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eloquently emphasized by the Prophets would, of course, be included; but on the other hand little or nothing of the details of sacerdotal and ceremonial arrangements. The Messianic visions of the Prophets could not be dispensed with, nor the pithy wisdom of Proverbs. Room would have to be found for the greater part of Job, and for at least two-thirds of the Book of Psalms.

With some hesitation there is now submitted a tentative and somewhat rough list of portions to be omitted in the proposed Abridgment.

The whole of Leviticus, 1 and 2 Chronicles, Esther, Song of Solomon, Obadiah, Nahum.

Genesis—4<sup>16-26</sup>; 5; 10; 11<sup>10-32</sup>; 15<sup>7-21</sup>; 17<sup>22-27</sup>; 19<sup>20-38</sup>; 20; 21<sup>21-34</sup>; 22<sup>20-24</sup>; 23; 24<sup>5-9</sup>; 25<sup>1-7, 12-20</sup>; 26; 29<sup>20-31</sup>; 31<sup>4-35</sup>; 33<sup>18-29</sup>; 34; 36; 37<sup>36</sup>; 38; 46<sup>8-27</sup>; 47<sup>12-81</sup>; 48; 50<sup>9-11</sup>.

Exodus—1<sup>1-6</sup>; 4<sup>18, 19, 31-26</sup>; 6<sup>10-7</sup>; 18; 25-31; 35-40.

Numbers—1-10<sup>36</sup>; 13<sup>4-31, 32</sup>; 14<sup>26-34</sup>; 15-19; 20<sup>14-21</sup>; 21<sup>10-22</sup>; 25-36.

Deuteronomy—3<sup>10-12, 20-22, 34-37</sup>; 3<sup>4-22</sup>; 4<sup>41-49</sup>; 7<sup>1-12</sup>; 12<sup>20-14</sup>; 15<sup>12-18</sup>; 21-29; 31<sup>9-29</sup>.

Joshua—1<sup>10-18</sup>; 2<sup>16, 11</sup>; 3<sup>6-8, 12</sup>; 4<sup>4-7, 9-19</sup>; 5<sup>1-9</sup>; 7<sup>1</sup>; 8<sup>30-35</sup>; 9<sup>1-2</sup>; 10<sup>18-43</sup>; 11<sup>1-19</sup>; 12-24.

Judges—1; 2<sup>1-8, 11-19, 33</sup>; 7<sup>28-10</sup>; 12<sup>8-15</sup>; 17-21.

Ruth—3<sup>1-4</sup>; 4<sup>18-22</sup>.

1 Samuel—2<sup>21-36</sup>; 5; 11; 12; 13<sup>1-4, 6-23</sup>; 14<sup>17-52</sup>; 19; 20; 23<sup>1-13, 19-22</sup>; 25; 30.

2 Samuel—1<sup>1-16</sup>; 2<sup>3, 15-32</sup>; 3<sup>2-16</sup>; 5<sup>13-21</sup>; 8<sup>7-18</sup>; 9; 10; 12<sup>26-31</sup>; 13; 14; 15<sup>32-37</sup>; 16; 17; 19-22; 23<sup>24-30</sup>.

1 Kings—1; 2<sup>9-9, 13-46</sup>; 3<sup>1-3</sup>; 4<sup>1-20</sup>; 6<sup>1-8, 8-16</sup>; 7; 9; 10<sup>14-20</sup>; 11<sup>9-33</sup>; 13<sup>1-16</sup>; 20; 22<sup>41-38</sup>.

2 Kings—1; 3; 4<sup>1-7, 38-44</sup>; 6-8; 10-17; 21<sup>3-26</sup>; 22<sup>9-38</sup>; 23<sup>1-20, 31-33, 35-37</sup>; 25<sup>8-31, 25-30</sup>.

Ezra—1<sup>6-37</sup>; 4<sup>6-10</sup>.

Nehemiah—1<sup>8-21</sup>; 3<sup>1-6</sup>; 6<sup>17-77</sup>; 8<sup>4, 6, 7, 18-19</sup>; 9-13.  
Job—3<sup>7, 8</sup>; 4<sup>20, 31</sup>; 5<sup>8-8, 18</sup>; 6<sup>9-7, 10, 18, 18-28, 37</sup>; 8<sup>16, 38</sup>; 9<sup>12, 17-21</sup>; 15<sup>17-19</sup>; 16<sup>1-16</sup>; 17<sup>7-6, 19-16</sup>; 18<sup>8-18</sup>; 19<sup>9, 18</sup>; 20<sup>2-21, 28, 29</sup>; 22<sup>8-11, 14-29</sup>; 24<sup>8-18, 17-22</sup>; 27<sup>7-38</sup>; 28; 30<sup>7, 11-19, 24-37</sup>; 31-37.

Psalms—5; 6; 7; 9; 10; 11; 12; 13; 26; 28; 29; 35; 38; 41; 44; 52; 53; 54; 58; 59; 60; 64; 69; 70; 71; 78; 79; 80; 81; 82; 83; 86; 87; 88; 89; 97; 98; 99; 105; 108; 109; 111; 117; 119<sup>61, 66, 73-96, 112-176</sup>; 120; 123; 128; 129; 134; 135; 136; 140; 141; 142; 143; 144; 148; 149; 150.

Proverbs—1<sup>20-32</sup>; 3<sup>21-36</sup>; 6<sup>20-26</sup>; 9; 10<sup>10-22</sup>; 11<sup>2-28</sup>; 12; 13; 15<sup>20-30</sup>; 16<sup>21-30</sup>; 17; 18<sup>2-20</sup>; 19; 20<sup>1-16</sup>; 21; 22<sup>17-27</sup>; 23<sup>1-14</sup>; 24<sup>1-9, 28-28</sup>; 26; 28<sup>2-7, 18-25</sup>; 29<sup>2-11</sup>.

