely striven to be,
Makes for our gain, within us still surviving
As power and larger possibility.

All, all shall count; the mingled joy and sorrow

To force of finer being rise at last;
From the crude ores in trial's furnace smelted
The image of the perfect life is cast.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

It is not very long since Dr. Alfred Plummer gave us a Commentary on Second Thessalonians. He has now published *A Commentary on St. Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians* (Scott; 4s. 6d. net). It is a well-printed demy octavo, furnished with full critical Introduction and Expository Notes and up to date even to the articles in the **DICTIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH**.

Dr. Plummer gives the text of the Epistle according to the Authorized Version and what he calls a Paraphrase of his own. The Paraphrase is, however, really a new translation, and it is upon it that the Notes are founded. Take four verses in parallel column, the A.V. in the first, the Paraphrase in the second column.

I THESS. 4⁹⁻¹².

But as touching brotherly love, ye need not that I write unto you: for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another. And indeed ye do it toward all the brethren which are in all Macedonia: but we beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more; And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands (as we com-

I THESS. 4⁹⁻¹².

There is another subject, that of love of the brethren, about which you have no need that we should write to you. For of your own accord you have accepted God's teaching to the effect that you must love one another. We say this the more confidently, for you are actively following this teaching in your conduct towards all the brethren in the whole of Macedonia. But we do exhort you, Brethren, to do this still more fully than you have

I THESS. 4⁹⁻¹².

manded you;) That ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have a lack of nothing.

I THESS. 4⁹⁻¹².

hitherto done, and to make a vigorous endeavour to keep quiet, and to attend each to his own affairs and to work at some handicraft, in exact accordance with the precepts which we gave you. Our object in this is that you should live so as to be in good repute in your relations with your unbelieving neighbours, and should maintain an honourable independence.

Now take a note. Take the note on the words *make a vigorous endeavour* in v. 11: 'Lit. "Be anxious of distinction, be ambitious" (*φιλοτιμείσθαι*). In late Greek the verb seems to lose the idea of emulation. The exhortation to make a quiet life an object of endeavour is among the indications that there had been much restlessness among the converts. In Rom. xv. 20 and 2 Cor. v. 9, the other passages in the N.T. in which the verb occurs, it is used, as here, in a good sense. See Plummer on 2 Cor. v. 9. The paradoxical expression, "be vigorous in keeping quiet," is perhaps made deliberately. Cf. "make a desperate effort on behalf of tranquillity of mind" (Arrian, *Disc. of Epictetus*, ii. 16 *sub fin.*); also "with strenuous yielding" (Clement of Rome, *Cor.* lviii. 2, lxii. 2).'

There has never been but one Dean Ramsay, but the Rev. T. Selby Henrey, Vicar of St. George, Brentford, makes a very respectable follower. If the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who writes an Introduction to Mr. Henrey's collection of *Good Stories from Oxford and Cambridge* (Simpkin; 3s. 6d. net), had been responsible for the whole book and had carried the manner of the Introduction throughout, who will say that the great Scottish Dean might not have had a real English rival? Mr. Henrey can tell a story all right. But he is content to tell it. The Dean and the President tell it with circumstance.

The President of Magdalen opens his Introduction by quoting Longfellow:

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands.

For the smithy is the place where the village wits meet and from the chestnut tree come chestnuts. Mr. Henrey has gathered not a few. The retort of Bishop Boyd Carpenter is a chestnut, but, as the President says again, it is not a rotten chestnut. 'Once, while addressing an open-air meeting, an atheist asked Bishop Boyd Carpenter if he believed that Jonah was swallowed by a whale. "When I go to heaven I will ask Jonah," said his lordship. "But, supposing," the other persisted, "he is not there!" "Then *you* will have to ask him," was the quick retort.'

This explanation of the 'motto' (as Mr. Henrey calls it) of Marischal College, Aberdeen, is credited to Henry Smith of Balliol: 'A friend mentioned to him the enigmatical motto of Marischal College: "They say; what say they? let them say." "Ah," said Henry Smith, "it expresses the three stages of an undergraduate's career. In the first year he is reverent, and accepts everything he is told as inspired—"They say"; in his second year he is sceptical and asks, "What say they?" and "let them say" expresses the contemptuous attitude of his third year."

There is a chapter entitled 'Old Chestnuts for Young Preachers.' Mr. Henrey is not above an exegetical note. Thus: "'God loveth a cheerful giver" (2 Cor. ix. 7): *hiláros*—hilarious, flowing over, bubbling over with thankfulness, a heat of heart that thaws frozen-up pockets.'

In September 1917 was published the first number of the *S.P.C.K. Quarterly Record* (1d.). It is diligence in business and service of the Lord. The S.P.C.K. series *Straight Talks* deserves notice also. They are addressed chiefly to boys and girls (1d. net). The writers have been chosen with evident care and knowledge. They have taken to their work seriously, but they are not too serious.

A Challenge to Girls is a good title. And it is made good in a volume of short essays written by several women of literary instinct and loving service, and edited by M. Gwen Southall (Student Christian Movement; 1s. 6d.). The topics of the short studies are Discipleship, Vocation, Counting the Cost, Joy, and so on, and each topic is presented in a week's lessons, a lesson for every day.