Ecclesiastes—5<sup>2-20</sup>; 6; 7; 8; 9<sup>1-9</sup>; 10.

Isaiah—1<sup>21-81</sup>; 3<sup>1-9, 18-28</sup>; 4; 8<sup>1-8</sup>; 9<sup>8-21</sup>; 10<sup>1-4, 28-34</sup>; 11<sup>11-16</sup>; 13; 14<sup>1, 2, 24-32</sup>; 15-24; 25<sup>10-12</sup>; 26<sup>11-21</sup>; 27; 29; 30<sup>1-14, 22-28</sup>; 34; 36-39; 41<sup>18-29</sup>; 46; 47; 48<sup>2-11</sup>; 49<sup>17-21</sup>; 50<sup>1-9, 11</sup>; 51; 52<sup>9-9</sup>; 56; 57<sup>1-14</sup>; 59<sup>4-14</sup>; 65<sup>1-7, 10-18</sup>; 66<sup>3-24</sup>.

Jeremiah—2<sup>14-80</sup>; 3; 4<sup>18-31</sup>; 5<sup>1-10</sup>; 6<sup>1-10, 17-28</sup>; 7<sup>28-34</sup>; 8<sup>1-8, 10-17</sup>; 9<sup>4-22, 28, 28</sup>; 10; 11<sup>1-8, 10-17</sup>; 12<sup>7-17</sup>; 13<sup>12-14, 24-27</sup>; 14<sup>12-18</sup>; 15<sup>2-21</sup>; 16; 17<sup>16-27</sup>; 18<sup>18-28</sup>; 19; 21<sup>11-14</sup>; 22; 23<sup>10-25</sup>; 27; 28; 29<sup>18-28</sup>; 30<sup>4-9, 12-24</sup>; 32<sup>1-37</sup>; 39-46; 48<sup>2-6, 18-47</sup>; 49<sup>1-6, 17-29</sup>; 50<sup>2-21</sup>; 51<sup>1-82, 87-89</sup>; 52.

Lamentations—2; 3<sup>1-21, 43-66</sup>; 4; 5.

Ezekiel—4<sup>4-17</sup>; 5<sup>9-7</sup>; 10-17; 19; 20<sup>11-32</sup>; 21<sup>1-7, 18-32</sup>; 22<sup>17-24</sup>; 26<sup>6-21</sup>; 28-30; 32; 33<sup>1-9, 12-20</sup>; 35; 36<sup>1-16</sup>; 37<sup>10-48</sup>.

Daniel—2; 4; 7-12.

Hosea—1<sup>2-2</sup>; 3; 5<sup>1-14</sup>; 7; 8<sup>8-10</sup>; 12; 13.

Joel—3.

Amos—1<sup>2-2</sup>; 5<sup>18-17</sup>; 6<sup>2-7</sup>; 8<sup>14-9</sup>.

Jonah—No omissions.

Micah—1<sup>7-16</sup>; 2<sup>5-13</sup>; 3<sup>1-4</sup>; 4<sup>5-5</sup>.

Habakkuk—No omissions.

Zephaniah—2<sup>4-3</sup>.

Haggai—2<sup>10-19</sup>.

Zechariah—1<sup>7-21</sup>; 3; 5; 6; 7; 9<sup>1-8</sup>; 10; 11; 12<sup>4-7</sup>; 14<sup>1-19</sup>.

Malachi 2<sup>11-16</sup>.

## Literature.

### REUNION IN ETERNITY.

THE Introduction to Sir William Robertson Nicoll's new book on *Reunion in Eternity* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) has already been referred to. But it must have its place here also, for the sake of its great purpose and the consummate literary skill with which that purpose is pursued.

'Reunion in Eternity'—we had become much concerned about reunion in time, then came the War, and set the perspective right. For you never can be properly worldly unless you are first quite otherworldly. You must set your interests within

the range of the eternal to save them from secularism, which is the curse. You must crave for reunion with those who have gone within the veil if you are to care truly for reunion with those who are still without. Reunion must be with Christ both here and there, otherwise it is the reunion of selfish desire and already a disappointment.

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll brings his subject into focus and then proceeds. He believes in reunion and in the blessed persistence of it. But he is modest enough to think that his belief is insufficient for our conviction. So he calls on other witnesses—many witnesses and wonderfully diverse

—and that with no happy an art that the charm of the book is not less than the peaceful persuasiveness of it.

#### PROF. MOFFATT'S INTRODUCTION.

It was an astonishing instance of editorial genius or good luck when the editors of the 'International Theological Library' found a man who could write *An Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament* fit to be placed, without the slightest doubt, beside Professor Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*. Both are great books; perhaps they can be called without injustice the greatest, or at any rate the most influential, books written on the Old Testament or the New in our day. Their influence has no doubt been from above downwards. The most earnest students have been influenced first. But is not that the way of the most lasting influence?

Dr. Moffatt has moved men slowly. Dr. Driver had them with him at once, and his book passed rapidly through many editions. Perhaps he was less advanced; perhaps the issues at stake were less momentous. But there is no denying Dr. Moffatt's progress. The third edition is published—the third large edition (T. & T. Clark; 15s. net). That is itself a wonderful fact; for it is a book of nearly seven hundred close-printed pages, and every page is for the student.

Dr. Moffatt has revised the book for this edition. He has worked over every paragraph. He has brought the literature up to date. He has added a most valuable Appendix.

#### A MUSICIAN'S MEMORIES.

Sir George Henschel, Mus. Doc., has written down his autobiography. Perhaps only the first volume of it. For this volume ends with the nineteenth century, and there are hints that more may follow. May it follow. This is the most enjoyable volume of recollections that has been published for a long time. Morley was more sustained and systematic, as became a great politician; Mrs. Humphry Ward was more talkative and artistic, as became a great novelist. This is the reminiscences of a great musician, but the man is more than the musician. The title is *Musings and Memories of a Musician* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d. net).

Henschel was born in Breslau, and Breslau is in Prussia, but he is no Prussian. A Pole, he would prefer to say, though the inheritance was mixed. He has no love for Prussians or Prussianism. When the Kaiser was on his visit to this country and was entertained at Hatfield House, Sir George Henschel played and sang, and was dismissed 'with a curt nod of the five huge emeralds in Her Majesty's diadem,' because he would not sing the sentimental song that every street boy in Berlin was then whistling. Telling the story he calls the Emperor and Empress 'Allerhöchste Herrschaften,' and adds this footnote: 'The literal translation of the word "Allerhöchst," invariably used in official reference to the members of a German reigning family in their own respective countries, is "All-Highest," though perhaps "Very Highest" comes somewhat nearer the meaning.

'English expressions, for instance, like "the very best," "the very last," could, rendered in German, only be "allerbeste, allerletzte," etc. On the other hand, "Der Höchste"—"The Highest"—is the epithet most frequently used in German pulpits, books, and poetry instead of the word "God," so that it is not at all unlikely the following actually appeared, as the story goes it did, in the official Court circular of the doings of a Royal party which had been on an excursion to some part of the country famous for a remarkable formation of rocks:

"At this stage the 'Very-Highest parties' alighted from the carriages and, ascending to the top of the hill, deigned ("geruhten") to admire the wonders of the *Highest*."

The book was written and printed before the war broke out.

There are many musicians in the book, and many delightful stories are told about them. And not about musicians only. For if Sir George Henschel does not go out of his way to tell a story he certainly does not miss telling it when in the way. It would be unfair to quote many of them. We shall be content with two.

'There were a good many emigrants on board, among them a large number of Polish Jews, and one day there was great excitement, and a vague rumour reached our ears of a revolt in the steerage on account of the food. Now the food and cooking in the first cabin being really remarkably good, and the master of the vessel a very humane, kind-hearted man, we thought there must be a

mistake, and sure enough when the deputation of the emigrants, headed by a man carrying a dish of what to us looked like very nice, appetising food, laid their complaints before the captain, the speaker indignantly exclaiming, "Look here, sir, this is what they give us—sour peas," it was found that not one of them had ever seen or tasted that excellent and savoury dish known as "Boiled mutton and *caper-sauce*!"

'There was another negro servant at the famous "Fifth Avenue Hotel," then the premier hotel of New York, now a memory, whose business it was to stand at the door of the dining-room and take the hats of the gentlemen as they passed into it at meal-times. Often he must have handled in that way from two to three hundred hats within an hour, but though he never gave number-checks for them, merely taking the hat and placing it on one of the numerous receptacles for that purpose, he would unostentatiously hand back his hat to each guest as he left the room after the meal, without ever being known to make a mistake. A friend of mine would hardly believe such a feat of memory possible, and on having one day personally convinced himself of the fact, could not resist asking the man, "I say, how on earth do you know this is my hat?" "I *don't* know this is your hat, sir," was the quick reply, "I only know it's the hat you gave me."

#### VISCOUNT BRYCE ON THE WAR.

Much of the War literature is already out of date. Viscount Bryce writes with such ample knowledge, and so temperately and artistically, that his *Essays and Addresses in War Time* (Macmillan; 6s. net) will last. For the moment they are just what we ought to read. Long years after this they will be quoted as of unquestioned authority on those facts and features of the war with which they take to do. If the people of this country are convinced of the reality of the atrocities committed by the Germans in Belgium and elsewhere, it is most of all because Viscount Bryce has investigated the charges made and given his word for their truth.

In one of the essays Viscount Bryce replies to the question, What are Britain's ideals as a nation? He enumerates five. The first is Liberty. The next is Nationality: 'Once in her history, 140 years ago, she lost the North American Colonies because, in days when British freedom was less

firmly established than it is now, a narrow-minded King induced his Government to treat those colonies with unwise harshness. She has never forgotten that lesson, and has more and more come to see that the principles of freedom and nationality are a surer basis for contentment and loyalty than is the application of military power. Compare with the happy results that have followed the instances I have mentioned of respect for liberty and national sentiment in the cases of South Africa and India, as well as in the self-governing Dominions, the results in North Slesvig, in Posen, in Alsace-Lorraine, of the opposite policy of force sternly applied by Prussian statesmen and soldiers.'

Thirdly, 'Britain stands for the maintenance of treaty obligations and of those rights of the smaller nations which rest upon such obligations.' In the fourth place, 'Britain stands for the regulation of the methods of warfare in the interests of humanity, and especially for the exemption of non-combatants from the sufferings and horrors which war brings.' And Britain 'stands for a Pacific as opposed to a Military type of civilization. Her regular army had always been small in proportion to her population, and very small in comparison with the armies of great Continental nations.' But what of her navy? His answer is that 'her navy is maintained for three reasons. The first is, that as her army has been very small she is obliged to protect herself by a strong home fleet from any risk of invasion. She has never forgotten the lesson of the Napoleonic wars, when it was the navy that saved her from the fate which befell so many European countries at Napoleon's hands. Were she not to keep up this first line of defence at sea, a huge army and a huge military expenditure in time of peace would be inevitable. The second reason is that as England does not produce nearly enough food to support her population, she must draw supplies from other countries, and would be in danger of starvation if in war-time she lost the command of the sea. It is therefore vital to her existence that she should be able to secure the unimpeded import of articles of food. And the third reason is that England is responsible for the defence of the coasts and the commerce of her colonies and other foreign possessions, such as India. These do not maintain a naval force sufficient for their defence, and the Mother Country is therefore compelled to have a fleet

sufficient to guarantee their safety and protect their shipping.'