In the Notes of Recent Exposition this month some reference is made to a book which presents

liberty as an ideal for education, and it came out that there is false liberty and true, the false being that which demands the place of lord for self, the true that which is content with the place of servant. These ideas are strikingly illustrated in a volume of lectures which has been issued from the Student Christian Movement under the title of *The Agony of the Church* (2s. 6d. net). The author is a Serbian, the Rev. Nicholai Velimirovic, D.D., of St. Savva's College, Belgrade. Thus: 'Slavery means obligatory service; freedom ought to mean willing service. Only a man or a nation educated for willing service to their neighbours is a really free man or free nation. All other theories of freedom are illusions. Freedom asking for rights and not for willing service means an endless quarrel crowning with unhappiness all its champions. Neither Pericles' republic nor Octavian's monarchy were the States of happiness, but St. Paul's pan-human state, with a single Magna Charta of willing service, will be a State of Universal Happiness.'

The book is a remarkable one. It is quite one of the surprises of the war.

Mr. T. R. St. Johnston, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., has resided for many years on *The Lau Islands* and has taken particular interest in their traditions; and now under that title he has published a volume of their fairy tales and folk-lore (Times Book Club).

The Lau Islands lie about midway between Fiji and Tonga, being about two hundred miles east of the former. They act as a barrier against the heavy storms that sweep the Pacific in those months of the year when 'the trades' are at their strongest. And vessels are often thrown upon their reefs. Thus Christianity came to them by way of Tonga, and they passed it on to Fiji. And now it is not easy for the observer to separate the purely native story from the influences of the Bible and Christianity. Says Mr. St. Johnston: 'I was investigating the old snake legend of Vulaga Island (an island, incidentally, on which no snakes are ever found). A man told me his *Kalou Vu*—his ancestral god—was a red serpent, and that Vulaga was *Tauvu*—of common origin—with Totoya Island (where snakes are found). So far so good. I then asked him if he knew the name of this *Kalou Vu*. He replied, "His name was that of the Chief of all the Devils, the Blessed

Pope!" Thinking that this was rather strong partizanship for even the most ardent Wesleyan, I asked again, and this time he pronounced it a little differently, as "Bilesi Popu." He then said it was well known in the Bible, and all at once it flashed across me—"Beelzebub." This man had, with some confusion, read in his Bible of Beelzebub and also of serpents, and consequently adopted, quite wrongly, this name for the ancient *Kalou Vu* of his race.'

Mr. St. Johnston has confined himself to the folk-lore of the Islands and many a weird as well as many a childish story he tells. He has succeeded in making his book entertaining to the ordinary reader of books as well as valuable to the student of anthropology.

A pamphlet on *The Agricultural Labourer and the Minimum Wage* (Letchworth: Wardman; 2d. net), by the Rev. J. R. C. Forrest, M.A., Vicar

of Swanbourne, with a preface by the Bishop of Oxford, states temperately but impressively the case for Hodge, whose case cannot be left unconsidered much longer.

It is quite a small book that the Right Rev. J. W. Diggle, D.D., Bishop of Carlisle, has issued with the title of *Death and the After-Life* (Williams & Norgate; 2s. 6d. net); but there is an astonishing amount of thinking in it. The thinking is clear and the expression of it accurate. Easy to read, the book has all the facts we can be sure of, and it is very helpful.

Dr. Diggle does well to emphasize the difference between death and Christian death. We must sharpen these differences and compel the world to see them.

The four facts which the Bishop of Carlisle believes to be revealed regarding the heavenly life are Recognition, Reversal, Peace, and Awareness.

The Credibility of the Fourth Gospel.

BY THE REV. CANON H. H. B. AYLES, D.D., BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

It is rapidly coming to be regarded as a self-evident truth that the account given by the Synoptists is to be preferred to the narrative of St. John, and that when any statement in the Fourth Gospel contradicts (or seems to contradict) statements in the other three, St. John's presentation of the case must be regarded as unhistorical.

The object of the present article is to investigate how far this presumption is borne out by the actual facts. There is no lack of material for such an investigation. There are many contradictions, real or apparent, between the Synoptic Gospels and St. John, and a careful and unbiased comparison ought to show us pretty conclusively whether or no the preference is always to be given to one of these authorities, and if so, to which.

We have spoken of the Synoptic Gospels, but it is necessary to remember that it is not a case of three witnesses against one. St. Matthew and St. Luke have been content to adopt St. Mark's account practically unaltered. They have in some cases changed his order and in others improved his style, but their account is the same as his, and his limits are (as far as this discussion is concerned)

theirs also. Thus the comparison is not between the Synoptists and St. John, but between the author of the Fourth Gospel and the author of the Second.

The first thing that would strike an impartial observer would be that the author of the Fourth Gospel lays repeated claim to an intimate and personal knowledge of the events recorded. There is no need to labour the point, for it does not depend on one or two isolated passages, but on the whole standpoint of the Gospel.¹

Moreover, the author of the Fourth Gospel repeatedly corrects or modifies the statements of the Synoptists. Such a rejection of established tradition is inconceivable unless he possessed, or wished it to be supposed he possessed, superior information. The claim may be disallowed on closer examination, but no candid inquirer can ignore the fact that it has been made. No such claim is made in the Second Gospel, and no critic has advanced it.

It is sometimes conceded that the author of the

¹ The claim is recognized as early as the Muratorian Fragment.