### CIVIC SOCIETY.

We must use the word Sociology in its widest sense and then we must study it with all our might. For every one of us must throw his influence into the making of a new world, that it may be after the mind of Christ. The opportunity is open; the call is clear; the responsibility is undeniable.

One side of the subject is laid before us by Professor H. J. W. Hetherington and Professor J. H. Muirhead. It is the side called Civic Society. But the book gets the name of *Social Purpose* (Allen & Unwin; 10s. 6d. net). Originally given as lectures, its chapters have all the ease of the spoken word, but it is better to have them in a book. For some parts have to be read slowly and some twice over, not for obscurity but for originality. In many respects the subject is new.

In the second part, written by Professor Hetherington, there is a discussion of the nature of Society and of man's relation to it. We see that 'man is from the beginning a social creature, and that it is through the moulding influence of social forces that he comes to the knowledge and realization of his own powers. What he is in himself, the varied capacity latent in his nature, can unfold itself only in an environment that sustains and trains him. Man becomes individualized when he gathers into himself the ideas and feelings, the emotions and habits of action which inspire the world in which he lives. Without them, he is a bare potentiality, and dies as a plant torn from its mother-earth decays into wilting barrenness.' In the same part we have a discussion of Social Institutions—the Family, Neighbourhood, the Industrial System, Education, and the State. The last chapter treats briefly and wisely of Citizenship and Religion. The writer is in deep sympathy with Scott Holland and the Christian Socialists.

Turn to an interesting point in the first part. Let us quote: 'The true analysis of our "sentiments" comes as near a real discovery as any other of the achievements of modern psychology. The point that concerns us here is that not only may feelings like that of the pity that doctor or nurse experiences at the sight of pain or disease be prevented from hardening into indifference through familiarity with suffering and through the

formation of settled ways of calmly reacting to it, and thus become the channel of

A tide that moving seems to sleep,  
Too deep for sound or foam,

but there is nothing to hinder this disposition from becoming attached to the idea of progress itself. The enthusiasm for discovery in a Pasteur or for reform of the treatment of the sick in a Florence Nightingale is none the less a habit because it is the enemy of habit.'

### DR. ELSIE INGLIS.

Has it cost Lady Frances Balfour much to write the biography of *Dr. Elsie Inglis* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net)? It does not look as if it had cost her anything, so smoothly does the story move along, so inevitably does the picture come out upon the canvas. It is the picture of a right healthy Scottish woman. There is not a characteristic that one could wish away. It is health of body, health of mind, health of soul—the picture of a woman who would have been a splendid wife and mother, a woman who was a splendid friend to mankind and follower of Christ. What comrades she and her father were! Religious?—yes, and so wholesomely. Is religion hereditary? She could not have escaped it. And yet she had to make it her own. And she did that so well that everybody fell in love with Christ who fell in love with her.

The story of her indomitable endurance, energy, initiative—her sacrifice for Serbia and for Russia—is so recent and so familiar that there is no need to say anything about it here. She was one who was called of God and went forth not knowing whither she went.

'At the close of 1914 Dr. Inglis went to France to see the Scottish Women's Hospital established and working under the French Red Cross at Royaumont. It was probably on her way back that she went to Paris on business connected with Royaumont. She went into Notre Dame, and chose a seat in a part of the cathedral where she could feel alone. She there had an experience which she afterwards told to Mrs. M'Laren. As she sat there she had a strong feeling that some one was behind her. She resisted the impulse to turn round, thinking it was some one who like herself wanted to be quiet! The feeling grew so

strong at last, that she involuntarily turned round. There was no one near her, but for the first time she realized she was sitting in front of a statue of Joan of Arc. To her it appeared as if the statue was instinct with life. She added: "Wasn't it curious?" Then later she said, "I would like to know what Joan was wanting to say to me!" I often think of the natural way which she told me of the experience, and the *practical* conclusion of wishing to know what Joan wanted. Once again she referred to the incident, before going to Russia. I see her expression now, just for a moment forgetting everything else, keen, concentrated, and her humorous smile, as she said, "You know I would like awfully to know what Joan was trying to say to me."

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### A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

There are giants in the earth in these days, literary giants; but they are books, not men, and their publishers are Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack. The latest to come is *A History of English Literature*, by Arthur Compton-Rickett, M.A., LL.D. (7s. 6d. net). It contains seven hundred and two printed pages, double column and small type. There must be half a million words in the volume.

In that space, if a man knows how to use it, something like a History of English Literature can be written. Dr. Compton-Rickett begins at the very beginning. He also goes to the very end. For you would reckon G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and G. K. Chesterton the very end, would you not? There is room, moreover, for considerable quotation. For Dr. Compton-Rickett does know how to use his space. He says what he has to say and is done.

More than that, he convinces you that what he says is the right thing to say. His chapter on Shakespeare is to be read after all the reading that you have done. That is a good test. But a severer test is his attitude to and judgment of his contemporaries. How does he come out of his intercourse with H. G. Wells and G. K. Chesterton? He has none of the confidence of little knowledge, and he has none of the unfairness that follows fear. Take this on Mr. Wells:

'From the standpoint of literary art, Mr. Wells as a thinker overwhelms Mr. Wells as an artist. In common with many influential writers of the

day, his selective faculty is weak, and the ultimate reality of his stories suffers from his insistent realism. As a consequence, while the foreground of his picture is amazingly clear, the background is vague and shadowy. The perspective is at fault. His tenacious memory and his sharp perceptive powers prove a snare as well as a blessing. Consequently his parts are better than his whole; and the lack of perspective is further embarrassed by his fertility in ideas. They are interesting enough, but he is too prodigal with them. He inundates us with ideas and details, until we are wearied. For all his originality, his undoubted power both in narrative and in characterisation, these grave defects preclude our ranking him with the great masters of fiction. The same defect that spoils his larger canvases, despite their striking merits, is quite as noticeable in his less ambitious studies. They are rarely negligible; they have thought, humour, and imagination, but their method savours more of journalism than literature. Yet one or two—like *The Country of the Blind*, and *The Door in the Wall*—have a force and beauty about them that show what a fine literary artist the author could be, if only he took the trouble.'

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Do you desire a book to give without hesitation to some thoughtful and perplexed young man? Give him a book which has been written by Mr. Arthur Mee and published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin. Its title is *Who giveth Us the Victory* (5s. net). It is quite possible that the title will not attract him. The book will. It is fundamental, takes nothing for granted, but works forward steadily, clearly, acceptably. Mr. Mee is up to date scientifically, and he is up to date experimentally. He is not afraid of evolution. He has tasted and seen how gracious the Lord is. No doubt it is the social side that he is most interested in. But he never forgets that society is composed of persons. He has faith in the whole Universe because he has faith in its God. Here are the 'Twelve Foundation Stones of a happy world.

'1. The government of the people for the people by the people, and the greatest good for the greatest number.

'2. Liberty for all who are able to use it and will not abuse it, and for guiding all others along the road that leads to it.

'3. Humanity in all things, the stopping of cruelty everywhere, kindness to animals, and the love of little children.

'4. The gospel that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and that men shall not be slaves.

'5. The open door in travel and trade; a fair field and equal rights for all mankind.

'6. The honour of the spoken and the written word.

'7. Opening as wide as can be the field of human knowledge.

'8. Spreading as wide as can be the field of human happiness.

'9. Letting the truth be free as life itself.

'10. The toleration of every man's opinion, whether right or wrong.

'11. The freedom of the seas.

'12. The unselfish pursuit of the good of all mankind, which no nation ever longed for more.'

Lest *Sex Lore* (Black; 7s. 6d. net) should not be an attractive enough title, or not intelligible enough, Mrs. S. Herbert adds 'A Primer on Courtship, Marriage, and Parenthood.' But in reality the first title is the more accurate. For Mrs. Herbert has no purpose of rivalling her husband, who writes on the scientific matters belonging to the sexes. Her aim is to record some of the customs and curiosities of our own and other lands, past and present. By the way she drops much useful information, certainly; and it may be the more useful that it is incidental. But her purpose is clear—pleasure first and profit afterwards. She has as much to say about courtship, marriage, and parenthood among the lower animals as among that higher animal called Man. And her illustrations range all the way from the picture of the spawn of a butter-fish to the portrait of a beautiful Turkish lady in outdoor dress—so beautiful that you have to query 'Turkish.'

The fascination of Port-Royal is still irresistible. In our day it has laid hold of more men and women than ever. We have had biographical and critical studies from Dr. Lowndes, Miss Lilian Rea, and Mrs. Romanes. But no one has mastered the subject and the literature of it more thoroughly than Mr. H. C. Barnard, M.A., B.Litt. It is the educational work of the Community that Mr. Barnard has made his chief study. Some time ago he published a volume on *The Little Schools of*

*Port-Royal*. And now he has issued through the Cambridge University Press a volume of extracts from the educational writings of the Port-Royalists, which he has entitled *The Port-Royalists on Education* (7s. 6d. net).

It is full of quiet interest. This very short extract may indicate the attitude of these great educators, for great they were. 'M. de Saint-Cyran was impressed by the fact that the Son of God, while exercising the highest functions of His ministry, was unwilling that little children should be forbidden to come to Him; and that He embraced them and blessed them and has bidden us so strongly not to despise or neglect them. He used therefore to show towards children a kindness which amounted almost to a sort of respect, in order to express his reverence for their innocence and for the Holy Ghost dwelling in them.'

The new volume of *Morning Rays*, under its new editor the Rev. John Muir, B.D., deserves and will not be grudged a hearty welcome (R. & R. Clark). The two series of articles on 'Our Parish Churches' and on 'The Religions of India' are maintained, and there are many cat and dog and other animal stories. The illustrations are unerringly good.

*Mothers and Children* (Collins; 6s. net) is the wholly appropriate title given to a collection of Sketches by Frank Danby (Mrs. Frankau). Every sketch is in the form of a story, very short and very pointed, with the best possible motive and the clearest possible expression. Is it difficult for those who conduct mothers' meetings and the like to find suitable material for reading? It will be difficult indeed to find reading more suitable than this. Each story may be read in about ten minutes. It will hold the attention. It will plant a seed of righteousness in the mind.

Mr. Harold Begbie can beat all the professional apologists in popular presentation of Christianity. His little book *The Proof of God*, first published in 1914, has been 'instrumental,' as the theological writers used to say. It is now reissued cheaply and attractively (Constable; 1s. 3d. net).

The Rev. Francis Underhill, M.A., Vicar of St. Alban's, Birmingham, has written an apology for *The Catholic Faith in Practice* (Cope & Fenwick;

5s. net). He refuses to call his book an apology 'for men do not apologise when they are convinced that they have found the Pearl of great price.' But the word has an ancient and honourable use, made familiar to us by Newman, and in that sense Father Underhill would not reject it. There is certainly no apology in the modern sense.

The Catholic Faith in Practice is of course the Anglican not the Roman Catholic. So this is a firm but unaggressive assertion of the right of the most advanced ritualists to their worship and doctrine, and a claim to success as the fruit thereof. Only once does some faint hesitation appear. It is when Mr. Underhill has to admit that when his members go to another place they sometimes join the Roman Communion there. But that, he thinks, simply cannot be helped. And of course he would very much prefer that to—we need not say what.

There is one thing we wonder at. Why does Mr. Underhill make no reference to the War and the dissatisfaction of the soldiers with nearly everything that he holds dear? The Church of England chaplains are unanimous in saying that the soldiers do not care a straw for ritual. They want to begin nearer the beginning. It is God and the government of the world they are concerned about, not colours or candles.

Mr. William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English Literature at Yale, is very much up to date. He has written a book in which he describes *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century* (Dodd, Mead & Company; \$1.50). The advance, you observe. Professor Phelps has not discovered a poet of this century of greater genius than Tennyson or Browning, yet he registers an advance in poetry. And he is firmly convinced that the time is ripe for a new poet of the highest rank. Never was poetry so popular; never were there so many good poets.

Professor Phelps has an energetic style, and his judgment is rarely wrong. He calls up all the names you are likely to have heard of, and some that you are not likely to have heard of, and appraises them all in his rapid decisive way. One thing he makes clear—he has read the authors himself.

*Tom Brown's School Days*—is the book going out? Messrs. Ginn's edition will bring it in again.

Mr. H. C. Bradby has written an Introduction, and he has explained all the unknown words and allusions in a series of Notes. Mr. Hugh Thomson has illustrated it. And there you have a co-operation sufficient to make *Tom Brown* the book of the season. It is beautifully printed on excellent white paper (3s. 9d. net).

*The Year 1918 Illustrated* (Headley; 6s. net). This is the tenth annual volume, and it has not missed its unique opportunity. The whole story of the year—causes and issues of events as well as events themselves—is in it, set forth with clearness and thankworthy correctness. And then there are illustrations almost beyond counting—photographs of all our heroes, pictures of ships and flying machines, and two striking plates in colour, one a Camouflaged Merchantman, the other the Return of H.M.S. *Vindictive* from Zeebrugge.

The Polish question—that is the question of reconstruction. Mr. E. F. Benson has given himself to the study of it, and now states the conclusions he has reached in *The White Eagle of Poland* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). We know already how complete is Mr. Benson's mastery of exposition. This is still more evidence of it. But never before has he essayed so intricate a subject. The problem is how to do justice to the principle of self-determination and at the same time vindicate the principle of righteousness in the earth. It is clear to Mr. Benson that the lower principle must give place to the higher. The Germans are there, but they have no right to be there, and their presence must not be allowed to obliterate history. 'It was in January of this year that a Polish member of the Chamber of Deputies in Vienna called attention to the iron oppression which Germany exercises over his native land, and a fellow-member whose nationality need not be indicated said to him—

"Dear Colleague, you forget that Germany is the power that has saved you."

"If I fell into a river," replied the other, "and my saviour after pulling me out of the water refused to let me go, but constantly repeated, 'Now I have saved your life, you must be my slave,' then I would pray God to save me from my saviour. . . . Stop this rescuing! Enough of this Salvation!"

'And there in bleeding drops spoke the heart of Poland.'



Mr. Fiddian Moulton has not gathered up *all* the fragments left of the work of his brother James Hope Moulton. But what he has gathered makes a volume which many will rejoice to own. Its comprehensive title is *The Christian Religion in the Study and the Street* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net).

Professor Moulton made himself master of two subjects—the Grammar of the New Testament and the Religion of the Parsis. All that he wrote on those topics was authoritative and up to date. But he had many interests. And his gift of writing was so exquisite that even where he was not a master (and he never pretended to be anything that he was not) he can be read with most unusual enjoyment. There are articles here both on the Parsis and on the New Testament. But there are papers also on other matters, especially the review of Westcott's biography and of Frazer's 'Golden Bough,' out of which the reader will draw as much pleasure and as much profit.

He knew Westcott well and studied earnestly under him. He will not admit the usual charge of obscurity of thought. 'I do not suggest that Westcott's mind was one of those which possess an uninterrupted outlook towards all the points of the compass alike. The windows were all on one side, and they gave only one aspect of the manifold interests of human life; but what they lacked in variety of aspect they made up for in clearness and intensity of vision, and there were few phenomena that escaped their penetration.' He then tells the story of the fog and how 'a witty dean' said Westcott must have opened his windows. The story is usually credited to Canon Liddon. He accepts the wit, but not the application of it.

Dr. A. E. Garvie writes much, and he has always a reading public waiting for him. His new book contains two courses of lectures delivered to ministers in Whitefields last winter, and he has thought it best to give the book the full title of both courses, *The Purpose of God in Christ and its Fulfilment through the Holy Spirit* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net).

Though addressed to ministers, it is not exclusively a minister's book. The doctrine is good for everybody, very wholesome indeed and very appropriate to the needs of men in these times. And then it is expressed with that directness of aim for which Dr. Garvie is unsurpassed.

After the lectures are over, we come upon an Appendix in five parts, on Predestination and Election, Prophecy and its Fulfilment, Prayer and its Answer, Human Society as an Organism, The Terms used in the Ecclesiastical Dogmas of the Incarnation and the Trinity.

We wish to thank the publishers of the late Professor A. R. MacLewen's *History of the Church in Scotland*, and that very heartily, for issuing the second volume (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net). It was a courageous thing to do: if they had been Scottish publishers we would have said a patriotic thing. For it is a fragment. It carries the history of religion in Scotland only from 1546 to 1560. But it is a precious fragment. It covers the momentous period of the Reformation. And in spite of its author's illness, it has all the sureness of judgment and all the charm of style which characterized the first volume. Knox is the hero, and we commend this estimate of Knox to the readers of Andrew Lang. But there are others. Buchanan is one of them. It will not be easy to find a clearer or fairer account of Buchanan and his influence on the Reformation in Scotland. Take its closing paragraph:

'The name of Buchanan will not recur in the following pages except as an authority for facts, for he was not a pioneer in Church life nor in any important sense a churchman. Yet it will assist the reader to recognize the inseparable connexion between Church history and national development if now and then he recalls the judgment passed and the attitude taken by the man whom foreigners esteemed as the greatest Scotsman of his age. Buchanan knew the intellectual, political, and social needs of the new nation better probably than any of his contemporaries; at least, his knowledge was less swayed by bias; and his verdict, that a complete revolution was requisite for national development, was pronounced without reserve after he had witnessed the anarchy and suffering by which the revolution was attended. On his deathbed he was urged by his friends to alter a passage in his *History* which might offend the King and so prevent the publication of the book. "Tell me, man," says he, "giff I have tauld the treuthe!"'

Mr. A. G. Hales has been one of the most successful of the journalists at the front. And no wonder. For he possesses the two gifts of keen

observation and vivid description. His new book *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) finds him with the Italian armies and waiting to be carried to the outposts on the heights along that wonderful wire.

'Later my turn came, and Curtin of America and I got aboard and drifted out where white-winged birds were flying. Halfway over there was a hitch of some sort, and we were slowed down almost to a standstill, and there we hung from that slender wire thousands of feet above the bottom of the valley of tears, like nothing but a spider hanging by a thread from a vibrant bough. The last time a hitch had occurred through a snow storm, the "coffin" had been blocked in its passage half way across, and hung there all night, the soldiers in it narrowly escaping death by freezing. Snow began to fall in great soft flakes from the cloud that was so close above us that we might have poked a hole in it with a stick. Those snow flakes were like big feathers fresh broken from the bosom of a giant bird; later on, as they drifted nearer earth, they would break up or melt and become small as almond blossoms shaken down by the wind, but up here, near the roof of the world, they were just big silken sheddings dropping from the face of a silver shield. I gazed about me, and my soul was thrilled by the majesty and mystery of the unbridged spaces that filled my eyes with haunting visions of undreamed-of loveliness, such as the dwellers in the underworld only faintly see in dreamland's palaces. A blood-red sun was casting lance points of crimson light into the white clouds that rolled above us like mountains of carded wool, making fairy chambers and grottoes out of stuff lighter than gossamer, more evanescent than thistledown. Every puff of wind changed the colours and the shapes of those aerial palaces, where only fairy feet could have trod. One moment a grotto indigo blue would hold my eyes; the next, the blue would be banded with purple, and then as though a magic wand passed over it, purple and blue would vanish, and mellow gold, like the heart of a buttercup in the pride of its bloom, would blaze into being, only to be chased away by rose-pink curtains, looped with flowing lace that sparkled like polished pearls lying on a woman's neck in the moonlight. I grew drunken with colour spilled from the Master-artist's palette, here in the great silent chambers of the world. Money kings may hang upon their

palatial walls the masterpieces of man's art and pride themselves thereon, but what poor stuff the richest gems of art the worshippers of the golden calf possess, compared to God Almighty's masterpieces given so freely to two Bohemians swinging lazily there on a level with the crested crags in cloudland.'

There is much human interest. How much of it is experience, how much imagination? It matters not. The book is a work of art.

The first volume of Messrs. Jack's new series, the 'Modern Outlook,' is on *Modernism* (6s. net). Now in this country Modernism is associated with the name of Father Tyrrell. So it is fitting and promising that the volume on Modernism should be written by Father Tyrrell's biographer, Miss M. D. Petre.

Not long ago Dr. Figgis desired to distinguish Modernism, which he said is a Roman Catholic movement, from every form of Protestant protest against authority or progress of thought. Miss Petre does not accept the separation. But she honours it so far that she gives her book entirely to the movement as it has actually risen, been persecuted, and failed within the Church of Rome. Two names indeed are almost enough for her, together with their writings and their sufferings—Tyrrell and Loisy. And gathering her exposition round these two most interesting personalities, she gives it life and immediate popularity.

But stay, what is Modernism? Cleverly and yet devoutly Miss Petre quotes the Prayer in the Roman Missal for Tuesday in Holy Week, and gives it as the motto of her book. "By thy mercy, O God, may we be freed from the dead hand of the past, and enter into new life and holiness." (Prayer in the Roman Missal for Tuesday in Holy Week.)—*Tua nos misericordia, Deus, et ab omni subreptione vetustatis expurgat, et capaces sanctae novitatis efficit.*

But she also quotes Tyrrell's definition. 'George Tyrrell defined the modernist as a churchman of any sort who believes in the possibility of a synthesis between the essential truth of his religion and the essential truth of modernity.'

It has four main aspects—philosophical, historical, theological, and social. Its social aspect has been most prominent in France, under the title of the 'Sillon,' and the leadership of M. Marc Sangnier. The Sillon was condemned in a letter

of 25 August 1910 addressed by Pius X. to the French bishops, the ground of offence being that equality was one of its aims, whereas 'a Christian democracy "should maintain that distinction of classes which is proper to a well-constituted city."'

Messrs. Jack have begun the issue of a series of short histories somewhat resembling the 'Story of the Nations' series. Their title is 'The Nations' Histories' (5s. net each). Two volumes have been sent for notice—*Switzerland*, by Mr. C. F. Cameron, B.A.; and *Rome*, by Miss Elizabeth O'Neill, M.A. Each volume is illustrated, the illustrations being from photographs well produced on special paper. They are chosen, not for mere ornament, but to elucidate the history.

The writers of these volumes are experts. That is to say, Mr. Cameron knows Switzerland intimately as it now is, and he has studied its history, and the history of its institutions, till he has made himself master of the whole subject. Miss O'Neill has similarly mastered Rome. The first of all things necessary for the historian is at the command of both—an intimacy that means not only accuracy in dates and other details, but also the right atmosphere and environment.

But there is one thing in which they both fail, though not equally—the sense of style. Neither has yet discovered the use of the paragraph. It was the latest of all discoveries made in the history of the English language, and it is the last to be made by an English writer. These writers have not made it. In one of the volumes we have counted eight consecutive paragraphs of a single sentence each.

Sir Edward Cook is a successful biographer and has a right to begin with Biography in his *Literary Recollections* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). Now what he says about Biography is applicable to other departments of literature, even to the composition of sermons. The first principle is Brevity. But at once Sir Edward Cook says that brevity or length in biography 'must obviously be relative, not only to the importance of the subject and the quantity of appropriate material, but also to the design of the book as a work of art.' And so, 'the proper criterion to apply to products of the art of biography is concerned not with size but with Relevance. The pages in a biography may be rightly many and rightly few. The book

is condemned unless they are relevant; just as in the case of a picture, detail can only be right if it is pertinent.' After relevance come Selection and Arrangement. On Arrangement (has he the sermon-maker actually in his mind?): 'Arrangement is a difficulty no less great than selection. By the laws of human life, a biographer has, it is true, a beginning and an end prescribed to him; but between the birth and the death of his subject, how great is the call upon his art for proportion, order, convenience, lucidity, and all the other branches of arrangement!' But the last is the most pertinent. 'The biographer must be honest. He must have general sympathy with his subject, for without it he cannot hope to gain the insight which will enable him to understand and to interpret.'

The rest of the papers are on Ruskin's Style, the Art of Indexing, Fifty Years of a Literary Magazine, Literature and Modern Journalism, Words and the War, a Study in Superlatives, the Poetry of a Painter, the Second Thoughts of Poets.

In every essay there is that impression of mastery which distinguishes the work of a strong intellect, at its ease, from the determined effort of a mere essay writer to be light and airy.

The Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D., is known for his edition of the Bible. He is a student of the Prophets. There are three classes of students—those who make the prophets foretellers, those who make them forthtellers, and those who make them both. Dr. Scofield is of the third class. His book *What do the Prophets Say?* (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d.) should be studied. It is a book not for the times only, but for all time.

*Take with you Words* is the title of Miss Constance L. Maynard's new book (Morgan & Scott; 2s. net). It is a study in words, in Scripture words, a quite unique and undoubtedly impressive study.

Just when you have got interested in *Ada R. Habershon* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. 6d. net) by reading her autobiography the autobiography ends. Her sister does well, but not so well. Miss Habershon was a friend of Moody and a facile writer of hymns. She sent nearly a thousand hymns to Mr. Alexander. In the autobiography

she tells this: 'Mr. Moody was speaking of the Lord's loving invitation, "Come," and with outstretched arms he repeated the word again and again, while all his great big heart seemed to go out in that word. As he spoke I caught sight of a baby in front, and saw it put out its little arms to go to Mr. Moody as he repeated his loving "Come, come, come." Probably the child could not understand a word of English, but the tone and attitude were enough.'

Professor James Cooper has made a contribution to the Union controversy which is not controversial. It is historical and healing. It will be welcomed at once in England. And it is for England he has written it. For he calls the book, *Reunion: A Voice from Scotland* (Scott; 3s. net). But it will be read in Scotland also. And perhaps most industriously by the ministers and members of Dr. Cooper's own church who are most opposed to his policy.

A volume of High Church sermons (and they are very High) is *A Vision of the Catholic Church*, by the Rev. Thomas J. Hardy, M.A. (Scott; 4s. 6d. net). There is Transubstantiation, the Intercession of the Virgin, the Worship of the Saints, Prayer for the Dead, and Purgatory. They are all here and other things with them. 'What about the Figure of the Crucified which not only stands miraculously unscathed amid the desolations of Northern France, but has begun to appear in hundreds of streets and squares in our own country! If the last time I preached in this church, I had said that within four years the

Crucifix would be set up in the open streets all over London, the keenest Catholic here would have shaken his head and called me a visionary!' The most eloquent sermon is the sermon on Prayer for the Dead.

The Bishop of Bethlehem. You did not know that there is a Bishop of Bethlehem? It is not Bethlehem in the land of Judah, it is Bethlehem in the State of Pennsylvania. The Bishop of Bethlehem, the Right Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, D.D., LL.D., sends *A Bishop's Message* to candidates for ordination (Skeffingtons; 3s. 6d. net). It is a simple, sincere message, with a man's personality behind it. The most serious word is at the beginning, just where it ought to be. For if a man meets what Bishop Talbot calls 'a valid call to the ministry' he will meet all the demands that follow. He says: 'There are three great words of the Divine Master which might serve to test the validity of our call to the Ministry. They are words which connote three great spiritual principles which animated Him, and may well inspire any man looking forward to the Ministry. Those principles are a sense of Divine Companionship, a sense of personal mission, and a sense of the glory and moral beauty of service. Here they are. First, "I am not alone." He was stayed and comforted in all hours of doubt and discouragement by the assurance of His Father's presence. Secondly, "I have come not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." This clear sense of a divine mission urged Him on always to the highest and best. It was this sense of mission that led St. Paul to say, "This one thing I do."

## The Reconstruction of Religion.

By STANLEY A. COOK, M.A., CAMBRIDGE.

ALL who reflect upon the social, industrial, and other problems of the day are fully alive to the necessity of Reconstruction. But it also happens that the question of the Reconstruction of Religion is very much in the foreground; and perhaps it is hardly recognized how vital this is. The reason can be briefly stated. A living Religion — Religion after Reconstruction — permeates the whole of the individual's life and of

social activity, and influences men's attitudes to the social and other problems. In addition to this, the social and other non-religious problems are invariably found to involve all that is felt to be personally most real and true. Accordingly, on the one hand, Religion cannot be indifferent to men's convictions of Reality, and, on the other, all Reconstruction, of whatever sort, sooner or later is seen to concern men's ideas of Reality. No